



**Annual
Hermanus
Camp
Songbook**

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Please e-mail aidanhorn@gmail.com with suggestions for changes, as he will then update the document (typeset using Lua $\text{\LaTeX}$).

The folder which contains the work is <http://aidanhorn.co.za/SB>

Choruses are *italicized*.

Sketches: from previous camp orders, the *Hansard* and campers, especially Chris and Mike Rushby, Mark Simpson (watercolours), and photo editing by Aidan Horn: Back cover watercolour by Alric Simpson in the 1930's.

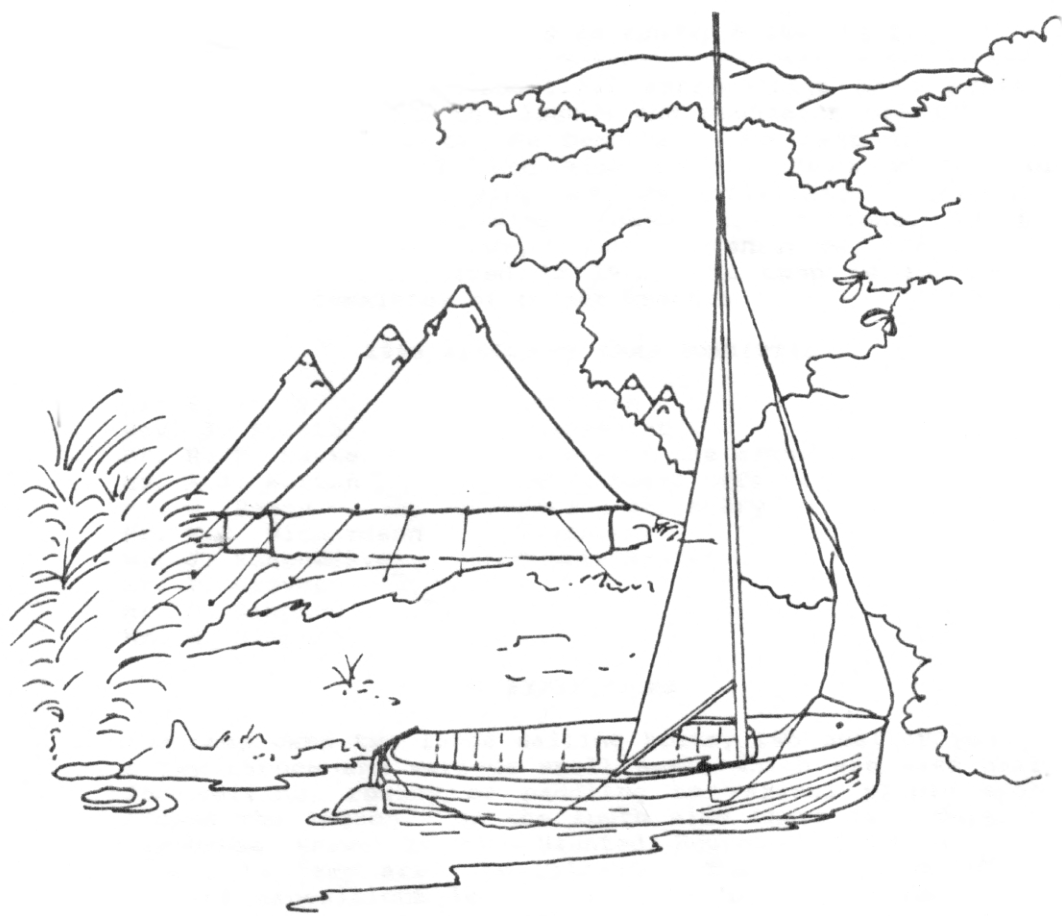


Index

Abdul Abulbul Amir	2
Abraham	4
Adjie, Adjie, Adjie, My Boy	4
Ag Pleez Daddy	5
Alibama, Die	5
Alive, alive, oh	22
Alouette	6
Amazing Grace	6
Bare Necessities	7
Bohemian Rhapsody	7
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond	26
Buccaneer	8
Camp Hymn, The	1
Camptown Races	9
Clementine	10
Cockles and mussels	22
Consider Yourself	10
Daisy	11
Danny Boy	11
Day-O (The Banana Boat Song)	11
Die Alibama	5
Do You Hear the People Sing?	12
Down the way where the nights are gay	23
Edelweiss	13
Fish in the Sea	13
Food, Glorious Food	14
Get Me To The Church On Time	14
Get Out Of Here With That	14
Good Old Whisky	15
Grandfather's Clock	16
Green Green	17
Gypsy Rover	17

Hakuna Matata	18
Happy Wanderer	18
Hard Day's Night.....	19
He buttoned it up before	4
Hearse, The.....	20
Here's to good old	15
Hey Jude	20
Hole In My Bucket	21
I Vow To Thee, My Country	22
I'm a Believer	22
In Dublin's Fair City	22
Jamaican Farewell	23
Jan Pierewiet	24
Kaptein	24
Lean On Me	24
Leave Her Johnny	25
Lion Sleeps Tonight, The.....	25
Loch Lomond	26
Loslappie	26
Lumberjack Song, The.....	27
Mcnamara's Band.....	28
Michael Finnigan.....	31
Michael Row the Boat Ashore	28
My Bonnie	29
My Favourite Things	29
Nelly The Elephant.....	30
Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika	2
O Roger Rum	30
Obladi Oblada	31
On Ilkley Moor Ba-Tat	32
On Top Of Spaghetti	32
Our Sergeant-Major.....	33

Piano Man	33
Puff The Magic Dragon	34
Quartermaster's Store, The.....	35
Riding Down From Bangore	36
Roll the Old Chariot Along.....	36
Sarie Marais.....	37
She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain	38
Shenandoah.....	39
Shosholoza	38
Sixty-Four	46
Skye Boat Song, The.....	38
Sloop John B.....	39
Soon May the Wellerman Come	45
Speed Bonnie Boat.....	38
Suikerbossie.....	37
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	40
Take Me Home Country Roads, Camp Hermanus.....	40
There Is a Tavern.....	41
There Were Three Sailors	42
Thing, The	14
Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport.....	42
Tim O' Shay	43
Waltzing Matilda	43
We Will Vlei You	44
Wellerman.....	45
What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?.....	46
When I'm Sixty-Four	46
Whiskey In The Jar	47
Who Killed Cock Robin?	48
Wild Rover, The.....	48
Windy weather, boys	13
Wouldn't It Be Loverley	49
Yellow Submarine, The	49



The Camp Hymn

Lord God from Whom all life
And all true gladness springs,
Whose love and care shines ev'rywhere
Among earth's common things;
Be present while we lift
Our song To Thee and pay
Heart-gratitude for all things good
About our path today.

We praise Thee for the light
That floats on sea and hill,
Th'unstinted wealth of joy and health
With which our pulses thrill:
O may the light of heaven
In us enkindled be,
Heaven's glory 'roll from soul to soul'
And make us strong for thee.

We thank Thee for the grace
In friend and brother found;
For human love that points above
To where All Love is crowned:
O may such friendship here
To us thy sons be given
As shall endure, deep, fair, and pure,
Till all be one in heaven.

But most we bless Thee, Lord,
That here Thy Spirit's breath
Blows clear and strong to baffle wrong
And win our lives from death:
O may each heart accept
The entrance of Thy power,
And take Thee hence for sure defence
And help in evil hour.

