THE SONG BOOK OF THE CENTURY

WAHOO

I have edited this song book to give to our University a collection of songs such that the corporate spirit so developed amongst those who sing these songs, while gathered together around a piano or a keg or both, may weld our student body into a whole, and build with fervour and pride a true University spirit and tradition.

I submit to you—WAHOO—1959. 

Peter J. Knight.

P.S.: I have here apologies from many, whom, I am afraid, for various reasons could not be here tonight.

They are:

Eskimo Nell
Ring de Bell Verger
Jerusalem — the harlot of;
Angeline — sweet little;
The Monk of Priory Hall

and a cast of many thousands . . .

P.P.S.: Thanks to all those who gave advice — and the publishers, Messrs. Allan & Co.

GUILD OF UNDERGRADUATES
UNIVERSITY OF W.A.
PERTH
I dedicate this book
to
MY WIFE
CONTENTS

TRADITIONAL UNIVERSITY SONGS
1. Gaudeamus
2. Processional
3. Our Varsity

COLLEGE SONGS
4. Bless Them All
5. Down At The Hostel
6. Women’s College Song

FACULTY SONGS
7. Education Song
8. Engineers Song
9. Arts Union Song
10. Law Song
11. Dental Song
12. Science Song

STUDENTS SONGS
13. Advice to Freshmen
14. Alouette
15. Abdul
16. After the Ball
17. Alcoholics Anthem
18. Bible Stories
19. Bashful Maiden
20. The Ball at Blackstone Hall
21. Beering Again
22. Caviare
23. Cellars of Old Valley Forge
24. The Departing Stude
25. Drinking
26. Ducks
27. Double-Bunking
28. Egg Song
29. Drinking Song
30. Gory Gory
31. Going Back
32. Hark he Hears the Cow-Bells Ringing
33. Here’s to Good Old Whisky
34. High Finance
35. I’ll Help you Home
36. It’s a Long Way to Tipperary
37. Little Brown Jug
38. Lincolnshire Poacher
FOLK AND TRADITIONAL SONGS

55. Ain't Gonna Grieve Ma Lord
56. Annie Laurie
57. All Through the Night
58. A-Roving
59. Auld Lang Syne
60. The Ash Grove
61. Bonnie Doon
62. Botany Bay
63. Billy Boy
64. Blow the Man Down
65. Bluetail Fly
66. Clementine
67. Camp Town Races
68. Click Go the Shears
69. Cockels and Mussels
70. Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl
71. Christmas Day in the Work House
72. Coming Thru' the Rye
73. Daisy
74. Drunk Last Night
75. Early One Morning
76. Forty Years On
77. Frankie and Johnny
78. Gather Folks
79. Green Grow the Rushes-Ho
80. Home Town; My
81. Ho-Ro, My Nut-Brown Maiden
82. Ilkley Moor Baht 'At
83. Loch Lomond
84. Mowing the Barley
85. The Mermaid
86. O No John
87. The Old Gray Mare
88. Polly-Wolly-Doodle
89. Ricketty Ticklety Tin
90. Rollo The Ravaging Roman
91. Rio Grande
92. She Went in A-Wading
93. Short'nin Bread
94. Skye Boat Song
95. Song of the Fishermen
96. Streets of Laredo
97. Shenandoah
98. Tell us Another One
99. Three Blind Mice
100. Twenty One Today
102. Widdicombe Fair
103. The Wild Colonial Boy
104. The Wearing of the Green
105. The Policeman's Lot

GENERAL SONGS
106. Gendarmes Duet
107. Greensleeves
108. High Noon
109. Home on the Range
110. Hinky-Dink Parley Vous
111. Honey you Can't Love One
112. I (you) Married a Wife
113. Jolly Good Ale and Old
114. John Peel
115. Michael Pinnigan
116. The Red Flag
117. Show Me the Way to Go Home
118. Ten in a Bed
119. Waltzing Matilda
120. Merrily we Roll Along
121. The Last Song
122. Working in a Brewery

HYMNS
123. All People that on Earth do Dwell (Psalm 100)
124. Jerusalem
125. Praise, My Soul the King of Heaven
126. Turn Back O Man
127. Praise to the Holiest in the Height
128. The Lord's my Shepherd
129. City of God How Broad and Far
130. Ring the Bell Verger

DRAMA
131. Dramas in Pyjamas
132. Eskimo Nell
OTHER SONGS
Alexander's Rag Time Band
Apres de Ma Blonde
Big Rock Candy Mountains
Blue Moon
Blue Heaven (Bedroom)
British Grenadiers
By the Light of the Silvery Moon
Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine
Cool Clean Water
Danny Boy
Don't Send Your Daughter to the Shop Mrs. Worthington
Doin' What Comes Naturally
Down by the Riverside
Down in the Valley
Doors Swing In
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
If You Knew Susie
I Hold Your Hand in Mine
I Married a Wife O Then O Then
Just a Wee Dock-an-Doris
Kerry Dance
K-K-K-Katie
La Marsellaise
Lindy Lou
Mad Passionate Love; I was makin'
Moonlight Bay
Mother Brown; Knees up
Nobody Knows What Trouble I've Seen
Oh You Beautiful Doll
Ol' Man River
On Top of Old Smoky
Omsk
One More River
Old Black Joe
Old Folks at Home
On the First Day of Christmas
Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag
Polly Perkins
Pour Bacchus
Road to the Isles
Rose Marie
Seven Lonely Days
Sh-Boom
Shot in the Back
She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain
Swanee River
Swing Low Sweet Chariot
Sweet Violets
There's Nothing Like a Dame
Way Down in Alabama
When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again
Woad Song

TITLES OF POLITICAL SONGS

Bobby Menzies (Tune: Davey Crockett)
Free Beer (Tune: John Brown's Body)
In Comrade Lenin's Golden Days (Tune: Vicar of Bray)
Party Hacks (Tune: Brave Gendarmes)
The Party Never Went Wrong (Tune: Frankie and Johnnie)
The Political Club's Song (Tune: The Red Flag)
The Social Democrat (Tune: Waltzing Matilda)
The Sentimental Philistine (Tune: The Red Flag)

SMOKO SONGS

Abdul the Bull-bull
Ah! Soldier I Will Be
Cats on the Rooftops
Come Join Us
Craven A
Eskimo Nell
Good Ship Venus
H.O.P.
John Peel
Lady of Jerusalem
Life Presents a Dismal Picture
Mobile
Monk of Priory Hall
Nellie Darling
O'Leary
Ole King Cole
One Eyed Reilly
Poor Blind Nell
Poor Little Angeline
Queen Farida
Ring the Bell Verger
Roll Me Over
Saltbush Bill
Sing Us Another One
Tertiary Kind (Melb. Meds.)
These Foolish Things
Tinker Song
Two Tom Cats
Violet Time (N.Z.)
Wee Back Gee Back Come and Get Your Money Back
What the Butler Saw
When I Come Home on Saturday Night
Who'll Do It This Time
Woodpecker Song

EXTRAS

Follow the Band
Good Old Summer Time
Peggy O'Neill
Down by the Riverside
I Belong to Glasgow
My Home Town
Ahide With Me
Shall We Gather at the River
Redwing
Underneath the Arches
Walk Me by the River
The Happy Wanderer
Gaudeamus

Gaudeamusigitur,
Tuvenes dum sumus;
Post lucundumjuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos
Ubi iam furere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevifinitur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nomini parcetur.

Vivat Academia,
Vivantprofessores;
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit!

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus
Quivis antiquus,
Atque irissores!
Processional

(Air: John Brown's Body)

Who are these a-coming with a slow and measured tread
Most impressive figures dressed in green and blue and red,
They couldn't move much slower if their boots were made of lead,
As they come marching on.

Firstly come the prodigies of learning if you please,
They're on their best behaviour for they're going to get Degrees;
They're very stiff and stately and we hope they've paid their fees;
We'll be thankful when they're gone.

They really look impressive as they statuesquely glide;
It's only lamb's wool on their hoods although they're puffed with pride,
For heaven's sake don't ask them how the duce they qualified
Or you'll be sat upon.

Behold the wily Council who administer the Guild;
At cooking up a Balance Sheet they are extremely skilled,
They've got the money stowed away, why don't they start to build
Before we're dead and gone.

The Lecturers are noted for the Delphic way they speak,
They prove so overpowering that they leave us rather weak,
We're forced to the conclusion that their lecture notes are Greek
And they still keep droning on.

Professorial staff it seems are very, very old,
The linings of their gowns and hoods are crusted up with mould,
And just as well for otherwise they'd perish with the cold
Like the ancient mastodon.

Lastly come the Senators, a Neolithic crew,
Who pass a resolution when they've nothing else to do,
But not till they've debated it at least a year or two,
And it's time we moved them on. [Presto]
Our Varsity

(Air: Men of Harlech)

Grads and Undergrads and Fellows,
Gaudy Profs in reds and yellows,
Sing with lungs as tough as bellows
Of our 'Varsity.

Some of us are mining, some in Arts reclining,
More and more embrace the Law,
And some for Scientific light are pining;
Some are fools and some are clever,
Faculties divide and sever;
Still we all belong forever
To our 'Varsity.

Many Lecturers, Professors,
Bulldogs and like oppressors
Worry, harass and distress us
In our 'Varsity.

Though they call us asses, turn us out of classes,
Still we know they're men below,
And hope some day Examiners will pass us.
In spite of "tutes" and boring speeches
They have done their best to teach us,
After all they're fellow creatures
In our 'Varsity.

Let us raise a ringing chorus,
Lift the very roof that's o'er us
Praising those who've gone before us,
Graduates today.

'Tis their Graduation! Give them an ovation!
Raise a cry to reach the sky,
And let us have a joyous celebration.
They have all been good and true men,
Like to them there are but few men;
Now they're giving place to new men
In our 'Varsity.

