

Abe Sammon's Applejack

I'd like a drink of Applejack
Or a little drink of Ale,
That famous stuff Abe Sammons made
In the town of Rosendale.
It was good for all that ailed you,
It would drive away the blues;
Why, it made a long-ear rabbit
Bite a bull-dog right in two

It cured a man in Rock Locks
They had given up for dead;
He took a drink of applejack
And jumped right out of bed.
A drink of Abe's old apple
Just would make you talk of millions
Though you don't have a cent. (sic)

A woman lived in Edyville
Who had a lazy son;
He never did a lick of work
Till he was twenty-one.
One day a neighbor told her
What might induce the lad to work;
One charge of Abe's old apple
Made him labor like a Turk.

In Whiteport lived a pretty girl
Whose age was seventeen;
She loved a fine young farmer
By the name of Silas Green.
She would ask him to go walking,
Then invite him to her house;
But he'd sit there by the hour,
Just as quiet as a mouse.

One night she mixed him up
A drink of toddy for his cold;
A drop or two of Sammons' best
Just made young Silas bold;
They're married now and settled
She's happy as a queen,
Thanks to that shot of apple
Which she gave to Silas Green

Oh! the juice of Ulster's apples
Will bring back many a dream
Of the folks away up yonder--
Up in Rosendale I mean.
I'd like to turn the old clock
Some forty years or more
Just for a night of dances
On Abe Sammons' ballroom floor

I'd drink a hooker just before
The hour for the ball,
And have another afterwards--
We'd drink it in the hall.

Absent From Apple-picking

Absent from apple-picking

clarion's clear, discarded
notes upon the better ear

not having
seen th'freshest of th'Spring

surmount th'valley O
with April wing

Absent
from apple-picking: Laughter's row

of strong-backed Visions
which old pleasures sow heartbeats

of half-prophetic Consequences

set off Birth! of old dawn's
sweet eloquences

in O, rhythmic
apple-picking: Song

deep joy

at having thus overcome
Night's seldom Sleep

from apple-picking
at The Edge of a tired draught of

living
& half-drunk

at having found Life

spilling full-fledged all
over the scattered dryness &

all th'other junk

Acres Of Apples

I came to the Mid-Hudson Valley
A many a long year ago
I have spent all my time in the orchard
A making those red apples grow

CHORUS: A making those red apples grow
A making those red apples grow
And thinking each year as I labored
That someday I would make me some dough

I sprayed them and sprayed them and sprayed them
From early in April to fall
Those trees were so loaded with apples
You couldn't see green leaves at all

You couldn't see green leaves at all
You couldn't see green leaves at all
And what did I get for those apples?
A penny a pound for them all

I have raised in my time enough apples
To feed the whole state of New York
But I never have had enough money
To buy me a good roast of pork

To buy me a good roast of pork
To buy me a good roast of pork
The apples are raised in the valley
But the money is made in New York

But now I am joining a union
A union of farmers like me
I'm tired of paying the broker
His one hundred and ten percent fee

His one hundred and ten percent fee
His one hundred and ten percent fee
I'd like just a little left over
A little left over for me

And now that we're all in the union
Some fellows had better get wise
They've stolen our left and our right arms
But we're damned if we'll give them our eyes

We're damned if we'll give them our eyes
We're damned if we'll give them our eyes
The next time they come to the valley
We'll cut down those bastards to size

After Apple-picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still.

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples; I am drowsing off.

I cannot shake the shimmer from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the water-trough,
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell

What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples appear and reappear,
Stem end and blossom end,

And every fleck of russet showing clear.

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.

And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin

That rumbling sound

Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much

Of apple-picking; I am overtired

Of the great harvest I myself desired.

There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,

Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall,

For all

That struck the earth,

No matter if not bruised, or spiked with stubble,

Went surely to the cider-apple heap

As of no worth.

One can see what will trouble

This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone,

The woodchuck could say whether it's like his

Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,

Or just some human sleep.

All Among The Barley

Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down its head

CHORUS: All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe

The spring is like a young man who does not know his mind
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind
The autumn's like an old friend, who loves one all she can
And she brings the bearded barley to glad the heart of man

The wheat is like a rich man, it's sleek and well-to-do
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and dancing too
The rye is like a miser, it's sulky, lean, and small
And the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of them all

Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down its head

All Souls Night

Bonfire dot the rolling hillsides
Figures dance around and around
To drums that pulse out echoes of darkness
Moving to the pagan sound.

Somewhere in a hidden memory
Images float before my eyes
Of fragrant nights of straw and of bonfires
And dancing till the next sunrise.

Chorus
I can see the lights in the distance
Trembling in the dark cloak of night
Candles and lanterns are dancing, dancing
A waltz on All Souls Night.

Figures of cornstalks bend in the shadows
Held up tall as the flames leap high
The green knight holds the holly bush
To mark where the old year passes by.

Chorus

Bonfires dot the rolling hillsides -- photo
Figures dance around and around
To drums that pulse out echoes of darkness
Moving to the pagan sound.

Standing on the bridge that crosses
The river that goes out to the sea
The wind is full of a thousand voices
They pass by the bridge and me.

Chorus - 2x

Amphigorey

It was already Thursday, but his lordship's artificial limb could not be found; therefore, having ordered the servants to fill the baths, he seized the tongs and set out at once for the edge of the lake, where the Throbbtfoot Spectre still loitered in a distraught manner.

He presented it with a length of string
and passed on to the statue of Corrupted Endeavour
to await the arrival of autumn.

Meanwhile, on the tower, Madame O _____
in conversation with an erstwhile cousin
saw that his moustache was not his own,
on which she flung herself over the parapet
and surreptitiously vanished.

He descended, destroying the letter unread,
and stepped backwards into the water for a better view.

Heavens, how dashing! cried the people in the dinghy,
and Echo answered: Count the spoons!

On the shore a bat, or possibly an umbrella,
disengaged itself from the shrubbery,
causing those nearby to recollect the miseries of childhood.

