



Rainy Book I

BEING A

TASTY COLLATION OF SONGS

FROM THE FIRST EVER

RAINYCAMP

1990

These 139 songs represent just a fraction of the songs sung at RainyCamp I (February 9-11, 1990). Not all are exactly as sung - because of the small response to the plea for songs (hint, hint), most of them were taken from various songbooks and other sources. Still, they demonstrate some of the rich variety such a gathering produces.

Because the songs are in alphabetical order, and are kept all on one page wherever possible, there are some fairly large spaces on some pages. Nothing's missing - you can use these to put in some of your own songs or notes, if you want to.

Indented lines are repeated in following verses; indented paragraphs are choruses. Not all titles, singers, or authors were known, so a certain amount of guessing (or just plain omitting) has been committed - corrections or additions gratefully received!

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A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE



A la claire fontaine, m'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle, que je m'y suis baigne.

Lui a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sous les feuilles d'un chene, je me suis fait secher,
Sur la plus haute branches le rossignol chantait.

Chante, rossignol, chante, toi qui as le coeur gai,
Tu as le coeur a rire, moi je l'ai-t-a pleurer.

J'ai perdu ma maitresse, sans l'avoir merite,
Pour un bouquet de roses que je lui refusait.

Je voudrais que la rose fut encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maitresse dans les mem's amities.

[sung by Jean Lepley, Teresa Gagne, & Denis Laplante at the
French-Canadian Songs workshop]

ALABAMA JOHN CHEROKEE

Oh, this is the tale of John Cherokee,
Alabama John Cherokee!
The injun man from Myranashes,
Alabama John Cherokee!
With a haul-ey high and a haul-ey low!
Alabama John Cherokee!

They made him a slave down in Alabam',
He runs away whenever he can,

They shipped him aboard of a whaling ship,
Again and again he gave 'em the slip,

But they caught him again and they chained him tight,
Kept him in the dark without any light,

They gave him nothin' for to eat or drink,
All of his bones began to clink,

And now his ghost is often seen,
Sittin' on the main-truck, all wet and green,

At the break of dawn he goes below,
That is when the cocks they crow,

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Saturday Song Circle]



ALLGONE



When my little baby started talking to me,
He said 'no' and 'more' and 'milk' and 'pee';
But his favorite word the whole day long,
Was allgone, allgone, allgone.

Allgone cheese and allgone bread,
Allgone bubbles and allgone to bed;
Allgone story and allgone song,
Allgone, allgone, allgone.

Allgone diapers and allgone bibs,
Allgone nursing and allgone cribs;
Allgone crying from evening to dawn,
Allgone, allgone, allgone.

And now we go hiking on mountains and beach,
With the forests, clear waters, and the stars within reach;
But if we're not careful and if we're not strong,
Allgone, allgone, allgone.

Allgone eagles and allgone whales,
Allgone forests and allgone quails;
Allgone salmon, wolves and swans,
Allgone, allgone, allgone.

And now we go marching, it's the least we can do,
In a vast crowd of people, and inspiring view;
Protesting the missiles, foreign policy too,
So that soon we are not allgone.

Allgone buildings, allgone streets,
Allgone cities in charred rubble heaps;
Allgone people who were silent too long,
Allgone, allgone, allgone.


[Sung by Tedd Judd in the Environmental Songs workshop.
Original]

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT


Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee, all through the night.
Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping;
I my loving vigil keeping, all through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping, all through the night.
While the weary world is sleeping, all through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling, all through the night.

[sung by Kathy Ingerson at the Celtic Songs workshop]



ANCIENT GREEKS



Now listen a while and I'll sing you some phrases,
Recall faded glories and honor the dead;
And I hope that a smile will crack all of your faces,
And care and all worry escape from your head.
I'll sing of some lads of exceptional quality,
All of them geniuses, truly unique;
And a gambler who'd bet the last bill in his wallet
Would wager I sing of the classical Greek.

For philosophy mighty and pure cogitation
There's none to compare to the classical Greek;
If thinking were drinking and jollification,
An ocean of booze would have lasted a week.
Democrates, Plato, and good old Pythagoras,
Socrates, Zeno, Protagoras too;
Don't forget Aristotle, his blood should be bottled,
There played with the whole philosophical crew.

Now Homer composed a poetical potion
Of versification, the best in the world;
He juxtaposed Greeks and athletical Trojans,
And to the equation he added a girl.
He called it the Iliad, rhyming until he had
Filled up his brain and a ten-gallon hat;
When he started the Odyssey, friends said "My God is he
Going to remember a mouthful like that?"

Now, Hippocrates, surely the first of physicians,
Gave medical science a shot in the arm;
"A doctor," he said, "must obey one condition:
Whatever you do, don't you do any harm."
His mother was pleased with his fine occupation,
His fortune applauded by folks far and near;
But he secretly grieved that his earthly duration
Preceded the golf club by two thousand years.

So three cheers for this classical civilization,
May songs in their honor forever be sung;
May each singer be granted a standing ovation
And glorification from each leather lung.
An age of pure gold, reflected in brilliance,
But soon, we are told, the whole joint went to pot;
For though genius infected these Greeks by the millions,
Not one MBA graced the whole sorry lot.

[sung by Tim Hall at the Saturday Song Circle. Written by
Mark Graham]



APPLEPICKER'S REEL



Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine,
Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine;
Hey, ho, makes you feel so free,
Standing in the top of an apple tree!

Up in the morning, before the sun,
I don't get home till the day is done;
My pick-sack's heavy and my shoulder's sore,
But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some more.

Start at the bottom and you pick 'em from the ground,
And you pick that tree clean all the way 'round;
Then you set your ladder and you climb up high,
And you're looking through the leaves at the clear blue sky.

Three-legged ladder, wobbly as hell,
Reaching for an apple - whoa! I almost fell;
Got a twenty-pound sack hanging 'round my neck,
And there's three more apples that I can't quite get!

They come in green and yellow and red,
You eat them in the morning and before you go to bed;
You can play catch if you throw 'em up high -
Oops! Squish! Apple pie!

Hey, ho, you feel so funny
Walkin' through a town when you got no money;
Hey, ho, makes you feel so free,
Standing in the top of an apple tree!

Hey, ho, makes you feel so down
Pickin' up the windfalls crawling on the ground;
Hey, ho, makes you feel so free,
Standing in the top of an apple tree!

Hey, ho, you lose your mind
If we sing this song about a hundred times;
Hey, ho, makes you feel so free,
Standing in the top of an apple tree!

[sung Friday night. Written by Larry Hanks]



ARAGON MILL



At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill,
Stands a chimney so tall, that says 'Aragon Mill'.

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind,
As it blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack;
The mill has shut down and it ain't a-coming back.

Well, I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die;
Tell me where shall we go, my old gal and I?

There's no children at all in the narrow, empty street;
The mill has closed down, it's so quiet I can't sleep.

Yes, the mill has shut down, it's the only life I know;
Tell me where will I go, tell me where will I go?

[sung at the Weaving workshop]

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE

Au jardin de mon pere les lauriers sont fleuris,
Au jardin de mon pere les lauriers sont fleuris,
Tous le oiseaux du monde s'en vont y fair' leurs nids.

Aupres de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon;
Aupres de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon dormir.

La caill', la tourterelle et la joie perdrix,
La caill', la tourterelle et la joie perdrix,
Et ma jolie colombe qui chante jour et nuit.

Qui chante pour les filles, qui n'ont pas de mari,
Qui chante pour les filles, qui n'ont pas de mari,
Pour moi, ne chante guere, car j'en ai un joli.

Dites-nous donc, la belle, ou donc est vot' mari?
Dites-nous donc, la belle, ou donc est vot' mari?
Il est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris.

Que donneriez-vous, belle, pour avoir votre ami?
Que donneriez-vous, belle, pour avoir votre ami?
Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint-Denis.

Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint-Denis.
Les tours de Notre-Dame et l'clocher d'mon pays.
Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint-Denis.
Les tours de Notre-Dame et l'clocher d'mon pays.

[sung by Jean Lepley, Teresa Gagne, and Denis Laplante at the
French-Canadian Songs workshop]



BACK AND SIDES



Let your back and sides go bare, me boys,
Hands and your feet grow cold;
But give to your belly, boys,
Beer enough, whether it be new or old!

I had rather be a beggar than a king,
I'll tell you the reason why;
A king cannot swagger or walk like a beggar,
Or be half as happy as I.

I have sixpence in my pocket, and beg after that;
Landlord, here it is!
There isn't any Turk gonna make me work,
When the begging's as good as it is!

Sometimes we call at another man's hall,
Beg for bread and beer;
Sometimes we're blind, sometimes we're lame,
Sometimes too deaf to hear,

Sometimes we lie like hogs in a sty,
Frost and snow on the ground;
Sometimes eat a crust that's rolled in the dust,
And be happy if that can be found.

[sung by Kurt Leiberzeit at the Bawdy Songs
workshop. Source: as sung by Dick Swaine of
Kent OH]



BALLAD OF GIDDINGS' FALL



Of all the taphounds who drink at The Moon,
The most unabashed and particular goon
Was a fellow named Giddings, near seven feet tall,
Who played games with his fist, pokin' holes in the wall.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

One night, when Ed Giddings had closed up The Moon,
Complaining at ending his evening so soon,
With Lubin and Ensco his way he did make
To a party at Sweeney's, way down by the lake.

Now the guests were all merry, the liquor flowed free,
Soon Giddings was drunk as he ever would be,
He reeled 'round the cabin, a terrible sight,
And challenged each man in the place to a fight.

Now the roof of the cabin was propped with a post,
And Giddings declared that he'd fight with his host,
So he laid hands upon it and pointed his boots,
And swore that he'd tear the post out by its roots!

Till now, Pat Sweeney had remained quite aloof,
But aroused by this threat to his house and his roof,
In half of the time that I tell of the task,
Pat Sweeney put Giddings right down on his

Ed Giddings declared that this never could be,
But the truth of the matter was easy to see.
So Sweeney threw Giddings right out through the door,
And there on the outside, they tussled some more.

The noise of the fighting was raucous and loud,
Soon all of the neighbors had joined in the crowd.
The last to arrive at this breach of the peace,
Was Bill Brannon, a man of the plainclothes police.

Bill Brannon was one who was used to command,
And a way through the crowd he was quick to demand,
Conceive his frustration, disgust and dismay,
When they bid him, "Good evening!" and then turned away.


He elbowed his way toward the scene of the strife,
But soon was stopped short by Ed Gidding's young wife,
Who asked, "Who in the hell do you think that you are?"
In reply to this question, he showed her his star.

She took it and bit it, by way of a test,
And fully convinced it was tin at the best,
She put him to shriek and to stamp on his hat,
Asking how many boxtops it cost him for that!

By now, Bill Brannon was completely undone,
So he tried to convince her by showing his gun;
She laughed and declared it a toy and a fake,
So he aimed it, and fired it three times in the lake.

Well, the evening is over, 'tis part of the past,
Pat Sweeney prevailed from the first to the last;
'Twas the city police put an end to the fun,
They'd been called to get rid of that goof with the gun!

[sung by John Dwyer at the Ballads workshop. Words by Bob
Clarke, tune 'Derry Down'. From the singing of Don Firth]





BALL OF YARN



In the merry month of June, when the roses were in bloom,
The blackbirds they were singing their sweet charms;
Oh, I met a little miss and I kindly asked her this,
"Can I wind up your little ball of yarn?"

"Oh no, kind sir," said she, "You're a stranger unto me,
And no doubt you have some other lady charm."
"Oh no, my turtle dove, you're the only girl I love,
May I help you with your little ball of yarn?"

So I took her to a nook right beside the shady brook,
Not intending for to do her any harm;
You can picture my surprise, when I looked into her eyes,
I was winding up her little ball of yarn.

It was nine months to the day when I met her on the way,
And she had a little baby on her arm;
I said, "My pretty miss, I never dreamed of this,
When I was winding up your little ball of yarn."

Come all maidens young and old, take a warning when you're told,
Never rise up early in the morn;
Be like the blackbird and the thrush, keep one hand upon your bush,
And the other on your little ball of yarn.

[sung by Kurt Leibezeit at the Bawdy Song workshop]

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

In 1314 we took a little turn,
Around the hills an' heather tae the braes o' Bannockburn;
We took along our pipes an' we wore our filibegs,
An' we met the bloody British, but they soon took tae their legs.



We tuned our drones - a little gentle hummin' --
We thocht they'd come tae battle but they turned around tae go;
Played one bit tune an' noo they were a-runnin' --
We canna ken the British, they're an awfu' flighty foe.

Well, we got there first, so we took the higher ground,
Leavin' for our visitors the lovely bogs around;
Bruce said it was the thing tae dae tae save them a' the climb,
As their legs were surely weary noo frae marchin' a' the time.

So we did a little yellin' an' we waved a sword or two --
Just limb'rin' up a bit, ye ken, an' gettin' ready noo;
But the British seemed tae take it wrong an' made an awfu' fuss --
You'd think that they had never seen or heard the likes o' us.

Well, we thocht at first that they'd sally forth an' play,
But the sticky mud an' brambles 'round them seemed to spoil their day;
For their chargers could nae charge an' their archers could nae draw,
So they packed it in an' a' went home, they were nae fun at a'.

[sung by Jean Smith at the Celtic Songs workshop. Words original. To
the tune of 'The Battle of New Orleans']





BE GENTLE, ROBIN



Well, Robin and I went out for a walk, and what do you think we saw?
We saw a little pussy-cat, a-lickin' at her paw.
Robin went over to play with her, to pat her on the head,
But first I grabbed him by the hand, and this is what I said:
"Be gentle, Robin, don't squeeze the pussy-cat,
Be gentle, Robin, pet her nice instead."

Then after a while we were walkin' along and saw a little boy,
With a smiling face 'cause in his hand he held a brand-new toy;
Robin went over to play with him, to see if he was nice,
But first I grabbed him by the hand, and I gave him this advice:
"Be gentle, Robin, ask first if you can share,
Be gentle, Robin, remember to play fair."

And after a while we were walkin' along, and what do you think of that?
We saw a great big lady in a funny-lookin' hat;
Robin went over to say hello, without a trace of fear,
But first I grabbed him by the hand, and I whispered in his ear:
"Be gentle, Robin, don't laugh or point and squeal,
Be gentle, Robin, think of how you would feel."

And after a while we were a-walkin' on home, talkin' about our day,
And all the things we'd seen and done, and passed along the way;
Robin he grabbed me by the hand, and boy! my face turned red,
When he gave me a good talkin'-to, and this is what he said:
"Be gentle, daddy, don't tell me what to do
Be gentle, daddy, and I'll grow up like you."

[sung by Tedd Judd and Robin Walker at the Saturday Concert. Original]



BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW



There was a knight, and he was young,
Riding on the way;
And there he met a lady fair,
Among the ricks of hay. Singing,

Blow away the morning dew,
The dew and the dew;
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the wind doth blow.

Quoth he, "Shall you and I, lady,
Among the grass sit down?"
And I will have a special care
For the rumpling of your gown." Singing,

"Sir, if you'll go along with me
Unto my father's hall,
There you may have half my estate,
And my maidenhead and all." Singing,

He helped her to her snow white steed,
He mounted on the other;
And then they rid along the road,
Like sister and like brother. Singing,

And when they reached her father's gate,
So quickly she popped in;
"You are a fool without," she said,
And I a maid within." Singing,

"And if you meet a lady gay,
As you pass by yonder hill,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will." Singing,

[sung by Paddy Graber at the Bawdy Songs workshop]

BLOW THE CANDLE OUT



When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear,
A candle at her window, the light shone bright and clear;
I rapped upon her window to ease her of her pain,
She rose to let me in, then she barred the door again.

I like her well behaviour and thus I often say,
I cannot rest contented whilst she is far away;
The roads they are so muddy, we cannot gang about,
So roll me in your arms, love, and blow the candle out.

Your father and your mother in yonder room do lie,
A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?
A-hugging one another without a fear or doubt,
So roll me in your arms, love, and blow the candle out.

And if we prove successful, love, pray name him after me,
And keep him neat and kiss him, and daff him on your knee;
When my three years are ended, my time it will be out,
Then I will double my indebtedness by blowing the candle out.

[sung by Del Langton at the Ballads workshop]



BOATIN' ON A BULLHEAD

I was workin' in a line barn, eatin' beans and hay,
Boss a-kickin' my stern every night and every day;
So I hired out canaling, as a horny and a toil,
Driving mules that kept a-bawling 'long the towpath's smelly soil.
The towpath's smelly soil, my boys, the towpath's smelly soil,
Driving mules that kept a-bawling 'long the towpath's smelly soil.

But my feet rased corns and blisters, the mules butt raised a stink,
Roped my feet and threw me twisters plump into the dirty drink,
So I thought I'd give up driving, Cap he thought so, too;
Says he, "Hire out at diving, or go bow in the canoe."
Go bow in the canoe, my boys, go bow in the canoe,
Says he, "Hire out at diving, or go bow in the canoe."

I was sittin' on the heelpath, watching boats tow up and down,
Shiverin' from the first bath that I'd had since I left town,
When a boat pulled in the basin, at the wood dock for the night;
I lost no time to hasten 'round the bridge to ask a bite.
'Round the bridge to ask a bite, my boys, the bridge to ask a bite,
I lost no time to hasten 'round the bridge to ask a bite.

They filled me up with beans and shoat, they lighted me a cob,
Asked me could I steer a boat, they offered me a job;
Next morning I was boosted to the stern cabin's roof,
With the tiller there I roosted and I watched the driver hoof,
I watched the driver hoof, my boys, I watched the driver hoof,
With the tiller there I roosted and I watched the driver hoof.

We was loaded down with Star Brand salt, Cap was loaded, too;
I wouldn't say it was his fault, what was the man to do?
For the boat she was a bullhead, decked up to the cabin top,
There's many canalers now are dead that had no place to drop.
That had no place to drop, my boys, that had no place to drop,
There's many canalers now are dead that had no place to drop.

And the bridge was only a heave away when I saw it 'round the bend,
To the Cap a word I didn't say while turning end over end;
For the bowsman he forgot to yell, "Low bridge, and duck 'er down!"
The bullhead captain went to hell with a bridgestring for a crown.
A bridgestring for a crown, my boys, a bridgestring for a crown,
The bullhead captain went to hell with a bridgestring for a crown.

Come all you young canalers, never steer a bullhead boat,
Or they'll find you some fine morning in the E-ri-ee afloat;
Do all your fine navigatin' in a line barn, full of hay --
"Low bridge!" you won't be hatin', and you'll live till judgement day!
Sure, you'll live till judgement day, my boys, you'll live
till judgement day,
"Low bridge!" you won't be hatin', and you'll live till
judgement day!

[sung by Kurt Leibezeit on Friday night. From George Ward's "Oh That
Low Bridge", Front Hall Records]



BONEY



Boney was a warrior,
Way-hey-yah!
A warrior, a terr-i-or,
John Francois.

Boney beat the Prooshians,
The Austrians and the Rooshians,

Oh, Boney marched to Moscow,
Across the Alps through ice 'n snow,

Boney was a Frenchyman,
But Boney had to turn again,

So he retreated back again,
Moscow was in ruins then,

Boney went to Elba,
Wished he'd never been there,

He beat the Prooshians squarely,
He whacked the English nearly,

We licked him in Trafalgar's Bay,
Carried his main topmast away,

'Twas on the Plains of Waterloo,
He met the boy who put him through,

Boney marched to Waterloo,
And there he met his overthrow,

He met the Duke of Wellington,
That day his downfall had begun,

Boney went a-cruisin',
Aboard the Billy Ruffian,

Boney went to Saint Helen',
And he never came back again,

They sent him into exile,
He died on Saint Helena's isle,

Boney broke his heart and died,
In Corsica he wished he styed,

He was a rorty general,
A rorty, snorty general.

[sung by Jean Lepley at the Sea Shanty
workshop]



BONNY AT MORN



The yowe is in the meadow and the kye is in the corn,
Thou's over long in thy bed, bonny at morn.
The yowe is in the meadow and the kye is in the corn,
Thou's over long in thy bed, bonny at morn.

But thou's canny at neet, bonny at morn;
Thou's over long in thy bed, bonny at morn.

The bird is in the bush and the trout is in the burn;
Thou hinders thy mither at many's the turn.
The bird is in the bush and the trout is in the burn;
Thou hinders thy mither at many's the turn.

We're all laid idle with keepin' the bairn;
The lad willna work and the lass willna learn.
We're all laid idle with keepin' the bairn;
The lad willna work and the lass willna learn.

[sung by Kurt Leibzeit at the Saturday Concert]

BRIDGET O'MALLEY

O, Bridget O'Malley you left me heart shaken,
With a hopeless desolation, I'll have you to know;
It's the wonders of admiration, your quiet face has taken,
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go.

The white moon above the pale seas, the pale stars above the palm tree,
Are cold beside my darling, but no purer than she;
I gaze upon the cold moon, til the stars drown in the warm sea,
And the bright eyes of my darling are never on me.

My Sunday is weary, my Sunday it is gray now,
My heart is a cold thing, my heart is a stone;
All joy is dead in me, my life has gone away now,
Another has taken my love for his own.

The day is approaching when we were to be married,
And it's rather I would die than live only to grieve;
O meet me my darling ere the sun sets on the barley
And I'll meet you there on the road to Drumslieve.

[Sung by David Ingerson at the Celtic Songs workshop]



BROCHAN LOM



O brochan lom, tana, lom, brochan lom sughain,
Brochan lom, tana, lom, brochan lom sughain,
O brochan lom, tana, lom, brochan lom sughain,
Brochan lom, 's e tana, lom, 's e brochan lom sughain.

Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom sughain,
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom sughain,
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom sughain,
Brochan lom, 's e tana, lom, 's e brochan lom sughain.

O thugaibh aran do na gillean leis a' bhrochan shughain,
O thugaibh aran do na gillean leis a' bhrochan shughain,
O thugaibh aran do na gillean leis a' bhrochan shughain,
Brochan lom, 's e tana, lom, 's e brochan lom sughain.

Seo an rud a gheibheamaid o nighean Gobha 'n Duine,
Seo an rud a gheibheamaid o nighean Gobha 'n Duine,
Seo an rud a gheibheamaid o nighean Gobha 'n Duine,
Brochan lom, 's e tana, lom, 's e brochan lom sughain.

[sung by Jean Smith at the Saturday Song Circle]

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

(round)

By the waters, the waters, the waters of Babylon,
We sat down and wept and wept for thee Zion;
We remember, we remember, we remember thee, Zion.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Saturday Song Circle]

CALLER HERRIN'

Wha'll buy caller herrin', they're bonnie fish
and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin' new-drawn frae the Forth.



When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreased ye aught o' our poor fellows,
Darklin' as they faced the billows,
A' tae fill the woven willows.

Oh when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies dressed in silk and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heids and screw their faces.

Oh neighbor wives now tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word aye be your dealin' --
Truth will stand when a' things failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
They're no brought here wi'out brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin', ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
Oh ye may ca' them vulgar farin' --
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin'! Caller herrin'!

[sung by Jean Smith in the Celtic Songs workshop.
Written by Baroness Nairn]





THE CALTON WEAVER



I am a weaver, a Calton weaver,
I am a rash and a rovin' blade;
I've got siller in my pooches,
I'll gang and follow the rovin' trade.

Whisky, whisky, Nancy whisky,
Whisky, whisky, Nancy O.

As I cam' in by Glasgow city,
Nancy whisky I chanced tae smell;
I ga'ed in, sat doon beside her,
Seven lang years I lo'ed her well.

The mair I kissed her, the mair I lo'ed her,
The mair I lo'ed her, the mair she smiled;
Till I forgot my Mither's teachin',
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

I woke up in the early mornin',
Tae slake my drouth it was my need;
I tried tae rise, but I was unable,
Nancy had me by the heid.

"Come awa' landlady, whit's the lawin' ?
Tell me whit there is tae pay."
"Fifteen shillin' is the reck'nin',
Pay me quickly and go away."

I'll gang back tae the Calton weavin',
Ill surely mak' the shuttles fly;
And I'll mak' mair at the Calton weavin'
Than ever I did in a rovin' way.

So come a' ye weavers, ye Calton weavers,
Come a' ye weavers, where e'er ye be;
Beware o' whisky, Nancy whisky,
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

[sung by Mary Garvey at the Weaving Songs
workshop]



CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?



Oh can ye sew cushions? And can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing ba-la-loo, when the bairn greets?

And hee and baw birdie, hee and baw lamb,
Hee and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.
Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi' you?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you!
Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you;
Hee O, wee O, what will I do wi' you?

I biggit the cradle all on the tree top,
And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.

Now hush-a-ba, lammie, and hush-a-ba, dear,
Now hush-a-ba, lammie, thy minnie is here.

The wild wind is ravin', thy minnie's heart's sair;
The wild wind is ravin', and you dinna care.

Sing ba-la-loo, lammie, sing ba-la-loo, dear,
Does the wee lammie ken that his daddie's no here?

Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly upon my warm knee,
But your daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

[sung by Kathy Ingerson at the Celtic Songs
workshop]



THE CHINEE BUMBOAT MAN



I'll sing you a story of trouble 'n woe,
That'll cause you to shudder and shiver;
Concernin' a Chinee bumboat man,
That sailed the Yangtze River.
He was a heathen of high degree,
As joss-house records show;
His family name was Wing Chang Loo,
But the sailors all called him Jim Crow-ee-aye-oh-ee-aye!

Hitchee-kum, kitchee-kum, ya! ya! ya!
Sailorman no likee me;
No savvy the story of Wing Chang Loo,
Too much of the bober-aye-ee, Kye-ee!

Now Wing Chang Loo he fell in love,
With a gal called Ah Chu Fong;
She had two eyes like pumpkin seeds,
And slippers two inches long.
But Ah Chu Fong loved a pirate bold,
With all her heart and liver;
He was cap-i-tan of a double-decked junk,
And he sailed the Yangtze River-eye-iver-eye!

When Wing Chang Loo he heard of this,
He swore an 'orrible oath:
"If Ah Chu marries that pirate bold,
I'll make sausage meat of 'em both!"
So he hoisted his blood-red battle flag,
Put into the Yangtze River;
He steered her east and south and west,
Till that pirate he did diskiver-eye-iver-eye!

The drums they beat to quarters and
The cannons did loudly roar;
The red-hot dumplin's flew like lead,
And the scuppers they ran with gore.
The pirate paced the quarter deck,
With never a shake nor a shiver;
He was shot in the stern with a hard-boiled egg
That penetrated his liver-eye-iver-eye!

The dyin' pirate feebly cried,
"We'll give the foe more shot,
If I can't marry Ah Chu Fong,
Then Wing Chang Loo shall not!"
When a pease-puddin' hot hit the bumboat's side,
It caused a horrible scene;
It upset a pot of hot bow-wow soup,
And exploded the magazye-eeenee-aye-eeen!

[sung by Jon Pfaff at the Sea Shanty workshop]



THE CONDOM SONG



I used to wear an IUD,
I used to take the pill,
I smeared myself with every kind
Of contraceptive gel;
But times have changed since then old pal,
So listen now to me --
Your turn has come for reproductive responsibility....

So you'll wear a condom, a big rubber condom,
And I'll wear a great big smile;
'Cause it ain't gonna hurtcha
To don that gutta percha
Now that safe sex is in style;
So take it out of your wallet,
Whatever you call it,
And stretch it for a mile,
And put on your condom,
Your big rubber condom,
And I'll put on my sexiest smile

You'll wear a condom, a big rubber condom,
And I'll wear a negligee;
'Cause no one can doubt it,
If you're careless about it,
It's the woman who will pay;
So if you're getting excited,
There's no need to fight it,
Just do it the Boy Scout Way,
And put on your condom, your big rubber condom,
And I'll wear my negligee.

Jean Smith's verse:

Oh you'll wear a condom, though not very fondom,
Or else you'll get no play.
For the world's getting smarter
And we realize we garter
Play it safe that way.
Of no babies desirous,
Not to mention AIDS virus,
I'll skip games in the hay
Unless you'll wear a condom, and smear jelly ondom,
And then we'll frolic night and day.

Seke Hoskin's verse:

Oh I wore my condom, my big rubber condom,
When you wore me out last night.
My old Uncle Billy, he thinks we are silly,
He says condoms just aren't right.
Oh he's such a bother,
I wish that his father
Had dressed the way we do;
For if he'd worn a condom, then Bill Vander Zalndom's
A seed that would never have grew.

[Sung by Lyn Pinkerton at the Bawdy Songs workshop. Words
by Hilda L. Thomas, Vancouver, BC
Tune: 'When You Wore a Tulip']



THE CRAB-FISH



It's of a jolly clergyman, he had a little horse,
A bridle and a saddle, to cock his leg across.
With-a-me hi Jinimy, ho Jinimy, come along wi' me,
Hi Jinimy, ho Jinimy Johnson.

And as he was a-riding, a-riding by the brook,
He saw a little man with a fishing-rod and hook.

"O fisherman, O fisherman, O fisherman," said he,
"Have you got a little crab-fish that you will sell to me?"

"O yes sir, O yes sir, O yes sir," said he,
"The finest in the basket I will sell to thee."

So he took the little crab-fish, he took him by the horns,
He slung him on his back and he toddles him off home.

But when he got it home, boys, he couldn't find a dish,
So he popped it in a pot, boys, that wasn't used for fish.

And when his wife got out of bed in the middle of the night,
The naughty little crab-fish it gave her such a bite.

She shouted to her husband and quick-e-ly he arose,
And the naughty little crab-fish it caught him by the nose.

It's, "Husband, O husband as sure as I was born,
The devil's in the charlie, a-sticking up his horn."

"Wife, wife, wife, you must be going mad,
That you don't know the devil from an old sea crab.

But wife, wife, wife, this is a pretty pass,
To find my nose so close unto your ass."

"Husband, O husband, now surely that's no crime,
For it's been there above ten thousand times."

Then one got a stick and t'other got a broom,
And they chased the poor old crab-fish all around the room.

They kicked him on the head, they kicked him on the side,
They jumped upon his back, boys, until the poor crab died.

I started with a song and I ended with a ditty,
There was a baby born, he'd a crab-fish on his titty.

Now I've finished with my story, although it was sad,
This was the end of that poor old crab.

[sung by John Dwyer at the Bawdy Songs workshop]



THE CUCKOO'S NEST



There's a thorn-bush in the garden where the lads and lasses meet,
And it wouldna do to do what they're doin' in the street;
The first time that he saw that, he was very much impressed,
By the rufflin' of the feathers of the cuckoo's nest.

Hey the cuckoo, hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo's nest,
Hey the cuckoo, hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo's nest,
I'll give you a shillin' and a bottle of the best
If you'll ruffle up the feathers of me cuckoo's nest.

Well, they spickled and they spackled and they slathered all around,
For it's hidden in a corner and it isn't easy found;
If she hadn't shown him where, well he never would've guessed
How to ruffle up the feathers of the cuckoo's nest.

She showed him where to find it and she showed him where to go,
Through prickles and through brambles where the long crops grow;
And once that he had found it, she would never let him rest
Till he ruffled up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest.

He met her in the mornin' and he took her in the night,
He'd never been that way before, he meant to get it right;
She told him he had bungled and he said it wasn't true,
And he left her with the makin's of his own cuckoo.

[sung by Meryle Korn at the Bawdy Songs workshop]

CUNNLA

"Who is it out there knockin' me ditches down?"
Who is it out there knockin' me ditches down?
Who is it out there knockin' me ditches down?"
"It's only meself," says Cunnla.

"Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me,
Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me,
Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me."
"Maybe I shouldn't," says Cunnla.

"Who is it out there tappin' me window pane?"


"Who is it out there rakin' the fire up?"

"Who is it down there ticklin' the toes o' me?"

"Who is it down there liftin' me blanket up?"

"Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me,
Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me,
Cunnla, dear, don't come any nearer me,
"I've come far enough now," says Cunnla.

[sung by Liam Callen at the Saturday Concert]





DAINTY DAVIE

It was in and through the window broads,
And all the tirliewirlies o't;
The sweetest kiss that e'er I got
Was from my dainty Davie.

O, leeze me on your curly pow,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on your curly pow,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

It was down amang my daddie's pease,
And underneath the cherry trees;
O there he kist me as he pleased,
For he was my ain dear Davie.

When he was chased by a dragoon,
Into my bed he was lay down;
I thought him worthy o' his room,
And he's aye my dainty Davie.

[sung by Chris Roe at the Celtic Songs workshop]

DONA DONA

On a wagon bound for market there's a calf with a mournful eye,
High above him there's a swallow winging swiftly through the sky.


How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might;
Laugh and laugh the whole day through and half the summer's
night.

Dona dona dona dona -- dona dona dona doe,
Dona dona dona dona -- dona dona dona doe.


"Stop complaining," said the farmer, "who told you a calf to be?
Why don't you have wings to fly with like the swallow so proud
and free?"

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered, never knowing the
reason why;
But whoever treasures freedom, like the swallow has learned to
fly.

[sung on Friday night. Written by Aaron Zeitlin, trans by Arthur
Reves & Teddi Schwartz]




DOWN ON THE MIRA



Down on the Mira on a warm afternoon,
The old men are fishing with black line and spoon,
And if they catch nothing they never complain,
I wish I was with them again,
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine a piece of the universe
More fit for prophets and kings?



I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings.

The boys on the boats call to girls on the shore,
Teasing the ones that they dearly adore,
Then in the evening the courting begins,
I wish I was with them again,
I wish I was with them again.

And down on the Mira on a warm summer's night,
The campfires blaze to the children's delight;
They dance round the flames singing songs to their friends,
I wish I was with them again,
I wish I was with them again.

And then in the evening the stories are told,
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island gold;
The stars in the heavens they sparkle and spin,
I wish I was with them again,
I wish I was with them again.

Down on the Mira the people are kind,
They treat you to home brew to help you unwind;
And if you come broken they see that you mend,
I wish I was with them again,
I wish I was with them again.

Now I must leave with a wish you go well,
Sweet be your dreams, may your happiness swell;
I'm going back where my story begins,
I'm going to be with them again,
I'm going to be with them again.

[Sung by Mary Garvey at the Saturday Concert. Written by
Allister McGilvary]



AN EASTER SONG



Come all ye little children dear, pray listen to my song.
I'll sing to you an Easter tale, I will not keep you long.
It's all about a little hen, I heard my mother say
This little hen laid chocolate eggs for Resurrection Day.

The hen she would not lay at home but laid out in the field.
The children came for miles around, to find what she would yield.
Their happy laugh and joyful song, you'd hear it everywhere;
There hadn't been a better time since last year at Puck Fair.

But there lived a woman on the hill and she was very mean.
'Cause children loved the little hen, with envy she turned green.
She searched her book of evil spells and solemnly did swear
That she would change the little hen into a big white hare.

The little hen kept laying eggs, so many did she need,
That when her feathers turned to fur the change she did not heed.
Her little heart was filled with love, and children, they had fun;
She did not know she was a hare or that evil had been done.

The leprechauns then took a hand, they came from everywhere;
King Brian brought his fairy host to see the big white hare.
The little children stood around as Brian took the floor;
Said he, "The hare is one of us, and will live for evermore."

So come all ye little children dear, pay heed to what I say.
Remember when you search for eggs on Resurrection Day
That love will always conquer hate, so be as free as air
And do what ever you think is right, like the hen that became
a hare.

[Sung by Paddy Graber at the Saturday Concert. Original]

THE ELWHA RIVER

1-A:
Come gather round you nature lovers, listen to my song,
And a lesson to you all I will relate:
That it's one thing to enact a law that speaks against a wrong,
But quite another to ensure that it's obeyed.

B:
I sing about the River Elwha, a child of ice and snow,
Cascading down Olympic mountainsides;
Churning through its gorges, caressing valley floors,
It sparkles forty miles to Juan de Fuca's tides,
Where in the grace of nature dwelt the Klallam tribe.

2-A:
At the heart of Klallam culture lived an ancient mystery,
Long revered in ritual and song:
The yearly waves of salmon coming home from the sea,
Searching out the Elwha's gravel beds to spawn.

B:
Sockeye filled Lake Sutherland in crimson summer floods,
And then swept in a quarter million pinks;
Hook-nose chum came in the fall and dug their shallow redds,
While coho drove on for the upper creeks,
Then the winter steelhead flashed rainbow streaks.

