**Warm Up Songs**

**O when the saints**

O when the saints, go marching in

O when the saints go marching in

I'm gonna be in that number

O when the saints go marching in

**Swing Low Sweet Chariot**

Swing low sweet chariot

coming for to carry me home

swing low, sweet chariot coming for to carry me home

**She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes**

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes

She'll be coming round the mountain,

coming round the mountain

coming round the mountain when she comes

singing aye aye yippee yippee yippee yiy

singing aye aye yippee yippee yippee yiy

singing aye aye yippee

aye aye yippee

aye aye yippee yippee yiy!

**O how lovely is the evening!**

O how lovely is the evening, is the evening

when the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,

Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding Dong

**Tallis's Canon**

Glory to thee, my God this night

for all the blessing of the light

keep me oh keep me, king of kings

Beneath thy own almighty wings

praise God from whom all blessings flow

praise him, all creatures here below

praise him above ye heavenly host

praise father, son and holy ghost! Amen

**Bella Mama**

Bella Mama, Bella Mama yeah...............

Bella Mama, Bella Mama yeah..............

Bella Mama, Bella Mama, Bella Mama, Bella Mama

Bella Mama, Bella Mama yeah..............

**Hey Dumba!**

Hey dumba, diay dumba,

diay yabba dum , ay yabba dum!

Hey, ya hey, ya hey, ye le le le!

**Jubilate**

Jubilate Deo,

Jubilate Deo,

Alleluia

**Tala‘ al-Badru ‘Alaynā**

This is a traditional Arabic poem that is over 1450 years old. Cat Stevens covered this song. The local people from Medina recited this to the Prophet Muhammad upon his arrival after completing a journey from Mecca to Medina after learning about a plot to kill him.

ṭalal baderu ‘alaynā

min thani yātil wadā‘

wajabal shukeru ‘alaynā

mā da āli-lāhi dā‘

**Amazing Grace**

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

**African Songs**

**Baningati Bye Away!**

Baningati bye away, baningati bye away,

baningati bye away, amen, Aleluia!

Aleluia, Aleluia, Aleluia, Amen!

**Si Si Si**

Si si si si dolada, yaku sine ladu bana ha

si si si si dolada, yaku sine ladu bana ha

bana ha, bana ha, yaku sine ladu bana ha

bana ha, bana ha, yaku sine ladu bana ha

ha bana ha, yaku sine ladu bana ha

ha bana ha, yaku sine lade bana ha

 **Garai Pano (Sit here, the Spirit is coming)**Spiritual from Zimbabwe

Garai pano
Garai pano
Garai pano
Isheyi nouya

I ye nouya
I ye nouya
I ye nouya
Isheyi nouya

**Cuban Songs**

**¡Adiós Mamá! (Bye! Mum, Dad, I'm off to the carnival)**

Traditional Song from Cuba

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Group 1** | **Group 2** |
| A la com-par – sa | A - di - ós Ma – má |
| A la com-par – sa | A - di - ós Pa – pá |
| A la com-par – sa | Que ya me voy |
| A la com-par – sa | A la com-par – sa |

**Guantanamera**

Cuban folk song

**Chorus**

Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera

Yo soy un hombre sincero
De don de crece la palma
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De don de crece la palma
Antes des morirme quiero
Echar mis versos del alma

Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmín encendido
Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmín encendido
Mi verso es un cielo querido
Que busca en el monte amparo

**Gaelic Songs**

**Mary Mack**

Traditional Gaelic/Scottish

Mary Mack's mother's making Mary Mack marry me

and my mother's making me marry Mary mack

Oh I need to marry Mary to get Mary to take care of me

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mack

Furen be me heen

Zanna vis ma gorchas

Furen be me heen

Zanna vis ma gorchas

Furen be me heen

Zanna vis ma gorchas

Furem be me heen

Veena gorchas zan.

**Eriskay Love Lilt
Collected by folk song collector Marjory Kennedy - Scottish Gaelic and English text**

Marjory Kennedy was born in [Perth](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Perth%2C_Scotland) to a well-known Scottish singer, [David Kennedy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Kennedy_%28singer%29) and his second wife, Elizabeth Fraser. As a child she used to accompany her father on his tours in [Scotland](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scotland) and abroad, playing the piano while he sang.

While in Eriskay, Marjory witnessed many Gaelic folk songs endangered of disappearing as a result of population decline, and, being herself a singer, began a personal project to record and transcribe the music of the [Hebrides](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hebrides).