It now became apparent (despite the lack of library paste)
that something had happened to the vicar;
guns began to go off in the distance.

At twilight, however, no message had come from the asylum,
so the others retired to the kiosk,
only to discover the cakes iced a peculiar shade of green
and the tea-urn empty
save for a card on which was written the single word:
Farewell.

Anne Boleyn

R.I. Weston And Bert Lee

In the Tower of London, large as life,
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they declare.
For Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,
Until he had the headsman bob her hair.
Oh, yes, he did her wrong long years ago,
And she comes back at night to tell him so.

Chorus:
With her 'ead tucked underneath her arm,
She walks the bloody Tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
At the midnight hour.

She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him
what-for
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off, for spilling of her gore.
And just in case the headsman wants to give her encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.

Now sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread,
For all his pals and gals, a ghastly crew,
The 'eadsman carve the joint and cuts the bread,
When in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,
And Henry cries, "don't drop it in the soup!"

She walks the endless corridors, for miles and miles she
goes,
She often catches cold, poor dear, it's drafty when it blows,
And it's awfully, awfully awkward for the queen to blow her
nose,
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in,
And when they've had a few they shout, "Is Army going to
win?"
They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Anne
Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

One night she caught King Henry, he was in the canteen
bar,
He said, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Boleyn, or
Catherine Parr?
Well, how <do you expect me to know who in Hell you>
are?
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"

Apple Picker's Reel

Larry Hanks

CHORUS: Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.
Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Up in the morning before the sun
I don't get home until the day is done;
My pick-sack's heavy and my shoulder's sore
But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some more.

Start at the bottom and you pick 'em from the ground
And you pick the tree clean all the way around;
Then you set up your ladder and you climb up high
And you're looking through the leaves at the clear blue sky.

Three-legged ladder, wobbly as hell
Reaching for an apple--whoa!--I almost fell.
Got a twenty-pound sack hanging 'round my neck
And there's three more apples that I can't quite get.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so down
Picking up windfalls, crawling on the ground.
Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, you lose your mind
If you sing this song about a hundred times;
Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Arabella

Oh the Arabella set her main top's'l
Oh the Arabella set her main top's'l
Oh the Arabella set her main top's'l

Rolling down the river

Chorus:

A-rolling down the river, a rolling down
A-rolling down the river, a-rolling down, a-rolling down
Said the bucko mate to the greaser's wife

Full chorus:

Oh a pumpkin pudden an' a bulgine pie
Oh a pumpkin pudden an' a bulgine pie
Oh a pumpkin pudden an' a bulgine pie

Aboard the Arabella.

The Arabella sets her main gans'l (same as above)

The Arabella sets her main royal (same as above)

The Arabella sets her main skys'l (same as above)

Autumnal Recrudescence Of The Amatory Urge

When the birds are cacaphonic in the trees and on the
verge
Of the fields in mid-October when the cold is like a scourge.
It is not delight in winter that makes feathered voices surge,
But autumnal recrudescence of the amatory urge.

When the frost is on the punkin' and when leaf and branch
diverge,
Birds with hormones reawakened sing a paeon, not a dirge.
What's the reason for their warbling? Why on earth this
late-year
splurge?
The autumnal recrudescence of the amatory urge.

Band O' Shearers

When simmer days and heather bells
Come reelin ower yon hieland hills
There's yellow corn in a' the fields
And the autumn brings the shearin'

cho: Bonnie lassie, will ye gang
And shear wi' me the whole day lang?
And love will cheer us as we gang
Tae join the band o' shearers

And gin the weather, it be hot
I'll cast my cravat and cast me coat
And we will join the happy lot
As they gang tae the shearin'

And gin the thistle be ower strang
An' pierce your lily, milk white hand
It's wi' my hook, I'll cut it doon
As we gang tae the band o' shearers

An' if the folk that's passing by
Say there is love 'tween you and I
An' we will proudly pass them by
As we gae tae the shearin'

An' when the shearin' is a' dune
We'll hae some roaring, rantin' fun
We'll hae some roarin', rantin' fun
An' forget the toils o' shearin'

final cho:
So bonnie lassie, bricht and fair
Will ye be mine for ever mair?
Gin ye'll be mine, syne I'll be thine
And we'll gang nae mair tae the shearin'

Bright Shining Morning

The bright shining morning smiles over the hills
With blushes adorning the meadows and rills
The bright shining morning smiles over the hills
With blushes adorning the meadows and rills

And the merry, merry, merry horn cries come, come away
And the merry, merry, merry horn cries come, come away
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day

The fox runs before us, he seems for to fly
And he pants to the chorus of the hunt in full cry

When our day's work is ended, we home do retire
And we pull off our boots by the light of the fire

Come, fill up your glasses, let the toast go around
And we'll drink to all hunters, where e'er they are found

Bring Us In Hot Tea

Bring us in no rum, for that's a drink for sailors
But bring us in hot tea, for that will never fail us.

CHORUS:
So bring us in hot tea, hot tea, and bring us in hot tea
That's what the blessed ladies make, so bring us in hot tea.

Bring us in no cider, for that will send us reeling
But bring us in hot tea, Earl Gray. Ceylon or Darjeeling.

Bring us in no white wine, for that don't cure no hot thirst
But bring us in hot tea, and be sure to warm the pot first.

Bring us in no snaps, for they are made with brandy
But bring us in hot tea, and a strainer would be handy.

Bring us in no gin, for that was mother's ruin
But bring us in hot tea, and put a lump or two in.

Bring us in no home brew, we're not inclinrd to risk it
But bring us in hot tea, oh, and all right, just one biscuit.

We'll drink no beer at Christmas, the good book tells the tale
But bring us in hot tea, for the angels said, "no ale."

Bringing In The Sheaves

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves

REFRAIN: Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze
By and by the harvest and the labored end
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the master
Tho' the loss sustains our spirit often grieves
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves

Colcannon

Did you ever eat Colcannon, made from lovely pickled
cream?
With the greens and scallions mingled like a picture in a
dream.
Did you ever make a hole on top to hold the melting flake
Of the creamy, flavoured butter that your mother used to
make?

