

Newcastle Boys' High School



*Community Song  
Book*

— NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM SCHOOL —

1.

**SCHOOL SONG.**  
"Remis Velisque"

Smith House Boys, here's a song for  
you,  
Hunter and Hannell and Shortland  
too,  
Sing as our fathers sang it, loud and  
true,  
When they climbed up the hill in the  
morning.

Chorus:

Yes, when we're gone in the years  
far ahead,  
When the last game's played and the  
last lesson's said,  
The name of the school will awake  
from the dead  
The memories of many a morning.  
Serving straight in a hard-fought  
match,  
Sprinting for the tape or puzzling  
catch  
The "blues," from the limit man to  
the scratch,  
Will still do their best, night and  
morning,

Chorus:

Yes, when we're gone, etc.

Remis Velisque's the motto for all,  
And our hearts once again will still  
hear its call,  
When the muscles are still that once  
toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

Chorus:

Yes, when we're gone, etc.

2.

**ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR**

Australia's sons let us rejoice,  
For we are young and free  
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,  
Our home is girt by sea.  
Our land abounds in nature's gifts,  
Of beauty rich and rare.  
In history's page let every stage,  
Advance, Australia, fair.

Chorus:

In joyful strains then let us sing,  
Advance, Australia fair.  
When gallant Cook from Albion sailed,  
To trace wide oceans o'er  
True British courage bore him on,  
Till he landed on our shore.  
And there he raised old England's  
flag,  
The standard of the brave,  
With all her faults we love her still,  
Britannia rule the waves!

3.

**SONG OF AUSTRALIA**

There is a land where summer skies  
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,  
Blending in witching harmonies, in  
harmonies;  
And grassy knoll and forest height  
Are flushing in the rosy light,  
And all above is azure bright,  
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where homesteads  
peep  
From sunny plain and woodlands  
steep,  
And love and joy bright vigils keep,  
bright vigils keep;  
Where the glad voice of childish glee  
Is mingling with the melody  
Of nature's hidden minstrelsy,  
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where treasures shine  
Deep in the dark and unfathomed  
mine,  
For worshippers at Mammon's Shrine,  
at Mammon's Shrine;  
Where gold lies hid and rubies gleam,  
And fabled wealth no more doth seem  
The idle fancy of a dream,  
Australia, Australia, Australia.

4.

**LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY**

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of  
the free,  
How shall we extol thee, who are  
born of thee?  
Wider still and wider, shall thy  
bounds be set;  
God, who made thee mighty, make  
thee mightier yet,  
God, who made thee mighty, make  
thee mightier yet.

5.

**ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI**

There's a track winding back to an  
old fashioned shack,  
Along the road to Gundagai,  
Where the blue gums are growing  
and the Murrumbidgee's flowing  
Beneath the sunny sky,  
Where my daddy and mother are  
waiting for me,  
And the pals of my childhood once  
more I will see,  
Then no more will I roam when I'm  
heading straight for home,  
Along the road to Gundagai

6.

**WALTZING MATILDA**

Once a jolly swagman camped by a  
billabong  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and wait-  
ted 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 watched and wait-  
ted 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 jum-  
buck 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,  
"Whose that jolly jumbuck you're 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.

7.

**THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN  
ENGLAND**

There'll always be an England  
While there's a country lane  
Wherever there's a cottage small  
Beside a field of grain,  
There'll always be an England  
While there's a busy street  
Wherever there's a turning wheel  
A million marching feet.  
Red, White and Blue, what does it  
mean to you?  
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,  
Britons awake,  
The Empire too, we can depend on  
you,  
Freedom remains, there are chains  
nothing can break.  
There'll always be an England  
And England shall be free  
If England means as much to you  
As England means to me.

8.

**FOR ENGLAND**

All ye that plant the sapling in the  
glade,  
Not for your own its crown shall be  
displayed,  
Let others see the worth of what  
you've made,  
You plant for England,  
You plant for England.  
All ye that build the cot or stately  
hall,  
To each there comes the all em-  
bracing call,  
Your work be strong,  
No task be mean or small,  
You build for England,  
You build for England.

All ye that walk by English paths  
to-day,  
And love her beauty spread by every  
way,  
Pass on her glories, other men shall  
say,  
You live for England,  
You live for England.

So plant and build and never cease  
to strive,  
Where heart, and hand, and soul can  
all contrive  
For those who follow, keep you still  
alive,  
All this for England,  
All this for England.

9.

**LAND OF OUR BIRTH**

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee,  
Our love and toil in years to be,  
When we are grown, and take our  
place,  
As men and women of our race,  
Teach us to bear the yoke of youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth,  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may  
give,  
The truth whereby the nations live.  
Land of our birth, our faith, our  
pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers  
died  
Oh, motherland we pledge to thee  
Head, heart and hand through the  
years to be.

10.

**THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND**

There's a rose that grows in no man's  
land,  
And it's wonderful to see.  
Though it's sprayed with tears, it  
will live for years,  
In my garden of memory.  
It's the one red rose the soldier  
knows,  
'Tis the work of the Master's hand,  
Mid the war's great curse stands the  
red cross nurse,  
She's the rose of no-man's land.

11.

**O VALIANT HEARTS**

O valiant hearts, who to your glory  
came,  
Through dust of conflict, and through  
battle flame,  
Tranquil you lie, your knightly val-  
our proved,  
Your memory hallowed in the land  
you loved.  
Proudly you gathered rank on rank  
to war,  
As who had heard God's message  
from afar,  
All you had hoped for, all you had  
you gave,  
To save mankind—yourselves you  
scorned to save.

12.

**THE BRITISH GRENADIERS**

Some talk of Alexander and some of  
Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such  
great names as these,  
But of all the world's great heroes  
There's none that can compare,  
With a tow row row row row row  
to the British Grenadiers.  
Then let us fill a bumper, and drink  
a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches and  
wear the looped clothes;  
May they and their commanders,  
live happy all their years,  
With a tow row row row row row  
for the British Grenadiers.

13.

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES**

Pack up your troubles in your old  
kit bag,  
And smile, smile, smile,  
While you're a lucifer to light your  
fag,  
Smile, boys, that's the style,  
What's the use of worrying,  
It never was worth while, so  
Pack up your troubles in your old  
kit bag,  
And smile, smile, smile.

14.

**ANZAC DAY**

This day of days again we keep  
In memory of those who sleep  
For ever by the quiet sea  
Away in far Gallipoli.

Refrain:

'Tis Anzac Day; 'tis Anzac Day!  
O soldier comrades far away  
You died in War, may we in peace  
So live and love that war may cease.  
They left their homes, they gave their  
all,  
Their youth, their strength, at duty's  
call  
Our soldiers who were staunch and  
true,  
O may we serve our country too!