Varied are the tastes of students,
Varied our degrees of prudence,
Very varied our amusements
In our 'Varsity.
We shall soon be scattered, friendships will be
shattered;
Some or all will grope and fall
And get up very knocked about and battered;
Some will hang and some will marry,
Some for years in gaol will tarry;
Sing, though all our plans miscarry
To our 'Varsity.
College Songs

Bless Them All

(Alr: Bless Them All)

They say there's a college way down by the Swan,
Part of theVarsity.
Crowded all out with studious men
Swotting as hard as can be,
There's many a student completing his course,
Many a scum signing on.
We're all in together in fair or foul weather,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Chorus:
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The Warden and Chaplain and all,
Bless all the maids who will not make our beds,
Bless all the tutors who give us sore heads,
Now we're saying good-bye to them all,
As back to our revels we're called.
You'll get no "A" passes, so fill up your glasses
And cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

They say that by swotting you'll get a good job
But we've heard it all before.
Physics and Chemistry, Biol. and Maths,
What is the use of them all?
There's many a freshman whose been taken in
Hook, line and sinker and all,
You'll go on much better
If you're a go-getter,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

They say that the Warden's a very good chap,
O, what a tale to tell,
Ask him for leave on a Saturday night,
Promptly he'll answer, "O—o well."
There's many a student who's been on the mat
For failing to sign on return,
But we'll break through his cordon and outdo the warden,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.
Down At The Hostel
(Tune: "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a jolly doctor, Currie was his name, I think,
Started a hostel for young undergrads,
And he put up a notice, you must never take a drink,
Beer is a menace, my lasses and lads.

Chorus:
Down at the Hostel, Down at the Hostel,
Beer is a menace from morning to night,
As the bloke who sold Coke said
This will only send me broke,
Beer is a menace, our only delight.

When the Doc is present, life is sweet and pleasant,
Everyone's sober and nobody drinks,
When he's gone, they all shake a leg, rolling out another keg,
Life isn't nearly as dry as he thinks.

Barbecues are things that everybody sings at
But you might ask, aren't they dry? Aren't they hell!
If you're talking of weather, drier than old leather,
Everything else is as wet as a —— well!

__________
Women's College Song
(Uni. of Tasmania Revue, 1952)

(Air: "John Brown's Body")

We college girls are here to-day on a project bound;
We study at the Uni. and our education's sound.
We want to have a building but we've only got the ground
'Cos we're getting big girls now.

Chorus:
We want to live out at Crawley
We want to live out at Crawley
We want to live out at Crawley
We want to get around.

There's lots of things we'd like to learn if given half a chance,
To nod, to beck, and how to neck and cast a winning glance.
A girl must know just where to go and sit out at a dance—
Oh, we're getting big girls now.

Although our manners are refined, our hair so neatly plaited,
You'll find that all our underclothes are very old and tattered;
A hundred runs our stockings have, you'd think that Bradman,
Oh, we're getting big girls now.
Faculty Songs

Education Song

(Tune: Oklahoma)

Education Union lift your glasses up and sing
Our Unions praise on high we raise
Till the rafters in the roof will ring
Education is the oldest faculty of all
It precedes the mud of Noah's flood
And dates back to before the fall
For good folks you can recall
That Eve taught Adam how to fall
And he did say Yeeow! Aiypeeay!
This is the greatest
You're doing fine, Education
Education, Hurray!

Education when the kegs come rolling in the door
With a joyous shout as the stops come out
Here's cheers we'll drink to you once more
Education Union you should educate the rest
And make them see that life can be
A thing that should be lived with zest.
Teach them to lead a full life
And rejoice in their freedom from strife,
And then we'll say Yeeow! Aiypeeay!
Then we'll be sayin'
You're doing fine Education,
Education hurray!

Education where the parties are so wild and free
And the girls are fair and they really care
For a night of good debauchery.
Education where at dawn the bottles still will pour
For the boys don't shrink when it comes to drink
And the girls are always out for more.
We know that life won't always be
So careless and joyous and free
But we still yeeow! Aiypeeay
And we still say
You're doing fine Education
Education hurray!
Engineers' Song

(Air: The Vicar of Bray)

Long years ago to Bittern Park
Came Julius, Alias Caesar,
At Cobden Bridge he beached his bark
And climbed a lofty tree, Sir,
"Dear, Dear," quoth he, "no road I see,
Fall in the Engineers, Sir,
Review, survey, mark out and lay
A road from hence to here, Sir."

Chorus:
For it is now as it was then
The Engineers they knew things,
They are the Big, Strong, Silent men
Who do not talk but do things.

In days of yore, the Western Shore
Was rude to King Canute, Sir,
It rolled its waters to his feet
And wetted his best boot, sir.
"This is," said he, "too much for me,
Fall in the Engineers, Sir,
Surround this shore, both aft and fore
With docks and quays and piers, Sir."

The Captains and the Kings depart,
As Rudyard once did not, Sir,
By barge, and 'bus, by road and rail,
By motor and by boat, Sir,
By whatsoever mode they cross,
Sea, Land or Atmosphere, Sir,
They cannot move a yard without
The lusty Engineer, Sir.

Some time ago the Undergrads
A pond to build decided;
They said "We'll toll and dig and mix,
With tea and cakes provided
The Engineers, as is their way,
Spoke little if at all, Sir;
But started right away to build
The Pond beside the Hall, Sir.
Arts Union Song

(Air: Lincolnshire Poacher)

On vice and beer the engineer has set his heart of hearts;
The legal mind is much inclined for alcohol and darts,
And science studes have not subdued their low and animal parts.
But the cultured man since the world began is a Student of the Arts.

Chorus: But the cultured man, etc...

When Eve one day sat down they say beneath an apple tree,
A serpent who was passing by suggested morning tea.
She said: "I know it's wrong, although you make it hard for me,
For he had the air and the savoir-faire of a Student of the Arts.

Chorus: For he had the air...

The lewd remarks of legal clerks we treat with deep disgust
We hate to hear the science stude reveal his horrible lust;
But the lecherous leer of the engineer of all the three is the wust,
For you'll never find a purer mind than the student of the Arts.

Chorus: For you'll never find...

When Anne Boleyn got Henry in and later lost her head,
She made a statement for the press and this is what she said:
"If Catherine Parr gets Henry R. I'd just as soon be dead,
For the man's a shiek with the sure technique of a Student of the Arts."

Chorus: For the man's a shiek...

When Mary Queen of Scots was seen to leave her dungeon cell,
The people came from miles around to catch her head as it fell,
And all the crowd remarked aloud: "She takes it very well!"
For she had the charm and the cultured calm of a Student of the Arts.

Chorus: For she had the charm...

The King of France stepped out to dance one evening at Versailles,
When suddenly a lady called Du Barry caught his eye.
And all the court was pulled up short to see her passing by,
With the stylish dress and the delicatess of a Student of the Arts.

Chorus: With the stylish dress...
In future years the engineers perhaps will understand,  
When deep below with lawyers they are roasting out of hand,  
And down there floats the cultured notes of the Hallelujah Band;  
Then they'll stand in queues to lick the shoes of the Student of the Arts.

Chorus: Then they'll stand in queues . . .

Topical Addendum:
The good lord mayor he tore his hair and cursed the fearful fate  
That fills the Ref with evil types who drink their Vodka straight,  
For Uncle Joe has let them know to undermine the State  
With the red ensign and the party line of the Student of the Arts.

Chorus: With red ensign . . .

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Law Song

(Air: The Quartermaster's Store)

There are men, men, who've really got the "gen,"  
Doing Law, doing Law;  
There are brains, brains, oozing from the drains,  
In the Faculty of Law.

Chorus:  
Those giant minds shall never fail  
While Lawyers slake their thirsts with ale,  
While Lawyers slake their thirsts with ale.

There are books, books, who the devil looks?  
Doing Law, doing Law;  
There are Acts, Acts, but Lawyers just relax  
In the Faculty of Law.

There's a wench, wench, who should adorn the Bench,  
Doing Law, doing Law;  
There are males, males, who'll decorate the jails,  
In the Faculty of Law.

With a supp, supp, you drain the bitter cup,  
Doing Law, doing Law;  
For Degrees, Degrees, you must be sweet with Beaz,  
In the Faculty of Law.

We are cursed, cursed, with burning pangs of thirst,  
Doing Law, doing Law;  
Let us drink, drink, toss it down the sink  
To the Faculty of Law.
Dental Song

We are dental, we are mental
We are the Faculty of Faculties.
Drink all, drink all, drink all day.

Note: Repeat the above till you get—
(a) Half shick;
(b) Shick;
(c) Just plain blotto;
(d) Some one inspired who writes some more verses!
(e) A copy of "Dante's Inferno".
(f) "Man" Annual.

Science Song

(Tune: Peer's Chorus—Iolanthe)

We are the studes of highest station
Paragons of Education
We are the builders of the nation
Tantantara, zing boom, zing boom,
Tantantara, zing, boom, zing boom.

Chorus:
Bow, bow, ye Engineers and Law men
Bow, bow, ye Medicoes and Strawmen*
There is no defiance to the march of Science
Tantantara, zing, boom, zing boom.

*Seeds

We can feel it in our interior
There is no doubt that we are superior
To the common type of posterior**
Tantantara, etc.

**Bum.

Chorus:
We like to swot and feel it our mission
To learn such things as nuclear fission
But we don't think much of prohibition
Tantantara, etc.

Chorus:
Students’ Songs

Advice to Freshmen
(Air: Funicull, Funicula)

There are, I'm sorry to say, some students amongst us
Who think it a crime,
Who think it a crime,
To miss a large proportion of their lectures
And have a good time,
And have a good time,
But I, I like to spend my time in loafing
The whole day long,
The whole day long,
And set the Common Room a-gaily ringing
With joyous song,
With joyous song.

Chorus:
Ayah, Ayah, the professor sounds afar
Droning, droning like some old guitar.
Funicull, funicula, funicull, funicula.
Like some old guitar, funicull, funicula.

It is a great mistake for budding freshmen
To toil and work
To toil and work
When they arrive at the Golden Age of reason,
They'll learn to shirk,
They'll learn to shirk,
Professors do not like a large attendance,
No! Not at all,
No! Not at all,
Chaps like they are much prefer to lecture
To an empty hall,
To an empty hall.