So when the lives, to-day
Within one circle brought,
Are sundered wide along the tide
Of human work and thought.
One song shall yet be ours.
One life, one family,
One pathway still, by vale or hill,
Shall lead us home to Thee.



Aidan

Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika

Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika
Maluphakanyisw' uphondo lwayo,
Yizwa imithandazo yethu,
Nkosi sikelela, thina lusapho lwayo.

Morena boloka setjhaba sa heso,
O fedise dintwa la matshwenyeho,
O se boloke, O se boloke setjhaba sa heso,
Setjhaba sa South Afrika—South Afrika.

Uit die blou van onse hemel,
Uit die diepte van ons see,
Oor ons ewige gebergtes,
Waar die kranse antwoord gee,

Sounds the call to come together,
And united we shall stand,
Let us live and strive for freedom,
In South Africa our land.

Abdul Abulbul Amir

Frank Crumit (1927)

This is a poem written in 1877 (during the Russo-Turkish War (1877–1878) by **Percy French**. A mameluke is an “owned slave” of the king.

The sons of the Prophet were brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear.
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Tsar.
And the bravest by far was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes with cards,
He could play on the Spanish guitar.
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer.
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

“Young man”, quoth Abdul, “Has life grown so dull,
That you wish to end your career?
Vile infidel, know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.”

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks, in the end,
Will avail you but little, I fear.
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr Abdul Abulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at sunshine and brook.
And send your regrets to the Tsar.
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk.
With a cry of "Allah-Akbar!"
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

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

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

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer.
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Tsar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rises up, where the blue Danube flows,
Engraved there in characters clear:
"O' stranger when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the pale yellow moon
And the name that she murmurs so oft as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Abraham

There was an old man called Abraham who lived in the days of yore
He had a coat of many colours; he buttoned it up before

*He buttoned it up before, he buttoned it up before
He had a coat of many colours; he buttoned it up before*

Now this old man, he had a coat, a coat of a different kind
Instead of buttoning it up before, he buttoned it up behind

He buttoned it up behind

Now this old man he had two sons and these two sons were brothers
Josephus was the name of one, Bahunkus was the other's

Bahunkus was the other's

Now these two boys they had a plane the colour of which was yellow
Josephus always sat on the wing, Bahunkus on the propeller

Bahunkus on the propeller

Now these two boys they had a car, the make of which was Dutch
Josephus always worked the brake, Bahunkus worked the clutch

Bahunkus worked the clutch

Now these two boys they had a yacht, they sailed it on the vlei
Josephus always worked the sails, Bahunkus steered the way

Bahunkus steered the way

Now these two boys are dead and gone, and may the story dwell
Josephus he to heaven went, Bahunkus went as well

Bahunkus went as well

Adjie, Adjie, Adjie, My Boy

Adjie, Adjie, Adjie, my boy,
What are we waiting for now?
You promised to marry me sometime in June—
It's never too late and it's never too soon.
All my family keep on asking me,
"Which day? What day?"
I don't know what to say!
Adjie, Adjie, Adjie, my boy,
What are we waiting for now?



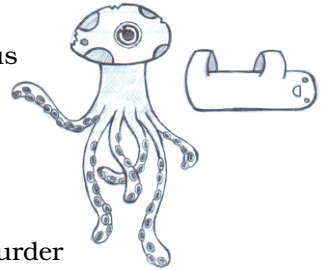
Ag Pleez Daddy

Jeremy Taylor

Ag pleez Daddy won't you take us to the drive-in—
All six, seven, of us, eight, nine, ten?
We wanna see a flick about Tarzan and the Ape-men
And when the show's over, you can bring us back again.

*Popcorn, chewing gum, peanuts and bubble gum,
Ice-cream, candy floss and Eskimo Pie.
Ag Daddy, how we miss lekkerballs and liquorice,
Pepsi-Cola, ginger beer and Canada Dry*

Ag pleeez Daddy won't you take us to the fun-fair
We wanna have a ride on the bumper cars,
We'll buy a stick of candy-floss and eat it on the octopus
Then we'll take the rocket-ship that goes to Mars



Chorus

Ag pleeeez Daddy, won't you take us to the wrestling—
We wanna see that ou called Skyhigh-Lee
When he fights Eddie Liebenberg there's gonna be a murder
Cos Eddie's gonna donner that yellow yankee

Chorus

Ag pleeeeez Daddy won't you take us up to Durban
It's only eight hours in the Chevrolet
There's spans of sand and sea and sun and fish in the aquarium
That's a lekker place for a holiday

Chorus

Ag pleeeeeezy Daddy...
VOETSAK!

Ag sis Daddy if we can't go to the bioscope
Or drive up to Durban, it's a hang of a bore
If what you say is dinkum true, then what the heck else can we do
Than go across and donner all the oukies next door?

Chorus

Die Alibama

Daar kom die Alibama,
Die Alibama die kom oor die see.
Daar kom die Alibama,
Die Alibama die kom oor die see.

Nooi, nooi die rietkooi, nooi
Die rietkooi is gemaak,
Die rietkooi is vir my gemaak
Om daarop te slaap.
(Repeat)

Alouette

Pre 1879, "Alouette" was a popular French Canadian children's song about plucking the feathers from a lark (l'alouette), in retribution for being woken up by its song.

All: Alouette, gentille alouette. Alouette, je te plumerai.

Solo: Je te plumerai la tête

All: Je te plumerai la tête

Solo: Et la tête!

All: Et la tête!

Solo: Alouette!

All: Alouette!

Aaaah alouette, gentille alouette. Alouette je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai le bec (beak)...

Je te plumerai les yeux (eyes)...

Je te plumerai les ailes (wings)...

Je te plumerai les cou (neck)...

Je te plumerai les dos (back)...

Je te plumerai les queue (tail)...

Je te plumerai les pattes (legs)...



Amazing Grace

Written by John Newton (1779)

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)

That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear

The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,

I have already come;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,

Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise

Than when we first begun.

Bare Necessities

Written by **Terry Gilkyson** for The Jungle Book (1967)

Look for the bare necessities
The simple bare necessities
Forget about your worries and your strife
I mean the bare necessities
Old Mother Nature's recipes
That brings the bare necessities of life

Wherever I wander, wherever I roam
I couldn't be fonder of my big home
The bees are buzzin' in the tree
To make some honey just for me
When you look under the rocks and plants
And take a glance at the fancy ants
Then maybe try a few

The bare necessities of life will come to you. They'll come to you!

Bohemian Rhapsody

Queen (1975) Album: A Night at the Opera

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide,
No escape from reality.

Open your eyes,
Look up to the skies and see,
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy,
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
Little high, little low,
Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.

Mama, just killed a man,
Put a gun against his head,
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead.
Mama, life had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away.

Mama, ooh, didn't mean to make you cry,
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow,
Carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters.

Too late, my time has come,
Sends shivers down my spine,
Body's aching all the time.
Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go,

Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth.

Mama, ooh (any way the wind blows),
I don't wanna die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning,
Very, very frightening me.
(Galileo) Galileo. (Galileo) Galileo,
Galileo Figaro. Magnifico-o-o-o-o.

I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me.
He's just a poor boy from a poor family,
Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go?
Bismillah! No, we will not let you go. (Let him go!)
Bismillah! We will not let you go. (Let him go!)
Bismillah! We will not let you go. (Let me go!)
Will not let you go. (Let me go!)
Never, never let you go
Never let me go, oh.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Oh, mama mia, mama mia (Mama mia, let me go.)
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me.

