LIBERAL RELIGIOUS YOUTH
OHIO VALLEY FEDERATION

SONGBOOK FOR TRIANGLE CLUB
OF ALL SOULS UNITARIAN CHURCH

Assembled by Mike Selmanoff 1964-65
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He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout
But love and I had the wit to win
We drew a circle that took him in
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We would be one as now we join in singing
Our hymn of youth to pledge ourselves anew
To that high cause of greater understanding
Of who we are and what in us is true.
We would be one in living for each other
To show mankind a new community.

We would be one in building for tomorrow
A nobler world than men have known before.
We would be one in searching for that meaning
Which binds our hearts and points us on our way.
As one we pledge ourselves to greater service
With love and justice strive to make men free.

LRY PURPOSES

To seek understanding of ourselves, of our fellow men, and of our world. We seek meaning in our existence, understanding of our responsibility toward our fellow man, and knowledge of our relationship to our world.

To choose the approach of liberal religion, freedom and responsibility of belief, the use of reason, readiness to accept new ideas, and respect for the dignity of mankind.

To form the Liberal Religious Youth, dedicating ourselves to this search and
this approach, to help young people:
1. to deal creatively and imaginatively with religion as the quality and the spirit of living
2. to realize the scope and the nature of a working democracy, its privileges and responsibilities
3. to gain a reasonable and durable faith, through personal and group experiences, worship, and service

TRIANGLE CLUB'S SONGBOOK

assembled and first printed by Mike Selmanoff
reprinted by E.O. Davisson
AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray.
He found a jug, and he stayed all day.
Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray.
He found a jug and he stayed all day.
I ain'ta gonna grieve, my Lord no more.

CHORUS

I ain'ta gonna grieve my Lord no more,
I ain'ta gonna grieve my Lord no more,
Ain'ta gonna grieve my Lord no more.

REPEATED

You can't get to heaven, on roller skates,
You'll roll right by, them pearly gates.

REPEATED

You can't get to heaven, on a rocking chair
'Cause the Lord don't 'low, no lazy bones there.

REPEATED

You can't get to heaven, in a limousine,
'Cause the Lord don't 'low, no gasoline.

REPEATED

If you get to heaven, before I do,
Just drill a hole, and pull me through.

REPEATED

But if I get to heaven, before you do,
I'll plug that hole, and spit on you.

REPEATED
Oh you can't get to heaven, with powder
and paint,
"Cause it makes you look, like what you ain't,
REPEATED
There's one more thing, I forgot to tell,
If you don't go to heaven, you'll go to Hell,
REPEATED

THE ASH' GROVE

The ash-grove, how graceful, how plainly
'tis speaking,
The harp thro' it playing has language
for me;
Whenever the light thro' its branches is
breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me,
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Each step wakes a mem'ry as freely I roam;
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle over me,
The ash-grove, the ash-grove alone is my home.
AWAY WITH RUM

We never eat cookies because they have yeast
And one little bite turns a man to a beast,
Oh can you imagine a sadder disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

CHORUS
Away, away with rum, by gum, with rum, by gum
Away, away with rum, by gum, that's the song of the Salvation Army.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum,
And one little slice puts a man on the bum
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruitcake until he is tight

CHORUS
We never eat chocolate 'cause it has cocaine
And one little bite makes a man quite insane
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier find,
Than a man eating Hershey's, until he is blind

CHORUS
THE BANKS OF MARBLE

I've travelled 'round this country,
From shore to shining shore,
It really made me wonder,
The things I heard and saw.

CHORUS
But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver,
That the farmer(seaman, miner)sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing,
Idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying,
"Got no work for you no more."

CHORUS
I saw the weary miner,
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
I heard the children crying,
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

CHORUS
I've seen my brothers working,
Throughout this mighty land,
I prayed we'd get together,
And together make a stand.

FINAL CHORUS
Then we'd own those banks of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And we'd share those vaults of silver,
That the workers sweated for!
BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to go with me,
To take a walk a little way,
And as we walked, and as we talked,
About our golden wedding day.

CHORUS

Then only say that you'll be mine,
In no others arms entwined.
Down beside where the waters flow,
On the banks of the Ohio.

I asked your mother for you, dear,
And she said you were too young,
Only say that you'll be mine,
Happiness in my home you'll find.

CHORUS

I held a knife against her breast,
And gently in my arms she pressed,
Crying: Willie, oh Willie, don't murder me,
For I'm unprepared for eternity.

CHORUS

I took her by her lilly white hand,
Led her down where the waters stand.
I picked her up and I pitched her in,
Watched her as she floated down.

CHORUS

I started back home twixt twelve and one,
Crying, My God, what have I done?
Because she would not be my bride.
I've murdered the only woman I love.
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down,
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' How many seas must a white dove sail,
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yesh' How many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?

CHORUS
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up,
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' How many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' How many deaths will it take till he knows,
That too many people have died?

CHORUS

How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' How many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?

CHORUS

THE BORDER TRAIL

It's the Far Northland that's a-call-in'me away,
As take I with my pack-sack to the road,
It's the call on me of the forest in the north
As step I with the sun-light for my Lord.
CHORUS
By Lake Duncan and Clear-water to the Bear-skin I will go,
Where you see the loon and hear his plaintive wail,
If you're think-in you inner heart there's swagger in my step,
You're never been a-long the Border Trail.
It's the far Northland that's a-call-in' me away,
As take I my pack-sack to the road.
It's the flash of paddle blades a-gleaming in the sun, Of canoes so softly skimming by the shore, It's the tang of pine and broken com-in on the breeze that calls me to the Water-ways once more.

CHORUS

BOLL WEEVIL
Boll weevil said to the farmer,
"What makes your hands so red?"
The farmer said to the boll weevil,
"It's a wonder you ain't dead,
Jus' lookin' for a home,
Jus' lookin' for a home."
Boll weevil said to his wife,
"Stand right up on your feet,
Look away over yonder in Texas
At the cotton we got to eat."
Jus' lookin' for a home
Jus' lookin' for a home.

Boll weevil said to the farmer
"Gonna swarm right on your gate,
When I chew up all the cotton,
You'll sell your Ford V-8,
Jus' lookin' for a home,
Jus' lookin' for a home.

First time I saw the boll weevil,
He turned up at the fair,
Next time I seen him
He had his whole family there,
Jus' lookin' for a home,
Jus' lookin' for a home.

The farmer said to the merchant,
"We're in an awful fix;
The boll weevil et all the cotton up,
An' leave us only sticks,
We got no home,
We got no home.

If anyone should ask you
Who was it made this song,
It was the farmer man
Cause the boll weevil done him wrong,
Jus' lookin' for a home
Jus' lookin' for a home
"O when are you comin' to court me, to court me, to court me, O when are you comin' to court me, my dear old Buffalo boy?"

"I guess I'll come on Sunday, on Sunday, on Sunday, I guess I'll come on Sunday, that is if the weather is good."

"How long do you think you'll court me, etc.

"I guess I'll court you all night, etc.

"And when shall we be married, etc.

"O we'll get married on Sunday, etc.

"What you gonna come to the weddin' in, etc.

"O I think I'll come in my buggy, etc.

"Why don't you come in your ox cart, etc.

"My buggy won't fit in my ox cart, etc.

"Well who you gonna bring to the weddin', etc.

"I guess I'll bring my children, etc.

"I didn't know you had no children, etc.

"Why sure I've got five children, five children, five children, Sure, I've got five children, maybe six if the weather is good."

"Well there ain't a-gonna be no weddin', no weddin', no weddin', There ain't a-gonna be no weddin', not even if the weather is good.
CARELESS LOVE

Love, O love, O careless love,
Love, O love, O careless love,
Love, O love, O careless love,
You see what careless love can do.

When I wore my apron low, etc.
You followed me through frost and snow.

Now my apron strings won't pin, etc.
You pass my door, and you won't come in.

How I wish that train would come, etc.
Take me back where I come from.

You see what careless love have done, etc.
Make a grand'mama marry her oldest son.

COCAINES BLUES

Mama O, mama, you better get here quick,
Cocaine's gonna make your little boy sick,
Cocaine, all around my brain.

Woke up in the morning, the clock said one,
Cocainies and me's gonna have some fun,
Cocaine, all around my brain.

Woke up in the morning, the clock said two,
There was nothing left but cocaine and you (etc.)
Cocaine's for horses and not for men,
Kill me someday but they don't say when, etc.

Woke up in the morning, the clock said three,
Cocaine's just a-killing me, etc.
Woke up in the morning, the clock said four, Cocaine knockin' down my front door, etc.

You take Sally and I'll take Sue, Ain't much difference between the two, etc.

Mama O, mama, it ain't much fun, When you're using a bicycle pump for a gun, etc.

Woke up in the morning, the clock said five, I was lucky to find myself alive, etc.

Woke up in the morning, the clock said six, I think I need another fix, etc.

CRAWDAD

E You get a line and I'll get a pole honey, honey
E You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe
E You get a line and I'll get a pole
And we'll go down to that crawdad hole
E Honey, sugar babe, mine.

Get up old man (woman), you sleep too late honey, honey, REPEAT TWICE.
Crawdad man done passed your gate, Honey, sugar babe, mine.

Along came a man with a pack on his back honey, REPEAT TWICE.
Packin' all the crawdads he could pack, Honey, sugar babe, mine.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry honey? REPEAT TWICE.
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die, Honey, sugar babe, mine.
What you gonna do when the crawdads die honey? REPEAT TWICE.
Sit on the bank until I cry,
Honey, sugar babe, mine.

I heard the duck say to the drake, honey
REPEAT TWICE
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,
Honey, sugar babe, mine.

DARK AS A DUNGEON
Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine,
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine,
It'll form as a habit, seep in your soul
'Til the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

CHORUS
For it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.
Now it's many a man I have seen in my day
Who has lived just to labor his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

CHORUS

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miners a digging my bone.

CHORUS

DARLIN' COREY

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Corey,
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officers are coming $Em$
Gonna tear your still house down.

Well the first time I seen Darlin' Corey,
She was standing by the sea,
Had a forty-five strapped around her bosom,
Had a banjo on her knee.

Go'way, go'way, Darlin' Corey,
Quit hanging around my bed,
Bad likker has ruined my body,
Pretty women gone to my head.

Oh yes, oh yes, my darlin',
I'll do the best I can,
But I'll never get my pleasure,
To another gamblin' man.
Dig a hole, dig a hole, in the meadow,
Dig a hole in the cold cold ground,
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow,
Gonna lay Darlin' Corey down.

DEEP BLUE SEA

G  Am  G
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,
Am  G  Am  A7  D7
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,
Am  G  C
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,

It was Willie, what got drownded,
C
In the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a golden spade,
REPEAT TWICE
It was Willie, what got drownded,
In the deep blue sea.

Lower him down with a golden chain,
REPEAT TWICE
It was Willie, what got drownded,
In the deep blue sea.

THE DEER CHASE

G7
We heed not the tempest, the toil nor the danger,
G7
As over the mountain away goes Ranger,
F
All night long, till the break of dawn,
G7
Merrily the chase goes on;
F
Over the mountains, the hills and the fountains,
G7
Away to the chase, away, away,
CHORUS

Away and away, we're bound for the mountain, Bound for the mountain, bound for the mountain, Over the mountains, the hills and the fountains, Away to the chase, away, away.

Now we're set just right for the race, The old hound dogs are ready for the chase, The deer is a-bounding and the hounds are a-sounding, Right on the trail that leads o'er the mountain, Over the mountains, the hills and the fountains, etc.

CHORUS

Listen to the hound bells, sweetly ringing, Over the mountain the wild deer's springing, All night long till the break of dawn, Merrily the chase goes on, Over the mountains, the hills and fountains, etc.

CHORUS

See there the wild deer, trembling, panting, Trembling, panting, trembling, panting, Only for a moment for hunger standing, Then away on the chase away, away, Over the mountains, the hills and the fountains, etc.

CHORUS

DOCTOR FREUD

Oh it happened in Vienna no so very long ago, When not enough folks were getting sick; That a starving young physician tried to better his position, By discovering what made his patients tick.
CHORUS

Oh, Doctor Freud, Oh Doctor Freud.
How I wish you had been otherwise employed.
For this set of circumstances sure enhances the finances,
Of the followers of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

He forgot about sclerosis but invented the psychosis, And a hundred ways that sex could be enjoyed. He adopted as his credo: "Down repression, up Libido!" And that was the start of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

CHORUS
Now he analyzed the dreams of the teens and the libertines, And he substituted monologues for pills. He drew crowds just like Wells-Saddler when along came Jung and Adler, Who said, "By God, there's gold in them thar ills."

CHORUS
They encountered no resistance when they served as Freud's assistants, As with Ego and with Id they deftly toyed. And instead of toting bed-pans, they bore analytic dead pans, These ambitious Doctors Adler, Jung, and Freud.

CHORUS
Now the Big Three have departed but not so the cult they started-- It's been carried on by many a goodly band. And to trauma, shock and war-shock, someone went and added Rorschach. Now the thing has got completely out of hand.

CHORUS
DONE LAID AROUND

There's a lonesome freight at six-o-eight
Comin' through the town,
I'll be homeward bound,
I'll be homeward bound,
A lonesome freight at six-o-eight
Comin' through the town
And I feel I want to travel on.

CHORUS

Done laid around, done stayed around,
This old town too long:
Summer's almost gone,
Summer almost gone.
Done laid around,
Done stayed around,
This old town too long.
And I feel like I've got to travel on.

The chilly wind will soon begin,
I'll be on my way.
Gone a lonesome day,
Goin' home to stay.
The chilly wind will soon begin;
I'll be on my way,
And I feel like I want to travel on.

CHORUS
I've waited here for most a year
Waiting for the sun to shine,
Waiting for the sun to shine,
Hoping you'd change your mind;
Now I feel like I want to travel on.

CHORUS

DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe—
It don't matter any how.
Ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe—
If you don't know by now.

When the rooster crows at the break of dawn
Look out your window and I'll be gone.
You're the reason I'm travelin' on
Don't think twice, it's all right.

It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, Babe
That light I never knewed
Ain't no use in turnin' on your light, Babe
I'm on the dark side of the road.
Still I wish there was somethin' you would
do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay.
We never did too much talkin' anyway
So don't think twice, it's all right.

I'm walkin' down that long lonesome road,
Babe—
Where I'm bound I can't tell
But goodbye's too good a word, Babe—
So I'll just say farethee well.
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind.
You just kinda wasted my precious time.
But don't think twice it's all right.
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, Gal-
Like you never did before.
I can't hear you anymore.
I'm a think-in' and a wonderin' all the way down the road.
I once loved a woman a child I'm told.
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul.
But don't think twice, it's all right.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

F
Down in the valley, the valley so low.
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
C
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow.
F
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

If you don't love me, love whom you please.
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease.
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Writing this letter, containing three lines,
Answer my question: "Will you be mine?"
"Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine?"
Answer my question: "Will you be mine?"

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of Birmingham Jail,
Birmingham Jail, dear, Birmingham Jail,
Send it in care of Birmingham Jail,

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
So I can see her as she goes by;
As she goes by, dear, as she goes by,
So I can see her as she goes by.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you;
Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
Angels in heaven know I love you.
DRILL YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Every morning at seven o'clock,
There's twenty tarriers a-working at the rock, And the boss comes along and he says "Kape still, and come down heavy with the cast iron drill,"

CHORUS
And drill, ye tarriers, drill.
Drill, ye tarriers, drill.
It's work all day for the sugar in your tray
Down behind the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill,
And blast, and fire.

Now our foreman was Jean McCann,
By God, he was a blame mean man;
Past week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

CHORUS
Next time pay comes around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found;
When asked, "What for?" came this reply:
"You're docked for the time you was up in the sky.

CHORUS

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK DRINK

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drank, drank, drank, drank,
Drunk last night and
Drunk the night before;
Gonna get drunk tonight,
Like I never been drunk before;
'Cause when I'm drunk
I'm happy as can be;
For I am a member of the Souse family
And the Souse family is the best family,
That ever came over from the Old Germany!