CHORUS

Yes you did, so you did, so did he and so did I.
And the more I think about it sure the nearer I'm to cry.
Oh, wasn't it the happy days when troubles we had not,
And our mothers made Colcannon in the little skillet pot.

Did you ever take potato cake in a basket to the school,
Tucked underneath your arm with your book, your slate and
rule?
And when the teacher wasn't looking sure a great big bite
you'd take,
Of the creamy flavoured buttered soft and sweet potato
cake.

Did you ever go a-courting as the evening sun went down,
And the moon began a-peeping from behind the Hill
o'Down?
As you wandered down the boreen where the leprechaun
was seen,
And you whispered loving phrases to your little fair colleen

Dead Dog Scrumpy

In the year of one, in a little cider mill
A poor old dog lay down to die cause he was feeling ill
He chose a most precarious perch above the cider press
When all at once he tumbled in and perished in distress

Which caused his master for to grieve likewise his mistress
too
Until his sorrows were relieved when he sampled of the
brew
Hark, hark cried farmer Atwater its likes I ne'er did sup
So he invited all the neighbors in and bid them take a cup

And every man that drank that night got drunk as drunk
could be
They wondered how that scrumpy had acquired such
potency
The farmer kept his council and took another drop
When all at once the poor old dog came floating to the top

A silence then did fill the room, every man he wore a frown
The recognized old Bendigo, though he was upside down
The vicar lost his color and collapsed upon the floor
And the squire he lost his britches in the rush to reach the
door

See here said farmer Atwater, in all his life I vow
He never bit no man nor dog, he'll not bite no man now
And this shall be his epitaph, here lies our faithful Ben
Who perished in the scrumpy vat and quickly rose again

So if ever your in Devon and you goes in to a bar
Just ask for Dead Dog scrumpy its the best there is by far
Refuse all imitations, you'll sleep just like a log
You can always recognize it by the hair of the dog

Done Laid Around

CHO: Done laid around and played around this old town too long
Summer's almost gone and winter's coming on
Done laid around and stayed around this old town too long
And I feel like I want to travel on

The chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way
Gone a lonesome day, gone a lonesome day
The chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way
And I feel like I want to travel on

There's a lonesome freight at six oh eight, coming through the town
I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound
A lonesome freight at six oh eight, coming through this town
And I feel like I want to travel on

Edmund Fitzgerald

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitchigumi
The lady, it's said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy.

With a load of iron ore - 26,000 tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most
With a crew and the Captain well seasoned.

Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ship's bell rang
Could it be the North Wind they'd been feeling.

The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
When the wave broke over the whaling
And every man knew, as the Captain did, too,
T'was the witch of November come stealing.

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the gales of November came slashing
When afternoon came it was freezing rain
In the face of a hurricane West Wind

When supper time came the old cook came on deck
Saying fellows it's too rough to feed ya
At 7PM the main hatchway gave in
He said fellas it's been good to know ya.

The Captain wired in he had water coming in
And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went out of sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the words turn the minutes to hours
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
If they'd fifteen more miles behind her.

They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have gulfed deep and took water
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the ruins of her ice water mansion
Ole Michigan steams like a young man's dreams,
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her

Equinox

The cold tap water's getting colder,
Another sign the year is older;
Winter's sitting on your shoulder.
The cold tap water's getting colder
Autumn!

Another sign the year is older --
Winter's sitting on your shoulder.
Tree leaf colors getting bolder --
Another sign the year is older.
Autumn!

Winter's sitting on your shoulder;
Tree leaf colors getting bolder --
School lunch box and lesson folder.
Winter's sitting on your shoulder.
Autumn!

Tree leaf colors getting bolder,
School lunch box and lesson folder
Makes me feel a little older.
Tree leaf colors getting bolder.
Autumn!

School lunch box and lesson folder
Makes me feel a little older.
I love my wife, and so I told her:
School lunch box and lesson folder.
Autumn!

Makes me feel a little older;
I love my wife, and so I told her
The cold tap water's getting colder
(Makes me feel a little older.)
Autumn!

I love my wife and so I told her
The cold tap water's getting colder
(A sign the year is getting older.)
I love my wife and so I told her.
Autumn!

The cold tap water's getting colder,
(A sign the year is getting older.)
Winter's sitting on your shoulder --
The cold tap water's getting colder.
Autumn!

Evesham Cider

My native roots are cankered along the Avon Vale
There's poison in each tankard and the scrumpy makes
them pale
All along that pleasant valley where the vegetables grow
fine
Men raise the Devil's chalice and drink his bitter wine

Unspeakable carouses that fill our hearts with shame
Take place in certain houses that cannot here be named
Black timber and white plaster hide the secret drinking dens
Where Beelzebub is master of the cider drinking men

But in spite of church and chapel ungodly folk there be
Who pluck the cider apple from the cider apple tree
They crush it in their presses till all the juice runs out
At various addresses that nobody knows about

But if my time suffices until my days are done
I'll go back and share those vices of dear old Evesham
I'll watch the red sun sinking behind those Malvern Hills
For we knows it's better medicine than all those bloody pills

Ghost Of Tom

Have you seen the ghost of Tom:
Long white bones with the rest all gone.
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?

Giant

Cold wind on the harbor and rain on the road,
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal,
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or,
The giant will rise with the moon.

'Twas the same ancient fever in the isles of the blest,
That our fathers brought with them when they went west,
It's the blood of the Druids that will never rest,
The giant will rise with the moon.

So crash the glass down! Move with the tide!
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise with the moon!

In inclement weather the people are fey,
Three thousand year stories as the night slips away,
Remembering Fingal feels not far away,
The giant will rise with the moon.

The wind's in the north, there be new moon tonight,
And we have no circle to dance in it's sight,
So light a torch, bring the bottle and build the fire high,
The giant will rise with the moon!