In the following years, she visited many of the islands to the west of Scotland, recording the traditional songs with a [wax cylinder](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wax_cylinder) [phonograph](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phonograph). She later arranged them for voice and piano, or sometimes for [harp](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harp) or [clàrsach](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cl%C3%A0rsach) —an instrument her daughter Helen Patuffa played. The arrangements, with words translated to English by the Rev. Kenneth MacLeod, were published in her three-volume *Songs of the Hebrides* in the years 1909, 1917 and 1921. A fourth volume, *From the Hebrides: Further Gleanings of Tale and Song*, followed in 1925. One of the songs included in this collection eventually came to be widely known by the title "Eriskay Love Lilt".

Bheir me o, horo van o
Bheir me o, horo van ee
Bheir me o, o horo ho
Sad am I, without thee.

When I’m lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love’s light my foot finds
the old pathway to thee.

Thou’rt the music of my heart;
Harp of joy, o cruit mo chruidh;
Moon of guidance by night;
Strength and light thou’rt to me.

**Baloo Baleerie**

**Chorus:
Baloo baleerie, baloo baleerie
Baloo baleerie, baloo balee**
Gang awa' peerie faeries,
Gang awa' peerie faeries,
Gang awa' peerie faeries,
Frae oor ben noo.

Doon come the bonny angels,
Doon come the bonny angels,
Doon come the bonny angels,
Tae oor ben noo.

Sleep saft my baby,
Sleep saft my baby,
Sleep saft my baby,
In oor ben noo.

**Voice 2:**

**(Baloo Baleerie) …Baloo Balee
Ahhh Baloo Balee**

Awa’ peerie faeries,
Awa’, awa’
Gang awa' peerie faeries,
Frae oor ben noo.

Doon come the bonny angels,
Doon come, doon come
Doon come bonny angels,
Tae oor ben noo.

Sleep saft my baby,
Sleep saft, sleep saft
Sleep saft my baby,
In oor ben noo.

**Sea Shanties and Sea Songs**

**South Australia**

In South Australia I was born

**heave away, haul away**

In South Australia round Cape Horn

**and we're bound for South Australia**

Haul away you rolling kings

**heave away, haul away**

Haul away, you'll hear me sing

**and we're bound for South Australia**

**John Kanaka**

I thought I heard the old man say

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

Today, today is a holiday

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

Too lie ay, oh, to lie ay

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

**Leave her, Johnny**

Oh the times was hard and the wages low

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her

For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow

And it's time for us to leave her

**The Mingulay Boat Song**

Written 1938 by Glasgow-born Sir Hugh Roberton who took the melody from a traditional Gaelic folk song.

Mingulay is an uninhabited island with high cliffs with nesting seabirds, at the southern end of the Outer Hebrides. Fishermen returning home from the Atlantic would feel that they were nearly home when they passed by the islands. It lies to the south of Barra in the Western Isles and was a farming and fishing community of about 160 people until 1912. Isolation, infertile land, lack of a proper landing place and the absentee landlord problems familiar to the Western Isles and Highlands, resulted in a gradual disintegration of Mingulay's culture. The process of voluntary evacuation began in 1907 with land raids by the impoverished crofters to the neighbouring island of Vatersay, and Mingulay is now completely deserted.

**Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
bring her head round into the weather
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!**

What care we how white the Minch is
What care we for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

**Chorus**

Wives are waiting, by the pier heads,
Or looking seaward from the heather.
pull her head round, then you'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay!

**Chorus**

Ships returning, heavy laden
Mothers holding bairns a'cryin
We'll return boys, when the sun sets
We'll return home to Mingulay!

**Chorus**

**Blood Red Roses**

Our boots and clothes is all in pawn
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**
Oh, you pinks and posies
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

It's 'round that cape we all must go
Around all stiff through the frost and snow

Oh my old mother, she wrote to me
My dearest son, come home from sea

It's growl you may, but go you must
If you growl too hard your head they'll bust

Just one more pull and that will do
For we're the boys to kick her through

[**Botany Bay**](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Botany_Bay)

The Botanz Bay was the designated settlement for the first fleet when it arrived in Australia in the eighteenth century. It was a settlement intended for the transport of [convicts to Australia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Convicts_in_Australia). The song describes the period in the late 18th and 19th centuries, when British convicts were deported to the various [Australian penal colonies](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Australian_penal_colonies) by the British government for seven-year terms as an alternative to incarceration in Britain.The second verse is about life on the convict ships, and the last verse is directed to English girls and boys as warning not to steal. A song "Botany Bay" is catalogued by the British Library as being from the 1780s.