There's the Highland Dutch,
And the Lowland Dutch,
And the Amsterdamn Dutch,
And the other damn Dutch!

Glorious, glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink it
All alone (Damn Quick)

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR
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.

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

Put him in the long boat till he's sober,
etc.

CHORUS
Pull out the plug and wet him all over
etc.

CHORUS
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it, etc.

CHORUS
Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale it, etc.
CHORUS
Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him, etc.

CHORUS
Shave his belly with rusty razor, etc.

CHORUS
Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin', etc.

CHORUS

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three:
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

CHORUS

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the rolling sea!

One night I was a-trimmin' of the glim,
A-singin' a verse of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted ahoy,
And there was me mother a-sittin' on a buoy.

CHORUS

Oh, what has become of my children three,
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

CHORUS

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoin' out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light!"
FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

When the sun comes up and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

CHORUS

Follow the drinkin' gourd, follow the drinkin' gourd,
For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

The river band'II make a mighty good road,
The dead trees will show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot, travelin' on,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

CHORUS

The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinkin' gourd.

CHORUS
FOUR NIGHTS DRUNK
I came home the other night as drunk as I could be.
And I saw a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, Explain this thing to me.
"What's this horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be?"
"Why you blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you plainly see?
It's nothin" but a milk cow that your mother sent to me."
Well, I've traveled this wide world over, some crazy things I've saw,
But a saddle and a bridle on a milk cow, I've never seen before.

I came home the other night as drunk as I could be, And I saw a hat on the hatrack
where my hat ought to be, So I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, Explain this
thing to me, "What's this hat on the hatrack, where my hat ought to be?" "Why you
blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you plainly see?" It's nothin" but a chamberpot
that your mother sent to me." Well, I've traveled this wide world over, some crazy
things I've saw, But a J.D. Stetson chamberpot, I've never seen before.
I came home the other night as drunk as I could be. And I saw a pair of pants on the chair where my pants ought to be. So I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, Explain this thing to me, "What's these pants on the chair, where my pants ought to be?" "Why you blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you plainly see?" It's nothing but a dishrag that your mother sent to me." Well, I've traveled this wide world over, some crazy things I've saw. But cuffs and a zipper on a dishrag, I've never seen before.

Well, I came home the other night as drunk as I could be. And I saw a head on my pillow where my head ought to be. So I said to my wife, pretty little wife, Explain this thing to me, "What's this head on my pillow where my head ought to be?" "Why you blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you plainly see?" It's nothing but a mushmellow that your mother sent to me." Well, I've traveled this wide world over, some crazy things I've saw. But a mustache on a mushmellow, I've never seen before.

It's a good thing I'm not of suspicious nature!

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed for the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o.
He'd many a mile to go that night before he reached the town-o.
He ran till he came to a great big bin,
The ducks and the geese were put therein,
Said a couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o, etc.

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck
Slung the little one over his back,
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
And the legs were dangling down-o, etc.

Old mother pitter-patter jumped out of bed
Out of the window she cocked her head
Crying, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-o, etc.

John went to the top of the hill
Blew his horn both loud and shrill;
The fox, said he, I better flee with my kill
For he'll soon be on my trail-o, etc.

He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were little ones eight, nine, ten,
They said daddy, you better go back again,
'Cause it might be a mighty fine town-o, etc.

Then the fox and his wife without any
strife Cut up the goose with a fork and
knife, They never had such a supper in
their life, And the little ones chewed on
the bones-o, etc.

THE FROZEN LOGGER
As I sat down one evening
Within a small cafe,
A forty-year old waitress
To me these words did say:
'I see you are a logger
And not a common bum,
For no one but a logger
Stirs his coffee with his thumb.

'My lover was a logger,
There's none like him today;
If you poured whiskey on it,
He'd eat a bale of hay.

'He never shaved his whiskers
From off his horny hide,
But he drove them with a hammer
And bit 'em off inside.

'My logger came to see me
On one freezing day,
He held me in a fond embrace
That broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted,
So hard he broke my jaw;
I could not speak to tell him
He'd forgot his mackinaw.

"I saw my logger lover
Sauntering through the snow,
A-going gaily homeward
At forty-eight below.

'The weather tried to freeze him,
It tried its level best
At one hundred degrees below zero
He buttoned up his vest.

"It froze clean through to China,
It froze the stars above,
At one thousand degrees below zero
It froze my logger love.
They tried in vain to thaw him,  
And if you'll believe me, sir  
They made him into axe-blades  
To chop the Douglas fir.

And so I lost my lover,  
And to this cafe I come,  
And here I wait till someone  
Stirs his coffee with his thumb.

GREENBACK DOLLAR

\[ \text{Em} \]  
Some people say I'm a no count,  
Others say I'm no good,  
But I'm just a nat'ral born travelin' man  
Doin' what I think I should, O yeah,  
Doin' what I think I should.

CHORUS

And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,  
Spend it fast as I can.  
For a waitin' song and a good guitar,  
The only things I understand, O boy,  
The only things I understand.

When I was a little babe,  
My mama said, "Hey son,  
Travel where you will and grow to be a man,  
And sing what must be sung, O boy,  
Sing what must be sung."

CHORUS

Now that I'm a grown man,  
I've traveled here and there,  
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,  
The only ones who ever care, O boy,  
The only ones who ever care.

CHORUS
GREENSLEVES

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

CHORUS

Greensleves was all my joy,
Greensleves was my delight,
Greensleves was my heart of gold,
And who but my ladie Greensleves.

I bought thee kercchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.

CHORUS

Thy smock of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptously,
The like no other lasses had,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

CHORUS

Thy gown was of the grassie green,
Thy sleeves of satten hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.

CHORUS

Greensleves, now farewell, adue! God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true;
Come once again and love me!

CHORUS

GYPSY ROVER

The gypsy rover come over, the hill,
Bound for the valley so shady;
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.
CHORUS
Ah-di-da, ah-di-do-da-day,
Ah-di-da, ah-di-day-dee;
He whistled and he sang till the green woods 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 the 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 Clayde;
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 freelands all over;
And I will stay till my dying day,
With my whistling gypsy rover.

CHORUS
IF I HAD A HAMMER
If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening,
All over this land;
I'd hammer out danger,
I'd hammer out warning,
I'd hammer out the love between the brothers and the sisters
All over this land.
If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening,
all over this land,
I'd ring out danger,
I'd ring out warning,
I'd ring out the love between the brothers and the sisters,
All over this land.

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening,
all over this land,
I'd sing out danger,
I'd sing out warning,
I'd sing out the love between the brothers and the sisters,
All over this land.

Now I got a hammer,
And I've got a bell,
And I've got a song to sing,
all over this land;
It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song of the love between the brothers and the sisters,
All over this land.

HARD, AIN'T IT HARD

There is a house in this old town,
Where my true love lays around,
Well he takes other women right down on his knee, And he tells them a little tale he won't tell me.
CHORUS
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard,
To love one that never did love you.
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard,
great God,
To love one that never will be true.

Well, the first time that I seen my true love, He was a-walkin' past my door, And the last time I seen his false-hearted smile, He was dead on his coolin' board.

CHORUS
Now don't go to drinkin' and a-gamblin',
Don't go there your sorrows to drown,
That hard liquor place is a lowdown disgrace, It's the meanest damn place in this town.

CHORUS
Now who's a-gonna kiss your ruby lips,
And who's a-gonna hold you to their breast,
Who's a-gonna talk the future over,

While I'm a-ramblin' in the West?

CHORUS
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HAND
He's got the whole world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got the little bitty baby in His hand, etc.

He's got the evil-hearted sinners in His hand, etc.

He's got you and me brother in His hand, etc.

He's got all creation in His hand, etc.
THE HORSE NAMED BILL

Oh, I had a horse and his name was Bill,
And when he ran he couldn't stand still,
He ran away, one day,
And also I ran with him.

He ran so fast he could not stop.
He ran into a barber shop,
And fell exhaustion, with his eye-teeth
In the barber's left shoulder.

I had a gal and her name was Daisy
And when she sang the cat went crazy
With deliriums, St. Vituses,
And all kinds of cataleptics.

