

NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH  
SCHOOL



Community Song

Book



Not to be Removed from School



F. H. BEARD,  
Headmaster

1958

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# Song Index

ABIDE WITH ME .....	12
ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR .....	2
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT .....	45
ALONG THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI .....	5
ANNIE LAURIE .....	46
AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE .....	90
AULD LANG SYNE .....	51
ASH GROVE .....	40
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER .....	28
BELIEVE ME IF ALL .....	42
BLESS 'EM ALL .....	8
BLUE-TAIL FLY .....	99
BONNY BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND .....	60
CAMPTOWN RACES .....	82
CLEMENTINE .....	70
CLEMENTINE PLUS .....	97
CLICK GO THE SHEARS .....	102
COCKLES AND MUSSELS .....	71
COME TO THE FAIR .....	35
COMING THROUGH THE RYE .....	67
DESERT SONG .....	18
DINNER TOAST .....	92
DRINKING SONG .....	103
DRINK TO ME ONLY .....	34
ETON BOATING SONG .....	53
EN PASSANT PAR LA LORRAINE .....	83
FOR HE'S AN ENGLISHMAN .....	17
FOR THE MERRIEST FELLOWS WE ARE .....	20
GAUDEAMUS .....	85
GOLDEN DAYS .....	104
GOOD-BYE .....	21
GOOD KING WENCESLAS .....	23
GOOD-NIGHT LADIES .....	52
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O .....	100
GREENSLEEVES .....	26
HAERE-RA .....	55
HOME ON THE RANGE .....	79
HOME SWEET HOME .....	48
I DREAM OF JEANNIE .....	30
IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL .....	50
I'L ETAIT UN PETIT NAVIRE .....	88
IN SHELTERED VALE .....	87
INTEGER VITAE .....	89
I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE .....	78
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY .....	25
JOHN BROWN'S BODY .....	76
JOHN PEEL .....	73
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO .....	62
KILLARNEY .....	65

L'ALOUETTE .....	86
LA MARSEILLAISE .....	84
LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY .....	4
LEST WE FORGET .....	11
LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE .....	57
LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER .....	32
MA NORMANDIE .....	80
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA .....	64
MEN OF HARLECH .....	47
MINSTREL BOY .....	37
MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN .....	66
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME .....	41
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL .....	16
O DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE? .....	72
O GOD OUR HELP .....	14
OLD BLACK JOE .....	54
OLD FOLKS AT HOME .....	74
OLD FATHER THAMES .....	27
ON ILKLEY MOOR .....	44
OUR VISITORS .....	96
O VALIANT HEART .....	106
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES .....	9
PARENTS .....	98
PEDRO THE FISHERMAN .....	38
POLLY PERKINS .....	75
POLLY WOLLY DOODLE .....	81
PSALM 23 .....	10
RIO GRANDE .....	59
ROAD TO THE ISLES .....	43
ROLLING HOME .....	33
SALLY HORNER .....	68
SANTA LUCIA .....	56
SCHOOL SONG .....	1
SERENADE .....	105
SERGEANTS' SONG .....	24
SHENANDOAH .....	58
SONG OF AUSTRALIA .....	3
SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMAN .....	29
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER .....	49
STORMY WINDS DO BLOW .....	61
SUT LE PONT D'AVIGNON .....	91
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT .....	63
THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S .....	22
THE BRITISH GRENADIERS .....	7
THE FIRST NOEL .....	13
THESE THINGS SHALL BE .....	15
THINKING .....	94
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP .....	69
TWO LITTLE BOYS IN FIRST YEAR .....	95
UNIVERSITY SONG .....	93
VIVE LA COMPAGNIE .....	39
WALTZING MATILDA .....	6
WANDERING THE KING'S HIGHWAY .....	31
WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN .....	77
WIDDICOMBE FAIR .....	101
YE BANKS AND BRAES .....	36
YOUTH OF THE RACE ARISE .....	19

1  
**SCHOOL SONG**  
**"Remis Velisque"**

Smith House Boys, here's a song for you,  
Hunter and Hannell and Shortland too,  
Sing it 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 stiff 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 unfathomed mine,  
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 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 watched 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 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

**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.

8

**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 finishing  
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 W.O.'s,  
Bless all the corporals and their blink-  
ing 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!

