

SING TOGETHER AGAIN

More Songs For Group Singing

Collected by Stewart Hendrickson

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AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW - Words and music by Twilo Scofield,
1977. *Sung by Sally and John Ashford. SheetMusic(pdf)*

As long as the sun will shine
As long as the rivers may flow
As long as the moon will rise
And as long as the grass shall grow

We first knew you as the feeble tree
That needed a place to grow
We could have trod you under our feet
But we taught you the ways that we know

Good words and broken promises
You gave us and we trusted you
You came to live in peace you said
And that's all that we wanted too

As long as the sun will shine...

You lit our lodges for your campfires
In the ashes left dust and blood
We thought half our land would satisfy you
But we found out that it never would

You left us like birds with broken wings
All scattered like stones on the ground
But in silent fields and pathless woods
Our dreams and our spirits are found

As long as the sun will shine...

For we have known when the forests were free
And the wind spirits roamed our land
And everything that we needed for life
We took with a gentle hand

Now the sky is round and the earth is round
And the sun and the stars and the moon
The seasons all move in a circle too
And our spring will come again soon

As long as the sun will shine...

From Washington Songs and Lore – Linda Allen, p.119: "Twilo Scofield wrote 'As Long As The Grass Shall Grow' in 1977 after reading Touch the Earth by T. C. McLuhan. The book contains speeches given by Native American tribal leaders. The verses are paraphrased from speeches given by Nez Perce Chief Joseph, Red Jacket of the Seneca, Ten Bears of the Comanche, Seattle of the Duwamish, and Dan George, hereditary chief of the Coast Salish, among others." Twilo Scofield, the

AWAY IDAHO (We're Coming, Idaho) - Frank French, Collected by Frank Warner from Deac (C. T.) Martin, 1952. *SheetMusic(pdf) Sung by Gary Oberbillig*

Chorus: Away, Idaho!
We're coming Idaho;
Our four-horse team
Will soon be seen
Way out in Idaho!

They say there is a land,
Where the crystal waters flow
O'er beds of ore of purest gold
Way out in Idaho!

We'll leave old Tennessee,
Through Arkansas we'll go
Look back upon our dear old home
Way out in Idaho

We're bound to cross the plains,
And o'er the mountains go
We're bound to seek our fortunes there
Way out in Idaho

We'll need no sieve or spade,
No shovel, pan or hoe;
The largest chunks lay top of ground,
Way out in Idaho!

We'll face hard times no more,
And want we'll never know,
When we have filled our packs with gold,
Way out in Idaho!

Easterners hoped to find gold in other places than California. In this song Idaho is the goal at the end of the rainbow. Once there, all troubles will be over. Our good friend, the late Deac Martin of Cleveland, Ohio (author and compiler of a great book about popular songs and barbershop ballads, called Deac Martin's Musical Americana, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1970), gave us this song in 1952. He learned it from his mother, Mary Virginia Gooch (Martin) who lived in Missouri and whose people came by way of Kentucky from Gooch's Landing in Virginia, near Jamestown. This song, with Frank French listed as its author, was published by H.M. Higgins in Chicago in 1864. A variant (with a different theme) may be found in John and Alan Lomax's Cowboy Songs. In Alan Lomax's Folk Songs of North America there is a song called Way Out in Arkansas that praises the healing properties of the hot springs there. Since Idaho is farther west than Arkansas, perhaps Frank French took a known song and rewrote it to fit a new interest -- Idaho's gold In 1958 Elektra Records published a Frank Warner album which included this song. Our good friend Holman J. (Jerry) Swinney was then Director of the Idaho Historical Society and

THE BANKS OF THE OLD PONTCHARTRAIN

From the Wolf Folklore Collection. *SheetMusic(pdf)*

I traveled from Texas to low Louisiana',
Through valleys, o'er mountains and plain.
Both footsore and weary, I rested a while
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

The fairest young maiden that I ever saw
Passed by as it started to rain.
We both found a shelter beneath the same tree
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

I ventured a smile, but she thought I was bold.
I hastened to try and explain,
But somehow I knew I would linger a while
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

We hid from the shower an hour or so.
She asked me how long I'd remain.
I told her I'd spend the rest of my life
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

As time drifted by, we fell deeper in love,
A love that could just bring her pain.
I knew that one day I would leave her alone
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

I just couldn't tell her that I ran away
From jail on an old Texas plain.
I prayed in my heart I would never be found
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Then one day a man put his hand on my arm
And said I must go west again.
I left her alone without saying goodbye,
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell,
I know that she's waiting in vain.
I'm hoping and praying someday to return
To the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

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THE BONNIE IRISH MAID (Blackwaterside)

from the singing of Tony Holloran from Athlone, Co. Westmeath, Ireland.

Sung by Maranna Mc Closkey. *SheetMusic(pdf)*

As I roved out one morning fair, so early as I strayed
It being all in the month of May the birds sang in the shade
The sun shone down right merrily and the water did swiftly glide
Where primroses and daisies grow, down by Blackwaterside

I had not gone but half a mile when there by chance I spied
Two lovers talking as they walked down by Blackwaterside
And as he embraced her in his arms, these words to her he said
"When I'm in America, I'll be true to my Bonny Irish Maid"

"Oh when you are in America, the Yankee girls you'll find
And you'll have sweethearts of your own more pleasing to your mind
But do not forget the promises and the vows to me you made
Oh stay at home and do not roam from your bonny Irish maid"

"Oh when I'm in America, the Yankee girls I'll see
But they must be quite handsome, to remind me love of thee
For there's not a bird in yonder bush nor a flower in yonder glade
But does remind me love of thee, my bonnie Irish maid"

"It's many's the foolish youth" she said, "has gone to a foreign shore
Leaving behind his own true love, perhaps to meet no more
It's in crossing of the Atlantic foam, sometimes their graves are made
Oh stay at home and do not roam from your bonnie Irish maid"

These two young hearts together, so fondly did embrace
Like dew upon the honey drops, the tears ran down her face
Saying there's not a day while you're away but I'll visit still these glades
Until you do return again to your bonny Irish maid.

