

SING TOGETHER
Songs For Group Singing
Collected by Stewart Hendrickson

*sheet music, sound clips, and more songs available at
stewarhendrickson.com/songs.html*

1. Ashes On The Sea
2. Banquet Table
3. Bonnie Light Horseman
4. Bring Me A Rose
5. Bury Me In My Overalls
6. Catalpa
7. Cliffs Of Moher
8. Colorado Trail
9. Come And Go With Me To That Land
10. Come Sit Down
11. Come Take A Trip In My Airship
12. Connemara Cradle Song
13. Dillan Bay
14. Dublin In The Rare Old Times
15. Dumbarton's Drums
16. Galway Shawl
17. Gentle Annie (Tommy Makem)
18. Go and Leave Me (Oh Once I Loved)
19. Green Grows the Laurel
20. Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia
21. Gum Tree Canoe
22. Hobo's Lullaby
23. Homeland
24. Housewife's Lament
25. I Cannot Sleep
26. I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me
27. If I Could Be The Rain
28. I'm Going Home To Georgia
29. Keys To The Kingdom
30. Light From The Lighthouse
31. Log Driver's Waltz
32. Lorena
33. Mary and the Seal
34. Mary Anne
35. Master Of The Sheepfold
36. Miner's Lullaby
37. Mingulay Boat Song
38. My Blackbird Is Gone
39. My Flower, My Companion And Me
40. Never Grow Old
41. No Closing Chord
42. Old Settler
43. Old Time River Man
44. Orphan Train
45. Peace Call
46. Precious Memories
47. Prisoner's Song
48. Pull For The Shore
49. Rambles Of Spring
50. Red River Valley
51. Remember Me
52. Road To Dundee
53. Rolling Home To Old New England
54. Roundup Lullaby
55. Sail, O Believer Sail
56. Sheep Don't You Know The Tide
57. Silver Darlings
58. Smile In Your Sleep (Hush, Hush)
59. Stand In That River
60. Starlight On The Rails
61. Stars In My Crown
62. Tenting Tonight
63. Wait Til The Clouds Roll By
64. Waterbound
65. Well May The World Go
66. When You And I Were Young Maggie

ASHES ON THE SEA — Utah Phillips

A song in remembrance of Woody Guthrie. He was cremated and his ashes scattered on the sea off Coney Island. Tune similar to Lorena. Recorded by Rosalie Sorrels.
Introduction by Utah Phillips and sung by Kendal Morse. *SheetMusic*

What is this song I hear repeating	/ G / G / C / C /
Sprung from the careless seeds you've sown	/ D7 / D7 / G / G /
Our songs will come and go like seasons	/ G / G / C / Am /
To bloom and fade all on their own.	/ D7 / D7 / G / G /

And now I know I cannot find you	/ D7 / D7 / G / G /
You're gone from all but memories	/ C / C / D7 / D7 /
And I am told that one who loves you	/ G / G / C / Am /
Has strewn your ashes on the sea	/ D7 / D7 / G / G /

I stepped outside for just a moment
 To turn and look on my own face
 What is that shadow just behind me
 Why it's the old one I reach out to embrace

It's one thing to look upon a picture
 It's another thing to read the pages through
 Or perhaps to linger by the wayside
 Hoping I might find a trace of you

Your dust clouds still blow across your footprints
 Your best friend still stands there all alone
 Your box cars still keep the lovers parted
 Your little boys still run away from home

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Banquet Table – American traditional (The Great Assembly), verses by Curtis Teague. *SheetMusic(pdf) Sung by Curtis & Loretta on "Just My Heart For You."*

Oh brother now get ready
To be present on that day
Saints and angels from all nations will be there
We will go to meet the bridegroom
In the old books we are told
To that royal wedding feast we all shall go

When we meet at that banquet table
What a feast there is prepared
We will all don our wedding garments
We'll all sit down together up in the air

Oh sister now get ready
To be present at that gate
Will you enter in and walk the streets of gold?
It's a land of milk and honey
In the old books we are told
To that royal wedding feast we all shall go

Oh people now get ready
For the water's turned to wine
We shall share the many fishes and the loaves
Oh there's manna there in heaven
In the old books we are told
To that royal wedding feast we all shall go

Oh children now get ready
For the table is prepared
All nations are invited friend and foe
There the peacemakers shall gather
In the old books we are told
To that royal wedding feast we all shall go

"I learned this song from banjo player Billy Faier on the mall in downtown Santa Cruz in 1977. Billy only knew one verse and the chorus. I've never found the song anywhere else, so I wrote some more verses"- Curtis Teague.

Sung by Billy Faier With John Sebastian And Gilles Malkine - The Great Assembly - Trad. Mp3 Download

"I guess you could say THE GREAT ASSEMBLY is my signature song. I sing it whenever I perform. And when things really look bad in my life and I

The Bonnie Light Horseman

Recorded by Kennedy's Kitchen on "[Music in the Glen](#)," [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)

When Boney commanded his armies to stand,
He leveled his cannon over the land.
He leveled his cannon his victory to gain
And he slew my light horseman on the way home in vain.

Broken hearted I'll wander, broken hearted I'll remain
Since my bonnie light horseman in the wars he was slain.

If I was a small bird, had wings to fly
I'd fly across the salt sea to where my love lies.
And with my fond wings I'd beat over his grave
And I'd kiss the pale lips that lie cold in the clay.

The dove she laments for her mate as she flies,
"Tell me where, tell me where is my darling", she cries.
"And where in this wide world is there one to compare
With my bonnie light horseman who was slain in the wars."

Oh Boney, Oh Boney, I have done you no harm
Tell me why, tell me why you have caused my alarm.
Oh once we were happy, my true love and me,
But now you have stretched us in death o'er the sea.

"Boney" refers to Napoleon Bonaparte. The words were written during the Napoleonic Wars to a much older Irish melody. One of Napoleon's favored tactics was to line up his artillery just outside musket range and use canister (casings containing many small projectiles) to tear the opposing infantry or cavalry to shreds..

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Bring Me A Rose – Ernie Sheldon

Recorded by The Womenfolk (1964)

Bring me a rose in the wintertime
When it's hard to find
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
I've got roses on my mind
A rose is sweet
Most any time, and yet
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
It's so easy to forget

Bring me a friend when I'm far from home
When it's hard to find
Bring me a friend when I'm far from home
I've got friendship on my mind
A friend is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me a smile when I'm all alone
When it's hard to find
Bring me a smile when I'm all alone
I've got smiles on my mind
A smile is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me a kiss when my child is grown
When it's hard to find
Bring me a kiss when my child is grown
I've got kisses on my mind
A kiss is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me love in my autumn years
When it's hard to find.
Bring me love in my autumn years
I've got loving on my mind.
Love is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me peace when there's talk of war
When it's hard to find
Bring me peace when there's talk of war
Peace is on my mind
Peace is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

BURY ME IN MY OVERALLS - Malvina Reynolds, 1956

"My husband was quite sick when I wrote this song. When he heard it, he got better." M.R. Sung by Malvina Reynolds. SheetMusic(pdf)

Bury me in my overalls, don't use my gabardines,
Bury me in my overalls or in my beat-up jeans.
Give my suit to Uncle Jake,
He can wear it at my wake,
And bury me in my overalls.

The undertaker will get my dough, the grave will get my bones,
And what is left will have to go for one of those granite stones,
But this suit cost me two weeks pay,
So let it live another day,
And bury me in my overalls.

The grave it is a quiet place, there is no labor there,
And I will rest more easy in the clothes I always wear,
This suit was made for warmer climes,
Holidays and happy times,
So bury me in my overalls.

I gave a hand to clear the land and make the cities rise,
I helped to bring the harvest in and lay the railroad ties,
I boomed about from east to west,
It's time I had a little rest,
So bury me in my overalls.

And when I get to heaven where they tally work and sin,
They'll open up those pearly gates and holler, "Come on in!
A working stiff like you, we know,
Has had his share of hell below,
So come to glory in your overalls.

A Woody Guthrie song, Dirty Overalls: "Before I'd be any man's slave, I would rot down in my grave, And you can lay me down in my dirty overalls. I was a soldier in the fight and I fought till we won. My uniform is my dirty overalls."

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

THE CATALPA (tune: Old Settler)
From the Album The Green Fields of America
sung by Mc Ginnis's Hat

cho: Come all you screw warders and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away

A noble whale ship the Catalpa
Set out from New Bedford one day
She sailed out to Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away

Seven long years they had served here
And seven long more had to stay
For defending their country Old Ireland
They were chained and transported away
cho: So, come all...

You kept them in Western Australia
Till their hair had begun to turn grey
When the great whaling ship and commander
Came out here and stole them away

Now all the Perth boats were a-racing
And making short tacks for the spot
But the Yankee tacked into Fremantle
And took the best prize of the lot
cho: So, come all... Instrumental

Georgette she sailed out with guns ready
Intending the Yankee to take
But they hoisted their star-spangled banner
And left the Georgette in their wake

So remember those six Fenian heroes
Who escaped o'er to A-mer-i-kay
And join in a toast to the bravery
Of the Yankees who stole them away
cho: So, come all...

Now they've landed safe in New York harbor
And the crowd there to greet them did cry
So we'll hoist up the green flag and shamrock
For old Ireland we'll fight or we'll die

THE CLIFFS OF MOHER – Dermot Kelly (sung by Dermot Kelly)
Recorded by Curtis & Loretta "Gone Forever". "We learned it from a cassette tape of a woman singing and playing harp. We learned it for a wedding, and the bride had bought this tape from a woman playing and singing harp, on the Cliffs of Moher!" The woman who sings and plays the harp on the Cliffs of Moher is Tina Morrissey. She recorded the song "Cliffs of Moher" by Dermot Kelly under her maiden name of Tina Mulrooney on her first CD "A Memory of Ireland". Dermot Kelly now lives in Liscannor, near the Cliffs. [Discussion at Mudcat](#). [The Ballad of Joseph McHugh](#) by Dermot Kelly.

