



THE NEW JOLLIDAYS BANDSTAND

COMMUNITY SONG SHEET

PRICE 2d.

1

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old, sweet song.

Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day,
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Chorus:

2

LOCH LOMOND

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

Chorus:

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

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greeting.

Chorus:

3

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.



OFF TO PHILADELPHIA

My name is Paddy Leary,
From a shpot called Tipperary,
The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in,
But before the break of morn,
Faith! 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
For I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning.

Chorus:

Wid my bundle on my shoulder,
Faith! there's no man could be bolder,
I'm la-vin dear ould Ireland wid-out warnin',
For I lately took the notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.

When they told me I must lave the place,
I tried to keep a cheerful face,
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scornin',
But the tears will surely blind me
For the friends I lave behind me,
When I shtart for Philadelphia in the morning.

Chorus:

ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is pullin' me away
As take I wi' my cromak to the road,
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus:

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step
You've never smelt the tangle of the Isles.
Oh! the far Coolins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles.

It's the blue islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skeeries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus:

MY AIN FOLK

Far frae my hame I wander;
But still my thoughts return
To my ain folk ower yonder,
In the shelling by the burn.
I see the cosy ingle,
And the mist abune the brae,
And joy and sadness mingle,
As I list some auldward lay.

Chorus:

And it's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk,
Tho' they be but lowly, puir, and plain folk:
I am far beyond the sea,
But my heart will ever be
At hame in dear auld Scotland wi' my ain folk!

A bonny lass is greeting,
Tho' she strives to stay the tears,
Ah! sweet will be our meeting
After mony weary years.
Soon my fond arms shall enfold ye,
As I ca' ye ever mine,
Still abides the love I told ye
In the days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Earlie in the morning.

Chorus:

Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Earlie in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat till he's sober,
Put him in the long-boat till he's sober,
Put him in the long-boat till he's sober,
Earlie in the morning.

Chorus:

Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Earlie in the morning.

Chorus:

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Earlie in the morning.

Chorus:

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Good-night, ladies,
Good-night, ladies,
Good-night, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Fare-well, ladies,
Fare-well, ladies,
Fare-well, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

Sweet dreams, ladies,
Sweet dreams, ladies,
Sweet dreams, ladies,
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

DE OLE BANJO

Darkies lead a happy life,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
Free from trouble, free from strife,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
Dar I sees ole farder Jim,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
An' right out I laff at him,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
Up he jump, den off I go,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
You bet he no catch me tho'
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
Me am almost done up quite
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
So must bid you all good-night
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.

DE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber;
Dere's where de ole folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam,
O, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a'humming,
All roun' de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo strumming,
Down in de good ole home?

Chorus:

SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.
Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion,
Away you rolling river,
To sail across the stormy ocean,
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus:

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds, which he oftimes led,
Peel's "View halloo" would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel, through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

Chorus:

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Chorus:

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine, 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Chorus:

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la la,
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa la la la la la la,
And he that will not drink his health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.

Chorus:

With a fa la la la la la la la la la la
With a fa la la la la la la.

All Cavaliers will please combine,
With a fa la la la la la la,
To drink this loyal toast of wine,
With a fa la la la la la la,
If anyone should answer "NO"
I only wish that he may go
With Roundhead rogues to Jericho.

Chorus:

CLEMENTINE

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

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling, Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus:

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

LAND OF MY FATHERS

Oh land of my Fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the Telyn so soothing to me,
The noble defenders were gallant and brave,
For freedom their hearts' life they gave.

Chorus:

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales,
Till death be pass'd my love shall last,
My longing, my yearning for Wales.

Though slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
The language of Cambria still charms us in song,
The Awan survivors nor have envious tales,
Yet silenc'd the harp of dear Wales.

Chorus:

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Deep the silence 'round us spreading,
All through the night,
Dark the path that we are treading,
All through the night,
Still the coming day discerning,
By the hope within us burning,
To the dawn our footsteps turning,
All through the night.

Stars of Faith, the dark adorning,
All through the night,
Leads us fearless t'wards the morning,
All through the night,
Though our hearts be wrapt in sorrow,
From the hope of dawn we borrow,
Promise of a glad to-morrow,
All through the night.

MEN OF HARLECH

Fierce the beacon light is flaming,
With its tongues of fire proclaiming,
"Chieftains, sundered to your shaming,
Strongly now unite!"

At the call all Arfon rallies,
War cries rend her hills and valleys,
Troop on troop, with headlong sallies,
Hurtle to the fight.

Chiefs lie dead and wounded,
Yes, where first 'twas grounded,
Freedom's flag still holds the crag,
Her trumpet still is sounded,
O there we'll keep her banner flying,
While the pale lips of the dying
Echo to our shout defying,
"Harlech for the right!"

Shall the Saxon army shake you,
Smite, pursue and overtake you?
Men of Harlech, God shall make you
Victors, blow for blow!

As the rivers of Eryri
Sweep the vale with flooded fury,
Gwailea from her mountain eyrie

Thunders on the foe!
Now, avenging Briton,
Smite as he has smitten!
Let your rage on history's page
In Saxon blood be written!
His lance is long, but yours is longer,
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger!
One stroke more! and then your wronger
At your feet lies low!

THE ASH GROVE

The Ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
The wind through it playing has language for me,
When over its branches the sunlight is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me,
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Fond memories waken as freely I roam,
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,
The Ash grove, the Ash grove that shelter'd my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old countryside measures steal soft on mine ear,
I only remember the past and its brightness
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here,
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,
The Ash grove, the Ash grove alone is my home.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

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

Chorus:

Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

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

Chorus:

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
And his soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:

Yes, and there were "Union" men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honour'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrain'd from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:

THE FARMER'S BOY

The sun had set behind yon hill,
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door,
"Can you tell me, wherever I be,
One that will me employ?"

Chorus:

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy?

The farmer's wife cried "Try the lad,
Let him no longer seek,"
"Yes, father, do," the daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek:
"For those who would work, 'tis hard to want,
And wander for employ."

Chorus:

Don't let him go, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy?

The farmer's boy grew up a man,
And the good old couple died,
They left the lad the farm they had,
And the daughter for his bride,
Now the lad which was, and the farm now has,
Often thinks and smiles with joy.

Chorus:

And will bless the day, he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy?