

Suggested songs for June 3

1. 2 jigs or reels – **Salmon Tails up the Water & Oyster Girl**
2. The Eddystone Light
3. Scarborough Fair
4. The Spinning Wheel
5. Love is Pleasing
6. Molly Malone
7. Annie's Song (**Instrumental**)
8. Whip Jamboree
9. Sloop John B
10. Rose of Allendale
11. My Oklahoma Home
12. Cholesterol
13. Widdicombe Fair
14. The Drunken Sailor (**Each verse sung by a different singer**)
15. Country Dance (**Terry**)

Meetings before June 3 “gig”.

8 April?

22 April

6 May (Bank Holiday but session arranged)

3 June

Eddystone Light - Traditional

D

C
Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
F **G** **C**
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.

From this union there came three:
F **G7** **C**
A porpoise, and a porgy, and the other was me.

D7 **G7** **C**
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, Oh for the life on the ro-o-olling sea.

One night, as I was a-trimming of the glim,
Singing a verse from the evening hymn,
A voice on the starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
And there was me mother, a-sittin on a buoy.

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, Oh for the life on the ro-o-olling sea.

"Oh, where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served from a chafing dish."

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, Oh for the life on the ro-o-olling sea.

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and me mother wasn't there.
But here voice came echoing back from the night,
"To Hell witht he keeper of the Eddystone light!"

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, Oh for the life on the ro-o-olling sea.

Scarborough Fair

Am C Em Am
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
C D Am
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Am Em Am G
Remember me to one who lives there
Am G Em Am
For she once was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without any seam nor needlework
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Which never sprung water nor rain ever fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Ask her to do me this courtesy
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And ask for a like favour from me
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For she once was a true love of mine

The Spinning Wheel – Traditional

D Major/ G

D
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning,
A7
D

Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
D7 **G** **D**

Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
A7 **D**

Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.

"Eileen, achara, I hear somebody tapping."
"Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing,"
"Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Chorus

D **A**
Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,

D
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring;

D7 **G** **D**
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing

Em **A7** **D**
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"Tis the little birds chirping the holly bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"

There's a form at the casement - the form of her true love -
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

*Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.*

The Spinning Wheel



Mel-low the moon-light to shine is be - gin-ning, _ Close by the win-dow young Ei-leen is



spin-ning, _ Bent o'er the fire her blind grand-mo-ther sit-ting, _ Croo-ning and moa-ning and



drow-si - ly knit-ting, _ Mer - ri - ly chee - ri - ly noise-less - ly whir-ring, _ Spins the wheel,



rings the wheel while the foot's stir-ring; _ Light - ly and bright - ly and ai - ri - ly rin-ging,



Sounds the sweet voice of the young mai - den sin - ging. _

Love is Pleasing

~~Key of C~~ G

C **G7**
I wish I wish I wish in vain
 C
I wish I was a youth again
 G7
But a youth again I will never be
 C
Till apples grow on an ivy tree

Oh love is pleasing and love is teasing
And love is a pleasure when first it's new
But as it grows older, sure the love grows colder
And it fades away like the morning dew

I left my father, I left my mother
I left all my brothers and sisters too
I left all my friends and relations
I left them all for to follow you

But the sweetest apple is the soonest rotten
And the heart of love is the soonest cold
And what can't be cured love, has to be endured love
And now I am bound for Americay

And love and porter make a young man older
And love and whiskey make him old and grey
And what can't be cured love has to be endured love
And now I am bound for Americay

Molly Malone

G Em
In Dublin's fair city
Am D7
Where the girls are so pretty,
G Em
I first set my eyes
C D7
On sweet Mollie Malone.
G Em
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Am D7
Through streets broad and narrow
G Em G D7 G
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, a live, oh'.

Chorus:

G Em Am D7
Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
G Em G D7 G
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

She was a fishmonger,
But sure t'was no wonder,
For so were her father
And mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrow,
Through the streets wide and narrow,
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her
And that was the end
Of sweet Mollie Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels,
Alive, alive, oh'.