Godspeed The Plow

Though the wealthy and great
Live in splendor and state
I envy them not, I declare it
For I grow my own hams
My own ewes, my own lambs
And I shear my own fleece and I wear it

CHORUS

By plowing and sowing
By reaping and mowing
All nature provides me with plenty
With a cellar well stored
And a bountiful board
And my garden affords every dainty

For here I am king
I can dance, drink and sing
Let no one approach as a stranger
I'll hunt when it's quiet
Come on, let us try it
Dull thinking drives anyone crazy

I have lawns, I have bowers
I have fruits, I have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So all farmers now
Here's Godspeed the plow
Long life and success to the farmer

Golden Apples Of The Sun

I went out to the hazelwood
Because a fire was in my head
Cut and peeled a hazel wand
And hooked a berry to a thread

And when white moths were on the wing
And moth-like stars were flickering out
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
And gone to blow the fire aflame
Something rustled on the floor
And someone called me by my name.

It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And vanished in the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone
And kiss her lips and take her hand

And walk through long green dappled grass
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun.

Griesly Bride

"Lie down, my newly married wife;
Lie easy as you can.
You're young, and ill-accustomed yet
To sleeping with a man."

The snow was deep, the moon was full
As it shown on the cabin floor.
His young bride rose without a word
And ran barefoot through the door.

He up and followed, fast and sure,
And an angry man was he,
But his young bride wasn't e'er in sight,
And only the moon shone clearly.

He followed her track through the new deep snow,
Calling out loud her name.
Only the dingoes in the hills
Yowled back at him again.

Then the hair stood up along his neck
And his angry mind was gone,
For where the two-foot track gave out,
A four-footed track went on.

Her nightgown lay upon the snow
As it might on a bed sheet,
And the tracks that led from where it lay
Were never of human feet.

He first started in to walkin' back,
Then he began to run,
And his quarry turned all in her track
And hunted him in turn.

An empty bed still waits for him
As he lies in a crimson tide.
Beware, beware, oh trapper men,
Beware of a griesly bride.

Guy Fawkes

I'll tell you a doleful tragedy
Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters
Who once blew up the House of Lords
The King and all his ministers
That is, he would have blown them up,
And we would ne'er forget him,
his will was good to do the deed
If they had only let him.

CHORUS
Singing bow-wow-wow,
Whack fol-de-riddle,
Singing bow-wow-wow.

Straightway he came from Lambeth side
And wished the State was undone;
And crossing over Vauxhall bridge
That way he came to London;
That is, he would have crossed the bridge
To perpetrate his guilt, sir,
But a trifling thing prevented him,
The bridge it was not built, Sir.

And as he searched the dreary vaults
With portable gas light, sir,
About to touch the powder train
At the witching hour of night, sir;
That is, he would have used the gas,
Had he not been prevented;
But gas you know, in James's time,
It hadn't been invented.

Now, when they caught him in the act,
So very near the Crown's end,
They sent straightway to Bow Street for
That gay old runner Townsend;
That is, they would have sent for him
For danger, he's no starter at
But Townsend wasn't living then,
He wasn't born till arter that.

So then they put poor Guy to death
For ages to remember,
And now they kill him every year
In dreary, dark November;
That is, his effigy, I mean
For truth is strange and steady,
They cannot put poor Guy to death
For he is dead already.

Guy Fawkes Song

Of Catesby, Faux, and Garnet,
a story I'll tell-a,
And of a Rare Plott, ne're to be forgott,
And eke how it befell-a.

All on the 4th of November, [1605]
the Papists they had a drift-a
Quite to destroy brave England's joy,
And to blow it all up on the fifth-a.

Soe many Barrells of Gunpowder,
the like was never seen-a,
That eke that match had chanc'd to catch,
Good Lord, where should we all have been-a?

Why we should all have been slaine outright,
for marke what these varlets had don- a,
They had sett so many Barrells to decide all our Quarrells,
Nay they had don't as sure as a Gun-a. [done it]
O Varlets that esteeme noe more
3 Kingdoms than 3 shillings!
It were a Good deed to hang 'm with Speed,-
Oh out upon them Villaines!

But now these Papists their designs
we care not for a louse-a;
For fit as it was, it soe came to passe
The the Plot was blown vp, not the house-a.

For our King he went to the Parliament
to meet his Noble Peers-a;
But if he had knowne where he should have been blown,
He durst not have gon for his Eares-a.

Then, "Powder I smell," quothe our gracious King
(now our King was an excellent smeller);
And lowder and lowder, quoth the King,
"I smell powder";
And downe he run into the Cellar.

And when he came the Cellar into,
and was the danger amid-a,
He found that the traine had not been in vaine,
Had he not come downe as he did-a.

Then the Noble-men that there stood by
and heard the words of the King-a,-
"Ah, my Soul, if the Fire had come a little higher,
'Twould have made vs all flye without wings-a!

Guy, Guy, Guy

CHORUS: Guy, guy, guy
Stick him up on high
Stick him on a lamppost
And there let him die.
Holler boys, holler boys
God save the queen
Holler boys, holler boys
God save the queen.

As I was out walking in the fields
I met a beggar black as his heels
I asked him if he would not fight
With his face and beard as black as night
CHORUS

So give the old guy a penny
A ha'penny will do
If you haven't got a ha'penny
Then God bless you.

Halloween

Upon that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downans dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the cove, to stray and rove,
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonny winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear,
 Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, country-folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 And haud their Halloween
 Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin';
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the kail,
 Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, and graip and wale,
 For muckle anes and straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 And wander'd through the bow-kail,
 And pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, staught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
 The very wee things, todlin', rin,
 Wi' stocks out owre their shouther;
 And gif the custoc's sweet or sour.
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne cozily, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their stalks of corn:
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He gripet Nelly hard and fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,

Harvest Home Health

Here's a health unto our master,
 The founder of the feast;
 I hope his soul, whenever he dies,
 To heav'n may go to rest;
 That all his works may prosper,
 Whatever he takes in hand;
 For we are all his servants,
 And all at his command.

cho: Then, drink---boys---drink;
 And see you do not spill,
 For if you do, you shall drink two,
 It is our master's will.