I'm going out in the woods next year
And shoot for beer, not for deer,
I am. I ain't.
I'm a great sharpshootress.

At shooting birds I am a beaut.
There is no bird I cannot shoot
In the eye, in the ear, in the teeth,
In the fingers.

Oh, I went up in a balloon so big,
The people on earth they looked like a pig,
Like a mice, like a katydid, like fleises,
And like fleasens.

The balloon turned up with its bottom side higher,
It fell on the wife of the country squire. She made a noise like a doghound,
Like a steam whistle, And also like dynamite

Oh, what could you do in a case like that?
Oh what could you do but stamp on your hat,
Or on your mother, or your toothbrush,
Or anything that's helpless.
There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun;
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And me, oh Lord, was one.

If I had listened to what mama said,
I'd be at home today.
But being so young and foolish, poor girl,
Let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans,
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,
Drinks down in New Orleans.

The only thing a drunkard needs,
Is a suitcase and a trunk;
The only time he's satisfied,
Is when he's on a drunk.

He'll fill his glasses to the brim,
He passes them around,
And the only pleasure he gets out of life,
Is bumming from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister,
Never do like I have done.
To shun that house in New Orleans;
They call the Rising Sun.

It's one foot on the platform,
And the other on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans,
To wear the ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost won.
I'm going back to spend my life
Beneath that Rising Sun.
I DON'T WANT NO MORE ARMY LIFE

G
They tell you in the ar-my,

D
the coffee's mighty fine.

D
It's good for cuts and bruises
and it tastes like i-o-dine.

CHORUS
Oh, I don't want no more of ar-my life,
Gee, mom, I wanna go,
But they won't let me go,
Gee, mom, I want to go home.
They tell you in the service club,
The girls are mighty fine,
The most is over fifty,
And the rest is under nine.
Oh, I don't want no more army life,
Gee, mom, I want to go home.

They tell you in the mess hall,
The biscuits, they are fine.
One fell off the table
and crushed a pal of mine

CHORUS
They tell you in the army,
the uniforms fit fine,
Me and my detachment can
all get into mine.

CHORUS
They tell you in the army,
The pay is mighty fine.
They give you fifty dollars,
And fine you forty nine.

CHORUS
I HAD SOME CHICKENS
I had a cow, no milk she gave,
I had a cow, no milk she gave.
My wife said honey, we're losing money,
We're losing money, no milk she gave.
One day a rooster came into our yard,
He caught my cow, right off her guard,
She's giving egg nog, just like she used-er,
Ever since that rooster came into our yard.

I had a tree, no plants it gave, etc.
It's giving eggplants, just like it used-er,

I had a dog, no pups it gave, etc.
It's giving poached eggs, just like it used-er, etc.

I had a wife, no kids she had, etc.
She's giving egg heads, just like she used-er, etc.

I had a saw, no saws it had, etc.
one day that rooster came into our yard,
Caught that saw right off its guard,
He laying hens now, just like he used-er,

I WILL NEVER MARRY
One morning I rambled
Down by the sea shore,
The wind it did whistle,
And the waters did roar.
CHORUS
I will never marry
I'll be no man's wife
I intend to live single
All the days of my life.
The shells in the ocean
Shall be my death bed.
While the fish in the deep water
Swim over my head.

I heard some fair maiden
Give a pitiful cry
And it sounded so lonely
It swept off on high.

CHORUS
She cast her fair body
In the water so deep,
And she closed her pretty blue eyes,
Forever to sleep.

CHORUS
IF YOU MISS ME FROM THE BACK OF THE BUS
If you miss me on the back of the bus,
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come up to the front of the bus,
I'll be ridin' up there.
I'll be ridin' up there,
I'll be ridin' up there,
If you miss me from the back of the bus,
I'll be ridin' up there.

If you miss me from the front of the bus,
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come up to the front of the drivers seat,
I'll be drivin' up there, etc.
If you miss me from Jackson State
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on over to Ole Miss,
I'll be studyin' over there, etc.

If you miss me from knockin' on doors,
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on down to the registrar's room,
I'll be the registrar up there, etc.

If you miss me from the cotton fields
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on down to the court house,
I'll be votin' right there.

If you miss me from the Mississippi River
And you can't find me nowhere,
Come on down to the city pool
I'll be swimin' over there, etc.

IN THE HALLS
Oh its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the halls, in the halls,
Oh its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the halls, LRY, LRY.

CHORUS
My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have, hey, not, ho, brought my specs with me.
Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer, etc.

CHORUS
Oh it's muscatel,
That makes you feel like hell, etc.

CHORUS
Oh it's water, water, water,
That makes you feel you oughter, etc.
Oh it's Pepsi, Pepsi, Pepsi,
That makes you feel so sexy, etc.

CHORUS

Oh it's gin, gin, gin,
That makes you want to sin, etc.

CHORUS

Oh it's coke, coke, coke,
That makes you want to choke, etc.

CHORUS

Oh it's hot roast duck,
That makes you want a sandwich, etc.

CHORUS

Oh it's tea, tea, tea,
That makes you want to crumpet, etc.

CHORUS

IN THE CORPS (same tune)

Oh your pink, pink, pink,
If you ever start to think, etc.

CHORUS:

Their eyes are blind, they cannot see,
They're so damn full of piety,
The Birch Society.

Oh you're red, red, red,
If a liberal word is said, etc.

CHORUS

Oh you're a sap, sap, sap,
If you believe in all their crap, etc.

CHORUS

Oh it's feces, feces, feces,
That constitutes the species, etc.

CHORUS

IRENE

Sometimes I lives in the country,

Sometimes I lives in town,

Sometimes I haves a great notion,
To jump in the river an' drown.
CHORUS
Irene, goodnight,
Irene, goodnight,
Goodnight, Irene, goodnight, Irene,
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Sat'dy night I got married,
Me an' my wife have parted,
gonna take me a stroll uptown.

CHORUS
I loves Irene, God knows I do,
I loves her till the sea runs dry,
An' if Irene turns her back on me
I'll take morphine an' die.

CHORUS
Quit your ramblin', quit your gamblin',
Quit your stayin' out late at night,
Go home to your wife an' your family,
Sit down by the fireside bright.

THE IRISH BALLAD
About a maid I'll sing this song,
Rickety Tickety tin
About a maid I'll sing this song,
She didn't have her family long;
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did everyone of them in, them in,
She did everyone of them in.

Her mother she could never stand,
Rickety Tickety tin
Her mother she could never stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned.
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
With her face in a hideous grin.
One morning in a bit of heat,
Rickety Tickety tin
One morning in a bit of heat,
She drowned her father in the creek;
The water tasted bad for a week,
And they had to make coolade with gin,
With gin, and they had to make coolade with gin.

She set her sisters hair on fire,
Rickety Tickety tin
She set her sisters hair on fire,
And as the flames rose higher and higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre,
Playing her violin, olin,
Playing her violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,
Rickety Tickety tin
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him down to see Davy Jones;
And all that were ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Rickety Tickety tin
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up in an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in, bors in
And invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,
Rickety Tickety tin,
And when at last the police came by,
Her little pranks she could not deny.
To do so she would have to lie,
And she knew that to lie was a sin, a sin,
And she knew that to lie was a sin.
JACOB'S LADDER
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Brothers in our land.
Every round goes higher, higher, etc.
Sinner, do you love your Jesus? etc.
If you love him, why not serve him? etc.
We are climbing higher, higher, etc.
We are buildin' one big union, etc.
People of this world.
Every new day we grow stronger, etc.
People of this world.
We are black and white together, etc.
People of this world.

JESSE JAMES
Jesse James was a lad who killed
many a man,
He robbed the Glendale train,
He stole from the rich and gave to the
poor,
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

CHORUS
Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children they were so brave,
But the dirty little coward that shot
mister Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse to his grave.
It was Robert Ford that dirty little coward,
I wonder how does he feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept
in Jesse's bed,
And he laid poor Jesse to his grave.

CHORUS
How the people held their breath when
they heard of Jesse's death;
And wondered how he ever came to die,
It was one of the gang called Little Robert Ford,
That shot poor on the sly.