C:
But the one they call the king would first appear in the spring,
A fish of legendary size;
Bred to power through the gorge, a hundred pounds and often more,
It was the Elwha's famous prize.

3-A:
The people of the Elwha prospered many times an age,
Conserving what the river did provide;
And every spring a joyful ceremony they would stage,
When the first of the giant fish arrived.

B:
But then came the white man, and the time of many tears,
He was self-ordained master of the earth;
He brought power saws and power seines and power engineers,
To convert the trees and fish to private wealth,
And to dam the salmon from their place of birth.

4-A:
Back in 1894 Tom Aldwell had this dream,
When he claimed a homestead at the five-mile gorge;
Now Tom he was no farmer but a profiteer supreme,
And Port Angeles the milltown he helped forge.

B:
After twenty years and two attempts, he dammed that granite draw,
And became a captain of state industry;
But without a costly fishway, it was clear against the law,
So to a cover-up the Governor did agree --
The dam could stay as part of a new hatchery.

C:
And when the wild salmon arrived, there was no way they could
get by
The dam to reach their home to spawn;
Wave after wave of big fish tried to jump its flume 'til each
run died --
Then one year they were gone.

(next page)

5-A:

The sockeye and the pinks, then the hundred-pounders went,
As the land was raped by the profiteers;
The tiny hatchery was closed, a mere expedient --
And upriver, another dam appeared.

B:

So Thomas Aldwell had his dams and he cared not at all,
If priceless runs were lost along the way.
And ambitious politicians of his power were enthralled;
They would look to him, then look the other way,
And the dam remains illegal to this day.

6-A:

but now his corp'rate heirs need a license for the dam,
As it creaks beneath its robber load of silt;
Let's ensure the hearing's fair, that laws are not a sham --
Let them mitigate their eighty years of guilt.

B:

So come you river lovers, if you be nature's friend,
Press the politicians, don't delay:
Let's restore the wild salmon to the levels they have been,
And good laws we'll make the profiteers obey --
Let's tear those killer Elwha dams away.

C:

'Twas on a hot and sunny day last year around the end of May,
Down by the dam spillway I had a look;
I peered into the Elwha clear and a massive shadow did appear,
And headed for the flume while I shook.
Oh, could it be a hundred-pound Chinook?
I pray we can bring back those big chinook.

[sung by John Dwyer at the Pacific NW Songs workshop. Written by
Brian Robertson]

THE E-RI-E

We were forty miles from Albany, forget it I never shall,
What a terrible storm we had that night on the E-ri-e Canal.

Oh the E-ri-e was a-risin', and the gin was a-gettin' low,
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink till we get to
Buffalo-o-o, till we get to Buffalo.

We were loaded down with barley, we were chuck up full of rye,
And the captain, he looked down at me with his goddam wicked eye.

The captain he came out on deck with a spyglass in his hand,
The fog it was so 'tarnal thick that he couldn't spy the land.

Two days out from Syracuse, the vessel struck a shoal,
And we like to all been foundered on a chunk o' Lackawanna coal.

We hollered to the captain on the towpath treadin' dirt,
He jumped on board and stopped the leak with his old flannel shirt.

Now the cook she was a grand old gal, she wore a ragged dress,
So we heisted her up on a pole as a signal of distress.

Now the captain he got married and the cook she went to jail,
And I'm the only son of a bitch that's left to tell the tale.

[sung by John Dwyer on Friday evening]



FASHIONED IN THE CLAY



When it seems like everyone is worried for themselves,
Making plans for fallout shelters, stocking up the shelves;
Living in the fast lane, staying high at night,
Thinking that by accident we'll blow out all the lights.

Look now at the potter whose wheel is spinning round,
Shaping with her hands the past and future from the ground;
Cups that will be filled and drunk so warm in wintertime,
Plates and bowls for dinners served by candlelight with wine.

And she (he, they, we) believes, she believes,
By her work it's so easy to see
That the future is more than the following day;
It's fashioned securely in the clay.

Now come see the farmer working in his fields,
Hoping for the sun and rain to guarantee his yields;
Like a seed the wind has blown to unfamiliar ground,
He waits to see what fate will bring as each year rolls around.

Elsewhere there are lovers in a warm embrace,
Happy with their plans to carry on the human race;
Now their baby cries and wonders if it's all alone,
Soft the voices reassure, there'll always be a home.

So if you had been worried that tomorrow wouldn't come,
Look to see the ones whose lives are following the sun;
And the hope that springs so clearly from the work they do
Will spread a little farther when it's found a place in you.

[sung by Carol Elwood on Friday. Written by Elmer Beal]

FIDDLER'S GREEN

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen;
Just tell me old shipmates I'm takin' a trip, mates,
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green.



Oh Fiddler's Green is a place I've 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.

Where the sky's always blue and there's never a gale,
Where the fish jump on board with a swish of their tails;
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,
And the skipper's below makin' tea for the crew.

When you get back to dock and your 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 growin' on every tree.

Well, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,
Just give me a breeze and a good rollin' sea;
And I'd play me old squeezebox as we'd sail along,
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song.

[sung on Friday. Written by John Connelly]





FIFTY-NINE CENTS



High school daydreams come easy and free,
When you're a working woman, whatcha gonna be?
A senator, a surgeon, aim for the heights,
But the guidance office says lower your sights to:

Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar,
Fifty-nine cents, it's a lowdown deal;
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler,
"They give you a diploma (2:degree, 3:title),
it's your paycheck they steal!"

She's off to college, the elite kind,
To polish her manners, sharpen her mind;
Honors in English, letter in lacrosse,
Teaches her to type for her favorite boss at:

Junior executive on her way up,
Special assistant to the man at the top;
She's one in a million and all she found,
Was her own secretary now to order around at:

But the word is being processed in the typing pool,
A working woman ain't nobody's fool;
She's telling the boss on Secretary's Day,
"You can keep your flowers, buddy, give me a raise more than:

Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar,
Fifty-nine cents - oh the deal has changed;
Fifty-nine cents make a grown woman holler,
You can keep your flowers, buddy, give us a raise!"

[sung in the Humor workshop. Written by Fred Small]



THE FIRESHIP



As I strolled out one ev-e-ning, out for a night's career,
I met a lofty clipper ship and after her I steered;
I hoisted her me sig-a-nals, which she so quickly knew,
And when she saw me bunting fly, she immediately hove to-o-o.

She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets;
She was a nice girl, a decent girl, but...
One of the rovin' kind.

"Kind sir, you must excuse me for being out so late,
For if my parents knew of it, then sad would be my fate;
My father he's a minister, a true and honest man,
My minnie works at weaving, and I does the best I can."

I eyed that wench full warily, for talk like this I knew,
She seemed a little overbold, she lied for all I knew;
But still she was a comely wench, her lips a ruby red,
Her bosom full, her hips so slim, she coyly hung her head.

Oh I took her to a tavern and treated her to wine,
Little did I think that she belonged to the rakish kind;
I handled her, I dangled her, and found to my surprise,
She was nothing but a fireship, rigged up in a disguise.

And so I deemed her company for a sailorman like me;
I kissed her once, I kissed her twice, said she, "Be nice to me."
I fondled her, I cuddled her, I bounced her on my knee;
She wept, she sighed and then she cried, "Jack, will you sleep with me?"

Now all ye jolly sailorman that sail the Western Sea,
And all you jolly 'prentice lads a warning take from me;
Steer clear of lofty fireships, for me they left well-spent,
For one burnt all my money up, and left me broke and bent.

[sung by Paddy Graber at the Bawdy Songs workshop]



FOLDEROL



A singer of folksongs went walking one day,
With a heigh, a ho, and a fol-de-rol,
He strummed his guitar and he loudly did play
'It's a lot of fol-de-rol-de-rol,
It's a lot of fol-de-rol-o.'

He spied him a maiden so young and so fine,
With a heigh, a ho, and a fol-de-rol,
Said he, "I will sing and I'll string her a line
And a lot...

I'll cozen this maiden so young and so fair,
Beguile her and lure her all into my lair
For a lot...

So he sang him of love and he sang him of June
And he sang him of sweethearts all under the moon
And a lot...

And he sang him so sweet and he sang him so free,
She couldn't help joining in sweet harmony
It's a lot...

So they walked and they sang till they came to a stream,
There he struck a great chord -- she said "What do you mean
By a lot...

"Oh, these songs that I'll sing you will do you no harm,
And you will sing counterpoint, happy and warm,
And a lot...

For I'll sing you of working all day in the fields,
Of hoeing and plowing and rich autumn yields;
Oh a lot...

Or of deep coney-burrows all in the tall grass,
And ferrets that plumb them and catch them at last --
Such a lot...

And I'll sing you of mining, if you will but hear,
Of deep-delving work and explosions, my dear
And a lot...

She said, "Sir, I fear that your strings are too tight,
And your chords are too harsh for a maiden's delight
Or a lot...

I'd want an instrument easier to learn,
For yours is too hard and it won't suit my turn
It's a lot..."

So she unscrewed his pegs and walked lightly away,
And she left him unstrung and unable to play --
What a lot...

So you singers of folksongs, both old ones and young,
With a heigh, a ho, and a fol-de-rol,
Mind your chords and your tuning lest you be unstrung --
It's a lot of fol-de-rol-de-rol,
It's a lot of fol-de-rol-de-rol,
It's a lot of fol-de-rol-o.



[sung by Jean Smith at the Bawdy Songs workshop. Original]





FROM THE LAMBING TO THE WOOL



My father was a cockey, as his father was before him,
And I married me a cockey nearly fifty years ago;
And I've lived here on this station, and I've seen the seasons changing,
From the drought round to the flooding, from the lambing to the wool.

And there's been times when I've wondered if it all was worth the doing,
And there's been times when I thought this was the finest place there is;
But though the the life is never easy, and the hours are long and heavy,
I'm quite contented nowadays to have joined my life with his.

Together through the thirties, while other lives were broken,
We worked from dawn to twilight to hold on to what was ours;
And at night we'd sit exhausted, and I'd stroke his dusty forehead,
With him too tired to talk to me and me too tired to care.

And the children came unbidden, bringing laughter to the homestead,
And I thank the Lord my sons were young, too young for battle then;
And I counted myself lucky to lose no one close to family,
Though the neighbors lost their only son, so left and moved to town.

And the children have grown and left me, to careers in town and city,
And I'm proud of them, but sadly, that none chose station life;
And I smile to hear them talking of the hard work in the office,
But when I think of working hard, I see a cockey and his wife.

[sung by Mary Garvey at the Weaving Songs workshop]

GARBAGE

Mr. Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato,
But he leaves the bone and gristle, and he never eats the skins;
The the bus boy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it,
As he puts in a can with coffee grounds and sardine tins;
Then the truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away,
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the bay.

Oh, garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
We're filling up the sea with garbage;
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the garbage?

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it up the freeway track,
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze;
He's joined by lots of smaller cars, all sending gases to the stars,
Up there to form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days;
While the sun licks down into it with an ultraviolet tongue,
And turns it into smog and then it settles in our lungs.

Oh, garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
We're filling up the air with garbage;
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
What will we do when there's nothing to breathe but garbage?

Getting home and taking off his shoes, he settles down with the evening news,
While the kids do homework with the TV in one ear;
While Superman for the thousandth times sells talking dolls and conquers crime,
Dutifully they learn the date of birth of Paul Revere;
In the paper thee's a piece about the mayor's middle name,
And he gets it read in time to watch the All-Star bingo game.

Oh, garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
We're filling up our minds with garbage;
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage),
What will we do when there's nothing left to read and there's nothing left
to need,
There's nothing left to watch and there's nothing left to touch,
There's nothing left to walk upon and nothing left to talk upon,
And nothing left to see and nothing left to be but garbage!

In Mr. Thompson's factory, they're making plastic Christmas trees,
Complete with silver tinsel and a geodesic stand;
The plastic's mixed in giant vats from some conglomeration that's been
Piped from deep within the earth or strip-mined from the land;
And if you ask them questions, they say, "Why, don't you see,
It's absolutely needed for the ec-o-no-mee!"

Oh, garbage! (garbage, garbage), their stocks and their bonds - all garbage!
Garbage! (garbage, garbage), What will they do when their system goes
to smash, there's no value to their cash,
There's no money to be made, but there's a world to be repaid,
Their kids will read in history books 'bout financiers and other crooks,
And feudalism and slavery and nukes and all their knavery,
To history's dustbin they're consigned, along with many other kinds
of garbage!

[sung at the Environment Songs workshop. Written by Bill Steele]



THE GATHERIN' OF THE CLAN



'Twas on the first of August,
The party it began;
Oh never shall I forget, me lads,
The gatherin' of the clan!

Singin' hie lee a lassie,
Hie lee halloo,
No matter how ye leise me,
Ye canna hie tha noo.

John Brown the farmer
Was very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads
A-hangin' from a tree.

There was dancin' in the meadows,
There was dancin' in the ricks;
Ye couldna hear the music
For the swishin' of the pricks.

The bride was in the parlor,
Explainin' to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum
Was the entrance to the womb!

The parson's daughter, she was there,
A-sittin' way down front,
With a garland of roses 'round her hair
And a carrot up her cunt!

Repeat v 1

[sung by John Dwyer at the Bawdy Songs
workshop]



THE GEODUCK SONG



Well, some years ago in the summer, in Charleston down at the coast,
When Joseph and Doug were both fishing, a thing that they liked to do most.
They carried their beer to the harbor, with hook, line, and sinker and poles,
And they'd sit and they'd fish in the sunlight till Nature came to call.

Now, if there were no ladies present, to the end of the dock they would stroll;
Not for them that small silly building that stood back on the shore.
They'd check right and left to be certain, then their zippers they'd open wide,
Relieve themselves into the harbor, and back up the dock they would stride.

Now it happened a boat full of 'gentlemen' at the end of the dock were tied,
And they'd comment about the equipment of each fisherman who came by;
And Joseph was not tall in stature, and he got their treatment full,
And though he would always ignore them, their mockery soon did pall.

But one morning he dug up a geoduck, an idea leapt into his mind:
The way to befuddle those yokels who were so unkind.
He cut off the neck of the geoduck, it surely would suit his plan;
And affixed it - somehow - in a most private place, and tucked it down into
his pants.

And that afternoon at the fishing, drank the requisite number of beers,
Then he sauntered on down to the dock's-end, to his tormentors' hoots and
jeers;
The catcalling stopped in amazement as he prepared to do the deed -
Pulled out three feet of neck of the geoduck and through it la-la-la la dee.

Then grasping it firmly at center, he went to a piling that stood
Covered with sharp shells of barnacles, and he thrust it on the wood;
Three mighty whacks he gave it, then tucked it back into its place,
And walked past their open-mouthed gawking, beatifical smile on his face.

[sung by Meryle Korn at the Saturday Concert. Original]

GET UP AND GO

How do I know my youth is all spent?
My get up and go has got up and went!
But in spite of it all, I'm able to grin,
And think of the places my get up has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard said,
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on a table until I wake up.



As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"
But though nations are warring and business is vexed,
I'll still stick around to see what happens next.

When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels right over my head;
When I was older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I am older, my slippers are black,
I huff to the sore and I puff my way back;
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all -
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all!

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Open the paper and read the obits;
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

[sung by Ken Shulman at the Saturday Song Circle]





GIVE YOURSELF TO LOVE



Kind friends all gathered 'round, there's something I would say,
That what brings us together here has blessed us all today;
Love has made a circle that holds us all inside,
Where strangers are as family and loneliness can't hide. You must

Give yourself to love, if love is what you're after;
Open up your hearts to the tears and laughter,
And give yourself to love, give yourself to love.

I've walked these mountains in the rain, I've learned to love the wind,
I've been up before the sunrise to watch the day begin;
I always knew I'd find you, though I never did know how,
But like sunshine on a cloudy day, you stand before me now. So

Love is born in fire, it's planted like a seed,
Love can't give you everything, but it gives you what you need;
Love comes when you are ready, love comes when you're afraid,
It will be your greatest teacher, the best friend you have made. So

[sung by Simmons Rose on Friday night]

GOING TO THE ZOO

Daddy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow,
Zoo tomorrow, zoo tomorrow;
Daddy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow,
We can stay all day.

We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo,
How about you, you, you?
You can come too, too, too,
We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo.

See the elephant with the long trunk swingin',
Great big ears and long trunk swingin',
Sniffin' up peanuts with the long trunk swingin',
We can stay all day.

See all the monkeys scritch, scritch scratchin',
Jumpin' around and scritch, scritch scratchin',
Hangin' by their long tails scritch, scritch scratchin',
We can stay all day.

Big black bear all huff, huff a-puffin',
Coat's too heavy, he's huff, huff a-puffin',
Don't get too near the huff, huff a-puffin',
Or you won't stay all day.


Seals in the pool all honk, honk, honkin',
Catchin' fish and all honk, honk, honkin',
Little seals all honk, honk, honkin',
We can stay all day.

We stayed all day and I'm gettin' sleepy,
Sittin' in the car gettin' sleep, sleep, sleepy,
Home already and I'm sleep, sleep, sleepy,
We have stayed all day.

We've been to the zoo, zoo, zoo,
So have you, you, you?
You came too, too, too,
We've been to the zoo, zoo, zoo,

But Mommy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow!

[sung at the Children's Songs workshop. Written by Tom Paxton]





THE GOLDEN VANITY



There was a ship that sailed upon the Lowland sea,
And the name of our ship was the Golden Vanity,
And we feared she would be taken by the Spanish enemy,
As we sailed upon the Lowland, Lowland, Lowland,
We sailed upon the Lowlands sea.

Then up spoke our cabin boy, and boldly outspoke he,
And he said to our captain, "What will you give to me,
"If I swim alongside of the Spanish enemy
And sink her in the..."

"Oh, I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
And my own fair daughter your bonny bride shall be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Spanish enemy,
And sink her in the..."

Then the boy he made his ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Spanish enemy,
And with his brace and auger, in her side he bored holes three,
And sank her in the...

Then quickly he swam back to the cheering of the crew,
But the captain would not heed him, for his promise he did rue,
And he scorned his poor entreatings when loudly he did sue,
And left him in the...

Then roundabout he turned and swam to the port side,
And up unto his messmates, full bitterly he cried,
"Oh, messmates, draw me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the..."

Then his messmates drew him up, but on the deck he died,
And they stitched him in his hammock which was so fair and white,
And they lowered him overboard, and he drifted with the tide,
And sank into the...