So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye?
So you think you can love me and leave me to die?
Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby,
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here.

(Oh, yeah, oh yeah)

Nothing really matters, anyone can see,
Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me.

Any way the wind blows.

Buccaneer

McCully Workshop

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
Will I see you tomorrow
Sixteen men and I'll see the rest
I won't beg, steal or borrow
I won't beg, steal or borrow

Well we sailed into the beach
And we were just out of reach
Of the forty-second squadron
When I heard the captain screech

Get down on the sand
Don't you waste no time
'Cause we gotta get that gold inside
Before it turns after nine

*And the Buccaneer said I'll see you dead
I'll see you swinging from the yard arm
The buccaneer sang in a nasal twang
There's enough gold here to start on
There's enough gold to get high on*

Well the Captain he'd been told
Where they hid away the gold
And he told us to go dig it up
So that he could get it sold

But somebody had taken it
Before his very eyes
And he turned around and looked at me
And much to my surprise

Chorus

Save me! Whoa, oh, oh, save me
Save me from the Buccaneer
(Repeat)

Well I had to get away
So I swam into the bay
And I could hear him coming up
And I could hear him say

When I get hold of you
You won't even cry
'Cause I'll string you from the yardarm
And all you'll do is die

Well they got me on the deck
Put the rope around my neck
And I could feel the sweat break out
And I could feel it stick

But the Royal Navy frigate came
And rescued me at last
She put one across the bow
And fired one into the mast

Chorus

Camptown Races

De Camptown ladies sing dis song. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De Camptown racetrack five miles long. Oh! Doo-dah day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin. Oh! Doo-dah day!

*Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!
I bet my money on de bob-tail nag—somebody bet on de bay*

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

Chorus

Old muley cow come on to de track. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back. Oh! Doo-dah day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star. Oh! Doo-dah day!

Chorus

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Round de race track, den repeat. Oh! Doo-dah day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag. Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag. Oh! Doo-dah day!

Chorus

Clementine

Percy Montrose (1884)

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

*Oh my darling (×3) 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

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Chorus

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But, alas! I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

Chorus

In a churchyard near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow rosies and some posies
Fertilized by Clementine

Chorus

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments mighty fine
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's gone, I draw the line

Chorus

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

Chorus

Consider Yourself

Oliver Twist (a West End theatre musical in 1960 and a film in 1968).

Consider yourself at home. Consider yourself one of the family.
We've taken to you so strong. It's clear we're going to get along.
Consider yourself well in. Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare. Who cares? Whatever we've got we share!

If it should chance to be, we should see some harder days
Empty larder days—why grouse?
If there's a-chance we'll meet, somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!

Consider yourself our mate. We don't want to have no fuss,
For after some consideration, we can state...
Consider yourself, one of us!

Daisy

Daisy, Daisy, give me an answer do
I'm half crazy all for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a Bicycle made for two

Daisy, Daisy, the cops are after you
If they catch you they'll give you a month or two
They'll tie you up with wire
Behind a Black Maria
So ring your bell and pedal like hell
For the cops are after you

Danny Boy

Words by **Frederic Weatherly** (1910)

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

Day-O (The Banana Boat Song)

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and he wanna go home
Day-o, day-ay-ay-o
Daylight come and he wanna go home

Leader: Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home
Leader: Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home

Chorus

Leader: Work all night on a drink a' rum
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home
Leader: Stack banana till thee morning come
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home

Chorus

Leader: A beautiful bunch a'ripe banana
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home
Leader: Hide thee deadly black tarantula
All: Daylight come and he wanna go home

Chorus

Do You Hear the People Sing?

From Les Misérables

*Do you hear the people sing?
Singing the song of angry men?
It is the music of the people
Who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
Echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!*

Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand with me?
Beyond the barricade
Is there a world you long to see?

Then join in the fight
That will give you the right to be free!

Chorus

Will you give all you can give
So that our banner may advance?
Some will fall and some will live
Will you stand up and take your chance?
The blood of the martyrs
Will water the meadows of France!

Chorus

Edelweiss

Edelweiss, edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me

Blossom of snow, may you bloom and
grow
Bloom and grow, forever!
Edelweiss, edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever

Fish in the Sea

Traditional sea shanty

Come all you young sailormen, listen to me
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea.

*And it's windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys
When the wind blows, we're all together, boys;
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow
Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes!*

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail,
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail.

And it's windy weather, boys...

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth
Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!"

And it's windy weather, boys...

Up jumps the lobster with his heavy claws,
Bites the main boom right off by the jaws!

And it's windy weather, boys...

Up jumps the halibut, lies flat on the deck
He says, "Mister Captain, don't step on my neck!"

And it's windy weather, boys...

Up jumps the herring, the king of the sea,
Saying, "All other fishes, now you follow me!"

*And it's windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys
When the wind blows, we're all together, boys;
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow
Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes!*

Food, Glorious Food

Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard!
While we're in the mood—
Cold jelly and custard!
Please pudding and saveloys!
What next is the question?
Rich gentlemen have it, boys—
In-di-gestion!

Food, glorious food!
We're anxious to try it.
Three banquets a day—
Our favourite diet!
Just picture a great big steak—
Fried, roasted or stewed.
Oh, food, wonderful food,
Marvellous food, glorious food.

Get Me To The Church On Time

Composer: **Frederick Loewe**
Lyrics: **Alan Jay Lerner** (1956)
My Fair Lady

Sung with a cockney accent.

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding, dong, the bells are gonna chime
Pull out the stopper, lets have a whopper
But get me to the church on time.

I've got to get there in the morning
Spruced up and looking in my prime
Girls come and kiss me, show how you'll miss me
But get me to the church on time.

If I am dancing, roll up the floor
If I am whistling, get me out the door

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding, dong, the bells are gonna chime
Kick up a rumpus, but don't lose the compass
But get me to the church, get me to the church
Be sure to get me to the church on time.

Get Out Of Here (The Thing)

Phil Harris

As I was walking down the beach one bright and sunny day
I saw a great big wooden box a-floating in the bay
I picked it up and opened it and much to my surprise
Oh! I discovered a ... right before my eyes (×2)

I picked it up and ran to town as happy as a King
And took it to a man I knew who would buy 'most anything
But this is what he hollered at me as I walked through the door
Oh! Get out of here with that ... before I call a cop! (×2)

I picked it up and went out there a-running for my life
And then I took it home with me to show it to my wife
But this is what she hollered at me as I walked through the door
Oh! Get out of here with that ... and don't come back no more (×2)

I wandered all around the town until I chanced to meet
A hobo who was looking for a handout on the street.
He said he'd take 'most any old thing. He was a desperate man.
But when I showed him the ..., he turned around and ran.
Ooh, when I showed him the ..., he turned around and ran.

I wandered on for many a year a victim of my fate
Until I came across St Peter at the Heavenly Gate
But this is what he hollered at me when I asked him where to go
Oh! Get out of here with that ... and take it down below (×2)

The moral of the story is if you're out on the beach
And you see a wooden box and it's within your reach
Don't ever stop and open it up, that's my advice to you
'Cause you'll never get rid of that ... no matter what you do (×2)



Good Old Whisky

Here's to good old whisky, knock it down, knock it down (×2)
Here's to good old whisky
That makes you feel so frisky
Here's to good old whisky, knock it down, knock it down

Rolling home, rolling home (×2)
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy was the day when I met you on the vlei
Rolling, rolling, rolling, rolling home, rolling home.