CHORUS
Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He would never see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank he robbed the
Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

CHORUS

JOHN BROWNS BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mold-ring in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mold-ring in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mold-ring in the
grave,
But his soul goes marching on

CHORUS
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
But his soul goes marching on.
John Brown died that the slave might be free, REPEAT TWICE
And his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS
He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men, so true, And he frightened Old Virginia till she trembled through and through, They hung him for a traitor-- they themselves the traitor crew, But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS
The stars in heaven are looking kindly down, REPEAT TWICE
On the grave of old John Brown.

CHORUS
Now has come the glorious jubilee
REPEAT TWICE
When all mankind is free

CHORUS

A

JOHN HENRY

A

John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his pappy's knee, E7 A
Said, "Before I'd let this drive me down,
Lawn, I'm goin' die wid dis hammer in my hand, Lawn, Lawn,
I'm goin' die wid dis hammer in my hand."

John Henry said to his captain,
"captain we'n you go to town,
Won't you bring me back a nine pound hammer? I'm goin' drive dis steel on down."

Oh, we'n I want good whisky,
Oh, we'n I want good corn,
Baby, we'n I sing dat lonesome song,
Honey, down de road I am gone,
Honey, down de road I am gone.
John Henry had a little woman,  
And de dress she wear was red,  
And she went down de road and  
she never looked back.  
"I'm goin' weh my man fall dead."

JOHNSON BOYS
Johnson Boys were raised in ashes  
didn't know how to court a maid.  
Turned their backs and hid their faces,  
Sight of a pretty girl makes them afraid  
Sight of a pretty girl makes them afraid.

Johnson Boys they went a-huntin',  
took two dogs and went astray;  
Tore their clothes and scratched their faces  
Didn't come home till the break of day,  
REPEAT

Johnson Boys they went a-courting',  
Coon Creek girls so pretty and sweet,  
They couldn't make no conversation,  
They didn't know where to put their feet  
REPEAT

Johnson Boys they went to the city,  
ridin' in a Chevrolet,  
They came back broke and hungry,  
They had no money to pay their way,  
REPEAT

Johnson Boys' I'll never get married,  
they'll stay single all their life;  
They're too scared to pop the question,  
Ain't no woman that'll be their wife  
REPEAT

Shame, shame, on the Johnson Boys.
KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE

When I was a young man and never been kissed,
I got to thinking over what I had missed,
I got me a girl, I kissed her and then,
Oh Lord, I kissed her again.

CHORUS
Oh, kisses sweeter than wine,
Oh, kisses sweeter than wine.

He asked me to marry and be his sweet wife
And we would be so happy all of our life,
He begged and he pleaded like a natural man,
Oh Lord, I gave him my hand.

CHORUS
I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,
Workin' hand in hand to make a good life.
Corn in the fields and wheat in the bins,
I was Oh Lord, the father of twins.

CHORUS
Our children numbered just about four,
And they all had sweethearts knockin' at the door. They all got married and didn't hesitate; I was, Oh Lord the grandmother of eight.

CHORUS
Now we are old, and ready to go,
We get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago. Had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but, Oh Lord, we'd do it again.

CHORUS
KUM BA YAH
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
O' Lord, Kum ba yah!

Someone's singing, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.
Someone's crying, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.
Someone's praying, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.
Someone's dying, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.
Someone's laughing, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.
Someone's shouting, Lord Kum ba yah! etc.

THE LADY IN RED
Twas a cold winter evening,
The guests were all leaving.
O'Leary was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said to the Lady in Red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in the bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman handsome stepped out of his transome
And these are the words that he said,

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of college men
And how they come and go (mostly go)

Now age has taken her beauty
And sin has left it's sad scare.
So remember your mother, and sister boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.
LAST NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM
Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd never dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
I dreamed I saw a mighty room
And the room was filled with men;
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again.
And when the paper was all signed,
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed.
And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round,
While swords and guns and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground.

LILY OF THE WEST
When first I came to Louisville,
some pleasure there to find,
A damsel there from Lexington
was pleasing to my mind.
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips
Like arrows pierced my breast
And the name she bore was Flora
the Lily of the West
I courted lovely Flora
Some pleasures there to find
But she turned to another man
which sore distressed my mind
She robbed me of my liberty,
deprived me of my rest
Then go my lovely Flora,
The Lily of the West.
Way down in yonder shady grove,
a man of high degree,
Conversing with my Flora there,
it seemed so strange to me.
And the answer that she gave to him
it sore did me oppress.
I was betrayed by Flora,
the Lily of the West.

I stepped up to my rival,
my dagger in my hand.
I seized him by the collar,
and I boldly bade him stand.
Being mad to desperation,
I pierced him in the breast.
Then go my lovely Flora,
The Lily of the West.

I had to stand my trial,
I had to make my plea.
They placed me in a criminal box,
and then commenced on me.
Although she swore my life away,
deprived me of my rest.
Still I love my faithless Flora,
the Lily of the West.

MASTERS OF WAR
Come you masters of war,
You that build all the guns.
You that build the death planes,
You that build the big bombs.
You that hide behind the walls,
You that hide behind desks.
I just want you to know,
I can see thru your mask.
You that never've done nothing
but build to destroy
you play with my world
like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
then you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
when the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old
you lie and deceive
A world war can be won
you want me to believe
But I see thru your eyes and
I see thru your brain
Like I see thru the water
that runs down my drain.

You fasten the triggers
for others to fire
Then you sit back and
watch as death's count gets higher
You hide in your mansions
as the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
and is buried in the mud.

You've thrown the worst fear
that can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
into the world
For threatening my
baby-unborn and unnamed

How much do I know
to speak out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
tho' I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never
forgive what you do.
MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.

Sister, help to trim the sail, etc.

Oh the river is deep and the river is wide,
Hallelujah! Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah!

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, Hallelujah
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah

Oh the river is deep and the river is wide
Hallelujah! Greener pastures on the other side, Hallelujah!!

500 MILES

If you miss the train I'm on,
you will know that I am gone.
You can hear the whistle blow,
a hundred miles.

CHORUS(1)
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow,
a hundred miles.

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two,
Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm five hundred miles
away from home.

CHORUS(2)
Away from home, away from home,
away from home, away from home,
Lord I'm five hundred miles
away from home.
Not a shirt on my back,
Not a penny to my name,
Lord, I can't go back home,
this away.

CHORUS (3):
This-away, this-away,
this-away, this-away,
Lord i can't go hme,
this away.

900 MILES
I'm walking down the track;
I got tears in my eyes,
Trying to read a letter from home.
If that train runs me right,
I'll be home tomorrow night,
For I'm nine hundred miles from my home;
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle
blow. It's a long lonesome road a-rambling
down.

THE MOUSE
The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor
And the bar was close for the night.
When out of his hole came a little gray mouse
And he sat in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long you could hear him roar
"Bring out the Gd. cat."
Well the cat came out about a quarter past four, And he ate up the little gry mouse.
Tha moral of the story is,
"Never take a drink on the house!"
THE MTA SONG

Well let me tell you the story of a man named Charlie.
On a tragic and fateful day.
He put ten cents in his pocket,
Kissed his wife and family,
Went to ride on the MTA.

CHORUS

Did he ever return?
No, he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Station, And he charged for Jamaica Plain. When he got there the conductor told him one more nickel, Charlie couldn't get off that train.

CHORUS

Now all night long, Charlie rides through the tunnel, Saying, "What will become of me?" How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea City, Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

CHORUS

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Station, Every day at quarter past two. And through the open window, she hands Charlie a sandwich, As the train comes rumblin' through.

CHORUS

Now you citizens of Boston don't you think it a scandal, That the people have to pay and pay? Fight the fare increase, fight the fare increase, Get Charlie off the MTA.

CHORUS
NATIONAL EMBALMING SCHOOL

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest,
National Embalming School.
And when you die, we dig a hole,
To put you in to turn to mold.

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.

CHORUS
Post-mortem, post-mortem, post-mortem,
Autopsy we must have.
Post-mortem, post-mortem, post-mortem,
Autopsy we must have.
Cut, slice, slash, and probe;
There's got to be a reason.
Golly how the body stinks,
It must be out of season.