[sung by John Dwyer on Friday night]



GONE, GONNA RISE AGAIN



I remember the year that my granddaddy died,
Gone, gonna rise again.
They dug his grave on a mountainside,
Gone, gonna rise again.
I was too young to understand,
The way he felt about the land,
But I could read his history in his hands,
Gone, gonna rise again.

It's corn in the crib and apples in the bin,
Ham in the smokehouse and cotton in the gin,
Cows in the barn and hogs in the lot -
You know he never had a lot,
But he worked like the devil for the little he got,

These apple trees on the mountainside,
He planted the seeds just before he died.
I guess he knew that he'd never see
The red fruit hanging from the tree,
But he planted those seeds for his children and me,

High on a ridge above the farm,
I think of my people that have gone on,
Like a tree that grows in the mountain ground,
The storms of life have cut'em down,
But the new wood springs from the roots underground,

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Environment Songs
workshop. Written by Si Kahn]

THE GOODNIGHT-LOVING TRAIL

Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing,
You beat the triangle and you curse everything;
If dirt was a kingdom, then you'd be the king,
On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail.

Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the lone bawling calf;
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin,
Get in there and blow out the light.

With your snake oil and herbs and your liniments too,
You can do anything that a doctor can do,
Except find a cure for your own goddam stew,

The cookfire's gone out and the coffee's all gone,
The boys are all up and they're raising the dawn;
You're still sitting there, lost in a song,

I know that some day I'll be just the same,
Wearing an apron instead of a name;
There's nothing can change it, there's no one to blame.
For the desert's a book writ in lizards and sage,
It's easy to look like an old torn out page,
Faded and cracked with the colors of age,

[sung at the Cowboy Songs workshop. By Utah Phillips]





GO TO WORK ON MONDAY

I did my part in World War II, got wounded for the nation,
Now my lungs are all shot down, there ain't no compensation.

I'm gonna go to work on Monday one more time,
I'm gonna go to work on Monday one more time, one more time,
I'm gonna go to work on Monday one more time.

The doctor says I smoke too much, he says that I'm not trying,
He says he don't know what I've got, but we both know he's lying.

The last time I went near my job, I thought my lungs were broken,
Chest bound down like iron bands, I couldn't breathe for choking.

The politicians in this state, they're nothing short of rotten,
They buy us off with fancy words, and sell us out to cotton.

The doctor says both lungs are gone, there ain't no way to shake it,
But I can't live without a job, somehow I've got to take it.

They tell me I can't work at all, there ain't no need of trying,
But living like some used up thing is just this short of dying.

Sitting on my front porch swing, I'm like someone forgotten,
Head all filled with angry thoughts and lungs filled up with cotton.

[sung by Teresa Gagne at the Weaving Songs workshop. Written by
Si Kahn]

THE GREAT STORM IS OVER

The thunder and lightning gave voice to the night,
The little lame child cried aloud in her fright;
Hush, little baby, a story I'll tell,
Of a love that has vanquished the powers of hell.


Alleluia, the Great Storm is over,
Lift up your wings and fly;
Alleluia, the Great Storm is over,
Lift up your wings and fly;


Sweetness in the air and justice on the wind,
Laughter in the house where the mourners have been;
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,
The standards of death taken down by surprise.

Release for the captives, an end to the wars,
New streams in the desert, new hope for the poor;
The little lame children will dance as they sing,
And play with the bears and the lions in spring.


Hush little baby, let go of your fear,
The Lord loves His own and your mother is here;
The child fell asleep as the lantern did burn,
The mother sang on till her bridegroom's return.

[sung by Bruce Baker on Friday night. Written by Bob
Franke]





GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O



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

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

The warldly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may flee them, O,
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O.
An' warldly cares and warldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce who sneer at this,
Ye're nocht but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.

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

[sung by Beth West at the Saturday Song
Circle. Written by Robert Burns]



THE HALF-DOOR



As I was walkin' down the road, I spied a cozy neat abode,
With the half-door open hangin' wide, "You're welcome in, come in here"
"God save all here," I kindly said, then a sweet colleen popped out her head;
"God save you kindly sir," she said, "come in an close the half-door."

She had a basket perched on her knees, 'twas full of potatoes, I could see,
And every one of them, carefully, she peeled before me eyes there.
She looked at me with roguish smile, she said, "Sit down and rest awhile,
Since you came back to Erin's isle, we never close the half-door."

She said, "Play up the 'Shaskeen Reel' and I will make you happy feel."
Then she turned tight upon her heel and lifted down the half-door.
I played that tune with grace and style, with every note she'd wink
and smile,
Till she had me heart beguiled, while dancin' on the half-door.

She said, "Now, Liam, you have to stay, And I'll brew up a cup of tay,
And then you can be on your way, and I'll put up the half-door."
She didn't have to ask me twice, her current cake and tay was nice;
Before I left, I kissed her twice as she leaned across the half-door.

[sung by Liam Callen at the Celtic Songs workshop]

HANG ON THE BELL, NELLIE

The scene is in a jailhouse: if the curfew rings tonight,
The guy in number 13 cell will go out like a light;
She knew her dad was innocent and so our little Nell
Tied her tender torso to the clapper of the bell.


Hang on the bell, Nellie, hang on the bell,
Your poor father's locked in a cold prison cell;
As you swing to the left and you swing to the right,
Remember the curfew bell must never ring tonight.

It all began when Nellie said, "No, no!" to Handsome Jack,
As she struggled for her virtue down there by the railroad track;
Daddy came a-runnin' as the train sped down the line -
Jack stepped back upon the track and paid the price for crime.


The arrested dear old daddy and they took him before the law,
The judge said Handsome Jack, well, he warn't handsome any more;
Nellie begged and pleaded but the jury did not care,
They didn't have a sofa so they offered him the chair.

They tugged upon the bell-rope, but there was no ting-a-ling -
They couldn't get their foul deed done, for curfew would not ring;
Upstairs, poor Nell was swinging as below they tugged and heaved,
Till suddenly a voice cried, "Stop! The geezer's been reprieved."

This is the bedtime story that the warden loves to tell;
The convicts listen to the tale of plucky little Nell,
And how she saved her dad that night when curfew would not ring,
And tears stream down their faces as in harmony they sing:



[sung Friday night. Written by Tommie Connor, Clive Erard,
Ross Parker]





HAUL ON THE BOWLINE



Haul on the bowline the bowline, the bowline,
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline --- for Kitty, she's me darlin',
Haul on the bowline --- Kitty lives in Liverpool;
Haul on the bowline --- Liverpool's a fine town.
Haul on the bowline --- so early in the morning.
Haul on the bowline --- before the day was dawnin'.
Haul on the bowline --- the fore'n'main t'bowline.
Haul on the bowline --- the fore t'gallant bowline.
Haul on the bowline --- the Cape Horn gale's a-howlin'
Haul on the bowline --- the cook he is a-growlin'.
Haul on the bowline --- we'll either break or bend it.
Haul on the bowline --- we're men enough to mend it.
Haul on the bowline --- and bust the chafin'-leather.
Haul on the bowline --- oh, haul away together.
Haul on the bowline --- we'll haul for better weather.
Haul on the bowline --- we'll bowl along together.
Haul on the bowline --- the bonnie, bonnie bowline.
Haul on the bowline --- the packet is a-rollin'.
Haul on the bowline --- the long, the long-tailed bowline.
Haul on the bowline --- the Old Man, he's a-moanin'.

[sung by Chris Roe at the Sea Shanty workshop]



A HEALTH TO THE DEVENAUGHS



Here's a health to the Devenaugs, Jones', and O'Malleys,
Who rode from the East on a slow-turning wheel;
Who forded wide rivers, waters and valleys,
To leave their young lives by the Oregon Trail.

Where the water flows, there is no ferry,
Captain, he bid, "Take a line to the shore!"
And a young man of 20, named Michael J Devenaugh,
Stepped forward to swim to his final reward. But...

Where the mountains rise, wagons grow heavy,
Oxen are doubled and everyone pulls;
We broke all the shackles while Darby Jones was drovin',
And buried her pieces so far down below. But...

Where the cactus grows, miles they grow weary,
Water is naught but a dream in the mind;
But big Johnson O'Malley went searchin' for to find some,
But the water he brought us was tainted with lye. But...

So the story goes, people were many,
Lived and they died by the light of a dream;
And we lay down beside them our love for the journey,
And with it a curse for the Oregon Trail. So...


And...

[sung by Mariide Widsann at the Saturday Song Circle]


HI DA

Hi da, hi da, hi didee di-da, hi da, hi da hida,
Hi da, hi da, hi didee di-da, hi da, hi da hida.
Hi da, hi didee di-da, hi da, hi da hida,
Hi da, hi didee di-da, hi da, hi da hida.

[sung by Joan Rudd at the Jewish Songs workshop &
at the Saturday Concert]



HOME ON THE RANGE



O give me a home where the buffalo roam,
And the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

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.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars;
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

[sung Friday night]

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER

It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and a heavy load,
And the folks I meet ain't always kind;
Some are bad and some are good, some have done the best they could,
Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind.

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound,
And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound.


I have been around this land, just a-doin' the best I can,
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do;
And the faces that I see are as worried as can be,
And it looks like they are wonderin' too.

I had a little gal one time, she had lips like sherry wine,
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane;
But I was too blind to see, she was driftin' away from me,
And one day she left on the morning train.

I've got a buddy from home, but he started out to roam,
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay;
And sometimes, when I've had a few, his voice comes singin' through,
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

If you see me passing by and you sit and wonder why,
And you wish that you were a rambler, too,
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor, lace 'em up and bar the door;
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.

[sung by Shelley Simon on Friday night. Written by Tom Paxton]



I'M QUIET

I don't know much about such,
And what I don't know I don't say,
And when I have nothing to say,
I'm quiet.

When there's occasion to holler I'll buy it,
I can make noise with the best;
But most of the rest of the time,
I'm quiet.

I have a TV at home,
I do truly enjoy it;
I just leave it alone
And stay quiet.

I've made mistakes in the past,
Things that I blush over yet;
But I hardly ever regret
Having been quiet.

I'm not unsociable, no,
People are fine in repose;
Somehow my favorites have always been those
Who are quiet.

Quiet's a wonderful sound,
Sweeter than oboe or fiddle;
Someday I'm going to be found in the middle
Of quiet.

Sing me a song of the seas,
Sing it as soft as a breeze;
Song me to sleep and then please,
Be quiet.

[sung by Carol Elwood on Friday night. Written by
Malvina Reynolds]

IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

It ain't gonna rain no more, no more,
It ain't gonna rain no more;
So how in the heck will I wash my neck,
If it ain't gonna rain no more?

[sung by John Dwyer on Friday night]



I ONCE LOVED A LASS



I once loved a lass and I loved her sae weel,
That I hated all others who spoke of her ill;
But now she's rewarded me well for my love,
For she's gone tae be wed tae another.

I saw my love tae the church go,
With bridegroom and bride's-maidens, they made a fine show;
And I followed on wi' my heart full o' woe -
She was goin' tae be wed tae another.

I saw my love sit down tae dine,
And I sat down beside her and I poured out the wine;
And I drank tae the lassie that should hae been mine,
Even though she was wed tae another.

The men of the forest, they askit o' me,
How many strawberries grow on the salt sea?
And I answered them a' wi' a tear in my e'e,
How many ships sail in the forest?

Oh dig me a grave, and dig it sae deep,
And cover it over wi' flowers sae sweet;
And it's I'll lay me down and I'll tak' a long sleep,
Aye and maybe in time I'll forget her.

[sung by Jean Lepley at the Saturday Song Circle]

JESUS, JESUS, REST YOUR HEAD

Jesus, Jesus, rest your head, you has got a manger bed,
All the evil folk on earth sleep in feathers at their birth,
Jesus, Jesus, rest your head, you has got a manger bed.

Have you heard about our Jesus?
Have you heard about His fate?
How His mammy went to that stable,
On that Christmas eve so late;
Winds were blowing, cows were lowing,
Stars were glowing, glowing, glowing.

To that manger came three wise men,
Bearing gifts from hin and yon;
For the Mother and the Father,
And the blessed little Son.
Milkmaids left their fields and flocks,
And sat beside the ass and ox.

[sung by Jean Lepley at the French-Canadian Songs workshop]

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson, my jo, John, I wonder what ye mean,
To lie sae lang i' the mornin', and sit sae late at e'en?
Ye'll bleer a' yer een, John, and whyfore dae ye so?
Come sooner tae yer bed at e'en, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when that ye first began,
Ye had as good a tail-tree as ony ither man;
But noo it's wax an' wan, John, and wrinkles to and fro,
And I've twa gae-ups for ae gae-doon, John Anderson, my jo.

I'm backit like the salmon, I'm breastit like the swan;
My wame it is a down-cod, my middle ye may span:
Frae my tap-knot tae my tae, John, I'm like the new-fa'n snow;
And it's all for yer conveniency, John Anderson, my jo.

O it is a fine thing tae keep out o'er the dyke;
But it's a muckle finer thing tae see yer hurdies fyke;
Tae see yer hurdies fyke, John, and strike the rising blow;
O it's then I like yer chanter-pipe, John Anderson, my jo.

When ye come on before, John, see that ye dae yer best;
When ye begin tae haud me, see that ye grip me fast;
See that ye grip me fast, John, until that I cry "Oh!"
O yer back will crack or I dae that, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye're welcome when ye please;
It's either in the warm bed or else aboon the claes:
Or ye shall hae the horns, John, upon yer head tae grow;
And that's the cuckold's mallison, John Anderson, my jo.

[sung by Chris Roe at the Bawdy Songs workshop]

THE JOLLY TINKER

A comely dame of Islington had got a leaky copper;
The hole that let the liquor run was wanting of a stopper.
A jolly tinker undertook and promised her most fairly,
With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock,
To do her business rarely.

He turned the vessel to the ground, said he, "A good old copper,
But it well may leak, for I have found a hole in it that's a whopper.
But never doubt a tinker's stroke; although he's black and surly,
With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock,
He'll do your business rarely."

The man of mettle opened wide his budget's mouth to please her,
Says he, "This tool I've oft employed about such jobs as these are."
With that, the jolly tinker took a stroke or two most kindly.
With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock,
He did her business finely.

As soon as he had done the feat, he cried, "'Tis very hot, O.
This thrifty labour makes me sweat; give me a cooling pot, O."
Says she, "Bestow the other stroke before you take your farewell,
With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock,
And you may drink a barrel."

[sung by John Dwyer at the Bawdy Songs workshop]



JOY IS LIKE THE RAIN



I saw raindrops on my window, joy is like the rain;
Laughter runs across my pain, slips away and comes again;
Joy is like the rain.

I saw clouds upon a mountain, joy is like a cloud,
Sometimes silver, sometimes gray, always sun not far away;
Joy is like a cloud.

I saw raindrops in the river, joy is like the rain,
Bit by bit the river grows till all at once it overflows;
Joy is like the rain.

[sung by Rosemarie Stewart and Julie Armbruster at the
Saturday Concert. Written by Sr Miriam Therese Winter]

JUBILATE DEO

(round)

traditional:
Jubilate Deo,
Jubilate Deo,
Alleluia.

as heard at Rainycamp:
Jubilate Deo,
I'll be capuccino,
We'll be mocha.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at
the Children's Songs workshop]

JULIAN OF NORWICH

Loud are the bells of Norwich and the people come and go,
Here by the tower of Julian I tell them what I know.

Ring out, bells of Norwich, and let the winter come and go;
All shall be well again, I know.
All shall be well, I'm telling you, let the winter come and go;
All shall be well again, I know.

Love, like the yellow daffodil, is coming through the snow,
Love, like the yellow daffodil, is Lord of all I know.

Ring for the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow,
Ring for the yellow daffodil and tell them what I know.

[sung by Cathy Ross on Friday night. Written by Sydney Carter]



KELSO



I have lived my life in Kelso,
The forest and the tree,
When the mills were up it used to smell so bad;
What will become of me?

But it would smell like sweet perfume,
If they could change this bust to boom.

They say in Forks and Aberdeen,
This is the worst they've ever seen.

Hard times hit the rain and fog,
The folks who made your Presto log.

We made the cartons for your milk,
Rayon strands that pass for silk.

Paper bags and paper diapers,
Coffee cups and handi-wipers.

The trees here grow too tall and straight,
To wind up as your paper plate.

But I would chop them all myself,
To see more food upon my shelf.

I should have seen this day a-coming,
The day the sawmills stopped their humming.

Only God can make a tree,
But paper's made by fools like me.

[sung by Mary Garvey at the Pacific Northwest
Songs Workshop. Original]



THE KETTLE VALLEY LINE



I always ride upon the roof on the Kettle Valley Line,
I always ride upon the roof on the Kettle Valley Line,
I always ride upon the roof, I could pay the fare but what's the use,
I always ride upon the roof on the Kettle Valley Line.

I order my meals through the ventilator on the Kettle Valley Line,
I order my meals through the ventilator on the Kettle Valley Line,
I order my meals through the ventilator, they taste no worse, it saves
tipping the waiter,
I order my meals through the ventilator on the Kettle Valley Line.

I buy a sandwich from the cook on the Kettle Valley Line,
I buy a sandwich from the cook on the Kettle Valley Line,
I buy a sandwich from the cook, he pockets the money, the dirty crook,
I buy a sandwich from the cook on the Kettle Valley Line.

Those railway bulls are gentlemen on the Kettle Valley Line,
Those railway bulls are gentlemen on the Kettle Valley Line,
Those railway bulls are gentlemen, we'll never see their likes again,
Those railway bulls are gentlemen on the Kettle Valley Line.

They tip their hats and they call you "Sir," on the Kettle Valley Line,
They tip their hats and they call you "Sir," on the Kettle Valley Line,
They tip their hats and they call you "Sir," then they throw you in the
local stir,
They tip their hats and they call you "Sir," on the Kettle Valley Line.

repeat 1st verse

[sung by Teresa Gagne and Denis Laplante at the Northwest Songs workshop.
written by Ean Hay]

LA BELLE FRANCOISE

C'est la belle Francoise qui veut s'y marier;
Son amant va la voir-e le soir apres souper.

Il faut boire et puis partir, dondaine!
Et chantons, nous en allant, donda.