I'm sitting on the cliffs of Moher
Looking out to sea
The broad Atlantic swells below me
A bridge love between you and me
The puffins cry above the tide
The seagulls glide through the air
Calling you back from New York City
Back home to the county of Clare

Come back, come back sweet Annie
Come back, for I will be there
We'll sing and we'll play
In the old fashioned way
On the hillside of sweet County Clare

I'll hold your hand
We'll walk through the burren
With limestone and flowers so rare
The yellows and reds
The gold in their petals
Will match your blue eyes and fair hair
We'll visit Quinn Abby and Fein Cill Sula
Where holy ones once knelt in prayer
But how can this be if you stay away darling
From your home in the county of Clare

I'm looking across at the great Aran islands
Inis Maan, Inis Mor, Inis Oirr
They've nestled there neatly
Caressed by the ocean
Surrounded by water so clear
But you have the smoke
And the dust of the city
Where people pass by and don't care
There's love and there's welcome
As warm as the sunshine
For you in the county of Clare

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Colorado Trail – Collected by Carl Sandburg in his *American Songbag*, with additional verses added along the way. Sung by The Weavers. SheetMusic(pdf)

Eyes like the morning star, cheeks like a rose
Laura was a pretty girl, everybody knows

Chorus:

Weep all ye little rains, wail, winds, wail
All along, along, along the Colorado Trail

Laura was a laughing girl, joyful all the day
Laura was a lovely girl, now she's gone away

Ride all the lonely night, ride all the day
Keep that herd a'movin' on, movin' on its way

Winds comin' down the gulch, night birds cry alarm
Wish I'd stayed in Abilene, where it's dry and warm

Sixteen years she graced the earth, and all life was good
Now my life lies buried here, beneath the cross of wood

Colorado Trail

A beautiful cowboy love song. All sources point to a cowboy from Duluth, MN whose name is unknown. He was brought to the hospital after being thrown and trampled by what he called "a terribly bad hoss." A surgeon, Dr. T.L. Chapman, treated the wrangler for "bones of both upper and lower legs broken, fractures of the collar bone on both sides, numerous fractures of both arms and wrists, and many scars from lacerations."

*As the unknown cowboy convalesced and his strength returned, he sang across the hospital ward in a mellowed tenor voice, and the other patients always called for more. One of the songs he sang was Colorado Trail. Dr. Chapman later remembered the tune to poet and folk singer Carl Sandburg, who included it in his collection *The American Songbag*. Mudcat Forum*

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Come And Go With Me To That Land

As recorded by Peter Paul and Mary

Come and go with me to that land
Come and go with me to that land
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound

There ain't no kneelin' in that land....

They'll be singin' in that land
Voices ringin' in that land.
They'll be freedom in that land
Where I'm bound
They'll be singin' in that land
They'll be singin' in that land
Freedom in that land where I'm bound

Well I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory,
I'm gonna put on the shoes that's holy
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory, Hallelu

Don't you want to hear the children singin' on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to hear the children singin' on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to hear all the children singin'
Big ol' bells a-ringin'
Don't you want to hear all the children singin', Hallelu

Don't you want to stand in the line together on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to stand in the line together on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to stand in the line together,
Shake hands with one another
Don't you want to stand in the line together, Hallelu

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

COME SIT DOWN (john Kennedy)

Recorded on "[Kennedy's Kitchen](#)"

Come sit down, pour a glass of fine porter, stay awhile,
Sing some songs, and let us be together.

Listen to some stories with old friends
As we laugh and we pretend our lives will never end.

The songs we sing are almost always old,
The stories often told of lovers lost and heroes bold.

The problems of the world are discussed here,
Illuminated by the beer, diminished by the cheer.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Come Take A Trip In My Airship - George Evans

(1870-1915), words by Ren Shields

Recorded (1904) by J. W. Myers. Also Johnny Cash, Natalie Merchant, Claudia Schmidt & Sally Rogers, and Jeff Warner.

I once loved a sailor
Once a sailor loved me
He was not a sailor
Who sailed on the wide rolling sea
He sailed in an airship
Free as a bird on the wing
And every Sunday evening
He'd fly past my window and sing

Chorus:

Come take a trip on my airship,
Come let us sail to the stars;
Come let us fly off to Venus,
Come take a trip around Mars;
No one will see when we're kissing,
No one will know when we spoon;
Come take a trip in my airship
And we'll visit the man in the moon.

One night while sailing away from the crowds
We passed through the Milky White Way
While idly drifting, and watching the clouds
He asked if I'd name the day
Just by the Dipper, I gave him my heart
The sun shone on our honeymoon
We swore to each other, we never would part
And we'd teach all the babies this tune

Chorus

Jeff Warner added his own lyrics.

We sang with the birds in the morning,
Danced with the clouds in the eve,
He was lord of the mountains,
And I felt I was queen of the sea.
I love my sailor,
How I long for the day
When he flies through my window,
And these are the words he will say.

Connemara Cradle Song – Traditional (tune similar to *Down in the Valley*)

Recorded by Gordon Bok (Dear To Our Island). [Sound clip](#)

The currachs are sailing way out on the blue
Laden with herring of silvery hue
Silver the herring and silver the seas
And soon they'll be silver for my love and me

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over, hear the wind blow

On wings of the wind, o'er the deep rolling sea
Angels are coming to watch over thee
Angels are coming to watch over thee
So list' to the winds coming over the sea

Oh, winds of the night, may your fury be crossed
May no one that's dear to our island be lost
Blow the wind gently, calm be the foam
Shine the light brightly to guide us back home

The currachs are sailing out over the sea
Laden with herring for my love and me

On a recording of the Connemara Cradle Song by Padraigin Ni Uallachain, it (liner notes) says: "Attributed to Liam Daly." Delia Murphy recorded the song in 1953. The melody used for this song is "Down in the Valley." From Very Best Irish Songs & Ballads by Pat Conway (Dublin: Walton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 1999), page 44:

CONNEMARA CRADLE SONG

Originally written by John Francis Waller (1809-1894)

This song was popularized by Mayo-born Delia Murphy (1902-1971).

However, Delia Murphy apparently claimed copyright in 1951. The British Library has sheet music in which she is the only writer credited.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

DILLAN BAY - Gordon Bok

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

Gone away, laddie-o
Gone away, laddie-ay
Gone away, laddie-o
With their topsails high

Topsails high, laddie-o
Topsails high, laddie-ay
Topsails high, laddie-o
When the wind's away

Wind's away, laddie-o
Wind's away, laddie-ay
Wind's away, laddie-o
Down in Dillan Bay

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

recorded by Gordon Bok on "*Seal Djiril's Hymn*", sound clip
Copyright Folk Legacy Records, 1977

Dublin In The Rare Old Times – Pete St. John

Recorded by Kennedy's Kitchen on "Music in the Glen," performed by The Dubliners with Paddy Reilly.

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown,
Oh, the passing tales and glories, that once were Dublin town;
The hallowed hills and houses, haunting children's rhymes,
That once were part of Dublin in the rare old times.

Ring-a-ring-a-rosie as the light declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare old times.

My name it is Jack Dempsey, as Dublin as can be,
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be;
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy,
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory.

I courted Peggy Devlan, as pretty as you please,
Oh, a rogue and a child of Mary is the rebel Liberties;
I lost her to a student lad, eyes as black as coal,
When he took her off to Birmingham, he took away my soul.

The years have made me bitter, drink has dimmed my brain,
For Dublin keeps on changin', nothing stays the same;
Metropol and Pillar are gone, the Royal's long since been down,
As the gray unyielding concrete makes a city of my town.

Fare thee well, my Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,
And watch the new glass cages rise along the Quay;
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new rhymes,
I'm part of what was Dublin, in the rare old times.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Dumbarton's Drums (traditional)
version by Jim Brannigan - Audio

Dumbarton's drums, they sound so bonnie
 When they remind me of my Jeannie
 Such fond delight can steal upon me
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

Across the fields o' bounding heather
 Dumbarton tolls the hour of pleasure
 A song of love which has no measure
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

My love she is a bonnie lassie
 And I a poor Dumbarton caddie
 Some day she'll be a captains lady
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

'Tis she alone who can delight me
 As gracefully she doth invite me
 And when her tender arms enfold me
 The blackest night can turn and flee

... When Jeannie kneels and kisses me

Traditional Version

Mudcat Discussion:

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS. AKA and see "Scotch Tune." Scottish, Scottish Measure and Air. F Major/D Minor. Standard. AABB. Emmerson (1972) characterizes this (and other Scottish Measure tunes) as a "slightly different style of Scottish double hornpipe air." The melody was first published in England as a generically-titled "Scotch Tune" in John Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (Sixth Ed., 1690). In its native Scotland the song and tune proved durable and popular; it earliest appears in the Skene Manuscript from the early seventeenth century (c. 1615-1630) and subsequently was published in over 20 sources before 1793. The Gow's printed it in their *Repository*, Part Second, 1802. Robert Burns referred to it as a "West Highland" air in his manuscript notes. It appears in O'Farrell's Vol. III (1810/20) pg. 55.

"Dumbarton's Drums" is the oldest tune played for a march-past in the British army, i.e. when a regiment passed in review in front

THE GALWAY SHAWL - Trad. Irish
Recording by Ryan's Fancy

At Orenmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May,
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

Chorus: She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
No paint or powder, no, none at all.
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And round her shoulder was a Galway Shawl.

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,
'Till her father's cottage came into view.
Says she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play to please him " The Foggy Dew."

She sat me down beside the fire
I could see her father, he was six feet tall.
And soon her mother had the kettle singing
All I could think of was the Galway shawl.

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley",
" Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew",
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.
Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue.