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BROKEN DOWN SQUATTER - Charles Flowers, circa 1880s. Arranged and sung by Gordon Bok. SheetMusic(pdf). *First published in the Queenslander in 1894. Charles Augustus Flower (1856-1948) was born in Port Fairy, Victoria and worked as a jackaroo there until moving to South West Queensland. He owned and ran properties in that area until his death in 1948.*

Come, Stumpy, old man, we must shift while we can
All your mates in the paddock are dead
We must say our farewells to Glen Eva's sweet dells
And the hills where your lordship was bred
Together to roam from our drought-stricken home
Seems hard that such things have to be
And it's hard on a horse when he's naught for a boss
But a broken-down squatter like me

And the banks are all broken, they say
And the merchants are all up a tree
When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court
What chance for a squatter like me?

No more shall we muster the river for fats
Or spiel on the fifteen-mile plain
Or dash through the scrub by the light of the moon
Or see the old homestead again
Leave the slip-railings down, they don't matter much now
For there's none but the crow left to see
Perching gaunt on the pine as though longing to dine
On a broken-down squatter like me

When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst
And the cattle were dying in scores
Though down on me luck, I kept up me pluck
Thinking justice might soften the laws
But the farce had been played, and the government aid
Ain't extended to squatters, old son
When me money was spent, they doubled the rent
And resumed the best part of the run

It's a mighty hard ride till we reach the divide
With the plain stretching out like the sea
But the chances seem best in the faraway west
For a broken down squatter like me
Well, they left us our hides and little besides
You have all I possess on your back
But stumpy, old sport, when we boil our next quart
We'll be out on the Wallaby Track

"I think I first heard this from Dave de Hugard, whom I've never met, but whose singing has taught me a lot over the years. A sad commentary, but one repeated over

Canadee-I-O – 18th century Canadian-English folk ballad. *SheetMusic(pdf)*. *Sung by Jon Boden & Dan Plews at woods by Hatfield House, by John & Robin Elwood, and by Nic Jones.*

Well it's of a fair and handsome girl, she's in her tender years:
She fell in love with a sailor boy, it's true that she loved him dear,
But to follow him to sea, that she did not know how,
She longed to see that seaport town called Canadee-I-O.

And so she bargained with a sailor boy, it's all for a piece of gold.
Straightway he led her down into the hold,
Saying, "I'll dress you up in sailor's clothes, your collar shall be blue,"
You'll see that seaport town called Canadee-I-O.

Now when the other sailors they heard the news, well they fell in a rage
And with all the whole ship's company they were willing to engage,
Saying, "We'll tie her hands and feet me boys and overboard we'll throw her.
She'll never see that seaport town called Canadee-I-O."

Now when the captain he's heard the news, well he too fell in a rage
And with the whole ship's company he was willing to engage,
Saying, "She'll stay on board in sailor's clothes, her collar shall be blue.
She'll see that seaport town called Canadee-I-O."

Now when they reached the other side, well it's not about half a year
Before she's married this captain bold who called her his dear.
She's dressed in silks and satins now, she cuts a gallant show,
The finest of the ladies up in Canadee-I-O.

So come all you fair and tender girls wheresoever you may be,
I would have you to follow your own true love, when he goes to sea.
For if the sailors prove false to you, well the captain he might prove true,
You see the honor I have gained by the wearing of the blue.
You see the honor that I have gained by the wearing of the blue.

Canadee-I-O is something of a hybrid folksong, combining, as it does, two separate motifs; namely the girl who follows her true love abroad, and the myth of the shipboard Jonah. As in many broadsides, however, there is a happy ending. According to Frank Kidson, Canadee-I-O is a song which first appeared during the 18th century. In form, it is related to the Scots song Caledonia—versions of which were collected by Gavin Greig—although exactly which song came first is one of those 'chicken and egg' questions that so frequently beset folk music studies. Mainly Norfolk: English Folk and Other Good Music

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CLE ELUM GIRL - Nancy-Lu Patterson

sung by Bob Nelson. SheetMusic(pdf)

Cle Elum girl where is your home.
Why do you still roam?

Well, when I was a little girl
Lived on my daddy's farm.
If I had stayed where I was born
I'd have never come to harm.

Many courtin' boys came by my door
Just to see what they could see
With pretty songs to turn my head
And pretty toys for me

They took me down into the town
Danced 'til the break of day
What I gave them in return
Seemed a little price to pay

But promises and lies don't last
So I left my home
'Til I become a Cle Elum whore
No place left to roam

Cle Elum girl hang down you head
Cry when the night is down

"Cle Elum Girl" was written by Nancy-Lu Patterson. She went to the same high school I did. Her name was Gellerman then. A couple of years after we both graduated (I think she graduated a year before I did), I ran into her again in the early Fifties at The Chalet. I didn't see her there that often, but she knew Walt. When I was taking guitar lessons from Walt early on, one of the songs he taught me was "Cle Elum Girl," which he said he learned from Nancy-Lu. She'd written it.

The story goes that she was in a bar in Cle Elum and got to talking with an older woman there, and the woman more or less told her her life story. Nancy-Lu felt impelled to write it up in a song. I'm not sure, but I think that, as a melody, she took Leadbellys "Black Girl," slowed it down a bit, and altered a few notes here and there. Sounds pretty close to me.

At the party at Carol Lee Waites place after Pete Seeger's concert in October of 1954, Nancy-Lu and her husband (Patterson can't recall his first name) were there. During the course of the evening, Nancy-Lu sang a couple of songs, including "Cle Elum Girl." Pete wanted to know where

COME FARE AWAY – Jean Ritchie (melody adapted from an old hymn)

Sung by Ed Trickett. [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)

Bright is the morning and brisk is the weather;
Steady the wind o'er the sweet singing sea.
Proudly, the tall ship arides in the harbor;
Come fare away with me.

Marnie, come fare away,
Come fare away with me;
There's an island of dreams
Over the rolling sea.

Sails at the ready, we're bound for Newfoundland;
Hasten, my darling, and do not delay.
Trees tall and green there, and fish by the millions;
Come fare away with me.

Leave your belongings, for things do but bind us;
Hemmed in, the life here it won't do for me.
Fretting and trouble, we'll leave them behind us;
There is a land that's free.

Lace on your stout shoes of good highland leather;
Bring a warm shawl and a cup for the tea.
There'll be a new life, we'll build it together;
Come fare away with me.

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Deep Blue Sea – Traditional. *Recorded by The Weavers.*

Deep blue sea, ba- by, Deep blue sea; Deep blue sea, ba- by, Deep blue sea; Deep blue



sea, ba- by, Deep blue sea; It was Wil- ly What got drown- ded in the deep blue sea.