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Annie's Song

Whip Jamboree - Traditional

Am

The Pilot he looks out ahead

Hand in the chains a-heaving on the lead

F **Em**

And the Union Jack's at our masthead

F **G** **Am**

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

Am

Whup Jamboree whup jamboree

Oh you pigtail sailor hanging down behind

F **Em**

Whup jamboree whup jamboree

F **G** **Am**

Oh, come and get your oats me son

And now we're past The Lizard light

And the Start me boys will heave in sight

We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

And when we reach those Blackwall docks

The pretty young girls'll come down in flocks

With their long tailed drawers and their short tailed frocks

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

Or else brave boys be of good cheer

For the Irish coast will soon draw near

And we'll set a course for old Cape Clear

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

The Union Jack's at our masthead

And bosun roars to wake the dead

We'll soon be level with Birkenhead

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

And when we reach those Liverpool docks

All hammocks lashed and all chests locked

We'll be up to Dan Lowries on the spot

Oh, come and get your oats me son

Chorus

Sloop John B

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

Chorus

G
So hoist up the John B's sail
G
See how the mainsail sets
G
Call for the captain ashore
D **D**
And let me go home
G
Let me go home
C **Am**
I wanna go home, Yeah, Yeah
G
Well, I feel so broke up
D **G** **G**
I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone? Yeah, Yeah
Well, I feel so broke up
I wanna 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
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go ho-o-ome?
This is the worst trip
I've ever been on

Chorus

Rose of Allendale

G

G C G
The morn was fair, the skies were clear

D
No breath came o'er the sea

G C G
When Mary left her highland home

C D G
And wandered forth with me

D G
Though flowers deck'd the mountainside

C G D
And fragrance filled the vale

G C G
By far the sweetest flower there

C D G
Was the Rose of Allendale.

Chorus:

C
Was the Rose of Allendale
Am D

C G
Was the Rose of Allendale

C D7 G
By far the sweetest flower there

Was the Rose of Allendale.

Where'er I wandered, east or west
Tho' fate began to lour
A solace still she was to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
When tempests lashed our lonely barque
And rent her shiv'ring sail
One maiden form withstood the storm
'Twas the Rose of Allendale.

Chorus

And when my fever'd lips were parched
On Afric's burning sands
She whispered hopes of happiness
And tales of distant lands
My life has been a wilderness
Unblest by fortune's gale
Had fate not linked my lot to hers
The Rose of Allendale.

My Oklahoma Home

When they [C]opened up the strip, I was [F]young and full of zip,
I [C]wanted some place to call my [G7]own.
And [C]so I made the race, and [F]staked me out a place,
And [C]settled down along the [G7]Cimarron.
It blewed [F]away, it blewed [C]away, My Oklahoma home, it [G7]blew away.
It [C]looked so green and fair when I [F]built my shanty there,
But my [C]Oklahoma home, it [G7]blew away.

I [C]planted wheat and oats, got some [F]chickens and some shoats
Aimed to [C]have some ham and eggs to feed my [G7]face
Got a [C]mule to pull the plow, got an [F]old red muley cow
And [C]got a fancy mortgage [G7]on the place
It blewed [F]away, it blewed [C]away All the crops I planted blewed [G7]away
You [C]can't grow any grain if you [F]ain't got any rain
All [C]except the [G7]mortgage blew away.

It [C]looked so green and fair, when I [F]built my shanty there,
I figured [C]I was all set up for [G7]life.
I [C]put on my Sunday best with my [F]fancy scalloped vest
And [C]went to town and [G7]picked me out a wife.