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.
We do our best to make a ghost;
National Embalming School.
We drain the blood from all your veins,
Into jugs beneath the drains.

We live for you, we die for you,
National Embalming School.

CHORUS

NINE POUND HAMMER

This ninepound hammer is a little too heavy
Buddy for my size, buddy for my size.

CHORUS
So roll on buddy, don't you roll so slow.
How can I roll when the wheels won't go.
Ain't nobody's hammer in this mountain
That rings like mine. That rings like mine.

CHORUS
Well I went up on the mountain just to see
my baby. And I ain't a-commin' back, no
I ain't a-commin' back.

CHORUS
It's a long way to Hazard, it's a long
way to Harlan. Just to get d'little booze,
just to get a little booze.

CHORUS

\[ G \quad D7 \quad \text{OH FREEDOM} \]
Oh freedom, Oh freedom,
Oh freedom over me, \[ D7-A7-D7 \]
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave.
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No segregation, etc.
No more weeping-----
No more shooting----
No burning churches-
No more jail houses-
No more Jim Crow-----
No more Wallace------

OLD FOLKS AT HOME
Way down upon the Swannee river, far, far away
There's where my heart is turning ever;
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
CHORUS
All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam,
O darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.
All round the little farm I wander'd when I was young; Then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung. When I was playing with my brother, happy was I, Oh, take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
CHORUS
One little hut among the bushes, one that I love, Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I roome. When shall I see the bees a-humming, all 'round the comb? When shall I hear the banjo strumming, Down in my good old homes.

OLD JOE CLARK
I used to live on the mountain top,
Now I live in the town,
I'm staying at the big hotel,
Courtin' Betsy Brown.

CHORUS
Fare ye well old Joe Clark,
Fare ye well I'm bound,
Fare ye well Old Joe Clark
Good-bye Betsy Brown.
Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
preached all over the plain,
The only text he ever knew,
was high, low jack and the game.

CHORUS

Old Joe Clark had a mule,
his name was Morgan Brown,
And every tooth in that mule's head,
was sixteen inches around.

CHORUS

Old Joe Clark had a house,
fifteen stories high,
And every story in that house,
was filled with chicken pie

CHORUS

Well he wouldn't marry that old maid
I'll tell you the reason why,
Her neck's so long and stringy,
boys, he feared she never die

CHORUS

OLEANNA

Oh, to be in Oleanna!
That's where I'd like to be,
than be bound in Norway,
And drag the chains of slavery.

CHORUS

Ole, Oleanna.
Ole, Oleanna
Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Oleanna

In Oleanna land is free;
The wheat and corn just plant themselves
Then grow a good four feet a day,
While on your bed you rest yourself.

CHORUS

Beer as sweer as Munchener,
Springs from the ground and flows away.
The cows all like to milk themselves, and
Hens lay eggs ten times a day.

CHORUS

(59)
Say, if you'd begin to live,
To Oleanna you must go;
The poorest wretch in Norway,
Becomes a Duke in a year or so.

CHORUS
REPEAT FIRST VERSE AND CHORUS

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of old Smoky,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
From a-courting too slow.
Well, a-courtings a pleasure,
And parting is grief,
But a false hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief he will rob you,
And take all you have,
But a false-hearted lover,
Will send you to your grave.

And the grave will decay you,
And turn you to dust,
And where is the young man,
A poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than the cross-ties on the railroad,
or the stars in the skies.

They'll tell you they love you,
Just to give your heart ease,
But the minute your back's turned,
They'll court whom they please.

So come all you young maidens,
And listen to me,
Never place your affection,
On a green willow tree.
For the leaves they will wither,
And the roots they will die,
And your true love will leave you,
And you'll never know why.

PEACE OF THE RIVER

Peace I ask of thee,
O River, Peace, peace, peace,
When I learn to live serenely,
cares will cease.
From the hills I gather courage,
vision of the day to be,
Strength to lead and faith to follow,
all are given unto me.
Peace I ask of thee,
O River, Peace, peace, peace.

PINK PAJAMAS

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer
when it's hot,
And I wear my long red woolies in the
winter when it's not.
But sometimes in the Springtime and some-
times in the Fall,
I jump right in between the sheets with
nothing on at all.
Glory, glory, what's it to ya'?
Glory, glory, what's it to ya'?
Glory, glory, what's it to ya'?
If I jump right in between the sheets
with nothing on at all.
PORTLAND TOWN
I was born in Portland Town,
I was born in Portland Town,
Yes, I was, Yes, I was, Yes I was.

I was married in Portland Town, etc.
I had children one, two, three, etc.
They sent my children off to war, etc.
They murdered my children one, two, three, etc.
I won't have no kids no more, etc.

(chorus) PUFF
(Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
and frolicked in the Autumn mist in a
land called Honalee.
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
And brought him strings and sealing wax
And other fancy stuff.
CHORUS (twice)
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
when'er they came.
Pirate ships would lower their flags
when Puff roared out his name.
CHORUS
A dragon lives forever
but not so little boys.
Paper rings and giant things
make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened
Jackie Paper no longer came.
And Puff, that mighty dragon
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 lifelong friend
Puff could not be brave
So Puff that mighty dragon
sadly slipped into his cave.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We miss your bright eyes and sweet smile;
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway a-while.
Come and sit by side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the one who has loved you so true.
REUBEN JAMES
Have you heard of the ship
called that good Reuben James?
Manned by hard-fighting men
both of honor and fame?
She flew the Stars and Stripes
of the land of the free.
But tonight she's in her grave
at the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS
Tell me, what were their names?
Tell me, what were their names?
Did you have a friend on that good
Reuben James? (REPEAT)

It was there in the dark
of that uncertain night,
That we watched for the U-boat
and waited for that fight;
Then a whine and a rock and a
great explosion roar,
They laid the Reuben James on
the cold ocean floor.

CHORUS
Now tonight there were lights
in our country so bright.
In the farms and the cities they are
telling of that fight.
And now our mighty battleships
will steam the bounding main.
And remember the name of that good
Reuben James.

CHORUS
RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah,
"There's gonna be a floody, floody, floody.
Get those children, (clap)
out of the muddy, muddy,
Children of the Lord.

CHORUS
So rise and shine,
and give God your glory, glory,
Rise and shine,
and give God your glory, glory,
Rise and shine and (clap)
give God your glory, glory,
Children of the Lord.

So Noah he built him,
he built him an arky, arky, etc.
Built it out of (clap)
hickory barky, barky, etc.

CHORUS
The animals they came on,
they came on by twoses, twoses, etc.
Elephants and (clap)
Kangarooses-rooses, etc.

CHORUS
Well it rained and rained,
for forty dayses, dayses, etc.
Damn near drove those (clap)
animals, crazy, crazy, etc.

CHORUS
The sun came up and dried up,
the landy, landy, etc.
Everthing was (clap)
dandy, dandy, etc.

CHORUS
The animals they came off,
they came off by threeses, threeses, etc.
They had learned about the, (clap)
birds and beeses, beeses, etc.

CHORUS

ROCK ISLAND LINE
I may be right and I may be wrong,
I know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

CHORUS
Oh well, the Rock Island Line,
It is a mighty good road,
Oh well, the Rock Island Line,
It is the road to ride.
The Rock Island Line,
It is a mighty good road,
Well if you want to ride
You got to ride it like you find it.
Get your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line.

ABC double XYZ,
The cat's in the corner but he can't fool me.

CHORUS
Moses stood on the Red Sea shore,
Smotin' the water with a two-by-four.

CHORUS
Little Evalina, sittin' in the shade,
Countin' on the money that we ain't made.

CHORUS
Jesus died to save our sins,
Glory to God, we're gonna need him again.

CHORUS
ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY' ARMS
Ain't gonna work on the railroad
Ain't gonna work on the farm.
Lay 'round the shack till the mail train comes back
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms.
Lay around the shack 'til the mail train comes back, Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Can't see what's the matter with my own true love, She done quit writing to me;
She must think I don't love her like I used to, Ain't that a foolish idea.

Sometimes there's a change in the ocean;
Sometimes there's a change in the sea;
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love; But there's never no change in me.