Son amant va la voir-e le soir apres l'souper,
Il la trouva seulette sur son lit qui pleurait.

Il la trouva seulette sur son lit qui pleurait,
"Ah! qu'a vous donc la belle? Qu'a-vous a tant pleurer?"



"On m'a dit hier au soir-e que demain vous partiez."
"Ceux qui vous l'on dit, belle, ont dit la verite.


Preparez mes chemises, aussi mes blancs mouchoes,
Ah! venez m'y conduire jusqu' au pied du rocher.

Mon navire est en rade, tout pret a 'pareiller;
Les mat'lots dans les hunes, tous prêts a deferler."


Mais quand il fut au large, entend le glas sonner;
C'est le glas de Francoise qu'on porte a enterrer.

[sung by Teresa Gagne at the French-Canadian Songs
workshop. A Cape Breton version of a popular traditional
French-Canadian song. From the singing of Charlotte
Cormier.]





THE LAST-LEVIATHAN



My soul has been torn from me and I am bleeding,
My heart it has been rent and I am crying;
As the beauty around me fades and I am screaming,
I am the last of the great whales, and I am dying.

Last night I heard the cry of my last companion,
A shot from a harpoon gun and then I swam alone;
I reflected on days gone by, when we were thousands,
But I knew that I soon might be to die, the last leviathan.

This morning the sun did rise in a crimson north sky
The ice was the color of blood, and I heard the wind sigh;
I rose up to take a breath, it was my last one,
From the gun came the roar of death, and now I'm undone.

And now that we are all gone, there'll be no more hunting,
The big fellow is no more, it's no use lamenting;
What race will be next in line, all for the slaughter?
The elephant or the seal, or your sons and daughters?

[sung by Bruce Baker on Friday night. From the singing of
Archie Fisher. Written on commission for Greenpeace.]

LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream I'd ever dreamed before:
I dreamed the world had all agreed to put an end to war;
I dreamed I saw a mighty room, filled with women and men,
And the paper they were signing said they'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed and a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads and grateful prayers
were prayed;
And the people in the streets below were dancing round and round,
While swords and guns and uniforms were scattered on the ground.

[sung by Cathy Ross on Friday night. Written by Ed McCurdy]

LIVERPOOL JUDIES

From Liverpool to Frisco a-lovin' I went,
For to stay in that country was my good intent;
But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools,
Oh, I soon got transported back to Liverpool.

Singin' ro-o-oll, ro-o-oll, roll bullies, roll,
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow!

A smart Yankee packet lies out in the Bay,
A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way;
With all of her sailors so sick and so sore,
They'd drunk all their whiskey and can't get no more.

Oh here comes the mate in a hell of a stew,
He's lookin' for graft for us sailors to do;
Oh it's "Fore tops'l halyards!" he loudly does roar,
And it's "Lay along, Paddy, ye son-of-a-whore!"

One night off Cape Horn I shall never forget,
'Tis oft-times I sighs when I think of it yet;
She was roundin' Cape Horn with her main-skys'l set,
She was roundin' Cape Horn with us all wringin' wet.

And now we are haulin' 'way on the the Line,
When I thinks of it now, sure, we had a good time;
Them sea-boys box-haulin' their yards all around,
For to beat that flash packet called the Thatcher MacGowan.

And now we've arrived in the Bramleymoor Dock,
And all them flash judies on the pierhead do flock;
The barrel's run dry and our five quid advance,
And I guess it's high time for to get up and dance.

Here's a health to the Cap'n, wherever he may be,
A friend to the sailor in land or on sea;
But as for the chief mate, the dirty old brute,
We hope when dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea Shanty workshop]

LO YISA GOY

Lo yisa goy
El goy cherev
Lo yilmadu
Od mil cha ma.

And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree
Shall live in peace and unafraid!
And into plowshares turn their swords,
Nations shall learn war no more!

[sung by Ken Shulman at Jewish Songs
workshop]



THE MARVELOUS TOY



When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy,
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy;
A wonder to behold it was, with many colors bright,
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

It went 'zip' when it moved and 'bop' when it stopped and
'whirr' when it stood still;
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up I had a big surprise,
For right on its bottom were two big buttons that looked like big
green eyes;
I first pushed one and then the other and then I twisted its lid,
And when I set it down again, here is what it did:

It first marched left and then marched right and then marched under
a chair,
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there;
I started to sob and my daddy laughed, for he knew that I would find
When I turned around, my marvelous toy chugging from behind.

Well, the years have gone by too quickly it seems, and I have my own
little boy,
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy;
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal
of glee -
Neither one of us knows just what it is, but he loves it just
like me.

It still goes...

[sung at the Childrens' Songs workshop. Written by Tom Paxton]

MARY ELLEN CARTER

She went down last October, in a pouring, driving rain,
The skipper, he's been drinking and the mate, he felt no pain;
Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow,
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash;
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost,
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim,
That the Mary Ellen Carter'd rise again.

Rise again, rise again,
That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men;
And those who loved her best and were with her to the end,
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend.
"She gave 20 years of service, boys, then met her sorry end,
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below."
Then they laughed at us and said we'd have 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.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend -
Three dives a day in a hard hat suit, and twice I've had the bends;
Thank God it's only 60 feet and the current here is slow,
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
But we 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's saved our lives so many times, a-living through the gale;
And the laughing drunken mates 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 sailing 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 your 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!

[sung by Bruce Baker on Friday night. Written by Stan Rogers]

O B A O I

O ba o ba o ba o i,
O ba o ba o ba o i,
O ba o ba o ba o i,
Cha bhi mi 'gad thaladh bho'n sharaich thu mi.
(I won't rock you to sleep because you've worn me out)

[sung by Jean Smith at the Saturday Song Circle]



OFF TO RAINYCAMP

Hi ho fileeri-o, it's off to Rainycamp we go
Hi ho fileeri-o, a tick and took and a tidy.

We're off to Rainycamp,
We're sure 'twill be the champ
Of all the workshops we've been to,
Even if that's just a few --
Or, if you're Dwyer, a billion or two,
A tick and took and a tidy.

Now Mary got us started
In waters partly charted
By folks who've done this sort of thing;
She found us this great place to sing,
And so we'll make these rafters ring,

We'll play and sing so sweet,
And have good things to eat;
We'll make new friends and greet the old,
And we'll care not a whit for cold,
And rain is healthful, we've been told,

We'll gather in a bunch,
Before and after lunch,
And we'll sing songs both nice and naughty --
Ballads long and ditties bawdy --
Until the mice leave in a body,

Then we must disappear
Until this time next year,
When off to Rainycamp we'll go --
Unless we're such a hassle-o
That we make Mary pray for snow,

[sung by Jean Smith Friday night. Original]

OH HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING

(round)

Oh how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing;
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

[sung by Glen Buschman on Friday night]

OH SUSANNAH

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
I'm goin' to Lou'siana, my true love for to see;
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susannah don't you cry.

Oh Susannah, oh don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still,
I dreamed I saw Susannah a-coming down the hill;
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye,
Says I, "I'm comin' from the South: Susannah don't you cry."

[sung at the Cowboy Songs workshop]





OLD TIME RELIGION



Give me that Old Time Religion,
Give me that Old Time Religion,
Give me that Old Time Religion,
It's good enough for me.

It was good for the Druids,
They drank fermented fluids
And ran naked through the woo-ids
And it's good enough for me.

Hare Krishna would laugh on
To see me dressed in saffron,
With my head that's only half on,
And it's good enough for me.

We will all chant our mantras,
We will all chant our mantras,
We will all chant our mantras,
We will all chant our mantras.

It was good enough for Loki,
The ancient god of chaos,
Which is why this verse doesn't rhyme or
even scan very well,
And it's good enough for me.

It was good for the Baghwan,
But those folks in central Oregon
Won't let Baghwans be Baghwans,
And it's good enough for me.

If the stars of Nancy Reagan
Are not those of Carl Sagan,
Who'd a' thought that she's a pagan,
And it's good enough for me.

I would pray with Jim and Tammy
When my shorts got hot and clammy,
Now they've thrown my bank a whammy
And it's good enough for me.

It will win for Jim and Tammy,
Even though their act is hammy,
If it flies in Albany,
And it's good enough for me.


We sent money to the Baghwan
And he bought a Rolls, a big one,
Now the Baghwan he's all gone
And it's good enough for me.

We will pray with old man Odin,
In his wooden boat go floatin',
Fillin' Europe with forbodin'
And it's good enough for me.

We will worship Mother Earth,
In her breadth and depth and girth,
For of Earth there is no dearth
And it's good enough for me.

(next page)





It was good for old Pete Seeger,
To add verses he is eager,
Though he is no Bible leaguer,
And it's good enough for me.

Lady Lilith is our mistress,
Let us dance for her, my sistras,
Though our feet are full of blisters,
And it's good enough for me.

Let us pray to Venus
And let nothing come between us,
Though she doesn't have a ... temple,
It is good enough for me.

It's a tour for Ronald Reagan,
Then it offends Menachem Begin;
He don't hold with being pagan,
But it's good enough for me.

Mrs Madelyn Murray O'Hare
Thinks that God is simply nowhere,
And that when we die we go there,
And it's good enough for me.

There are some who practice voodoo,
There are some who practice hoodoo;
I know I do, I hope you do
An it's good enough for me.

Well, my roommate worships Buddha,
'Cause there is no god that's cutah;
Comes in silver, brass and pewdah,
And it's good enough for me.

We will worship Dionysius,
He will see us through our crisis
By indulgin' in our vices,
And it's good enough for me.


We will worship Sun Yung Moon,
Everyone will play his tune,
All our money he'll have soon
And it's good enough for him.

It was good for Jerry Falwell,
He can sure fill a hall well,
Pumping money like an oil well,
And it's good enough for me.

Jerry Falwell he is saved,
In the Lamb's blood he is bathed,
He considers us depraved,
But it doesn't bother me.

We will jump the sacred fire,
Though the flames are roaring higher;
If we miss we'll join the pyre,
But it's good enough for me.

[sung at the Saturday Song Circle - along
with several more verses I didn't get]





OMAK



My mother I did not heed,
So I rode in the Omak stampede;
My pony did stumble and I took a tumble,
My pony and I did bleed, did bleed,
My pony and I did bleed.

Sometimes a pony is lost
Before that wide river is crossed,
But as long as we ride we'll hang on to our pride;
It's worth it whatever the cost, the cost,
Worth it whatever the cost.

There's not too much work on this land,
And the white people don't understand;
They say the course is too hard for the horse,
And the race should most likely be banned, be
banned,
The race should most likely be banned.

We know that they really don't care
For the riders who fly through the air;
For a brief day or two they prove what they can do,
In a lifetime that's full of despair, despair,
In a lifetime that's full of despair.

[sung by Mary Garvey at the Pacific NW Songs
workshop. Original.]

ONE MORNING IN MAY

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I spied a fair couple a-making their way;
One was a maiden so bright and so fair,
And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer.

"Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee,
O where are you going, my pretty lady?"
"O I'm a-going out walking to the banks of the sea,
Just to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing."



They had not been a-standing but a minute or two,
When out from his knapsack a fiddle he drew;
And the tune that he played made the valleys all ring.
"Hark, hark!" cried the lady, "hear the nightingale sing."


"Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give o'er."
"O no, pretty soldier, please play one tune more;
I'd rather hear your fiddle and the touch of one string,
Than to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing."

Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?"
"O no, pretty lady, that never can be;
I've a wife in old London and children twice three -
Two wives and the army's too many for me."


I'll go back to London and stay there one year,
It's often I'll think of you, my little dear;
If ever I return, 'twill be in the spring,
Just to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingale sing."

[sung by Jean Lepley at the Saturday Song Circle]





OTTER IN THE WATER



I'm an otter in the water, swimmin' around,
Hey down, bubble down, swimmin' around;
I'm an otter in the water, swimmin' around,
Hey down, bubble down, swimmin' around.

Lyin' on the riverbank, sunnin' around,
Hey down, ho down, sunnin' around.
Lyin' on the riverbank, sunnin' around,
Hey down, ho down, sunnin' around.

Met the water rat, playin' around,
Hounds are gettin' closer now, huntin' me down.
Hide out in the hollow now, never be found,
Time for me to go, sir, cannot be found.

[sung by Yvonne Simpson at the Environment Songs workshop]

OVERFLOWING CATBOX BLUES

First I must mention this lack of attention,
Here I am, wasting away! It's awful!
Why did you get me if you won't pet me
Seventeen hours a day? I ask you,
What is this crap? When I sit on your lap,
I expect a devoted masseuse:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

I have grown gaunt from privation and want,
But catfood I don't deign to take - how gauche!
But I might connive to completely revive
When you've given me half of your steak - done rare -
I'll sit here and beg with my claws in your leg
Until you concede what I'm due:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

Hey, I don't deserve this lousy door service;
I'm always on the wrong side. You know this
Prancin' and yowlin', mumblyn' and growlin'
Works, but it hurts a cat's pride, so I'll just
Claw and I'll spray till the door rots away
And it leaves me a hole to pass through:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

Whenever I go for the bed or the sofa,
You always shoo me away - how rude!
You say I leave hairs on the fabric of chairs
That offend your pristine derriere! Well, if
I can't repose where I want, I suppose
I'll throw up where you most like to snooze:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

Well, you ought to know, when a cat's got to go,
That you owe her a spotless commode - let's hear it!
Why should I squat at the same soggy spot
Right on top of three weeks' worth of loads? Now really!
If I were a grouch, I would piss on the couch,
But instead, I have pissed in your shoes:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

Since you have spayed me, nobody's laid me -
I'm all neurotic and tense. It's true! Now,
Kneading and mewling, that's all that I'm doing,
Not wooing Toms on the fence. Don't think that
I've become bitter because I can't litter;
No, but I've lost a few screws:
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.
I've got the Nobody Loves Me, Nobody Feeds Me,
Overflowing Catbox Blues.

[sung by Meryle Korn at the Saturday Song Circle.
Written by Dr Jane Robinson]



PADDY, LAY BACK



'Twas a cold and dreary mornin' in December (December),
And all of me money it was spent (spent, spent);
Where it went to, Lord I can't remember (remember),
So down to the shippin'-office went (went, went).

Paddy, lay back (Paddy lay back)!
Take in your slack (take in your slack)!
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl! [heave a
pawl!]
'Bout ship-stations, boys, be handy (be handy)!
For we're bound for Valparaiso 'round the Horn!

That day there was a great demand for sailors,
For the Colonies and for Frisco and for France;
So I shipped aboard a Liney barque the Hotspur,
And got paralytic drunk on my advance.

Now I joined her on a cold December mornin',
A-frappin' of me flippers to keep me warm;
With the south cone a-hoisted as a warnin',
To stand by the comin' of a storm.

Now some of our fellers had been drinkin',
And I meself was heavy on the booze;
And I was on me old sea-chest a-thinkin',
I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze.

I woke up in the mornin' sick and sore,
And knew I was outward bound again;
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door,
"Lay aft, men, and answer to yer names!"

'Twas on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em,
Such an ugly bunch I'd never seen before;
For there was a bum and stiff from every quarter,
And it made me poor old heart feel sick and sore.


There was Spaniards and Dutchmen and Rooshians,
And Johnny Crapoos just across from France;
And most of 'em couldn't speak a word of English,
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'.

I wished I was in the 'Jolly Sailor',
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer;
And then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors,
And with me flipper I wiped away a tear.

I knew that in me box I had a bottle,
By the boardin'-master 'twas put there;
And I wanted something for to wet me throttle,
Somethin' for to drive away dull care.

So down upon me knees I went like thunder,
Put me hand into the bottom of the box;
And what was me great surprise and wonder,
Found only a bottle of medicine for the pox.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea Shanty workshop]



THE PARTING GLASS



Oh, all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company;
And all the harm I've ever done,
Alas! it was to none but me;
And all I've done in want of wit,
To mem'ry now I can't recall,
So fill to me the parting glass;
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away;
And all the sweethearts e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay;
But since it falls unto my lot,
I gently rise and softly call,
That I should go and you should not;
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

[sung by John Dwyer at the Celtic workshop]

PETER IN THE CORNER

There was Peter, sittin' in the corner, fiddle in his hand,
Playin' away like you never did hear and you'll never hear again;
Charlie on the banjo, Shorty on the bodhran, everything was grand -
Come on, Mark, and let me in, I want to join the band.

Then Maeve did come, she let me in, and I made my way along,
The rafters rang with reels and jigs, and someone sang a song;
There was flyin' bows and bodhran sticks, you hadn't room to turn;
But there was always a chair and a couple of drinks for the lad who came
to learn.

Then the time said "Gentlemen, please," and the gentlemen did go -
Some of us might stay a while and sing songs very low;
Then Peter he played one last tune and put away the bow,
But his fiddle still was playin' no matter where you'd go.

It was springtime in '74 when Peter he did die;
Fergie played the dead-march to his grave in Tallonstown,
The rest of us stood there silently in a circle around the grave -
Jennings' chickens could be heard, I can see it all again.

The day that Peter passed away we always will regret,
But the things he said and the tunes he played we never will forget;
Now the heavenly choir's playin' on their lyres, the angels strum their
harps -
They're knockin' with a penny on the Golden Gate and this is their remark:

There's old Peter, sittin' in the corner, fiddle in his hand,
Playin' away like you never did hear and you'll never hear again;
St Paul on the banjo, Moses on the bodhran, everything is grand,
Almighty God, just let me in, I want to join the band.

[sung by Randy Bowles at the Celtic Songs workshop. Written by
Tommy Sands]



PHOTOGRAPHY



Well, early Saturday morning I was strolling through the wood,
I chanced upon a lady who by the wayside stood;
"And what, pray tell, might such a lass as you be doing here?"
"I've come to take some photographs," she said as I drew near.

Said I to her, "I do declare, this is a fateful day,
For I have come to photograph, the same as you did say."
Then I took out my Nikon F and placed it in her hand;
She said, "That's quite a camera you have in your command."

My camera so delighted her, we could no more delay,
She let me see her camera case wherein her accessories lay.
"I'm sure," I said, "you have most everything that can be bought --
Just let me stretch my tripod out before I take some shots."

We photographed from haylofts and up against the wall --
If you've not shot on Saturday night, you've not photographed at all.
She had her shutter open wide, for daylight was all gone;
Likewise my naked camera lens, it had its filter on.