She blewed [F]away, she blewed [C]away My Oklahoma woman blewed [G7]away.
Mister [C]as I bent and kissed her, she was [F]picked up by a twister;
My [C]Oklahoma woman [G7]blewed a[C]way

Cholesterol

CHOLESTEROL *To be sung by Maureen unaccompanied. All to sing choruses. Members to follow Maureen's instructions regarding the line "I don't mind them probin in my haemoglobin"*

I've been taking advice on the right things tae eat
Since shortly before I was born
Frae the national dried milk and the cod liver oil
Tae powdered rhinoceros horn
In they I days they'd tell us tae lay aff the starches
The sugar, potatoes and breid
Now they've done a U-turn, tell us breid and potatoes
Will give us the fibre we need

So I've made up my mind that the menus designed
By the experts just are nae for me
Nae trained dietician or general practitioner
Dictates what I'll have for my tea
Brown bread with the low fat paste thinly spread on
May be healthier than a meat pie
But who wants tae grow old eating St Ivel Gold
I would rather taste butter and die

Cholesterol, Cholesterol
My chance o' surviving is small
But I'll no' get a dose o' anorexia nervosa
'Cause I love my cholesterol

Now the thing that has brought this affair tae a head
Is a good hearted Glasgow campaign
I just said 'What's that?' and the doc had his needle
Sucking blood oot the handiest vein
Two weeks later they measured my height and my weight
And took my blood pressure and all
A computer said 'Mate, tae survive at your weight
You would need to be seven feet tall'

But I'm not gonnae take the suggestions they make
About changing the way that I eat
Cutting oot cheese and nae chips if you please
Nae chocolate, nae ice cream, nae meat
They tell you to give up these goodies below
And they promise you pie in the sky
Well semi-skimmed milk might diminish my bulk
But I'll take double cream till I die

Cholesterol, Cholesterol
My chance o' surviving is small
The cream I consume that may lead tae my doom
But I love my cholesterol

Now it's a' right for you that smoke 40 a day
And spend every night in the bar
You can tell the health visitor you'll cut it down
She'll say, What a fine fellow you are
But when I tell her I'd never smoked in my life
And I was teetotal tae boot
She says, Go away there is nothing tae dae
You've nae vices that you can cut oot

Now I don't mind them probin' in my haemoglobin
If it's just for a case history
But it puts the health visitor intae a tizz
At her duty to try and save me
She says, Fresh fruit and yoghurt's a lovely dessert
Why don't you give it a try
Well I don't gie a hoot for her yoghurt and fruit
I'll have Black Forest gateau and die

Cholesterol, Cholesterol
My chance o' surviving is small
The way that I dine I'm on course for angina
But I love my cholesterol

Widdecombe Fair

1. GDG
 Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare.
GEmD
All along, down along, out along lea.
GDC
 For I want for to go to Widecombe Fair,
CGCGCG
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
CGCGCG
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
GCDG
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
EmDG
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.
2. And when shall I see again my grey mare?
All along, down along, out along lea.
 By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.
3. So they harnessed and bridled the old grey mare.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 And off they drove to Widecombe fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.
4. Then Friday came, and Saturday noon.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.
5. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.
6. `So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.
7. But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer etc.
8. When the wind whistles cold on the moor of the night.
All along, down along, out along lea.
 Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear **ghastly** white,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

9. And all the long night be heard skirling and groans.
All along, down along, out along lea.
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

The Drunken Sailor - Traditional

Em

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

D

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Em

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Em

Hooray, and up she rises

D

Hooray, and up she rises

Em

Hooray, and up she rises

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Em

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober

D

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober

Em

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

Put him in a boat and make him bale her

D

Put him in a boat and make him bale her

Em

Put him in a boat and make him bale her

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him

D

Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him

Em

Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

D

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Em

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

Put him in a bed with the Captain's daughter

D

Put him in a bed with the Captain's daughter

Em

Put him in a bed with the Captain's daughter

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

Have you seen the Captain's daughter?

D

Have you seen the Captain's daughter?

Em

Have you seen the Captain's daughter?

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus

Em

That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

D

That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

Em

That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus (Twice)

Country Dance

Details to be supplied by Terry