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,
When I hit the road for old Donegal.
She said 'Goodby, sir,' she cried and kissed me,
And my heart remained with that Galway shawl.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Gentle Annie (Tommy Makem)

Video by Tommy Makem, and recorded

Fair and lovely Annie,
Your gentle ways have won me.
You bring peace and joy and laughter everywhere.
Where you go the sunshine follows,
You're a breath of spring in winter
And my heart and soul are always in your care.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
And my heart and soul are always in your care.*

When you touch me with your fingers,
My cares and worries vanish
Like the morning dew before the rising sun,
When your eyes tell me you love me,
Then my soul is filled with wonder
And my love for you will live when life is done.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
And my love for you will live when life is done.*

You're the flower among the flowers,
You're the birdsong in the morning,
You're the laughter of the children at their play.
You're my hope and joy and wisdom,
You're my reason just for living,
You're my treasure, you're my very night and day.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
You're my treasure, you're my very night and day.*

When the mountains all come tumbling
And the earth has stopped its turning,
When the winds don't blow and stars refuse to shine,
When the moon has left the heavens,
And the seven seas are empty,
I will still have Gentle Annie on my mind.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
I will still have Gentle Annie on my mind.*

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Go and Leave Me (Once I Loved)

*Trad. Victorian Parlour Ballad, recorded by Niiamh Parsons
My own version*

Now once I loved with fond affection
One whose heart was dear to me
Till there came such a dreary parting
Now she no longer speaks to me

Chorus: So go and leave me if you wish to
Never let me cross your mind
If you think I've been unworthy
Go and leave me I don't mind

Many's the night in peaceful slumber
You have laid in sweet repose
While I lay broken-hearted
Listening to the wind that blows

Chorus

Here is the ring that once you gave me
When our lips they were entwined
Go and give it to another
Never know it once was mine

Chorus

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Green Grows the Laurel

This version is collated from English collections.

The tune is from Yorkshire, England.

sung by Stewart Hendrickson

played by Bruce Molsky with Darol Anger

When first in this country, a stranger, I came,
In fair Dublin city, that place of great fame,
It was my misfortune a fair one to see,
It was the beginning of my misery.

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

If I were a clerk and could handle a pen,
I would write my love a letter, to her I would send,
Saying, Keep your own love, dear, and I will keep mine,
Write to your sweetheart, and I'll write to mine.

Green grow the rushes and the tops of them small,
And love is a thing that can conquer us all.
The tulip may wellow, it may fade and die soon,
But the red rose will flourish in the sweet month of June.

O can't you love little, o can't you love long,
Can't you love a new love till your old one returns,
Can't you say that you love him, his mind for to ease,
And when his back's turned, can't you love who you please ?

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

And sometimes I wonder why women love men,
And oft-times I wonder why they love them,
Women are faithful and kind, don't you know,
While men are deceitful wherever they go.

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia – Bruce 'Utah' Phillips (last verse by Hazel Dickens and Alice Gerard)
Sung by Emmylou Harris & Mary Black, Recorded by Hazel Dickens & Alice Gerrard, and Utah Phillips; introduction by Utah Phillips. SheetMusic(pdf)

The green rolling hills of West Virginia
Are the nearest place to heaven that I know.
Though the times are sad and drear and I cannot linger here
They will keep me and never let me go.

My daddy said, "don't ever be a miner,
For a miner's grave is all you'll ever own.
Never have a dime to spare, hard times everywhere
Now these times they are the worst I've ever known."

I'll move away into some crowded city,
In a Northern factory town you'll find me there.
Though I leave my heart behind, I will never change my mind,
For this troubled life is more than I can bear

But someday I'll go back to West Virginia,
To the green rolling hills I love so well.
Someday I'll go home and I know I'll right the wrong
These troubled times will follow me no more.

"It's these hills. They keep you. And when they've got you, they won't let you go." - A woman in West Virginia talking to Utah Phillips.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

GUM TREE CANOE (THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER)

As sung by Tom, Brad and Alice . Recorded on "Been There Still" (scroll down to listen).

On the Tombigbee river so bright I was born,
In a hut made of husks of the tall yaller corn,
It was there that I first met my Julia so true
And I row'd her about in my Gum Tree Canoe

chorus: Sing row away, row o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float, in my Gum Tree Canoe - 2X

All day in the fields of soft cotton I'd hoe,
And think of my Julia and sing as I go,
I'd catch her a bird with a wing of true blue,
And at night row her 'round in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

With my hand on the banjo and a toe on the oar,
I would sing her a song to the river's soft roar,
While the bright stars shone down on my Julia so true,
They danced in her eyes in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

One day the old river bore us so far away,
That we couldn't come back, so we thought we'd just stay,
And we spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue
And she took us in tow in the Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

Note: *It was published in Boston (as much of the first-period minstrel music was) in 1847, only 4 years after Dan Emmett and the boys got the whole thing rolling. (Cover text is as follows): PLANTATION MELODIES, The words by S.S. STEELE, Esq. as sung by A.F. WINNEMORE and his band of VIRGINIA SERENADERS. Arranged for the Piano Forte by A. F. WINNEMORE.*

BOSTON, Published by Geo. F. Reed, 17 Tremont Row. Entered according (blurred) copyright in the year 1847 by Geo. P. Reed in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts. (inside): THE GUM TREE CANOE Written by S.S. Steele, Sung by A.F. Winnemore

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

HOBO'S LULLABY - Goebel Reeves
Cowboy's Lullabye (variant) sung by Goebel Reeves
Sung by Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston

Go to sleep, you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by;
Listen to the steel rails humming
That's the hobo's lullaby.

Do not think about tomorrow;
Let tomorrow come and go.
Tonight you have a nice warm boxcar
Free from all the ice and snow.

I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But when you die and go to heaven
There'll be no policemen there

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning grey
Lift your head and smile at trouble
You'll find happiness some day

Now do not let your heart be troubled
If the world calls you a bum;
'Cause if your mother lives, she loves you
Well, you are still your mother's son.

Written by Goebel Reeves, this song was a favorite of Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston. The tune is nearly identical to the popular Civil War era song "Just before the Battle, Mother" and reminiscent of the Carter Family song "Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes."

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

HOMELAND - By Don McGeoch

Printed in Sing Out! Vol. 38 #1, p. 23. Recorded by Don McGeoch. Written to mark the return to Scotland of an immigrant family in Canada. sung by Don McGeoch.
SheetMusic

My heart's in the highlands, my heart's in the glen,
Where the heather grows wild, and covers the ben.
But nae mair will I wander far from your wild foam,
Forever call Caledonia home.

She's a Loch Leven lassie, and I lover her so well,
But she's never been happy here, though she'd never tell.
And it's been fourteen years since we came here to stay,
She'll be glad that we're going away.

Homeland, Homeland,
Once again I will call you my own land.

We'll go back with good reason, but we'll leave behind
The very best friends that we'll ever find.
And a country that's given us more than we've known,
But it just didn't feel like home.

We'll return to your rivers, how they tumble and spill,
See the mist on the moors, so silently still.
And we'll walk once again on your high rolling hills,
See the smoke rising up from the mill.

Homeland, Homeland,
Once again I will call you my own land.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Housewife's Lament – *From the diary of Mrs. Sara A. Price, Civil War era.*
Recorded by Walt Robertson - American Northwest Ballads. Sung by Graham Cousins. SheetMusic

One day I was walking, I heard a complaining / G / G / C / C /
 And saw an old woman the picture of gloom / D7 / D7 / D7 / G /
 She gazed at the mud on her doorstep, 'twas raining / G / G / C / C /
 And this was her song as she wielded her broom / D7 / D7 / D7 / G /

Life is a toil and love is a trouble / Em / Em / D / D /
 Beauty will fade and riches will flee / C / C / D7 / D7 /
 Wages will dwindle and prices will double / G / G / C / G /
 And nothing is /as I would /wish it to be. / D7 / D7 / D7 / G /

There's too much of worriment /goes to a bonnet
 There's too much of ironing /goes to a shirt
 There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it
 There's nothing that last us but trouble and dirt.

In March it is mud, it is slush in December
 The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust
 In fall the leaves litter, in muddy September
 The wall paper rots and the candlesticks rust

Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever
 On a far distant rock in the midst of the sea
 My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
 To sweep off the waves as they swept over me

Slowly

Alas! 'Twas no dream; ahead I behold it
 I see I am helpless my fate to avert
 She lay down her broom, her apron she folded
 She lay down and died and was buried in dirt.

"This song was copied from the diary of Mrs. Sara A. Price of Ottawa, Illinois. She had seven children and lost them all. Some of her sons were killed in the Civil War. Thus, this version can be dated about mid-Nineteenth Century. It sounds like a composed song, written in the United States, not Ireland; although the tradition is that of Irish topical ballads. It has been variously titled "Life Is a Toil" and "Housekeeper's Lament." It has been recorded by Walt Robertson for Folkways Records." - Reprints from Sing Out!

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

I CANNOT SLEEP — Malvina Reynolds (1958)
recorded by Rosalie Sorrels, *SheetMusic*

I cannot sleep for thinking of the children,
Who cannot sleep, gone supperless to bed.
I cannot sleep for thinking of the young men,
Who roam the streets, no place to lay their heads.

Chorus:

If there were one, it would be cause to wonder,
If there were one, it would be cause to weep.
But they are numbered in too many thousands,
And for each one, I cannot sleep.

The stores are full, the bins are overflowing,
In sight of food, the hungry children wait.
And through the streets the young begin to wander,
Because at home, there's nothing on their plate. *Chorus*

We cannot sleep, my sisters from the mill line,
We must not sleep, my brothers from the plow,
Until we turn the wealth we have created
Back to those, to those who hunger now. *Chorus*
..... 'Til there are none, we will not sleep.

I don't think of myself primarily as a writer of children's songs. In fact, I tend to avoid that title, because the first thought is, you know, this nice old grandma who makes cookies and sings for kids, and that's not my character at all. I have a very acid edge toward many aspects of modern life, and I'm pretty outspoken about it. I don't mind crossing swords with people when I disagree with them, and I'm not your nice old grandma. However, I always make it clear that the reason I have this sharp cutting edge is because I do care for people. I care about children, and I think the world is ripping them off, taking away their natural environment and much more than that the natural progression of their tradition, and leaving them stripped, uneasy, uncomfortable, and in deep trouble, and it's because of that that I'm so sharp. Malvina Reynolds (1977)

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO LOVE ME

An Irish version of The Prisoner's Song as sung by Joe Heaney
Sung by Sally Rogers; Sung by the Dubliners and Imelda May

I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone to call me his own,
Someone to sleep with me nightly,
I weary of sleeping alone.