Fragment:
Come join us, come join us,
Come join our happy army
Come join us, come join us,
Come join our happy throng.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the parish—
I wish to announce that we now have a font in the front of
the church. Babies may now be christened at both ends.”

—Alleluia.
Alouette

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tête,
Je te plumerai la tête.
A la tête, a la tête, Oh!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec.
A la tête, a la tête, Oh!
(le nez, les yeux, les ailes, le dos, les jambes, les pieds).

Abdul

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,
Was Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or shout “Attahoy” in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they always sent out,
For Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But of all the most daring of fame or of name
Was Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

“Young man,” quoth Abdul, “has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career,
For vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.”
"Oh take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regards to the Czar,
For by this I imply, that you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

Then Abdul the brute drew his trusty sabre,
With a cry of "Alah Akabah!"
With murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light,
The din, it was heard from afar;
And the multitude came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzaah!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuk,
Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The Sultan rode by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only got there to hear the last prayer
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Czar Petravich II, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The tomb shadows rose where the blue Volga flows,
Engraved there in characters clear,
"Oh stranger when passing pray for the soul
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the cold polar star,
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps
Is "Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

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Fragment:

Many a choice white is the produce of sour grapes.
After The Ball

After the ball is over,
See her remove an eye,
Put her false teeth on the dresser,
Beside them her bottle of dye.
Park her cork leg in the corner,
Hang up her wig on the wall,
And all that is left goes to bye byes
After the ball.

Her head when she wakes in the morning
Will not have an ache or a pain,
It also fell off with her torso,
This semi-detachable Jane.
I no longer am what I was dear,
But what I have left is my all,
Treat it with all due respect dear,
After the ball.

Alcoholics' Anthem
(Christchurch, N.Z., University Revue)
(Tune: "Men of Harlech")

What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
And tee-total per-ver-sity
It's healthier to booze:
What's the use of milk and water
These are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on, lose your blues.

Mix yourself a Shandy!
Drown yourself in Brandy!
Sherry Sweet,
Or Whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking
There's no happiness like sinking
Bolloo to the Floor!
Put an end to all Frustration,
Drinking may be your Salvation,
End it all in dissipation
Rotten to the core!
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
These are for the Alcoholic
Lying on the Floor!

Vodka for the Arty,
Gin to make you Hearty,
Lemonade was only made
For drinking if your mother’s at the Party.
Steer clear of home made beer,
And anything that isn’t labelled clear,
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up—My Boys!

Bible Stories

Adam was the first man so we all believe,
One morning he was filleted and introduced to Eve.
He had no one to show him but he soon found out the way,
And that’s the only reason that we’re standing here today.

Chorus:
Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
To our little Sunday school and have a lot of fun.
Park your toffee apples and sit down upon the floor,
And we’ll tell you Bible stories that you’ve never heard before.

David and Solomon lived very wicked lives,
They spent the afternoon with other people’s wives,
And then in the evenings when their conscience gave them qualms.
Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms.

Goliath was a big man so big and strong and tall
David was a little man, the handy man of Saul,
But David took his little sling and half a brick as well,
And when he slung the brick at him Goliath went to hell.

Bible Stories

Put an end to all Frustration,
Drinking may be your Salvation,
End it all in dissipation
Rotten to the core!
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
These are for the Alcoholic
Lying on the Floor!

Vodka for the Arty,
Gin to make you Hearty,
Lemonade was only made
For drinking if your mother’s at the Party.
Steer clear of home made beer,
And anything that isn’t labelled clear,
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up—My Boys!

Bible Stories

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One morning he was filleted and introduced to Eve.
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David was a little man, the handy man of Saul,
But David took his little sling and half a brick as well,
And when he slung the brick at him Goliath went to hell.
Esau was a man with a very hairy chest,  
His chest it was so hairy, he'd no need to wear a vest.  
His father left him property not very far from Norwich  
And the silly blighter swopped it for a basinful of porridge.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the ancient tale,  
Who booked a steerage passage on a transatlantic whale.  
The atmospheric pressure grew too heavy on his chest,  
Jonah pressed the button and the whale he did the rest.

Pharaoh had a daughter with a most bewitching smile,  
She found the infant Moses in the rushes by the Nile.  
She took him home to dear papa, and he believed the tale,  
Which is just about as probable as Jonah and the whale.

When Aaron was so jaded that he couldn't raise a laugh,  
He opened up a night club which he called the Golden Calf.  
Of course the cops got wind of it and pinched the blooming lot,  
And Chief Inspector Moses got promotion on the spot.

Moses was the leader of the Israelite flock,  
He used to get spa water by striking on a rock,  
One day from out the multitude there came a mighty cheer,  
Instead of getting water he got Swan Lager beer.

Ruth was a flapper of the very modern type,  
She wore short skirts and she rode a motor bike,  
She wagged a wicked lipstick and her eye was on the glad.  
Salvation Army saved her, sir, from going to the bad.

Job was most unfortunate with boils and things from birth,  
He used to think he was the most unlucky man on earth,  
He advertised in all the periodicals for years  
For something that would take away the spots behind his ears.

Samson was a fighter of the very highest class,  
Slew 40,000 Philistines with the jawbone of an ass:  
The roof fell in one day when he leaned upon a pillar,  
And that was the end of Samson and his lady friend Delilah.
Bashful Maiden

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extra vagan queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one sir.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And e'en let us toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—Ref. Scottish Students' Song Book.
The Ball At Blackstone Hall

(Air: The Ball at Kerry Moor)

Have you heard about the Law boys
And their Ball at Blackstone Hall?
There were four and twenty institutes
All dealing on the Law.

Chorus:
Singing, who'll sue me this time,
Who'll sue me now.
The one that sued me last time
Has lost his action now.

The Professor, he was there,
Sitting in the front,
Discussin' on the theory
In Regina v. Hunt.

The Professor's daughter, she was there
She had us all in fits
A sliding off the mantelpiece
And serving out the writs.

The Judge is in the courtroom,
The Lawyer's in the chair,
You couldn't see the plaintiff
For the wigs of curly hair.

Beering Again

Beer, beer, we're beering again,
Empty your glasses, fill them again,
Send somebody out for gin,
Don't let a sober person in.
We never stagger, we never roll,
We sober up on pure alcohol,
While our drunken pals go marching
Back to the pub for more.
Caviare

Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviare is my dish.
My flamin' oath it is,
My flamin' oath it is.

I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She does what I want her to.
My flamin' oath she does.
My flamin' oath she does.

I gave caviare to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age was eighty-three,
I gave caviare to my grandpa,
He chased grandma up a tree.
My flamin' oath he did.
My flamin' oath he did.

My father was the keeper of Eddystone Lighthouse,
Slept with the mermaids every night,
He had offspring one, two, three,
Two were fishes and the other was me.
My flamin' oath I was.
My flamin' oath I was.

Cellars Of Old Valley Forge

Raise a cheer, raise a cheer,
For the boys who brew the beer,
In the cellars of old Valley Forge,
Alcohol, Alcohol.
Take one slip and you will fall
In the cellars of old Valley Forge
And it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
Till it trickles down your muzzle,
Shout out your orders loud and clear
MORE BEER.
So let's have one more,
As the cops break down the door
In the cellars of old Valley Forge.
The Departing Stude

(Air: There is a Tavern in the Town)

I was, I fear, a callow lad, callow lad,
When I became a undergrad, undergrad.
My plan so pure was to lead a life demure
And merely to my knowledge add.

Fare thee well, for I must leave you,
Let my lesson undeceive you
There is more to University than swot, swot, swot.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I would stay you know, but weak I grow,
I'm debilitated with dry rot.

I was a charming fresherette, fresherette,
The boys admired my silhouette, silhouette.
I was happy when in the company of men
And I've never been to lectures yet.

Fare thee well, for I must leave you
Do not let my parting grieve you.
I must seek and further pastures seek, seek, seek,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I have had my fun but now my time is done,
I'm marrying a Senator next week.

The others who in splendour come, splendour come,
Have proved that they are not so dumb, not so dumb,
They have mixed their swot with a bit of tommy rot
And scraped through their curriculum.

Fare them well for they must leave us,
Let their parting never grieve us,
We'll be with them in another year or two, or three!
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We'd like to graduate with you, with you,
But we'll stay a while after you've walked down the aisle,
Till each has earned his own degree.

In cellar cool
Upon a barrel
In merry mood
The best of all:
The cellar-man
And soon my
As deep and
That I am
drinking

A demon plays
And for his
I lift my cup
Of Rhine wine
The whole world
In rosy red is
I could not do,
While drinking.

Only my thrice
I pour into e
That is the
Of every top
My comfort is
Down to the
I have not
Of drinking.

Molotoff
Worship
Tranquility
Drinking

In cellar cool, I sit at ease
Upon a barrel resting;
In merry mood I loudly call
The best of wine digesting;
The cellar-man my beaker fills,
And soon my lips are linking,
As deep and long the luscious draught
That I am drinking, drinking, drinking.

A demon plagues me, thirst to wit,
And for his exercising
I lift my cup and empty it
Of Rhine wine appetising.
The whole wide world her radiant charm
In rosy red is pinking;
I could not do a fellow harm
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

Only my thirst gets worse each glass
I pour into each wasand;
That is the sorry lot, alas,
Of every toper seasoned.
My comfort is, when from the cask,
Down to the floor I'm sinking;
I have not flinched from any task
Of drinking, drinking, drinking.

Melody: Ludwig Fischer.
Words: K. Muchler (1802).
Transl: R. R. Garran (1907).

Ducks

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother,
It lives all alone in a swamp,
Where it's very cold and damp.
Now you may think that this is the end—
And it is . . .
Double-Bunking

(Air: "The More We are Together")

I heard this sad song—oh
On the Orongorongo,
"No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me."
I said to the vocalist,
"Oh, why do you so insist,
'No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me'?"

No more double-bunking, double-bunking, double-bunking,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking, for me.

He said, "I've had a gutsful
Of tramps where the but's full,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me,
I've weakened and lost weight,
I'm nervously prostrate,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me.