This lady had experience with cameras, yes indeed,
And I thought her exposures the best I'd ever seen;
Although she seemed to tire not as on and on we went,
I said, "I'll have to stop now, my film supply is spent."

She said, "I've had Minoltas, Yashicas and Rolleis,
Hasselblad and Pentax, likewise a Polaroid;
Mirandas, Nikon, Nikkormat, and Kodak and the rest,
But now I've had your Nikon F and surely it's the best.

[sung by Bruce Baker at the Humor workshop. Written by Grit Laskin of
Toronto, acquired from Dick Theis at Camp Howard '85]

THE PIG AND THE INEBRIATE

It was early last December,
As near as I remember,
I was walking down the street in tipsy
pride;
No one I was disturbing,
As I lay down by the curbing,
And a pig came up and lay down at my side.

As I lay there in the gutter,
Thinking thoughts I cannot utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses."
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

[sung by Jon Pfaff at the Saturday Song
Circle]



THE PIZZA CAROL



In medieval times they dined
On the great boar's head at Christmas time,
But now the finest in the land
Is the pizza served by Sleazy Sam.

Mozzarella, pizza dough
Tomato sauce, oregano.

Pepperoni, extra cheese,
Sausage, onions, anchovies,
Canadian bacon, mushrooms, hams --
You'll find it all at Sleazy Sam's.

You can take it home or eat it here,
With can of pop or glass of beer;
Late at night you will awake,
And Alka-Seltzer you will take.

If pizza pie you cannot stand,
Then stay away from Sleazy Sam's;
Go to nearest store and buy
A TV dinner boar's head pie.

[sung by Joe Felsenstein at Saturday Concert.
Original, to the tune of the Boar's Head Carol]

A PLACE IN THE CHOIR

All God's critters got a place in the choir;
Some sing low, some sing higher,
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire, and
Some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now.


Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom,
Where the bullfrog groans and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big to-do;
The old cow just goes moo.

The dogs and the cats, they take up the middle,
The hummingbird hums and the cricket fiddles;
The donkey brays and the pony neighs,
And the old coyote howls.


Listen to the top where the little birds sing
On the melody with the high note ringing;
The hoot owl hollers over everything,
And the jay bird disagrees.

Singing in the nighttime, singing in the day,
The little duck quacks and is on his way;
The possum ain't got much to say,
And the porcupine talks to himself.

It's a simple song, a living song, everywhere,
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear;
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,
The sly raccoon and the turtledove.



[sung at the Children's Songs workshop. Written by
Bill Staines]





PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL



Original version:

It was pleasant and delightful on one midsummer's morn,
When the green fields and the meadows they were buried in corn;
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on ev'ry green tree,
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 out walkin' 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,
And I'm going to leave me Nancy, she's the girl that I adore.
 And I'm going to leave me Nancy..."

Said the sailor to his true love, "Well, I must be on my way,
For our topsails they are hoisted and our anchors are weighed;
Our big ship, she lies a-waiting for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.
 And if ever I return again..."

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying, "Take this, dearest William, and me heart will go too."
And as he stood embracing her, tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh, no, my love, farewell!"
 Saying, "May I go along with you?"...

[sung by Glen Bushchman on Friday night]

Seattle version:

Oh, it's pleasant and delightful, on a wet Seattle day,
To go strolling with your true love, down by Elliott Bay;
You hold her so tightly, just as close as you can get,
For her bumbershoot's not big enough, and you surely will get wet!
 For her bumbershoot's not big enough,
 For her bumbershoot's not big enough,
 For her bumbershoot's not big enough,
 And you surely will get wet!

You lunch lightly at Ivar's, right down on the pier,
She nibbles on your clam strips and calls you her dear;
You take the trolley to Myrtle Edwards Park, just to wade in Puget Sound,
But your galoshes get their buckles caught, and you very nearly drown!
 But your galoshes...

You sit down on a park bench, to admire the view,
From Magnolia down to Alki Point, and the ferry boats, too;
They ply their trade so merrily, 'cross the Sound and back again,
That you're moved to kiss her moistly, through the omnipresent rain.
 That you're moved...

[Sung by John Dwyer at the Saturday Concert. Written by Susy McAleer]



PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF ISRAEL



Israel shall live in peace
Israel shall live in peace
Israel shall live in peace
Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom

Shel u-shelo Yerushalayim

[sung by Doug Urler at the Jewish Song workshop]

QUEEN OF THE RAILS

I guess his name was Boomer Bill, if that won't do another will,
A hobo doesn't need a name, 'cause he never gets no mail;
The only friend old Boomer had to ride with him through good and bad,
Was shaggy little mongrel he called Queen of the Rails.

The black smoke choo-choo's gone away,
Bummin' it's just not the same,
Dreams are few and far between,
And memories seldom fail;
Waiting down there by the track,
For her master to come back
You can count on seeing that old dog called
Queen of the Rails.

Old Boomer bummed the Rio Grande, the Sante Fe and never planned
On where he'd be from day to day, the jungle or the jail;
But when the snow was falling down he'd catch a California-bound
With that little dog to keep him warm, ol' Queen of the Rails.

One day he went to get a bone, left his little pal alone,
He crossed the coupling joints of a train that blocked the yard;
They switched a reefer off the main, and humped it into Boomer's train,
He fell and died beneath the iron wheels so cold and hard

The black smoke choo-choo's gone away,
Bummin' it's just not the same,
Dreams are few and far between,
And memories seldom fail;
If there's a place for some old friend
Who waits until the journey's end,
For Boomer he'll be glad to see ol'
Queen of the Rails.

[sung by Kurt Leibzeit at the Saturday Song Circle. By Bruce "Utah" Phillips]



REUBEN RANZO



Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He was a New York tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

Though Ranzo was no sailor,
He shipped aboard a whaler,

Ranzo joined *Pierre Loti*,
Did not know his duty,

Shanghaied aboard of a whaler,
They tried to make him a sailor,

The mate he was a dandy,
Far too fond of brandy,

Put him holystonin',
And cared not for his groanin',

He washed once in a fortnight,
He said it was his birthright,

They took him to the gangway,
And gave him lashes twenty,

They gave him lashes twenty,
Nineteen more than plenty,

They gave him lashes thirty,
Because he was so dirty,

Reuben Ranzo fainted,
His back with oil was painted,

The cap'n gave him thirty,
His daughter begged for mercy,

She took him to her cabin,
And tried to ease his achin',

She gave him cake and water,
And a bit more than she oughter,

She gave him rum and whiskey,
Which made him feel damn frisky,

She gave him an education,
She taught him navigation,

She made him the best sailor,
Sailin' on that whaler,

Ranzo now the skipper,
Of a Yankee Clipper,

He's known wherever them whalefish
blow,
As the toughest bastard on the go,

Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo,
Hurrah for Captain Ranzo!

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea
Shanty workshop]

RING IN THE NEW YEAR

(round)

Ring it in, ring in the new year,
Ring it in, ring in the new year,
Bells are ringing, bells are ringing,
Bells are ringing, bells are ringing,
Peace and love throughout the new year,
Peace and love throughout the new year,
Joy, joy, joy!
Joy, joy, joy!

[sung at the Children's Songs workshop]



ROBIN HOOD AND THE PEDLAR



It's of a pedlar, pedlar bold,
A pedlar bold there chanced to be;
He took his pack all on his back,
And merrily trudged o'er the lea.

By chance he met two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they chanced to be;
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was Little John so free.

"O pedlar, pedlar what's in thy pack?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"I've several suits of the gay green cloth,
And silken bowstrings by two and three."

"If you've several suits of the gay green cloth,
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then by my body," cries Little John,
"One half of your pack shall belong to me."

"Oh no, oh no," says the pedlar bold,
"Oh no, oh no, that never can be,
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me."

Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,
And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, "If you do move me one perch from this,
My pack and all shall go with thee."

Then Little John he drew his sword,
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
And John cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your hand."

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily;
"I could find a man of smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee."

"Go you try, master," says Little John,
And go you try most speedily;
For by my body," says Little John,
I'm sure this night you will know me."



Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your hand."

"Oh pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"Well now, my name I never will tell,
Till both your names you have told me."

"The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other is Little John so free."
"Now," says the pedlar, "it lays to my good will
Whether my name I choose to tell thee."

(next page)





I'm Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea;
For killing a man in my father's land,
Far from my country I was forced to flee."

"If you're Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins can we be?"

They sheathed their swords with friendly words,
So merrily they did agree;
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And cracked bottles most merrily.

[sung by Jon Pfaff at the Ballads workshop]

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a rough tough life, full of toil and strife, we whalersmen undergo,
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done how hard the winds did blow,
'Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, with a good ship taut
and free,
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of old Maui.

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

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

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

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

And now we're anchored in the bay with the kanakas all around,
With chants and soft aloha oe's, how they greet us homeward bound;
And now ashore we will have some fun, we'll paint them beaches red,
Awaking in the arms of an island maid with a big fat aching head.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea Shanty workshop]



THE ROLLING HILLS OF THE BORDERS



When I die, bury me low,
Where I can hear the bonny Tweed flow;
A sweeter place I never did know -
The rolling hills of the borders.

I've traveled far and wandered wide,
Seen the Hudson and the Clyde;
Courtied by Loch Lomond's side,
But I dearly love the borders.

Well do I have mind the day,
With my lass I strolled by the Tay,
But all its beauty fades away,
Among the hills of the borders.

There's a certain place of mind,
Bonny lassies there you'll find;
Men so sturdy, yet so kind,
Among the hills of the borders.

[sung by Del Langton at the Ballads
workshop]

ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

Way down south where the cocks do crow,
Way down in Florida!
The gals, they all dance to the ol' banjo,
And we'll roll the woodpile down!
Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world round,
That brown gal o' mine's down the Georgia Line,
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in me prime,
I chased them yaller gals two at a time,

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low,
We'll heave him up and away we'll go.

Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry,
A black man's wage is never high.

Oh Curly goes on the ol' ran-tan,
Oh Curly's just a Down-East man.

Oh one more heave and that'll do,
We're the bullies for to kick 'er through.

[sung by Kurt Leibzeit at the Sea Shanty workshop]



RUN COME SEE JERUSALEM



It was nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see, run come see!
(I remember that day pretty well)
It was nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see Jerusalem.

There was talk about a storm on the island,
(my god, what a beautiful morning!)

Well, there were three sails leaving from the harbor,
(with the women and the children on board)

They were the Ethel and the Myrtle and Pretoria,
(my God, they were bound for Andros)

Well, the Ethel was bound for Stanniard Creek
(with the women and the children on board)

And the Myrtle was bound for French Creek,
(my god, what a beautiful morning!)

And Pretoria was out on the ocean
(dashing from side to side from waves)

The big sea built up in the northwest
(well, the children run looking for their mothers)

And the first sea hit the Pretoria
(and the children come grabbing for their mommies)


And the sailor go downward for the bottom
(and the captain came grabbing for the tiller)

Now George Brown he was the captain,
(he shouts, "My children, come pray!")


He said, "Come now, witness your judgement."
(and the women all crying for the Daniel-God)

There was 33 souls on the water,
(swimming and praying go the Lord)

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea Shanty workshop]



THE SAILOR'S ALPHABET



A is for the anchor that lies at our bow,
B is for the bowsprit, and the jibs all lie low;
Oh, C is for the caps'n we all run aroun',
D is for the davits to lower the boat down.

So-o-o! Merrily, merrily, so merry are we,
There's no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea;
Blow high or blow low! As the ship rolls along,
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

E is for the earring when reefing we haul,
F is for the fo'c'sle where the bullies do brawl;
Oh, G is for the galley where the saltjunk smells strong,
H is for the halyards we hoist with a song.

I is for the eyebolt, no good for the feet,
J is for the jibs, boys, stand by the lee sheet;
Oh, K is for the knightheads where the shantymen stands,
L is for the leeseide hard found by new hands.

M is for the maindeck, as white as new snow,
N is for nigger gals in the land to which we go;
Oh, O is for the orlop, 'neath the 'tweendecks it lays,
P is for the Peter flown on sailin' day.

Q is for the quadrant, to the wheel it lies near,
R is for the rudder, it helps us to steer;
Oh, S is for the sheerpole over which we must climb,
T is for the topmen, 'way aloft every time.

U is for uniform, only worn aft,
V is for the vang running from the main gaff;
Oh W is for the water, we're on pint and pound,
X marks the spot where old Storax was drowned.

Y is for yardarm, needs a good sailorman,
Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy-man;
So this is the end of me bully old song,
Heave away, bullies, oh, heave long and strong!

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the Sea Shanty workshop]

SEDRO WOOLEY

Between the Cascade mountains and the shore of Puget Sound,
There lies the richest farmland this world has ever found;
Where the rains come down in gentle mists and winters seldom
freeze,
And God made Skagit Valley such a perfect place for peas.

The trucks are running round the clock beneath the harvest moon,
So if you've come to meditate, you needn't come in June;
Pick'em, can'em, freeze'em with no time to regroup --
The ones we leave a few more days will just be good for soup.

So all hands to the harvest where time is such a tyrant,
And so is S & W, and so's the Big Green Giant;
But the boys and girls are hardy here, descended from the Dutch,
We could maybe do without them but we couldn't do as much.

The world it is a hungry place and life can be so lean,
We walk into our fields here and all we see is green;
Oats, peas, beans and barley grow more good food than we can use,
And that's why folks in Sedro Wooley never get the blues.



[sung by Mary Garvey at the Pacific Northwest Songs Workshop.
Original.]





SINGING LAND



Burning skies are never endin', 'cross your red brush plains,
And out where the dingo still is king, and eternity still remains;
There between the old and ancient, desert oasis right,
You gentle children who have gone, close to me tonight.

You singing land, you singing land,
Shine on, oh shine on...over me.

There's a feeling, still and easy, there's a feeling strong,
The path humanity has come, and the path that he has gone;
Me, I am, I am just passing, three score years and ten,
I'm just a stranger who may never come this way again.

Under the sky, caterpillar dreaming, new life shapes its form,
Along the river's leaking banks, that are straining for the storm;
And secret rock in fonder ocean, free of man grows clear,
The woodlark sings, the roguers dance, and dawn is slipping near.

chorus twice

[sung by Bruce Baker and Mary Wiley at the Saturday Concert. Written
by Dougie MacLean]

SONG OF THE WANDERING AENGUS

I went out to the hazel grove, because a fire was in my head,
Cut and peeled a hazel wand, and hooked a berry to a thread;
While white moths were on the wing, while flying stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in the stream, and caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor, I turned to blow the fire aflame,
Something rustled on the floor, someone called my by my name;
It had become a glimmering girl, with apple blossom in her hair -
She called me by my name and ran, and faded in the brightening air.

Now I am old with wandering through hollow lands and hilly lands,
But I will find where she has gone, and kiss her lips and take her hand,
And walk among long dappled grass and flock till time, time is done;
The silver apples of the moon, the golden apples of the sun.

[sung by Liam Callen at the Celtic Songs workshop. Written by WB Yeats,
melody by Liam Callen]



SOUTH AUSTRALIA



In South Australia I was born,
Heave away, haul away!
In South Australia round Cape Horn,
We're bound for South Australia.

Haul away you rolling kings,
Heave away, haul away!
Haul away, we're bound to sing,
We're bound for South Australia.

As I walked out one morning fair,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair,

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

Oh when we wallop round Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God you'd never been born,

I wish I was in Australia's strand,
With a glass of whiskey in my hand,

Port Adelaide's a grand old town,
There's plenty of girls to go around.

[sung at the Sea Shanty workshop]

SPANISH IS THE LOVING TONGUE

Spanish is the loving tongue, soft as music, light as spray;
'Twas a girl I learned it from, living down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover, yet I say her loved words o'er
Often when I'm all alone: "Mi amor, mi corazon."

Moonlight on the patio, old senora nodding near,
Me and Juana talking low so her madre couldn't hear.
How the hours would go a-flying and too soon I'd hear her sighing
In her little sorry tone: "Mi amor, mi corazon."

But one time I had to fly for a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye, in that black unlucky night;
When I loosed her arms from clingin', with her words the hooves
kept ringin',
As I galloped north alone: "Adios, mi corazon."

Never seen her since that night - I can't cross the line, you know;
Wanted for a gambling fight like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her, since that last sad night I
kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own. Adios, mi corazon.

[sung at the Cowboy Songs workshop]



"THE SPEECH"

My fellow Americans, it is an honor and a pleasure to be here today. My opponent has openly admitted that he feels an affinity toward this area, but I happen to like the place. It might be a salubrious place to him, but to me it is one of the nation's most delightful garden spots.

When I embarked upon this political campaign, I hoped that it would be conducted on a high level and that my opponent would be willing to stick to the issues. Unfortunately, he has decided to be tractable instead, to indulge in unequivocal language, to eschew the use of outright lies in his speeches, and even to make repeated veracious statements about me.

At first, I tried to ignore these scrupulous unvarnished fidelities, but now I do so no longer. If my opponent wants a fight, he's going to get one.

It might be instructive to start with his background. My friends, have you ever accidentally dislodged a rock in the ground and seen what was underneath? Well, exploring my opponent's background is dissimilar. All the slime and filth and corruption you could possibly imagine even in your wildest dreams are glaringly nonexistent in this man's life, even during his childhood.


Let us take a very quick look at that childhood. It is a known fact that on a number of occasions he emulated older boys at a certain playground. It is also known that his parents not only permitted him to masticate excessively in their presence, but encouraged him to do so. Most explicable of all, this man who poses as a paragon of virtue exacerbated his own sister when they were both teenagers. I ask you, my fellow Americans, is this the kind of person we want in public office to set an example to our youth?

Of course, it's not surprising that he should have a typically pristine background. No, not when you consider the other members of his family. His female relatives put on a constant pose of purity and innocence and claim they are inscrutable, yet every one of them has taken part in hortatory activities. The men in the family are likewise completely amenable to moral suasion. My opponent's second cousin was a plumber, his uncle was a flagrant heterosexual. His sister, who has always been obsessed by sects, once worked as a proselyte outside a church. His father was secretly chagrined at least a dozen times by matters of a pecuniary nature. His youngest brother wrote an essay extolling the virtue of being a homo sapiens. His great aunt expired of a degenerative disease. His nephew subscribes to phonographic magazines. His wife was a thespian before their marriage, and even performed the act in front of paying customers. And his own mother had to resign from a women's organization in her later years because she was an admitted sexagenarian.