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea
 Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea
 Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea
 It was Willy what got drowned
 In the deep blue sea

Lower him down with a golden chain

Dig his grave with a silver spade

Wrap him up in a silken shroud

Golden sun bring him back to me

Other verses:

Storm's are comin', hear the wind blows free

"It was Willie walked up drowned from the Deep Blue Sea".

Captain Oh Captain did he sail with you

I hear his voice in the wind at night

I see his face in the pale moonlight

I hear his voice in the wind at night

Tw'as my Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Guy Logsdon and Jeff Place - notes from the Folkways Pete Seeger box set: "The origin of this American folksong remains unknown; however, Pete speculated that, 'Like many an American song, this seems to have been built out of a fragment of an old English ballad or sea song.' Later, he indicated that he believed that it might have 'been influenced by or passed through West Indian musical idioms.' It is an easily remembered and sung song. Guthrie T. Meade believed that it was related to 'The Sailor Boy' (Laws K12)."

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Dublin Lady – John Conolly**Video**

It if wasn't for the ships that do sail, that do sail,
It if wasn't for the ships that do sail,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to sit alone upon her stool,
It if wasn't for the ships that do sail.

If it wasn't for the butter tubs and coal all in the hold,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to spend her nights alone and cold,

If it wasn't for the kegs of beer and cattle in the pen,
Dublin Lady wouldn't miss her sailor laddie now and then,

If it wasn't for the Irish Sea so narrow with no reef,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to sit and weep all in her grief,

It's because of the Irish Sea so narrow with no reef,
It's because of those ships that do sail,
Dublin Lady has to sit and weep alone all in her grief,
It's because of those ships that do sail.

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Far Away in Australia – *A popular song written in 1908, words by Charles Wilmott, music by Herman E. Darewski. Sung by Dolores Keane. [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)*

Sweetheart I'm bidding you fond farewell / C / C / F / C /
 I will be yours someday / C / C / G7 / G7 /
 I'm bound for a new land, my fortune to try / C / Em / F / C /
 And I'm ready to sail away / C / G7 / C /

Far away in Australia / C / C / Em / G7 /
 Soon will fate be kind / C / Em / F /
 And I will be ready to welcome at last / C / Em / F / C /
 The girl I left behind / C / G7 / C /

"Oh, you can't leave me," this poor maid said
 "I will not let you go"
 "But I must leave you," he gently replied
 "If only for a while, you know"

"Now in success or in failure
 I will always be true,
 And proudly each day in the land far away
 I'll be building a home for you."

Daily she waits at the old cottage gate
 Watching the whole day through
 Then one day a message from over the sea
 And I'm hoping these words are true

Far away in Australia
 Now has come the time
 When I am ready to welcome at last
 The girl I left behind

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The Fishing Days - Campbell Gunn

*Sung by The McCalmans, by Campbell Gunn, recorded by Stephen Quigg.
SheetMusic(pdf)*

I can see the boats at Mallaig from Lewis and the Clyde
Low down in the water to the harbour with the tide
I can see 'The Horse' and Sammy from the 'Stormdrift' at the dawn
With a hundred cran of herring
But the fishing days are gone

chorus:

They ploughed the sea and they reaped the silver corn
There were hard days and bitter ways to greet the frosty dawn
They ploughed the sea and they reaped the silver corn
They made hard lives and bitter wives
But the fishing days are gone

As a boy I used to watch them as they fished the Arran shore
On calm and peaceful summer nights then next day home once more
And when winter winds were howling and the world lay still and warm
They were out there on the water but the fishing days are gone

Now the big ships sweep the ocean from Shetland down to Spain
The drifter and the ring net we will never see again
The smoking sheds lie empty and the 'Stormdrift's' days are done
The herring ships are over
And the fishing days are gone

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THE HOLLY TREE CAROL - Jean Ritchie

recorded by Jean Ritchie on "Kentucky Christmas: Old and New", and on "Twas On a Night Like This" by Cathy Barton, Dave Para, Caroline Paton, Sandy Paton, Ed Trickett & Skip Gorman

In the spring of the year stands a little holly tree,
With dark leaves thorny and small,
She is neither so green as the beechen queen,
Nor as the oak tree tall.

O, the spring flowers spring and the little birds sing,
But holly has nothing to say;
For she quietly blossoms in the sweet May time.
But her joy, joy, joy, we share it all,*
Her joy is a Christmas Day.

In the fall of the year the beech turns brown,
And the oak stands naked and bare;
But holly goes dancing in the snow white fields
With crimson light in her hair.

O hard is her heart and bitter is her bark,
And cruel sharp her thorn.
But her berries red make our hearts all glad
On the day our Lord was born.

** original - "we share all men"*

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HOUSEN JOHNNY (Little Black Bull) – Traditional (tune from Old Gray Mare)
*Sung by Rex Allen, recorded by John Elwood and Robin Elwood. SheetMusic(pdf),
 midi*

Little black bull came down in the meadow / F / F /
 Hoosen Johnny, Hoosen Johnny / C7 / C7 /
 Little black bull came down in the meadow / F / F /
 A long time ago. / F C7 / F /

Long time ago, Long time ago / F B / F / F / F /
 Little black bull came down in the meadow / F / F /
 A long time ago. / F C7 / F /

(similarly)

First he'd paw /- and then he'd bellow

And he ate up all /- the good red clover

Then he wacked his horn on a white oak sapling

And he stamped his hoof, /- he jarred the river

Then he kicked the dirt up in the heifer's faces

Source: Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927

"Lawyers sat around the wood stoves of the taverns and hotels of the Eighth Circuit in Illinois and sang this on many a winter night. Lincoln heard it often. It was a favorite of his singing friend with the banjo, Ward Hill Lamon. Col. Clark E. Carr, who came to Illinois in 1852 and was a first settler of Galesburg, tells us in his book 'The Illini' of these verses, 'The improviser would go on singing as long as he could. The solo is a sort of droning chant; but the chorus, when sung by good voices, is superb. The song became a favorite with lawyers traveling the circuit in those days, and was often sung on convivial occasions. It is said that at one time, at Knoxville in our country, when some good news that caused universal rejoicing had been received, the court was adjourned, and judge, lawyers, jury, spectators, paraded around the public square singing, 'De ol' black bull kem down de medder'."

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THE IRISH GIRL

From Only a Miner, Green. Collected from Ruby Duncan, TN

tune: midi

I stepped out one morning
Down by the riverside;
I cast my eyes all around me,
That blue-eyed girl I spied.

Chorus: Let the winds blow high or low, me boys
Let the seas be mountain high.
It is the seaman's duty
The hel-m to stand by.

So red and rosy were her cheeks,
And yellow was her hair,
How costly was the jewelry
That blue-eyed girl did wear.

Tears came rolling down her cheeks,
How mournful she did cry:
"My love has gone and left me,
And surely I will die."

Love, it is a killing thing
Did you ever feel the pang?
How hard it is to be in love
And can't be loved again.

I wish I were in New Orleans,
A-sitting in my chair,
A glass of brandy in my hand,
My arms around my dear.

I'd wish for whiskey, Roman wine,
I'd drink before I'd go;
I'd sail through the deepest ocean,
Let the wind blow high or low.

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LIFEBOAT SONG – Phil Coulter

On a cold winter's night, with the storm at it's height,
A lifeboat answers a call.
They pitched and they tossed, 'till we thought they were lost,
As we watched from the harbour wall.
'Tho the night was pitch black, there was no turning back,
For someone was waiting out there,
And each volunteer had to live with his fear
As we joined in a silent prayer.

Home, home, home from the sea,
Angels of mercy, answer our plea.
And carry us home, home, home from the sea,
Carry us safely home, from the sea.

As they battled their way past the mouth of the bay
It was blowing like never before.
As they gallantly fought everyone of them thought
Of loved ones back on the shore.
Then a flicker of light and they knew they were right.
There she was on the crest of a wave.
She's an old fishing boat and she's barely afloat.
Please God, there are souls we can save.

And back in the town, on a street that runs down
To the sea and the harbour wall.
They had gathered in pairs at the foot of the stairs,
To wait for a radio call.
Then just before dawn, when all hope was gone,
Came a hush, and a faraway sound.
'Twas the coxswain, he roared "All survivors on board,
Thank God, and we're homeward bound"

Written by Phil Coulter after the tragic loss of his brother at sea, this song was recorded by Phil, the Clancy brothers and the Lifeboat Chorus (actual lifeboat crews). All proceeds from the sale of the record went to the RNLi in Ireland. The record gained popularity, and has since become the unofficial anthem of lifeboat crews all around the UK and Ireland.

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Little Black Train - traditional. *Sung by the Carter Family, and by Jeff Warner.*
Mudcat Discussion. SheetMusic(pdf)

There's a little black train a-coming, get all your business right,
Better set your house in order, for the train may come tonight.

We see that ballroom lady all dressed in earthly pride,
Well, death's dark train is coming and she must surely ride.
We see that train with engine and one small baggage car,
Her wicked deeds and her idle thoughts will meet at the judgement bar.

God sent to Hezekiah a message from on high,
Better get your house in order for you must surely die.
He turned to the wall a-weeping--we see him here in tears,
He got his business fixed all right, God spared him fifteen years.

A poor young man in darkness cared not for the gospel light,
When suddenly that whistle blew from the little black train in sight,
Oh death will you not spare me? I see my wicked ways,
I pray the Lord have mercy, come and set me free,
But death had fixed his shackles upon his soul so tight,
That before he got his business fixed, the train pulled in that night.

A rich old man in his mansion sits, I have no future fears,
My barns are overflowing, I'll live for many long years,
I sure got plenty of money, and none but myself to please,
I've filled my barns and larder, I expect to take my ease.
But as he sat there planning, his God in all his might
Said, you rich old fool to the judgment come, your soul must be there tonight.

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NEW YORK GALS — Traditional
sung on [Gangs of New York Soundtrack](#)

Come 'prentice lads and seamen bold and listen to my song,
I'll tell you how I met the fate when I was very young.
It was on the day I came from sea a flash girl I did meet,
She kindly asked me to a dance 'twas up on Peter Street.

And away, you Santee, my dear Annie!
Oh, you New York gals, can't you dance the polka!

When we got to the ballroom, boys, the liquor was brought in,
And all of them waltzed round the room as the dancin' did begin.
And then when the dance was over we straight to bed did go.
How little did I ever think she'd prove me overthrow.

When I came to next morning nothing could I spy,
But a lady's skirt and apron there upon the bed did lie.
Me watch, me coat, and 80 pounds with me fancy one had fled,
And there was I, Jack, all alone, stark naked in bed.

Now everything was quiet, for the hour was twelve o'clock.
So, I put that skirt and apron on and I hauled off for the dock.
Me shipmates, when I came on board, these words to me did say:
"Hey, Jack you got much prettier since last you went away!
Is that the new spring fashion the ladies wear on shore?
Where is the shop that sells them? Have they got any more?"

Now, the old man, he said: "Jack, me boy, I'm sure you could have found
A better suit than that by far to buy for 80 pounds!"
Well, I could have bought a better suit if I'd only had the chance,
But I met this girl on Peter Street and she took me to a dance.
I danced to me destruction, I got stripped from head to feet
And I swear an oath I'll go no more to a dance on Peter Street!

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NORWAY YAWL - Bob McNeill (recorded on "Ben the Hoose")
Video

There were men that my father knew
Worked oars as well as a plough
Strong men who came home like the waves on the shore
But these old men are all gone now

The Norway yawls lie tattered and broken
On the earth where these old men now lie
They have earned their sleep but I would keep hold
Of the life that with them has died

Chorus:

And there are no men left in Derry
None in Donegal
There are no men left on Islay
Build me a Norway yawl

They fished the grounds off Ar dara
Took the herring from off Tory Isle
But the old men have all gone now
And we can't believe our time

Chorus

We have not the life of the fisherman
And our hardships are nothing besides
Our hands are not battered and frozen
Upon oars opposing the tide

Chorus

Ran the yawls from St John's to Port Ellen
Rathlin, Port Stewart and Glengad
Tory and Derry and Moville between
The lines that are part of our past

Chorus (X2)

In the case of the Norway yawl, these boats were entirely open and double-ended, that is sharp at both stem and stern. Dimensions for this type varied slightly, but they usually had a keel length of 18-20 feet with a beam of 5.5-6 feet. (McCaughan, 1982, 178) The yawls were primarily used for line fishing and rowed with four oars but often set a lug or sprit sail. (Joe McClean, oral evidence) Norway yawls were regarded as safe, service-able boats and could be easily hauled out of the water by two men. (Malcolm Collins, oral evidence) As the name suggests these boats

The Old Figurehead Carver

The Old Figurehead Carver started out as a poem by Hiram Cody of Fredericton, New Brunswick, referring to the famous clipper Marco Polo launched in 1851 in nearby Saint John. Dick Swain gave the poem a tune and added a marvelous chorus. [Video](#)

I have done my share of carving figureheads of quaint design
For the Olives and the Ruddicks and the famous Black Ball Line
Brigantines and barks and clippers, brigs and schooners, lithe and tall
But the bounding Marco Polo was the flower of them all.