Farewell to old England for ever,
Farewell to my rum skulls as well,
Farewell to the well-known [Old Bailey](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_Bailey)
Where I used forto cut such a swell.

**Singing too-ral-li, oo-ral-li, addity,
Singing too-ral-li, oo-ral-li, ay,
Singing too-ral-li, oo-ral-li, addity,
And we're bound for Botany Bay.**
There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the [bo'sun](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boatswain) and all the ship's crew,
There's the first- and the second-class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

'Taint leaving old England we cares about,
'Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows,
But because all we light-fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes.

These seven long years I've been serving now
And seven long more have to stay
All for bashing a bloke down our alley
And taking his ticker away.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove,
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Straight backto the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young [Dookies](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Duke) and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you toucheses
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

**Go Lassie Go**

Oh the summertime has come
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon' pure crystal fountain
Around it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, Lassie go?

 If my true love they were gone
Then I'll surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows among the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

**Spring and Summer Songs**

**The Cuckoo Song**

From far away it echoes, his clear and joyful song
it rings throughout the valley in Spring the whole day long

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, he songs with might and main
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, the Spring is here again

**Hal and Tow**

|  |
| --- |
| Since man was first createdHis works have been debatedWe have celebratedThe coming of the Spring |
| *Chorus (after each verse):***Hal-an-tow, jolly rumbalowWe were up long before the day-OTo welcome in the summer,To welcome in the May-OThe summer is a-coming inAnd winter's gone away-O** |
| Take no scorn to wear the hornIt was the crest when you was bornYour father's father wore itAnd your father wore it too |
|  |
| God bless Aunt Mary MoysesAnd all her power and might-OAnd send us peace to EnglandSend peace by day and night-O |

**Canadian Folk Songs**

**She’s like the swallow**

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more

'twas out in the garden this fair maid did go
a-picking the beautiful, primrose
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she got her aperon full

It's out of the roses she made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She lay her down, no word she spoke
Until this fair maid's heart was broke

She's like the swallow that flies so high
And she's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more

**Iroqouis lullaby**

Ho Ho Watanay, Ho Ho Watanay, Ho Ho Watanay, Ki o ken a, Ki o ken a

**Donkey Riding**

**Chorus:
Way hey and a way we go donkey riding donkey riding,
Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.**

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a king with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

Hey, ho! Away we go!Donkey riding, donkey riding.Hey, ho! Away we go!
Riding on a donkey.

Were you ever off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm?
Seeing the lion and unicorn
Riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay?
Where the folks all shout, "Hurray!"
Here comes John with three years' pay
Riding on a donkey.

**German Folk Songs**

**Hola Hi!**

Listen to that cheerful cry
Ho la hi, ho la ho
That's my sweetheart passing by
Ho lo hi la ho

Now the voice fades down the street
Ho la hi - ho la ho.
That was not my darling sweet
Ho la hi la ho

Idle people question me
Ho la hi - ho la ho.
What my true love's name can be
Ho la hi la ho.

Let them wonder, let them tease
Ho la hi - ho la ho
I will love just as I please
Ho la hi la ho, Hola Hi!

**Wooden Heart (Muss I Denn)**

Can't you see
I love you
Please don't break my heart in two
That's not hard to do
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart.

And if you say goodbye
Then I know that I would cry
Maybe I would die
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart.

There's no strings upon, this love of mine
It was always you from the start
Treat me nice
Treat me good
Treat me like you really should
'Cause I'm not made of wood
And I don't have a wooden heart.

Muss i' denn, muss i' denn
zum Staedtele hinaus,
Staedtele hinaus
Und du mein Schatz, bleibst hier?
Muss i' denn, muss i' denn
zum Staedtele hinaus,
Staedtele hinaus
Und du mein Schatz, bleibst hier?

There's no strings upon this love of mine
It was always you from the start
Sei mir gut
Sei mir gut
Sei mir wie du wirklich sollst
wie du wirklich sollst
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart.