"My tongue's covered in fur, too,
And I can't eat my burgoo,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me,
I'm washed out like a dish-rag,
I've ruptured my sleeping-bag,
No more double-bunking, double-bunking for me."

"Henceforth and hereafter
I'll sleep on a rafter,
On a peak or a pinnacle
Or under a waterfall,
On sand or on shingle:
But I'm going to sleep single."

—(A New Zealand student's tramping song).
Egg Song

Tune: Maxwellton Braes
Maxwellton Braes are bonny,
Where stands the Grand Hotel;
'Twas there I'd an egg for my breakfast,
But when I opened the shell . . .

Tune: The Minstrel Boy
The waiter went to the grocer's shop
To find the fellow that supplied him,
His father's sword he had girded on:
He slew that egg that ran beside him.

Tune: Bay of Biscay
There it lay, 'till next day,
When the dustman came that way . . .

Tune: Excelsior
Egg shells he saw, egg shells he saw.

Tune: Tarpaulin Jacket
He wrapped it in his tarpaulin jacket,
For his tea he thought it would do, would do,
And he ate it—but early next morning,
His widow his Club money drew.

Tune: Rule Britannia
So rule, Britannia—no matter what you've paid,
Eggs are never, never, never quite new laid.

Tune: The Old Brigade
I knew 'twas an egg of the old brigade,
Though it had changed and altered;
There it stood quite undismayed,
In accents low it faltered:

Tune: Old Black Joe
"I'm humming, I'm humming,
I'm not new laid, I know,
So turning to the gasping waiter,
I said . . ."
Monologue:

"Joe!
I don't believe this egg's been laid
For months and months and months;
Its birth certificate's been mislaid
For months and months and months;
I think perhaps it has been laid
By some extinct Dodo,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago."

Tune: Mademoiselle from Armentières
Then a young chicken popped up and cried, "Parley-vous?"
And in my best French I answered back, "Same to you,
My mother, you know, lives over there,
With Mademoiselle from Armentières."

Tune: Early in the Morning
So they pushed it through the window,
They pushed it through the window,
They pushed it through the window . . .
Where eggs have gone before.

Drinking Song

Ein Zweif Drei Beer,
Lift your stein and drink your beer,
Ein Zweif Drei Beer,
Lift your stein and drink your beer.

Drink, drink, drink, to eyes that are bright as stars when they're shining on me,
Drink, drink, drink, to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the tree,

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine,
May those lips that are red and sweet
Tonight with joy my own lips meet,
Drink, drink, let the toast start,
May young hearts never part,
Drink, drink, drink,
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart,
Let's drink!
Gory Gory

They scraped him off the rocks—
Like a blob of raspberry jam
(Repeat twice)
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

-Gory! Gory! what a helluva way to die
(Repeat twice)
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They packed him in his rucksack and sent him home to ma.
(Repeat) etc.
He's got some broken vertebrae and fifty broken ribs.
Etc.
They're looking for the guy who put clinkers in his boots.
Etc.
(For Unl. Bushwalkers).

Going Back

(Air: Going Back to Where I Come From)

"I'm going back to where I come from,
Where I used to be so pure and good," that's what a
freshener said
When she came in
Just after daybreak
And it wasn't lectures made her feel so damned near dead
She'd gone to trip
The light fantastic
With a third year but she found out that his morals were
elastic.
"Going back to where I come from
Where my poppa keeps a shotgun underneath the bed."

She didn't ask him his intentions
For she thought him so good looking, she forgot what
Mother said
And that was why
She came in weeping
With her left shoe gone and wishing she was damned well dead.
She'd had to run
Like a flaming fury
From a car behind the Ref. along the highway past the Brewery
Into Town,
Out to Mount Lawley
And she didn't stop to breathe till she was safe in bed.

Once she was there
She felt unhappy
When she thought of all that liquor, she sat up in bed
and said
"So what the hell
That's what I'm here for
If I don't enjoy myself I might as well be dead."
Then she got dressed
In quite a hurry,
And she yelled "Who's going my way?" as she ripped
along the highway.
"Going back to where I came from
Out to where that third year's car is parked behind the Ref."

Hark, He Hears The Cowbells ringing

(Tune: The Men of Harlech)

Hark, he hears the cow-bells ringing,
'Come home Jim' its message bringing,
Jim to bar is safely clinging,
A big pot in his hand.
Let us have another, let us have another,
This one's to me, we may not see each other on
the morrow.
Heed ye not the cow-bells warning,
We don't go home until the dawning,
If you're broke then you can borrow,
Drink then let us ——.
Here's To The Good Old Whisky

Here's to good old whisky, mop it down, mop it down.
Here's to good old whisky, down, down, down.
Here's to good old whisky, the stuff that makes you frisky.
Here's to good old whisky, drink it down.

Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moo-o-o-o-o-o-o.
Happy is the day when a fellow gets his pay,
And fills his skin with whisky, drink it down.

Here's to good old sherry, that makes you feel so merry.
Here's to good old beer, that makes you feel so queer.
Here's to good old porter, that slips down as it oughter.
Here's to good old stout, that makes you care for nought.
Here's to good old port, that makes you feel a sport.
Here's to good old brandy, that makes you feel just dandy.

(For the semi-inebriated).

High Finance

(Air: "Road to the Isles")

If you're ever up in London Town and have no place to go
And you're looking for a place to sit ye down,
For a penny on deposit you can rent a water closet
Or a season ticket costs you half-a-crown.

My sister tugs Lily ushers at the Piccadilly,
And my Mother runs a tea shop by the Grand
And my Father's doin' time for a very serious crime
We're the finest business family in the town.

(Verse III—imprintable).
I'll Help You Home

I'll help you home again Kathleen,
You'd never make it on your own,
Oh what a night it would have been,
If you had left the grog alone.

I've told you often Kathleen dear,
That mixing cider, beer and gin,
Will land you on your lovely ear,
As sure as any Mickey Pin.

Oh I will help you home Kathleen
To where your head will feel no pain.
But when the party's on again,
You can damned well stay at home Kathleen.

It's A Long Way To Tipperary

(Traditional)

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!
Little Brown Jug

My wife and I lived all alone
In a little log hut we called our own
She loved gin and I loved rum
And I tell you we'd lots of fun.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Hee, Hee, Hee,
Little brown jug don't I love thee
Ha, Ha, Ha, Hee, Hee, Hee,
Little brown jug don't I love thee.

If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk
I'd feed her on the finest hay
And milk her twenty times a day.

When I go toiling to my farm
I take little brown jug under my arm
I set her under a shaggy tree
Little brown jug 'tis you and me:

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes
Here you are so near my nose
So tip her up and down she goes.

Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was a bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire, Full well I served my master for more than seven year, 'Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear: Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare, 'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care. For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere; Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged right home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Lilian

Lil was a girl, she was—a beauty.
She lived in a house of ill-repute,
She drank deep of the demon rum,
And she smoked hashish and opium.

De boom boom, de boom boom, de boom boom boom.

She was young and she was fair,
She had masses of golden hair.
Folks they came for miles to see
Lilian in her deshabille.

Day by day that girl grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her,
Until at last the day came when
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun,
She took Scott's emulsion,
She took liver, she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted a physician
Who prescribed for her condition,
She had, as the doctors say,
Pernicious anaemia.

And the moral for your sins
As you can easily see,
Whatever your line of business,
Fitness wins.
In the hills of West Virginia lived a girl called Nancy Brown. Her beauty was famous, both in village and in town, and she went roaming in the mountains, she went roaming in the mountains by the dam, and the cat and mountain bear wouldn't harm the little dear, she was just as pure as Mammy's apple jam.

Now there came a laughing cowboy with his lariat and spurs, he lost his heart to Nancy, but before she lost him her she came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain by the dam, and despite the cowboy's laughter Nancy knew what he was after, she was just as pure as Mammy's apple jam.
Now there came the village deacon with his words so mild and kind,
Took Nancy up the mountain, but when she read his mind
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain by the dam,
And despite the deacon's urgin'
She remained the local virgin.
She was just as pure as Mammy's apple jam.

Now there came a handsome trapper, a trapper with his song,
Took Nancy up the mountain, but before he done her wrong
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain by the dam,
And as previously stated,
She was uncontaminated,
She was just as pure as Mammy's apple jam.

Now there came a city slicker with his hundred-dollar bills,
Took Nancy in his Packard a-driving in the hills,
And she stayed up in the mountains,
Yes, she stayed up in the mountains,
Oh, she stayed up in the mountains all that night;
She came down next morning early
More a woman than a girlie,
And her pappy kicked poor Nancy out of sight.

So she took a shot of liquor at the village soda-bar,
And went off with that slicker in his straight-eight Packard car;
Now she's living in the city,
Yes, she's living in the city,
Oh, she's living in the city mighty swell,
And instead of beer and skittles
Nancy has the choicest vittles,
And the West Virginian hills can go to hell.

Now there came a big depression, caught that slicker in the pants,
And he had to pawn his Packard, and then give up his Nance,
So she came back to the mountains,
Yes, she came back to the mountains,
Oh, she came back to the mountains mighty sore,
Now the trapper and the deacon
And the cowboy do no seekin',
For she's known just as the West Virginian haw, haw, haw, haw.
Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Piddle,iddle,iddle,iddle, went the fiddlers.
Very fine men are we;
But there's none so fair that can compare
With the boys of the Varsity.

Flutists three.
Now every flutist had a very fine flute
And a very fine flute had he.
Floot tiddly oot tiddly oot went the flutists.

Drummers three.
Rum tiddly um tiddly um went the drummers.

Jugglers three.
Juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle.

Painters three.
Slap it up and down, up and down.

Weavers three.
Whip it in and out, in and out.

Calmens three.
Shove it in the hole in the back.

Butchers three.

Chop it in half, in half... and编码...

Fishermen three.
I had one this long...
Oh Dear, What Can The Matter Be?

O dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair!

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, Oh! he vow'd he would tease me,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair!