Now harvest it is ended,
 And supper it is past,
 To our good mistress' health, boys,
 A full and flowing glass,
 For she is a good woman,
 And makes us all good cheer
 Here's to our mistress' health, boys,
 So all drink off your beer.

Here's a health unto the woodcutter,
 that lives at home at ease ;
 He takes his work so light in hand,
 Can leave it when he please
 He takes the withe and winds it,
 And lays it on the ground,
 And round the faggot he binds it,
 So let his health go round.

Hearth And Fire

Hearth and fire be ours tonight
 And all the dark outside,
 Fair the night, and kind on you
 Wherever you may bide.

And I'll be the sun upon your head,
 The wind about your face;
 My love upon the path you tread
 And upon your wanderings, peace.

Wine and song be ours tonight,
 And all the cold outside;
 Peace and warmth be yours tonight
 Wherever you may bide.

Hearth and fire be ours tonight
 And the wind in the birches bare;
 Oh, that the wind we hear tonight,
 Would find you well and fair.

Horn Of The Hunter

For forty long years have we known him,
Cumberland yeoman of old,
And twice forty years shall have perished,
Ere the fame of his deeds shall grow cold.
No broadcloth of scarlet adorned him
No buckskin as white as the snow.
Of plain Skiddaw gray was his garment,
And he wore it for work, not for show.

Chorus:

Now the horn of the hunter is silent,
On the banks of the Ellen no more,
No more will we hear its wild echo,
Clear sound o'er the dark Caldews roar.

2. When dark draws her mantle around us,
And cold by the fire bids us steal,
Our children will say, "Father tell us
Some tales of the famous John Peel."
And we'll tell them of Ranter and Royal,
Of Britain and Melody too,
how they rattled a fox round the Carrock
And drove him from scent into view.

3. How often from Brathwait to Skiddaw,
Through Isel, Bewaldeth, Whitefield,
We galloped like madmen together,
To follow the hounds of John Peel.
And though we may hunt with another,
Til the hand of old age bids us yeild,
We will think on that sportsman and brother,
And remember the hounds of John Peel.

Hunger In The Air

The winter ain't been hard as yet, though the frost was pretty keen.
There's one thing I'll tell you mate, the country's getting lean.
The price of wool is looking up, the harvest ain't been bad,
but for them that's on the wallaby there's little to be had.

CHORUS: And when sky's are gray above us
its gettin' hard to bear
the feeling that the country
has a hunger in the air.

I mind the time when men was pinched and things was pretty blue
for the mortgage-burdened station and the struggling cockatoo.
But if work was hard a gettin' and a fellow had to tramp,
he was pretty sure of tucker and a decent place to camp.
CHORUS

It isn't falling wages that makes a fellow sick.
We've had our turn of fairish times and there ain't no cause to pick.
The drink that's cursed the most of us helped pay the country's way.
But there's thousands tramping on the roads that do no work today.
CHORUS

The rabbiter or digger-cove will stand a bloke a feed.
The poor man helps the poor or best in any time of need.
But cockatoos with decent homes and firesides warm and bright
will send the starving fellow man to sleep outside at night.
CHORUS

Well, there ain't much use in talkin', I'd best hump my bluey on.
There'll be good men and meanish men when we're all dead and gone.
I'd be happy as a skylark if I dropped across a job,
but as for saving money, well, it's hard to earn a bob.
CHORUS

Hunting Song

I always will remember,
'Twas a year ago November,
I went out to hunt some deer
On a morning bright and clear.
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow,
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

I was in no mood to trifle,
I took down my trusty rifle
And went out to stalk my prey.
What a haul I made that day.
I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow,
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

The law was very firm, it
Took away my permit,
The worst punishment I ever endured.
It turned out there was a reason,
Cows were out of season,
And one of the hunters wasn't insured...

People ask me how I do it
And I say there's nothing to it
You just stand there looking cute,
And when something moves, you shoot!
And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now,
Two game wardens, seven hunters, an a pure-bred
Guernsey cow.

January Man

Oh the January man he walks abroad in woollen coat and
boots of
leather
The February man still wipes the snow from off his hair and
blows
his hand
The man of March he sees the Spring and wonders what
the year
will bring
And hopes for better weather

Through April rain the man goes down to watch the birds
come in
to share the summer
The man of May stands very still watching the children
dance away
the day
In June the man inside the man is young and wants to lend
a hand
And grins at each new comer

And in July the man in cotton shirts he sits and thinks on
being
idle
The August man in thousands take the road and watch the
sea and
find the sun
September man is standing near to saddle up and lead the
year
And Autumn is his bridle

The man of new October takes the reins and early frost is on
his
shoulder
The poor November man sees fire and wind and mist and
rain and
winter air
December man looks through the snow to let eleven
brothers know
They're all a little older

And the January man comes round again in woollen coat
and boots
of leather
To take another turn and walk along the icy road he knows
so well
The January man is here for starting each and every year
Along the way for ever

John Barleycorn

There were three kings came out of the west
three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

CHORUS: So put your wine into glasses
Put your cider in an old tin can
Put Barleycorn in a nut-brown bowl
He'll prove the strongest man.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They huna him up before the storm.

John Barleycorn (2)

John Barleycorn is a hero bold;
As any in the land
His fame has stood for ages good,
And forever shall stand
The whole wide world respects him,
No matter friend or foe,
And where they be that makes him
Too free he's sure to lay them low.

CHORUS:
Hey! John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
Old and young his praise is sung: John Barleycorn!

To see him in his pride of growth,
His robes are rich and green,
His head is speared with goodly beard,
Fit neigh to serve a Queen,
And the harvest time comes round
And John is stricken down,
He'll use his blood for England's good, and Englishmens'
renown.