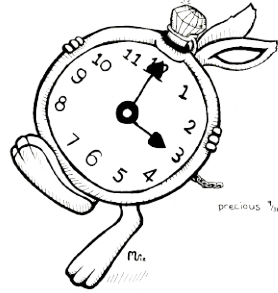


Grandfather's Clock

Henry Clay Work (1876)

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day he was born
And was always his treasure and pride

*But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died
Ninety years without slumbering
Tick, tock, tick, tock
His life's seconds numbering
Tick, tock, tick, tock
And it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died*



In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share, both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride

Chorus

My grandfather said that of those we could hire
Not a servant more faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the close of each week to be wound
For it stayed in its place ne'er a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side

Chorus

(Solemnly)

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure had come
Still the clock kept time, with a soft, muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side

Chorus

Green Green

New Christy Minstrels (1963)

*Green, green, it's green they say
On the far side of the hill
Green, green, I'm goin' away
To where the grass is greener still*

Well I told my mama on the day I was born
Don'cha cry when you see I'm gone
You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down
I just gotta be travellin' on

A-singing: *Chorus*

No there ain't nobody in this whole wide world
Gonna tell me how to spend my time
I'm just a good lovin ramblin' man
Say buddy could you spare me a dime?

Hear me crying it's a: *Chorus*

I loved that girl with all my heart
I will till the day I die
I was just a stop along her way
Never even said goodbye

Hear me cryin' it's a: *Chorus*

Yeah I don't care when the sun goes down
Where I lay me weary head
In a green, green valley or a rocky road
It's where I'm gonna make my bed

Everybody now: *Chorus*

Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill,
Bound through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang till the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

*Ah-vay-do, ah-vay-do-da-day
Ah-vay-do, ah-vay-day-oh!
He whistled and he sang
'til the greenwoods rang.
And he won the heart of a lady.*

She left her Father's castle gate;
She left her own true lover;
She left her servants and her estate,
To follow her gypsy rover.

Chorus

Her Father saddled his fastest steed;
Roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover.

Chorus

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the River Clyde
And there was music, and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.

Chorus

“He’s no gypsy, my Father,” said she
“My Lord of Freeland all over.
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover.”

Chorus

Hakuna Matata

From: The Lion King

Music: **Elton John**

Lyrics: **Tim Rice**

Hakuna Matata! What a wonderful phrase.
Hakuna Matata! Ain't no passing craze.
It means no worries, for the rest of your days.
It's our problem-free philosophy
Hakuna Matata!
(Repeat)

Happy Wanderer

Originally from the German “Der fröhliche Wanderer”.

Written by **Florenz Friedrich Sigismund** (1788–1857) and adapted for English in 1953.

I love to go a-wandering
Along the mountain track
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back

Valda-ree, valda-rah
Valda-ree,
Valda-rah-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valda-ree, valda-rah
My knapsack on my back

I love to wander by the stream,
That dances in the sun.
So merrily it calls to me,
Come join my happy song.

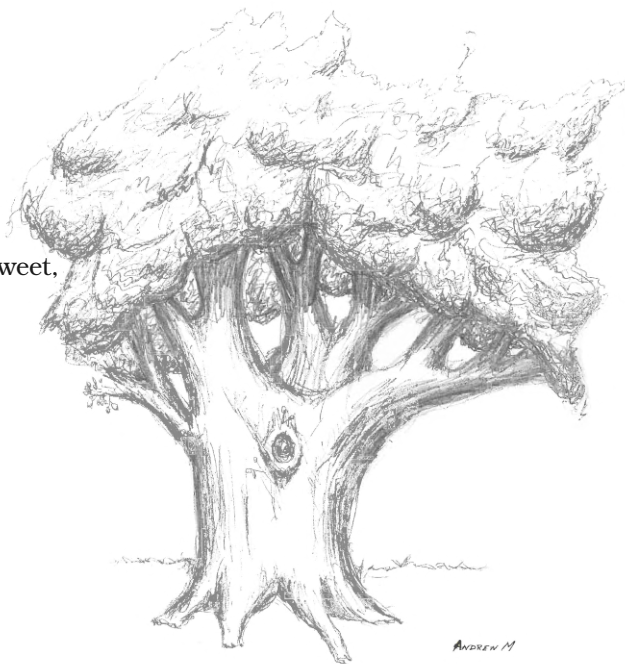
Chorus

I wave my hand to all I meet
And they wave back to me
And Blackbirds call so loud and sweet,
From every Greenwood tree

Chorus

O may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die
O may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

Chorus



Hard Day's Night

Beatles (1964)

It's been a hard day's night, and I'd been working like a dog
It's been a hard day's night, I should be sleeping like a log
But when I get home to you I find the things that you do
Will make me feel alright

You know I work all day to get you money, to buy you things
And it's worth it just to hear you say, you're going to give me everything
So why on earth should I moan, cos when I get you alone
You know I feel OK

When I'm home, everything seems to be right
When I'm home, feeling you holding me tight, tight, yeah

It's been a hard day's night, and I'd been working like a dog
It's been a hard day's night, I should be sleeping like a log
But when I get home to you I find the things that you do
Will make me feel alright owwww

So why on earth should I moan, cos when I get you alone
You know I feel OK

When I'm home everything seems to be right
When I'm home feeling you holding me tight, tight, yeah

It's been a hard day's night, and I'd been working like a dog
It's been a hard day's night, I should be sleeping like a log
But when I get home to you I find the things that you do
Will make me feel alright
You know I feel alright
You know I feel alright

The Hearse

Whenever you see a hearse go by,
Remember, one day, you're going to die.

Oooh-ooo, oooh-ooo (×2)

They wrap you up in a crisp white sheet,
And tuck in the corners all nice and neat.

Chorus

They put you into a wooden box,
And cover you over with earth and rocks.

Chorus

All goes well for about a week,
And then the coffin begins to leak.

Chorus

Your eyes fall in and your teeth fall out,
And maggots play ping-pong on your snout.

Chorus

Your fingers rot, and so do your toes,
Your brains come tumbling down your nose.

Chorus

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
They go in thin and they come out stout.

Chorus

Whenever you see a hearse go by,
Remember, one day, you're going to DIE!



Hey Jude

The Beatles

Hey Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

Hey Jude, don't be afraid
You were made to go out and get her
The minute you let her under your skin
Then you begin to make it better

And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah

Hey Jude, don't let me down
You have found her, now go and get her
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin
You're waiting for someone to perform with
And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do
The movement you need is on your shoulder
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah yeah

Hey Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her under your skin
Then you'll begin to make it
Better better better better better better, oh

Naaah nah nah nanana naaah, nanana naaah, hey Jude (×3 *and fade*)

Hole In My Bucket

There's a hole in my bucket; dear Lisa, dear Lisa
There's a hole in my bucket dear Lisa, a hole.

Then fix it, dear Henry, dear Henry;
Then fix it, dear Henry, dear Henry, fix it!

With what shall I fix it? Dear Lisa, dear Lisa
With what shall I fix it? Dear Lisa, dear Lisa, with what?

With a straw, dear Henry...

But the straw is too long, dear Lisa...
Then cut it, dear Henry...

With what shall I cut it? Dear Lisa...
With an axe, dear Henry...

But the axe is too blunt, dear Lisa...
Then sharpen it, dear Henry...