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war has gone
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
"One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
"One faithful heart shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under,
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "no chains shall sully thee,
"Thy soul of love and bravery,
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."
The Princess of Jerusalem

Back in the days of King Knut,
There lived a maid, she was a beaut,
Her skin was pale as passion fruit,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

Hi, Ho Mathusalem, Mathusalem, Mathusalem,
Hi, Ho Mathusalem, the Princess of Jerusalem.

There came a knight, a bragging skite,
A lusty, brasting Israelite,
Who swore that he would woo that night,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
Beside a softly bubbling brook,
And gently in his arms he took
The Princess of Jerusalem.

He offered her his richest jewels,
He said her eyes were limpid pools,
But that's a line that never fools,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

But none the less she let him woo,
She took his pearls and diamonds too,
And then she bade him P.O.Q.
The Princess of Jerusalem.

And so the bounder came off worst,
She diddle him from last to first,
And from that day he always cursed,
The Princess of Jerusalem.

(An expurgated version).

Fragment:

The bosun's name was Andy.
His bottle's were bigge and handye,
They dipped his toffee apple
In boiling rumme,
For spilling all the brandye.
Shares In The Very Best Companies

(Air: My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janiero,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolled in . . .

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure that the money rolled in . . .

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar—
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .
She Was Poor, But She Was Honest

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's game;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame.
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way thro' mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says "Farewell, blighted love.
Then a scream, a splash—Good Heavens,
What is she a-doing of?"

Then they dragged her from the river
Water from her clothes they wrung,
For they thought she was drowned,
But the corpse got up and sang.

He rode to the bridge with his hounds,
And shouted "Mischief!"
And all the dogs howled,
"You scoundrel that sent her down, you scoundrel!"
Sire Roger of Kildare

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fair,
May I go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare?
For he's young and he is handsome,
And he loves me for my sake;
Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fete?

Oh, yes, my darling daughter, you may go to the fair,
You may go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare.
But although he's young and handsome,
And he loves you for your sake,
Just take the bread and butter when he offers you the cake.

Oh, poor little Mabel, she went to the fair,
She went with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare,
And he offered her some candy,
And he offered her some cake,
And it wasn't very long before her tum began to ache.

And all you young maidens, just beware, just beware,
Beware of Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare;
For there is another version,
But we've brushed it up with care,
So sing the other version—If you dare, if you dare!

She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her red pyjamas in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot,
Glory, glory for the winter when it's not,
Glory for the springtime and glory for the fall
When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Roger do not touch me,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

(Refrain to be sung with successive omissions).

(An original arrangement).
Students' Duet

(Air: Gendarmes Duet)

When standing on street corners,
Watching the poppies flitting by,
And they are wearing sweaters on them
A second skin to catch the eye.
And if they slowly raise one eyebrow,
And slowly close the other eye,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll show we're students bold and true,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them off)
And then we know just what to do.

Eating hamburgers at Joe's place,
At half-past two or three,
If we should meet two big, bad bodgies,
Who gaze at us insolently,
And if we feel inclined to censor them,
And they're not over five feet three,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll show we're students bold and true,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
Because we've brought our Shanghai's too.

(From Qld. Uni. Revue "Bacchanalia").

The More We Drink Together

(Tune: The More We Are Together)

The more we drink together, together, together,
The more we drink together, the drunker we'll be.
For your beer is my beer, and my beer is your beer,
The more we drink together, the drunker we'll be.
There Is A Tavern In The Town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part,

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

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night at eight they spark, they spark,
And now my love once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep.
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
An on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love.

Tiptoe Through The Tulips

(Traditional)

Tiptoe to the window,
To the window, that's where I'll be,
Come tip-toe through the tulips with me.

Tiptoe from your pillow,
To the shadow of the willow tree,
And tip-toe through the tulips with me.

Knee deep in flowers we will stray,
Or keep the shadows away,
Come tip-toe through the tulips with me.

And if I kiss you in the garden,
In the moonlight, will you pardon me,
Come tip-toe through the tulips with me.
Vive L’Amour

Let books for a while have a rest on their shelves,
Vive la Compagnie.
While we’re singing the praise of our excellent selves,
Vive la Compagnie.

Chorus:
Here’s to the fresher who hasn’t a clue,
The second year man who’s collected a few,
And the fortunate bloke
Who has thrown off the yoke.
Who has passed his exams and is through.

Come, drink to the health of the lass and the lad,
Vive la Compagnie.
Who are wearing the gown of the gay undergrad,
Vive la Compagnie.

Come you who in exile at Crawley afar,
Vive la Compagnie.
Have learnt what funicular polygons are,
Vive la Compagnie.

Come artist and lawyer, and roll up your sleeves,
Vive la Compagnie.
Come greaser and stinker, and sink one at Steve’s
Vive la Compagnie.

Though Senators fuss and Professors all frown,
Vive la Compagnie.
We’ll forgive them their sins as we’re quaffing them down,
Vive la Compagnie.

The Worst Hangover

(To the tune I’m Looking Over a Four Leafed Clover)

I’m getting over a worse hangover
Than I ever had before.
The first was a whisky
The second was gin
The third was a beer with a cigarette in.
There’s no need explaining the one remaining,
Is over the kitchen floor.
I’m getting over the worst hangover
That I ever had before.
Folk and Traditional Songs

Ain't Gonna Grieve, Ma Lord

Oh the deacon went down, (Oh the deacon went down),
To the cellar to pray, (To the cellar to pray,)
And he done got drunk, (And he done got drunk,)
And he stayed all day, (And he stayed all day.)
Oh the deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
And he done got drunk and he stayed all day.

I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more,
Oh I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more,
I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more.

Oh you can't go to Heaven on roller skates,
You'll roll right past them Pearly Gates.

Oh you can't go to Heaven in a woman's arms,
For St. Paul decries them feminine charms.

Oh you can't go to Heaven with poor Blind Nell,
'Cos she's booked up to go to Hell.

Oh you can't go to Heaven on a pair of skis,
For you'll slide right past St. Peter's knees.

Oh you can't go to Heaven with a bottle of beer,
'Cos the Lord will say, "NO GROG IN HERE."

Oh if you get to Heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me through.
   Etc. ! !
Truly a song for the one pot screamer:

Annie Laurie

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
An' it's there that Annie Laurie
Giv'd me her promise true;
Giv'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
An' dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

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

(Poem by William Douglas of Fingland, music by Lady John Douglas Scott. First published in 1933. Annie was loved by Douglas who wrote these verses in her honour, but she married another.)
All Through The Night

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

Love, to thee her watch is keeping
All through the night.
All for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever,
Parting will not last forever;
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

A-Roving

In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
And she is mistress of her trade.

I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid.
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ru-eye-in,
I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Mark well what I do say,
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
Mark well what I do say,
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head.
With love for her my heart did burn,
Mark well what I do say,
With love for her my heart did burn,
And I thought she loved me in return.

But when my money was gone and spent,
Mark well what I do say,
But when my money was gone and spent,
Then off on her ear away she went.

By this I have a lesson learnt,
Mark well what I do say,
By this I have a lesson learnt,
And I'll keep the money that I have earnt.

(An eighteenth-century sea shanty).

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a right guid willie waucht
For auld lang syne.
The Ash Grove
(Tune: One Black One, One White One, etc.)

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove;
Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye Echoes, oh! tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.

Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye sing, ye little birds,
And I so weary, full of care?
You'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn;
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and wood-bine twine;
When ilk a bird sang of his love,
And fondly so did I o' mine.
With lightsome heart I pulled a rose,
Full sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my false lover stole the rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.
Botany Bay

Farewell to Old England for ever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral, llooral, lliaditty,
Singing tooral, llooral, llay,
Singing tooral, llooral, lliaditty,
Singing tooral, llooral, llay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

"Tain't leaving Old England we cares about,
"Tain't cos we misspells wot we knows,
But because all we light fingered gentry,
Hops round with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove!
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Folly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you toughes,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

Billy Boy

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Where have you been all the day, me Billy Boy?
I've been walking all the day with me charming Nancy Grey,
And me Nancy kittled me fancy, Oh, me charming Billy Boy.

Can she cook a bit o' steak Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she cook a bit o' steak me Billy Boy?
She can cook a bit o' steak,
Aye, and make a girdle cake.
And me Nancy, etc.
Is she fit to be your wife, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Is she fit to be your wife, me Billy Boy?
She's as fit to be my wife
As the fock is to the knife,
And me Nancy, etc.

And so on...

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Blow The Man Down

(Chanty)

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Wa-a-y, blow the man down.
Oh, blow the man down, bullies blow him away,
Oh, give me some time, to blow the man down.

We went over the Bar on the thirteenth of May,
The galloper jumped and the gale came away.

Oh, the rags they was gone, and the chains they was jammed,
And the skipper sez he, "Let the weather be hanged."

Oh, its sailors is tinkers and tailors is men,
And we're all of us coming to see you again.

So we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down,
And we'll blow him away into Liverpool Town.

---

Bluetail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue tail fly.

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care, (2 times)
My master's gone away.
Tan Down

A man can travel in a day. All day he might be gone; Up the river and down it, He can blow the man away.

Thirteen of May, he came away,
The chains they was on his leg.

"Let the weather be hanged." Tailors is men, see you again.

And we'll blow the man down, Liverpool Town.

Fly

While the sun was upon the fields,
The lady on the daisy sat,
She used to wait for the lady in her plate,
She got dry, she got wet,

"I own I don't care, if threes

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite the pony's thigh;
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, and pitch;
He threw my master in the ditch.
My master die, and they wondered why;
The verdict was—the blue tail fly.

They lay him under a 'smamon tree;
His epitaph is there to see;
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue tail fly."

Clementine

In a cavern by a canyon,
Excavating for a mine.
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner.
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was and like a fairy,
Though her shoes were number nine.
Herrings boxes without stops,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her feet against a splinter—
Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas! I weren't no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.
In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies
Fertilised by Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

Camp Town Races

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De Camptown race track five miles long,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah, day!
I came down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doo-dah! -doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah day!

Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de boitlementer
Somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Round de race-track den repeat,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!
I win my money on de boitlementer
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow bag,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah day!
Click Go The Shears

Out on the board, the old shearer stands;
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands.
Fixed in his gaze on the blue-bellied Joe;
Glory, if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click, click!
Wide is his blow, and his hands move quick.
The ringer looks around, and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied Joe!

In the middle of the floor, in his cane-bottomed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,
Notes well each fleece as it comes before the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The tar-boy is there waiting on demand,
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back;
Here is what he's waiting for; it's "Tar, here, Jack!"

Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques;
Roll up your swags, boys, we're off on the tracks,
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along, it's "Come and Drink with me!"

Down by the bar, the old shearer stands,
Grasping his glasses in his thin bony hands.
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg;
Glory, he'll get down on it, ere he sits a peg!

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands;
Whilst all around him, every shooter stands,
His eyes are on the keg, which by now is lowering fast,
He works hard, he drinks hard; and goes to hell at last!
Cockels And Mussels

In Dublin fair city where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel barrow,
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.

Alive, Alive-O! Alive, Alive-O!
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow thro' streets broad
and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels! alive, alive, O!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
But her ghost wheels her barrow thro' streets broad
and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels! alive, alive, O!
Alive, alive O! alive, alive O!
Crying cockles and mussels! alive, alive, O!

Come, Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl

Come landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Come landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over:

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober!

The man who drinketh small beer
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaf do fade
That drop off in October.
The man who drinketh strong beer
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a jolly good fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

(An English student song.)

Christmas Day In The Workhouse

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse,
The happiest day of all the year.
The men's hearts were filled with gladness
And their bellies filled with beer.

In walked the workhouse master,
And as he strode around the halls,
He bade them all a Merry Christmas,
And the paupers answered "Nonsense!"

This raised the master's anger,
And he swore by all the gods,
That they'd have no Christmas pudding,
The saucy lot of sods.

Then up spake a sturdy pauper,
With a face as bold as brass
We don't want your Christmas pudding,
You can give it to the dogs.
Coming Thru' The Rye

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thru' the Rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say, hae I.
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thru' the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body drown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thru' the Rye.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dealy lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or whaur's his hame,
In dinna care to tell.

The composer is unknown; the earliest version is a touched-up poem by Burns (prior to 1795, when it appeared first in an English pantomime), which referred to a fording of the River Rye. The reference in the song is to a custom for extracting kisses from lassies met on stepping stones in midstream. The song has nothing to do with the grain, rye, cf, a vulgarised parody—

Can a nudist be a nudist
Comin' thru' the Rye?
If a nudist is a nudist
Then he'd better not try.
If this nudist is a nudist,
Then let's watch him try,
Because he'll find it tickles awfully
Comin' thru' the Rye.
Daisy

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

Michael Michael here is your answer true,
I can't cycle because it makes me blue.
If you can't afford a carriage,
You can have your blinking marriage,
'Cause I'll be dammed,
If I'll be jammed on a bicycle built for two.

(Rowdily)
Daisy, Daisy, the Coppers are after you,
If they catch you, they'll give you a year or two,
They'll string you up with wire,
Behind the Black Maria,
So ring your bell
And peddle like . . .
For the Coppers are after you.

(A worthy parody of the well known song)

Fragment:

(1) —TOAST
Here's to the girl who lives on the hill,
She won't, but her sister will!
—Here's to her sister!

(2)  Are you the O'Reilly that keeps this hotel?
Are you the O'Reilly they speak of so well?
If you're the O'Reilly they speak of so highly,
Gor' blimey, O'Reilly, you are looking well!
Drunk Last Night

Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
I'm going to get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before.

See here we are as happy as can be,
For we are the boys of the U.F.C.,
Glorious, Victorious,
One keg of Beer
Between the four of us.
Thank God there are no more of us
For one of us could drink the ruddy lot.

Without his — on,
Honey have a — — on me.

Roll over Mabel,
The labels on the other side.

I know you like it
But you ain't gonna get it now.

Early One Morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

Oh don't deceive me
Oh never leave me
How could you use a poor maiden so.

Oh gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow. etc.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true. etc.

Thus sang the poor maiden her sorrows bewailing
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below. etc.
FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only thing I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I woo'd her in the winter time and in the summer too,
And the only think that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
When I lay fast asleep,
She put her head upon my bed and she began to weep,
She wept, she cried, she damn near died.
Ah me! what could I do?
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

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

Morning

The sun was rising
Over the valley below.

Hidden so,
By the dewy rose,

Wish are the roses
To bind on thy brow. etc.

A made to your Mary
You vowed to be true. etc.

Other sorrows bewailing
The valley below. etc.

Forty Years On

Forty Years on, when afar and asunder
Panted are those who are singing today,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play;
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float then before,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along,
Follow Up! but alas: why?
Till the field ring again and again:
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.
Follow Up! which are not yet
Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong,
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.
Follow Up!
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.
Follow Up!

Frankie And Johnny

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
Oh Lordie how they did love!
They used to swear to each other,
They'd be true as the stars above.
He was her man,
He never done her no wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Just for a bottle of beer,
Frankie she said to the harman,
Have you seen my Johnnie here?
He is my man,
He never done me no wrong.

Ain't gonna tell no stories,
Ain't gonna tell no lies.
Saw your Johnnie 'bout an hour ago
Makin' up to Nellie Bligh.
He is your man,
But he is doing you wrong.

Frankie looked in at the window.
In at the window so high.
There she saw her Johnnie,
Makin' up to Nellie Bligh.
He was her man,
But he was doing her wrong.
Frankie pulled back her kimono.
Pulled out her small forty-four.
Boo-tee-toot-toot three times she did shoot,
Right through that hard wood door.
She shot her man.
'Cause he was doin' her wrong.

Bring out your rubber-tired hearse.
Bring out your rubber-tired back.
Gonna take my man to the bone yard,
And they ain't gonna bring him back.
He was my man.
But he was doin' me wrong.

This story has no moral.
This story has no end.
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in man.
He was her man.
But he was doing her wrong.

---

Gather, Folks

Gather folks—you rough—you hoary
Gather now and hear this story.

When a man grows old
And his hands get cold
And the tip of his nose turns blue,
And he's far from the strife of Yukon life,
He can tell you a thing or two.

So pull up a chair
And buy me a beer.
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead Eye Dick.
And Mexico Pete.
And an Eskimo girl—called Nell.

---

Ad Infinitum.
Green Grow The Rushes, Ho

I'll sing you one-ho!
Green grow the rushes-ho.
What is your one-ho?
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so.

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

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

Four for the Gospel makes,
Five for the symbols at your door, and
Six for the six proud walkers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky, and
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners, and,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Eleven for the eleven went up to Heaven, and
Twelve for the twelve Apostles.
(This is the Eton version).

Fragment:

(Tune: Dvořák's Humoresque)

When the train is in the station
Please note the alteration
Re "Passing water while the train is still."
Passengers who must pass water,
Please oblige and call the porter,
For a jerry in the corridor.
The Rushes, Ho

Ho-Ro, My Nut Brown Maiden

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,
Hi-rí, my nut-brown maiden,
Ho-ro-ro, maiden!
O she's the maid for me.

Her eye so mildly beamimg,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming,
Is evermore with me.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.

And since from thee I parted,
A long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted
With longing for thy smile.

In Glasgow and Dunedin
Were maidens fair to see,
But never a Lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary
Like wild rose 'neath the Ben.

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Dawn from the bonnie glen.

Fragment:

SCENE—Bathroom, 8.15 a.m.
It's a lovely day tomorrow,
For tomorrow is a lovely day.
Things will turn out fine tomorrow
For tomorrow is ....
"Shut up that blasted row.
If you must try and sing, go up
in the blessed park!"
Ilkley Moor Baht 'At

Where hast thee been since we saw thee?
On Ilkey Moor 'baht 'at.

Where hast thee been since we saw thee?
Where hast thee been since we saw thee?
Where hast thee been since we saw thee?

On Ilkey Moor 'baht 'at,
On Ilkey Moor 'baht 'at,
On Ilkey Moor 'baht 'at.

Tha's been a courting Mary Jane,
The'll soon catch thy death of cold,
Then we'll have to bury thee.
Then worms will cum and eat thee up,
Then ducks will cum and eat them worms,
Then we will cum and eat them ducks.
That means we will have eaten thee.
And that's where we get our ain back!

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes
Were the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me an' my true love ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me an' my true love we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloanin'.

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flowers spring,
An' in sunshine the waters lie sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second Spring
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

(Both words and melody are attributed to Lady John Scott, the composer of "Annie Laurie").
Mowing The Barley

A Lawyer he went out one day,
A for to take his pleasure,
And who should he spy but some fair pretty maid,
So handsome and so clever.

Where are you going to my pretty maid,
Where are you going my honey,
Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
To my father a-mowing the barley.

The Lawyer he went out next day,
A thinking for to view her;
But she gave him the slip and away she went,
All over the hills to her father.

Where are you going to, etc.

This Lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her,
He caught her around the middle so small,
And on the horse he placed her.

Where are you going to, etc.

Hold up your cheeks, my fair pretty maid,
Hold up your cheeks, my honey,
That I may give you a fair pretty kiss,
And a handful of golden money.

Where are you going to, etc.

O keep your gold and silver too,
And take it where you're going;
For there's many a rogue and scamp like you
Has brought young girls to ruin.

Where are you going to, etc.

Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a-mowing.

Where are you going to, etc.
And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life;
And well in the station above her.

Where are you going to, etc.

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The Mermaid

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not from the land,
When the Captain he spied a lovely mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh! the ocean wave may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he;
"I have married a wife in London town,
And to-night she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken lad was he;
"I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town,
But to-night they childless will be."

"Oh the moon shines bright and the stars give light,
Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.
Oh, No, John!

"My father was a Spanish captain,  
Went to sea a month ago;  
First he kissed me, then he left me,  
Bid me always answer no."

O madam, since you are so cruel,  
And that you do scorn me so;  
If I may not be your husband,  
Madam, will you let me go?  