Meet me tonight in the moonlight,
Meet me tonight all alone,
I have a sad story to tell you
I'm telling it under the moon.

Tonight is our last night together,
Nearest and dearest must part,
The love that has bound us together
Is shredded and torn apart.

I wish I had ships on the ocean
Lined with silver and gold
Follow the ship that he sails in
A lad of 19 years-old.

I wish I had wings of a swallow,
Fly out over the sea
Fly to the arms of my true love
And bring him home safely to me.

"Apparently before this song went through the folk process, it was one of Vernon Dahlhart's country hits of the late 30's. It went under the title of "The Prisoner's Song" and a snatch of it is used at the end of the Bogart movie, Deadend. I learned this version from Lisa Null, who heard Irish singer Joe Heaney perform it. I learned it summer 1982." Sally Rogers

"This is the only song in the English language my grandmother had. And she's the only one I heard singing it. But I think nowadays a lot of people has it, because I think it's a beautiful song.... When she was singing it, when we were present, she said 'someone to be with me nightly' – she wouldn't say 'sleep with me nightly.' But as we grew older we found out that she had missed a word there – so." Joe Heaney

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

If I Could Be The Rain – Bruce 'Utah' Phillips

Sung by Polly Stewart on "Long Gone - Utah Remembers Bruce 'Utah' Phillips."

Sung by Rosalie Sorrels. [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)

Sometimes I wonder how the simple rain can weep, C7/F/F/C/C/
 Or why the wind's a lonely child that cries itself to sleep. /D7/D7/G7/G7/
 I've envied all the sunlight, the amber of its smile, /C/C/F/F/
 And wished it could be borrowed for a while. /C/G7/C/C/

If I could be the rain, I'd wash down to the sea;
 If I could be the wind, there'd be no more of me;
 If I could be the sunlight, and all the days were mine,
 I would pick some special place to shine.

But all the rain I'll ever be is locked up in my eyes.
 And when I hear the wind it only whispers sad goodbyes.
 If I could hide the way I feel I'd never sing again;
 Sometimes I wish that I could be the rain.

If I could be the rain, I'd wash down to the sea;
 If I could be the wind, there'd be no more of me;
 If I could hide the way I feel I'd never sing again;
 Sometimes I wish that I could be the rain.

If I could be the rain, I'd wash down to the sea;
 If I could be the wind, there'd be no more of me;
 If I could be the sunlight, and all the days were mine,
 I would pick some special place to shine.

"Everybody I know sings this song in their own way, and they arrive at their own understanding of it. Guy Carawan does it as a sing-along. I guess he thinks it must have some universal appeal. To me, it's a very personal song. It's about events in my life that have to do with being in love. I very seldom sing it myself for those reasons." Utah Phillips

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

I'M GOING HOME TO GEORGIA (Lisa Null)

Sung by Sally Rogers

"Lisa Null is known mostly for her marvelous renditions of obscure versions of English language ballads and songs and for her earlier involvement with the Green Linnet Record Company. Unbenounced to many, she is also a wonderful song writer. Here's a sample."

My body is tired, my spirit is burned,
I'm going home to Georgia
My poor heart is aching with all I have seen,
I'm going home to Georgia
Sing me a song, set my spirit at rest
You know all the tunes I love best
Maybe it'll lighten this weight on my chest
I'm going home to Georgia.

In all of my travels and all I have seen
I'm going home to Georgia
It's none of your business just where I have been
I'm going home to Georgia
Pour me a drink that will settle my thirst
You always knew what I loved best
Maybe it'll dampen this pain in my chest.
I'm going home to Georgia

I've brought you a secret as true as a rose
I'm going home to Georgia
The more tarnished it gets, still the brighter it grows
I'm going home to Georgia
In all of my wandering I could never forget
You were the one I loved best
Lay yourself down, put your head on my breast
I'm going home to Georgia.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Keys To The Kingdom – traditional spiritual, South Georgia Islands
*Sung and recorded by Abigail Washburn. Recorded by The Quiet American.
Original recording from the Alan Lomax collection (Deep River of Song:
South Carolina: Got the Keys to the Kingdom) sung by Lillie Knox at
Murrells Inlet. "John Lomax, Alan Lomax, and Ruby Lomax made
numerous aluminum and acetate disc recordings in the Gullah enclave of
South Carolina's Murrells Inlet between 1934 and 1939, where a distinct
tradition of unaccompanied spirituals and work songs was still
predominant. The fragments collected weren't gospel, but real spirituals,
and they frequently sound not only measured but also gently mournful,
resigned as much as they are cautiously invested in the prospect of a better
world beyond this one." Review by Steve Leggett*

Chorus:

I've got the keys to the kingdom,
The world can't do me no harm.
I've got the keys to the kingdom,
The world can't do me no harm.

Go Gabrielle get the trumpet,
Move on down to the sea.
Don't you sound that trumpet,
Til you hear from me.

Take ol' John on the Island,
Place him in a kettle of oil,
Then the angels came from heaven down,
Told him that the oil wouldn't boil.

Take ol' Paul and Silas,
Place 'em in jail below,
Then the angels came from heaven down
And unlocked that prison house door.

I've got the key in my bosom,
I carry it everywhere I go.
I've got the key in my bosom,
The world can't do me no harm.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Let The Light From The Lighthouse Shine On Me

Music traditional; lyrics © 1999 Bob Zentz

info about the traditional song "Shine on Me"

Video - 2013 Chicago Maritime Festival - Lee Murdock

When the daylight fades and the shadows fall
Let the light from the light-house shine on me
And the weather watch spies a coming squall
Let the light from the light-house shine on me

Then the sun sinks low in a troubled sea...
The wind will blow and the rain falls free...

Shine on me, oh, shine on me
Let the light from the light-house shine on me
Shine on me, oh, shine on me
Let the light from the light-house shine on me

Then the clouds boil black and the wind will wail...
And you're caught in the teeth of a living gale...

Then your sailor's heart is filled with fear...
When the sound of the surf on the rocks is near...
(chorus)

Then the wind drops off and the sea's becalmed...
But the fog is thickest before the dawn...

Then the new sun burns the fog away...
From the darkest night comes the brightest day...
(chorus)

When your ship is safe in port again...
You can thank the keeper, you can thank the flame...
(chorus)

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

THE LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ - Wade Hemsworth
(1916-2002)

Video of the song; Sung by Kate & Anna McGarrigle

If you should ask any girl from the parish around
What pleases her most from her head to her toes,
She'll say - I'm not sure that it's business of yours,
But I do like to waltz with a log driver.

Cho: For he goes birling down a-down white water;
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
It's birling down, a-down white water;
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over, I like to go down
To see all the lads while they work on the river.
I know that come evening they'll be in the town
And we all want to waltz with a log driver.

To please both my parents I've had to give way
And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers.
Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay
For there's none with the style of a log driver.

I've had my chances with all sorts of men
But none is so fine as my lad on the river.
So when the drive's over, if he asks me again,
I think I will marry my log driver.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Lorena - words/H.D.L. Webster (1856); music/J.P. Webster (1859)

video sung by John Hartford

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the ground again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh, the sun can never dip so low
To be down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months – 'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
Far more than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms!"

Note: "Lorena" is an antebellum song with Northern origins. The lyrics were written in 1856 by Rev. Henry D. L. Webster, after a broken engagement. He wrote a long poem about his fiancée but changed her name to "Lorena," an adaptation of "Lenore" from Edgar Allan Poe's poem "The Raven." Henry Webster's friend Joseph Philbrick Webster wrote the music, and the song was first published in Chicago in 1857. It became a favorite of soldiers of both sides during the American Civil War.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Mary and the Seal – Bill Gallaher

*Inspired by a story by Duncan Williamson – a folk tale from Scotland –
Mary and the Seal. Sung by Stewart Hendrickson*

On the west coast of Scotland on the Isle of Tyree
Lived the young girl named Mary, not more than sixteen
She was the pride of her father, the light in his eye
Together they cast down his nets in the tide.
And each day that summer when the fishing was done
She'd say to her father, I need time alone
And she'd sail in the dory, to an isle near Tyree
And return when the moon shimmered on the dark sea

Chorus:

Oh the sea it rolls out then it rolls in
It beckons to lost souls who call out to them
And the ebb and flow of the sea's rolling tide
Gives and then steals away a fisherman's pride.

Then one day when Mary had sailed all alone,
Her father grew anxious to know where she'd gone
So he rowed out to see what the island might yield
And there saw his daughter at play with the seals.
Ah Mary, I've lost you he cried in his heart
Though I knew that some day we'd soon have to part
I fear you're enchanted and claimed by the sea
I fear that you're lost now for all time for me.

The next day her father sent Mary to town
And while she was gone the day, he took his gun down
And he sailed in his dory to the isle near Tyree
And there shot the grey seal that swam in the sea
That night when Mary returned home from town
Her father then told her just what he had done
Oh father, she cried, from the well of her soul
Your heart won't believe what your two eyes behold

Then quickly she kissed her father good bye
And ran to the dory with tears in her eyes
And she sailed to the island in the silvery moon light
And for all time was lost to her father that night
But some say the grey seals that swim in the bay
That ride on the low swells took Mary away
Well each morning her father walks down by the shore
Though he knows in his heart, she'll return never more.

Mary Anne – Traditional, as sung by Ian and Sylvia. *SheetMusic(pdf)*

Fare thee well, my own true love.
Fare thee well, my dear.
For the ship is a-waiting and the wind blows high
And I am bound away to the sea, Mary Anne.
And I am bound away to the sea, Mary Anne.

Ten thousand miles away from home,
Ten thousand miles or more.
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn
If I never no more return to you, Mary Anne.
If I never no more return to you, Mary Anne.