With what shall I sharpen it? Dear Lisa...
With a stone, dear Henry...

But the stone is too dry, dear Lisa...
Then wet it, dear Henry...

With what shall I wet it? Dear Lisa...
With water, dear Henry...

In what shall I fetch it? Dear Lisa...
In a bucket, dear Henry...

But there's a hole in my bucket...

I Vow To Thee, My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

I'm a Believer

The Monkees (1966)

I thought love was only true in fairy tales
Meant for someone else but not for me
Love was out to get me
That's the way it seemed
Disappointment haunted all of my dreams

*Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer, I couldn't leave her if I tried*

I thought love was more or less a giving thing
Seems the more I gave the less I got
What's the use in tryin'
All you get is pain?
When I needed sunshine, I got rain

Chorus

In Dublin's Fair City

Words by **James Yorkston**

Music by **Edmund Forman**

c. 1883

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

*"Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh,"
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh."*

She was a fishmonger,
And that was no wonder,
For so were her mother and father before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus

Jamaican Farewell

Lyrics by Lord Burgess (**Irving Burgie**), Music by **Harry Belafonte**, 1957

The term "Ackee" from the line "ackee, rice, saltfish are nice" refers to the fruit of a tropical tree indigenous to the Ivory Coast and Gold Coast of West Africa, taken to Jamaica in 1793. It has some poisonous properties, yet if properly prepared the fruit is quite good and is a part of the national dish "ackee and saltfish".

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines gaily on the mountain top
I took a trip in a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

*But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town*

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Ackee, rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

Chorus

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Spain to Mexico

Chorus

Jan Pierewiet

Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet, }
Jan Pierewiet staan still } $\times 2$
Goeie môre my vrou
Hier's 'n soentjie vir jou,
Goeie môre my man
Daar is koffie in die kan.

Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet, }
Jan Pierewiet draai om } $\times 2$
Want die rokkies gaan draai
En die lindjie gaan waai
En so ry ons nou weg
Na die punt van Bouberg.

Kaptein

Kurt Darren

*Kaptein, span die seile. Kaptein, sy is myne.
Daar waar die son opkom, daar oor die horison
Wag sy vir my.
Kaptein, span die seile. Kaptein, sy is myne
Daar waar die son gaan lê, het sy gesê sy wag
Oh ohhh oh-oh-oh-oh—sy wag vir my.*

Eendag, lankgelede, in my drome
Was daar 'n girl soos jy
En sy was ver te mooi vir my.
Daar was 'n eiland vol meisies in bikinis
En almal lyk soos jy
En dit was ver te veel vir my.

Chorus

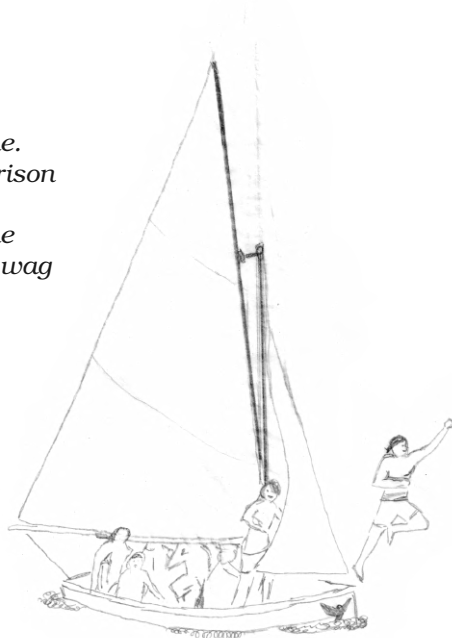
Eendag, op 'n reëndag, ons alleendag
Dit was net ek en jy
Ons het mekaar in 'n droom gekry.
Daar was 'n eiland vol kinders by dosyne
En almal lyk soos jy
En dit was mooier as mooi vir my.

Chorus

Lean On Me

Sometimes in our lives
we all have pain we all have sorrow
But, if we are wise
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me, when you're not strong
I'll be your friend I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on



You just call on me brother
When you need a hand
We all need somebody to lean on
I just might have a problem
That you'd understand
We all need somebody to lean on.

Leave Her Johnny

Traditional sea shanty

I thought I heard the Old Man say "Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
Tomorrow ye will get your pay, and it's time for us to leave her

*Leave her, Johnny, leave her! Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow; And it's time for us to leave her.*

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high; Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
She shipped it green and none went by, and it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her...

I hate to sail on this rotten tub. Leave her, Johnny, leave her
No grog allowed and rotten grub; and it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her...

We swear by rote for want of more. Leave her, Johnny, leave her
But now we're through so we'll go on shore, and it's time for us to leave her

*Leave her, Johnny, leave her! Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow, and it's time for us to leave her*

The Lion Sleeps Tonight

The Tokens (1961)

In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.
In the jungle, the quiet jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.

Ah-eee-eee-um-um-ah-weh (×2)

Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight.
Near the village, the quiet village, the lion sleeps tonight.

Chorus

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.
Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

Chorus

Background rhythm:

Wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh
O-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh.

Loch Lomond

"The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond", or simply "Loch Lomond" for short, is a well-known traditional Scottish song first published in 1841. Loch Lomond is the largest Scottish loch, located between the counties of Dunbartonshire and Stirlingshire.

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

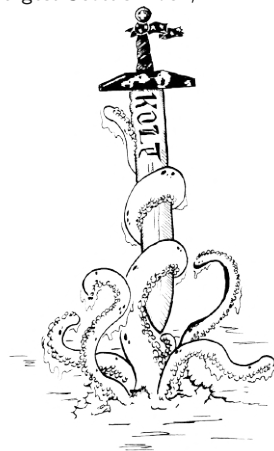
*O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.*

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in deep purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon comin' out in the gloaming.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring again,
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their grieving.

Chorus



Loslappie

Written by **Aidan Morton**

*O, ek wil huistoe gaan, na Mamma toe
Die rivier is vol, my tranen rol
'n Bokkie wat vanaand by my wil lê
Sy kan maar lê, ek is 'n loslappie (Loslappie)*

Ek wens ek het vlerke soos 'n arend
O, dan vlieg ek maar vir ewig oor die see
O, dan vlieg ek na die arms van my moeder
En daar sal ek bly tot die dood

Chorus

Ek wens ek het vlerke soos 'n engeltjie
Dan vlieg ek deur die tronk se tralies heen
O dan vlieg ek na die arms van my moeder
En daar sal ek bly tot die dood

Chorus (× 2)

The Lumberjack Song

I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay,
I sleep all night and I work all day.

Choir: Oh he's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lava-try.
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'
And have buttered scones for tea.

Choir: He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,
He goes to the lava-try.
On Wednesdays he goes shoppin'
And has buttered scones for tea.
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on women's clothing,
And hang around in bars.

Choir: He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around... in bars???
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay,
I sleep all night and I work all day.
I chop down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear papa.

Choir: He cuts down trees, he wears high heels
Suspenders? and a ... a bra??

Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay,
I sleep all night and I work all day!

Mcnamara's Band

The tale is based on an actual band, the St Mary's Fife and Drum Band, formed in Limerick in 1885.