**Songs of the Sea The Wreck of the Preussen**

Pianos for cargo all lashed tightly down

 **Play play play piano**

She sailed out from Hamburg, the pride of the town

 **Give it some welly and play piano**

With steam winch and capstan it’s anchors aweigh

 **Play play play piano**

Course, topsail and royal, topgallant and stay

 **Give it some welly and play piano**

Five masts fully rigged, she was built for top speed

 **Play play play piano**

They called her the Queen of the Queens of the Seas

 **Give it some welly and play piano**

She flew like a bevy of gulls on white wings

Her steel rigging thrumming like piano strings

As she hit the worst storm in the Channel for years

Our valiant Preussen had nothing to fear

She’d seen off Force 9s with no trouble before

Though she heeled and she juddered she’d surely take more

Yes that beautiful Preussen would be afloat now

If a whippersnap steamer had not crossed her bow

The squall smacked and cracked like the cat-o’-nine-tails

Shrieking like Lorelei practising scales

Rollers rose up and then crumbled like chalk

No bowsprit or foremast, she tossed like a cork

The deck buckled slick as a wriggling eel

While eight of us wrestled the great steering wheel

We were set for the Ocean, for Chile were bound

In Crab Bay, by Dover, our ship ran aground

And many hours later we had to agree

To abandon our Queen of all Queens to the sea

Now a hundred years on if you pass at low tide

You may see her old bones in the place where she died

The scar is dug deep in the cliff to this day

Where men and pianos were hoisted away

But when the wind’s savage out there in the bay

You will hear the lament those pianos still play

**Maa Bonny Lad**

Have you seen ought of my bonny lad?
Are you sure he's well-o?
He's gone o'er lang wi' a stick in his hand,
He's gone to row the keel-o.

Yes I hae seen your bonny lad,
'Twas on the sea I spied him.
His grave is green but not wi' grass
And you'll never lie beside him.

Hae you seen ought of my bonny lad?
And are you sure he's well-o?
He's gone o'er lang wi' a stick in his hand,
He's gone to row the keel-o.

**Jarvist Arnold**

God bless the lifeboat

and its crew

its coxwain stout and bold

Jarvist Arnold is his name

Sprung from the Vikings old

He made the wind and waves his slaves

As likewise we do so

While still Britannia rules the waves

And the stormy winds do blow

The old cork float that safety brought

We'll hold in honour leal

And it shall grace the chiefest place

In Kingsdown hard by Deal

He made the wind and waves his slaves

As likewise we do so

Whilst still Britannia rules the waves

And the stormy winds do blow

**Pure Gold**

**Chorus:**

**When tempests howl and timbers growl,**

**When landlubbers cry Enough!
A seaman bold will break the mould
He’s made of sterling stuff!**

1) In many walks of life it’s dog eat dog but, young or old,

 a seadog trusts his shipmates ‘cos he knows they’re pure gold

2) He’ll slither on a storm-lashed deck to batten down the hold and for his mates he’ll risk his neck. He’s made of pure gold

3) Seamen have pulled together wherever seas have rolled to conquer evil weather ‘cos they’re made from pure gold

4) But bosses may not treasure him and often he’s been sold down the river by the comp’ny for the sake of other gold

**Dance ti' thy Daddy, Sing ti' thy Mammy,**

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a fishy when the boat comes in.

Here's thy mother humming,
Like a canny woman;
Yonder comes thy father,
Drunk---he cannot stand.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a haddock when the boat comes in.

Our Tommy's always fuddling,
He's so fond of ale,
But he's kind to me,
I hope he'll never fail.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a bloater when the boat comes in

I like a drop mysel',
When I can get it sly,
And thou, my bonny bairn,
Will lik't as well as I.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a mackerel when the boat comes in.

May we get a drop,
Oft as we stand in need;
And weel may the keel row
That brings the bairns their bread.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a salmon when the boat comes in.

**Hop Picking Songs**

**Hopping Mad**

Written by Jo Field of Deal and based on the diaries and journals written by George Orwell at this time. Music by Natasha Greenham.

George Orwell he went hopping , in 1931

He came to Kent with the hop-pickers to see how it was done

**Oh Mr Orwell, be careful what you say**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**This is our holiday**

When he arrived at the hop garden, what do you think he saw?