9

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES.**

Pack up your troubles in your old  
kit bag,  
And smile, smile, smile,  
While you've 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.

10

**PSALM XXIII.**

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,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's  
dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

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

11

**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!

12

**ABIDE WITH ME.**

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens,  
Lord with me abide,  
When other helpers fail, and comforts  
flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with  
me.

I need Thy presence, every passing  
hour,  
What but Thy grace can foil the temp-  
ter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide  
with me.

13

**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,  
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.

14

**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.

15

**THESE THINGS SHALL BE.**

These things shall be, a loftier race,  
Than e'er the world hath known shall  
rise

With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
In arms shall live as comrades free,  
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

New acts shall bloom of loftier mould  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And ev'ry life shall be a song  
When all the world is paradise.

16

**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.  
O come, etc.

17

**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.

8

18

**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  
enthralling,  
Will make you mine.

19

**YOUTH OF THE RACE ARISE.**

Youth of the race, arise  
With hearts and faith aglow,  
Lift up God's standard to the skies  
And conquer every foe.

Follow the Christ your King  
With loyalty supreme,  
Go work, and daily nearer bring  
The Kingdom that you dream.

As knights in days of old  
Prove valiant in the strife;  
Your vows through thickening perils  
hold,  
And win eternal life.

True comrades on Life's way  
A loving service give;  
And gladly live each flying day  
As Christ would have you live.

Yours are the dawns of God  
If but your strength endures;  
The vast horizon-mounting road,  
The open portal yours.

The great adventure take,  
God's purpose to fulfil;  
And He, who worlds from nothing  
spake,  
Shall in you work his will.

20

**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 jealously, yellow, unfortunate  
fellow,  
We drown in the shimmering blue,  
And jealously, yellow, unfortunate  
fellow,  
We drown in the shimmering blue,  
Tra la la . . .

21

**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 Domin-  
ion  
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.

22

**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.

9

23

**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  
Gath'ring 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.

24

**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!

25

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

## GREENSLEEVES.

Oh! lady mine, what spell is thine,  
Whose glamour doth so hold me  
fast,  
That year by year, come shade or  
shine,  
Thou charrest as in days past?

Chorus:

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

To me the huntsman vainly cries,  
Or gay word spreads its dainty lures;  
In thy dear hand my kingdom lies,  
Thy smiles its surest pleasure.

Chorus.

## 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.

## 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  
lorelai,  
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 depart,  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

## SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Ho-yo-ho, ho-yo-ho,  
Heaving, hauling, Ho-yo-ho,  
Heaving, hauling, ho-yo-ho,  
Wide, the river, Ho-yo-ho,  
Dark the flowing water, ho-yo-ho,  
Labour unending, onward we're wend-  
ing,  
Toiling, moiling, ho-yo-ho,  
Ho-yo-ho, ho-yo-ho,  
Heaving, hauling, ho-yo-ho,  
Wide the river, ho-yo-ho,  
Dark the flowing water, ho-yo-ho,  
Labour unending, Onward we're wend-  
ing,  
Toiling, moiling, ho-yo-ho,  
Ho-yo-ho, ho-yo-ho,  
Heaving, hauling, ho-yo-ho,  
Wide the river, ho-yo-ho,  
Dark the flowing water, ho-yo-ho,  
Labour unending, onward we're wend-  
ing,  
Toiling, moiling, ho-yo-ho.

## 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 guile,  
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 sob-  
bing 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.

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 wand'rer'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,  
That 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 mem'ries  
Start out upon our way.  
Refrain—So long to you, etc.

## 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.

**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,  
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.

**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.

**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 morn-  
ing.

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 round-about's turning to left and  
to right,

So it's come, then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the morn-  
ing,  
So lock up your house, there'll be  
plenty of fun,  
And it's 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,

If 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 morn-  
ing.

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.

**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.  
Oft 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.

**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 worrier  
bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword at least, thy right's 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,  
Fe 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."

**PEDRO THE FISHERMAN**

Pedro the fisherman was always  
whist'ling such a merry call;  
Girls who were passing by would hear  
him whistling by the harbour wall.  
But his sweetheart, Nina, who loved  
him true always knew  
That his song belonged to her alone.  
And in the eve-'ning when the lights  
were gleaming  
And they had to part,  
As he sailed his boat away  
Echoing across the bay came the tune  
that lingered in her heart.