While my hands are steady, while my eyes are good,
I will carve the music of the wind into the wood.

I can see that white-winged clipper reeling under scudding clouds
Tramping down a hazy skyline with a Norther in her shrouds
I can feel her lines of beauty, see her flecked with spume and brine
As she drives her scuppers under, and that figurehead of mine.

'Twas of seasoned pine I made it, clear from outer bark to core
From the finest piece of timber, from the mast-pond on Straight Shore
Every bite of axe or chisel, every ringing mallet welt
Wrought from out that block of timber all the spirit that I felt.

I had read of Marco Polo, til his daring deeds were mine
And I say them all a-glowing in that balsam-scented pine
Saw his eyes alight with purpose, facing every vagrant breeze
Saw him tilting free and careless over all the seven seas.

That was how I did my carving, beat of heart and stroke of hand
Putting into life and action all the purpose that I planned
Flowing robes and wind-tossed tresses, forms of beauty, strength, design
I saw them all and tried to carve them in that figurehead of mine.

And when my hands are feeble, and my outward eyes grow dim
I will see again those clippers reeling o'er the ocean's rim
Great white fleet of sailing rovers, wind above and surf beneath
With the Marco Polo leading, and my carving in her teeth.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

OLD SETTLER'S SONG - Francis D. Henry

a.k.a. Acres of Clams, the "unofficial" Washington State Folksong, was written by Francis Henry of Pierce County around 1874. History of the song. Sung by Bob Nelson

I've traveled all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled
And I have been frequently sold

For each man who got rich by mining
Perceiving that hundreds grew poor
I made up my mind to try farming
The only pursuit that was sure

So, rolling my grub in my blanket
I left all my tools on the ground
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound

Arriving flat broke in midwinter
I found it enveloped in fog
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog

When I looked on the prospects so gloomy
The tears trickled over my face
And I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place

I staked me a claim in the forest
And sat myself down to hard toil
For two years I chopped and I struggled
But I never got down to the soil

I tried to get out of the country
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler
Then nothing could drive me away

And now that I'm used to the climate
I think that if a man ever found
A place to live easy and happy
That Eden is on Puget Sound

No longer the slave of ambition
I laugh at the world and its shams
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

OLD WOODEN BOATS - Mickey MacConnell

Video - sung by Mickey MacConnell; sung by Stewart Hendrickson

I pulled my boat to the pier at Dingle
There I met an old man long home from the sea
He caught my rope and with eyes sun-crinkled
He looked first at my boat and then at me

And he told me, Son, I've fished these waters
For eighty years, both man and boy
And I was brave, but you're much bolder
To dare to go to sea in that rich man's toy

Because that boat you stake your life on
It's fibreglass and plastic, stem to stern
It bears the beaten soul of its factory builder
For it has never known the love of a craftsman's hands

But old wooden boats scold like old mothers
When you drive them through a west of Ireland sea
Old wooden boats are like no other
For the fight for the lives of fools like you and me

He said, Old oak planks will groan and whimper
And they'll warn you when it's time to feel afraid
While a plastic hull will crack and splinter
And, with no warning, sweep you to an early grave

When the Northern Star leans on your shoulder
And it's icy anger builds a troubled sea
Then put your faith in God almighty
And in the secrets that the winds once told the trees

That old wooden boats scold like old mothers
When you drive them through a west of Ireland sea
Old wooden boats are like no other
For the fight for the lives of fools like you and me

I caught the tide in early morning
In the dawn I watched the Blaskets fall astern
And the wind recalled the old man's warning
And it asked me had I listened, had I learned

That old wooden boats scold like old mothers
When you drive them through a west of Ireland sea
Old wooden boats are like no other
For the fight for the lives of fools like you and me

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Oleanna - Translation from the Norwegian by Pete Seeger

The lyrics for Oleanna were written by Ditmar Meidell, a Norwegian magazine editor who set his words to the melody "Rio Janeiro". Sung by Pete Seeger and David Mamet. Mudcat discussion. Wikipedia.

Ole, oleanna, ole, oleanna
ole, ole, ole, ole, ole, oleanna

Oh to be in Oleanna,
that's where I'd like to be
Than to be in Norway
and bear the chains of slavery

Little roasted piggies
rush around the city streets
Inquiring politely
if a slice of ham you'd like to eat

In Oleanna land is free
The wheat and corn just plant themselves
Then grow a good four feet a day
While on your bed you rest yourself

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

QUARE BUNGLER RYE - Trad.

sung by Carl Peterson

Now, Jack was a sailor who roamed on the town,
And she was a damsel who skipped up and down.
Said the damsel to Jack, as she passed him by,
“Would you care for to purchase some quare bungler rye, roddy rye?”
Fol the diddle rye, roddy rye, roddy rye.

Thought Jack to himself, now what can this be,
But the finest of whisky from far Germany,
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
And the name that it goes by is Quare Bungler Rye...

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange;
Said she, “Hold the basket ‘til I get you your change.”
Jack looked in the basket and a baby did spy.
“Oh, Begorrah,” said Jack, “This is quare bungler rye...”

Jack /looked for /her to re/turn, but in /vain,
She had /skipped and /he never /saw her a/gain.
And it wasn't too long, 'til the babe 'gan to cry.
“To be sure,” said Jack, “This is quare bungler rye...”

Now to get the child christened was Jack's first intent,
For to get the child christened to the parson he went.
Said the parson to Jack, “What /name will he go /by?”
“Bedad, now,” said Jack, “Call him Quare Bungler Rye...”

