

C. #2, 00

1) COCK ROBIN

Who kill'd Cock Robin ?
I, said the Sparrow, with my bew and arrow
I kill'd Cock Robin

Chorus

All the birds of the air fell a sighing and a sobbing
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin

Tra la, tra la la la la
Tra la, tra la la la la
Tra la, tra la la la la
Tra la, tra la la la la la

4)
Who'll dig his grave ?
I, said the Owl, with my little
trowel

2)
Who saw him die ?
I, said the Fly, with my little eye
I saw him die

I'll dig his grave
5)
Who'll be the parson ?
I, said the Rook, with my bell and
book

3)
Who'll toll the bell ?
I, said the Bull, because I can pull;
I'll toll the bell

I'll be the parson
6)
Who'll be chief mourner ?
I, said the Dove, I mourn for my
love
I'll be chief mourner.

.....
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

Chorus

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting, grieve thee
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee.

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

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

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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 horn brought me from my bed
 An the cry of his hounds which he oft times led
 Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay
 He liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day
 Now he has gone far, far, far, away
 We shall never hear his voice in the morning.

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FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic
 And so do I! And so do I
 Some think it well to be all melancholic
 To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing
 Some joyous song, some joyous song
 To set the air with music bravely ringing
 Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong
 Listen! Listen! echoes sound afar!
 Tra, la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Echoes sound afar! Tra la la la, tra la la la

Chorus

Listen! Listen! echoes sound afar!
 Listen! Listen! echoes sound afar
 Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Tra la la la! Echoes sound afar!
 Tra la la la! Tra la la la! la!

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
His soul is marching on

Chorus

Glory, glory Hallelujah! Glory glory Hallelujah
Glory, glory Hallelujah! His soul is marching on!

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down
On the grave of old John Brown

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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 brave heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow row, row, with a tow, row, row
To the British Grenadiers

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THE TARPAULIN JACKET

A tall stalwart Lancer lay dying
And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay
To his friends who around him were sighing
These last dying words he did say:

Chorus

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low
And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me, carry me
With steps solemn, mournful and slow

And then in the calm of the twilight
When the soft winds are whispering low, so low
And the darkening shadows are falling
Sometimes think of this buffer below

HEART OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer
 The prize more than all to an Englishman dear
 To honour we call you, as free men, not slaves.
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Chorus

Heart of oak are our ships! jolly tars are our men!
 We always are ready!
 Steady, boys, steady!
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!

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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 look 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 hon'ring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be
 But thou there on didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
 Not of itself, but thee.

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I) PASSING BY

There is a ladye sweet and kind
 Was never face so pleas'd my mind
 I did but see her passing by
 And yet I love her till I die!

2)

Her gestures, motions, and her smile
 Her wit, her voice my heart beguile
 Beguile my heart, I know not why
 And yet I love her till I die!

Cupid is winged and doth range
 Her country: so my love doth change
 But change the earth or change the sky
 And still I love her till I die

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
 Now to the widow of fifty
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean
 And here's to the house wife that's thrifty

Chorus

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass: I warrant she'll prove an excuse
 for the glass
 (four times)

Here's to the chamor whose dimples we prize
 Now to the damsel with none, sir
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes
 And now to the nymph with but one sir

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COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over
 Come landlord fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be
 To morrow we'll be sober

Chorus

Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do
 Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do
 Wake for the fal-al-al-al-i-do
 To morrow is a holiday

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

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VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass
 Vive la Compagnie
 And drink to the health of our glorious class

Chorus

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
 compaignie

Let every married man drink to his wife
 Vive la compaignie
 The joy of his bosom and plague of his life

Chorus

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

<p>Riding down from Banger: On an eastern train: After weeks of hunting: In the woods of Maine: Quite extensive whiskers: Beard, moustache as well: Sat a student fellow : Tall and slim and swell:</p>	<p>2) Empty sest behind him No one at his side Into quiet village Eastern train did glide Enter aged couple Take the hindmost seat Enter village maiden Beatiful, petite</p>	<p>3) Blushingly she falter'd "Is this seat engaged?" Sees the aged couple Properly enraged Student's quite ecstatic Sees her ticket through Thinks of the long tunnel Thinks what he will do</p>
<p>4) Pleasantly they chatted How the cinders fly ! Till the student fellow Gets one in his eye Maiden, sympathetic Turns herself about "May I, if you please, sir Try to get it out?"</p>	<p>5) Then the student fellow Feels a gentle touch Hears a gentle murmur "Does it hurt you much ?" Whiz ! slap! bang ! Into tunnel quite Into glorious darkness Black as Egypt's night</p>	
	<p>6) Out into the daylight Glides that eastern train Student's hair is ruffled Just the merest grain Maiden seen all blushes When then and there appered A tiny little ear-ring In that horrid student's bear.</p>	