But days of dreaming quickly pass  
and life goes rushing on,  
And one day from the harbour wall  
she found his boat had gone,  
He'd sailed away to find the gold the  
sea could never bring,  
To buy a dress, a cuckoo-clock, a  
saucepan and a ring.

She kept her eyes on the blue horizon,  
but he didn't return,  
She stopped her sighing and left off  
crying, but he didn't return.  
One day her father said to her, "O  
dearest daughter mine,  
You never make a lot from fish, you  
make much more from wine,  
Though Miguel is rather fat, his vine-  
yard's doing well;  
So marry him and let your dreams of  
Pedro go to hell."

The organ peals, the choir-boys sing,  
The priest is ready with the book and  
ring,

So small and white, here comes the  
bride,

And stands by swarthy Miguel's side.  
Will you have this man to be your  
lawful spouse eternally?"

And suddenly the church is still; they  
wait to hear her say "I will,"  
When through the open doorway there  
a far-off sound disturbs the air.  
Suddenly she found her man; from the  
church out she ran.

There he was upon the harbour wall.  
Down rushed the wedding guests upon  
the quay-side,

But the bride had gone.  
As with love she sailed away, echoing  
across the bay,  
Came the happy ending to her song.

**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'mour, vive l'mour,  
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.

### 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.

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old  
Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, 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.

### BELIEVE ME, IF ALL

Believe me, if all those endearing  
young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow and  
fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away.  
Thou wouldst still be adored as this  
moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;  
And around the dear ruin each wish  
of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.  
It is not while beauty and youth are  
thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul  
can be known,  
To which time will but make thee  
more dear.  
No, the heart that has truly lov'd  
never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sunflower turns on her god,  
when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd  
when he rose.

### 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 Skerries  
to the Lewis,  
With heather honey taste upon each  
name.  
Chorus.

### ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

1. Where 's tha been sin ah saw thee?  
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.
2. Tha's been a-coortin' Mary Jane.
3. Tha'll go and get thi deeach o'  
cowld.
4. Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
5. Then t' worms'll come an' ate thee  
up.
6. Then t' ducks 'll come an' ate up t'  
worms.
7. Then we shall go an' ate up t' ducks.
8. Then we shall all 'av etten thee.
9. That's wheear we get our oahn back.

### 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.

### 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.

### 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.)

### 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.

### 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 ban-  
ner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave?



50

**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.

51

**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  
waight,  
For auld lang syne.  
Chorus:  
For auld lang syne, my dear, etc.

52

**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 know,  
Sweet dreams ladies, sweet dreams  
ladies,  
Sweet dreams ladies, we're going to  
leave you now.

53

**THE EATON 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.

54

**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.)

55

**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.

56

**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.

57

**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.

58

**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.  
Oh Shenandoah I took a notion,  
To sail across the stormy ocean.  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

59

**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.

60

**THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH  
LOMOND**

I'ye yon bonnie banks  
And by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomond,  
Where me and my true love were  
ever want to gae,  
On the bonny bonny banks of Loch  
Lomond.

Chorus:

Oh, ye'll take the high road,  
And I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will never  
meet again,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of  
Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon  
shady glen,  
On the steep steep banks of Glen  
Lomond,  
Where in purple hue the Highland  
hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the  
gloaming.

**THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW**

One Friday morn a ship set sail,  
And sailed afar from land,  
Her crew did espy a fair pretty maid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand,  
in her hand,

With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
And the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did blow,  
And we jolly sailor boys are sitting  
up aloft,

And the land lubbers lying down  
below, below, below.  
And the land lubbers lying down  
below.

**JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO**

I nebber see de like since I bin born,  
When a big buck nigger wid de sea  
boots on,

Chorus:

Says Johnny come down to Hilo,  
Poor old man,  
O wake her, oh, shake her,  
Oh wake dat gel wid de blue dress  
on,

When Johnny comes down to Hilo.  
Poor old man.

I lub a little gel across de sea,  
She's a Badian beauty, and she sez  
to me,

Chorus:

Oh Johnny, etc.

Oh was you ebber down in Mobile  
Bay?  
Where dey screws de cotton on a  
summer day?

Chorus:

When Johnny, etc.

Did you ebber see de ole Plantation  
Boss  
And de long-tailed filly and de big  
black hoss?