Said the parson to Jack, “Now that's a queer name,”
Said Jack to the parson, “It's a queer way he came,
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
And the name that he'll go by is Quare Bungler Rye...”

Now all you young sailors who roam on the town
Beware of those damsels who skip up and down.
Take a look in their baskets as they pass you by,
Or else they might sell you some quare bungler rye...

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Rantin Rovin Robin – Robert Burns (1759-1796) *It is thought that Burns may have written this as a celebration of his 28th birthday (Jan. 25, 1787).* Sung by Andy Stewart. SheetMusic(pdf)

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatn'a day, o' whatn'a style
Indeed it's hardly worth the while
To be so nice to Robin

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' rantin' rovin',
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our Monarch's hindmost year but one,
Was five and twenty days begun'
'Twas then a blast o' January wind
Blew hansel in on Robin. hansel=birth gift

The gossip keekit in his loof, keekit=peered loof=face
Quo' she, "Wha' lives shall see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae fool; waly=sturdy
I think we'll call him Robin".

He'll have misfortunes great and small
But aye a heart above them all
He'll be a credit tae us all;
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three makes nine,
I see by every score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kind
So blessings on thee, Robin.

Notes: Andy Stewart writes this about Rantin' Rovin' Robin: This song commemorates an incident which occurred when Robert Burns was only a few days old: "Our monarch's hindmost year but ane/ Was five and twenty days begun / Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' / Blew hansel in on Robin." The incident is best described in a letter by Gilbert Burns (Robert's brother), first printed in "Dr. Currie's Edition of 1803." "When my father built his clay biggin', he put in two stone jambs, as they are called, and a lintel, carrying up the chimney in his clay-gable. The consequence was that as the gable subsided, the jambs remaining firm threw it off its center; and one very stormy morning when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before daylight, a part of the gable fell out and the rest appeared so shattered that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbor's house, where they remained a week till their own dwelling was adjusted." (From the third edition of "The Burns Encyclopedia" by Maurice Lindsay, 1980, St. Martin's Press, Inc. New York)

ROSE OF ALLANDALE - words by Charles Jefferys, music by Sidney Nelson, 1836.
Printed in the "Book of Scottish Song" (Blackie & Son, 1843). Recorded by Jean Redpath on "Lowlands." **SheetMusic**

The sky was clear, the morn was fair
Not a breath came over the sea
When Mary left her highland home
And wandered forth with me
Though flowers decked the mountainside
And fragrance filled the vale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale

Sweet Rose of Allandale
Sweet Rose of Allandale
By far the sweetest flower there*
Was the Rose of Allandale*
* *change to last two lines of each verse*

Where'er I wander to the east and to the west
And fate began to lower
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
Though tempests wreck my lonely barque
And may rend the quivering sail
One maiden warm withstood the storm
Twas the Rose of Allandale

And when my feeble lips were parched
On Africa's burning sands
She whispered hopes of happiness
And tales of foreign lands
My life had been a wilderness
Unblessed by fortune's gales
Had fate not linked my lot to her
Sweet Rose of Allandale

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

SAILOR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA - *From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph.*
Collected from Grace Hahn, Ark, 1941, Recorded by the Carter Family



It was on one sum- mer's eve- ning, Just a- bout the hour of three, When my



dar- ling start- ed to leave me For to sail up- on the deep blue sea.

It was on one summer's evening,
 Just about the hour of three,
 When my darling started to leave me
 For to sail upon the deep blue sea.

He promised to write me a letter,
 He promised to write to me;
 But I haven't heard from my darling,
 Who is sailing on the deep blue sea.

My mother is dead and buried
 My Papa's forsaken me
 And I have no one to love me
 But the sailor on the deep blue sea

"Oh, captain, can you tell me,
 Can you tell me where he may be?"
 "Oh yes, my pretty maiden,
 He is drowned in the deep blue sea."

Farewell to friends and relations,
 This is the last you'll see of me,
 For I'm going to end my troubles
 By drowning in the deep blue sea.

It was last Sunday evening
 Just about the hour of three,
 When my darling started for to leave me
 To sail on the deep blue sea.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

SCARBOROUGH SETTLER'S LAMENT

Whether the Scarborough referred to is the one in the British Isles or the wasteland near Toronto (known locally as Scarberia) we don't know. Fowke, in The Penguin Book of Canadian Folk Songs attributes this to Sandy Glendenning ca 1840. Tune from Fowke. RG Sung by Linda Dewar on "Where The Heart Is" track#5

Away wi' Canada's muddy creeks D D / D D
 And Canada's fields of pine Bm Em / G A7
 Your land of wheat is a goodly land, D D / D D
 But oh, it is not mine D Bm / A A
 The heathy hill, the grassy dale. D D / Bm G
 The daisy spangled lea, Em Em / G A7
 The purling burn and craggy linn, D D / D D
 Auld Scotia's glens give me. D A7 / D D

Oh, I would like to hear again the lark on Tinny's hill
 And see the wee bit gowany that blooms beside the rill.
 Like banished Swill who views afar his Alps with longing e'e.
 I gaze upon the morning star that shines on my country.

No more I'll win by Eskdale glen or Pentland's craggy comb.
 The days can ne'er come back again of thirty years that's gone,
 But fancy oft at midnight hour will steal across the sea.
 And yestereve, in a pleasant dream, I saw the old country.