A lobster boiling in a pot,
Bluefish on a hook.
They're suffering long but it's nothing like
The ache I bear for you, my dear Mary Anne.
The ache I bear for you, my dear Mary Anne.

Oh, had I but a flask of gin,
Sugar here for two,
And a great big bowl for to mix 'em in.
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear Mary Anne.
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear Mary Anne.

Fare thee well, my own true love.
Fare thee well, my dear.
For the ship is a-waiting and the wind blows high
And I am bound away to the sea, Mary Anne.
And I am bound away to the sea, Mary Anne.

Notes. This unusual sailor's song comes from the collection of Dr. Marius Barbeau, the dean of Canadian folklorists. He heard it in 1920 in the town of Tadoussac in the province of Quebec. The singer, Edouard Hovington, who was then ninety, had been for many years an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, the famous fur-trading company which played such an important part in Canada's early history. He said he had learned it from an Irish sailor some seventy years earlier, which would carry it back at least to 1850.

Mary Anne is obviously descended from the old English song, *The True Lover's Farewell*, which is also the ancestor of *The Turtle Dove* and *Burns' My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose*, but this is one of the most unusual of the many variants. The nautical references give it a salty flavour quite appropriate to the Tadoussac region which abounds in tiny fishing villages. However it did not originate in Canada, for almost the same words are

THE MASTER OF THE SHEEPFOLD - from a poem, De Massa ob de Sheepfol', by Sarah Pratt McLean Greene (1856-1935).

*Sung by Stewart Hendrickson, recorded by Adam Miller; by Art Thieme; by Anne Hills and Cindy Mangsen. **SheetMusic(pdf)***

Chorus: Oh the master guards the sheepfold bin,
He wants to know, "Is my sheep brung in?"
And he's callin', callin'
Callin' softly, softly callin'
For them all to come gatherin' in.

Oh the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"
Said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"

And the hireling shepherd answered, "There's some that's wan and thin
And some that's got all weathered and they won't come a gatherin' in
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in
Lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in.

Then the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"
He let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in."

Then up through the gloom in the meadow, through the long night's rain and wind
Yes, up through the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
Came the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gatherin' in
The long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gatherin' in.

This song came from a poem, De Massa ob de Sheepfol', by Sarah Pratt McLean Greene (1856-1935) - from a genre of pseudo-black dialect "spirituals" in vogue around the turn of the century. Sheet music was published in 1895. "Bill and Gene Bonyun are the ones who dessiminated this song to many folk singers in New England in the 1950's and 1960's. They got the song from my mother Dahlov Ipcar, who in turn got the song from a friends of hers, Wendy Holt, who was said to have collected it in Texas." - Charley Ipcar. Art Thieme got the song from Jerry Epstein at Pinewoods Camp in Massachusetts and was the first to record it. Anne Hills and Cindy Mangsen learned the song from Art Thieme, and I learned it from their recording Never Grow Up (1998).

"Eventually, if we search long and hard enough, we will find that there is an author/composer for just about every song ever sung! I learned this song from Jerry Epstein at New York Pinewoods folk camp in Plymouth, Massachusetts in August of 1982. Jerry told me that it had been collected in Maine by Bill Bonyun years earlier. It had been brought to Pinewoods Camp by Susan Richardson. I was the first one to record the song." - Art Thieme-On the Wilderness Road (FSI-105, 1999) .

MINER'S LULLABY - Lyrics by Bruce 'Utah' Phillips, tune by Jody Stecher and Kate Breslin

Sung and recorded by Anke Summerhill. Introduction by Utah Phillips and sung by Jody Stecher and Kate Breslin. Recorded by Jody Stecher and Kate Breslin.
SheetMusic(pdf)

Once, long ago, he was handsome and tall / C / G7 / F / F /
And fit to be called to the war / C / C / G7 / G7 /
We left our village, family and all / C / G7 / F / F /
To never return any more / C / G7 / C / C /

Now he takes his coat, bucket and lamp / C / C / F / F /
And whistles away to the cage / C / C / G7 / G7 /
Where men young and old from all over the camp / C / G7 / F / F /
Gather in search of a wage / C / G7 / C / C /

Chorus:

Husband, sleep, lay your head back and dream / C / G7 / F / F /
A slow fallen leaf borne down to the stream / C / C / G7 / G7 /
Then carried away on the wings of morphine / F / F / C / C /
Homeward far over the sea / C / G7 / C / C /

My husband and I are Roman in faith
And we have a secret to keep
If ever his life is taken away
Then gentle and long will he sleep

Now some men pass with family around
And linens and blankets so clean
But seldom a miner goes underground
Without his tin of morphine

Chorus

But now here's a word, an explosion is heard
The miners are trapped far below
If any survived down there alive
I'm certain we never will know

Although our families have vainly appealed
No rescue attempt can be seen
Our hope for loved ones in the dark earth sealed
Now lies in a tin of morphine

Chorus

MINGULAY BOAT SONG – Sir Hugh S. Robertson (1938). *Sung by The Corries, by Gaelic Storm, by Rogues Gallery. SheetMusic(pdf)*

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys;
 Bring her head round, into the weather,
 Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay

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

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
 Looking seaward, from the heather;
 Bring her head round, then we'll anchor
 'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Boats return now, heavy laden
 Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
 They'll return, boys, when the sun sets
 They'll return to Mingulay.

The following information is from Ben Buxton. "Mingulay: an Island and Its People". Birlinn, Edinburgh, 1995, p. 47-48. "Mingulay's most famous song - outside Barra and Vatersay that is - is "The Mingulay Boat Song". But neither the words nor the melody originate anywhere near Mingulay; it is a romantic invention of the 20th century. It was devised in 1938 by Glasgow-born Sir Hugh Robertson, who was very fond of the melody of 'Creag Ghuanach', a song from Lochaber, which celebrates a crag near Loch Treig. He needed a sea shanty, and so he adapted the music, chose the romantic name Mingulay, and composed the words. It was to be sung in F, slowly and rhythmically. [Robertson Publications, personal information; Derek Cooper. The Road to Mingulay: a View of the Western Isles, London, 1985]... It is ironic that this song should be the only well-known song associated with the island, and, for many, the only reason they have heard the name Mingulay at all."

The remote, barren island of Mingulay lies to the south of Barra in the Western Isles. Sometimes referred to as 'the nearer St Kilda', it was a crofting 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. the Mudcat Forum

My Blackbird Is Gone – Trad. Civil war era
Sung by Jimmy Driftwood, 1960, in the Wolf Collection. "My Blackbird is Gone, a Civil War Song that the listener will have to interpret for himself. It might be a white boy or a white girl singing about a black mammy that he might have had. It could be a black boy singing about his sweetheart that's gone. Well, as Alan Lomax says, you have to interpret this song for yourself." J.D.

She had the soul of an angel;
She had a heart that was true.
Her lips were sweet as the hummingbird's mouth,
All filled with the sweet honeydew.
She taught me how to be humble;
She taught me how to pray.
I thought I would die when she said goodbye,
And they carried my blackbird away.

Chorus: My blackbird is gone,
My blackbird is gone,
My blackbird is gone away (I'll never forget the sad day).
They came with a chain,
They called her sweet name,
And they carried my blackbird away

List to the roar of the cannons;
Look at the battle array.
It's all because of the tears that I shed
When they carried my blackbird away.
Angels a-singing in heaven
Hushed their sweet songs when they heard
The cries of my heart when they tore me apart
From the arms of my pretty blackbird.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

My Flower, My Companion and Me – as sung by Norma Waterson
Recorded by Norma Waterson

Oh the flowers that I loved in the wildwood
They have sent off their beautiful blooms
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in their tombs
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

Oh the rose that I loved I remember
And the smile that I never more shall see
Since the cold bitter winds of December
Stole my flower my companion from me
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

Ah but think of that bright shiny morning
When our spirits from earth shall be free
And we meet those we've loved in that dawning
Oh my flower my companion and me
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

[trad. arr. Norma Waterson, Eliza Carthy, Ben Ivitsky]
Norma Waterson commented in her sleeve notes: From the wonderful Helen Schneyer. Helen has a fund of the most wonderful songs and this she sang to us in her house in the woods in Vermont with humming birds on the porch. One of those memories which cling.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

NEVER GROW OLD - Words & Music: James Cleveland

Moore (1930)

Recorded by Anne Hills and Cindy Mangsen: "[Never Grow Old](#)"
[video](#)

I have heard of a land on the faraway strand,
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul;
Built by Jesus on high, there we never shall die,
'Tis a land where we never grow old.

Refrain:

Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old;
Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old.

In that beautiful home where we'll nevermore roam,
We shall meet in the sweet by and by;
Happy praise to the King through eternity sing,
'Tis a land where we never shall die.

When our work here is done and our life-crown is won,
And our troubles and trials are o'er;
All our sorrow will end, and our voices will blend,
With the loved ones who've gone on before.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

No Closing Chord – words, Malvina Reynolds; music, Pete Seeger (1976). *After Malvina died, Pete Seeger took a poem of hers, set it to music, and sang it at her memorial concert.*
Recorded by Rosalie Sorrels

Don't play that closing chord for me, baby, baby,
I want a wake to wake the dead.
Some rolling sounds with drums and rocking bass,
And my good comrades dancing all around the place.

Don't play that closing chord for me, baby, baby,
I want rejoicing when I go.
Celebrate my advent and that I've had my day,
With a roving melody to send me on my way.

Don't play that closing chord for me, baby, baby,
Lugubrious is not my style.
I favored grins and laughs, with loving on the side.
So do a Moog type version of "Here Comes the Bride."