He barely noticed the towering hops, because all the pickers were poor

**Oh Mr Orwell, what is your problem pray?**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**This is our holiday**

There were hops that reached to heaven, all fresh and ripe and green

And cheerful pickers were hard at work, along the aisles between

**Oh Mr Orwell, our London lives are grey**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**This is our holiday**

Now Orwell he was horrified, to find such degradation

He couldn’t see the joyful side, but only exploitation

**Oh Mr Orwell, we’re happy with our pay**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**This is our holiday**

George Orwell didn’t understand, he failed to comprehend

The freedom in weeks of hopping, far from the dreary East End

**Oh Mr Orwell, why did you come to stay?**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**This is our holiday**

He suggested a Hop-pickers’ Union, the pickers were mystified

And carried on as they’d done before, you’re all too stupid! he cried

**Oh Mr Orwell, this is our holiday**

**The weather is sunny, we’ll not think of money**

**Please will you go away!**

**Hopping Down in Kent**

Until fairly recently this annual excursion to pick hops in Kent was the only holiday of the year for many Cockney families. It wasn't much of a rest for them, as this song indicates.

Gypsies, too, were regular hop-pickers, going where the seasonal work took them.

This tune anonymous song was collected from a gypsy singer, Mary Ann Haynes, born in 1905 in a Faversham Wagon.

Now, hopping's just beginning,
We've got our time to spend.
We've only come down hopping,
To earn a quid if we can.

**Chorus:
With a tee-i-eh,
Tee-i-eh,
Tee-i-ee-i -eh.**

Now, early Monday morning,
The measurer he'll come round.
'Pick your hops all ready
And you'll pick them off' the ground.'

Now, early Tuesday morning,
The bookie he'll come round.
With a bag of money,
He'll flop it on the ground.

Says 'Do you want some money?
'Yes, sir, if you please.
To buy a hock of bacon
And a lump of mouldy cheese.'

They all says hopping's lousy.
I believe it's true.
Since I've been down hopping,
I've got a chatt\* or two.

Early Saturday morning,
It is our washing day.
We boils 'em in our hopping-pot
And we hangs 'em on the ground.

Hopping's all over.
All the money's spent.
I wish to God I'd never done
No hopping down in Kent.

**Lousy Hops!**

Whilst Orwell was working alongside the cockneys, gypsies and tramps, he described the 'measurer' who had direct control over how much the pickers could earn. He heard an old East End woman singing about the measurer to her grand-daughter and recorded the words:

Our lousy hops, lousy hops

pick em off the ground

when the measurer

he comes round

pick em off the ground

When he comes to measure up

he never knows when to stop

Ay Ay, get in the bin

and take the blooming lot!

**Coal Mining Songs**

**Step by Step - From an American Union Handbook - 1900**

Step by step the longest march
Can be won can be won
Many stones can form an arch
Singly none singly none
And by union what we will
Can be accomplished still
Drops of water turn a mill
Singly none singly none

**Coal not Dole - Words by Kay Sutcliffe**

It stands so proud, the wheels so still

A ghost-like figure on the hill

It seems so strange there is no sound

Now there are no men underground

What will become of this pit yard?

Where men once trampled faces hard

So tired and weary their shift’s done

Never having seen the sun

There’ll always be a happy hour

For those with money, jobs and power

They’ll never realise the hurt

They cause to men they treat like dirt

Will it become a sacred ground?

Foreign tourists gazing round

Asking if men once worked here

Way beneath this pit-head gear

Empty trucks once filled with coal

Lined up like men on the dole

Will they e’er be used again?

Or left for scrap just like the men?

There’ll always be a happy hour

For those with money, jobs and power

They’ll never realise the hurt

They cause to men they treat like dirt

**Close the Coal House Door Lad – Alex Glasgow**

Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's blood inside
Blood from broken hands and feet
Blood that's dried of pitblack meat
Blood from hearts that know no beat
Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's blood inside

Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's bones inside
Mangled, splintered piles of bones
Buried 'neath a mile of stones
Not a soul to hear the groans
Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's bones inside

Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's bairns inside
Bairns that had no time to hide
Bairns who saw the blackness slide
Bairns beneath the mountainside
Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's bairns inside

Close the coalhouse door, lad
And stay outside
Geordie's standing at the dole
And Mrs Jackson, like a fool
Complains about the price of coal
Close the coalhouse door, lad
There's blood inside
There's bones inside
There's bairns inside
So stay outside

**Oh my Darling Clementine**

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling, Clementine
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
[Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter, Clementine](https://genius.com/Traditional-oh-my-darling-clementine-lyrics#note-4358179)

[Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes, without topses
Sandals were for Clementine](https://genius.com/Traditional-oh-my-darling-clementine-lyrics#note-4358196)

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine
[Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine](https://genius.com/Traditional-oh-my-darling-clementine-lyrics#note-4358218)

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine
But, alas, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

How I missed her! How I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
[But I kissed her little sister
I forgot my Clementine](https://genius.com/Traditional-oh-my-darling-clementine-lyrics#note-4358220)