The lord in courtly castle,
The squire in stately hall,
The great name, of birth,
And fame on John for succor call,
He bids the troubled heart rejoice,
Gives warmth to Nature's call,
Makes weak men strong and old men
And all men brave and bold.

Lady Of Skin And Bone

There was a lady of skin and bone
And such a lady was never known
It fell upon St Stephen's Day
This lady went to church to pray (x2)

2. And when she came unto the stile
She tarried there a little while
And when she came unto the door
She tarried there a little more (x 2)

3. This lady she walked up and down
She spied a dead man on the ground
And from his nose unto his chin
The worms crawled out and the worms crawled in (x 2)

4. The lady to the sexton said,
"Will I be like him when I'm dead?"
The sexton to the lady said,
"Yes, you'll be like him when you're dead ." (x 2)

5. The lady to the sexton said,
"AHHHHHHH!!!!"

Logs To Burn

cho: Logs to burn, logs to burn,
Logs to save the coal a turn,
Here's a word to make you wise,
When you hear the woodsman cry.

Beechwood fires burn bright and clear, Hornbeam blazes too,
If the logs are kept a year, to season through and through.

Oaken logs will warm you well, if they're old and dry,
Larch logs of pinewood smell but the sparks will fly.

Pine is good and so is Yew for warmth through wintry days,
The Poplar and the Willow too, they take too long to blaze.

Birch logs will burn too fast, Alder scarce at all,
Chestnut logs are good to last, cut them in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax, you should burn them green,
Elm logs like smouldering flax, no flames with them are seen.

Pear logs and Apple logs, they will scent your room,
Cherry logs, across the dogs, they smell like flowers in bloom.

Ash logs, so smooth and gray, burn them green or old,
Buy up all that come your way they're worth their weight in gold.

More Wood

In the fall of the year, when you feel the winter near
 And the days are clear
 It surely isn't good to sit by the fire
 And want to stoke it higher
 When you should be cutting more wood.
 From November to march, the winter winds are harsh
 On the fields and the marsh they're covered up with snow
 When you trudge to the shed you have to scratch your
 head
 Because the dad-blamed pile's getting low on...

Chorus:

Wood (hard wood)
 Firewood (dry wood)
 There's not a stove in the world
 That's going to do you any good
 Without wood (stove wood)
 We could (you should)
 Be out cutting more wood.

2. When the kindling is dwindling, the bottom logs get soggy
 Those ricks of sticks and racks and stacks
 It makes you wonder where they go and barnfuls of armfuls
 They only last a week or so
 And then you'll be hurting for wood.
 Well the sassafras it burns too fast,
 It starts the fire but never lasts
 And swamp oak likes to smoke you blow it till you think you'll
 choke.
 But hickory is just the tree to remind you of the ecstasy
 Of having a pile of good wood, I said ...

3. Well the Scandia and Jotul brands are made so far
 across the sea
 The Fisher kind and Timberline are made here in the
 country
 With all the rest put to the test the one I like the best
 Is the one my Uncle Wade he made for me.
 He took an oil drum and welded some piping from the
 septic tank
 And fore and aft he cut a draft, and then he made a damper
 crank
 With an old broom from the back room. He painted it fire
 engine red
 And said now watch her consume your....

4. When the spring rolls around and I spade the muddy
 ground
 I have often found I lay my saw away,
 The shed is empty and yet you can make a bet
 That I'll forget to be cutting more wood.
 The old timers say to split a little every day
 And stack it away to season well, but
 From March to November I rarely do remember
 December will find me in a rut...

Last Chorus:

Mrs. Ravoon

I climbed the clock tower 'neath the noonday sun;
 'Twas midday, at least, ere my journey was done.
 But the clock never sounded the last stroke of noon,
 For there from the clapper swung Mrs. Ravoon.

CHORUS

Mrs. Ravoon, Mrs. Ravoon,
 You are too much with me, late and soon.

I stole through the dungeon whilst everyone slept
 Till I came to the place where the monster was kept.
 There in the arms of a giant baboon,
 Rigid and smiling, lay Mrs. Ravoon.

I stood by the water, so green and thick,
 And I stirred at the scum with my old, withered stick,
 When there rose from the depths of the limpid lagoon
 The luminous body of Mrs. Ravoon.

I pulled in my line and I took my first look
 At the half-eaten horror that hung from my hook.
 I had dragged from the depths of that limpid lagoon
 The bloated cadaver of Mrs. Ravoon.

I went to an amateur butcher I know
 For the gut of a cat for my violin bow,
 But I never imagined I'd pay my next tune
 On the shuddering entrails of Mrs. Ravoon.

I ran through the marsh 'midst the lightning and thunder,
 When a terrible flash spit the darkness asunder.
 Chewing a rat's tail and mumbling a rune,
 Mad in the moat, squatted Mrs. Ravoon.

Nottamun Town

In Fair Nottamun Town, not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down
To show me the way to fair Nottamun town

I rode a grey horse, a mule roany mare
Grey mane and grey tail, a green stripe down her back
Grey mane and grey tail, a green stripe down her back
There wa'n't a hair on her be-what was coal black

She stood so still, she threw me to the dirt
She tore my hide and she bruised my shirt
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain

Met the King and the Queen and a company more
A-riding behind and a-marching before
Came a stark naked drummer a-beating a drum
With his heels in his bosom come a marching along

They laughed and they smiled, not a soul did look gay
They talked for a while, not a word did they say
I bought me a quart to drive gladness away
And to stifle the dust, for it rained the whole day

Sat down on a hard, hot cold frozen stone
Ten thousand stood round me and yet I's alone
Took my hat in my hand for to keep my head warm
Ten thousand got drowned that never was born

October Roses

You say you are sorry for the youth that you lack
For the sag of your breasts, for the bend in your back
For your hair turning grey and the tears that now flow
For the choices you made such a long time ago

CHORUS:

Spring roses are lovely, they make my heart sing
And in summer the roses sweet memories bring
But I most need the rose when the bitter winds call
October roses are the fairest of all (x2)

As a maid you were lovely, your cheeks bloomed so red
And you gave your heart freely, too freely, you said
As a woman full grown you knew passion and strife
And a gentle heart torn with the thorns of your life (CHO)

Now you're growing older, sometimes you feel done
But your strong roots still guide you, you'll still find the sun
For you blossom with wisdom and courage and care
You're the fairest of roses that bloom anywhere (CHO)

Old Jack Frost

Old Jack Frost was a jolly little fellow
When the wintry winds begins to bellow
He flies like a little bird through the air
And he peeks through the little cracks everywhere

He pinch little children on their noses
He pinch little children on their toes
He pinch little children of their ear
Draw from their eye a big round tear

He makes little girls cry, "oh, oh, oh"
He makes little boys shout, "Ho, ho, ho"
Then we kindle up a great big fire
Old Jack Frost is bound to retire

Up through the chimney goes the jolly little fellow
All the children shouts for joy
He makes little girls cry, "oh, oh, oh"
He makes little boys shout, "Ho, ho, ho"

One Misty Moisty Morning

One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,
I met a withered old man a-clothed all in leather,
He was clothed all in leather with a cap beneath his chin,
singin':

CHO

"How d' you do and how d' you do and how d' you do
again"

This rustic was a treasure as on his way he hide
And with a leather bottle fast buckled by his side
He wore no shirt upon his back with wool unto his skin,
singin':

I went a little further and there I met a maid
A-goin' a-milking, milkin's o'er she said
Then I began to compliment and she began to sing, sayin':

This maid, her name was Dolly, clothed in a gown of grey
I being somewhat jolly, persuaded her to stay
And straight I fell a-courting her in hopes her love to win,
singin':

I having time and leisure, I spent a vacant hour
A-telling of my treasure while sitting in the bower
And the in kind embraces I strolled her double chin, singin':

I said that I would married be and she would be my bride
And along we should not tarry in twenty things beside
I'll plough and sow and reap and mow and you shall sit and
spin, singin':

Her parents then consented, all parties were agreed
Her portion thirty shillings, we married were with speed
Then Will, the piper, he did play, while others dance and
sing, sayin':

Then lusty rovin' robin with many damsels gay
To drive and roam to dawning to celebrate the day
And when they met together, their caps they off did fling,
singin':

Oor Hamlet

There was this king sleeping in his gairden a' alane, When
his brither in
his ear drapped a wee tait o' henbane, Then he stole his
brither's crown
and his money and his widow -- But the deid king walked
and got his son and
said, hey listen, kiddo! I've been kill't and it's your duty to
take
revenge on Claudius, Kill him quick and clean and show the
nation what a
fraud he is. The boy says, Right I'll dae it but I'll have tae
play it
crafty; So that naeb'dy will suspect me, I'll kid on that I'm a
daftie.

So wi' a' except Horatio (and he trusts him as a friend),
Hamlet -- that's
the boy -- kids on he's roond the bend, And because he
wasnae ready for
obligatory killing He tried to make the King think he's
tuppence off the
shilling. Took the mickey oot Polonius, treated poor Ophelia
vile, And telt
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that Denmark was a jail,
Then a troupe 'o
travelling actors, like 7:84, Arrived to dae a special
one-night gig in
Elsinore.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Loved his mammy.
Hamlet, Hamlet! Acting balmy.
Hamlet, Hamlet! Hesitating,
Wonders if the ghost's a cheat and that is why he's waiting.

Then Hamlet wrote a scene for the players to enact, While
Horatio and him
would watch to see if Claudius cracked. The play was ca'd
``The Mousetrap"
(no' the one that's runnin' noo) And sure enough, the King
walked oot afore
the scene was through. So Hamlet's got the proof that
Claudius gied his da'
the dose, The only problem being noo that Claudius knows
he knows, So while
Hamlet tells his ma that her new husband's no' a fit one,
Uncle Claud pits
oot a contract wi' the English King as hit-man.

And when Hamlet killed Polonius, the concealed corpus
delecti Was the
King's excuse to send for an English hempen necktie, Wi'
Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern to make sure he got there, But Hamlet jumped
the boat and put
the finger on that pair. Meanwhile Laertes heard his da' had
been stabbed
through the arras; He came racing back to Elsinore

Peanuts Pumpkin Carols

GREAT PUMPKIN IS COMING TO TOWN

Oh, you better not shriek, you better not groan,
you better not howl, you better not moan,
Great Pumpkin is coming to town,.

He's going to find out, from folks that he meets
who deserves tricks and who deserves treats,
Great Pumkin is Coming to town!

He'll search in every pumpkin patch,
Haunted houses far and near,
To see if you've been spreading gloom
or bringing lots of cheer,

So, you better not shriek, you better not groan,
you better not howl, you better not moan,
Great Pumpkin is coming to town!

SHIVERY YELLS

We're on sidewalks, we're on porches,
dressed in costumes to scare.
Throught the city we're ringing the doorbells.
Trick or treating, candy eating,
Goopy stuff in our hair,
But the most fun is shrieking out loud:
Shivery yells, shivery yells,
That's the Halloween nitty-gritty.
Moan and groan, leave us alone;
Halloween's just one night a year.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF HALLOWEEN

On the twelfth day of halloween my true love gave to me:
Twelve bats a flying, Eleven masks a-leering, ten ghouls
a-groaning
nine ghosts a-booming, eight monsters shrieking, seven
pumpkins glowing, six goblins gobbling
five scarey spooks, four skeletons, three black cats, two
trick-or-treaters, and an owl in a dead tree.

PUMPKIN WONDERLAND

Screech owls hoot, are you list'nin?
Beneath the moon, all is glist'nin'
A real scarey sight, we're happy tonight,
Waitin' in a pumpkin wonderland!