Mama's a ginger-cake baker;
Sister can weave and can spin;
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill, Just watch that old money roll in

They tell me that your parents do not like me; They have drove me away from your door If I had all my time to do over, I would never go there anymore.

Now where was you last Friday night, While I was locked up in jail;
Walking down the streets with another man, Wouldn't even go my bail.
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay around the shack 'til the mail train comes back, Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

SALTY DOG

E7
Salty dog, Salty dog,
A7 I don't wanna be your man at all.
D7 Honey let me be your salty dog.

Down in the wildwood sitting on a log,
Singing about a salty dog
Honey let me be your salty dog.

God made a woman, He made her mighty funny
When you kiss her 'round the mouth,
Just as sweet as honey,
Honey let me be your salty dog.

Worst day I ever had in my life,
Was when the boss caught me kissing his wife.
Honey let me be your salty dog.

Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water. Come back here, man, and marry my daughter. Honey let me be your salty dog.

Oh, I got a nickel, I got a dime,
You shake yours and I'll shake mine.
Honey let me be your salty dog.

SALVATION ARMY

CHORUS

E Salvation army, Salvation army,
B7 Put a nickel on the drum,
E Salvation army, Salvation army,

Save another drunken bum,
Salvation army, Salvation army,
Put a quarter on the plate,
And you'll be saved.

Testimonial:
Well folks dad said he was going to take
out the old bar. (Boo) And put in a new one. (Yeah)

CHORUS
Testimonial:
There will be no hard liquor served (Boo)
To people under twelve. (Yeah)

CHORUS
Testimonial:
All waitresses will be fully dressed (Boo)
In celophane. (Yeah)

CHORUS
Testimonial:
All the girls will come dressed in tin cans
(Boo) And all the boys will be equipped
with can openers. (Yeah)

CHORUS
Testimonial:
There will be absolutely no necking on
the dancing floor (Boo) And no dancing on
the necking floor (Yeah)

CHORUS
Testimonial:
All the girls will wear grass skirts (Boo)
And all the boys will be equipped with
lawnmowers. (Yeah)

SATURDAY NIGHT
Ev'rybody loves Saturday night.

Ev'rybody loves Saturday night.
Ev'rybody, Ev'rybody,
Tout le monde aime samedi soir, etc. (French)
Jeder mann hat Samstag nacht der gern, etc. (German)
A todos les gusta la noche del Sabado, etc. (Spanish)
Ev'rybody loves Saturday night, etc. (English)

SHALOM CHAVERIM

Shalom, cha'verim! Shalom, cha'verim!
Shalom, shalom! Le hitraot,
Lehitraot, Shalom, shalom.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' "ROUN' THE MOUNTAIN
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 when she comes. She'll be drivin' six white horses
when she comes, etc.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes, etc.
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster
when she comes, etc.
Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings
when she comes, etc.
Oh, she'll have to sleep with grandma
when she comes, etc.
Oh, she'll wear her old red flannels
when she comes, etc.
SINNER MAN

Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to?
All on that day.

Run to the rock, rock was a-melting,
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

Run to the sea, the sea was a-boiling,
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

Run to the moon, moon was a-bleeding,
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me?
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

Run to the Devil, Devil was a-waiting,
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

Oh sinner man, you oughta be a-praying,
REPEAT TWICE
All on that day.

SIXTEEN TONS

Now some people say a man's made out of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood.
Muscle and blood, skin and bones,
A mind that's weak, and a back that's strong.

CHORUS
You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.
I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine,
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine,
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the strawboss hollered, "Well damn my soul!"

CHORUS
Now when you see me comin', you better step aside,
Another man didn't and another man died;
I've got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,
If the right one don't get you, the left one will.

CHORUS

STRONTIUM 90
Last night I went to a party
danced so I just about passed out.
But just when the party was the gayest,
some crazy guy began to shout:

CHORUS

Strontium, strontium, strontium ninety
fallout will get you even underground
Now if you want some Strontium, Strontium, ninety, there's plenty enough to go around.

What will we get from radiation?
No necks, two necks or maybe three!
Each one will have his own mutation:
Nobody else will look like me!

CHORUS
So drink to the course of evolution!
The next one may very well be you!
Clouding the air with pollution,
And we'll see you next year at the zoo!
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Com- ing for to carry me home,
A band of angels com- in' after E,
Comin'' for to carry me home.

CHORUS
Swing low sweet char-i-ot,
Comin'' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,
Comin'' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do, etc.
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too.

CHORUS
The brightest day that ever I saw, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away.

CHORUS
I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down, etc.
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.

CHORUS
I never went to Heaven, but I been told, etc.
The streets in Heaven am paved with gold.

CHORUS

TELL ME WHY?

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the sky's so blue,
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

Because burning gases makes the stars shine,
Because geotropism makes the ivy twine,
Because refraction makes the sky so blue,
Because you're asexpot, that's why I love you.
THE SLOOP JOHN B.
We come on the sloop John B.,
My grandfather and me,
'Round Nassau Town we did roam,
Drinking all night.
We got in a fight.
I feel so break up.
I want to go home.

CHORUS
So hoist up the John B. sails,
See how the main sail sets,
Send for the captain ashore,
Let me go home, let me go home,
I want to go home,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The forst mate, oh, he got drunk,
Broke up the peoples trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone please leave me alone,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

CHORUS
The poor cook, oh, he got fits,
Ate up all of the grits,
Then he took and threw away all of the corn,
Sheriff Johnstone please leave me alone,
This is the worst trip, I ever been on.

CHORUS
THE SOW TOOK THE MEASLES

How do you think it began in the world?
I got me a sow and sev'ral other things.

CHORUS
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.

What do you think I made of her hide?
The very best saddle that you ever did ride.
Saddle or briddle or any such thing.

CHORUS
What do you think I made of her tail?
The very best shup that ever sought sail.
Whup or whup socket, any such thing.

CHORUS
What do you think I made of her nose?
The very best thimble that ever sewed clothes.
Thimble or thread or any such thing.

CHORUS
What do you think I made of her feet?
The very best pickles you ever did eat.
Pickles or glue or any such thing.

CHORUS

THE STATE OF ARKANSAS

My name is Charlie Brennan, from Charlestown I come,
I've travelled this wide world over,
and many a race I've run,
I've travelled this wide world over,
and some ups and downs I've saw,
But I never knew what misery was
till I came to Arkansas.
I stepped behind the depot to dodge that blizzard wind. Met a walking skeleton whose name was Thomas Quinn. His hair hung down in rat-tails on his long and lantern jaw. He invited me to his hotel, the best in Arkansas.

I followed my conduction to his respected place. Where pity and starvation was seen in every face. His bread it was corn dodger, his meat I could not chaw. But he charged me half a dollar in the state of Arkansas.

Spoken: But I didn't like the work, nor the food, nor the swampangel, nor his wife, nor none of his children. So I went up to him and I told him, "Mister, I'm quitting this job. I want to be paid off." He says to me, "All right, son." And he handed me a mink skin. He says, "That's what we use for currency down here in Arkansas." So I took it into the saloon to see if I could get me a pint of whisky. Put my mink skin on the bar, and be burned if the bartender didn't slip me that pint. Then he picked up my mink skin, blew the hair back on it, and handed me three 'possum hides and fourteen rabbit skins for change.

I started back in Texas a quarter after five. Nothing was left but skin and bones, half dead and half alive. I got me a bottle of whisky, my misery for to thaw. Got drunk as old Abraham Linkern when I left old Arkansas.
(5) My name is Terry Roberts, from Little Rock I came, I went down to the schoolhouse, the place they kept me from. I went down to that schoolhouse, and this is what I saw... State troopers with steel helmets, in the state of Arkansas.

(6) I went up to the troopers and said, "Please let me in." And all their guns were pointed at the color of my skin, They kept me from that schoolhouse where I'd be by law, And that's what they call justice in the state of Arkansas.

(7) Now his name is Orval Faubus, The Governor of the state, He sent his army charging down, nine kids at the gate, Three hundred National Guard were there dressed to fight a war, And that is why I'm late for school, in the state of Arkansas.

(8) Oh listen, Mr. Governor, and Mr. President, too. Give me that Constitution that's what you've got to do, Give me that Constitution I ask for nothing more. Yes, that's what I want to study, in the state of Arkansas.