Refrain:

'Tis Anzac Day; 'tis Anzac day, etc.  
How can we all our country bless?  
By work, by faith, by cheerfulness,  
United for our nation's good  
In fellowship and fortitude.

Refrain:

'Tis Anzac Day; 'tis Anzac day, etc.

15.

**BLESS 'EM ALL**

They say there's a troopship just  
leaving Bombay.  
Bound for old Blighty Shore.  
Heavily laden with time expired  
men,  
Bound for the land they adore,  
There's many an airman just finish-  
ing his time,  
There's many a twirp signing on,  
You'll get no promotion this side of  
the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!  
Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!—  
The long and the short and the tall;  
Bless all the sergeants and double-u-  
-o ones,  
Bless all the corp'rals and their  
blinking sons,  
'Cos we're saying good-bye to them all  
As back to their billets they crawl,  
You'll get no promotion this side of  
the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!

16.

**LEST WE FORGET**  
(Recessional)

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!  
The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

17.

**ABIDE WITH ME**

Abide with me, fast falls the even-  
-tide,  
The darkness deepens,  
Lord with me abide,  
When other helpers fail, and com-  
-forts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with  
me  
I need Thy presence, every passing  
hour,  
What but Thy grace can foil a tem-  
-pter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
can be,  
Through cloud and sunshine, O,  
abide with me.

18.

**THE FIRST NOEL**

The first Noel, the angels did say,  
Was to certain poor shepherds in  
fields as they lay,  
In fields where they lay keeping their  
sheep  
On a cold winter's night that was so  
deep.

Chorus:  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked above, and there saw a  
star,  
Shining in the East, but beyond them  
afar,  
And to the earth it gave forth great  
light,  
And so it continued both day and  
night.

19.

**O GOD OUR HELP**

O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure,  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall  
last,  
And our eternal home.

20.

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING  
HOME**

When Johnny comes marching home  
again,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome  
then,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will  
shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we'll all be glad when Johnny  
comes marching home.  
The old church bells will peal with  
joy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The village lads and lasses say,  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny  
comes marching home.

21.

**O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL**

O come all ye faithful  
Joyful and triumphant  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.  
Come, and behold Him,  
Born the King of Angels,  
O come let us adore Him  
O come let us adore Him  
O come let us adore Him  
Christ the Lord.  
Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,  
Glory to God in the Highest.

22.

**THE RIFF SONG**

Ho! So we sing as we go riding,  
Ho! It's the time you'd best be hid-  
-ing  
Low, It means the Riffs are abroad,  
Go, before you've bitten the sword,  
Ho! That's the sound that comes to  
warn you,  
So, in the night or early morn you  
know,  
If you're the Red Shadow's foe,  
The Riffs will strike with a blow  
That brings you woe.

23.

**THE DESERT SONG**

Blue heaven and you and I  
And sand kissing a moonlit sky,  
A desert breeze whispering a lullaby  
Only stars above you to see I love  
Oh give me that night divine,  
And let my arms in yours entwine  
The desert song calling, its voice  
enthraling,  
Will make you mine.

24.

**FOR HE'S AN ENGLISHMAN**  
(H.M.S. Pinafore)

For he himself hath said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is an Englishman,  
That he is an Englishman.  
For he might have been a Russian,  
A French, or Turk, or Prussian,  
Or perhaps Italian,  
Or perhaps Italian,  
But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman,  
He remains an Englishman,  
For in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman,  
He remains an Englishman.

25.

**FOR THE MERRIEST FELLOWS  
ARE WE**  
(The Gondaliers)

For the merriest fellows are we.  
That ply on the emerald sea,  
With loving and laughing and quip-  
-ping and quaffing,  
We're happy as happy can be,  
With loving and laughing and quip-  
-ping and quaffing,  
We're happy as happy can be,  
Tra la la . . .

With sorrow we're nothing to do,  
And care is a thing to pooh pooh,  
And jealousy yellow, unfortunate  
fellow,  
We drown in the shimmering blue,  
And jealously, yellow, unfortunate  
fellow,  
We drown in the shimmering blue,  
Tra la la . . .

26.

**GOOD-BYE****(White Horse Inn)**

My heart is broken, but what care I?  
Such pride inside me has woken  
I'll try my best not to cry bye and bye,  
When the final farewells must be  
spoken,  
I'll join the Legion, that's what I'll  
do,  
And in some far distant region,  
Where human hearts are staunch and  
true,  
I shall start my life anew.  
Chorus:  
Good-bye, it's time I sought a for-  
-eign clime,  
Where I may find  
There are hearts more kind  
Than I leave behind,  
And so I go to fight a savage foe,  
Although I know, I'll be sometimes  
missed.  
By the girls I've kissed.  
In some Abyssinian French Dominion  
I shall do my bit,  
And fall for the flag if I must,  
Where the desert sand is nice and  
handy,  
I'll be full of grit;  
You won't see my heels for the dust.  
I'll do or die;  
You'll know the reason why  
When told of bold Leopold's last  
stand for the Fatherland.  
Good-bye, good-bye,  
I wish you all a last good-bye.

27. **GOOD KING WENCESLAS**

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about  
Deep and crisp and even,  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Tho' the frost was cruel  
When the poor man came in sight  
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither page and stand by me  
If thou know'st it, telling  
Yonder peasant who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain  
Right against the forest fence  
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither,  
Thou and I will see him dine  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went  
Forth they went together  
Thro' the rude winds' wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

28. **SERGEANT'S SONG**  
(Pirates of Penzance)

When the foeman bares his steel,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
We uncomfortable feel  
Tarantara!  
And we find the wisest thing  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Is to slap our chests and sing  
Tarantara!  
For when threatened with emeutes  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
And your heart is in your boots  
Tarantara!  
There is nothing brings it round  
Like the trumpet's martial sound  
Like the trumpet's martial sound  
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra!  
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra!

29. **THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S**

The bells of St. Mary's  
Ah! hear they are calling  
The young loves, the true loves,  
Who come from the sea;  
And so my beloved,  
When red leaves are falling,  
The love bells shall ring out, ring  
out,  
For you and me.

30. **STOUT-HEARTED MEN**  
(The New Moon)

Give me some men who are stout-  
hearted men,  
Who will fight for the right they  
adore,  
Start me with ten who are stout-  
hearted men,  
And I'll soon give you ten thousand  
more, Oh,  
Shoulder to shoulder, and bolder and  
bolder,  
They grow as they go to the fore,  
Then there's nothing in the world  
can halt or mar a plan,  
When stout-hearted men will stick  
together man to man.