**Historical Womens Songs**

**My Husband's Got No Courage in Him**

As I went out one May morning

To view the fields and leaves a-springing

I saw two maidens standing by

And one of them her hands was wringing

**Oh dear-o ! oh dear-o !**

**My husband's got no courage in him.**

**Oh dear-o !**

Me husband's admired wherever he goes

And everyone looks well upon him

With his handsome features and well-shaped leg

But still he's got no courage in him

Me husband can dance and caper and sing

And do anything that's fitting for him

But he cannot do the thing I want

Because he's got no courage in him

All sorts of vittles I did provide

A sorts of meats that's fitting for him

With oyster pie and rhubarb too

But still he's got no courage in him

Every night when I goes to bed

I lie and throw me leg right o'er him

And me hand I clamp between his thighs

But I can't put any courage in him

Seven long years I've made his bed

And every night I've lain beside him

But this morning I rose with me maidenhead

For still he's got no courage in him

I wish me husband he was dead

And in his grave I'd quickly lay him

And then I'd find another one

That had a little courage in him

So all ye maids come listen to me

Don't marry a man before you've tried him

Or else you'll sing this song like me

Me husband's got no courage in him

**What'll we do with the baby?**

What'll we do with the baby?
What'll we do with the baby-o?
What'll we do with the baby?
Send him off to his mammy **That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**

Every time the baby cries
Stick my finger in the babies eyes
**That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**

Every time he starts to grin
Give the baby a bottle of gin
**That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**

What'll we do with the baby?
What'll we do with the baby-o?
What'll we do with the baby?
Send him off to his mammy
**That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**
Throw him up in the old treetop
The wind will blow and the cradle will rock
**That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**

What'll we do with the baby?
What'll we do with the baby-o?
What'll we do with the baby?
Send him off to his mammy **That's what we do with the baby
That's what we do with the baby-o**

**Wagoner's Lad**

Oh, hard is the fortune of all woman kind
She's always controlled, she's always confined
Controlled by her parents until she's a wife
A slave to her husband the rest of her life

Oh, I'm just a poor girl my fortune is sad
I've always been courted by the Wagoner's lad
He's courted me daily, by night and by day
And now he is loading and going away

Oh, my parents don't like him because he is poor
They say he's not worthy of entering my door
He works for a living, his money's his own
And if they don't like it they can leave him alone

Oh, your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay
Then sit down here by me as long as you may
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So fare thee well darlin I'll be on my way

Oh, your wagon needs greasing your whip is to mend
Then sit down here by me as long as you can
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand
So fare thee well darlin, no longer to stand

**Hinei Mah Tov (Good and Joyous)**
Hebrew Folk Song, translation: How good and pleasant it is for brothers & sisters to sit together.

Hineh ma tov uma na'im
Shevet achim gam yachad.

Hineh ma tov uma na'im
Shevet achim gam yachad.

**Shalom (peace/harmony/togetherness).**
Traditional Hebrew

Shalom Chaverim, shalom chaverim,
Shalom, shalom
L’hit-rah-oat, L’hit-rah-oat
Shalom, shalom

**Tumbalalaika,**Russian/Jewish riddle folk love song in Yiddish language. ‘Tum’ means noise.

A young lad is thinking, thinking all night
Would it be wrong, he asks, or maybe right,
Should he declare his love, dare he choose,
And would she accept, or will she refuse?

**Chorus:
Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika,
Tumbala, tumbala, tumbalalaika
tumbalalaika, play Balalaika,
tumbalalaika – Happy we’ll be!**
Maiden, maiden tell me again
What can grow, grow without rain,
What can burn for many years,
What can long and cry without tears?

Silly young lad, why ask again?
It's a stone that can grow, grow without rain,
It's love that can burn for many long years,
A the heart that can yearn and cry without tears

**Zum Gali Gali**Song relates to the formation of the Iraeli State around 1948, sung by people whilst working together and was used as a work/digging song.
Translation: The pioneer is for his work, work is for the pioneer

**All**
Zum Zum Zum Zum, Zum Zum Zum x2
Zum gali gali gali
zum gali gali
Zum gali gali gali
zum gali gali

**Voice 1**Zum gali gali gali
zum gali gali
Zum gali gali gali
zum gali gali

Zum gali gali gali
zum gali gali
Zum gali gali gali Zum

**Voice 2**
Hechalutz le'man avodah
Avodah le'man hechalutz x3