(9) I've traveled this wide world over, some ups and downs I've saw, But I never knew what misery was, till I hit old Arkansas.
This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From California
To the New York island,
From the redwood forest,
to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.
As I went walking
that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me
that endless skyway,
I saw below me that
golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled
and followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands
of her golden desert,
And all around me
a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun come shining,
then I went strolling,
With the wheat fields waving
and the dust clouds rolling,
And a voice was chanting
as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.
THIS LITTLE LIBERAL LIGHT OF MINE

This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine,
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine,
This little liberal light of mine,
I'm going to let it shine.
Let it shine, all the time, let it shine.

Don't you go and puff it out,
I'm going to let it shine, etc.

Put it under a bushel, no!
I'm going to let it shine, etc.

All around the neighborhood,
I'm going to let it shine, etc.

All around the whole wide world,
I'm going to let it shine, etc.

THIS TRAIN

This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory, this train,
This train is bound for glory,
Don't ride nothin' but the righteous and the holy,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
REPEAT TWICE
No hypocrites, no midnight ramblers.
This train is bound for glory, this train.
This train don't pay no transportation,
this train, REPEAT TWICE
No Jim Crow and no discrimination,
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no dancers, this train
REPEAT TWICE
Hootchie-cootchie shakers, Charleston prancers
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no jokers, this train
REPEAT TWICE
No cigarette puffers, cigar smokers,
This train is bound for glory, this train

TOM DULA

Hand me down my banjo,
I'll pick it on my knee.
This time tomorrow night,
It'll be no use to me.

CHORUS

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley.
Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain,
I swore she'd be my wife,
And I stabbed her with my knife

CHORUS

This time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be,
Down in some lonesome valley
Hang-in' on a white-oak tree

CHORUS
I had my trial at Wilksboro',
And what d'you reckon they done?
They bound me over to Statesville
And that's where I'll be hung.

CHORUS
Mammy, O mammy,
Don't you weep and cry
I've killed poor Laurie Foster
And you know I'm bound to die.

CHORUS
O what my mammy told me,
Is about to come to pass,
Red whisky and pretty woman,
Would be my ruin at last.

CHORUS

TWO BROTHERS
Am Two brothers on their way,
Am Two brothers on their way,
Am Two brothers on their way,
Am One wore blue and one wore gray.
One wore blue and one wore gray,
As they marched along their way,
The fife and drum began to play,
Am All on a beautiful morning.

One was gentle, one was kind,
One was gentle, one was kind
One came home, one stayed behind.
A cannon ball don't pay no mind.
A cannon ball don't pay no mind.
If your gentle or if your kind,
It don't think of the folks behind,
Am All on a beautiful morning.
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,
One wore blue and one wore black.
One wore blue and one wore black,
Waiting by the railroad track
For their darlings to come back,
All on a beautiful morning.

UNION MAID

There once was a union maid,
who never was afraid,
Of the goons and ginks and the company finks
and the deputy sheriffs that made the raids
She went to the union hall,
when a meeting it was called,
And when the company boys came around
she always stood her ground.

CHORUS
Oh you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union
Oh you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union,
till the day I die.

This union maid was wise,
to the tricks of the company spies,
She couldn't be fooled by the company stools
she'd always organize the guys.
She'd always get her way when
she struck for higher pay,
She'd show her card to the company guard
And this is what she'd say:

CHORUS
Now you gals who want to be free, get a tip from me,
Get you a man who's a union man
And join the Ladies Auxiliary. Maried life ain't hard
When you've got a union card,
And a union man has a happy life
When he's got a union wife.
CHORUS

UNITED NATIONS MAKE A CHAIN
Em United Nations make a chain,
Am every link is freedom's gain,
Em Keep your hand on that plow,
B7 hold on:
CHORUS
Hold on! Hold on!
Keep your hand on that plow,
hold on:
Now the war is over and done,
let's keep the peace that we have won,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
CHORUS
Freedom's name is mighty sweet,
black and white are gonna meet,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
CHORUS
Many men have fought and died,
so we could be here side by side,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
CHORUS
WE SHALL OVERCOME
C
We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
F
We shall overcome some day,
C-Am
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe,
G
We shall overcome some day.
F
We shall all be free, etc.
C
Black and white together, etc.
F
We will live in peace, etc.
C
We will end Jim Crow, etc.
F
We are not afraid, etc.
C
We'll walk hand in hand, etc.
F
The truth will make men free, etc.
C
We will have one world, etc.
F
We will overcome, etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME
Dm
When Johnny comes marching home again,
G
Hurray, hurray,
D
When Johnny comes marching home again,
G
Hurray, hurray,
B7
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
D
The ladies they will all turn out
B7
And we'll all feel gay
B7
When Johnny comes marching home.
WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Oh when the saints go marching in,
Oh when the saints go marching in,
CHORUS
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,
When the saints go marching in.
And when the sun refuse to shine, etc.
CHORUS
And when the moon drips red with blood, etc.
CHORUS
And when the revelation comes, etc.
CHORUS
And when the new world is revealed, etc.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

(1) Oh the time will come up
when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'
Like the stillness in the wind,
'Fore the hurricane begins
The HOUR WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN
Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the shoreline sands will be shaking
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning will be break-ing--

(2) Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls, They'll be smiling
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand
The hour that the ship comes in
And the words they use
"Fore to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

Oh a song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts onto the shoreline
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a touchin'
and the ships wise men
will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watching.

Oh the foes will rise
with the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and
think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands sayin'
we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your days
are numbered.
And like the Pharaoh's triumph
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath, will be conquered.
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
The girls have picked them every one,
Oh when will they ever learn?
Oh when will they ever learn?
Where have all the young girls gone? etc.
They've taken husbands every one, etc.
Where have all the husbands gone? etc.
Gone to soldiers every one, etc.
Where have all the soldiers gone? etc.
Gone to graveyards every one, etc.
Where have all the graveyards gone? etc.
Gone to flowers every one, etc.

WITH GOD ON YOUR SIDE
Oh, my name it means nothin',
my age means less.
The country I came from,
it's called the Midwest.
I"s taught and brought up there,
the laws to abide.
And that the land that I live in
has God on its side.
Oh the history books tell it,
they tell it so well
The Cavalries charged,
the Indians fell
The Cavalries charged, the Indians died
Oh the country was young with God on its side.

The Spanish American War had its day
And the Civil War too was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I'm made to memorize
With guns in their hands
and God on their side.

Oh the first World War, boys,
it came and it went
The reason for fighting I never did get
But I learned to accept it,
accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
with God on your side.

When the second World War came to an end
We forgave the Germans
and then we were friends
Though they murdered six million,
in the ovens they fried
The Germans now too have
God on their side.

I've learned to hate Russians
all through my whole life,
If another war comes it's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them,
to run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
with God on my side.
But now we got weapons of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to,
then fire them we must
One push of the button
and a shop the world wide
And you never ask questions
with God on your side.

In many a dark hour I been thinkin'
"bout this
That Jesus Christ
was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you,
you have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot had God on his side.

So now as I'm leaving,
I'm weary as hell
The confusion I'm feelin',
ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill by head
and fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.
WORRIED MAN BLUES
It takes a worried man to sing
a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing
a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing
a worried song,
I'm worried now,
but I won't be worried long.
I went across the river,
and I lay down to sleep.
REPEAT THREE TIMES
When I woke up, had shackles on my feet.
Twenty nine links of chain
around my leg.
REPEAT THREE TIMES
And on each link, an initial of my name.
I asked that judge, tell me,
what's gonna be my fine?
REPEAT THREE TIMES
Twenty one years on the Rocky Mountain Line.
Twenty one years
on the Rocky Mountain Line
REPEAT THREE TIMES
Twenty one years—but I got ninety-nine.
The train arrived twenty one coaches long
REPEAT THREE TIMES
The girl I love is on that train and gone.
I looked down the track as far as I could see.
REPEAT THREE TIMES
Little bitty hand was waving after me.
If anyone should ask you, who composed this
song REPEAT THREE TIMES
Tell him was I, and I sing it all day long.