Each well-known scene that met my view brought childhood's joys to
 mind.
 The blackbird sang on Tushey linn the song he sang, 'lang syne.'
 But like a dream, time flies away, again, the morning came.
 And I awoke in Canada, three thousand miles frae hame.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

The Shining Birch Tree - Wade Hemsworth

sung by Murray McLauchlan with Kate and Anna McGarrigle. *SheetMusic(pdf)*

Oh ye girls in the village, ye girls in the town!
It's a long time, a very long time
For a man who's after bein' out on his own-
Out on his own-
Where the whisky jack's a-whistling cheerful and free

*In the land of the muskeg and the shining birch tree,
The muskeg and the shining birch tree.*

Now it's all very well in the full of the day
When there's no time, not very much time
For a man to keep thinking of the things that don't pay-
The things that don't pay-
Where the rapids are rushing so grand and so free

But in the quiet of the evening when the camp settles down
And the night is cold, so very cold
And old Rory Bory starts shifting around-
Shifting around-
He'll think of the warm lips and the laughter so free

Come the in-between seasons of the freeze-up or the thaw,
And it's let's go - hey, look out let's go,
For we're off for some fun with the girls of the town-
The girls in the town.
He's a popular guy when his money flows free

And when the huskies are a-howling in the cold winter's dawn,
Then he'll recall, oh how he'll recall
That he spent all his money with the girls in the town-
The girls in the town.
So boys save your money or you'll all be like me

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

The Singer's Request – Nic Jones, *adapted from a poem by Walter Scott. Recorded by Nic Jones on "The Devil To A Stranger." SheetMusic(pdf)*

Chorus

Dark the night and long till day
Do not bid us further stray

Now the sun it does decline
Pour the beer and pour the wine
Let us lead your thoughts astray
From the world and from the day

Chorus

We bring songs of history
Love and war and mystery
We can lead you from despair
Or can chill the darkening air

Chorus

You can choose to pass us by
With a cruel or scornful eye
We will see the ending through
And then we'll turn and say to you

Chorus

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

SLIP JIGS AND REELS by Steve Tilson

Based on an old photograph, this song tells a Billy the Kid kind of story of an Irish immigrant who turns gunfighter and meets his fate in Santa Fe.

Recorded by Claire Mann and Aaron Jones, track#9

He was barely a man, in his grandfather's coat
Sewn into the lining was a ten shilling note
Goodbye to my family, goodbye to the shore
'Til I find good fortune, I'll see you no more
A boat on the ocean tossed up like a cork
Then one fine morning he sighted New York
He stood on the gangplank and breathed in the air
Hello Land of Plenty I have come for me share

And he did like the ladies, the rise and the fall
Of their ankles and their dresses down on the dance floor
The roll of the dice, the spin of the wheel
But he took most delight in the slip jigs and reels

There's talk of a pistol and some say a knife
But all are agreed there was somebody's wife
Some kind of commotion, a terrible fight
He left one man dead and ran into the night
On a train to St. Louis, just one jump ahead
He slept one eye open, six gun by his head
And he dreamed of the mountains and the green fields of home
While crossing the plains where the buffaloes roam

Oh a bad reputation is a hard thing to bear
For mothers pour scorn and young children they stare
So he took consolation in flash company
For life ain't too bad with a girl on your knee
They called him the Kid and by twenty one
All that he knew was the power of his gun
And by twenty three he'd shot five men down
That got in his way as he rambled around

Now there's bones in the desert and buzzards that fly
In the highest of circles just hoping he'll die
But in matters of cruelty now it must be said
The landlord will pick your bones before you're dead
It was wild Mescaleros I heard people say
'Twas the deadliest ambush near old Santa Fe
And a young buck was taken, dressed up in a coat
Sewn into the lining was a ten shilling note

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

SONG OF THE SOCKEYE - words, Ross Cumbers; music, Phil Thomas

The verses were found c. 1960 by Nick Guthrie under a glass-covered notice board at the deserted Wadhams Cannery on Rivers Inlet. They were put to music by Phil Thomas. See Philip J. Thomas "Songs of the Pacific Northwest" Hancock House, 2006, p.184.

Sung by Stewart Hendrickson

Oh, hark to the song of the sockeye
Like a siren's call of old
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it
It's the same as the fever for gold

There's a hole in the BC coastline
River's Inlet's the place I mean
And it's there you will find the old-timer
And also the fellow who's green

Oh, the boats head for there like the sockeye
And some are a joy to the eye
While others are simply abortions
And ought to be left high and dry

Now, they go to the different canneries
And before they can make one haul
It's three hundred bucks for net, grub and gas
Which they hope to pay off before fall

Then it's off to the head of the inlet
At six o'clock, Sunday night
But when morning comes and you've got about three
The prospects don't look very bright

Of course, there is always an alibi
To account for a very poor run
The weather is wrong, the moon's not full
Or the big tides will help the fish come

Along about dusk, when you're starting to doze
And think you've got a good night's set
An engine will roar as you look out the door
And some farmer toes into your net.

Now some of us think of the future
While others have things to forget
But most of us sit here and think of a school
Of sockeye hitting the net

And when the season is over
And you figure out what you have made
You were better off working for wages
No matter how low you were paid

For the comforts of home are worth something,
So take it from me, my friend,
Frying pan grub and no headroom
Will ruin your health in the end.

So hark to the song of the sockeye
Like a siren's song of old
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it
It's the same as the fever for gold

SOUTH WIND - *The air is taken from a song titled "A Ghaoith ó nDeas" (Oh Wind from the South). It was printed in Edward Buntings 1809 Collection of Irish Folk Music, as having been transcribed from the playing of a harper of County Clare in 1792. Lyrics were written in the 1700s by "Freckled Donal Macnamara" in homesickness for his homeland in County Mayo, as described in Donal O'Sullivan's book, "Songs of the Irish." Recorded by Archie Fisher. Jean Redpath also recorded it.*
SheetMusic

South wind of the gentle rain,
you banish winter weather
Bring salmon to the pool again,
the bees among the heather
If northward now you mean to blow,
as you rustle soft above me
God speed be with you as you go
and a kiss for those that love me

From south I come with velvet breeze,
my word all nature blesses,
I melt the snow and strew the leaves
with flowers and warm caresses;
I'll help you to dispel your woes,
with joy I'll take your greeting
And bear it to your loved Mayo
upon my wings so fleeting.

Ny Connaught, famed for wine and play,
so leal, so gay, so loving
Here's my fond kiss I send today
borne on the wind in its roving.
Those Munster folk are good and kind,
right royally they treat me
But this land I'd gladly leave behind,
with your Connaught pipes to greet me.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

The Star of Bannack

Sung by Bob Nelson

Under the lamp lights flicker and gleam
In the dirt of a dance hall floor
The beautiful Star of Bannack lies
Never to shine no more.

Beauty that once was pure and sweet
As that of the maiden you wed
Now lies at the dust of the miner's feet
The beautiful Star is dead.

She had a lover good and true
In the east which she left behind
She came out west as so many do
Her fame and fortune to find.

Fame was found on the dance hall floor
Where her beauty would turn men's heads
She was a queen of them all, but now
The beautiful Star lies dead.