Then I will stay with you forever,  
If you will not be unkind.  
Madam, I have vowed to love you,  
Would you have me change my mind?  

O hark, I hear the church bells ringing,  
Will you come and be my wife,  
Or, dear madam, have you settled  
To live single all your life?

On yonder hill there stands a creature,  
Who she is I do not know;  
I'll go and ask her hand in marriage,  
She must answer yes or no.  

O no John! no John! no John—no!  

O madam in your face is beauty,  
On your lips red roses grow;  
Will you take me for your husband?  
Madam answer yes or no.  

O madam I will give you jewels,  
I will make you rich and free,  
I will give you stiled dresses—  
Madam will you marry me?
The Old Grey Mare

Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain’t what she used to be,
Ain’t what she used to be,
Ain’t what she used to be.
The old gray mare,
She ain’t what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
The old gray mare she ain’t what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffle tree,
Kicked on the whiffle tree,
Kicked on the whiffle tree,
The old gray mare,
She kicked on the whiffle tree,
Many long years ago.

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Oh, I went down south for a see my Sal,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day!
My Sally am a spanking gal,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day!

Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Fare thee well! my fairy fay!
Oh, I’m off to Louisanna for to see my Susy Anna,
Singing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day!

Oh! I came to the river, an’ I couldn’t get across,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day;
An’ I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoes,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day.

Oh! a guinea pig sittin’ on the railway track,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day;
A pickin’ his teef wid a long tin tack,
Sing “Polly wolly doodle” all the day.
DODDLE

See my Sal, the day!
She was my Sal, the day!

See my Susy Anna, the day!
I thought she was a hoss, the day.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Playing a violin
O-em, playing a violin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,
And as the flames grew higher and higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre.

She weighted her brother down with stones;
And all they ever found was bones;
And occasional pieces of skin.

Ricketty-Ticketty Tin

About a maid I'll sing a song,
Sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin.
About a maid I'll sing a song,
Who didn't have her family long,
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did every one of them in, them in,
She did every one of them in.

One morning, in a fit of pique,
Sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin.
Her mother, too, she never could stand,
And so a cyanide song she planned;
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin;
A grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She weighted her brother down with stones.
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him down to Davey Jones,
And occasional pieces of skin.
One day, when she had nothing to do,
Sing Ricketty Tickey Tacy Tin,
One day, when she had nothing to do;
She chopped her baby brother in two
And served him up as Irish stew
And invited the neighbours in
'Bours in,
And invited the neighbours in.

And when, at last, the cops came by,
Sing Ricketty Tickey Tacy Tin,
And when at last the cops came by,
Her little pranks she did not deny,
For to do so she would have had to lie,
And lying, she knew, was a sin.
A sin,
And lying, she knew, was a sin.

Rollo, The Ravaging Roman

She was a sweet little working girl she was,
Who lived in a house by the Tiber;
She was so innocent, pretty, and pure, she was,
I'm quite at a loss to describe her,
But she met, at the gladiatorial show,
A handsome young Roman—and how could she know?

He was a villain, yes, sir, a bounder, a cad,
He couldn't recall all the wives he had had,
And dozens of kiddies all called him their Dad—
He was Rollo, the Ravaging Roman.

He took this sweet little working girl, he did,
Home when the combat was over.
He told her he loved her—she said, "Get away!"
But she fell for the wicked young rover.
He swore that he'd die if they ever should part—
For years he had known this effusion by heart!

He took this sweet little working girl, he did,
Working one night by the Tiber—
He said, "Won't you love me—oh, won't you be mine?"
And with kisses attempted to bribe her.
She said, "Show me how!"—he responded, "O.K."
And proceeded to show her the Applan Way!
He asked this sweet little working girl, he did,
To come round one night to his villa;
He kissed and caressed her, and whispered his love,
And with liquor proceeded to fill her.
She fainted at last, overcome by the brew,
But when he retired the young lady came too!

He told this sweet little working girl, he did,
To go to the wars he must leave her;
But instead he repaired to a mistress in France,
And then to a wife in Geneva.
She waited for years in sorrow and shame,
With her poor little baby, what hadn't a name!

They took this sweet little working girl, they did,
And buried her close by the Tiber;
In her coffin she looked so appealing and pure,
I'm quite at a loss to describe her!
She rested in peace—but the baby she had
Turned out in the end even worse than his Dad!

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Rio Grande

Oh, Rio,
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away, love, away!
Way down Rio,
So fare ye well my pretty young gal,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh, say, were you ever in Rio Grande?
It's there that the river flows down golden sand.

And goodbye, fare you well, all you ladies of town,
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay.

Now you Bowerly ladies, we'd have you to know,
We're bound to the Southward; O Lord, let us go.
She Went In a'Wading
(Tune: John Brown's Body)

She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
But she didn't get her — wet, yet.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
But she hasn't got her — wet, yet!

She went in a-wading, and she got her ankles wet,
But she didn't get her — wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her knees all wet,
But she didn't get her — wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her thighs all wet,
But she didn't get her — wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and the tide came rolling in,
So she got her — wet.

Short'nin' Bread

Put on de skillet, put on de lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little short'nin bread.
Dat ain't all she's goin' to do,
Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee too.

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin, short'nin,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin bread.
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin, short'nin,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin bread.

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,
Two wuz sick an' de other mos' dead.
Sent fo' de doctor, de doctor said,
"Feed dose darkies on short'nin bread."

Slip to de kitchen, slip up de lead,
Slip ma pockets full of short'nin bread.
Stole de skillet, stole de lead,
Tole de gal to make short'nin bread.

Caught me wid de skillet, caught me wid de lead,
Caught me wid de gal, makin' short'nin bread.
Paid six dollahs fo' de skillet, paid six dollahs fo' de lead,
Spent six mont's in jail, eatin' short'nin bread.
(Negro folk song).
In a'Wading

(Brown's Body)

And she got her feet all wet,
And she got her feet all wet,
And she got her feet all wet,
Wet, wet, yet.

Yah!
Yah!
Yah!
Wet — wet, yet!

And she got her ankles wet,
Gosh, yet.

And she got her knees all wet,
Yet, yet.

And she got her thighs all wet,
Yet, yet.

And the tide came rolling in,
Wet the sea.

'Pinto Bread

My bread,
Little short'rin bread.

My bread,
Little coffee too.

My bread,
Owes short'rn, short'rn, short'rn bread.

My bread,
Owes short'rn, short'rn, short'rn bread.

My bread,
Owes short'rn, short'rn, short'rn bread.

My bread,
Silent'rn bread.

My bread,
Silent'rn bread.

My bread,
Silent'rn bread.

Wet the sea.

Skye Boat Song

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
Onward the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air,
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed,
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay,
Dead upon Culloden's field.

Song Of The Fishermen

Slip the mooring neatly,
Helm her more, leave the shore,
Head her for the open sea, the
Motor's running sweetly.
One, two, three. Now we're all shipshape again.
Every sailor loves the life — on the sea.

Do you know your watch, man?
Four to eight, don't be late;
Keep a sharp lookout ahead and
Show that you're topnotch man.
One, two, three. Now we're all shipshape again.
Every sailor loves the life — on the sea.

When the fish are striking,
Hook them fast, while they last,
When the hold is filling fast, it's
Much more to our liking.
One, two, three. Now we're all shipshape again.
Every sailor loves the life — on the sea.

Words and music by Lee Dixon.
Streets Of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy."
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by;
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
Shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First down to Rosie's and then to the cardhouse,
Shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

"Have six tall cowboys to carry my coffin,
Six pretty maids to sing me a song,
Take me to the valley and lay a sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

"Oh, beat the drums slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as they carry me along,
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.
Shenandoah

O Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah I long to hear you
Away, I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
For her I've crossed the rolling water.

Seven long years I courted Sally,
Seven more I longed to have her.

Farewell, my dear I'm bound to leave you,
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Tell Us Another One

Tell us another one
Just like the other one,
Tell us another one do,
Please do.

There once was a Bishop of KIng's-X.

The Saintly old Bishop of Birmingham

On the banks of the River sat Buckingham

There was a young man from Bengal.

Amelia, with sense of proportion

And other such famous men from such famous places as Perth,
Calcutta, Dalkeith, Aberystwyth, Peru, Dallas, Clyde, as well as the Bishop from Wales and that last who sat there alone by the rail. Oh, and many millions of others.

Tell Us Another One

Once there was a Bishop of King's-Canterbury.
Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run,
They all run after the farmer's wife
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.
You never saw such a thing in your life
As three blind mice.

Twenty-one Today

21 today, 21 today,
I've got the key of the door,
Never been 21 before,
Father said I can do what I like,
So shout hip hip hooray for he's a jolly good fellow,
21 today!

Widdicombe Fair

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare
All along, down, along, out along, lee,
For I want to go to Widdicombe Fair,
W'f Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

"And when shall I see again my grey-mare?"
By Friday soon, or Saturday noon.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home.
The Blind Mice

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will.

That Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
And Tom he sat down on a stone and cried.

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career—of

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghostly white—

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones, and from

(An old Devonshire song).

The Wild Colonial Boy

'Tis of a wild colonial boy,
Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents,
He was born in Castlemaine;
He was his father's only hope,
His mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The wild colonial boy.

Come, all my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will die;
We'll wander over valley, and gallop over plains,
And we'll scorn to live in slavery, bound down with iron chains.

In sixty-one this daring youth
Commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger,
No foe man did he fear;
He stuck up the Beechworth mailcoch
And robbed Judge MacIntosy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold
To the wild colonial boy.
He bade the judge good morning
And told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap
That acted on the square.
And never to rob a mother of her only
Son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw
Like the wild colonial boy.