31. **A BACHELOR GAY**  
(Maid of the Mountains)

A bachelor gay am I,  
Though I've suffer'd from Cupid's  
dart;  
But never, I vow, will I say die  
In spite of an aching heart,  
For a man always loves a girl or two,  
Tho' the fact must be confess'd,  
He always swears the whole way  
thro'  
To every girl he tries to woo  
That he loves her far the best.

Chorus:  
He loves her far the best.

Refrain:  
At seventeen, he falls in love quite  
madly  
With eyes of tender blue.  
At twenty-four, he gets it rather  
badly  
With eyes of a different hue;  
At thirty-five, you'll see him flirting  
sadly  
With two, or three, or more;  
When he fancies he is past love,  
It is then he meets his last love,  
And he loves her as he's never loved  
before.

32. **IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY**

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-by Piccadilly, farewell Leices-  
ter Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

33. **OLD FATHER THAMES**

There's some folks who always worry,  
And some folks who never care,  
But in this world of rush and hurry  
It matters neither here nor there.  
Be steady and realistic,  
Don't hanker for gold or gems,  
Be care-free and optimistic,  
Like Old Father Thames.

Chorus:  
High in the hills, down in the dales,  
Happy and fancy free,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling  
along,  
Down to the mighty sea.  
What does he know, what does he  
care?  
Nothing for you or me,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling  
along,  
Down to the mighty sea.  
He never seems to worry, doesn't  
care for Fortune's fame,  
He never seems to hurry, but he  
gets there just the same.  
Kingdoms may come, kingdoms may  
go,  
Whatever the end may be,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling  
along,  
Down to the mighty sea.

34. **BEAUTIFUL DREAMER**

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me  
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting  
for thee,  
Sounds of the rude world, heard in  
the day,  
Lulled by the moonlight have all  
passed away,  
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,  
List while I woo thee, with soft  
melody,  
Gone are the cares of life's busy  
throng,  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!  
Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,  
Mermaids are chanting the wild  
lorelei,  
Over the streamlet, vapours are  
borne,  
Waiting to fade at the bright coming  
morn,  
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,  
E'en as the morn on the streamlet  
and sea,  
Then will all clouds of sorrow de-  
part,  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

35. **WANDERING THE KING'S  
HIGHWAY**

I've always been a rover,  
Summer and winter too:  
Wandering the wide world over,  
Tramping my whole life through.  
But when I start my journey  
At the dawn of another day,  
I give a health to comrades,  
Pals of the Great Highway.

Refrain:  
So long to you!  
Got to be on the road again;  
So long to you!  
Got to hitch up my load again;  
It's been great to meet you here,  
Right good company, and right good  
cheer:

Now, then, my lads!  
Any one like to come with me?  
A wanderer's life is free.  
I can say,  
Night and day,  
Nothing ever worries me,  
Nights are cold,  
Maybe I am growing old,  
Yet I thrive,  
And the pals I meet make it good to  
be alive,  
Comrades, farewell,  
What if we never meet again?  
The memory will stay  
As I go,  
Rain or Snow,  
Wandering the King's Highway.

Parting is filled with sorrow  
But, as I roam the land,  
I shall meet again to-morrow  
Friends who will clasp my hand.  
So with the dawn to greet me,  
As the darkness is turned to day,  
I and my friendly memories  
Start out upon our way.

Refrain—So long to you, etc.

36. **SING ALONG**

Sing along, oh sing along,  
Just sing along the way,  
If skies be grey, and dull the day,  
Just sing along, you say,  
Sing along, oh sing along,  
And make the sad heart gay,  
You'll always find the sunshine,  
If you sing along the way.

37.

## I DREAM OF JEANNIE

I dream of Jeannie with the light  
brown hair,  
Borne like a vapour on the summer  
air,  
I see her tripping where the bright  
streams play,  
Happy as daisies that dance on her  
way,  
Many were the wild notes her merry  
voice would pour,  
Many were the blithe birds that war-  
bled them o'er,  
I dream of Jeannie with the light  
brown hair,  
Floating like a vapour on the soft  
summer air,  
I long for Jeannie with the daydawn  
smile,  
Radiating gladness warm with win-  
ning gulle,  
I hear her melodies, like joys gone  
by,  
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond  
hopes that die,  
Sighing like the night wind and  
sobbing like the rain,  
Waiting for the lost one that comes  
not again,  
I long for Jeannie and my heart bows  
low,  
Never more to find her where the  
bright waters flow.

38.

## THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

When I was bound apprentice in fa-  
mous Lincolnshire,  
I served my master truly for nigh on  
seven year,  
Till I took up to poaching, as you  
shall quickly hear.

Chorus:

For 'tis my delight on a shiny night  
In the season of the year.  
As me and my companion were set-  
ting of a snare,  
The game-keeper was watching us  
for him we didn't care,  
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys,  
jump over anywhere.

Chorus:

For 'tis my delight, etc.  
As me and my companions were set-  
ting four or five,  
And taking of 'em up again, we  
caught a hare alive,  
We popped her into a bag, my boys,  
and thro' the woods did steer.

39.

## ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
eastward to the sea,  
There's a Eurma girl a-settin', and  
I know she thinks o' me.  
For the wind is in the palm trees,  
An' the temple bells they say;  
"Come you back, you British soldier,  
Come you back to Mandalay.  
Come you back to Mandalay.

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Fotilla lay,  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chug-  
gin'  
From Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay  
Where the flyin' fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thun-  
der,

Out of China 'crost the bay.  
Ship me some-where east of Suez  
Where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Command-  
ments

An' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple bells are callin' and  
it's there that I would be  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
lazy at the sea.  
Lookin' lazy to the sea.

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay, etc.

40.

## BE A GOOD SCOUT

When there's trouble or there's strife  
Be prepared throughout your life  
It's the scout who has to lend a help-  
ing hand,  
Be a brother and a friend,  
Never failing to the end  
Here is your command.

Chorus:

Be a good scout and always wear a  
smile,  
Be a good scout keep cheerful all  
the while,  
It's the creed, yes indeed.

That a scout must practise gaily!  
Help those in need, do a good turn  
daily,  
Be a good scout, be loyal, clean and  
brave,  
Never say die, just let your banners  
wave,  
On your honor do your best when  
they put you to the test,  
And always be a good scout.

41.

## ROLLING HOME

Call all hands to man the capstan,  
See the cable runs down clear,  
Heave away and with a will, boys,  
For Australia we will steer,  
And we'll sing in joyful chorus,  
O'er the ocean as we go,  
To that sunny land before us,  
Where the golden wattles grow,

Chorus:

Rolling home, rolling home,  
Rolling home across the sea.  
Rolling home to dear Australia,  
Rolling home, dear land to thee.