Don't play that closing chord for me, baby, baby,
I'll bless the ground from whence I came,
I'll make some daisy shine. . .daisy shine
Some grass grow green. . .grass grow green.
And leave a sneaky dandelion to decorate the scene.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

OLD SETTLER'S SONG - Francis D. Henry

a.k.a. Acres of Clams, the "unofficial" Washington State Folksong, was written by Francis Henry of Pierce County around 1874. History of the song. Sung by Bob Nelson

I've traveled all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled
And I have been frequently sold

For each man who got rich by mining
Perceiving that hundreds grew poor
I made up my mind to try farming
The only pursuit that was sure

So, rolling my grub in my blanket
I left all my tools on the ground
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound

Arriving flat broke in midwinter
I found it enveloped in fog
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog

When I looked on the prospects so gloomy
The tears trickled over my face
And I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place

I staked me a claim in the forest
And sat myself down to hard toil
For two years I chopped and I struggled
But I never got down to the soil

I tried to get out of the country
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler
Then nothing could drive me away

And now that I'm used to the climate
I think that if a man ever found
A place to live easy and happy
That Eden is on Puget Sound

No longer the slave of ambition
I laugh at the world and its shams
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

OLD TIME RIVER MAN - John Hartford

"The rivermen--especially the captains of steamboats---were reincarnated as GREAT BLUE HERONS!! They'd spend their new lives flying in front of the boats to guide 'em to deep water and keep 'em away from the dangerous shallows. (river tall tale)" Art Thieme

*Recorded by John Hartford on "Down On The River" track#6
Video*

"Where does an old time river man go, after he's passed away?
Does his soul still keep a watch on the deep, to the rest of the river day?
Does he then come back as a channel cat,
Or the wasps that light on the wheel?
Or the birds that fly through a summer sky,
Or the fish swimmin' under the keel?

"Where does an old time pilot go, after he's stood his last watch?
Does he fall by the ear of the man who steers,
Sayin' "Hold her on that notch"?
There's a gentle sneeze in the river breeze,
Sayin "Son, I'm goin' to bed."
Then they light their pipes, and go off in the night,
Or was that fireflies instead?

Where does an old time engineer go, after he's cooled her down?
He's gone up the hill to never come back, from a quiet side of town.
Does his soul live on in the engine's song,
While the striker checks the gear?
Is he still afloat on an old steam boat, After he's gone from here?

Where does a poor old love song go, after it's off the charts?
Does it hang around like a distant sound, of last year's broken hearts?
Does it then come back on a brand new track? It's sure to page ahead.
Well, it might be old, but it just went gold,
My old achy-cranky heart instead.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Orphan Train – Bruce ‘Utah’ Phillips

Sung with introduction by Adam Miller; sung by Kate MacLeod; recorded by Carla Eskelsen. SheetMusic(pdf)

Once I had a darling mother, though I can't recall her name
I had a baby brother who I'll never see again
For the Children's Home is sending us out on the Orphan Train
To try to find someone to take us in

Take us in, we have rode the Orphan Train
Take us in, we need a home, we need a name
Take us in, oh won't you be our kin
We are looking for someone to take us in

I have stolen from the poorbox, I've begged the city streets
I've swabbed the bars and poolrooms for a little bite to eat
In my daddy's old green jacket and these rags upon my feet
I've been looking for someone to take me in

The Children's Home they gathered us, me and all the rest
They taught us to sit quietly until the food was blest
Then they put us on the Orphan Train and sent us way out West
To try to find someone to take us in.

The farmers and their families they came from miles around
We lined up on the platform of the station in each town
And one by one we parted like some living lost-and-found
And one by one we all were taken in

Now there's many a fine doctor or a teacher in your school
There's many a good preacher who can teach the Golden Rule
Who started out an orphan sleeping in the freezing rain
Whose life began out on the Orphan Train.

"The Orphan Train Movement was a supervised welfare program that transported orphaned and homeless children from crowded Eastern cities of the United States to foster homes located largely in rural areas of the Midwest. The orphan trains operated between 1853 and 1929, relocating about 250,000 orphaned, abandoned, or homeless children." A History of the Orphan Trains.

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

PEACE CALL – Woody Guthrie, *SheetMusic*
recorded by Elilza Gilkyson (2004), as sung by Eliza Gilkyson;
sung by "Ribbon of Highway - Endless Skyway"

Open your hearts to the paradise,
To the peace of the heavenly angels,
Take away that woeful shadow dancing on your wall;
Take to the skies of peace, oh friends,
Of peace of the one great spirit;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

Peace, peace, peace,
I can hear the bugle sounding,
Roaming around my land, my city and my town;
Peace, peace, peace,
I can hear the voices ringing,
Louder while my bugle calls for peace.

Thick war clouds will throw their shadows,
Darkening the world around you,
But in my life of peace your dark illusions fall;
Think and pray along the way,
Embrace the ones around you;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

If these war storms fill your heart
With a thousand kinds of worry,
Keep to my road of peace, you'll never have to fear;
Keep in the sun and look around
At the face of peace and plenty;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

I'll clear my house of the weeds of fear
And turn to the friends around me,
With my smile of peace, I'll greet you one and all;
I'll work, I'll fight, I'll dance and sing,
Of peace of the youthful spirit;
Get ready for my bugle call of peace.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

PRECIOUS MEMORIES - Lonnie Combs & J. B. Wright

Precious memories, unseen angels,
Sent from somewhere to my soul.
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred scenes unfold.

Precious memories, how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father, loving mother,
Fly across my lonely years.
And old home scenes of my childhood,
In fond memory appear.

In the stillness of the midnight,
Echoes from the past I hear:
Old-time singing, gladness bringing,
From that lovely land somewhere.

As I travel on life's pathway,
Knowing not what the years may hold.
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,
Precious memories flood my soul.

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

THE PRISONER'S SONG

sung by Vernon Dalhart

sung by Stewart Hendrickson

Oh I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me her own,
Oh I wish I had someone to live with
For I'm tired of living alone.

Oh please meet me tonight in the moonlight
Please meet me tonight all alone
For I have a sad story to tell you
It's a story that's never been told.

I'll be carried to the new jail tomorrow
Leavin' my poor darlin' alone
With the cold prison bars all around me
And my head on a pillow of stone

Now I have a grand ship on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold
And before my poor darling would suffer.
Oh that ship would be anchored and sold.

Now if I had wings like an angel
Over these prison walls I would fly.
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor darling
And there I'd be willing to die.

Note: From Vernon Dalhart recording, 1924. This was the flip side of Wreck of the old 97, and Dalhart made several cover versions for some 30 different labels. This was clearly the single most popular record ---of any type--- produced at the time, with reported sales up in the billions of records being reported. A decade later, Acuff covered it, and sold another million or so.

'The Prisoner's Song' was recorded in 1924 by Vernon Dalhart whose birth name was Marion Try Slaughter. He had begun a recording career in 1916 as a popular singer and light opera tenor. Most of his early recordings were popular pieces and 'plantation' songs. By 1924, his popularity was on the wane and he decided to dip his toes into the hillbilly market. Although he was from a light opera background, he was able to perform rural songs in a plaintive style that struck a chord in the south. In early 1924, he covered Henry Whitter's recording of 'The

PULL FOR THE SHORE — Philip Paul Bliss (1875)Recorded by Tom Brad & Alice: "Been There Still"

Light in the darkness sailor day is at hand
See o'er the foaming billows fair heaven's land
Drear was the voyage sailor now almost o'er
Safe within the lifeboat sailor pull for the shore

*Pull for the shore sailor pull for the shore
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar
Trust in the lifeboat sailor cling to self no more
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore*

Trust in the lifeboat sailor all else will fail
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale
Heed not the stormy winds though loudly they roar
Watch the bright and morning star and pull for the shore

Bright gleams the morning sailor uplift the eye
Clouds and darkness disappearing glory is nigh
Safe in the lifeboat sailor sing forever more
Glory glory hallelujah pull for the shore

Note: "This seemed to set the theme for his gospel songs, which were generally not very specific about religion. "Pull for the Shore," one of his other most popular songs, is even more "non-denominational." Bliss in 1874 joined with Ira Sankey to edit the famous book Gospel Songs. He died in a train wreck in 1878 in Ohio, reportedly trying to save his wife from the fire. This particular song was published in 1873/1874."

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

The Rambles of Spring - words and music by Tommy Makem, 1977Recording by Jim BranniganVideo with Tommy MakemSung by Stewart Hendrickson

There's a piercing wintry breeze / G / G /
 Blowing through the budding trees / C / G /
 And I button up my coat to keep me warm / G / G / D7 / D7 /
 But the days are on the mend / G / G /
 And I'm on the road again / C / G /
 With my fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm / G / D7 / G / G /

Chorus:

I've a fine, felt hat / G / G /
 And a strong pair of brogues / Am / Am /
 I have rosin in my pocket for my bow / G / G / D7 / D7 /
 O my fiddle strings are new / G / G /
 And I've learned a tune or two / Am / Am /
 So, I'm well prepared to ramble and must go / G / D7 / G / G /

I'm as happy as a king
 When I catch a breath of spring
 And the grass is turning green as winter ends
 And the geese are on the wing
 And the thrushes start to sing
 And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

I have friends in every town
 As I wander up and down
 Making music at the markets and the fairs
 Through the donkeys and the creels
 And the farmers making deals
 And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares

Here's a health to one and all
 To the big and to the small
 To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends
 And when I return again
 May our foes have turned to friends
 And may peace and joy be with you until then

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Red River Valley - From the text of Canadian Folklorist Edith Fowke.

Associated with the Metis rebellion of late 1860s.

It's a long time, you know, I've been waiting
For the words that you never did say,
Now alas! all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

From this valley they say you are going.
I shall miss your blue eyes and sweet smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway a while.

So consider a while ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the poor Metis girl who loved you.

So remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely, how dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged in its bowers.

And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover
To the Spirit that rules all this world
Is that sunshine his pathway may cover
And the grief of the Red River Girl.

So consider a while ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the poor Metis girl who loved you.

So remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely, how dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

REMEMBER ME (When The Candle Lights Are Gleaming) -
Scott Wiseman.

Recorded by Lulu Belle and Scotty Wiseman (1940), sung by
The Radio Gang

Chorus

Remember Me when the candle lights are gleaming
Remember Me at the close of a long, long day
It would be so sweet when all alone I'm dreaming
Just to know you still Remember Me.