What shall we say of the man himself? I could tell you in solemn truth that he is the very antithesis of political radicalism, economic irresponsibility, and personal depravity. His own record proves that he has frequently discounted treasonable un-American philosophies and perpetrated many overt acts as well. He perambulated his infant son on the street. He practiced nepotism with his uncle and first cousin. He attempted to interest a thirteen year old girl in philately. He participated in a seance in a private residence, where, among other odd goings-on, there was incense. He declared himself in favor of more homogeneity on college campuses. He has advocated social intercourse in mixed company, and has taken part in such gatherings himself. He has been deliberately averse to crime in our streets. He has urged our Protestant and Jewish citizens to develop more Catholic tastes. Last summer, he even committed a piscatorial act on a boat that was flying the American flag. Finally, at a time when we must all be on our guard against all foreignisms, he has coolly announced his belief in altruism, and his fervent hope that some day the entire nation will become altruistic.

I beg you, my friends, to oppose this man whose life and work and ideas are so openly and avowedly compatible with our American way of life. A vote for him could be a vote for the perpetuation of everything we hold dear. The facts are clear, the record speaks for itself. Do your duty!

[declared by Meryle Korn in the Bawdy Songs workshop. From Mad Magazine]



SPIRIT RIDGE

Up on Spirit Ridge you can hear the drums at night,
You'd swear you see the glow of the fires burning bright;
On Spirit Ridge there's places where my old dog won't go --
Sometimes I think that dog knows somethin' I don't know.

People lived right where we stand a long time ago,
Raised their children in these hills and laid to rest their old,
Never knowin' one day they'd be driven from their land,
They never had a prayer against the white-skin man.

One cold night I swear I heard a chantin' sound,
It was just before the mornin' came around;
Just like the sun arose, the new ones came,
And some outsider gave this place its name.

Spirit Ridge.

Oh they lived right where we stand a long long time ago,
On ponies they rode through these hills, through wind and rain
and snow;
We all know what happened in the Indian Wars --
Ain't no indians ridin' through these hills no more.

[sung by Randy Bowles & Sally Jo Davis (Spirit Ridge) at Saturday
Concert. Original]

SUZANNE WAS A LADY

Suzanne was a girl who had plenty of class,
Who knocked them all dead when she wiggled her

Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,
To make it quite plain that she wanted to

Take in a movie or go for a sail,
And then hurry home for a nice piece of

Ice cream and cake or a slice of roast duck,
For after each meal she was ready to

Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock,
With any young man with a sizeable

Bank roll of bills and a pretty good front,
And if he talked fast she would show him her

Little pet dog who was subject to fits,
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her


Little white hands, with a movement so quick,
She'd reach right on over and tickle his


Chin while she showed him a trick learned in France,
And asked the poor fellow to take off his

Coat while she sang of the Mandalay shore,
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no


Bore.

[sung by Bruce Baker at the Bawdy Songs workshop]





SWEET SONG OF YESTERDAY



Hold back the days in which I'm living,
So far from home, so far from free;
Hold back the ways we've all been given,
And let a sweet song from yesterday wash over me.

If we should meet like ships a-passin',
Some stormy night upon the blue,
We may not speak, but for the asking;
I'd let a sweet song from yesterday wash over you.

When it seems your dreams ain't worth the dreamin',
When you can't find your way through,
And when your schemes ain't worth the schemin',
Just let a sweet song from yesterday wash over you.

[sung by Anita Laughlin on Friday night. Written by Bob Zentz]

TEXAS RIVER SONG

We crossed the broad Pecos, we forded the Concho,
We swam the Guadalupe, we followed the Brazos,
Red River runs rusty, the Wichita clear,
But down by the Brazos I courted my dear.


Li-li-li-lee-lee, give me your hand,
Li-li-li-lee-lee, give me your hand,
Li-li-li-lee-lee, give me your hand,
There's many a river that waters the land.

Fair Angelina runs glossy and gliding,
The crooked Colorado runs weaving and winding,
And the slow San Antonio, it courses the plain,
But down by the Brazos I'll ne'er walk again.

She kissed me, she hugged me and called me her dandy,
The Trinity was muddy, the Brazos quick sandy;
She kissed me, she hugged me and called me her own,
But down by the Brazos she left me alone.

The girls at Little River, they're plump and they're pretty,
But the Beale and the Sulfur have many a beauty;
By the banks of the Natchez there's girls by the score,
But down by the Brazos, I'll wander no more.

[sung at the Cowboy Songs workshop]



TENDER SHEPHERD

(round)

Tender shepherd, tender shepherd,
Watches over all his sheep;
One, say your prayers and two, close your eyes and
Three, safe and happily fall asleep.

Tender shepherd, tender shepherd,
You forgot to count your sheep;
One in the meadow, two in the garden,
Three in the nursery fast asleep.

THANKSGIVING EVE

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by,
It's a hard thing to think of the times to come;
But the grace to accept every moment as a gift
Is a gift that is given to some.

What can you do with your days but work and hope,
Let your dreams bind your work to your play;
What can you do with each moment of your life,
But love till you've loved it away,
But love till you've loved it away.

There are sorrows enough for the whole world's end,
There are no guarantees but the grave;
And the life that I live and the time I have spent,
Are a treasure too precious to save.

[sung by Julie Hetland on Friday night. Written by Bob Franke]

THERE AIN'T NO MORE CANE ON THIS BRAZOS

Oh there ain't no more cane on this Brazos my boys,
Oh oh oh;
'Cause we done ground it all to molasses,
Oh oh oh.

I wish you was here when first we came,
They chained us together and we started cutting cane.

I wish you was here in 19 and 10,
They was driving the women just like they was men.

If I had a sentence like 99 and 9,
Ain't no dog on this brazos could keep me on that line.

I wish you was here when the storm winds came,
Left a man lying dead and they cut him off the chain.

Don't rise up old Hanna, don't go down no more,
They worked me so hard I just can't work no more.

Alberta let your hair hang down,
Let it hang right down till it touches the ground.

repeat 1st verse

[sung by Mary Garvey on Friday night]





THERE WAS A KNIGHT



There was a knight and he was young,
A-riding along the way, sir,
And there he met a lady fair,
Among the cocks of hay, sir,
Down derry down.

Quoth he, "Shall you and I, lady,
Among the grass lay down, O?
And I will take a special care
Of rumplin' of your gown, O"

"If you go along with me
Unto my father's hall, sir,
You shall enjoy my maidenhead
And my estate and all, sir,"

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And then they rid upon the road,
Like sister and like brother,

And when she came to her father's house,
All moated round about, sir,
She stepped straight within the gate
And shut this young knight out, sir,

"Here is a purse of gold," she said,
"Take it for your pains, sir,
And I will send my father's man
To go home with you again, sir,

And if you meet a lady fair
As you go through the town, sir,
You must not fear the dewy grass
Nor the rumplin' of her gown, sir,

And if you meet a lady gay
As you go by the hill, sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, sir,"

[sung by John Dwyer at the Bawdy Songs
workshop]

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S ALMOST OVER

The 20th Century is almost over, almost over, almost over,
The 20th Century is almost over, all over this world.
All over this world, all over this world,
The 20th Century is almost over, all over this world.

Now, back in 1899, when everybody sang Auld Lang Syne,
A hundred years was a very long time for every boy and girl.
There's just one thing I'd like to know: Tell me, where did the 20th
century go? -
Could've sworn it was here just a minute ago, all over this world.

Now do you remember the Great Depression, I read all about it in True
Confession,
Sorry I was late for the recording session, but somebody put me on hold;
Does anyone remember linoleum floors, petroleum jelly, or two World Wars?
Guess they got stuck in the revolvin' doors, all over this world. But...

Now, winter's gettin' colder and summers's gettin' hotter, the wishin'
well's wishin' for another drop of water,
Old Mother Earth blushin' - somebody caught'er makin' love to the Man in
the Moon.
Tell me, how we gonna keep'em down on the farm, now that outer space has
lost its charm?
Somebody set off the burglar alarm and not a moment too soon. 'Cause...

Now Old Father Time's got his toes a-tappin', he's sittin' in the window
rumblin' and a-rappin',
Everybody's waitin' for somethin' to happen, tell me if it happens to you.
The Judgement Day is gettin' nearer, here it comes in the rear view mirror,
If you duck down I can see a little clearer, all over this world. 'Cause...

[sung by Mariide Widmann on Friday night]

TWO FEET TALL

Here is a song for one and all,
Down-a-down, hey down-a-down,
Here is a song for one and all,
With a down,
Here is a song for one and all,
About a man just two feet tall,
With a down, derry, derry, derry down down.

He met a maid on Blitherwood Square,
And she was forty, fat, and fair,

She said to him with tender smile,
"Are you free for a wee, short while?"

His evil mind began to roam,
When she said, "Dearie, come on home!"


She showed him to her room and said,
"Put all your clothes upon that bed."

She said, "I'll be back in a tick."
The wee man threw his clothes off quick.


She brought her seven children in,
Said, "See that ruck of bone and skin?"

Said she, destroying all his courage,
"That's how you'll be if you don't eat porridge!"

[sung by Jean Lepley at the Ballads workshop]



TYIN' A KNOT IN THE DEVIL'S TAIL



Way high up in the Sierra peaks,
Where the yellow pines grow tall,
Sandy Bob and Buster Jiggs
Had a roundup camp last fall.

They took their horses and their runnin' irons,
And maybe a dog or two,
And they 'lowed they'd brand all the long-eared calves
That came within their view.

Well, many a long-eared doggie
That didn't hush up by day,
Had his long ears whittled and his old hide scorched
In a most artistic way.

Then one fine day said Buster Jiggs,
As he threwed his cigo down,
"I'm tired of cow biography,
And I 'lows I'm goin' to town."

They saddles up and they hits them a lope,
Fer it weren't no sight of a ride;
And them was the days when an old cow hand
Could oil up his old insides.

They starts her out at the Kentucky bar,
At the head of the whiskey row,
And they winds her up at the Depot House,
Some forty drinks below.

They sets her up and turns her around,
And goes her the other way;
And to tell you the Lord-forsaken truth,
Them boys got drunk that day.

Well, as they was a-headin' back to camp,
And packin' a pretty good load,
Who should they meet but the Devil himself,
Come prancin' down the road.

Now the Devil he said, "You cowboy skunks,
You better go hunt your hole;
'Cause I come up from the hell's rim-rock
To gather in your souls."



Said Buster Jiggs, "Now we're just from town,
And feelin' kind o' tight;
And you ain't gonna get no cowboy souls
Without some kind of fight."

So he punched a hole in his old throw-rope,
And he slings her straight and true;
And he roped the Devil right around the horns,
He takes his dallies true.

Old Sandy Bob was a reata-man,
With his rope all coiled up neat;
But he shakes her out and he builds him a loop
And he roped the Devil's hind feet.

(next page)





They threw him down on the desert ground,
While the irons was a-gettin' hot;
They cropped and swallow-forked his ears,
And branded him up a lot.

And they pruned him up with a dehorning saw,
And knotted his tail for a joke;
Rode off and left him bellowing there,
Necked up to lilac-jack oak.

Well, if you ever travel in the Sierra peaks,
And you hear one helluva wail,
You'll know it's nothin' but the Devil himself,
Raisin' hell about the knots in his tail.

[sung at the Cowboy Songs workshop. Written by Curley
Fletcher]



UN CANADIEN ERRANT



Un Canadien errant banni de ses foyers,
Un Canadien errant banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers,
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers.

Un jour trist' et pensif assis au bord des flots,
Un jour trist' et pensif assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif, il adressa ces mots,
Au courant fugitif, il adressa ces mots.

"Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux,
Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux,
Va dire a mes amis que je me souviens d'eux,
Va dire a mes amis que je me souviens d'eux."

[sung by Jean Lepley, Teresa Gagne, & Denis Laplante
at the French-Canadian Songs workshop. Written by
M A Gerin Lajoie, 1840's]

THE VACUUM CLEANER ATE MY WATCH

I got a vacuum cleaner with an electronic brain;
It cleans the house all by itself and, needless to explain,
When it finds a thing that isn't dirt, it's programmed to abstain,
But the vacuum cleaner ate my watch this morning.
The vacuum cleaner ate my watch, I found it in the dust,
It was running seven minutes fast and beating fit to bust;
Now they're sending me a Model II, a product I can trust,
'Cause the vacuum cleaner ate my watch this morning.

The Model II's impressive, it has tail-fins and a hood,
It leaves my jewelry alone exactly as it should;
But the cat kept acting nervous, and today I understood
'Cause the vacuum cleaner ate my cat this morning.
The vacuum cleaner ate my cat, it must have been a fright,
From the scratches on the furniture, it put up quite a fight;
Now they're sending me a Model III, to try to make it right,
'Cause the vacuum cleaner ate my cat this morning.

The Model III's so scary I'm afraid to send it back -
It has laser beams and grinders and incinerator stack,
And a sign that says 'These premises protected by Attack
Vacuum Cleaner,' but it ate the sign this morning.
The vacuum cleaner ate the sign, the doorknob and the door,
A box of cookies, two girl guides, and ten square feet of floor;
I'm afraid to call the hot-line, 'cause they'd send a Model IV -
That's the one that ate Saskatchewan this morning.

[sung by Brian Robertson and Lyn Pinkerton at the Saturday Song
Circle. Written(c) by Zeke Hoskin]



WALTZING WITH BEARS



I went to his room in the middle of the night,
I crept to his side and I turned on the light;
And to my surprise he was nowhere in sight,
'Cause my Uncle Walter goes waltzing at night.

He goes wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-waltzing with bears -
Raggy bears, baggy bears, shaggy bears too;
There's nothing on earth Uncle Walter won't do
So he can go waltzing, wa-wa-wa-waltzing,
He can go waltzing, go waltzing with bears.

We bought Uncle Walter a new coat to wear,
But when he came home it was covered with hair;
And lately I've noticed several new tears -
I'm sure Uncle Walter's been waltzing with bears.

We told Uncle Walter that he should be good,
And do all the things we said that he should;
But I know he would rather be off in the woods -
I'm afraid that we'll lose Uncle Walter for good.

We begged and we pleaded, oh please won't you stay,
And managed to keep him home for a day;
But the bears all barged in and they took him away -
Now he's dancing with pandas,
And they won't understand us,
And the bears all demand at least one dance a day.

[sung by Cathy Ross at the Children's Songs workshop]

THE WATER IS WIDE

The water is wide, I cannot cross over,
And neither have I wings to fly;
Build me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be;
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
And I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back 'gainst some young oak,
Thinking he was a trusty tree,
But first he bended and then he broke,
And thus did my false love to me.

I thrust my hand in some soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find;
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower behind.


O love is handsome and love is fine,
Gay as a jewel when first it's new;
But love grows old and waxes cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.

[sung by Chris Roe at the Saturday Song Circle]





THE WAYS OF MAN



The ways of man are passing strange,
He buys his freedom and he counts his change;
Then he lets the wind his days arrange,
An he calls the tide his master.

Oh the days, oh the days,
Oh the fine long summer days;
The fish come a-rolling in the bays,
And he swore he'd never leave me.

But the days grow short and the year gets old,
And fish won't stay where the water's cold,
So if you're going to fill the hold,
You've got to go offshore to find them.

Oh the days, oh the days,
Oh the fine long summer days;
The fish come a-rolling in the bays,
And he swore he'd never leave me.

So they go outside on the raging deep,
And they pray the Lord their souls to keep;
But the wave will roll them all to sleep,
And the tide will be their keeper.

Oh the tide, oh the tide,
Oh you dark and you bitter tide;
If I can't have him by my side,
I guess I've got to leave him.

Lord, I know that the day will come,
When one less boat comes slogging home;
I don't mind knowing that he'll be the one,
But I can't spend my whole life waiting.

Oh the tide, oh the tide,
Oh the dark and the bitter tide;
If I can't have him by my side,
The water's welcome to him.

I gave you one, I gave you two,
The best that rotten old boat could do;
And you'll have it all before you're through -
Well, I've got no more to give you.

[sung at the Sea Shanty workshop]



WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO



Oh as I walked out one summer's morn,
Down by the Salt-house Docks,
 Heave away me Johnny-boy, heave, heave away!
I met an emigrant Irish gal, conversing with Tapscott
 Heave away me Johnny-boy, we're all bound to go!

"Good morning, Mister Tapscott, sir,"
"Good-morn, me gal," says he,

"Oh, it's have you got a packet-ship
All bound for Americay?"

"Oh yes, I have got a packet-ship, I have got one or two,
I've got the Jinny Walker and I've got the Kangaroo,"

I've got the Jinny Walker and today she does set sail,
With five and fifty emigrants and a thousand bags of meal,

The day was fine when we set sail, but night had barely come,
And every lubber never ceased to wish himself at home.

That night as we was sailin' through the Channel of St James,
A dirty nor'west wind came up and drove us back again,

We snugged her down and we laid her to, with reefed main tops'l set,
It was no joke I tell, 'cause our bunks and clothes was wet.

It cleared up fine at break of day, and we set sail once more,
And every son-of-a-gun was glad when we reached Americay's shore,

Bad luck to them Irish sailor-boys, bad luck to them I say,
For they all got drunk, broke into my bunk, and stole my meal away,

'Twas at the Castle Gardens, oh they landed me ashore,
And if I marry a Yankee boy, I'll cross the seas no more,

[sung by Meryle Korn at the Sea Shanty workshop]



WE WOULD BE IN LESS DANGER

(round)

We would be in less danger
From the wiles of a stranger
If our kin and our kith
Were more fun to be with.

[sung by Mariide Widmann at the
Children's Songs workshop]

WHEN I'M GONE

There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone;
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone,
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone;
My pen won't pour out a lyric line, when I'm gone,

And I won't breathe the brandy air, when I'm gone,
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares, when I'm gone;
Won't be asked to do my share, when I'm gone,

And I won't be running from the rain, when I'm gone,
And I can't even suffer from the pain, when I'm gone;
There's nothing I can lose or I can gain, when I'm gone,

Won't see the golden of the sun, when I'm gone,
And the evenings and the mornings will be one, when I'm gone;
Can't be singing louder than the guns, when I'm gone,

All my days won't be dances of delight, when I'm gone,
And the sands won't be shifting from my sight, when I'm gone;
Can't add my name into the fight, when I'm gone,

And I won't be laughing at the lies, when I'm gone,
And I can't question how or when or why, when I'm gone;
Can't live proud enough to die, when I'm gone,

[sung by Ken Shulman on Friday night. Written by Phil Ochs]



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



Clarissa had almost given up,
When she and Edwin fell in love,
She touched his face and shook her head,
In disbelief she sighed and said,
"In many dreams, I've held you near,
Now at last you're really here.