Up aloft, amid the rigging,  
Blows the loud exulting gale,  
Like a bird with outstretched pinions  
Spreads on high each swelling sail,  
And the wild waves cleft behind us,  
Seem to murmur as they flow,  
There are loving hearts that wait  
you,  
In the land to which you go.

Chorus:

Rolling home, etc.

Many thousand miles behind us,  
Many thousand miles before,  
Ancient oceans heave to waft us,  
To the well remembered shore,  
Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await  
you  
From the fairest of the fair,  
And her loving eyes shall greet you  
With kind welcome everywhere.  
Chorus:

42.

## DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine;  
The thirst that from the soul doth  
rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's Nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And send'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells I  
swear  
Not of itself, but thee.

43.

## COME TO THE FAIR

The sun is a-shining to welcome the  
day,  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.  
The folk are all singing so merry  
and gay,  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.

All the stalls on the greens are as  
fine as can be,  
With trinkets and tokens so pretty  
to see,  
So it's come then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the mor-  
ning.

So deck yourselves out in your finest  
array,  
With a Heigh-ho, come to the fair.  
The fiddles are playing a tune that  
you know:  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.

The drums are all beating, away let  
us go,  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.  
There'll be racing and chasing from  
morning till night,  
And roundabouts turning to left and  
to right,

So it's come, then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the mor-  
ning,  
So lock up your house, there'll be  
plenty of fun,  
And its Heigh-ho, come to the fair.

For love-making, too, if so be you've  
a mind,  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.  
For hearts that are happy are loving  
and kind,  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.

It it's "Haste to the Wedding," the  
fiddles should play,  
I warrant you'll dance to the end of  
the day.  
So it's come then, maidens and men,

To the fair in the pride of the mor-  
ning.  
The sun is a-shining to welcome the  
day,  
With a Heigh-ho, come to the fair;  
Maidens and men, maidens and men,  
Come to the fair in the morning.  
Heigh-ho, come to the fair.

## THE BLUE DANUBE

Hours wing along,  
With laughter and song,  
To soft music sweet,  
And light dancing feet,  
Bright eyes that beguile,  
And red lips that smile,  
While fair youth in flower has its  
hour

Greeting life with mirth and song,  
Hearts are light and gay,  
Free from cares of day,  
Fountains playing,  
Treetops swaying,  
There's a magic spell in each leafy  
dell,

While the hours too swiftly pass  
away.

Within the forest green,  
Happy lovers roam unseen,  
There is rapture in their eyes,  
While around them the night wind  
softly sighs,

Seek now the scented shade,  
Escape from the heat and glare,  
And wander in woodland glade  
With her, your lady fair,  
Once more we dance,  
To notes that entrance,  
Dance all through the night,  
Until the daylight,  
We thrill to the strain,  
Of this old refrain,

And ever our hearts will unfold,  
This sweet waltz, this waltz of old.

45.

## YE BANKS AND BRAES

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and  
fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I'm so weary fu' o' care?  
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling  
bird

That warbles on the flowery thorn,  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Of ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,  
By morning and by evening shine,  
To hear the birds sing o' their loves,  
As fondly once I sang o' mine.  
Wi' light-some heart I stretched my  
hand

And pu'd a rosebud from the tree.  
But my fause lover stole the rose  
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

46.

## DAYS OF YOUTH

Glad are the days of youth,  
When life is careless and gay,  
Ah, we'll ever remember,  
The joys of yesterday.  
Our hearts always beat in tune,  
And life was laughter and play,  
Yes, we treasure with longing,  
The joys of yesterday,  
How we laughed and sang till the  
echoes rang,  
Through the woodland and over the  
hill,  
In the quiet glade many a lover  
strayed,  
To the music of the merry song-birds  
trill,

Too quickly pass the golden hours.  
When the heart is young,  
Earth is strewn with flowers,  
And love's sweet song is sung,  
The summer skies are sparkling and  
fair,

There's magic in the night;  
Beauty's everywhere,  
And youth's fire burns bright.  
Gone are the days of youth,  
When life was careless and gay,  
Oh, but still we'll remember,  
The joys of yesterday,  
Our young hearts were all aglow,  
And life was laughter and play.  
Now we treasure with longing  
The dreams of yesterday.

47.

## THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
"Land of Song," said the warrior  
bard,  
"Tho' 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  
chains  
Could not bring his proud soul  
under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery;  
Thy songs were made for the pure  
and free,  
They ne'er shall sound in slavery."

48.

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids sur-  
pass,  
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so  
sweet,

Has won my right good-will,  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air  
And wanton through the grove,  
O' whisper to my charming fair,  
I'd die for her I love,  
This lass so neat with smiles so  
sweet

Has won my right good-will,  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,

49.

## THE ASH GROVE

The ash grove how graceful, how  
plainly 'tis speaking,  
The wind through it playing has  
language for me,  
When over its branches the sunlight  
is breaking,  
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.  
The friends of my childhood again  
are before me,

Fond memories waken as gaily I  
roam.

With soft whispers laden, the leaves  
rustle o'er me,  
The ash grove, the ash grove that  
shelters my home.  
My laughter is over, my step loses  
lightness,

Old country-side measures steal soft  
on my ear,  
I only remember the past and its  
brightness,

The dear ones I mourn for again  
gather here.

From out of the shadows their lov-  
ing looks greet me,

And wistfully searching the leafy  
green dome,  
I find other faces fond bending to  
greet me,

The ash grove, the ash grove alone  
is my home.

50.

## HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy days are here again,  
The skies above are clear again;  
Let us sing a song of cheer again;  
Happy days are here again.  
All together shout it now  
There's no one who can doubt it now  
So let's tell the world about it now  
Happy days are here again.  
Your cares and troubles are gone,  
There'll be no more from now on.  
Happy days are here again;  
The skies above are clear again;  
Let us sing a song of cheer again  
Happy days are here again.

51.

## VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Let every good fellow now join in  
this song,  
Vive la compagnie,  
Success to each other, and pass it  
along,

Vive la compagnie,  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour.  
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,  
Vive la compagnie,

A friend on the left and a friend on  
the right,  
Vive la compagnie,  
In love and good fellowship let us  
unite,

Vive la compagnie,  
Vive la compagnie,

52.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old  
Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, ripe the darkies are gay,  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's  
in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the  
day.

The young folks roll on the little  
cabin floor,  
All merry all happy and bright,  
By'n by hard times comes a knock-  
ing at the door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good  
night.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh weep no more to-day;  
We will sing one song for the old  
Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far  
away.

53.

## THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is pulling me away,  
As take I wi' my cromak to the road  
The far Coolins are putting love on  
me,  
As step I with the sunlight for my  
load.

Chorus:

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannock  
and Lochaber I will go,  
By heather tracks with heaven in  
their wiles,  
If it's thinking in your inner heart,  
The braggart's in my step.  
You're never smelt the tangle o' the  
Isles.

A far crooning is pulling me away,  
As step I with my cromak to the  
Isles.

It's the blue islands are pulling  
me away,

Their laughter puts the leap upon  
the lame,

It's the blue islands from the Sker-  
ries to the Lewis,

With heather honey taste upon each  
name.

Chorus:

54.

## GREEK NATIONAL ANTHEM

So I know you by the keen edge,  
Of the terror striking sword,  
So I know you by the free glance  
Sweeping swiftly through the land.  
By the Hellenes sacred ashes,  
You have risen valiantly,  
As before in golden ages,  
Hail e'er hail, oh liberty.  
By the Hellenes sacred ashes  
You have risen valiantly,  
As before in golden ages,  
Hail e'er hail, oh liberty.  
But the day took long in breaking,  
Every soul was silent, dead,  
Reigning terror was e'er shaken,  
Million hearts in every tread,  
To return your gone-by glory,  
Was your only soothing cheer,  
Hapless one, your tearful story,  
All the world you called to hear,  
By the Hellenes sacred ashes,  
You have risen valiantly,  
As before in golden ages,  
Hail e'er hail, oh liberty.

55.

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Darkness, with its mantle hides us,  
All thro' the night.  
Till we find one star that guides us,  
All thro' the night.  
Star of Hope, for ever peeping,  
Whilst the world is hushed and sleep-  
ing,  
And the hours are slowly creeping,  
All thro' the night.

Fears and troubles oft assail us,  
All thro' the night.  
Shine, O Star and do not fail us,  
All thro' the night.  
Though our footsteps may be weary,  
And our road seems long and dreary,  
Hope eternal keeps us cheery  
All thro' the night.

56.

## ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,  
Where early falls the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot shall be.  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
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,  
And dark blue is her e'e,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

57.

## BEGONE, DULL CARE

Begone, dull care!  
I prithee begone from me,  
Begone dull care,  
You and I shall never agree,  
Long time hast thou been tarrying  
here,  
And fain thou wouldst me kill,  
But i' faith, dull care,  
Thou never shalt have thy will.  
Begone, dull care!  
I'll none of thy company,  
Begone, dull care!  
Thou art no pair for me,  
We'll pass the cheerful word along,  
As merrily goes the day,  
And then at night, in a cheerful song,  
We'll drive dull care away.

58.

## MEN OF HARLECH.

Men of Harlech, in the hollow,  
Do you hear like rushing billow  
Wave on wave that surging follow  
Battle's distant sound?  
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foe-men,  
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bow-men,  
Be they knights or hinds or yoemen.  
They shall bite the ground.

Chorus:

Loose the folds asunder,  
Flag we conquer under!  
The placid sky now bright on high  
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
Onward! 'Tis our country needs us.  
He is bravest, he who leads us,  
Honour's self now proudly leads us,  
Freedom, God and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow  
Flash with spear and flight or arrow,  
Who would think of death or sorrow?  
Death is glory now!  
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,  
Let the earth dead foe-men cover;  
Fate of friend or wife or lover,  
Trembles on a blow!

(Repeat Chorus).

59.

## HOME, SWEET HOME

Mid pleasures and palaces though we  
may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no  
place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to  
hallow us there,  
Which seek through the world is not  
met with elsewhere,

Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,  
There's no place like home,  
There's no place like home.

60.

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's  
early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the  
twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
Through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were  
so gallantly streaming?  
Oh, say does that star spangled  
banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave?

61.

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN  
THE WORLD

If you were the only girl in the world  
And I was the only boy,  
Nothing else would matter in this  
world to-day,  
We would go on living in the same  
old way,  
A garden of Eden just made for two,  
With nothing to mar our joy,  
There would be, such wonderful  
things to do,  
I would say such wonderful things to  
you,  
If you were the only girl in the  
world,  
And I was the only boy.

62.

POKAREKARE  
(Troubled)

Tho' troubled are the waters of the  
Wai-a-pu,  
Yet at thy approach beloved,  
How tranquil they become,

Refrain:

O my beloved,  
Come soon to me,  
Or I shall die, alas,  
All for love of thee.

I have written you a letter,  
And enclosed with it a ring,  
If your people should see them,  
Then the trouble will begin-  
Tho' my futile pen is broken,  
And finished is my paper,  
My love for you, dearest,  
Shall endure for evermore.

63.

## AULD LANG SYNE

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

Chorus:

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 frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And we'll tak' a rich' guid willie  
waught,  
For auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.



64.

**OLD BLACK JOE**

Gone are the days when my heart  
was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton-  
fields away;  
Gone from the earth to a better land  
I know,  
I hear their gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming,  
For my head is bending low,  
I hear the gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should  
feel no pain;  
Why do I sigh that my friends come  
not again?

Grieving for forms now departed  
long ago,

I hear their gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

(Repeat Chorus).

Where are the hearts once so happy  
and so free?

The children so dear that I held upon  
my knee?

Gone to the shore where my soul has  
longed to go,

I hear their gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

(Repeat Chorus).

65.

**THE ETON BOATING SONG**

Jolly boating weather,  
Braced by a cooling breeze,  
Blades on the feather,  
Great days are these.  
Swing, swing together,  
With our bodies between our knees  
Swing, swing together,  
With our bodies between our knees.  
Some may be more clever,  
Others may make more row,  
Our slogan ever,  
"Strong stroke to the bow."  
Nothing shall sever  
The chain that is round us now,  
Nothing shall sever  
The chain that is round us now.  
Others fill our places,  
Still to the colours true,  
Crowds watch their races;  
We'll watch them too.  
Youth in our faces,  
We will cheer for the good old crew.  
Youth in our faces,  
We will cheer for the good old crew.

66.

**GOOD-NIGHT LADIES**

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, over 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.

67.

**HAERE RA  
(Good-bye)**

Now is the hour  
When we must say good-bye;  
Soon you'll be sailing  
Far across the sea,  
While you're away,  
O then remember me,  
When you return,  
You'll find me waiting here.

68.

**SANTA LUCIA**

Calm o'er the ocean blue,  
Moonlight is shining,  
And with its silver light,  
Stray cloud is lining,  
While from the blue expanse,  
Fair stars are gleaming,  
Over the night beneath,  
In sweetness beaming.  
As o'er the stream we glide,  
Borne by the silvery tide,  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia,  
Home of fair beauty,  
Realm of pure peace and joy,  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

69.