The sweetest songs belong to lovers in the gloamin
The sweetest days are those that used to be
The saddest words I ever heard, were words of parting
When you said "Sweetheart, Remember Me."

You told me once that you were mine alone forever
And I was yours til the end of eternity
But all those vows are broken now and we will never
Be the same except in memory.

A brighter face may take my place when we're apart, dear
A sweeter smile, a love more bold and free
But in the end, fair weather friends may break your heart, dear
If they do, sweetheart, Remember Me.

Scott Wiseman wrote this song in 1939 and he and his singing partner and wife Lulu Belle released it in 1940 as the flip side of "Did You Ever Go Sailing?". Its inspiration was a vintage cup and saucer that was a family memento of his dad's and mom's courtship. The sentimental value of this item was so great, that the children were not allowed to touch it. Scott was touched by it, however, and during a bout of homesickness, wrote a song based on the lettering on the cup, which read "Remember Me." More...

ROAD TO DUNDEE – Trad. Scottish
Recorded by Mary Smith

Cold winter was howlin' o'er moorland and mountain D G D
 And wild was the surge of the dark rolling sea G D E7 A7
 When I met about daybreak a bonnie young lassie D G D
 Who asked me the road and the miles tae Dundee. G D A7 D

Says I, "My young lassie, I canna weel tell ye,
 The road and the distance I canna weel gie,
 But if you'll permit me to gang a wee bittie,
 I'll show you the road and the miles tae Dundee."

The lassie consented and gave me her airm
 Not a word did I speir wha the lassie micht be
 She appeared like an angel in feature and form
 As she walked by my side on the road tae Dundee.

At length wi' the howe o' Strathmartine behind us
 The spires o' the toon in full view we could see,
 She said, "Gentle sir, I can never forget ye
 For showin' me so far on the road tae Dundee.

She took the gold pin that she wore on her bosom,
 But she had gae this, in remembrance o' me",
 And bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' that lassie
 And I pairted frae her on the road tae Dundee.

So here's tae the lassie; I canna forget her,
 And ilka young laddie wha's listenin' to me,
 O never be sweir to convey a young lassie,
 Though it's only to show her the road tae Dundee.

"Carnlough Bay" is the Ulster version of The Road To Dundee. Which of the two came first we don't know, but as Scottish and Irish music could be justifiably seen as being two sides of the same coin anyway, we don't think it matters. More interesting to us is the comparison between the two variants, particularly the tunes; the melody here is simpler and starker than that of the Scots version. (Notes Battlefield Band, 'On the Rise')

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Rolling Home to Old New England - Traditional sea chanty

Sung and recorded by The Revels. Recorded by Ed Trickett. Stan Hugill, in 'Shanties from the Seven Seas' (1961), calls it 'the most famous homeward-bound song of them all'. There are many versions of this song; in Scotland it is Rolling Home to Caledonia.

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable running clear
Heave away and with a will, boys
For New England we will steer

Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to old New England
Rolling home dear land to thee

Up aloft amid the rigging
Blows a wild and rushing gale
Like with springtime in its blossoms
Filling out each well known sail

Fare you well, you Spanish maidens
It is time to say adieu
Happy times we've spent together
Happy times we've spent with you

And we'll sing a joyful chorus
In the watches of the night
And we'll see her shores a-rising
In the early morning light

'Round Cape Horn one frosty morning
And our sails were full of snow
Clear your sheets and sway your halyards
Swing her out and let her go

ROUND-UP LULLABY — (aka, Cowboy's Lullaby, Desert Silver Blue) words by Badger Clark*, music by Clifton W. Barnes Royal Dadmun - recorded 1923; recorded by Pomona College Glee Club (music by Clifton Barnes) and other recorded versions; Desert Silv'ry Blue - A Song Odyssey.

Desert blue and silver in the still moon-shine,
Coyote yappin' lazy on the hill,
Sleepy winks of lightin' down the far sky-line,
Time for millin' cattle to be still,

Chorus

So, now, the lightnin's far away,
The coyote's nothin' skeery,
He's singin' to his dearie,
Hee-ya, tam-ma-la-le-day!
Settle down, you cattle, till the mornin'.

Nothin' out the hazy range that you folks need,
Nothin' we kin see to take you eye,
Yet we got to watch you or you'd all stampede,
Plung-in' down some 'roryo bank to die,

Always seein' way-off dreams of silver blue,
Always feelin' thorns that stab and sting,
Yet stampedin' never made a dream come true,
So I ride around myself and sing.

Sheet music of this song was published in 1938 as arranged by Ralph H. Lyman for the Men's Glee Club at Pomona College. Sung by the Pomona College Glee Club. The words are by a cowboy-poet, Badger Clark (1883-1957), the poet laureate ("lariat") of S. Dakota. It was set to music by Clifton W. Barnes. Badger Clark also wrote the words ("A Border Affair") to the song "Spanish is the Loving Tongue".*

** From "Sun and Saddle Leather," Richard G. Badger, publisher (1920).*

ORIGINAL POEM BY BADGER CLARK

Desert blue and silver in the still moonshine,
Coyote yappin' lazy on the hill,
Sleepy winks of lightning on the far skyline,
Time for millin' cattle to be still.

So, now, the lightnin's far away,
The coyote's nothing skeery;

Sail, O Believer, Sail - *Traditional gospel song from the Georgia Sea Islands, attributed to the Quimby family. Also in Slave Songs of the United States by William Francis Allem, Charles Pickard Ware and Lucy McKim Garrison, originally published by A. Simpon & Co, New York, 1867; reprinted by Marcus Brinkman in 1995.*
sung by Gordon Bok

Chorus:

Sail, o believer, sail,
Sail over yonder
Sail, o my brothers, sail,
Sail over yonder.

Oh, brother, bear a hand,
Sail over yonder;
Come, brother, lend a hand,
Sail over yonder. (CHO)

Come view the Promised Land,
Sail over yonder;
Come view the Promised Land,
Sail over yonder. (CHO)

Oh, Mary, Mary weep,
Sail over yonder;
Bow low, Martha,
Sail over yonder. (CHO)

Oh my Lord coming down,
Sail over yonder;
And my Lord locks the door,
Sail over yonder.

Oh my Lord locks the door,
Sail over yonder;
Carries the keys away,
Sail over yonder. (CHO)(2X)

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Sheep, Don't You Know The Tide? – Jonathan Eberhart (from a poem by W. H. Davies, 1871-1940)

Recorded by **The Boarding Party** on "Too Far From The Shore" track #7 (2003)

When I was once in Baltimore
A man came up to me and cried,
"Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep
To Glasgow bound on Tuesday's tide."

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide?
Yes, yes, we know the tide.
Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide?
Oh yes, we know the tide.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind.
The second night they cried with fear--
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the wind? (etc.)

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep.
They would not eat, they would not drink,
But bleated o'er the salt sea deep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the deep? (etc.)

To sort the living from the dead,
Inside the pens we crawled each day,
And ere we came to Glasgow town,
Five hundred sheep had passed away.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the way? (etc.)

For all of fifty shillings down
I sailed across the salt sea deep.
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the sheep?
Oh yes, we know the sheep.
For fifty million shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide
Oh yes, we know the tide.
Sheep, sheep, you're bound to ride
Sheep on the deep and how they cried
Sheep on the deep and how they cried.

SILVER DARLINGS – poem by Bob Halfin and Hulskramer, 1970

Video - sung by Alastair McDonald

Oh herrings are harvests that fishermen glean,
Where flashes the silver through deep oceans green,
And when herring harvests reach old Aberdeen,
They're known as the silver darlings

Chorus:

Silver darlings on Aberdeen quay,
Brought by the fishermen home from the sea
To the city that stands 'twixt the Don and the Dee,
The home of the Silver Darlings.

The boats leave the harbor their wakes spreading wide,
And empty they roll with the swell of the tide.
Oh soon may their hatches be thrown open wide
With a catch of the silver darlings.

Chorus

There's ice on the rigging and death down below,
With the gales screaming wild and the glass hanging low.
The wives and the sweethearts are women who know
The price of the silver darlings.

Chorus

I first saw the words, but did not know the tune, so I wrote my own tune. The words are from a poem by Bob Halfin and Hulskramer in 1970. Later I learned that Jim McLean had set these words to music in 1972. It first appeared on an LP that Jim McLean produced with Alastair McDonald - "Scotland In Song," Nevis 002, 1972 . It is on the CD "Lines Upon The Water" by Gaye Anthony & Trish Norman .

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Smile In Your Sleep (Hush Hush) *Words and music by Jim McLean*
Published by Duart Music London 1963
Sung by Bruce Davies

Chorus

Hush, hush, time to be sleeping
Hush, hush, dreams come a-creeping
Dreams of peace and of freedom
So smile in your sleep, bonny baby

Once our valleys were ringing
With songs of our children singing
But now sheep bleat till the evening
And shielings lie empty and broken

We stood with heads bowed in prayer,
While factors laid our cottages bare,
The flames fired the clear mountain air,
And many lay dead by the morning.

