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VERBIAGE

This collection of basically traditional songs is neither a work of scholarship nor an editorial feat. It is a labor of love, combined with aspects of drudgery and inspired by the great pleasure of sharing songs and harmonies with other like-minded folks. It has given me, its editor, an opportunity to dust off and put to use some dormant music notation skills whose purpose for having acquired in the first place had been a mystery 'til now.

The most immediate goal for this song book is as a means of communication within the Song Circle itself, and will serve to bring newcomers up to date. In a sense, it provides an historical record of the repertoire of group-type songs which we have pooled thus far. I am hard put to keep that record current. A further design for the book is to make it available to other such groups, to make contact, to exchange songs, information and ideas with people beyond our immediate locality. The present loose-leaf format is intended to facilitate adding new songs.

The songs herein were, for the most part, transcribed from tapes made during Song Circle sessions. Some were borrowed--copied outright or altered--from publications like Come All Ye, the journal of the Vancouver Folk Song Society, and Sing Out!, and have yet to be used by permission.

The phenomenon of the Seattle Folklore Society Song Circle deserves some attention here. It all began rather by default, as Jon Bartlett of the Vancouver "Folk" looked at Stan James, a 'lifer' of the S.F.S., during a Folklife Festival workshop in May 1977, saying something to the effect that seated there was a nucleus for the future Seattle Song Circle, and that it was now up to Stan to do something with the group. He did, and we did, and all of us have been meeting each Sunday since June at the S.F.S. Clubhouse, 5257 University Way.N.E., Seattle.

Don't get me wrong; the old Seattle Folk Music Society of the 50's had been composed mainly of singers. But in the S.F.S., singing had long been taking a back seat to instrumental music. Except for performances and private parties,

singers have not had a forum nor a gathering place for sharing their music.

And we were ready. In fact, our coming together resembles something akin to spontaneous combustion. We may burn out if we continue at the rate we've been going. There has been a notable resurgence of energy and enthusiasm among singers for a participatory, inclusive music-making experience. This latest revival is a welcome one, particularly for those of us who have weathered the commercial efforts throughout the late 50's, 60's and 70's to make folk music a spectator sport. There is a discernible difference, too, between the quality of ho-hum sing-alongs of the past and the richness and variety currently being explored. And the home-made music network is extending here on the West Coast, linking traditional singers and song circles from San Diego to Vancouver. Who knows what lies beyond?

I want to express my appreciation to the members of the Song Circle who have cooperated with me in this endeavor and with whom I look forward to spending many more hours of song swapping and sweet harmonies.

Sally Ashford
Sept. 1977

For information regarding the songbooks or the Song Circle, write:

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Our thanks to COME ALL YE, Journal of the Vancouver Folk Song Society, for their permission to borrow verbatim or adapt their versions of the following songs:

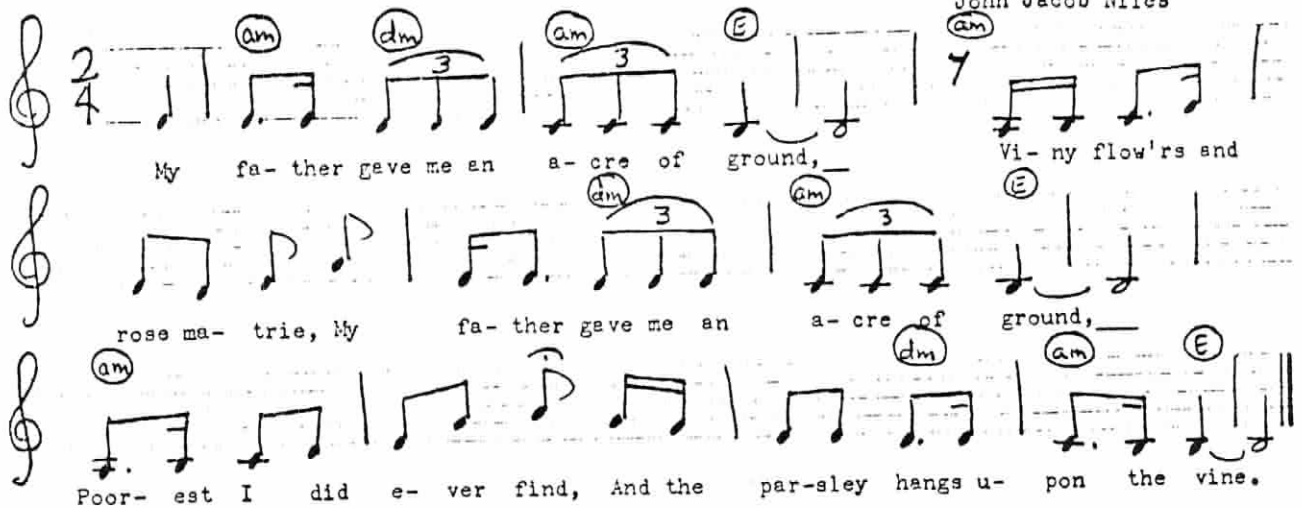
*Blow, Boys, Blow
Blow the Man Down
Bring 'em Down
Hanging Johnny
Haul on the Bowline
John Kanaka
Reuben Ranzo
Shallow Brown
South Australia
Stormalong
Tom's Gone To Hilo*

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*Bob & Ron Copper FSB-19
Folk Legacy
Michael Cooney
Folk Legacy FSI-35*

ACRE OF GROUND

John Jacob Niles



My fa-ther gave me an a-cre of ground, Vi-ny flow'rs and
 rose ma-trie, My fa-ther gave me an a-cre of ground,
 Poor-est I did e-ver find, And the par-sley hangs u-pon the vine.

2. My father gave me an old gray mare,
 Viny flowers and rose matirie,
 My father gave me an old gray mare,
 Who would not work and did not care,
 And the parsley hangs upon the vine.
3. I made my lover a lindsay smock,
 Viny flowers and rose matirie,
 I made my lover a lindsay smock,
 But on my door he would not knock,
 And the parsley hangs upon the vine.
4. My uncle took my plaid away,
 Viny flowers and rose matirie,
 My uncle took my plaid away,
 In spite of doddered head of gray,
 And the parsley hangs upon the vine.

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ALL FOR ME GROG

Chorus:

All for me grog, O, me jol-ly, jol-ly grog,
 All for me beer and to- bac- ca, For we
 spent all our tin with the las-sies drink-in' gin, And a-
 cross the west-ern o- cean we must wan- der. O,
 where are the boots, O, me knob-by nog- gin boots? They're
 all gone for beer and to- bac- ca, For the heels are all wore out, And the
 soles are knocked a-bout, And me toes are look-in' out for bet-ter wea- ther, O,

2. O, where is me shirt, me knobby noggin shirt,
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
 For the cellar is wore out and the front is knocked about,
 And me tailor's lookin' out for better weather. Cho.

3. I'm sick in the head, I have na' been to bed,
 Since first I come ashore with me plunder,
 I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches,
 So we'd better take a push out over yonder. Cho.

4. O, where is me bed, me knobby noggin bed,
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
 For the mattress is all wore out, 'cause I'm wedded to a lady,
 And the springs are lookin' out for better weather. Cho.

A-ROVIN' ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

additional words and music by
Dolly Greer and Doc Watson

A- rovin' on a win-ter's night, And a drink-in'
good old wine, Think-in' a- bout that pretty lit-tle
girl, Who broke this heart of mine.

2. She is just like a butter rose,
That blooms in the month of June.
Or like some musical instrument,
That's just been lately tuned.

3. Perhaps it's a trip to a foreign land,
A trip to France or Spain,
But if I should go ten thousand miles,
I'm a comin' back again.

4. And it's who's a-gonna shoe your pretty little feet,
And who's gonna glove your little hands,
And who's a-gonna kiss your sweet little lips,
Honey, who's a-gonna be your man?

5. I'll love you till the sea runs dry,
And the rocks all melt in the sun,
I'll love you till the day I die,
Though you will never be my own.

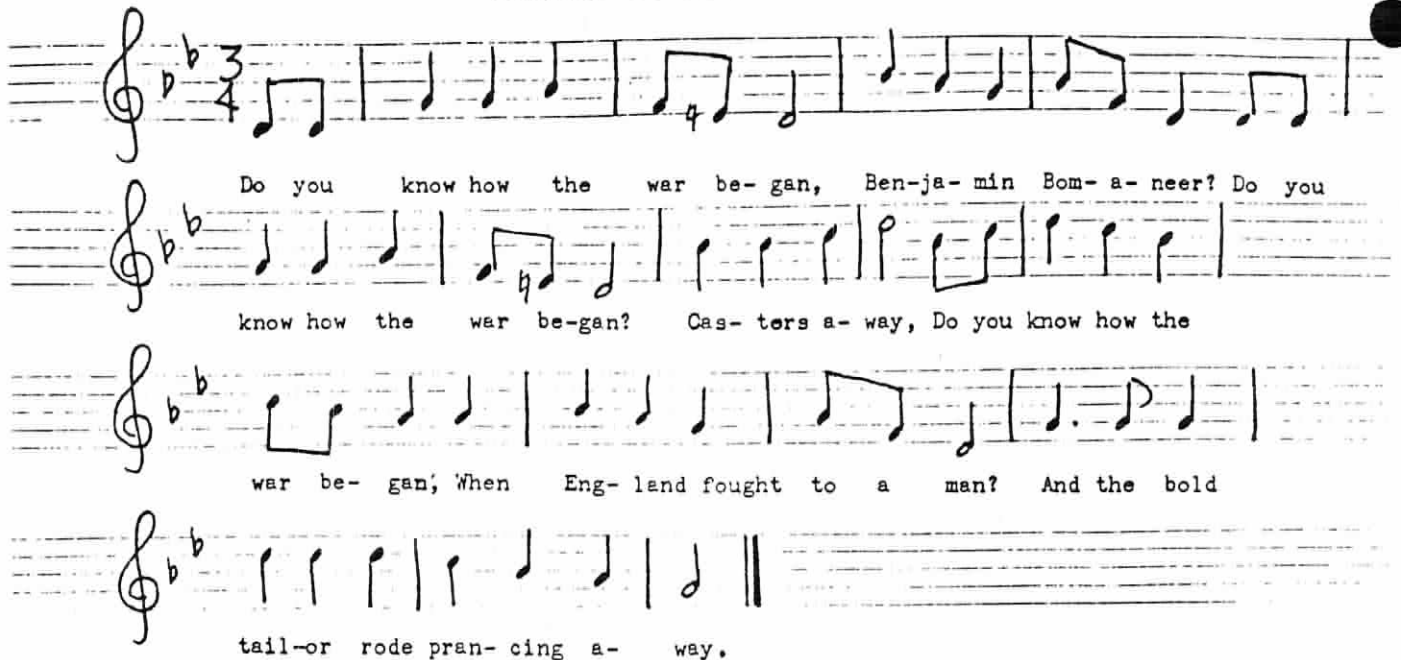
(repeat first verse)

BEN BACKSTAY

Ben Back-stay was a bo-sun, He was a jol-ly boy, And
 none as he so mer-i-ly could pipe all hands a- hoy, Could
 pipe all hands a- hoy, Could pipe all hands a- hoy, With a
 chip chop cher-ry chop, fol-de rol-de rid-dle rop, chip chop
 cher-ry chop, fol-de-rol-de-ray.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. And when unto his summons,
We did not well attend,
No man as he so merrily,
Could handle the rope's end, etc. | 5. A shark was on the starboard bow,
Sharks don't on manners stand,
For they do grapple everything,
Just like your sharks on land, etc. |
| 3. While sailing with our captain,
Who was a jolly dog,
Our Ben and all his mess mates
Had a double round of frog, etc. | 6. We threw Ben out some tackling,
To give his life some hope,
But as the shark bit off his head,
He could not spy the rope, etc. |
| 4. So Ben he grew quite tipsy,
Right to his heart's content,
And leaning oe'r the starboard side;
Right overboard he went, etc. | 7. Without his head, his ghost appeared,
All on the briny lake,
He piped all hands ahoy and cried,
"Lads warning by me take," etc. |
| 8. "Through drinking frog I lost my life,
"So lest my fate you meet,
"Why, never mix your liquors, lads,
"But always take them neat," etc. | |

BENJAMIN BOMANEER



Do you know how the war be-gan, Ben-ja-min Bom-a-neer? Do you
know how the war be-gan? Cas-ters a-way, Do you know how the
war be- gan; When Eng-land fought to a man? And the bold
tail-or rode pran-cing a- way.

2. Of a shear board he made a horse,
Benjamin Bomaneer,
Of a shear board he made a horse,
Casters away,
Of a shear board he made a horse,
All for him to ride across,
And the bold tailor rode prancing away.
3. Of his scissors he made bridle bits, etc.
To keep the horse in his wits, etc.
4. As the tailor rode o'er the lea, etc.
He spied a flea on his knee, etc.
5. Of his needle he made a spear, etc.
And pierced the flea through his ear, etc.
6. Of his thimble he made a bell, etc.
To ring the flea's funeral knell, etc.
7. So that's how the war began, etc.
When England fought to a man, etc.

BEWARE, O, TAKE CARE

They say young men are bold and free, Be-ware, O, take care, They
 tell you they're friends but they're liars, you see, Be-ware, O, take care. Be-
 ware, young la-dies, They're foo- lin' you, Trust them not, they're foo- lin' you,
 Be-ware, young la-dies, They're foo- lin' you, Be-ware, O, take care.

2. Around their necks, they wear-a guard,
 Beware, O, take care,
 And in their pocket is a deck of cards,
 Beware, O, take care. Cho.
3. They smoke, they chew, they wear fine shoes, etc.
 And in their pocket is a bottle of booze, etc. Cho.
4. They put their hands up to their hearts,
 They sigh, O they sigh,
 They tell you there's no one but you,
 They lie, O, they lie! Cho.

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THE BLACKFLY SONG

Wade Hensworth

'Twas ear-ly in the spring when I de-cide to go, To
work up in the woods in North On-ta-ri-o, The
un-em-ploy-ment of-fice said they'd see me through, To the
Lit-tle A-bi-ti-bi and the sur-vey crew, And the
black flies, the lit-tle black flies, al-ys the black fly, no
mat-ter where you go, I'll die with the black fly pick-in' my bones, In
North On-ta-ri-o-i-o, In North On-ta-ri-o.

2. Now the man, Black Toby, was the captain of the crew,
And he said: "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do,
"They want to build a power dam and we must find a way,
"For to make the Little Ab flow around the other way." Cho.

3. So we survey to the east and we survey to the west,
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best.
Little Ab, Little Ab, what shall I do?
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew. Cho.

4. It's blackfly, blackfly, blackfly everywhere,
A-crawl-in' in your whiskers, a-crawl-in' in your hair,
A-swimmin' in the soup and a-swimmin' in the tea,
The devil take the blackfly and let me be. Cho.

THE BLACKFLY SONG (cont.)

5. Black Toby fell to swearin' cuz the work went slow,
And the state of our morale was a-gettin' mighty low,
The flies swarmed heavy; it was hard to catch a breath,
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself. Cho.
6. Now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe,
If it hadn't been for him we'd've never pulled through,
For he bound up our bruises and he kidded us for fun,
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum. Cho.
7. At last the job was over; Black Toby said, "We're through,
"With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."
'Twas a hellava experience and this I know--
I'll never go agsin to North Ontario. Cho.

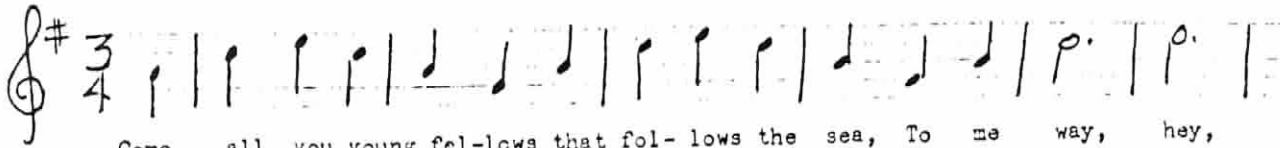
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BLOW BOYS BLOW

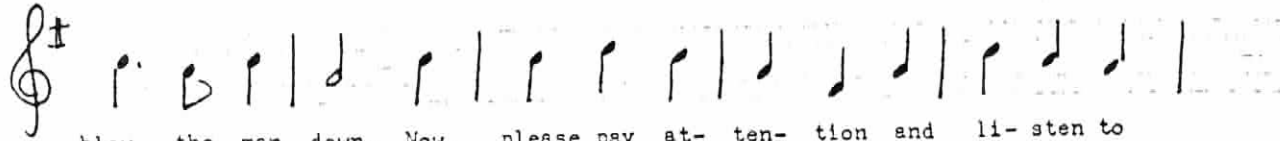
O, a Yan-kee ship in the Con-go Riv-er, Blow, boys,
blow, A Yan-kee ship in the Con-go Riv-er, Blow, me bul-ly boys, blow!

2. A Yankee ship in the Congo River,
Blow, boys, blow,
Her masts and spars, they shine like silver,
Blow, me bully boys, blow.
3. How do you know she's a Yankee clipper? etc.
The Stars and Stripes, they fly above her...
4. And who do you think's the skipper of her? etc.
O, Holy Joe, the darky slaver...
5. And what do you think she's got for a cargo? etc.
O, guns and shot, she runs the embargo...
6. And what do you think they'll have for dinner? etc.
Hot water soup, but slightly thinner...
7. O, blow today and blow tomorrow, etc.
O, blow for all old tars in sorrow...

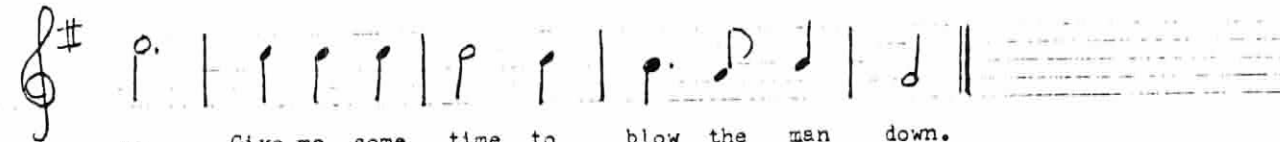
BLOW THE MAN DOWN



Come all you young fel-lows that fol-lows the sea, To me way, hey,



blow the man down, Now, please pay at- ten- tion and li- sten to



me, Give me some time to blow the man down.

2. I'm a deep-water sailor just come from Hong Kong, etc.
If you give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song, etc.
3. On a trim Black Ball liner, I first served me time,
On a trim Black Ball liner I wasted me prime, etc.
4. When a trim Black Ball liner's preparing for sea,
You'd split your sides laughing, such sights you would see, etc.
5. There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all,
They're all shipped for sailors on board the Black Ball.

***** Alternate version:

2. As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.
3. I came alongside her and took her in tow,
And broadside to broadside away we did go, etc.

BRIGHT MORNING STARS

Bright_ morn- ing stars are ris- ing, Bright_

morn- ing stars are ris- ing, Bright_ morn-ing stars are

ris- ing, Day_ is a_

break-in' in my_ soul.

2. Oh, where are our dear fathers?

Oh, where are our dear fathers?

Oh, where are our dear fathers?

Day is breaking in my soul.

3. Some are down in the valley, praying,

Some are down in the valley, praying,

Some are down in the valley, praying,

Day is breaking in my soul.

4. Some have gone to heaven, shouting,

Some have gone to heaven, shouting,

Some have gone to heaven, shouting,

Day is breaking in my soul.

5. Bright morning stars are rising,

Bright morning stars are rising,

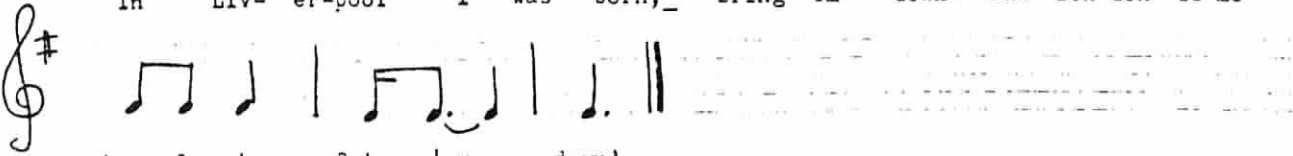
Bright morning stars are rising,

Day is a-breakin' in my soul.

BRING 'EM DOWN



In Liv- er-pool I was born, Bring 'em down! But Lon-don is me



home from home, Bring 'em down!

2. Them rubber-eyed girls they look so fine,
Bring 'em down,
They're never a day behind their time,
Bring 'em down.

3. And now it's round the Horn we go,
All through the ice and snow.

4. Up the coast of valley-fo,
Northward to Callao.

5. Them Callao girls I do adore,
They takes it all and they asks for more.

6. Them valley-fo girls put on a a show,
With a wraggle-the-arse and a roll and go.

7. And now it's back to Liverpool,
Where you spends your money like a bloody fool.

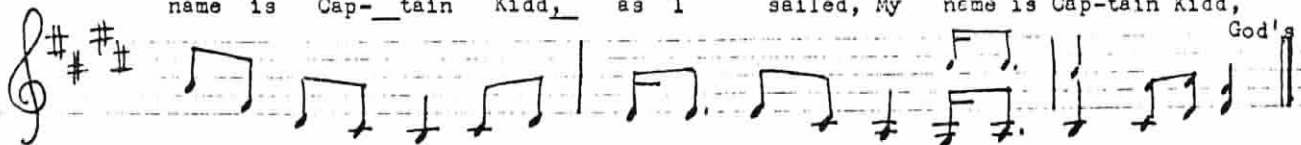
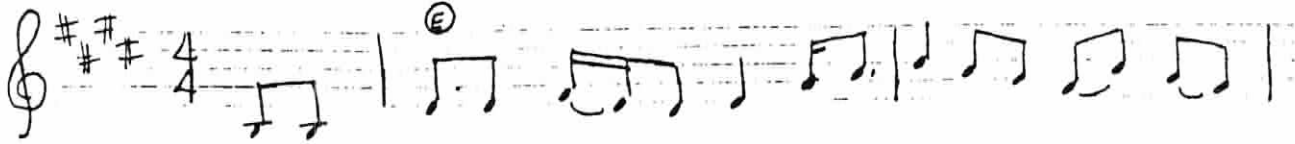
8. I am Liverpool born and bred,
Strong in the arm and thick in the head.

THE BULLGINE RUN

O, the smart-est clip-per you can find, Ah hee, ah ho, are
 you most done? Is the Marg'-ret Ev-ans of the Blue Cross_ line, So
 clear a-way the track and let the bull-gine run! To my hey,rig-a- jig in a
 low back car, Ah hee, ah ho, are you most done? With Li- za Lèè all
 on my_ knee, So clear a- way the track,let the bull-gine run!

2. O, the Marg'ret Evens of the Blue Cross line,
 Ah hee, ah ho, are you most done?
 She's never a day behind her time,
 So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!
3. O, when I come home across the sea,
 Ah hee, ah ho, are you most done?
 It's Liza, will you marry me?
 Clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

CAPTAIN KIDD



laws I did for- bid, And most wick- ed- ly I did, as I sailed, as I sailed.

2. My parents taught me well,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My parents taught me well,
As I sailed,
My parents taught me well
To shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebelled,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

3. I murdered William Moore, etc.
And left him in his gore,
Forty Leagues from shore, etc.

4. And being cruel still, etc.
The gunner I did kill,
And his precious blood did spill, etc.

5. My repentance lasted not, etc.
My vows I soon forgot,
Damnation was my lot, etc.

6. Now, to execution dock,
I must go, I must go,
To execution dock,
I must go,
To execution dock,
Lay my head upon the block,
No more the laws I'll mock,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

CLEAR AWAY IN THE MORNING

Gordon Bok

Take me back on the bay, boys, Clear a- way in the

mor-__ ning, I don't want to go a- shore, boys,

O, bring 'er 'round.

2. Take me back on the bay, boys,
Clear away in the morning,
I don't wanta spend my pay, boys,
O, bring 'er 'round.
3. Captain, don't you leave me, etc.
There's no one here that needs me, etc.
4. Nancy, O, my Nancy, etc.
She never played it fancy, etc.
5. Bring me wine and brandy, etc.
I'd only ask for Nancy, etc.
6. Captain, don't let the main down, etc.
Captain, don't let the chain down, etc.
7. Captain, don't you leave, now, etc.
There's nothing I can do, boys, etc.
8. Nancy, O, my Nancy, etc.
Nancy, O, my Nancy, etc.

(repeat first verse)

CUCKOO'S NEST

There's a thorn-bush in the gar-den where the lads and las-ses meet, And it
The first time that I went there I was ver-y much im-pressed by the
would-n't do to do there what they're do- in' in the streets,
young folks bus-y ruf-flin' up the cu- ckoo's nest.
chorus:
Hey, the cu-ckoo, Hi, the cu-ckoo, Ho, the cu-ckoo's nest,
Hey, the cu- ckoo, Hi, the cu- ckoo, Ho, the cu-ckoo's nest,
I'll give you a shil- lin' and a bot- tle of the best, If you'll
ruf- fle up the fea- thers of me cu- ckoo's nest.

2. Well, they skittered and they scattered and they rambled all around,
It's hidin' in the corner and it isn't easy found,
If she hadn't-a-shown me how-to, I never would have guessed,
How to ruffle up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest. Cho.

3. Well, she showed me where to find it and she showed me where to go,
Through prickles and through brambles where the young cocks go,
And once that I had found it, she never let me rest,
'Til I'd ruffled up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest. Cho.

4. Well, I took her in the mornin' and she took me in the night,
I had na been that way before, so I had to do it right,
She said, "Young man, you're blunderin'!" And I said, "Tisn't true."
And I left her with the markin' of me own cuckoo. Cho.

DADDY FOX

Dad- dy Fox he went out on a chil- ly-- night, He
 prayed for the moon for to give-- him light,--- For he'd man-y, man-y
 miles to--- go that night, Be- fore he-- came to his den----- o,
 Chorus:
 Den- o, den- o, For he'd man-y, man- y miles to--- go that night
 fore he--- came to his den----- o-----

2. So he grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
 And threw a little duck all across his back,
 He heeded not their quilly-quilly-quack,
 And the legs all a-dangling down-o. Cho. (repeat 3rd & 4th lines.)

3. Then old mother Twiddle-Twaddle jumped out of bed,
 Out of the window she stuck her little head,
 Crying, "O, John, o, the grey goose is dead,
 "And the fox is away to his den-o." Cho. (repeat 3rd & 4th lines.)

4. John, then her ran to the top of the hill,
 He blew his little horn both loud and shrill,
 "Play on, " said Reynard, "with your music still,
 "While I trot away to me den-o." Cho. (repeat 3rd & 4th lines)

5. Then the fox and his wife without any strife,
 Out up the goose with a fork and knife,
 Sayin', "I never ever had such a supper in me life,
 "And the cubs, they can chew on the bones-o." Cho. (repeat 3rd & 4th lines.)

DEPORTEE

Woody Guthrie

The crops are all in and the peach-es are rot--- ting--

-- The or- an- ges are packed in their cre- o- sote dumps--

-- They're tak-ing us back to the Mex- i- can bor--- der--

To pay all our mon- ey to wade back a- gain----- Good-

bye, to you Juan, good- bye, Ros- a- li--- ta, A- di- os, mis a-

mi- gos, Je- sus y Ma- ri- a, You won't have a name when you

ride the big air-- plane, And all they will call you will be

de- por- tee-----

2. My father's own father, he waded that river,
They took all the money he made in his life,
My brothers and sisters come workin' the fruit trees,
And they rode that truck till they took down and died. Cho.

3. We died in your hills and we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys we died in your plains,
We died in your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

DEPORTEE (cont.)

4. The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills,
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees. Cho.
5. Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To scatter like dry leaves and rot on our topsoil,
And be known by no name except deportees. Cho.

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DILLAN BAY

Dil- lan Bay, lad- di- o, Dil- lan Dow, lad- die-
ay, Dil- lan Bay, lad- die- o, All the boats are gone.

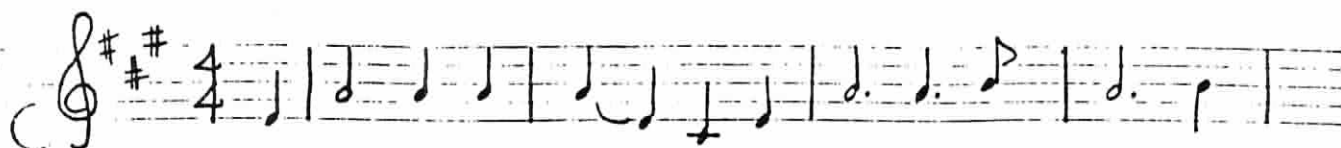
2. Gone away, laddie-o,
Gone awa, laddie-ay,
Gone away, laddie-o,
With their topsails high.

3. Topsails high, laddie-o,
Topsails low, laddie-ay,
Topsails high, laddie-o,
When the winds away.

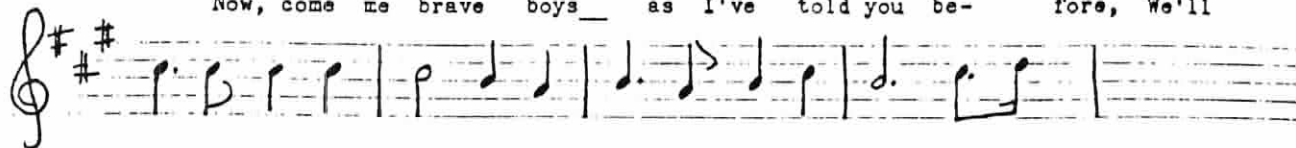
4. Winds away, laddie-o,
Winds awa, laddie-ay,
Winds away, laddie-o,
Down on Dillan Bay.

(repeat first verse)

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY



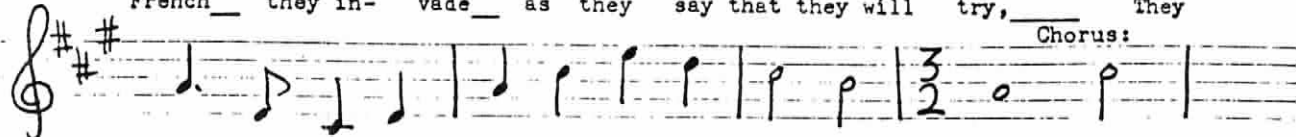
Now, come me brave boys_ as I've told you be- fore, We'll



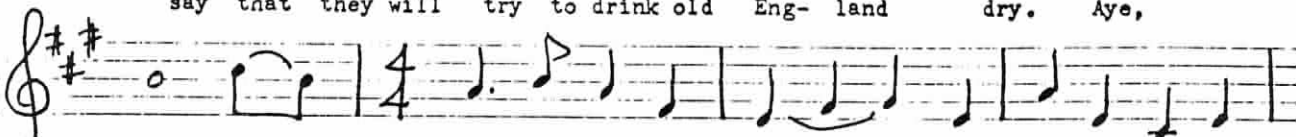
have an- oth- er round, And we'll bold-ly call for more, For the



French_ they in- vade_ as they say that they will try, They
Chorus:



say that they will try to drink old Eng- land dry. Aye,



dry, Aye,_ dry, me boys, aye, dry, They say that they will



try to drink old Eng- land dry.

2. Then up spoke Lord Churchill, a man of high reknown,
He swears to be true to his country and his crown,
And the cannons will rattle, the bullets they will fly,
Before that they should ever drink old England dry.

3. And what if we should meet with the Germans by the way,
Ten thousand to one we will show them British play,
With our swords and our cutlasses we'll fight until we die,
Before that they should ever drink old England dry.

FARTHER ALONG

Temp-ted and tried, We're oft made to wonder,

Why it should be thus all the day long, While there are others

liv-ing a-bout us, Ne-ver mol-est-ed, Though in the

Chorus: wrong. Far-ther a-long, we'll know all a-bout

it, Far-ther a-long, we'll un-der-stand why, Cheer up, my bro-

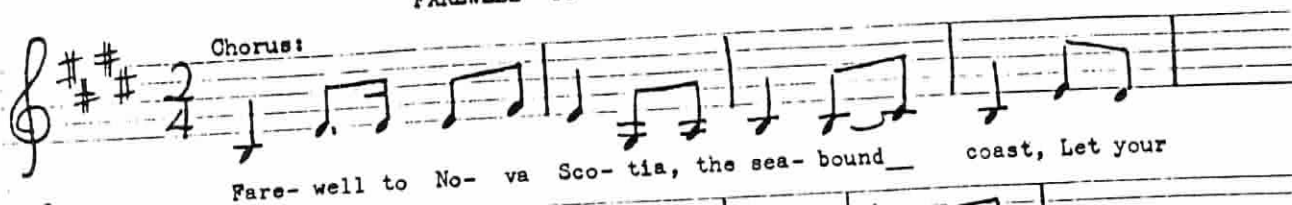
thers, Live in the sun-shine, We'll un-der-stand it

all, by and by.

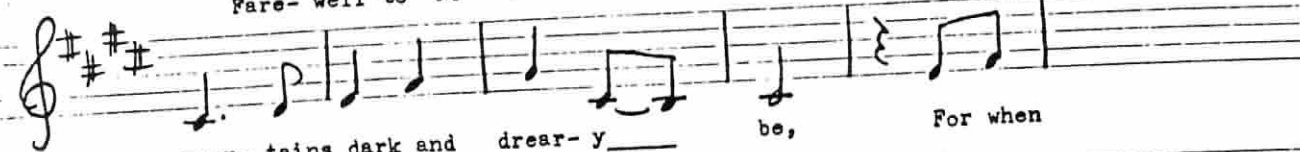
2. When we see Jesus coming in glory,
When he comes from his home in the sky,
Then we shall meet Him in that bright city,
We'll understand it all, by and by. Cho.
3. "Faithful to death," said our loving Master,
A few more days to labor and wait,
Toils of the life will then seem as nothing,
Sweeping with Him through that beautiful day. Cho.

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

Chorus:



Fare- well to No- va Sco- tia, the sea- bound_ coast, Let your



moun- tains dark and drear- y_ be, For when



I am far a- way on the bri- ny o- cean tossed, Will you



e- ver heave a sigh_ or a wish for me!

1. The sun was setting in the west,
The birds were singing on every tree,
All nature seemed inclined for a rest,
But still there wasn't any rest for me. Cho.

2. I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my aged parents that I'll never see again,
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore. Cho.

3. I have three brothers and they are at rest,
Their arms are folded on their breast,
But a poor, simple sailor just like me,
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea. Cho.

4. The drums they do beat, and the wars do alarm,
The captain calls I must obey,
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,
It's early in the morning I am far, far away. Cho.

FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold fel- lows that 'ave to this place come, And we'll

sing in the praise of good bran- dy and rum, Let's lift up our glass- es, Good

cheer is our goal, _ Bring in the punch la- dle and we'll fa- thom the

Chorus:

bowl. We'll fa- thom the bowl, We'll fa- thom the bowl, Bring in the punch

la- dle and we'll fa- thom the bowl.

2. From France we do get brandy and from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,
But stout, beer and cider are England's control,
Bring in the punch ladle and we'll fathom the bowl. Cho.

3. O, my wife she do come in when I'm taking my ease,
She scolds me and grumbles, but she'll do as she please,
She may scold and may grumble till she's black as the coal,
Bring in the punch ladle and we'll fathom the bowl. Cho.

4. O, my father do lie in the depth of the sea,
With no store at his feet, but what matter for he,
There's a clear crystal fountain near England does roll,
Bring in the punch ladle and we'll fathom the bowl. Cho.

FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls, Fol- low the
 drink- in' gourd, For the old man is a- wait-in' for to Chorus:
 car- ry you to free- dom, Fol- low the drink- in' gourd. Fol- low the
 drink- in' gourd, Fol- low, fol- low the drink- in' gourd, For the
 old man is a- wait-in' for to car- ry you to free- dom,
 Fol- low the drink- in' gourd.

2. The river bank will make a mighty good road,
 The dead trees will show you the way,
 Left foot, peg foot, travellin' on,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd. Cho.

3. The river ends between two hills,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd,
 There's another river on the other side,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd. Cho.

4. Where the great big river meets the little river,
 Follow the drinkin' gourd,
 The old man is a- waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
 If you follow the drinkin' gourd. Cho.

GOODNIGHT SONG

Lay down, my dear sis-ter, Won't you lay and take your rest? Won't
 lay your head u- pon your sa-vior's breast? And I love you, but
 Je-sus loves you the best, And I bid you good-night, good-
 night, good- night, Lord, I bid you good- night, good-
 One of these morn-ings ear-ly and fine, Good-
 night, good- night. night, Not a cri-cket not a spi-rit gon-na
 night, good- night, good- night. shout me home, good- night, I was... (cont.)
 Lord, I bid you good- night, good- night, good-... (cont.)

GOODNIGHT SONG (cont.)

Lead: One of these mornings bright and early and fine, good night...
Not a cricket, not a spirit gonna shout me home, good night...
I go a-walkin' in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, good night...
And his rod and his staff shall comfort me, good night, good night, good night,

Cho.: Lord, I bid you good night, good night, good night, etc.

Lead: O, John, the devine, he saw the sign, good night...
O, John say, "I seen a number of signs," good night...
"To wait for the ark, that wonderful boat," good night...
"No they fill it on the land, gettin' water to float," good night...
And we tellin' all the beasts of the endin' of the world, good night...
And they beat all the children when they wouldn't be good, good night...

Cho.: Lord, I bid you good night, good night, good night, etc.

All: Lay down, my dear brother, won't you lay and take your rest?
Won't you lay your head upon your savior's breast?
And I love you, but Jesus loves you the best,
And I bid you good night, good night, good night...

Lead: I remember quite well, I remember quite well, good night...
I was a-walkin' in Jerusalem just like John, good night, good night, good night.

GENERAL TAYLOR

Gen'-ral Tay- lor gained the day, Walk him a- long, John car-ry him a- long,

Gen'- ral Tay- lor gained the day, Car-ry him to the

CHorus:

bur- y- in' ground, To me way, hey, Stor- my, Walk him a-long, John,

car- ry him a-long, To me way, hey, Stor- my,

Car-ry him to the bur- y- in' ground.

2. I wish I was General Taylor's son,
Walk him along, John, carry him along,
I'd build me a ship of ten thousand ton,
Carry him to his buryin' ground. Cho.

3. I'd give a tow to every man, etc.
And I'd give two to the shantyman, etc.

4. General Taylor died long ago,
He's gone, me boys, where the winds don't blow.

5. We dug his grave with a silver spade,
His shroud of finest silk was made.

6. We lowered him down with a silver chain,
We made sure he wouldn't rise again.

(repeat first verse.)

GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

When I first lan-ded in Li-ver-pool I went u-pon a
 spree, Me mon-ey, a-las, I'll spent it fast, Got
 drunk as I could be, And when that me mon-ey
 was all gone, T'was then I wan-ted more, A
 man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once
 Chorus:
 more. Once more, me boys, once more, To go to sea once
 more, A man must be blind to make up his mind, to
 go to sea once more.

2. I spent the night with Angeline, too drunk to roll in bed,
 Me watch was new and me money, too, In the mornin' with them she fled,
 And as I walked the streets about, the whores they all did roar,
 "There goes Jack Rack, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more."

Once more, me boys, once more, he must go to sea once more,
 There goes Jack Rack, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more.

GO TO SEA ONCE MORE (cont.)

3. And as I walked about the streets, I met with Raffer Brown,
I asked him for to take me on and he looked at me with a frown,
He says, "The last time you was paid off, with me you chalked no score,
"But I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance,
"And I'll send you to sea once more."

Once more, me boys, once more, to go to sea once more,
I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance,
And I'll send you to sea once more.

4. He put me on board of a whalin' ship, bound for the Arctic Seas,
Where the cold winds blow through the ice and the snow,
And Jamaica Rum would freeze,
But worst to bear, I'd no hardware nor gear, for I'd lost all me money
on shore,

It was then that I wished that I was dead,
And could go to sea no more.

No more, me boys, no more, go to sea no more,
It was then that I wished that I was dead,
And could go to sea no more.

5. So come all ye bold seafarin' men, who listen to me song,
When you come off them long trips, I'll not have you go wrong,
Take my advice, drink no strong drink, don't go sleepin' with no whore,
Get married instead and spend all night in bed,
And go to sea no more.

No more, me boys, no more, and go to sea no more,
Get married instead and spend all night in bed,
And go to sea no more.

GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY

'Twas eight- een hun- dred and fift y three, On
June the thir-teenth day, Our gal-lant ship her
anch- or weighed, And for Green-land sailed a-
way, brave boys, For Green-land sailed a- way.

2. Our captain stood on the quarterdeck,
With a spyglass in his hand,
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish," he cried,
"And it blows at every span, brave boys," (repeat as before).
3. Then the boats were launched with the men on board,
And the whalefish well in view,
And well prepared were our gallant men,
To strike where the whalefish blew, brave boys, (repeat as before).
4. The whale was struck and the line played out,
But she gave such a flunder with her tail,
That the boat capsized and five men were drowned,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys, (repeat as before).
5. "To lose five of my gallant men,
"It grieves my heart full sore,
"But to lose the whale," the captain cried,
"It grieves me ten times more, brave boys," (repeat as before).
6. O, Greenland is a dreadful place,
Where the land is never green,
Where there's ice and snow, and the walefishes blow,
And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys, (repeat as before).

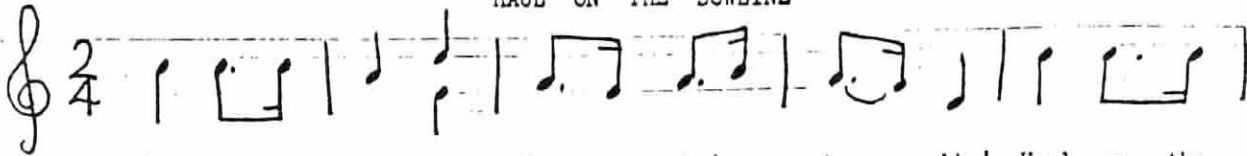
HAND IN HAND WITH JESUS

Once from my poor sin sick soul, Christ did ev-'ry bur- den
roll, Now, I walk re- deemed and whole, Hand in
Chorus: hand with Je- sus. Hand in hand we walk each day,
Hand in hand a- long the way, Walk-ing thus, we
can-not stray, Hand in hand with Je- sus.

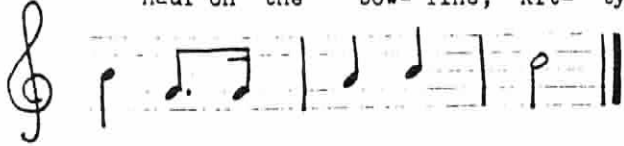
2. In my night of dark despair,
Jesus heard and he answered prayer,
Now, I'm walking free as air,
Hand in hand with Jesus. Cho.

3. When the stars are backward roll,
And his home I shall behold,
I will walk those streets of gold,
Hand in hand with Jesus. Cho.

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE



Haul on the bow-line, Kit-ty, she's me dar-__ lin', Haul on the



bow- line, the bow- line haul.

2. Haul on the bowline, Kitty comes from Liverpool,
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

3. Haul on the bowline so early in the mornin'

4. Haul on the bowline before the day was dawnin'

5. Haul on the bowline the cook he is a-growlin'

6. Haul on the bowline, we'll either break or bend it

7. Haul on the bowline, we're men enough to mend it,

8. Haul on the bowline, the packet she's a-rollin'

9. Haul on the bowline, it's a long way to Liverpool

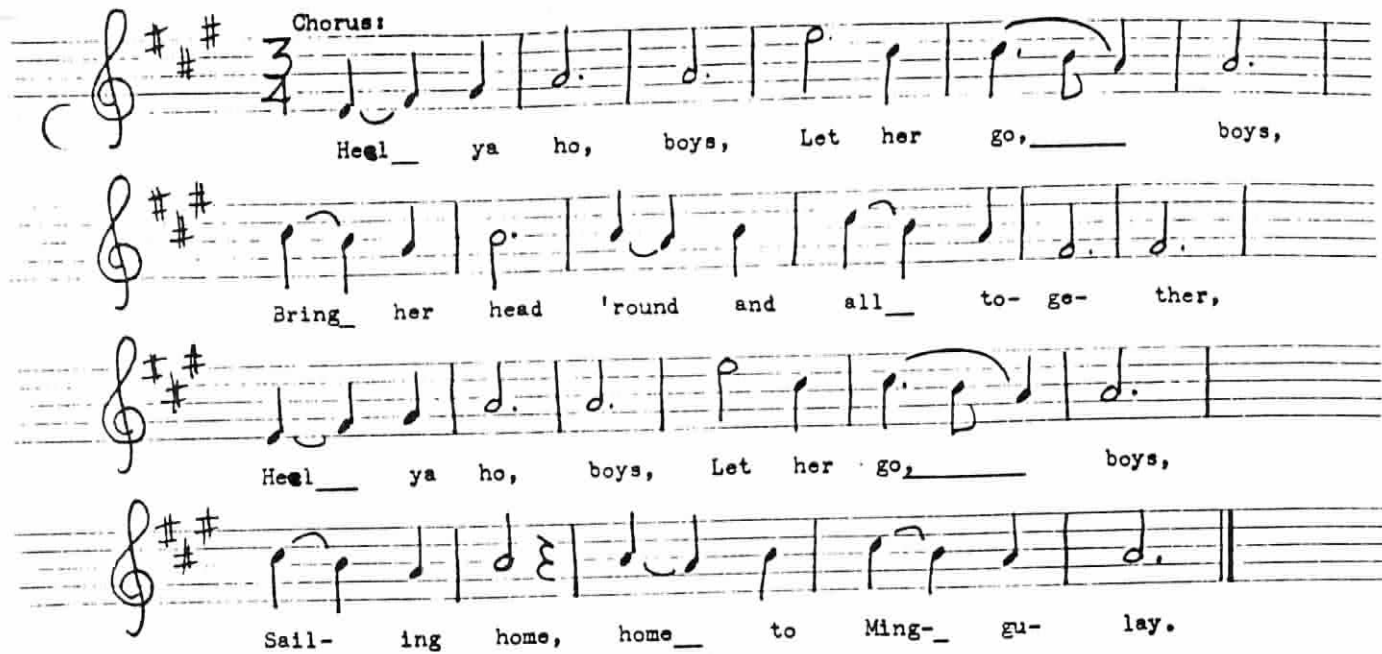
10. Haul on the bowline, it's a longer way to payday

11. Haul on the bowline, the bo'sun he's a-callin'

12. Haul on the bowline the old man he's a-bawlin'

HOME TO MINGULAY

Chorus:



Heel ya ho, boys, Let her go, boys,
 Bring her head 'round and all to-gether,
 Heel ya ho, boys, Let her go, boys,
 Sail-ing home, home to Ming-gu-lay.

1. What care we how wide the Minch is,
 What care we for wind and weather,
 Heel ya ho, boys, ev'ry inch is
 Sailing home, home to Mingulay. Cho.

2. Wives and sweethearts on the hillside,
 Looking seaward through the heather,
 Let her go, boys and we'll anchor,
 E'er the sun sets on Mingulay. Cho.

HONEST WORKIN' MAN

Chorus:

Way down in East Cape Bre-ton where they knit the socks and
mit-tens, Che-zit- wook is rep-re- sen- ted by the hus-ky Black and

Tan, May they al- ways be re- jec- ted, And ne- ver be re-

spec- ted, For they'll ne- ver be con- nec- ted with the

hon- est work- in' man. 1. One fine eve-ning at my lei- sure, I

thought I'd take my plea- sure, And write a sim- ple dit- ty on the

sub- ject of the day, So I switched to 3-cent ta- per, And a

sheet of fools- cap pa- per, And set- tled down, con- ten- ted- ly, to

pass the time a- way.

2. What raises high me dander, next door lives a Newfoundlander,
His wife, I cannot stand her since high- livin' she began,
First came the railroad racker, then the salt- fish packer,
That steal the sheese and crackers from the honest workin' man. Cho.

HONEST WORKIN' MAN

3. When it's early in the autumn and the fish freeze to the bottom,
We'll board a 3-ton schooner and sail 'round the Western Shore,
They're loaded with provisions, hard tac and salt-fish mizzens,
The likes you never seen of since the downfall of Braddor. Cho.
4. We crossed the Bay of Fundy, and arrived here on a Monday,
Did ya see me brother Angus, ah, tell me if ya can?
He was once a salt box greaseman, but now he is a policeman,
'Cause he couldn't turn his livin' as an honest workin' man. Cho.
5. Now the man who mixes mortar makes a dollar and a quarter,
And the sugar factory worker only makes a dollar ten,
Now, I've got me a neighbor who subsists on outside labor,
In winter scarcely makes enough to keep a sickly hen. Cho.

HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT



One day as I wan-dered, I heard a com-plain-in', I

saw an old wo-man the pic-ture of gloom, She

gazed at the mud on her door-step (t'was rain-in'), And

Chorus:

this was her song as she wiel-ded her broom: "O,

life is a toil_ and love is a trou-ble, Beau-ty will fade and

rich-es will flee, Plea-sures they dwin-dle and pri-ces they dou-ble, And

noth-ing is as I would wish it to be."

2. "There's too much of worriment goes in to a bonnet,
There's too much of ironin' goes to a shirt,
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt. Cho.

3. "In March it is mud, it's glucsh in December,
The midsummer breezes are laden with dust,
In fall the leaves litter, in muddy September
The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust. Cho.

4. "There are worms in the cherries and slugs on the roses
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies,
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies. Cho.

HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT (cont.)

5. "It's sweeping at six and its dusting at seven,
It's victuals at eight and it's dishes at nine,
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven,
We scarce break our fast 'til we plan how to dine. Cho.
6. "With grease and with grime, from corner to center
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt! Cho.
7. "Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever
On a far little rock in the midst of the sea,
My one chance for life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep of the waves as they swept over me. Cho.
8. "Alas, 'twas no dream--ahead I behold it,
I see I am Helpless my fate to avert."
She lay down her broom, her apron she folded.
She lay down and died and was buried in dirt. Cho.

I'LL FLY AWAY

O, some bright morn-ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a-

way, To the home on God's cel-es-tial shore, I'll fly a-

Chorus: way. I'll fly a- way, O lord-y, I'll fly a- way, in the morn- ing,

When I die, Hal- le- lu- jah bye and bye, I'll fly a- way.

2. Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away,
To the home where Jordan never ends,
I'll fly away. Cho.

3. When the shadows of this life have flown,
I'll fly away,
Like a bird from prison bars have flown,
I'll fly away. Cho.

I'M ON MY WAY

I'm on my way, (I'm on my way) To the free-dom
land, (To the free-dom land) I'm on my way, (I'm on my
way) To the free-dom land, (To the free-dom
land) I'm on my way, (I'm on my way) To the free-dom
land, (To the free-dom land) I'm on my way, Great
God, I'm on my way.

2. I'll ask my boss, (I'll ask my boss)
To let me go, (To let me go)
I'll ask my boss, (I'll ask my boss)
To let me go, (To let me go)
I'll ask my boss, (I'll ask my boss)
To let me go, (To let me go)
I'm on my way,
Great God, I'm on my way.

3. If he says no, (If he says no)
I'll go anyhow, (I'll go anyhow), etc.

4. I'll ask my brother (I'll ask my brother)
To go with me, (To go with me), etc.

5. If he says no, (If he says no)
I'll go alone, (I'll go alone), etc.

6. I'll ask my sister, (I'll ask my
sister)
To go with me, (To go with me), etc.

7. If she says no, (If she says no)
I'll go anyhow, (I'll go anyhow),
etc.

8. I'm on my way, (I'm on my way)
And I won't turn back, (And I
won't turn back), etc.

JOHN KANAKA

I thought I heard the old man say, John Ka-na-ka na-ka

Too-ri-ay, To-day, to-day is a hol-i-day, John Ka-na-ka na-ka

Chorus: *rall.* Too-ri-ay. Too-ri-ay, O, too-ri-ay, John, Ka-na-ka na-ka

Too-ri-ay.

2. We'll work termorrer but no work today,
John Kanaka-naka tooriay,
We'll work termorrer but no work today,
John Kanaka-naka tooriay.

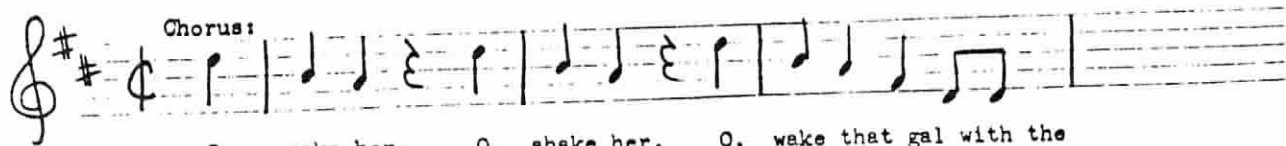
Chorus:

Tooriay, O, tooriay,
John Kanaka-naka tooriay.

3. We're bound away for Frisco Bay,
We're bound away at the break of day.
4. We're bound away around Cape Horn,
We wish to Christ we'd never been born.
5. Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away,
Oh haul away and make your pay.

JOHNNY'S COMIN' DOWN TO HILO

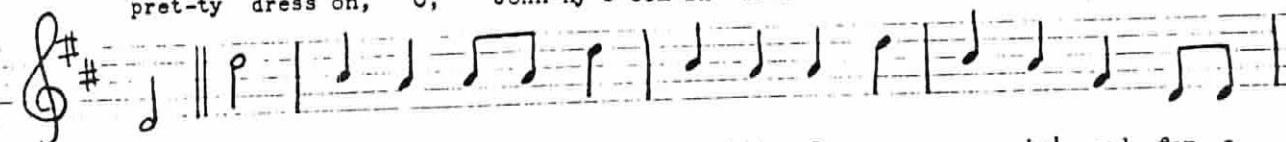
Chorus:



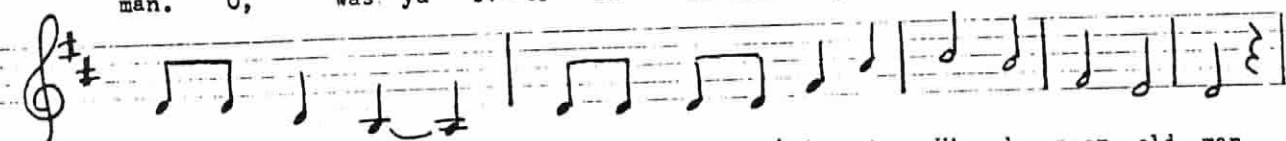
O, wake her, O, shake her, O, wake that gal with the



pret-ty dress on, O, John-ny's com-in' down to Hi-lo, poor old



man. O, was ya ev-er in Mo-bile Bay a- screw-in' cod for a



dol-lar a- day, John-ny's com-in' down to Hi-lo, poor old man.

2. I had a little girl across the sea,
She's a dark-eyed beauty and she says to me:
"Johnny's comin' down to Hilo, poor old man."

3. Aye, did you ever see such a sight so long,
That great big navvy with his sea boots on,
Johnny's comin' down to Hilo, poor old man.

KEEP THAT WHEEL A-TURNIN'

There once was a man named Wil-liam Brown, Worked for a wage in
Lon- don town, Worked from six 'til late at night, Turn-in' that wheel from
Chorus:
left to right, And he kept that wheel a- turn- in', Kept that wheel a-
turn- in', Kept that wheel a- turn-in', And doin' a lit-tle more each day.

2. Well, the boss one day to William came,
"Look, here, young lad, what's your name?
"I'm not content with the work you do,
"So go a little harder or out you go."

And keep that wheel-a-turnin',
Keep that wheel a-turnin',
Keep that wheel a-turnin',
And, do a little more each day.

3. So William turned and he made arun,
Three turns in the space of one,
He turned so hard that he soon was made,
Lord, the turner of his trade.

Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
And doin' a little more each day.

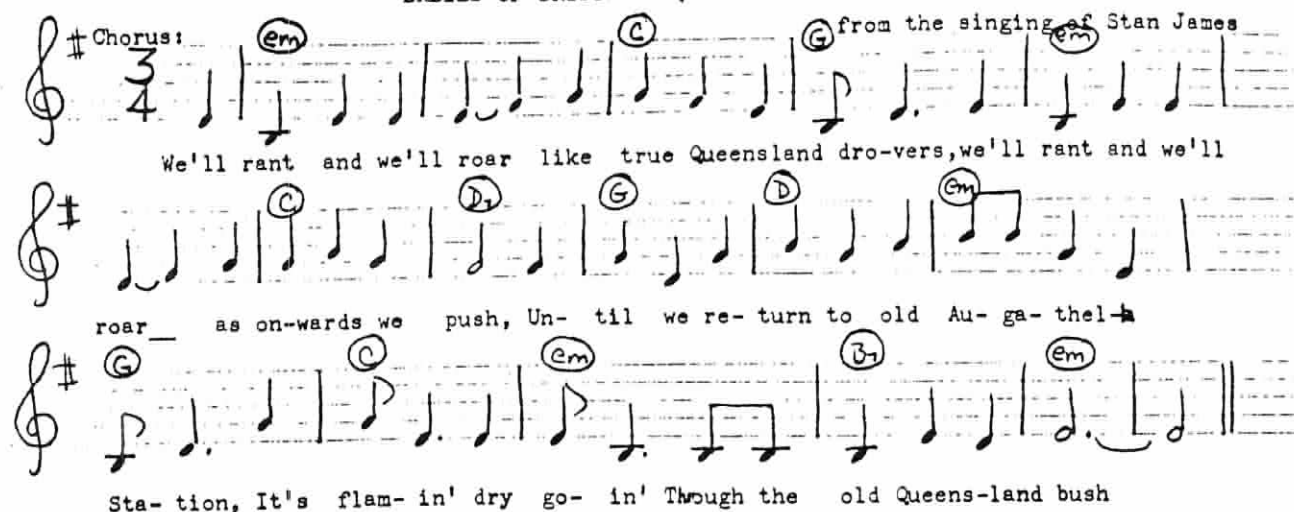
4. The nation heard of that wondrous tale,
The news appeared in a sketch in the mail,
The railways ran excursions down,
Just to look at William Brown,

Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
Keepin' that wheel a-turnin',
And doin' a little more each day.

5. Well, sad the sequel is to tell,
He made more goods than the boss could sell,
The market slumped and the price went down,
Seven more days and they fired young Brown,

Sayin', "Stop that wheel a-turnin',
"Stop that wheel a-turnin',
"Stop that wheel a-turnin',
"Or you'll soon be on half-pay!"

LADIES OF BRISBANE (AUGATHELLA STATION)

Chorus: 

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland dro-vers, we'll rant and we'll
 roar as on-wards we push, Un-til we re-turn to old Au-ga-thel-la
 Sta-tion, It's flam-in' dry go-in' Through the old Queens-land bush

2. Farewell and adieu, to you, Brisbane Ladies,
 Farewell and-adieu, to-the girls of Toowong,
 For we've sold all our cattle and have to be movin',
 We hope to be seein' you again before long. Cho.
3. Well, the first camp-we make, we'll call it the Quart-pot,
 Caboolture, then Kilcoy and Colinton's Hut,
 We'll pull into Stonehouse, Bob Williamson's paddock,
 And early nextmorning we'll cross the Blackbutt. Cho.
4. Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,
 'Tis there we will make our first camp-for-the-day,
 Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads,
 Maybe we'll butcher a fat little strey. Cho.
5. Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township,
 Where the out-of-work station hands sit in the dust,
 And the shearer's get shorn by old Tim, the contractor,
 O, I wouldn't go by there, but I flamin' well must. Cho.
6. Now the girls of Toomancey, they look so entrancin',
 The young bawling heifers are out for their fun,
 With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancin',
 To the racketty old banjo of Kennery Gunn. Cho.
7. So fill-up your glasses and drink to the lasses,
 We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to them all,
 And when we get back to old Augathella Station,
 We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call. Cho.

LEAVIN' OF LIVERPOOL

Fare- well to you my own true love, I am go-ing far a-
 way, I am bound out for Ca- li- for-ni- a, But I
 Chorus: know that I'll re- turn some- day. So, fare thee well, my
 own true love, When I re-turn u- ni-ted we will be, It's not the
 lea- vin' of Li- ver-pool that grieves me But my
 dar- lin' when I think on thee.

2. I've signed on a Yankee Clipper ship,
 Davy Crockett is her name,
 And Burgess is the captain of her,
 And I'm told she's a floating shame. Cho.

3. I have sailed with Burgess once before,
 And I think I know him well,
 If a man is a seaman, we will be all right,
 But if not, then we are sure in hell.

4. The sun is on the harbor now,
 And I wish I could remain,
 But I know that it will be some long, long time,
 Before I see you again. Cho.

LIVERPOOL JUDY

From Liv-er- pool to Fris-co a- rov-in' I went, To
 stay in that coun-try it was my in- tent, Bought girls and strong
 whis- key like o- ther damn fools, I soon was trans-port- ed back
 to Liv- er- pool, And it's row, row, bul- lies, row, Them

Liv- er- pool Jud- ies have got us in tow.

2. We signed on the Alaska lying out in the bay, —
 A-waiting for fair wind to get under way,
 The sailors all drunk and their backs is all sore,
 The whiskey's all gone and they can't get no more, Cho.
3. I remember on night we were crossing the line,
 When I think of it now, sure we had a good time,
 We were running bows under, the sailors all wet,
 We were doing twelve knots with the main tops'l set, Cho.
4. And now we've arrived at the Bramleyport dock,
 All the fair maids and lassies around us to flock,
 Our whiskey's all gone and our six quid advance,
 I think it's high time for to get up and dance. Cho.

LYKE - WAKE DIRGE

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

This ae nighte, This ae nighte, An- y nighte and alle,

This ae nighte, This ae nighte, An- y nighte and alle,

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

This ae nighte, This ae nighte An- y nighte and alle,

fire and sleet and can- dle lighte, and Christe re-ceive thy saule.

fire and sleet and can- dle lighte, and Christe re-ceive thy saule.

fire and sleet and can- dle lighte, and Christe re-ceive thy saule.

2. If thou from here away doest passe,
Any nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

5. If thou from there away doest passe,
Any nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

3. If thou gavest ever hosen or shoon,
Any nighte and alle,
Then sit thee doon and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

6. If thou gavest ever meat or drink,
Any nighte and alle,
The fire will never make the shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

4. But if hosen or shoon thou ne'er gaest nane,
Any nighte and alle,
The whinny will pricke thee to thy bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

7. But if meat or drink thou gavest nane,
Any nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to thy bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

(Repeat 1st verse.)

MARY ANN

Chorus:

It's fare thee well, my own true love, Fare thee well a-
while, For the ship is a- wait-in' and the wind blows free, And I'm
bound a- way for the sea, my dear Ma- ry Ann.

2. Ten thousand miles away from home,
Ten thousand miles or more,
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn,
If I never more return to you, Mary Ann. Cho.

3. Do you see that crow that flies on high?
She will surely turn to white,
If I ever prove false to you, my love,
Bright morn will turn to night, my dear Mary Ann. Cho.

4. Your company, my dearest dear,
So pleasant it is to me,
It makes me think when I'm away,
That every day is three, my dear Mary Ann. Cho.

5. I wish my breast were made of glass,
Wherein you might behold,
The secrets of my love are writ,
In letters made of gold, my dear Mary Ann. Cho.

6. Do you see the grass that under your feet,
Arise and grow again?
But love it is a killing thing,
Did you ever feel the pain, my dear Mary Ann?

Peter Krug

2. Up in the morning an hour before dawning,
Stretching and yawning, rubbing sleep from their eyes,
The last stars still quivering and the morning breeze shivering,
The sun is still lighting the easternmost sky,
Soon in the big open trucks they will travel,
Crowded together and crammed in like cattle,
Over pavement, over gravel, over dirt roll the wheels,
Out to the orchards, the vineyards, the fields. Cho.

MIGRANT SONG (cont.)

3. Soon in the long rows the swift hands are toiling,
In the day's growing heat and the dusty rows boiling,
And the sun presses down like a hot heavy hand,
On the backs of the laborers working the land,
In the shade of the oak tree by the side of the field rows,
Dirty and shoeless, the young children play,
While fathers and mothers, older sisters and brothers,
Toil on their knees in the heat of the day. Cho.

4. Down from the highway come men in brown uniforms,
Questioning, checking and searching and soon,
One or two whose papers are not in order,
Will be gone from the crew in the hot afternoon,
But when the sun has descended and the long day is ended,
It's back to the trucks, wiping sweat from their eyes,
Tired and weary and covered all over,
With fruit juice and brown dust and sweat and black flies. Cho.

5. When there's crops in the field rows and grapes in the vineyards,
And the limbs in the orchards bow low to the ground,
There's food on the table and clothes for the children,
And singing and dancing and joy all around,
But when skies gray as iron and the icy wind's whistling,
Frost in the fields, and no work's to be found,
In the cold night they huddle and with hunger they struggle,
'Til spring brings back sweetness and life to the ground. Cho.

MR. FOX

John Pole

Out- side Mis-ter Fo- x's gar- den Three maids
playin' with a
gol- den ball, Jen- ny threw it up and Su- san
caught it, Ma- ry bounced it o- ver the wall, The
wall is high, Mis- ter Fox has a lit- tle red eye.

Outside Mr. Fox's garden, three maids playin' with a golden ball,
Jenny threw it up and Susan caught it; Mary bounced it over the wall,
The wall is high, Mr. Fox has a little red eye.

In she ran to fetch her ball again, the garden gate stood open wide,
It silently closed and locked behind her, Mr. Fox stood just inside,
The wall is high, his eyes are cruel and his smile is sly.

He says, "I'll keep this golden ball, Miss Mary. I shall have it and here you
shall stay,

"You will keep my house and be my servant, never stray out for a year and a day."
The wall is high. The grasses shiver and the palm trees sigh.

Spring and summer passed like shadows. She saw the green leaves fade and fall,
She walked alone in the empty garden. Mr. Fox said nothing at all.
The wall is high. Never a soul from near nor by.

But three strange things he did forbid her:

"Never touch my iron box. Never go near the thirteenth bedroom.

"Nor near the bed," said Mr. Fox.

The wall is high. Mary, don't you dare ask why.

Mary, she rose up one morning, found an iron box on the shelf,

But of all the rooms of Mr. Fox's, bedrooms there were only twelve.

The wall is high, Mary don't you peep nor cry.

One day Mr. Fox went walkin'. In that box she found a key.

It fitted a door she'd never unfastened. And when she opened it, what did she see
The wall is high. The key said run and the door said fly.

In Mr. Fox's thirteenth bedroom a naked sword hung on the wall.

In a silver bowl on the bed's black counterpane there she espied her golden ball.
The wall is high. The bed said, "Come," and the sword said, "Die."

MR. FOX (cont.)

In she ran to fetch her ball again, to snatch it off that great black bed.
Out jumped Mr. Fox and lept at her. His teeth flashed white and his eyes
burned red,
The wall is high.

NELLY WAS A LADY Stephen Foster

Down by the Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I
tra-velled on the way. All night, the cot-ton wood a-
tot-ing, Sing for my true love all the day. Nel-ly was a
la-dy, Last night she died, Tell the bell for love-ly Nell, My
sweet Vir-gin-ny bride.

2. When I'd see my Nelly in the morning,
Smiled 'til she opened up her eyes,
Seemed like the light of day was dawning,
Just 'fore the sun begun to rise. Cho.

3. Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote the cottonwood no more,
Last night while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at her door. Cho.

THE NIGHTINGALE

As I was a- walk-in' and a- ram-blin' one day, Well, I
spied a fair- cou-ple so fond-ly did stray, And the one was a
fair- maid so bright and so fair, And the oth- er was a
sol- dier and a brave gren-a- dier, And they kissed so sweet and com-fort-in' as they
clung to each- oth- er, Walk-in' arm in arm down the road like a sis- ter and
broth-er, Walk-in' arm in arm down the road till they came to a
stream, And then they both sat down to- geth-er, love, to hear the night-in-gale sing.

2. Then out from his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle,
And he played such a merry tune that you ever did hear,
He played such a merry tune that the valleys did ring,
O, softly cried the fair maid, "Hear the nightingale sing." Cho.
3. And then cried the fair maid, "Would you marry me?"
"O, no," cried the soldier, "however can that be?"
"For I've a young wife at home in the old coun-ter-ee,
"And she's the fairest little thing that you ever did see." Cho.
4. "Now, I'm off to India for seven long years,
"Drinkin' wine and strong whiskey instead of pale beer,
"And if ever I return again, it'll be in the spring,
"And then we'll both sit down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing." Cho.

ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW

One man shall mow my meadow Two men shall gather it together, and one more shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams, and gather my wool together.

2. Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together.
Four men, three men, two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my wool together

3. Five men shall mow my meadow,
Six men shall gather it together.
Six men, five men, four men, three men,
two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my wool together.

4. Seven men shall mow my meadow,
Eight men shall gather it together.
Eight men, six men, four men,
two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my wool together.

ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT HAT

Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee? On

Il- kla Moor baht hat,

Where hast thou been since I saw thee?

Where hast thou been since I saw

Where hast thou been since I saw thee? On

thee? Where hast thou been since I saw

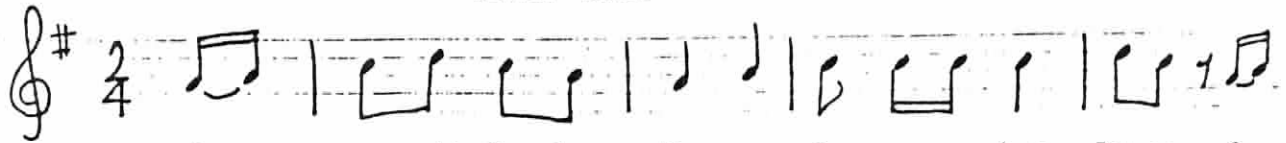
Il- kla Moor baht hat, baht hat, On Il- kla Moor baht hat, On

thee? baht hat, On Il- kla Moor baht hat, On

Il- kla Moor baht hat.

Il- kla Moor baht hat.

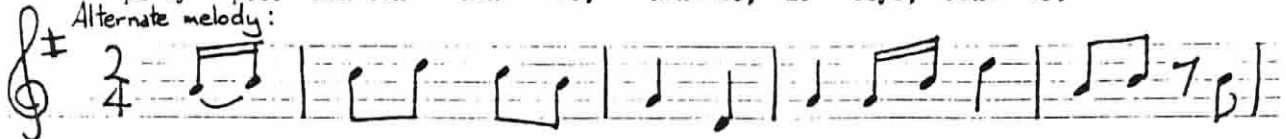
REUBEN RANZO



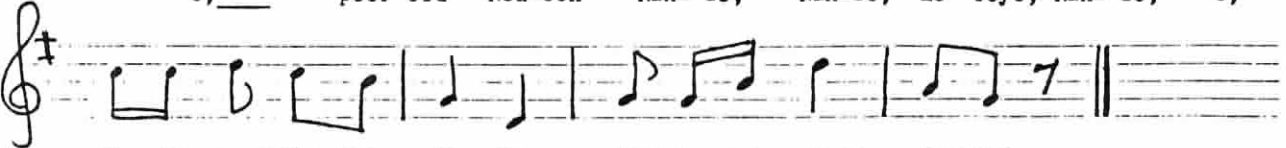
O, _ poor old Reu- ben Ran- zo, Ran- zo, me boys, Ran- zo, O,



pi- ty poor Reu- ben Ran- zo, Ran- zo, me boys, Ran- zo!



O, _ poor old Reu- ben Ran- zo, Ran- zo, me boys, Ran- zo, O,



pi- ty poor Reu- ben Ran- zo, Ran- zo, me boys, Ran- zo!

2. Oh Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo,
He shipped on board a whaler,
Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!

13. They gave him an extra
ratin',
And they made him fit for
his station.

3. Oh, Ranzo couldn't steer her,
Did you ever see anything queerer?

14. They made him the best
sailor,
A-sailin' on a whaler,

4. He washed once in a fortnight,
He claimed it was his birthright.

15. Ranzo's now the skipper,
Of a Yankee whaler.

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

16. He married the old man's
daughter,

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

And he still sails on
blue water.

7. Reuben Ranzo fainted,
His back with oil was painted.

17. Now he's known wherever
those whalefish-blow,
As the hardest bastard on
the go.

8. The captain gave him thirty,
But his daughter begged for mercy.

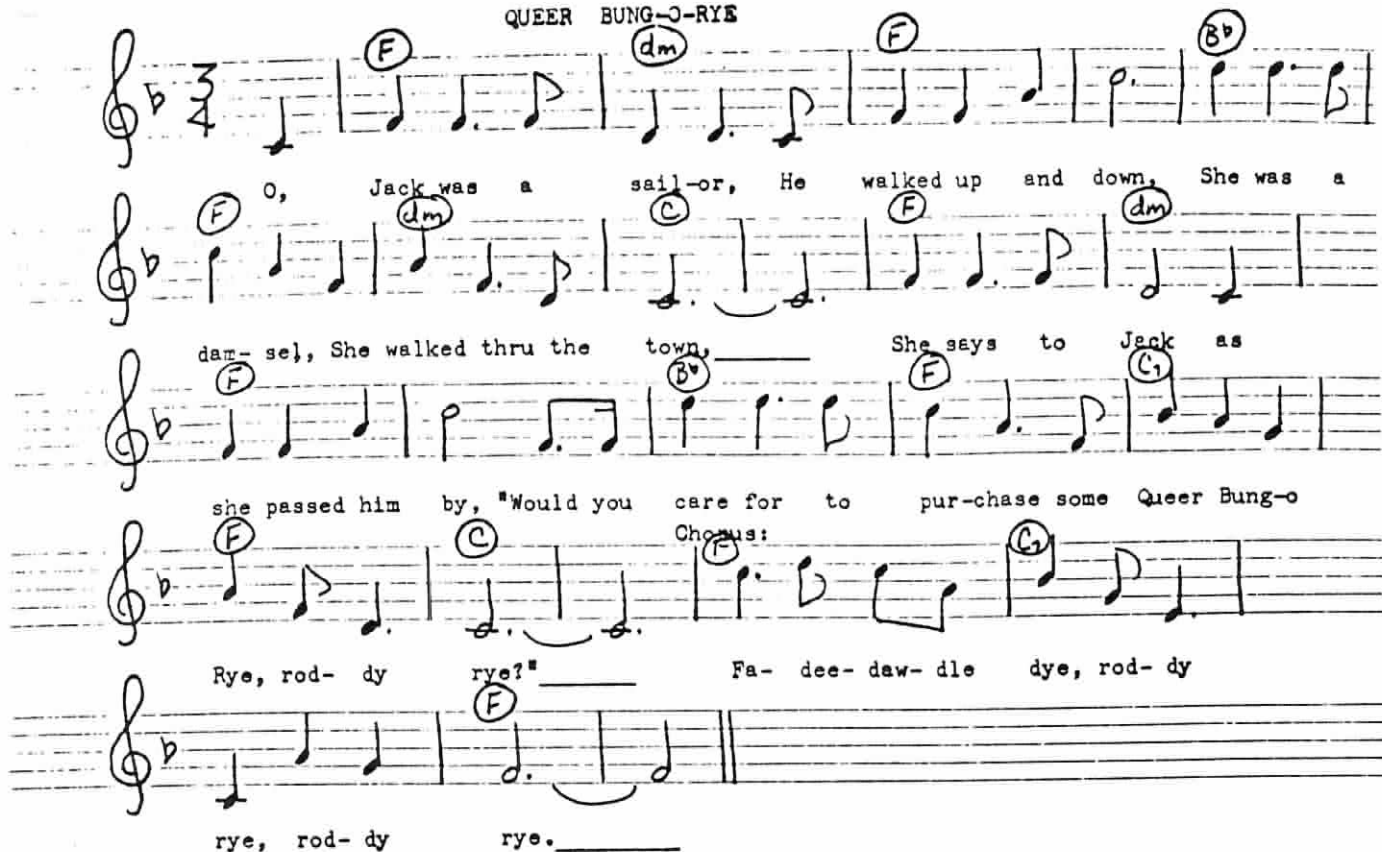
9. She took him to the cabin,
And she tried to ease his achin'.

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

11. She gave him rum an' whiskey,
Which made him feel so frisky.

12. She taught him navigation,
An' gave him eddication.

QUEER BUNG-O-RYE



O, Jack was a sail-or, He walked up and down, She was a dam-sel, She walked thru the town, She says to Jack as she passed him by, "Would you care for to pur-chase some Queer Bung-o Rye, rod- dy rye?" Fa- dee- daw- dle dye, rod- dy rye, rod- dy rye.

2. Jack says to himself, "Well, what can this be?
"But the finest of whiskey's from High Germany.
"Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
"And the name that it goes by is Queer Bungo-Rye, rod- dy rye." Cho.
3. Jack gave her a pound for he thought nothing strange,
She said, "Hold the basket while I run for your change."
Jack peeked in the basket, a child he did spy,
"I'll be damned," he did cry, "this is Queer Bungo-Rye, rod- dy rye." Cho.
4. To get the child christened was Jack's next intent,
To get the child christened, to the person he went,
Says the person to Jack, "What will he go by?"
"I'll be damned," he did cry, "call him Queer Bungo-Rye, rod- dy rye." Cho.
5. Says the person to Jack, "That's a mighty queer name."
"I'll be damned," he cried, "it's a queer way he came."
"Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
"And the name that he'll go by is Queer Bungo-Rye, rod- dy rye." Cho.
6. So all you young sailors who go off to town,
Beware of your damsels who skip up and down,
And peek in their baskets before 'ere you buy.
Or else you might purchase some Queer Bungo-Rye, rod- dy rye. Cho.

PHYLLIS

wait- ing for her shep- herd lo- ver, Fal- de- rol-dee, ti

rol- de- rol day, Lit- tle Phyl- lis took to co- ver ,

Fal- de- rol- dee, ti rol- de- rol day, In- to the bu- shes

she- did creep, And while wait- ing fell a- sleep,

Fal- de- rol- dee, ti rol- de- rol day, Fal- de- rol- dee, ti

rol- de- rol day.

2. But her mother grew suspicious,
Fol-de-rol-dee, ti rol-de-rol day,
Stolen fruits are so delicious,
Fol-de-rol-dee, ti rol-de-rol day,
Followed after her daughter fair,
Found the infant lingering there,
Fal-de-rol-dee, ti rol-de-rol day,
Fal-de-rol-dee, ti rol-de-rol day.
3. Pleased to find how well she'd taught her, etc.
Mother, wise, she kissed her daughter, etc.
"Oh," sighed Phyllis, half awake,
"Daemon, dear, how long you take," etc.
4. Hear the angry mother screaming, etc.
Frightening Phyllis from her
dreaming, etc.
"Brazen hussy, you fooled me so,
"To a convent you must go," etc.
5. Phyllis shivered with misgiving, etc.
"That's not my idea of living, etc..
"And if love is wrong," said she,
"Tell me how I came to be," etc.

ROLLIN'

There lived an old lord by the Nor-thern Sea. Roll- lin, _

Roll- lin', And he had daugh-ters one, two and

three, Down by the wa-ters a- rol-lin'.

2. Two little sisters, side by side,
Rollin', rollin',
The oldest one for Johnny cried.
Down by the waters a-rollin',
3. Now, Johnny brought the old on a beaver hat, etc.
The youngest one she thought hard on that, etc.
4. Then Johnny brought the young one a gay, gold ring,
He didn't bring the old one a single thing.
5. "O, sister, O, sister, come walk the seashore,
"And see the ships as they sail o'er."
6. Two little sisters walking downstream,
The oldest one pushed the young one in.
7. Down she sank and away she swam,
She floated on down to the miller's dam.
8. The miller, he took off her gay, gold ring,
And pushed her back into the water again.
9. The miller was hung on the gallows so high,
The oldest sister she was hung close by.
10. Thus endeth my tale of the North Countrie,
It is known as the Berkshire Tragedy.

ROLLIN' HOME

Chorus:

Rol- lin' home, Rol- lin' home, Rol- lin' home a-cross the sea, Rol- lin' home to dear old Eng- land, Rol- lin' home dear land to thee. Call all hands to mend the cap- stan, See the ca- ble run-ning clear, Heave a-way and with a will boys, For old Eng- land we will steer. (Cho.)

2. 'Round Cape Horn, one frosty morning,
And our sails were full of snow,
Clear your sheets and sway your halyard,
Swing her out and let her go. Cho.

3. Up aloft, amid the riggin',
Blows a wild and a rushin' gale,
Like a monsoon in the springtime,
Filling out each well-known sail. Cho.

4. Many thousand miles behind us,
Many thousand miles to go,
Ocean lifts her winds to bring us,
To that well-remembered shore. Cho.

5. And the waves we leave behind us,
Seem to murmur as they blow,
There's a hearty welcome waiting,
In that land to which we go. Cho.

ROLL ON, COLUMBIA

Woody Guthrie

Woody Guthrie

Green Doug-las fir where the wa-ters cut through, Down the wild

moun-tains and can-yons she flew, Can-a-dian North-west to the

o-cean so blue, It's roll on, Co-lum-bia, roll on!___

Chorus:

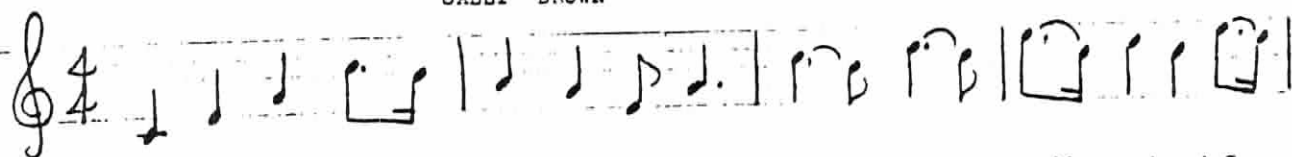
Roll on,___ Co-lum-bia, roll on! Roll on,___ Co-

lum-bia, roll on! Your pow-er is turn-ing our dark-ness to

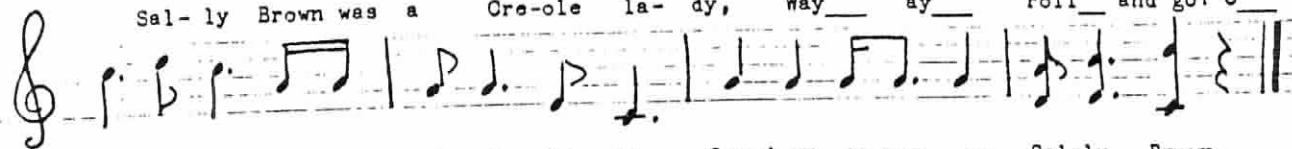
dawn, So roll on, Co-lum-bia, roll on!

2. Other great rivers add power to you,
The Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too,
Sandy Willamette, and Hood River, too;
So, roll on Columbia, roll on! Cho.
3. And on up the river stands Grand Coulee Dam,
The mightiest thing ever built by a man,
To run the great factories and water the land,
It's roll on Columbia, roll on. Cho.
4. At Bonneville, now, there are ships in the locks,
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks,
Ship-load a-plenty will steam past the docks,
So, roll on, Columbia, roll on! Cho.
5. These mighty men labored by day and by night,
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight,
Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on!

SALLY BROWN



Sal-ly Brown was a Cre-ole la- dy, Way_ ay_ roll_ and go! O_



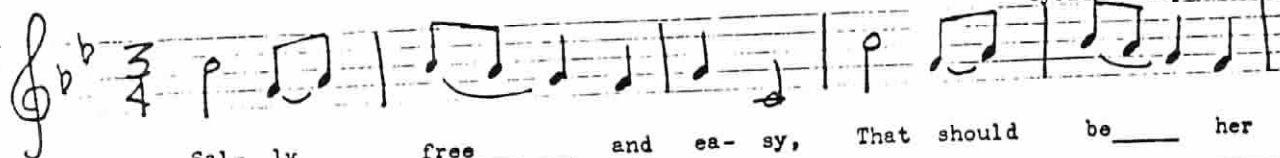
Sal-ly Brown was a Cre-ole la- dy, Spend my mo-ney on Sal-ly Brown.

2. She had a farm on the Isle of Jamaica,
Way, ay, roll and go!
Where she raised sugar cane and tabacca,
Spend my money on Sally-Brown.

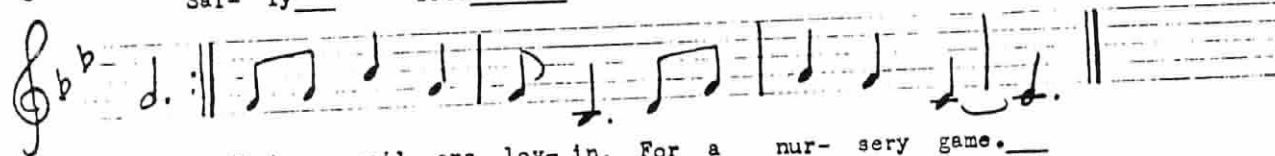
3. For seven long years I courted Sally,
Way, ay, roll and go!
O, Sally dear, why didn't you have me?
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

SALLY FREE AND EASY

Cyril Tawney



Sal- ly_ free_ and ea- sy, That should be_ her



name, Took a sail- ors lov- in, For a nur- sery game._

2. O, the heart she gave me, was not made of stone, (repeat)
It was sweet and hollow, like a honeycomb.

3. Think I'll wait till sunset, see the Ensign down, (repeat)
Then I'll take the tideway to my burying-ground.

4. Sally free and easy, that should be her name, (repeat)
When my body's landed, hope she dies of shame.

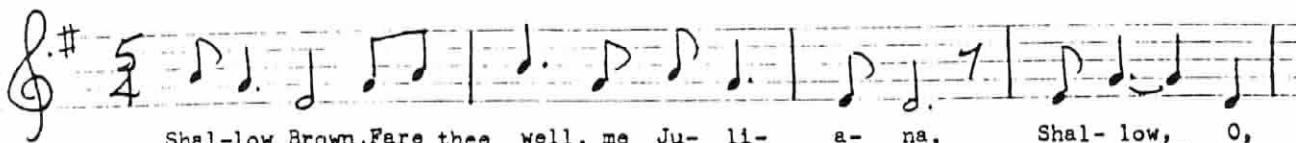
(repeat first verse)

SHALLOW BROWN

from the singing of Dick Holdstock



Fare thee well, me Ju-li-a-na, Shal-low, O,



Shal-low Brown, Fare thee well, me Ju-li-a-na, Shal-low, O,



Shal-low Brown.

2. And it's Shallow in the morning,
Shallow, O, Shallow Brown,
Just as the day was dawning,
Shallow, O, Shallow Brown.

3. I've put me clothes in order, etc.
For our packet leaves termorrer, etc.

4. Yes, our packet leaves termorrer,
And it fills me heart with sorrer.

5. For-I love to gaze upon ye,
And to spend me money on ye.

6. O, you are me only treasure,
And I loves ye still full measure.

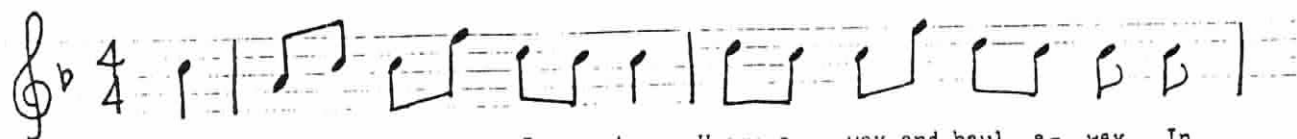
7. In me cradle lies me baby,
Don't want no other lady.

8. O, me wife and baby grieve me,
It breaks me heart to leave ye.

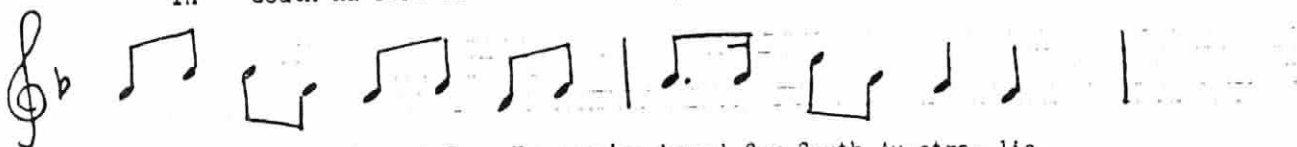
9. For I'm bound away to leave ye,
And I never will deceive ye.

10. Fare thee well, me Juliana,
Fare thee well, me Juliana.

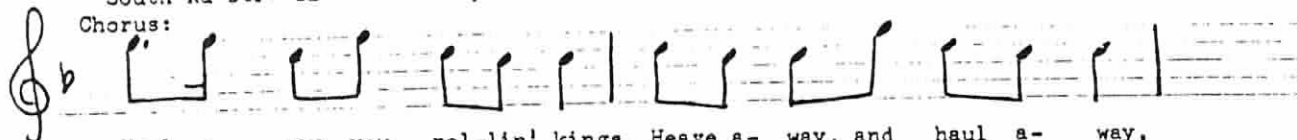
SOUTH AUSTRALIA



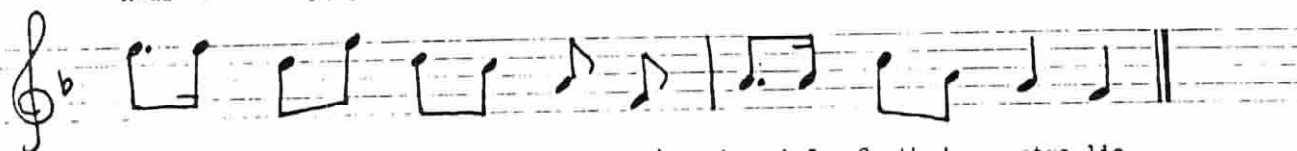
In South Au-stra-lia I was born, Heave a- way, and haul a- way, In



South Au-stra-lia 'round Cape Horn we're bound for South Au-stra- lia.



Haul a- way, you rol-lin' kings, Heave a- way, and haul a- way,



Haul a- way, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Au- stra-lia.

2. As I walked out one morning fair,
Heave away and haul away,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair,
We're bound for South Australia. Cho.

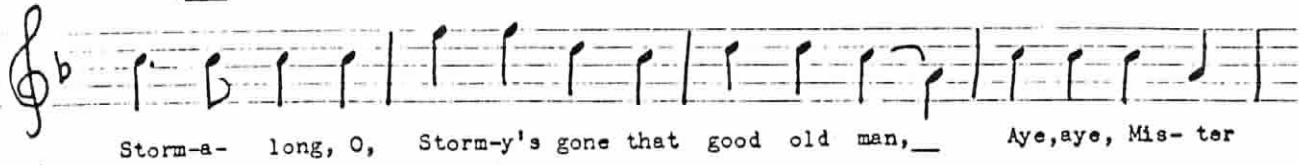
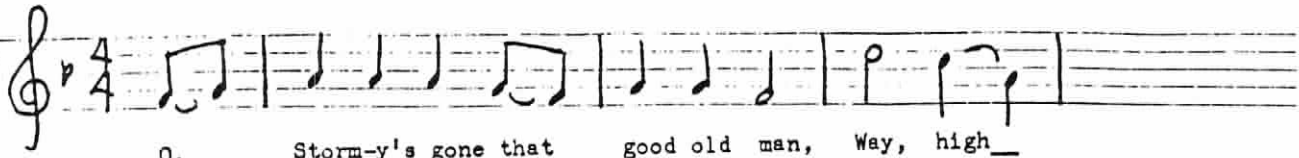
3. I shook her up, I shook her down,
I shook her round and round the town.

4. There ain't but one thing grieves me mind,
That's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

5. And as you wallop around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.

6. In South Australia I was born,
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn.

STORMALONG



2. O, a good old skipper to his crew, etc.
An able sailor, brave and true, etc.

3. O, we'll dig his grave with a silver spade, etc.
Of the finest silk his shroud will be made, etc.

4. O, he's moored at last and he's furled his sails, etc.
He's free from wrecks and far from gales, etc.

5. O, Stormy's heard that bugle call, etc.
So sing this dirge, now, one and all, etc.

STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

I'm go-in' a-way to leave you, love, I'm gain' a-way for a while, But I'll re-turn to you some-time, Tho' I go ten thou-sand miles, The storms are on the o-ccean, The hea-vens will cease to be, The world may lose it's mo-tion, love, if I prove false to thee.

2. Who's gonna shoe your pretty little foot?
And who's gonna glove your hand?
Who's gonna kiss your red rosy cheeks
When I'm in a far off land? Cho.

3. Well, papa's gonna shoe my pretty little foot,
Mama's gonna glove my hand,
And you will kiss my red rosy cheeks,
When you return from that far distant land. Cho.

4. O, do you see that turtle dove
That flies from pine to pine?
She's mournin' for her own true love,
As I do mourn for mine. Cho.

TEXAS RIVER SONG

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a song titled "TEXAS RIVER SONG". The music is written on seven staves, each containing a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters in circles above the staff: C, F, G7, and C.

We crossed the broad Pe- cos, we ford-ed the Con-cho, we swam the Guad-a
lu-pe , we fol-lowed the Braz- os, Red Riv- er runs rug- ty the
Wich- i- ta clear, But down by the Braz- os I court-ed my
Chorus:
dear. Then li- li- li- lee- lee- lee, give me your hand,
li- li- li- lee- lee- lee, give me your ha t. Li- li- li-
lee- lee- lee- give me your hand, There's man-y a riv-er that
(3. The Trini-ty was mud-dy the
wa- ters the land.
Braz-os quick sand.)

2. 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. Cho.
3. 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. Cho.
4. 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 Nechez there's girls by the score,
But down by the Brazos, I'll wander no more. Cho.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And

there my true love sits him down, sits him down, And he takes an- oth- er
Chorus:

girl u- pon his knee, And nev- er, ev-er thinks of me. Fare thee

well for I must leave thee do not let this part-ing grieve thee, And re-

mem- ber that the best of friends must part, must part.

2. Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee. Cho.

3. Go dig my grave both-wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put a tombstone at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a little turtle dove,
And tell the world that I died for love. Cho.

(repeat verse #2)

THOUSANDS OR MORE

The time pass-es ov- er more cheer- ful and gay, Since we've
 learnt a new act to drive sor- ows a- way. Sor-rows a-
 way, sor- rows a- way, sor- rows a- way,
 Since we've learnt a new act to drive sor- ows a- way.

2. Bright Phoebe awakes so high in the sky,
 With her red rosy cheeks and her spark-e-ling eye.
 Spark-e-ling eye, spark-e-ling eye, spark-e-ling eye.
 With her red rosy cheeks and her spark-e-ling eye.

3. If you ask for my credit, you'll find I have none,
 With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.
 Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home.
 With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.

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

THREE JOLLY ROGUES OF LYNN

In the good old col-on-y days, when we lived un- der the

king, Lived a mil-ler and a wea-ver and a lit-tle tai-lor, Three

Chorus:

jol-ly rogues of Lynn, Three jol-ly rogues of Lynn, Three jol-ly rogues of

Lynn, Lived a mil-ler and a wea-ver and a lit-tle tai-lor, Three

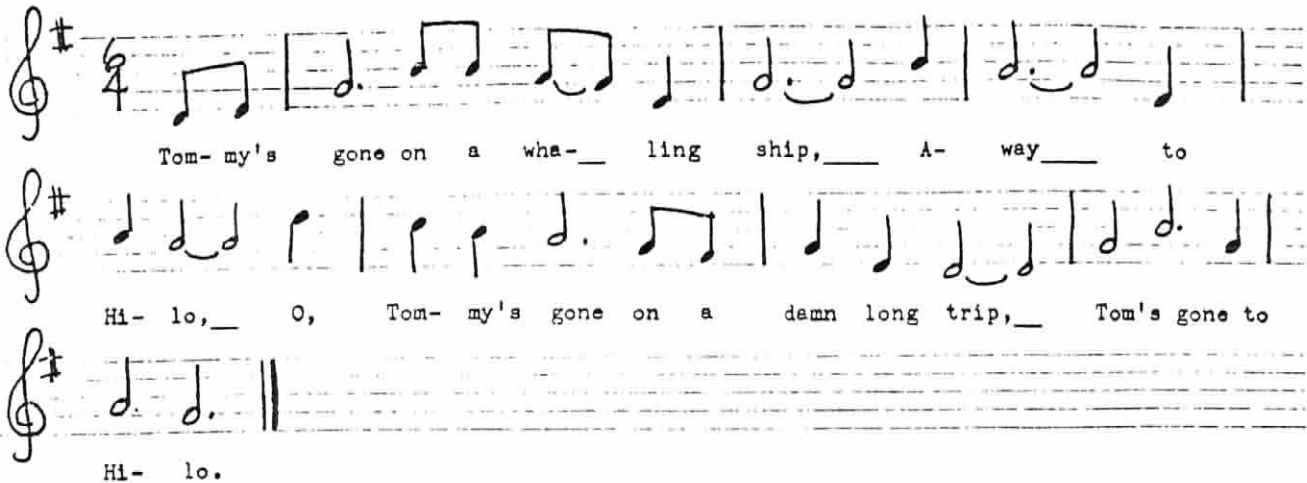
jol-ly rogues of Lynn.

2. O, the miller, he stole grain,
And the weaver, he stole yarn,
And the little tailor, he stole broadcloth,
For to keep those three rogues warm. Cho.

3. Now the miller drowned in the dam,
And the weaver hung in his yarn,
And the devil clapped his claw on the little tailor,
With his broadcloth under his arm. Cho.

4. Now, the miller still drowns in his dam,
And the weaver still hangs in his yarn,
And the little tailor, he skips through Hell,
With his broadcloth under his arm. Cho.

TOM'S GONE TO HILO



Tom- my's gone on a wha- ling ship, A- way to

Hi- lo, O, Tom- my's gone on a damn long trip, Tom's gone to

Hi- lo.

2. He never kissed his girl goodbye,
Away to Hilo,
He left her and he told her why,
Tom's gone to Hilo.
3. She'd robbed him blind and left him broke,
He'd had enough, gave her the poke.
4. His half it went, it went like chaff,
She hung around for the other half.
5. She drank and boozed his pay away,
With her weather eye on his next payday.
6. Tommy's gone and left her flat,
Tommy's gone and he won't come back.

WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true born young whal-er men, We'll
rant and we'll roar both on deck or be- low, Un- til we see
bot- tom in- side of two sink- ers, Then straight up the chan- nel to
Hus- ca we'll go.

1. I've been a sea cock and I've been a clipperman,
I can sing, I can dance, I can wald a jib boom,
I can handle a harpoon and cut a fine figure,
Whenever I get in a boat's standing room. Cho.

2. I was in Tacahuana last year in a whaler,
I bought some hold brooches for the girls in the bay,
I bought me a clay pipe, they called it a meerschaum,
But it melted like butter on the first sunny day. Cho.

3. I went to a dance on night in old Tumbes,
There was plenty of girls there as fine as you wish,
There was one pretty maiden a-chewing tobacco,
Just like a young kitten a-chewing fresh fish. Cho.

4. Here's a health to the girls of old Tacahuana,
Here's a health to the maidens of far-off Mowill,
And let ye be merry, don't be melancholy,
I would marry ye all if it ever could be. Cho.

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

O, the sum-mer time is com-ing, And the trees are sweet-ly bloom-ing, And the
wild moun-tain thyme grows a- round the pur-ple hea-ther, Will you go, lass-ie
Chorus
go? And we'll all go to- geth-er, To pluck wild moun-tain thyme All
round the bloom-ing heath-er, Will you go, lass-ie go?

2. I will build my love a bower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will you go, lassie, go? Cho.

3. If my true love she is gone,
I would surely find another
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go? Cho.

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild ro- ver for man- y long years, And I've
 spent all me mon-ey on whis-key and bear, And now I have
 sil- ver and gold in great store, And I ne- ver shall play the wild
 ro- ver no more, And it's no, nay, ne- ver, No, nay,
 ne- ver no more, Will I play the wild ro- ver, No,
 ne- ver, no more.

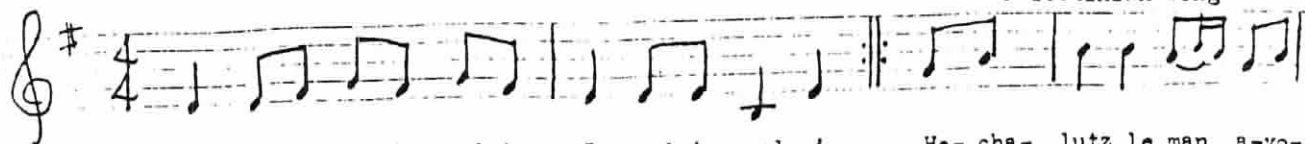
2. I went into an alehouse that I used to frequent,
 And I told the landlady me money was spent,
 I asked for a bottle, but her answer was, "Nay",
 "Such a customer as you I can get any day." Cho.

3. Then out of me pocket I pulled sovereigns bright,
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
 She says, "I have whiskey and wines of the best,
 "And the words that I used, sure, t'were only in jest." Cho.

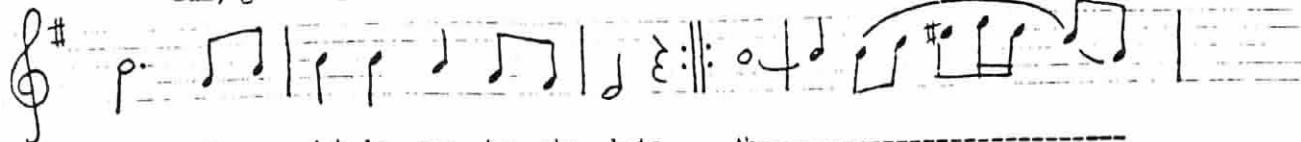
4. I'll return to me parents and confess what I've done,
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
 And if they embrace me as oftimes before,
 Then I never shall play the wild rover no more. Cho.

ZUM GALI GALI

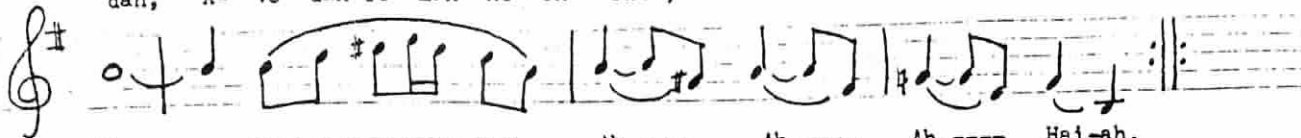
Palestinian song



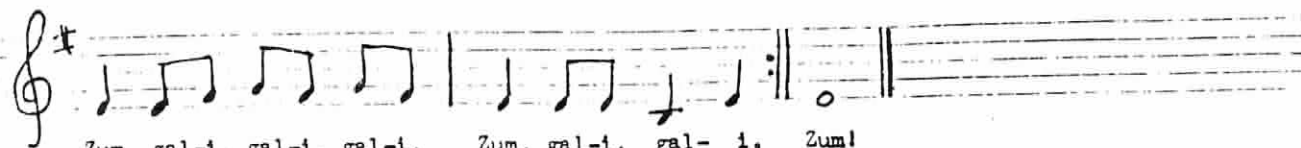
Zum, gal-i, gal-i, gal-i, Zum, gal-i, gal-i, He-cha- lutz le man a-vo-



dah, A- vo- dah le man he-cha- lutz, Ah-----



Ah----- Ah,---- Ah,---- Ah,---- Hai-ah,



Zum, gal-i, gal-i, gal-i, Zum, gal-i, gal-i, Zum!

2. Hechalutz le man heb'tulah,
Hab'tulah le man hechalutz.