**A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE**

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the wind their revels keep.  
Like an eagle caged I pine,  
On this dull unchanging shore,  
Oh give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest roar,  
A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the wind their revels keep.

70.

**RIO GRANDE**

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the  
sea,  
Oh, Rio,  
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the  
sea.

Chorus:

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,  
Then away my love, away, 'way  
down Rio,

So fare ye well my pretty young gel,  
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye  
to Sue,

Oh, Rio,

And you who are listening, goodbye  
to you.

(Repeat Chorus).

Our ship went sailing out over the  
bar,

Oh, Rio,

And we pointed her nose for the  
southern star.

71.

**COMIN' THRO' THE RYE**

If a body meet a body,  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Name they say ha'e I.

Yet a' the ladg they smile on me,  
When comin' thro' the rye.

If a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the town,  
If a body greet a body,  
Need a body frown?

Chorus:

Among the train there is a swain,  
I dearly love my-self,

But what's his name or where's his  
hame,

I dinna choose to tell.

Chorus:

72.

**SHENANDOAH**

(Sea Shanty)

Oh, Shenandoah I long to hear you,  
Away, you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
Haul away, I'm bound to go

'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.

73.

**THE STORMY WINDS DO**

One Friday morn a ship set  
And sailed afar from land,  
Her crew did espy a fair prett,  
With a comb and a glass  
hand, in her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in hand,  
And the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did bl  
And we jolly sailor boys are  
up aloft,  
And the land lubbers lying  
below, below, below.  
And the land lubbers lying  
below.

74.

**KILLARNEY**

By Killarney's lakes and fell  
Em'rald isles and winding ba  
Mountain paths and woodland  
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.  
Bounteous nature loves all la  
Beauty wanders everywhere,  
Foot-prints leaves on many s  
But her home is surely the  
Angels fold their wings and  
In that Eden of the West,  
Beauty's home, Killarney,  
Ever fair Killarney.

75.

**THE BONNIE BANKS O' I  
LOMOND**

By yon bonnie banks  
And by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright o  
Lomond,  
Where me and my true love  
ever want to gae,  
On the bonny bonny banks o  
Lomond.

Chorus:

Oh, ye'll take the high road  
And I'll take the low road.

And I'll be in Scotland afore y  
But me and my true love will  
meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o  
Lomond,

'Twas there that we parted  
shady glen,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o  
Lomond.

Where in purple hue the Hill  
hills we view,

And the moon coming out  
gloaming.

**MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA**

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll  
sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start  
the world along,  
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty  
thousand strong,  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

Chorus:  
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes  
you free,  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta  
to the sea,  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they  
heard the joyful sound,  
How the turkeys gobbled which our  
commisary found,  
How the sweet potatoes even started  
from the ground,  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

Chorus:  
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the, etc.

**MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN**

My bonnie is over the ocean,  
My bonnie is over the sea,  
My bonnie is over the ocean,  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus:  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me,  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.  
Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,  
Oh blow ye winds over the sea,  
Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,  
And bring back my bonnie to me.

**TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP**

Tramp, tramp, tramp along the high-  
way,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp the road is free  
Blazing trails along the by-way,  
Couriers de Bois are we,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp now clear the  
road away  
Room, room, room the world is free,  
We're planters and canuckes,  
Virginians and Kaintucks,  
Captain's Dick's own infantry,  
Captain Dick's own infantry.

**SALLY HORNER**

There's a little girl that haunts the  
world as well as me,  
With her eyes of blue so sweet and  
true, and heart so free,  
Many hours amid the flowers do I  
pass with her,  
Sallie Horner round the corner, little  
one so dear.

Chorus:  
Now I wonder as I ponder if she's  
true to me,  
If I'm any of the many will she con-  
stant be.  
None completer, none is sweeter in  
this world of ours,  
Sallie Horner round the corner, in  
her home of flowers.

You'll discover how to love her if  
you only try,  
You'll be given gleams of Heaven if  
you catch her eye,  
Like the stars that gleam and glisten  
in the azure sky,  
When she speaks the angels listen  
as they pass her by.

**COCKLES AND MUSSELS**

In Dublin's fair city,  
Where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly  
Malone.

As she wheeled her wheel barrow,  
Through 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 wheeled their barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive,  
alive O.

Chorus:  
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,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive,  
alive O.

Chorus:

**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.

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

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 morn-  
ing.

Chorus:  
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 hunt a good hunt in the morn-  
ing.

Chorus:  
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat  
so gay?

He lived at Troutbeck once on a  
day,

Now he has gone far, far away,  
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the  
morning.

Chorus:

**CLEMENTINE**

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

Chorus:  
O my darling, O my darling,  
O my darling Clementine,  
Thou art lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.  
Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes, without topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine.  
Chorus:

**OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE  
MATTER BE?**

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
Dear dear! What can the matter be?  
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to buy me a trinket to  
please me,  
An' then for a smile, O he vowed he  
would tease me,  
He promised to bring me a bunch of  
blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
Dear dear! What can the matter be?  
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to buy me a basket of  
posies,  
A garland of lillies, a gift of red  
roses,  
A little straw hat to set off the blue  
ribbons,  
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

**MISSOURI WALTZ**

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, slumber time  
is comin' soon,  
Rest yo head upon ma breast while  
Mammy hums a tune,  
The sand-man is callin' while shadows  
are fallin',  
While the soft breezes sigh as in days  
long gone by,  
'Way down in Missouri where I  
heard this melody,  
When I was a picininny on ma  
mammy's knee,  
The darkies were hummin',  
Their banjos were strummin' so  
sweet and low.

**OLD FOLKS AT HOME**

'Way down upon the Swanee River,  
Far, far, away,  
There's where my heart is turning  
ever,  
There's where the old folks stay.  
All up and down the old creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for the old folks at home.  
All the world am sad and dreary,  
Evdrywhere I roam,  
Oh darkies how my heart grows  
weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

86.  
**POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN**

I'm a broken hearted milkman,  
My head's in a whirl,  
For I've fallen in love with a sweet  
servant girl,  
Her hair hung in marcellets,  
So beautiful and long,  
I thought that she loved me,  
But I've found I was wrong.

Chorus:  
Oh she was as beautiful as a butter-  
fly,  
Sweet as sugar and cream,  
Was pretty little Polly Perkins,  
Of Paddington Green.

When I'd rattle in the morning,  
And leave milk below,  
At the sound of my milk cans,  
Her face she would show.  
With a smile upon her pretty face,  
And a laugh in her eye,  
If I thought she'd have loved me,  
I'd have lain down to die.  
Chorus:

87.  
**WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES**

When the red, red robin comes bob,  
bob, bobbing along, along,  
There'll be no more sobbing,  
When he starts throbbing his old  
sweet song.