Chorus:

When Johnny, etc.

I nebber seen de like since I bin born  
When a big buck nigger wid de sea  
boots on,

Chorus:

Says Johnny come down, etc.

**SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT**

Refrain:

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I  
see—

Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me—  
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do—  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too—  
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that ever I saw—  
Coming for to carry me home,  
When Jesus washed my sins away—  
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes  
down—

Coming for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feels heav'nly bound  
Coming for to carry me home.

**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  
commissary found.

How the sweet potatoes even started  
from the ground,  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah we bring the, etc.

**KILLARNEY**

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

**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.

**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,  
Nane they say ha'e I.  
Yet a' the lads 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 name or where's his  
hame,  
I dinna choose to tell.  
Chorus:

**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  
constant 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.

**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 canuckles,  
Virginians and Kaintucks,  
Captain Dick's own infantry,  
Captain Dick's own infantry.

**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:

**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.

Chorus:  
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:

**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.

**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 waken 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 morn-  
ing.

Chorus:

Then here's to John Peel from my  
heart and soul,

Lct'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:

**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,  
Everywhere I roam,

Oh darkies how my heart grows  
weary,

Far from the old folks at home.

**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  
butterfly,

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:

**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.

**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.

**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 blos-  
soms grow,

For I hear the children calling,

I see their sad hearts 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:

79

## HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me the home where the  
buffaloes 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 antelope play—  
There seldom is heard a discouraging  
word,  
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

80

## MA NORMANDIE

Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,  
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'Helvétie,  
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.

81

## POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Oh I went down south for to see my  
Sal,  
Sing, "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the  
day,  
My Sally am a sparkling 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.

82

## 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.  
Le 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!

83

## EN PASSANT PAR LA LORRAINE

En passant par La Lorraine  
Avec mes sabots,  
En passant par La Lorraine,  
Avec mes sabots—  
Rencontrai trois capitaines,  
Avec mes sabots, Ton-tai-ne.  
Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Avec mes sabots.

Rencontrai trois capitaines,  
Avec mes sabots,  
Ils m'ont appelee vilaine,  
Avec mes sabots—

Ils m'ont appelee vilaine,  
Je ne suis pas si vilaine.

Je ne suis pas si vilaine,  
Puisque le fils du roi m'aime.

Puisque le fils du roi m'aime  
Il m'a donné pour éternelle.

Il m'a donné pour éternelle,  
Un bouquet de marjolaine.

Un bouquet de marjolaine,  
S'il vit je serai Reine.

S'il vit je serai Reine,  
Mais s'il meurt j'y perds ma peine.

84

## LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
L'étendard sanglant est levé,  
L'étendard sanglant est levé,  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces 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!

85

## GAUDEAMUS

Gaudeamus igitur,  
Iuvenes dum sumus.  
Post incundam inventum,  
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 quaelibet  
Semper sint in flore, semper sint  
flore!

86

## L'ALOUETTE

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

87

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 rings asunder broke.

88

## IL ETAIT UN PETIT NAVIRE

Il était un petit navire (bis)  
Qui n'avait ja - ja - jamais navigue  
(bis)  
O-he, O-he.  
Au bout de cinq à six semaines (bis)  
Les vivres vin - vin - vinrent à man-  
quer,  
O-he, O-he.  
On tira à la courte paille (bis)  
Pour savoir qui - qui - qui serait  
mange (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.

89

## 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 nutrit.

90

## AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

Au clair de la lune,  
Mon ami Pierrot,  
Prete-moi ta plume,  
Pour écrire 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.

91

## 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.

92

## DINNER TOAST

Air: "There's a Tavern in the Town"  
Once again we're meeting here, meeting 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 Comradse" let us drink, let us drink.

93

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.

94

## 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.

95

## "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.

96

## "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(ery) lab.  
But now tonight 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're 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:

97

## "CLEMMENTINE 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.  
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 fact'ries, flying aeros,  
Then we'll bless those days of fag.

**"PARENTS"**

**Air: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"**

While we're gathered here tonight  
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 loafing  
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:

**THE BLUE TAIL FLY**

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

Chorus:

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
My master's gone away.

Each day he'd ride around the farm,  
The flies so numerous they did  
swarm,  
One chanced to bite him on the  
thigh,  
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony jumped, he bucked, he  
pitch,  
He threw my master in the ditch,  
He died and the jury wondered why,  
The verdict was the blue tail fly.

They laid him 'neath the 'simmon  
tree,  
His epitaph is there to see,  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,  
A victim of the blue tail fly."

**GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH!**

1. I'll sing you one ho!  
Green grow the rushes ho!  
What is your one ho?
2. and 3. I'll sing you (two, three)  
ho! etc.

Balance of verses:

1. One is one and all alone and ever  
more shall be so
2. Two, two the lilywhite boys  
clothed all in green-ho! (back to  
1).
3. Three, three the rivals (back to  
2, then 1).
4. Four for the gospel makers (back  
to 3, then 2, 1).
5. Five for the symbols at your  
door (to 4).
6. Six for the six proud walkers  
(back to 5).
7. Seven for the seven stars in the  
skies (back to 6).
8. Eight for the April rainers (back  
to 7).
9. Nine for the nine bright shiners  
(back to 8).
10. Ten for the ten commandments  
(back to 9).
11. Eleven for the eleven went up to  
heaven (back to 10).
12. Twelve for the twelve apostles  
(back to 11).

**WIDDICOMBE FAIR**

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me  
your grey mare,  
All along, out along, down along lee,  
For I want for to go to Widdicombe  
Fair,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter  
Gurney, Peter Davey,  
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke, 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.

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

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

But this isn't the end of this shock-  
ing affair,  
Nor, though they be dead, of the  
horrid career.

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

And all the long night be heard  
skirling and groans,  
All along out along down along lee,  
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her  
rattling bones,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter  
Gurney, Peter Davey,  
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke, Old  
Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

**CLICK GO THE SHEARS**

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

Chorus:

Click go the shears boys, click,  
clock, 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,  
Is the boss of the board, with eyes  
ev'ry where.  
Notes well each fleece as it comes  
to the screen,  
Paying strict attention if it's taken  
off clean.

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

There we leave him standing, shout-  
ing for all hands,  
Whilst all around him, ev'ry shooter  
stands,  
His eyes are on the cask, which now  
is low'ring fast,  
He works hard, he drinks hard and  
goes to hell at last.

Chorus:

103

**DRINKING SONG**

Drink! Drink! Drink! to eyes that are  
 Bright as stars when they're shining  
 one 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  
 To-night with joy my own lips meet!

Chorus:

Drink! Drink! Let the toast start!  
 May young hearts nev-er part!  
 Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 Let ev'ry true lover salute his sweet-  
 heart!  
 Let's drink!

Drink! Drink! Drink to arms that are  
 White and warm as a rose in the sun.  
 Drink! Drink! Drink to hearts that  
 will  
 Love one only, when I am the one.  
 Here's a hope that those soft arms  
 will twine  
 Tenderly, trustingly, soon around  
 mine.  
 May she give me a priceless boon,  
 Her love beneath the sweet May moon!

Chorus.

104

**GOLDEN DAYS**

Golden days, in the summer of our  
 our happy youth,  
 Golden days, full of innocence and  
 full of truth,  
 In our hearts we remember them all  
 else a-bove,  
 Golden days, days of youth and love!  
 How we laughed with a gaiety that  
 had no sting—  
 Looking back through memory's  
 haze!  
 We will know life has nothing  
 sweeter than its springtime,  
 Golden days when we're young!  
 Golden days!

105

**SERENADE**

O-ver-head the moon is beam-ing  
 White as blossom on the bough,  
 Nothing is heard like the song of a  
 bird  
 Ten-der dream-ing,  
 Could my heart but still its beat-ing,  
 Only you can tell it how — be-lov-ed.  
 From your window give me greeting,  
 O! hear my vow!  
 Hear my eternal vow!

106

**O VALIANT HEART**

O valiant heart who to your glory  
 came  
 Through dust of conflict and through  
 battle flame,  
 Tranquil you lie, your knightly valour  
 proved,  
 Your memory hallowed in the land  
 you loved.  
 Proudly ye gathered, rank on rank  
 to war,  
 As you 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.  
 Gladly you passed, the great sur-  
 render made,  
 Into the light that never more shall  
 fade.  
 Deep your contentment in that  
 blessed abode,  
 To wait the last clear trumpet call  
 of God.

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