Where is our proud highland mettle
Our troops once so fierce in battle
Now stand, cowed, huddled like cattle
And wait to be shipped o'er the ocean

No use pleading or praying
For gone, gone is all hope of staying
Hush, hush, the anchor's a-weighing
Don't cry in your sleep, bonny baby

This song tells the story of the Highland Clearances, when in the late 18th and early 19th centuries England decided to evict the small landowners from the Scottish Highlands in order to make way for large-scale sheep farming. This was a very sad part of Scottish history, and the tune matches the mood of the song. The tune is adapted from the pipe tune, Mist Covered Mountains, and the Scots Gaelic song "Chi Mi Na Morbheanna" (I will see the great mountains). see Notes from Mudcat

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Stand in That River – Moira Smiley (2003)tune based on *The Old Settler*. sung by Moira Smiley & VOCO

Come and stand in that river	/ C / C / C / F /
Current gentle and slow	/ C / C / Am / G7 /
Send your troubles down water	/ C / C / C / F /
Down on that water flow	/ C / F / C / C /

When you stand in that river
 Angels sing in your head
 Secrets beyond every worry
 Dreams beyond every dread

Tell me sister, brother,
 Where does that river flow?
 It flows down to that great water
 Where soon my people will go.

bridge:

Oh, time passes	/ F / F / C / C /
Passes on down the stream	/ G / G / C / C /
Some days are so much sweeter	/ F / F / Am / Am /
Some days some pass like the dark dream	/ G / G / C / C /

moira smiley & VOCO is a visionary blend of voices - redefining harmony singing with the power & physicality of folksong, the avant-garde fearlessness of Béla Bartók and delicious, vaudevillian accompaniment of cello, banjo, ukelele, accordion and body percussion. Moira Smiley's award-winning original music and spell-binding American and East European folksong light up the stage with rompin' stompin' body percussion and warm wit. Named #1 a cappella group in the U.S. in 2007, moira smiley & VOCO is the energy of street singing and the elegance of a string quartet. Expect magnificent, hair-raising performances – music that mourns and dances at the same time. Called "fascinating and multi-lingual" by the LA Times, "Persuasive, near perfect musicians" by the Herald Times, "gritty and ethereal, banjo to Bartók" by the Village Voice. Watch Videos

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

Starlight on the Rails – Bruce 'Utah' Phillips, as sung by Rosalie Sorrels
*Video with singing by Rosalie Sorrels. Recorded by Rosalie Sorrels on her CD
 "Strangers In Another Country." [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)*

I can hear the whistle blowing /C/C/G7/G7/
 High and lonesome as can be, /G7/G7/C/C/
 Tonight the rain is softly falling /F/F/C/C/
 And it's falling just for me. /G7/G7/C/C/

Looking back along the road I've travelled /G7/G7/C/C/
 The miles can tell a million tales. /G7/G7/C/C/
 Each year is like some rolling freight train, /C/F/C/C/
 It's cold as starlight on the rails /G7/G7/C/C/

I think about my home and family,
 My house and all the things it means;
 The black smoke trailing out behind me
 Is like a string of broken dreams.

Now if you live out on the highway
 You're like a clock that can't tell time;
 And if you spend your life just ramblin'
 You're like a song that doesn't rhyme.

"This comes from reading of Thomas Wolfe. He had a very deep understanding of the music in language. Every now and then he wrote something that stuck in my ear and would practically demand to be made into a song." Utah Phillips.

Thomas Wolfe wrote: "We walked along a road in Cumberland and stooped, because the sky hung down so low; and when we ran away from London, we went by little rivers in a land just big enough. And nowhere that we went was far: the earth and the sky were close and near. And the old hunger returned—the terrible and obscure hunger that haunts and hurts Americans, and makes us exiles at home and strangers wherever we go. Oh, I will go up and down the country and back and forth across the country. I will go out West where the states are square. I will go to Boise and Helena, Albuquerque and the two Dakotas and all the unknown places. Brother, have you heard the roar of the fast express? Have you seen starlight on the rails?"

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

Stars in My Crown – words, Eliza E. Hewitt; tune, John R. Sweney
*recorded on "Comon Tongue" and sung by Waterson:Carthy, sung by
Bethany Burie. [SheetMusic\(pdf\)](#)*

I am thinking today of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goes down
When through wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand
Will there be any stars in my crown?

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown
When at evening the sun goes down
When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest
Will there be any stars in my crown?

In the strength of the Lord let me labour and pray,
Shall I watch as a winner of souls
That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day
When His praise like the sea billow rolls?

O what joy will there be when his face I behold
And with gems at his feet to lay down
It would sweeten my bliss in the City of Gold
Should there be any stars in my crown?

*[Roud 22423 ; hymn by Eliza E. Hewitt, tune by John R. Sweney]
Waterson:Carthy sing this beautiful hymn on their second album Common
Tongue. Norma Waterson, Martin Carthy and Eliza Carthy are joined by
Saul Rose, Lal Waterson, Maria Gilhooley, Mike Waterson and Eleanor
Waterson. And alternate mix from these recording sessions was published
in 2004 on the Watersons' 4CD anthology Mighty River of Song. Six years
later, Norma, Eliza and Martin sing the same song with Mike Waterson,
Barry Coope, Jim Boyes and Lester Simpson on Blue Murder's album No
One Stands Alone.*

*Martin Carthy commented in the Common Tongue sleeve notes:
Stars in my Crown is number 787 in the Baptist Sankey hymnal and was
brought to Norma's attention unconsciously while she was watching Dennis
Potter's last interview with an extraordinarily sensitive Melvin Bragg.
Leastways, she doesn't remember him saying "787", but he did. We had the
hymnal, found the song and learned it. It was, of course, a feature of his
last play Cold Lazarus. We enjoy singing hymns and it's a blast, whether it
be Sacred Harp from USA, or black gospel, or English Baptist stuff.*

[RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE](#)

TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

Walter Kittredge

video

We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

cho: Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by !"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground, .
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

final cho: Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

Note: In 1863, the Union Army called on concert singer Walter Kittredge to lay aside his music and serve his country on the battlefield. On the eve of his departure for induction, the young man from New Hampshire sat down and composed a song that expressed his sentiments about the war and echoed the desire of many throughout the country for a swift end to the conflict. Kittredge's military career would be short lived. A run-in with rheumatic fever as a child had damaged his heart, and he was

Wait Till The Clouds Roll By Uncle Dave Macon, 1939; original words by J T Wood, music by H J Fulmer, 1881.
sung by Pete Coe, recorded by Pharis & Jason Romero. On Ann Hills & Cindy Mangsen CD – “Never Grow Up”

Jenny, my own true loved one,
I'm going far away,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea!
How I will miss you, my darling,
There's where the storm is raging high,
Cheer up and don't be lonely,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Each thought of thee, forever,
Loving sweet vigil keep?
Then will I come to you, darling?
Take courage dear, and never sigh
Cheer up and don't be lonely,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Remembering the Old Songs: Wait Till the Clouds Roll By - by Bob Waltz. (Originally published: Inside Bluegrass, May 1998) I've heard people express doubt that Old Time music actually descends from British roots. If they noticed the number of sea-related songs in the old-time repertoire, they might change their minds. Of course, Wait Till the Clouds Roll By is not a true old-time song. It was, in fact, originally a parlor piece, with words by J. T. Wood and music by H. J. Fulmer, published in 1894. Then something funny happened: Uncle Dave Macon got his hands on it. (He may have been intrigued by the banjo accompaniment, but I don't know.) He recorded it in 1939, doing the usual Uncle Dave job of messing up the words -- apart from oddities such as "bound'ring," he managed to combine the second and third verses [see note below]. In a way that's sad, because this song is pretty enough that I wish it would go on longer. But the result is probably better than the original (even if it doesn't have any deep meaning). For this reason, I've decided to use Uncle Dave's version rather than the sheet music form (well, that, plus the fact that I've never seen the original....)

I've always been a bit amused by the first line, where it says "loved one"

Waterbound - traditional. sound clip

/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Down in North Caro/lina

CHORUS

/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Down in North Caro/lina

/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
Be/fore the water /rises

CHORUS

The /old man's mad and /I don't care
The /old man's mad and /I don't care
The /old man's mad and /I don't care
/I'm gonna get his /daughter

If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
/Down in North Caro/lina

CHORUS

/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
Be/fore the water /rises

CHORUS

"This is a little play-party song from Grayson County, Virginia, that eventually became a favorite of the fiddlers and banjo pickers of that area. The 1938 Library of Congress recording by the famous Bogtrotters Band of Galax can be heard on Folkways FA 2363. The "B" part of the instrumental version suggests that the tune may hark back to the well-known 'Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight.' There is something especially appealing about the idea of a mountain frolic going on until morning up in

Well May the World Go - Pete Seeger, 1973sung By Pete Seeger*Chorus:*

Well may the world go,
 The world go, the world go.
 Well may the world go,
 When I'm far away.

Well may the skiers turn,
 The swimmers churn, the lovers burn
 Peace, may the generals learn
 When I'm far away.

Sweet may the fiddle sound
 The banjo play the old hoe down
 Dancers swing round and round
 When I'm far away.

Fresh may the breezes blow
 Clear may the streams flow
 Blue above, green below
 When I'm far away

Pete Seeger was inspired to write this song by "Weel May the Keel Row" from a book of Tyneside Songs first published around 1770.



As I came thro' Sand- gate, thro' Sand- gate, thro' Sand- gate, As I came thro'



Sand- gate, I heard a las- sie sing: "O Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the



keel row, O weel may the keel row, that my lad- die's in."

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE - words by George W. Johnson; music by James Austin Butterfield
as sung by Peter Ostroushko on the CD Ostroushko/Magraw. Listen to Ostroushko/Magraw sing this on Youtube

I wander'd today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat so long ago.

Oh, the green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
And the old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Now they say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
And my face is a well-written face, Maggie,
And time alone was the pen.

And they say we are aged and gray, Maggie
Like spray from the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
Our time here on earth nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
Ah, when you and I were young.

"Schoolteacher and poet George Washington Johnson made only one contribution to the world of popular song: the lyrics to the standard "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," written for his new wife, Maggie Clark, who was ailing from tuberculosis. Born in 1839 near Toronto, Canada, Johnson studied to become a schoolteacher, and by 20 years of age he began teaching in Hamilton, Ontario. As a young teacher, he met and fell in love with Maggie Clark, who at that time was one of his students. During one of Clark's harshest struggles with her illness, Johnson composed his now famous poem to her while viewing the local mill from his perch on a nearby hill, and then published it in 1864 in his book of poetry titled Maple Leaves. Johnson and Clark were married in October of that year, but in the spring of 1865, at the young age of 23, Maggie Clark died. A year later, Johnson requested his friend, James Austin Butterfield, to set the poem to music, and the song quickly became a popular worldwide standard. George Washington Johnson married twice more and died in 1917 in Pasadena, CA."