Wake up, wake up you sleepy head,  
Get up, get up, get out of bed,  
Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red,  
Live, love, laugh and be happy.  
What if I've been blue, now I'm  
walking through fields of flowers,  
Rain may glisten, but still I listen  
for hours and hours,  
I'm just a kid again, doing what I  
did again,  
Singing a song,  
When the red, red robin comes bob,  
bob bobbing along.

88.  
**JOHN BROWN'S BODY**

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring  
in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring  
in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring  
in the grave,  
And his soul goes marching on.  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
And his soul goes marching on.

89.  
**I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE**

I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
No more I'se gwine to wander,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
I can't stay here no longer,  
I miss de ole plantation,  
My home and my relation,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

Chorus:  
I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
I'se gwine back to Dixie,  
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms  
grow,  
For I hear the children calling,  
I see their sad tears falling,  
My heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,  
I've worked upon the river,  
I used to think if I got off,  
I'd go back there no never,  
But time has changed the old man,  
His head is bending low,  
His heart's turned back to Dixie,  
And he must go.

Chorus:

90.  
**CAMPTOWN RACES**

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,  
Doodah! Doodah!  
De Camptown race track's five miles  
long,  
Oh! Doodah day!  
I came down sar wid my hat caved in,  
Doodah! Doodah!  
I go back home with a pocket full  
of tin,  
Oh! Doodah day!  
Gwine to run all night!  
Gwine to run all day!  
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,  
Somebody bet on de bay.  
De long tail filly and de big black  
hoss,  
Doodah! Doodah!  
Dey fly de track and dey both cut  
across,  
Oh! Doodah day!  
De blind horse sticking in a big bog  
hole,  
Doodah! Doodah!  
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten foot  
pole,  
Oh! Doodah day!

91.  
**POLLY WOLLY DOODLE**

Oh I went down south for to see my  
Sal,  
Sing, "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the  
day,  
My Sally am a sparking gal,  
Sing, "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the  
day,  
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell my  
fairy fay!  
Oh! I'm off to Louisiana,  
For to see my Susy Anna,  
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the  
day.  
Oh! I came to the river, and I couldn't  
get across,  
Sing, "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the  
day,  
And I jumped upon a nigger, for I  
thought he was a hoss,  
Sing, "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the  
day,

92.  
**HOME ON THE RANGE**

Oh give me the home where the buffa-  
loes roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope  
play,  
Where seldom is heard a discourag-  
ing word,  
And the sky is not cloudy all day,  
Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope  
play—  
There seldom is heard a discourag-  
ing word,  
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

93.  
**MA NORMANDIE**

Quand tout renaît a l'esperance,  
Et que l'hiver fut loin de nous,  
Sous le beau ciel de notre France,  
Quand le soleil revient plus doux;  
Quand la nature est reverdie,  
Et l'hirondelle est de retour,  
J'irai revoir ma Normandie,  
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.  
J'ai vu les champs de l'Helvetie,  
Et ses chalets et ses glaciers;  
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie,  
Et Venise et ses gondoliers;  
En saluant chaque patrie  
Je me disais qu'aucun séjour  
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie;  
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

94.  
**LA MARSEILLAISE**

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrive!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
L'entendard sanglant est leve,  
L'entendard sanglant est leve,  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces feroces soldats?  
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras  
Egorger nos fils, et nos compagnes!  
Aux armes, Citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons  
Marchons, Marchons!  
Qu'un sang impur, abreuve nos  
sillons!

95.  
**GAUDEAMUS**

Gaudeamus igitur,  
Iuvenes dum sumus.  
Post incundam inventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus, nos habebit  
humus.  
Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur:  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nemini parcetur, nemini parcetur.  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quodlibet  
Semper sint in flore, semper sint  
in flore!

96.  
**L'ALOUETTE**

Alouette, gentille alouette  
Alouette, je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai la tete (bis)  
Et la tete, et la tete, Oh!  
Alouette, gentille alouette  
Alouette, je te plumerai—  
Je te plumerai la tete (bis)  
Et le bec, et le bec  
Et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

97.  
**IN SHELTERED VALE**  
(German)

In sheltered vale the mill wheel,  
Now sings its busy lay,  
My darling once did dwell there,  
She now is far away.  
A ring in pledge she gave me,  
While vows of love she spoke,  
Those vows were soon forgotten  
My ring asunder broke.

## IL ETAIT UN PETIT NAVIRE

Il etait un petit navire (bis)  
 Qui n'avait ja - ja - jamais navigue  
 (bis)  
 O-he, O-he.  
 Au bout de cinq a six semaines (bis)  
 Les vivres vin - vin - vinrent a man-  
 quer,  
 O-he, O-he.  
 On tira a la courte paille (bis)  
 Pour savoir qui - qui - qui serait  
 manger (bis)  
 O-he, O-he.  
 Le sort tomba sur le plus jeune (bis)  
 Qui n'avait ja - ja - jamais navigue  
 (bis)  
 O-he, O-he.

## INTEGER VITAE

Integer vitae scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu  
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis  
 Fusce, pharetra,  
 Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas.  
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
 Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus  
 Lambit Hydaspes.  
 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina.  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
 Fugit inermem.  
 Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
 Nec Iubae tellus generat leonum  
 Arida nutrix.

## AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

Au clair de la lune,  
 Mon ami Pierrot,  
 Prete-moi ta plume,  
 Pour ecrire un mot.  
 Ma chandelle est morte,  
 Je n'ai plus de feu  
 Ouvre-moi ta porte,  
 Pour l'amour de Dieu.  
 Au clair de la lune,  
 Pierre repondit,  
 Je n'ai pas de plume,  
 Je suis dans mon lit,  
 Va chez la voisine,  
 Je crois qu'elle y est,  
 Car dans sa cuisine,  
 On bat le briquet.

## SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON

Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
 Tout le monde, y danse, danse.  
 Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
 Tout le monde y danse en rond  
 Les beaux messieurs font comm' ca  
 Et puis encore comm' ca  
 Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
 Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
 Tout le monde y danse en rond.

## DINNER TOAST

Air.—"There's A Tavern in the Town"  
 Once again we're meeting here, meet-  
 ing here,  
 At the dinner of the year, of the year,  
 And though in scattered places we  
 will be,  
 The School we'll hold in memory

Let us take the time that's fleeting,  
 And remember we'll be meeting,  
 In the years to come when student  
 days are past, are past,  
 Here's to our friendships ever strong,  
 ever strong,  
 Despite the years that roll along,  
 roll along  
 Then let us now our toasting glasses  
 clink  
 And to "re-union" let us drink, let  
 us drink.