My name is McNamara and I'm the leader of the band
Although we're few in number we're the finest in the land
We play at fêtes and weddings and at every fancy ball
And when we play at funerals we play the March In Saul

*Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang
And the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon
While I the pipes do play
Oh, Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute
The music is simply grand
A credit to all Ireland Is McNamara's Band*

Just now we are rehearsing for a very swell affair
The annual celebration, all the gentry will be there
When General Grant to Ireland came he shook me by the hand
Said he, "I never saw the likes of McNamara's band"

Chorus

My name is Sonke Julieson from Sweden I did come
To play with McNamara's Band and beat the big bass drum
And when I march along the street the ladies think I'm grand
They say, "There's Sonke Julieson, and with an Irish band"

Chorus

Oh! I wear a bunch of shamrocks and a uniform of green
And I am the funniest looking Swede that you have ever seen
There's o' Brians and Ryans and Sheens and Meens they come from Ireland
But by Yimminy I'm the only Swede in McNamara's Band

Chorus

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

Michael row the boat ashore, alleluia (×2)

Sister help to trim the sails, alleluia (×2)

Chorus

The river of Jordan is chilly and cold, alleluia
Chills the body but not the soul, alleluia

Chorus

The river is deep and the river is wide, alleluia
Milk and honey on the other side, alleluia

Chorus

My Bonnie

Origin possibly c. 1746 after the defeat of the prince at the battle of Culloden.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
O' bring back my Bonnie to me

*Bring back, O bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, O bring back
O bring back my Bonnie to me*

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead

Chorus

Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean
And blow the winds o'er the sea
Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus

My Favourite Things

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple streudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things—
And then I don't feel so bad

Nelly The Elephant

The Toy Dolls (1957)

To Bombay a traveling circus came
They brought an intelligent elephant
And Nellie was her name.
One dark night she slipped her iron chain
And off she ran to Hindustan
And was never seen again
Ooooooooooooooh...

*Nellie the Elephant packed her trunk
And said goodbye to the circus,
Off she went with a trumpety-trump,
Trump, trump, trump!
Nellie the Elephant packed her trunk
And trundled back to the jungle,
Off she went with a trumpety-trump,
Trump, trump, trump!*

Night by night she danced to the circus band
When Nellie was leading the big parade
She looked so proud and grand.
No more tricks for Nellie to perform
They taught her how to take a bow
And she took the crowd by storm
Ooooooooooooooh...

Chorus

O Roger Rum

O There was a rich man and he lived in Jerusalem
Glory Allamalorium, O Roger Rum
And the rich man he lived on the fat of the Landium
Glory Allamalorium, O Roger Rum

*O Roger Rum, O Roger Rum
O Singa Malinga Malorium
Oh Roger Rum*

And there was a poor man and he lived in Jerusalem
Glory...
And the poor man he lived on the crumbs of the rich man's Tablium
Glory...

Chorus

And the poor man he died and he went Heavenium...
And he sat himself down on the starboard side of Abraham...

Chorus

And the rich man he died but he didn't fare so wellium...
For the Devil came along and popped him down in Umptium...

Chorus

And the rich man he cried, "Oh send me down some waterium"...
But the Devil replied, "Oh this ain't no rich Hotelium"...

Chorus

And the moral of this story is that riches end in smokium...
So Glory, Glory be that we are stony broke-ium...

Chorus

Michael Finnigan

There was an old man called Michael Finnigan;
He grew whiskers on his chinnigin.
The wind came up and blew them in ag'in—
Poor old Michael Finnigan, begin ag'in

Obladi Oblada

Beatles (1968)

Desmond has a barrow in the market place
Molly is the singer in a band
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl I like your face"
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on
La la how the life goes on
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on
La la how the life goes on

Desmond takes a trolley to the jewellers store
Buys a twenty carat golden ring
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing

Chorus

In a couple of years they have built
A home, sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones

Happy ever after in the market place
Desmond lets the children lend a hand
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face
And in the evening she still sings it with the band

Chorus

On Ilkley Moor Ba-Tat

“On Ilkla Moor Baht 'at” or “On Ilkla Moor bar tat” (Standard English: On Ilkley Moor without your hat) is a folk song from Yorkshire, England. It is sung in the Yorkshire dialect, and is considered the unofficial anthem of Yorkshire. According to tradition, the words were composed by members of a Halifax church choir on an outing to Ilkley Moor near Ilkley, West Yorkshire.

1. Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee?
On Ilkley moor Ba-Tat.
Where hast thou been since I saw (×3) thee, I saw thee?
On Ilkley moor Ba-Tat. (×3)
2. Thou'st been a-courting Mary Jane, Mary Jane
3. That's where thou'lt catch thy death of cold, death of cold
4. Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee
5. Then worms shall come and eat thee up, eat thee up
6. Then ducks shall come and eat up worms, eat up worms
7. Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks
8. Then thou shalt be all eaten up, eaten up
9. Then we shall have our own back, own back
10. There is a moral to this tale, to this tale:
Don't go without your hat.
There is a moral to this (×3) tale, to this tale
Don't go without your hat. (×3)



On Top Of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese.
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And onto the floor.
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush.
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And early next summer
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered
With beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatballs
And don't ever sneeze.

Our Sergeant-Major

Our Sergeant-Major fell from seventy thousand feet (×3)
And he ain't gonna jump no more. *(repeat after every verse)*

Glory, glory, what a horrible way to die (×3)
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He landed on the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam (×3)
And he ain't...

Chorus

They scraped him off the tarmac with a brand new kitchen knife (×3)

Chorus

They put him in an envelope and sent him home to Mum (×3)

Chorus

She put him on the mantelpiece with all the souvenirs (×3)

Chorus

Piano Man

Billy Joel

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday;
The regular crowd shuffles in.
There's an old man sitting next to me,
Making love to his tonic and gin.

He says, "Son can you play me a memory?
I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes."

La la-la li-le la-a
La-la li-le la, la da

Sing us a song—you're the piano man.
Sing us a song tonight.
Well we're all in the mood for a melody,
And you've got us feeling alright.

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine—
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke,
But there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me,"
As a smile ran away from his face,
"Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star,
If I could get out of this place."

La la-la li-le la-a
La-la li-le la, la da

Now Paul is a real estate novelist,
Who never had time for a wife
And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the Navy,
And probably will be for life.

And the waitress is practicing politics,
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,
But it's better than drinking alone.

Chorus

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday,
And the manager gives me a smile
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see
To forget about life for a while.

And the piano sounds like a carnival
And the microphone smells like a beer
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar
And say, "Man what are you doing here?"

La la-la li-le la-a
La-la li-le la, la da

Chorus

Puff The Magic Dragon

Peter, Paul & Mary

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal, Puff
And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff

*Oh! Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee
Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee*

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came
Pirate ships would low'r their flags when Puff roared out his name

Chorus

(Solemnly)

A dragon lives forever but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar

Chorus

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his life-long friend, puff could not be brave,
So puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave. Oh!

Chorus

The Quartermaster's Store

There were rats, rats, as big as blooming cats,
In the store, in the store.
There were rats, rats, as big as blooming cats,
In the Quartermaster's store.