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME

<p>1) Way down up on de Swanee Ribber Far, far away Dere's where my heart is turning ebber Dere's where de old folks stay All up and down de whole creation Sadly I roam Still longing for de old plantation And for de old folks at home</p>	<p>Chorus All de world am sad and dreary Eb' ry where I roam O darkeys, how my heart grows weary Far from de old folks at home</p>
<p>2) All round de little farm I wandered. When I was young Den many happy days I squandered Many songs I sung When I was playing wid my brudder Happy was I Oh! take me to my kind old mudder Dere let me lib and die</p>	<p>3) One little hut among the bushes One dat I love Still sadly to my memory rushes No matter where I rove When shall I see de bees a humming All round de comb? When shall I hear de banjo thruimming Down in my good old home ?</p>

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DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Here's a health to the king and a lasting peace
To faction an end, to wealth increase!
Come, let's drink it while we have breath
For there's no drinking after death
And they that will this health deny

Chorus

Down among the dead men, Down, among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round
In whom celestial joys are found
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman hating crew
And they that woman's health deny

Down among the dead men, etc

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HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto His Majesty
With a fa la la la la la la
Confusion to his enemies
With a fa la la la la la la
And he that will not drink his health
I wish him neither wit nor walth
Nor yet a rope to hang himself
With a fa la la la la la la la la la
With a fa la la la la la la la

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GOOD NIGHT

Good night ladies, good night ladies
Good night ladies, we're going to leave you now
Merrily we roll along, rool along, roll along
Merrily we roll along
O'er the dark blue sea

Farewell, ladies; farewell ladies
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now
Merrily, etc

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

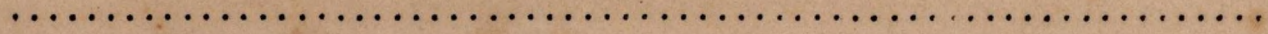
MY BONNIE

1) My Bonnie is over the ocean	2) Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean
My Bonnie is over the sea	Oh, blow, ye winds over the sea
My Bonnie is over the ocean	Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me	And bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,	3) Last night as I lay on my pillow
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me	Last night as I lay on my bed
Bring back, bring back,	Last night as I lay on my pillow
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me	I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead

4) The winds have blown over the ocean
 The winds have blown over the sea
 The winds have blown over the ocean
 And brought back my Bonnie to me



MEM 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 foemen
 Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen
 Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen
 They shall bite the ground
 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 heads us!
 Cambria, God, and Right!



THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I liv'd all alone
 In a little log-hut we call'd our own
 She lov'd gin and I lov'd rum,
 I tell you what, we'd lots of fun

Chorus

Ha, ha, ha, you and me
 Little brown jug, don't I love thee
 Ha, ha, ha, you and me
 Little brown jug, don't I love thee.

The rose is red, my nose is, too
 The violet's blue, and so are you
 And yet I guess before I stop
 We'd better take another drop

POOR OLD 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 "Poor old Joe"

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming
 For my head is bending low
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe"

Why should I weep when my heart shoul feel no pain?
 Why do sigh that my friends come not again
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe"

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free
 The children so dear that I held up on my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe"

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WHO'S THAT CALLING?

The moon is beaming o'er the sparkling rill
 Who's that a callin'
 The flow'rs are sleeping on the plain and hill
 Who's that calling so sweet?
 While the birds are resting till the golden dawn
 Who's that a calling?
 Twas like the singing of the one now gone
 Who's that calling so sweet

The leaves are rustling 'neath the star lit sky
 Who's that a calling?
 The stream let mumurs as it passes by
 Who's that calling so sweet?
 Oh! is it a message from far o'er the sea
 Who's that a calling?
 Is it my darling who now speaks to me
 Who's calling so sweet

Chorus

Who's that a calling? Who's that a calling?
 Is it one we long to greet?
 Who's that a calling?
 Who's that a calling?
 Who's that a calling so sweet?

POLLY - WOLLY - DOODLE

1) Oh! I went down South for to see my Sal
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day
My Sally am a spunky gal
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day.

Chorus

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Fare well my fairy fay!
Oh, I'm off to Louisiana, for to see my Susy Anna
Singing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

2) Oh! my Sal she am a maiden fair
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day
With laughing eyes and curly hair
Sing "Polly wolly doodle" all the day.

AULD LANG SYNE

L) 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, my syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld long syne!