She was young, light-hearted and gay
Played the game as she knew it, square
She never dreamed that while she danced
A bullet would find her there.

Many an eye with tears is wet
And many a laugh lies still
With the beautiful Star of Bannack, lies
In a grave on a lonely hill.

This song is based on Miss Nellie Paget. The story of her experience in Sunday Creek and the circumstances of her death are here drawn from the traditional folklore of Bannack, Montana. They tell a story in Bannack – in 1922 a very old man showed up and went to the cemetery where he found the grave of Nellie Paget, and wept.

Collected from Arch and Obet Gardner in Wyoming. Helen Patterson left Illinois in 1863 and came to Bannack, the territorial capital. She left her boyfriend, Howard Humphries in Illinois. She worked in a dancehall, and was killed by an old lover in 1864 as she danced with a new lover. Howard Humphries came to Bannack in 1922 to visit her grave. She was known as Nellie Paget in Bannack.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door (Johnny Patterson,
1840-1889)

as sung by Bob Harke with Kennedy's Kitchen

There's a sweet garden spot in our memory,
It's the place we were born and reared.
Oh, it's long years ago since we left it,
But return there we will if we're spared,
And our friends and companions of childhood
Would assemble each night near the store,
And the music it would ring, and sweet songs we would sing
On a stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

And those days in our hearts we will cherish,
Contented although we were poor,
And the songs that were sung, in the days when we were young,
On a stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

When our day's work was o'er we would meet there,
In the winter or spring all the same,
And the boys and the girls all together,
We would join in some innocent games.
When Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,
And his daughter looked after the store,
And the music it would ring, and sweet songs we would sing
On a stone outside Dan Murphy's door

Back again will our thoughts often wander
To the scenes of our childhood home.
There are friends and companions we left there,
It was poverty caused us to roam.
Since then in our lives we have prospered,
But then in our hearts we feel sore,
For our memories they will fly to the days long gone by,
On a stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

"Patterson was a ballad maker, song writer, musician and circus entertainer. The colourful character first started work as an apprentice in his uncle's workshop in Ennis as a nailer. He joined the British Army as a drummer boy and became quite competent not alone on the drums but also as a piccolo player. After five years army service he joined the circus as an entertainer. He entertained large audiences at home and abroad with such well known companies as Risarelli's, Cooper & Bailey's and Powell & Clarke's Great Circus. Patterson composed the well-known songs "The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door", "Bridget Donahue" and "The Garden Where the Praties Grow"."

" Johnny Patterson was raised in Ennis, some miles north of Newmarket,

Three Fishers - Words: Charles Kingsley, Music: John Hullah
Sung by Stewart Hendrickson

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each tho't on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep;
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the show'r,
And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep;
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

This poem was written in 1858 by English author and clergyman Charles Kingsley (1819-1875). It was set to music by John Hullah. John Hullah (1812-1884) was Professor of vocal music at both Kings' and Queens' College London.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

THREE MAIDS A-MILKING – Trad.*Recorded by Norma Waterson*

Now as maidens a-milking they did go D A7 /D D /
 As maidens a-milking they did go D D /A7 A7 /
 And the wind it did blow high D Bm /
 And the wind it did blow under Em A7/
 And it tossed their petticoats to and fro D A7 /D

Well they met with a young man they did know
 They met with a young man they did know
 And she asked it of him
 Had he got any learning
 For to catch her a little bird or so

Oh yes I've a very good skill
 Oh yes I've a very good skill
 If you'll come along with me
 Down to yonder flowering bushes
 I will catch you a little bird or three

Well they went till they came down to a bush
 They went till they came down unto three
 And the little bird flew in
 And you know just what I'm meaning
 And she caught it a little by her right knee

Here's a health to the birds all in the bush
 A health to the bonny rigadoon*
 For tonight she will get paid
 And tomorrow she will spend it
 And go home by the light of the moon
 For tonight she will get paid
 And tomorrow she will spend it
 And go home by the light of the moon

*Recorded by Norma Waterson on "Bright Sunny Morning" track#2
 "From Queen Caroline Hughes. I first heard this song in the version
 sung by Anne Briggs in the early sixties and tried for years to find a
 version I liked. I think my favourite line is 'Tonight I will get paid'
 (ker-ching!!)" N.W.*

**A ring-dove, that is, an amorous bird.*

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TURN AROUND - Malvina Reynolds (1958). *SheetMusic(pdf) Used in a Kodak commercial in 1960s. Sung by Malvina Reynolds, Harry Belafonte, and The Brothers Four.*

Where are you going, my little one, little one,	/ C / Em / F / G7 /
Where are you going, my baby, my own?	/ C / Em / Dm / G7 /
Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four,	/ C / C7 / F / Fm /
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door.	/ C / Dm / G7 / C /
Turn around, turn around,	/ C / C / Em / Em /
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door.	/ F / Em / G7 / C /

Where are you going my little one, little one,
 Little drindls and petticoats, where have you gone,
 Turn around and you're tiny, turn around and you're grown,
 Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own.
 Turn around, turn around,
 Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own.

Where are you going, my little one, little one,
 Where are you going, my baby my own.

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WHEN THE CHILDREN COME HOME

From a poem by Henry Lawson (1867-1922); tune: Mudgee Waltz
Sung by Priscilla Herdman

In a lonely selection far out in the West
An old woman works all the day without rest,
And she croons, as she toils 'neath the sky's glassy dome,
'Sure I'll keep the ould place till the children come home.'
She mends all the fences, she grubs, and she ploughs,
She drives the old horse and she milks all the cows,
And she sings to herself as she thatches the stack,
'Sure I'll keep the ould place till the children come back.'

Whenever the scowling old sundowners come,
And cunningly ask if the master's at home,
'Be off,' she replies, 'with your blarney and cant,
Or I'll call my son Andy; he's workin' beyant.'
'Git out,' she replies, though she trembles with fear,
For she lives all alone and no neighbours are near;
But she says to herself, when she's like to despond,
That the boys are at work in the paddock beyond.

It is five weary years since her old husband died;
And oft as he lay on his deathbed he sighed
'Sure one man can bring up ten children, he can,
An' it's strange that ten sons cannot keep one old man.'
Ah, none of her children need follow the plough,
And some have grown rich in the city ere now;
Yet she says: 'They might come when the shearing is done,
And I'll keep the ould place if it's only for one.'

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