*My eyes are dim I can-not see;
I have not got my specs with me.
I have not got my specs with me.*

Repeat chorus after each of the following:

Snakes, snakes—as big as garden rakes
Mice, mice—running though the rice
Beans, beans—as big as submarines
Gravy, gravy—enough to float the navy
Butter, butter—slopping in the gutter
Lice, lice—living on the mice
Roaches, roaches—as big as rugby coaches

Some ideas:

Foxes, foxes—stuffed in little boxes
Eggs, eggs—with scaly chicken legs
Bread, bread—with great big lumps like lead
Apes, apes—eating all the grapes
Goats, goats—eating all the oats
Cakes, cakes—that give us tummy aches
Cheese, cheese—that makes you want to sneeze
Scouts, scouts—eating brussel sprouts
Owls, owls—shredding paper towels
Pepsi, Pepsi—that gives you apoplexy
Leaders, leaders—slapping at the 'skeeters (mosquitos)
Flies, flies—Swarming round those pies
Crunchies, crunchies—that make you have the munchies

Riding Down From Bangore

Written by **Louis Shreve Osborne** (1871)

Sung by **Frank Crumit** (1950)

Riding down from Bangore 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

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side
Into quiet village eastern train did glide
Enter ancient couple, take the hindmost seat
Enter village maiden, beautiful petite

Blushingly she faltered, "Is the seat engaged?"
Sees the ancient couple properly enraged
Student quite ecstatic sees her ticket through
Thinks of the long tunnel, thinks what he will do

Pleasantly they chatter, how the cinders fly
Till that student fellow gets one in the eye
Maiden sympathetic, turn herself about
"May I, if you please Sir, try to get it out?"

Then that student fellow feels a gentle touch
Hears a gentle murmur, "Does it hurt you much?"
Whizz, slap, bang, into tunnel wide
Into glorious darkness, black as Egypt's night

Choof choof choof choof choof choof...

Out into the daylight glides that eastern train
Student's hair is ruffled, just the merest grain
Maiden seen all blushing when then and there appears
A tiny little ear-ring in that horrid student's beard

Roll the Old Chariot Along

Traditional sea shanty

We'd be all-right if the wind was in our sails,
We'd be all-right if the wind was in our sails,
We'd be all-right if the wind was in our sails,
And we'll all hang on behind.

*And we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we'll roll the old chariot along.
And we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we'll all hang on behind.*

Oh, we'd be all-right if we make it round the horn,
Oh, we'd be all-right if we make it round the horn,
Oh, we'd be all-right if we make it round the horn,
And we'll all hang on behind.

And we'll roll...

Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm,
Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm,
Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm,
And we'll all hang on behind.

And we'll roll...

Well, another round of drinks wouldn't do us any harm,
Another round of drinks wouldn't do us any harm,
Another round of drinks wouldn't do us any harm,
And we'll all hang on behind.

And we'll roll...

Sarie Marais

My Sarie Marais is so vêr van my hart
Maar ek hoop om haar weer te sien
Sy het in die wyk van die Mooirivier gewoon
Voordat die oorlog begin

*O bring my terug na die ou Transvaal
Daar waar my Sarie woon
Daar onder in die mielies by die groen doring boom
Daar woon my Sarie Marais*

O altyd was sy bang dat die kakies my sou vang
En vêr oor die seë weg stuur
Toe vlug ek na die kant, van die Uppington sersand
Onder by die groot rivier

Chorus

Verlossing het gekom, en die huis toe gaan was daar
Terug na die ou Transvaal
My liefelings-persoon sal nog seker ook daar wag
Om my met 'n kus te onthaal

Chorus

Suikerbossie

Suikerbossie ek wil jou hê, (×3)
Wat sal jou Mamma daarvan sê?
Dan loop ons so onder deur die maan (×3)
Ek en my Suikerbossie saam.
Ja, Suikerbossie, ek gaan jou hê (×3)
Al sou jou Mamma watook sê!

She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain

1. She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes
2. She'll be driving six white horses when she comes
3. Oh we'll all get to meet her when she comes
Oh we'll all get to meet her when she comes
We will kill the old red rooster, we will kill that old red rooster
And we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes
4. She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes
5. *(Ned Flanders)*
We'll be safe inside our fortress when they come.
We'll be safe from creeps and killers when they come.
Unless they have a blow-torch, or a poison gas injector,
Then I don't know what will happen when they come!

Shosholoza

[Leader] Shosholoza!

[All] Shosholoza

Ku lezontaba

Stimela siphuma eSouth Africa.

[Leader] Wen u ya baleka!

[All] Wen u ya baleka

Ku lezontaba

Stimela siphuma

eSouth Africa.

The Skye Boat Song

Sir Harold Boulton (1884)

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing

"Onward," the sailors cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be king,

Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves
roar,

Thunderclaps rend the air

Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,

Follow they will not dare

Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day,

Well the claymore could wield;

When the night came, silently lay,

Dead on Culloden's field.

Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men.

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath;

Charlie will come again.

Chorus

Shenandoah

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter... Away, you rolling river
For her I've crossed the rolling water
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, we're bound to leave you... Away you rolling river
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you... Away you rolling river
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri

Sloop John B

Traditional Bahamian folk song

We come on the sloop John B,
My grandfather and me,
Around Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night,
Got into a fight,
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.

*So hoist up the John B's sails,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the Captain ashore,
Let me go home,
Let me go home, I want to go home,
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.*

The first mate, he got drunk,
And broke up the captain's trunk,
The Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone,
Why don't you leave me alone?
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits,
And threw away all my grits,
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn.
I wanna go home,
Why don't they let me go home?
Oh, this is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Chorus

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

*Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.*

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home;
A band of angels coming after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

If you get to heaven before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Just tell all my friends that I'm a coming too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home;
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

I've never been to heaven, but I've been told,
Comin' for to carry me home;
That the streets in heaven are paved with gold,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

Take Me Home Country Roads, Camp Hermanus

Almost heaven, Camp Hermanus
Rocklands mountains, winding Stanford River
Life is old there: older than the trees
Younger than the mountains
Growing like a breeze

*Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
Camp Hermanus, lagoon summer
Take me home, country roads*

All my memories gather 'round here
Vogelgat jumping, sailing rough vlei waters
Friends around me, puddox under red sky
Muddy taste of cocoa
Bat drops in my eye

Chorus



I hear Adjie's voice in the morning, "Circle," he calls me!
Backstreeters tell of Dangerpoint far, far away.
And running down the beach
I get a feeling that I should have been vlei-ed
Yesterday, yesterday

Chorus ×2

There Is a Tavern

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 with laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me.

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

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

Chorus

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 turtle dove,
To signify I died for love, died for love.

Chorus



There Were Three Sailors

A poem by William Makepeace Thackeray (1869)

There were three sailors of Bristol City
They took a boat and went to sea
There's Guzzling Jack and Jumping Jilly
And a little boy they called Billy

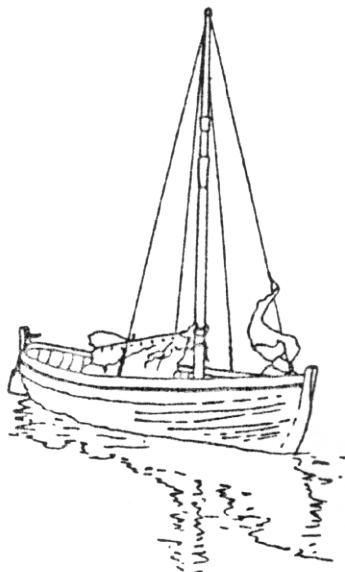
Scarce had they got to the equator
When they were reduced to one split pea
Said Guzzling Jack to Jumping Jilly,
"We're old and tough so let's eat he"

Said Guzzling Jack to little Billy
"Undo the top button of your shimmy"
"First let me say my catechism
Which my dear Ma she taught to me"
So up he ran to the top of the mainmast
And there he fell on bended knee

Scarce had he got to the 12th Commandment
When he cried out, "O land I see"
Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South America

Lord Nelson's ship lies in the harbour
Lord Nelson he is on board she
Now Bosun bold is Little Billy
and Jack and Jill hang on a tree

Singing:
Rule Brittannia
Brittannia rules the waves
Brittans never, never shall be
Married to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Hey!



Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

Rolf Harris, 1957

There's an old Australian stockman, lying, dying, and he gets himself up on one elbow; he turns to his mates, who are gathered 'round him and he says...

Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down
Tie me kangaroo down, sport
Tie me kangaroo down

Let me emus go loose, Lew
Let me emus go loose
They're of no further use, Lew
So let me emus go loose

Chorus

'n' take me koala back, Jack
Take me koala back
He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac
So take me koala back

Chorus

Watch me wallabies feed, mate
Watch me wallabies feed
They're a dangerous breed, mate
So watch me wallabies feed

Chorus

Play your didgeridoo, Blue
Play your didgeridoo
Ah, like, keep playin' 'til I shoot thru, Blue
Play your didgeridoo

Altogether now! *Chorus*

Tan my hide when I'm dead, Fred
Tan my hide when I'm dead
So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde
And that's it hanging in the shed

Chorus

Tim O' Shay

Tim O'Shay was cast away upon a desert isle
The savages, they liked his eyes, they liked his Irish smile
They made him Chief and Nabob, and Big Bug of the Isle,
So he wrote to Dublin Bay, to his sweetheart just to say:

"Oh I've got rings on my fingers, and bells on my toes;
Elephants to ride upon my little Irish rose
So come to your Nabob on next St Patrick's Day
And you'll be Mrs Mumbo Jumbo Jig-Am-O-Jay O'Shay!"

Waltzing Matilda

Banjo Paterson (1895)

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
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

*"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
"Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?"*

Down came a jumbuck to drink from that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag:
“You’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me!”

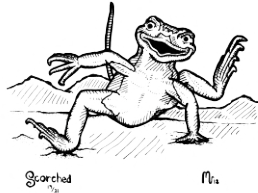
And he laughed and he sang as he stuffed him in his tucker bag...

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three
“Where’s that jolly jumbuck that you’ve got in your tucker bag?
You’ll come a waltzing matilda with me!”

“Where’s that jolly jumbuck that you’ve got in your tucker bag?”

Up jumped the swagman and jumped into the Billabong
“You’ll never take me alive” said he
Now his ghost may be heard as you wander by that billabong
“You’ll come a waltzing Matilda with me”

And his ghost may be heard as you wander by that billabong...



We Will Vlei You

With many apologies to Queen

We will we will vlei you (×2)

Buddy you’re in Circle making a big noise
Playin’ in the tents, gonna be Backstreeter some day
You got bully on your face—you big disgrace
Leaving your undies all over the place
Singing

Chorus

Buddy you’re a smelly boy dirty boy
Pleadin’ with a paddle gonna make you use soap some day
You got bully on your face—you big disgrace
Mainstreet gonna vlei you to outer space
Singing

Chorus

Wellerman

Traditional New Zealand whaling ballad

There once was a ship that put to sea,
The name of the ship was the Billy o' Tea.
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down,
Blow, me bully boys, blow!

*Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguing is done,
We'll take our leave and go.*

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore.
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her.
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

No line was cut, no whale was freed,
The captain's mind was not of greed,
But he belonged to the Whaleman's Creed,
She took that ship in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more.
All boats were lost, there were only four,
And still that whale did go.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on,
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone.
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all.

*Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguing is done,
We'll take our leave and go.*

What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

*Hooray up she rises,
Hooray up she rises,
Hooray up she rises,
Early in the morning.*

2. Sling him in the long boat and make him bail her...
3. Keep him there till he's sober...
4. Bathe his wounds in salty water...
5. Pull out the plug and wet him all over...
6. Put him below until he's sober...
7. Shave his tummy with a rusty razor...
8. Send him up the crow's nest until he falls down...
9. Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under...
10. Stop his grog and keep him sober...
11. That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor...

When I'm Sixty-Four

The Beatles

When I get old, and losing my hair many years from now
Will you still be sending me a Valentine
Birthday greeting, bottle of wine?
If I've been out till quarter-to-three, will you lock the door?
Will you still need me? Will you still feed me?
When I'm sixty four?

Every summer you can spend a weekend at the Isle of Wight
If it's not too dear you'll be older too
And if you say the word I will stay with you

Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of view
Indicate precisely what you mean to say
Yours Sincerely, wasting away
Give me an answer, fill in a form, mine forever more

Will you still need me? Will you still feed me?
When I'm sixty-four

Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier,
Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

*Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
Whack for the daddy ol',
Whack for the daddy ol',
There's whiskey in the jar.*

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny,
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water,
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Chorus

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a-sporting Jenny.

Chorus

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Published 1744

*All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and
a-sobbing*

*When they heard of the death of poor
Cock-Robin (× 2)*

Who killed Cock-Robin?

"I," said the flea, "With my point 303. I
killed Cock Robin."

Chorus

Who saw him die?

"I," said the duiker, "With my verkyker. I
saw him die."

Chorus

Who drank his blood?

"I," said the aasvoel, "I had a glassful. I
drank his blood."

Chorus

Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said the crow, "With my pick and
hoe. I'll dig his grave."

Chorus

Who'll build his coffin?

"I," said the quail, "With my hammer
and nail. I'll build his coffin."

Chorus

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the bull, "Because I can pull.
I'll toll the bell."

*All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and
a-sobbing,*

*When they heard the bell toll for poor
Cock Robin. (× 2)*

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I spend all my money on whiskey and beer
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

*And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No, never no more*

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told my landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day

Chorus

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened up with delight
She said she had whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that she tolt me were only in jest

Chorus

I went home to my parents confess what I'd done
And I asked them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they'd caressed me as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus

Wouldn't It Be Loverley

My Fair Lady (1956)
Sung by Audrey Hepburn

All I want is a room somewhere
Far away from the cold night air
With one enormous chair
Oh, wouldn't it be loverley

Lots of chocolates for me to eat
Lots of coal making lots of 'eat
Warm face, warm hand, warm feet
Oh, wouldn't it be loverley

Oh, so loverley sitting abso-bloomin'-lutely still
I would never budge 'till spring crept over the window sill

Someone's head resting on my knee
Warm and tender as he can be
Who takes good care of me.
Wouldn't it be loverley, loverley, loverley

The Yellow Submarine

The Beatles (1966)

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who sailed to sea
And he told us of his life
In the land of submarines

So we sailed on to the sun
Till we found a sea of green
And we lived beneath the waves
In our yellow submarine

*We all live in a yellow submarine,
yellow submarine, yellow submarine
(Repeat)*

And our friends are all aboard
Many more of them live next door
And the band begins to play (*band plays*)

Chorus

As we live a life of ease
Every one of us (*echo*) has all we need (*echo*)
Sky of blue (*echo*) and sea of green (*echo*)
In our yellow (*echo*) submarine (*submarine, yaha!*)

Chorus ×2 and fade



"ADVENTURES
OF THE LOVE
SPACE, CAR BOY
COWBOY AND
THE TRAINES"
"ESCAPADES"

MAIN STAGE
Live Up-^{to}
PANDAMONIUM
BIORHYTHM
DJANE MYZO
INFECTED MUSHROOMS
SPACE CAT... AND SO MANY DAMN MORE!
+ NIGHTCORE STAGE