One day he was riding
The mountainside along,
A-listening to the little birds,
Their pleasant, laughing song;
Three mounted troopers rode along—
Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy;
They thought that they would capture him—
The wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan,
"You see, there's three to one;"
"Surrender now, Jack Doolan,
"You daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt
And shook the little toy
"I'll fight, but not surrender."
Said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly
And brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis
Received a mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaw he lay,
Still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him—
The wild colonial boy.
The Wearing Of The Green

(Tune: Wild Colonial Boy)

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that’s going round? The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground; St. Patrick’s Day no more we’ll keep, his colours can’t be seen, For there’s a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, And he said, “How’s poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?” She’s the most distressful country that ever yet was seen; They’re hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England’s cruel red, Sure Ireland’s sons will never forget the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But ’twill take root and flourish there, tho’ underfoot ‘tis trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show, Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen; But till that day, please God, I’ll stick to wearing of the green.

The Policeman’s Lot

When a fellow’s not engaged in his employment—his employment, Or, maturing his felonious little plans—little plans, His capacity for innocent enjoyment—cent enjoyment, Is just as great as any honest man’s.

Our feelings we with difficulty smother—clutty smother, When constabulary duties to be done—to be done, Ah—take one consideration with another—with another, A Policeman’s Lot is not a happy one—happy one.

When the enterprising burglar’s not a burgling—not a burgling, When the cut throat isn’t occupied in crime—pied in crime, He loves to hear the little brook a’gurgling—brook a’gurgling, And listen to the merry village chime. When the coster isn’t jumping on his mother—on his mother, He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—in the sun, Ah—take one consideration with another—with another, A Policeman’s lot is not a happy one.

Chorus:
When constabulary duties to be done—to be done, A Policeman’s lot is not a happy one.
General Songs

Gendarmes' Duet

We're public guardians bold and wary,
And of ourselves we take good care;
To risk our precious lives we're chary—
When danger looms we're never there.
But when we meet a helpless woman
Or little boys that do no harm.

We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.
We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.

Sometimes our duty's extra-mural—
And little butterflies we chase;
We like to gambol in things rural:
Commune with nature face to face.
Unto our beats then back returning,
Refreshed by nature's holy charms.

If gentlemen do make a riot,
And punch each other's heads at night;
We're quite disposed to keep it quiet,
Provided that they make it right.
But if they do not seem to see it,
Or give to us our proper terms.

Sometimes as specials we're on duty
To guard the water works and such,
We've each a truncheon that's a beauty,
But we don't use them very much.
You scoundrel there what's that your after
Ach no my friend I vos no harm.
Greensleeves

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
High Noon

Do not forsake me, O my darling,
On this our wedding day,
Do not forsake me, O my darling,
Wait, wait along.
I do not know what fate awaits me
I only know I must be brave
And I must face a man who hates me,
Or lie a coward, a craven coward,
Or lie a coward in my grave.

O to be torn 'twixt love and duty
S'posing I lose my fair-haired beauty
Look at that big hand move along
Nearing high noon.
He made a vow while in State Prison
Vowed it would be my life or his'n,
I'm not afraid of death but O!
What will I do if you leave me?
Do not forsake me, O my darling
You made that promise as a bride,
Do not forsake me O my darling
Now that I need you at my side.
Wait along, wait along.

---

Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy and gray,
Where the air is so pure, the zephyr so free,
And the breezes are balmy and bright,
Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities' delight.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy and gray.

Oh, give me a home where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down the clear stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a beautiful dream,
Where often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glittering stars,
I have stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
Does their glory exceed that of ours?
Hinky-Dinky Parley Vous

Oh, Landlord, have you a daughter fair, parlez-vous?
Oh, Landlord, have you a daughter fair, parlez-vous?
Oh, Landlord, have you a daughter fair,
To wash a soldier's underwear?
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous!

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
You never see your Croix de Guerre,
If you never wash your underwear.

She never could hold the love of a man,
For she took her baths in a talcum can.
An American soldier on the Rhine,
He kissed the women and drank the wine.

My Froggie girl was true to me;
She was true to me, she was true to you;
She was true to the whole damn army, too.

You might forget the gas and shell,
But you'll never forget the mademoiselle.

Honey, You Can't Love One

Honey you can't love one
Honey you can't love one
You'll never see one and still have fun
So Honey you can't love one.

La-di-dah, hmm-hmm, oh boy, hot stuff, warmed up
not enough!

You can't love two and still be true
You can't love three and still love me
You can't love four and still want more,
You can't love five and still stay alive,
You can't love six and still play tricks,
You can't love seven and still go to heaven,
You can't love eight and still play straight,
You can't love nine and still be mine,
You can't love ten 'cause there ain't enough men,
So Honey you can't love ten.

La-di-dah, hmm-hmm, oh boy, hot stuff, goddam,
whata man!
I (You) Married A Wife

OR

NOW YOUR DAYS OF PHILANDERING

(Mozart)

Now your days of philandering are over,
And your straying from flower to flower,
You'll no more as a faithless young rover
Play Adonis to each pretty maid.
You'll no more as a faithless young rover
Play Adonis to each pretty maid.

Say goodbye now to pastime and pleasure,
Say goodbye to your airs and your graces;
Say goodbye to your romps in the hay, lad;
Say goodbye to your games with the girls.
Say goodbye to the days that were gay, lad;
Say goodbye to your games with the girls.

Fragment:

Now this is the last verse,
There isn't any more
I've got an apple up . . .
And you can have the core.

Singing

Ro-tidlio, ro-tidlio,
Ro-tidlio-tidlio-to-to.

DRINK IT DOWN
DOWN,
DOWN,
DOWN,
DOWN,
DOWN,

-HORRAY!
Jolly Good Ale And Old

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.

...Horray!
John Peel

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

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too!
Ranter and Ringwood,
Bellman and True,
From a find to a check,
From a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health,
Let's finish the bowl.
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far, away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Michael Finnigin

There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He grew whiskers on his chinigin,
The wind came up and blew them inigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin (beginigin).

There was an old man called Michael Finnigin,
He got drunk through drinking ginigin,
Thus he wasted all his tinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin (beginigin).
For the true patriot
(To be sung with heartfelt sympathy).

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their life's blood dyed it every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.
Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
But it's gone right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,
On land on sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

NEW VERSION
Indicate the route to my abode,
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
I had a little snort 60 seconds ago,
But it's gone right to my cranium.

Wherever I may perambulate,
On land or sky or agitated water,
You will always hear me crooning this melody,
Indicate the route to my abode.

Ten In A Bed

There were ten in a bed, and the middle one said
"Roll over, roll over."
So they all rolled over, and one rolled out,
There were nine in the bed, and the middle one said . . . etc.
Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers; one, two, three;
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.
You'll never catch me alive, said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Words: A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson.
Lyrics: Marie Cowan.
by Permission Messrs. Allan & Co.
Merrily We Roll Along

Good-night, ladies! good-night, ladies!
Good-night, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

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

Farewell, ladies! farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! we're going to leave you now.

The Last Song

When we grow too old to sing,
We'll have these tunes to remember,
When we grow too old to sing,
These songs will live in our hearts,
So finish this song,
And then let us part,
And when we all grow old and dream,
This night will live in our hearts.

Working In A Brewery

(Roamin' in the Gloamin')

Working in a brewery at the foot of Khyber Pass,
Working in a brewery with a bottle and a glass,
When the summer sun is hot,
That's the time I like a spot,
Gee, it's lovely working in a brewery.
Blotto in a grotto at the foot of Arthur's Pass,
Blotto in a grotto with a bottle and a glass,
When the summer sun is high,
That's the time I like a rye,
Gee, it's lovely working in a brewery.
Roll Along

O, roll along, roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.
O, roll along, roll along,
O, roll along, roll along.

Drink, ladies!
Drink to leave you now.
Drink, ladies!
Drink to leave you now.

Song

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.

William Blake, 1757-1827.

Praise, My Soul The King Of Heaven
(Tune: Praise My Soul)

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him! Praise him!
Wide as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Turn Back, O Man

(Tune: Old 124th)

Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways. Old now is Earth, and none may count her days, Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame, Still wilt not bear thine inner God proclaim— "Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways."

Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise. Age after age their tragic empires rise, Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep: Would Man but wake from out his haunted sleep, Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one: Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done. Now, even now, once more from earth to sky, Peals forth in Joy Man's old undaunted cry— "Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one!"—Clifford Bax.

Praise To The Holiest In The Height

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise; In all his words most wonderful, Most sure in all his ways.

O loving wisdom of our God! When all was sin and shame, A second Adam to the fight And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood, Which did in Adam fail, Should strive afresh against the foe, Should strive, and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace Should flesh and blood refine, God's presence and his very Self, And Essence all divine.
O generous love! that he, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For Man should undergo;
And in the garden secretely,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.


The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's House for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup over flows.
City Of God, How Broad And Far

(Tune: Richmond)

City of God how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong
One steadfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song
One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth.

How gleam the watchfires, through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers serene and bright
To meet the dawning day?

In vain the surge's angry shock
In vain the drifting sands
Unharmed upon eternal rock
The eternal city stands.
"TIS PITY THAT SATAN SHOULD HAVE THE BEST SONGS
—AYE—PITY'TIS—'TIS TRUE"

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Ring The Bell, Verger
Drama

Dramas In Pyjamas

Once I was a crooner in a cafe
And on the radio I soon became the rage
But I didn't really start
Till they offered me a part
Playing dramas in pyjamas on the stage.

But when they sent my part before the censor
The dirty dialogue they sliced on every page
Till I hopped into my hammock
And they said I was dynamic
Playing dramas in pyjamas on the stage.

Oh, I had a leading lady who was ugly
And I'll admit that she was showing signs of age
But she looked like Aphrodite
When she entered in her nightie
Playing dramas in pyjamas on the stage.

Once it was quite hard to find employment,
Playing bedroom scenes had lost its 'zest' appeal
It seemed the stage profession
Had gained the wrong impression
That dramas in pyjamas had no zeal.

So I spoke to quite an eminent producer
But he told me just the same as all before
So his daughter I invaded
Finding she could be persuaded
To play dramas in pyjamas on the floor.

After that all doors to fame for me had opened,
But I still recall that show we had off stage
Playing bedroom scenes is fun
But one has really just begun
When playing dramas in pyjamas on the stage.
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Eskimo Nell