Where have you been?
I've looked for you forever and a day;
Where have you been?
I'm just not myself when you're away."

He asked her for her hand for life,
And she became a salesman's wife;
He was home each night by eight,
Then one evening he was late.
Her frightened tears fell to the floor,
Then until his key turned in the door.

(bridge)
They never spent a night apart,
For 60 years she heard him snore;
Now they're in a hospital,
In separate beds on different floors.

Clarissa lost her memory,
Forgot the names of family;
She never spoke a word again,
Then one day they wheeled him in.
He held her hand and stroked her head,
In a fragile voice she said,

"Where have you been?
I've looked for you forever and a day;
Where have you been?
I'm just not myself when you're away."
I'm just not myself when you're away."

[sung by Carol Elwood at the Ballads workshop]



WILLY, MY WEAVER-O



Down by the riverside, quietly wandering,
I met my Willy, the pride of the West.
In his arms I would lie, for all the joy he'd bring,
He laid his golden head down on my breast.

Roll your leg over, my Willy, my weaver-o,
In your arms let me twine, Willy my dear;
Weave to your heart's content, Willy, my weaver-o,
Weave till your yarn is spent, Willy my dear!

He is my Willy and he is my weaver-o,*
He is my shuttle and I am his loom;
Down in some shady glen or in some quiet place,
He does his weaving wherever there's room.

He is my Willy and he is my candy-o,
His weaving fills me completely with sighs;
I long to go again, out with my Willy-o,
And watch him weave with the sun in my eyes.

*originally: He is my Willy and he weaves my woes away

[sung by John Dwyer at the Saturday Song Circle. Written
by Tom Paxton. From the singing of Susy McAleer]

WINLOCK

Winlock is a pretty town, a town that time forgot,
There's one thing that we're famous for and lots that we are not;
We've had some years to slumber, and a few long years for rest,
And now we're back to doing what it is we do the best.

Hear the roosters crowing, it's a brand new better day,
For the hens are in the hen-house after many years away;
For the people up in Lynden should be sounding their alarms,
For we're patching up the chicken coops and sprucing up the farms.

The world can turn to rubble and the mountain turn to ash,
The cities boil with trouble, and Wall Street yet may crash;
But folks who live in Winlock will never starve or beg,
As long as there's a chicken here who's left to lay an egg.

So tell them up in Arlington and tell them up in Kent,
That contracts have been notarized and money has been lent;
So batten down your hatcheries and let the race begin,
For once we were the King of Eggs and we will be again.

[sung by Mary Garvey at the Pacific Northwest Songs workshop.
Original]



WOAD



What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats or spats or shoes with laces,
Vests and pants you buy in places
Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
The 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 or knees or where you sit on -
Tailors, you be blowed!

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, you may save your stitches,
Building beds for bugs in britches;
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.
Romans, keep you armors,
Saxons, your pajamas;
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
March on Snowdon with your woad on,
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on,
Never need a button sewed on,
Good for us today!

[sung by Chris Roe at the Celtic Songs workshop.
To the tune of 'Men of Harlech.'

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

We're all met together here tae sit and tae crack,
Wi' oor glasses in oor hands and oor wark upon oor backs;
There's nay a trade amang them that can mend or can mak',
If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.

If it wasna for the weavers, what would ye do?
You wouldna hae a claiith that was made o' woo';
You wouldna hae a coat o' the black or the blue,
If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.

There's soldiers and there's sailors and glaziers and a',
There's doctors and there's ministers and them that live by law;
And oor friends in South America, though them we niver saw,
But we ken they wear the wark o' the weavers.

The weaving's a trade that niver can fail,
As long as we need claiithes for tae keep anither hale;
So let us all be merry o'er a pitcher o' good ale,
And we'll drink tae the health of the weavers!

[sung at the Weaving Songs workshop]

Y?

The troops down at work have been filing again,
I may find the record but I don't know when,
'Cause I don't know where they have filed it, or why,
It's certainly not alphabetical-lye.

ABCDE

How can it seem so simple to me,

FGHIJ

Yet such a deep dark mystery to they?

KLMNOPQ

What's education coming to?

RST

1 - Can it be

2 - Now you see

3 - Possibly

4 - Is it too much TV?

UVWX

1 - So terribly and devastatingly complex?

2 - Why I frequently feel like wringing their uneducated
little necks!

3 - None of them are playing with anything even remotely
resembling full decks

4 - Or is it all their little minds can think of is sex?

Y do the schools turn them free,

When they can't tell their A's from Z?

Sometimes it helps, when I search for a card
To look to the right and the left for a yard
From where it should actually be in the file --
More often, it won't help to look for a mile.

I've thought I should write all the alphabet out
To serve as a reference when they are in doubt,
But there's really no purpose in my doing so,
For I know that they don't even know they don't know.

Oh what's in our future as they cannot add,
Their handwriting's childish, their grammar is bad;
And if you like hearing loud cursing and yelling,
Then just turn me loose on the subject of spelling.

[sung by Jean Smith at the Saturday Concert. Original]

ZI YE

When you go to topol,
That's not far Simferopol,
There you'll find pretty little town;
Who would need seek new pleasure,
It's the best / measure,
Called Zhan koye n, Zhan, Zhan.

Hey Zhan, hey Zhan koye, hey Zhan vili,
Hey Zhan koye, hey Zhan koye, Zhan, Zhan, Zhan.

If you ask a Jewish farmer,
"Where's my brother, where's Abrashe?"
"He's driving on his tractor like a train."
The women operate machines,
It's all beyond your wildest dreams,
In Zhan koye, Zhan, Zhan, Zhan.

Az men fort kine Sevastopol,
Iz nit veit fon Simferopol,
Dortn iz a stantziye faran.
Ver darg zuchen niye glikken,
S'iz a stantziye an antikel,
In Zhan koye, Zhan, Zhan, Zhan.

Enfer Uidden af mine kashe,
Vi'z mine brider, vi'z Abrashe,
S'gayt ba im der traktor bi a bahn.
Di mine Laye ba der kosilke,
In Zhan koye, Zhan, Zhan, Zhan.

Ver zogt as Yidden kenen not handlen,
Essen fette yoich mit mandlen
Nor mit zine kine arbetsman?
Doss kenen zogen nor di sonim
Yidden, shpite zay on in ponim!
Tit a kik of Zhan, Zhan, Zhan.

[sung by Joe Felsenstein at Jewish Songs workshop]

first line of chorus and 1st vers
title) are indicated by an aster

ignificantly different from the
) and by being in lower case.

- 91 *ABCDE, how can it seem so simple to
72 *A is for the anchor that lies at ou
3 Alabama John Cherokee
3 A la Claire Fontaine
39 *Alleluia the Great Storm is over
64 *All God's critters got a place in t choir
4 Allgone
4 All Through the Night
5 Ancient Greeks
52 *And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree
18 *And hee and baw birdie, hee and baw lamb
28 *And she believes, she believes
92 *And that's the way it is
7 *And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
32 *And there's been times when I've wondered if it all was worth the doin'
6 Apple-Picker's Reel, The
7 Aragon Mill
30 *As I strolled out one ev-e-ning, out for a night's career
41 *As I was walkin' down the road, I spied a cozy neat abode
7 *At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
7 *Au jardin de mon pere
7 Aupres de Ma Blonde
93 *Az men fort kine Sevastopol
- 8 Back and Sides
9 Ballad of Giddings' Fall, The
10 Ball of Yarn
10 Battle of Bannockburn, The
11 Be Gentle, Robin
72 *Between the Cascade Mountains and the shore of Puget Sound
66 *Black-smoke choo-choo's gone away, The
12 Blow Away the Morning Dew
12 Blow the Candle Out
13 Boatin' on a Bullhead
14 Boney
15 Bonnie at Morn
15 Bridget O'Malley
16 Brochan Lom
73 *Burning skies are never endin'
15 *But thou's canny at neet, bonny at morn
16 By the Waters of Babylon
- 16 Caller Herrin'
17 Calton Weaver
18 Can Ye Sew Cushions
24 *Can you imagine a piece of the universe
50 *C'est la belle Francoise qui veut s'y marier
19 Chinee Bumboat Man, The
88 *Clarissa had almost given up
25 *Come all ye little children dear, pray listen to my song
26 *Come gather round you nature lovers, listen to my song
47 *Comely dame of Islington had got a leaky copper, A
20 Condom Song, The
21 Crabfish, The
22 Cuckoo's Nest, The
22 Cunnla
- 36 *Daddy's taking us to the zoo tomorrow
23 Dainty Davie
9 *Derry down down down derry down
23 Dona Dona
80 *Down-a-down, hey down-a-down
89 *Down by the riverside, quietly wandering
24 Down on the Myra
28 *Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper

- 25 Easter Song, An
 26 Elzha River
 27 E-ri-e, The

 28 Fashioned in the Clay
 28 Fiddler's Green
 29 Fifty-Nine Cents
 30 Fireship, The
 60 *First I must mention this lack of : ition
 31 Folderol
 49 *Forest and the tree, The
 52 *From Liverpool to Frisco a-rovin') at
 32 From the Lambing to the Wool, The

 33 Garbage
 34 Gatherin' of the Clan, A
 35 Geoduck Song
 35 Get Up and Go
 56 *Give me that Old Time Religion
 36 Give Yourself to Love
 36 Going to the Zoo
 37 Golden Vanity, The
 38 Gone Gonna Rise Again
 38 Goodnight-Loving Trail, The
 39 Go to Work on Monday
 39 Great Storm is Over, The
 40 Green Grow the Rashes O

 41 Half-Door, The
 41 Hang on the Bell, Nellie
 74 *Haul away you rolling kings
 42 Haul on the Bowline
 46 *Have you heard about our Jesus?
 43 Health to the Devenaughs, A
 74 *Heave away haul away!
 86 *Heave away me Johnny boy, heave, heave away!
 80 *Here is a song for one and all
 43 *Here's a health to the Devenaughs, Jones' and O'Malleys
 6 *Hey ho makes you feel so fine
 22 *Hey the cuckoo, hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo's nest
 43 Hi Da
 55 *Hi ho fileeri-o, it's off to Rainycamp we go
 29 *High school daydreams come easy and free
 19 *Hitchee-kum, kitchee-kum, ya! ya! ya!
 77 *Hold back the days in which I'm living
 44 Home on the Range
 35 *How do I know my youth is all spent?

 50 *I always ride upon the roof on the Kettle Valley Line
 17 *I am a weaver, a Calton weaver
 44 I Can't Help But Wonder
 55 *I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
 39 *I did my part in World War II - got wounded for the nation
 60 *I had rather be a Beggar than a King
 49 *I have lived my life in Kelso
 50 *Il faut boire et puis partir, dondaine!
 19 *I'll sing you a song of trouble 'n woe
 59 *I'm an otter in the water
 45 I'm Quiet
 10 *In 1314, we took a little turn
 64 *In medieval times they dined
 74 *In South Australia I was born
 10 *In the merry month of June, when the roses were in bloom
 46 I Once Loved a Lass
 38 *I remember the year that my granddaddy died

48 *I saw raindrops on my window
 66 *Israel shall live in peace
 63 *It was early last December
 56 *It was good for the Druids
 23 *It was in and through the window b
 71 *It was nineteen hundred and twenty
 53 *It went 'zip' when it moved and 'bc then it stopped
 20 *I used to wear an IUD
 70 *I've traveled far and wandered wide
 13 *I was workin' in a line barn
 73 *I went out to the hazel grove, beca a fire was in my head
 84 *I went to his room in the middle of ; night
 45 It Ain't Gonna Rain No More
 44 *It's a long and dusty road, it's a h and heavy load
 31 *It's a lot of fol-de-rol-de-rol
 69 *It's a rough tough life, full of toil and strife, we whalemenn undergo
 21 *It's of a jolly clergyman
 68 *It's of a pedlar, pedlar bold
 78 *It's so easy to dream of the days gone by

 46 Jesus Jesus Rest Your Head
 47 John Anderson
 47 Jolly Tinker, The
 48 Joy is Like the Rain
 48 Jubilate Deo
 48 Julian of Norwich

 49 Kelso
 50 Kettle Valley Line
 36 *Kind friends all gathered 'round, there's something I would say

 50 La Belle Francoise
 51 Last Leviathan
 51 Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream
 51 *Last night I heard the cry of my last companion
 8 *Let your back and sides go bare, me boys
 77 *Li-li-li-lee-lee, give me your hand
 64 *Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom
 92 *Little baby lying at the end of the row
 52 Liverpool Judies
 48 *Loud are the bells of Norwich, and the people come and go
 52 Lo Yisa Goy
 3 *Lui a longtemps que je t'aime
 59 *Lyn' on the riverbank, sunnin' around

 53 Marvelous Toy, The
 54 Mary Ellen Carter, The
 64 *Mozzarella, pizza dough
 33 *Mr Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potater
 32 *My father was a cockey, as his father was before him
 75 *My fellow Americans, it is an honor...
 58 *My mother I did not heed
 51 *My soul has been torn from me and I am bleeding
 80 *Now back in 1899, when everybody sang Auld Lang Syne
 5 *Now listen a while and I'll sing you some phrases

 54 O Ba O I
 44 *O give me a home where the buffalo roam
 9 *Of all the taphounds who drink at the Moon
 55 Off to Rainycamp
 62 *Oh all the money e'er I had
 86 *Oh as I walked out one summer's morn
 55 Oh How Lovely Is the Evening
 67 *Oh Ranzo was no sailor
 55 Oh Susannah
 85 *Oh the days, oh the days
 27 *Oh the E-ri-s was a-risin'
 3 *Oh this is the tale of John Cherokee
 35 *Old age is golden, so I've heard said

56 Old Time Religion
23 * O leeze me on your dainty pow
58 Omak
23 * On a wagon bound for market there's a calf with a mournful eye
58 One Morning in May
38 * On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
59 Otter in the Water
60 Overflowin' Cat-box Blues

61 Paddy Lay Back
62 Parting Glass, The
62 Peter in the Corner
63 Photography
63 Pig and the Inebriate, The
64 Pizza Carol, The
64 Place in the Choir, A
65 Pleasant and Delightful - original version
65 Pleasant and Delightful- Seattle version
66 Pray for the Peace of Israel

66 Queen of the Rails

67 * Ranzo, boys, Ranzo
67 Reuben Ranzo
67 Ring in the New Year
67 * Ring it in, ring in the New Year
48 * Ring out, bells of Norwich, and let the winter come and go
54 * Rise again, rise again
68 Robin Hood and the Pedlar
69 Rolling Down to Old Maui
70 Rolling Hills of the Border, The
70 Roll the Woodpile Down
89 * Roll your leg over, my Willy, my weaver-o
71 Run Come See Jerusalem
71 * Run come see run come see

72 Sailor's Alphabet
72 Sedro Wooley
41 * Scene is in a jailhouse: if curfew rings tonight, The
30 * She had a dark and a rolling eye
54 * She went down last October, in a pouring, driving rain
31 * Singer of folksongs went walking one day, A
73 Singing Land
34 * Singin' hie lee a lassie
52 * Singin' roll, roll, roll bullies roll
4 * Sleep my child and peace attend thee
72 * So! merrily, merrily, so merry are we
73 Song of the Wandering Aengus
74 South Australia
74 Spanish is the Loving Tongue
75 "The Speech"
76 Spirit Ridge
76 Suzanne Was a Lady
77 Sweet Song of Yesterday

78 Tender Shepherd
77 Texas River Song
78 Thanksgiving Eve
62 * Then Maeve did come, she let me in, and I made my way along
78 There Ain't No More Cane on This Brazos
22 * There's a thorn-bush in the garden where the lads and lasses meet
87 * There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone
40 * There's nocht but care on ev'ry han'
79 There Was a Knight
12 * There was a knight and he was young
79 * There was a knight and he was young
37 * There was a ship that sailed upon the Lowland sea
62 * There was Peter, sittin' in the corner, fiddle in his hand
39 * Thunder and lightning gave voice to the night, The

38 * Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
91 * Troops down at work have been filing again, The
61 * 'Twas a cold and dreary mornin' in December
34 * 'Twas on the first of August
80 Twentieth Century is Almost Over, The
80 Two Feet Tall
81 Tying a Knot in the Devil's Tail

83 Un Canadien Errant
6 * Up in the morning before the sun
76 * Up on Spirit Ridge you can hear the drums at night

83 Vacuum Cleaner Ate My Watch, The
84 Waltzing With Bears
84 Water is Wide, The
70 * Way down in Florida
70 * Way down south where the cocks do crow
14 * Way-hey-yah!
81 * Way high up in the Sierra peaks
85 Ways of Man, The
77 * We crossed the broad Pecos, we forded the Concho
63 * Well, early Saturday morning I was strolling through the wood
11 * Well, Robin and I went out for a walk
35 * Well, some years ago in the summer, in Charleston down at the coast
86 We're All Bound to Go
91 * We're all met together here tae sit and tae crack
36 * We're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo
55 * We're off to Rainycamp
10 * We tuned our drones a little gentle hummin'
27 * We were forty miles from Albany, forget it I never shall
87 We Would Be in Less Danger
16 * Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
78 * What can you do with your days but work and hope
90 * What's the use of wearing braces?
70 * When I die, bury me low
87 When I'm Gone
28 * When it seems like everyone is worried for themselves
12 * When I was apprenticed in London
53 * When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy
4 * When my little baby started talking to me
45 * When there's occasion to holler, I'll buy it
16 * When ye were sleepin' on your pillows
93 * When you go to Sevastopol
88 Where Have You Been?
43 * Where the water flows, there is no ferry
17 * Whisky, whisky, Nancy whisky
22 * Who is it out there knockin' me ditches down?
89 Willie My Weaver-0
89 Winlock
21 * With-a-me hi Jinimy, ho Jinimy, come along with me
90 Woad
91 Work of the Weavers, The

91 Y?
92 Yakima
15 * Yowe is in the meadow and the kye is in the corn, The

93 Zhankoye