Again our glasses raise on high,  
 raise on high  
 For all our pals who are not nigh,  
 are not nigh  
 To join us in our Fifth Year Dinner  
 cheer,  
 The brightest function of the year,  
 of the year.

Here's to those with whom we started  
 Here's to those from whom we're  
 parted,  
 May their memory at our dinner  
 never fade, ne'er fade,  
 Here's happy memories while we may,  
 while we may.  
 Of all our friends who are away,  
 are away,  
 Then let us now our toasting glasses  
 clink  
 And "Absent Comrades" let us drink,  
 let us drink.

UNIVERSITY SONG  
 "GRADS and UNDERGRADS"  
 Air—"Men of Harlech"

Grads and Undergrads and Fellows,  
 Gaudy Profs. in reds and yellows,  
 Sing with lungs as tough as bellows,  
 To our 'Varsity.  
 Some of us are Mining,  
 Some in Arts reclining,  
 More and more attack the law,  
 And revel in its method of refining,  
 Some are fools and some are clever,  
 Faculties divide and sever  
 Still we all belong forever  
 To our 'Varsity.  
 Varied are the tastes of students  
 Varied our degrees of prudence  
 Very varied our amusements  
 At our 'Varsity.  
 Soon we shall be scattered  
 Friendships may be shattered  
 Some or all will grope or crawl  
 And get up very knocked about and  
 battered  
 Some are hung and some are married  
 Some for years in gaol have tarried  
 Still we are all members of the  
 Same old 'Varsity.  
 102.

"TWO LITTLE BOYS IN FIRST  
 GRADE"

AIR—"Two Little Girls in Blue"  
 Two little boys in First Year  
 Two little boys in school  
 Both were clever  
 They wagged it never  
 No never played the fool.  
 So both little boys then passed on  
 To Second Year, they relate  
 And still they went on  
 They both were bent on  
 The Intermed-i-ate.  
 Two little boys in Fourth Year  
 Two little boys no more  
 Both go into the First Thirteen  
 Their aim was to score.  
 But when it came time for homework  
 It's sad but I have to tell  
 They had to practise  
 And really the fact is  
 Their studies went all to—well.  
 Two sadder boys in Fifth Year  
 Both won their sporting "blue."  
 And also did well at their studies  
 They learned to combine the two  
 So two gifted boys in Fifth Year  
 Passed every exam quite well  
 Including the Oral  
 If there's any moral  
 I'll leave it to you to tell.

"OUR VISITORS"  
 Air—"John Brown's Body"

Our eyes are used to gazing on the  
 textbook and vocab.,  
 On apparatus costly in the Chem-  
 ist(e)ry lab.  
 But now to-night we leave behind  
 These occupations drab,  
 To welcome you all here.

## CHORUS:

Come and join our little party,  
 Is our invitation hearty,  
 Though it's only a la carte  
 Our welcome is sincere.

We're brought along our fathers  
 Just to let them see how glad  
 We are to have a chance to show  
 The good times that we had  
 And now we're pleased to say to you  
 As we have said to Dad,  
 "We're glad to have you here."  
 Chorus.  
 The members of the staff as well  
 Are glad that each one gets  
 A chance to see us "off the chain"  
 For no one e'er forgets  
 Good times we're had together  
 And we leave you with regrets  
 But we're glad to have you here.  
 Chorus.

THINKING  
 Air—"Drinking"

In study cool I sit at ease  
 Feet on the table resting  
 Despite the fact that I am not  
 Quite ready for the testing.  
 November's Leaving's left me cold  
 But wisdom I've been drinking  
 If I'm to have a chance at all  
 I'd better do some T-H-I-N-K-I-N-G.  
 If Virgil was a pal of all  
 He would have lost his stylus  
 And kept his poems to himself,  
 No metre then to rile us!  
 But stern realities are here  
 Although my spirit's sinking,  
 To get to know my Latin text  
 I'll have to do some T-H-I-N-K-I-N-G.  
 In algebra I strike a snag  
 In theory of equations  
 And I have violent nausea  
 When working permutations.  
 The calculus may charm the wise  
 But now at it I'm blinking  
 I'll go and see a movie show  
 It may help me with my—  
 T-H-I-N-K-I-N-G.

107.

"CLEMANTINE PLUS"

In the schoolyard, in the schoolyard,  
 Ruminating on exams.  
 Stood a student, most imprudent  
 Muttering assorted "darns"  
 O the Leaving, O the Leaving,  
 O the Leaving nearly on  
 And I've gone and lost my Chem-  
 notes  
 Dreadful sorry, chances gone.  
 Close behind him walked another  
 Wrinkling up his worried brow,  
 Wond'ring who first built the Forum,  
 Was it Julius Caesar now?  
 Ancient Hist'ry, Ancient Hist'ry  
 What's the use of learning why  
 Rome was saved by cackling  
 ganders?  
 It is all so very dry.  
 In the garden, near the rosebed  
 Stood the mathematics fans  
 Puzzling out a tricky theorem  
 All on circles, chords and tans,  
 Why the dickens, why the dickens.  
 Why the dickens must we grill,  
 Why the dickens must we grill  
 At these everlasting theorems?  
 Never learned them, never will.  
 In November, next November  
 All the facts we'll have to tell  
 And we'll find that work and talkies  
 Do not mix so very well.  
 O the Leaving, O the Leaving,  
 O the Leaving's coming fast  
 When it's over we're in clover  
 All the fagging will be past  
 In the future, in the future  
 When we're at our daily task  
 It is then we'll find the answer  
 To the question that we ask.  
 When we're building roads and  
 bridges  
 Editing a social mag.  
 Running factories, flying aeros,  
 Then we'll bless those days of fag.

108.

"PARENTS"

AIR—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"

While we're gathered here to-night  
 Midst this company so bright  
 Let us pause a while and think of  
 those who made  
 All the way so smooth for us  
 Without making any fuss  
 Though at times we slipped and  
 faltered on the grade.

CHORUS:

Cheer boys, cheer then for the par-  
 ents,  
 Let us now our voices raise.  
 Let us sing for good old dad  
 And we'll not forget to add  
 The name of good old mater in our  
 praise.

Often when we should have done  
 Work at home was just begun  
 But they never seemed to mind our  
 little ways  
 They just said the same old thing  
 "Surely youth can have its fling"  
 But we found at last that waiting  
 never pays.

Chorus.

Maybe as the years roll on  
 After youthful days have gone  
 And we face the world, our destiny  
 to hew,  
 Then we'll think of those two friends  
 And we'll surely make amends  
 Just to pay the debt of honour that  
 is due.

Chorus.