In the patch, we're waiting for the Great Pumpkin,
We've been waiting for this night all year,
For we've tried to be nice to everybody
And to grow a pumpkin patch that is sincere!

Later on, while we're eating
What we got, Trick-or-treating
We'll share all our sacks, of Halloween snacks
Waiting in a pumpkin wonderland.

UP IN THE PUMPKIN PATCH

Up in the pumpkin patch Witches pause.

Pumpkin Carol Medley

Beethoven's Ninth

Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin,
Coming right down from the sky
From you we expected great things
All we got was pumpkin pie.
Here are people greatly worried
There are many things we need
From you we expected great things
All you've done is gone to seed.

Jingle Bells

Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin,
Where the heck are you
I've been in my pumpkin patch
About the whole night through
Great Pumpkin, Great Pumpkin,
When you gonna show?
Come on, Pumpkin, hurry up
Please don't be a schmo.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Gourd
He has trampled out the vineyards where the hordes of
gourds are stored
He is definitely coming now, no one can call Him fraud
His seeds go marching on.
Glory, glory, Great Pumpkin, glory, glory, Great Pumpkin
Glory, glory, Great Pumpkin, His seeds go marching on.

Recipe For Hot Cider

Swirling snowflakes, winter wind
Welcome wild November in.
Ginger, nutmeg, cinamon, cloves,
Simmer in the cider on the old wood stove.

Ripe And Bearded Barley

Come out, 'tis now September, and the hunter's moon
begun
And through the field and stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down his head

CHORUS

All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe

The spring is like a young man who does not know his mind
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind
The autumn's like an old friend, who loves one all she can
And she brings the bearded barley to glad the heart of man

The wheat is like a rich man, it's sleek and well-to-do
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and dancing too
The rye is like a miser, it's sulky, lean, and small
And the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of them all

Come out, 'tis now September, and the hunter's moon
begun
And through the field and stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down his head

Rufus Jack-o-lantern

(tune: Frosty the Snowman)
Rufus Jack-o-Lantern
Was a very scary sight,
With triangle eyes, a twisted mouth,
And a huge hole for a nose.

Rufus Jack-o-Lantern
Is a ghost tale so they say,
But the children know how the story goes,
How he came to scare them one day.

There must have been some magic
in the candle mom put in him,
For when they struck a match to it,
he began to laugh at them.

Rufus Jack-o-Lantern
Was alive as he could be,
and the children say he could scream all day
just like any banshee.

Rufus Jack-o-Lantern
Was a very scary sight,
With triangle eyes, a twisted mouth,
And a huge hole for a nose.

Rufus Jack-o-Lantern
Is a ghost tale so they say,
But the children know how the story goes,
How he came to scare them one day.

He chased them down to the old graveyard
with a broomstick and a mop.
He scared them half to death until
he came to a sudden stop.

Oh, Rufus Jack-o-Lantern,
His time had come to go.
He had to stop his scary chase
When his candle would no longer glow.

Thumpity, thump, thump,
Thumpity, thump, thump,
Look at Rufus go.

Thumpity, thump, thump,
Thumpity, thump, thump,
Watch out or he'll get your TOE!

Samhain Night

When the moon on a cloud cast night
Hung above the tree tops' height
You sang me of some distant past
That made my heart beat strong and fast
Now I know I'm home at last

You offered me an eagle's wing
That to the sun I might soar and sing
And if I heard the owl's cry
Into the forest I would fly
And in its darkness find you by.

And so our love's not a simple thing
Nor our truths unwavering
Like the moon's pull on the tide
Our fingers touch our hearts collide
I'll be a moonsbreath by your side (3x)

Sippin' Cider Through A Straw

The prettiest girl (the prettiest girl) [REFRAIN]
I ever saw (I ever saw)
Was sippin' ci- (was sippin ci-)
Der through a straw (der through a straw)
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping cider through a straw.

I told that gal (etc.) I didn't see how
She sipped that ci- Der through a straw

Then cheek to cheek And jaw to jaw
We sipped that ci- Der through a straw.

And now and then That straw would slip
And I'd sip some ci- Der from her lip.

And now I've got A mother-in-law
From sipping ci- Der through a straw.

Souling Song

CHORUS: A soul, a soul, a soul cake
Please, good missus, a soul cake
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry
Any good thing to make us all merry
One for Peter, two for Paul
Three for Him who made us all

God Bless the master of this house, the mistress also
And all the little children who around your table grow
Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store
And all that dwells within your gates
we wish you ten times more

The lanes are very dirty and my shoes are very thin
I've got a little pocket I can put a penny in
If you haven't got a penny, a ha' penny will do
If you haven't got a ha' penny, then God bless you

Tam Lin

O I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

2. There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad,
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

3. Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

4. When she came to carterhaugh
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

5. She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till upon then started young Tam Lin,
Says, Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

6. Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withoutten my command?

7. "Carterhaugh, it is my own,
My daddy gave it me,
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee."

8. Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha,
As fast as she can hie.

9. Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba,
And out then came the fair Janet,
The flower among them a'.

10. Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then came the fair Janet,
As green as onie glass.

11. Out then spake an auld grey knight,
Lay oer the castle wa,
And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee,

The Green Man

Like antlers, like veins of the brain the birches
Mark patterns of mind on the red winter sky;
I am thought of all plants, says the Green Man,
I am thought of all plants, says he.

The hungry birds harry the last berries of rowan
But white is her bark in the darkness of rain;
I rise with the sap, says the Green Man,
I rise with the sap, says he.

The ashes are clashing their boughs like sword-dancers,
Their black buds are tracing wild faces in the clouds;
I come with the wind, says the Green Man,
I come with the wind, says he.

The alders are rattling as though ready for battle
Guarding the grove where she waits for her lover;
I burn with desire, says the Green Man,
I burn with desire, says he.

In and out of the yellowing wands of the willow
The pollen-bright bees are plundering the catkins;
I am honey of love, says the Green Man,
I am honey of love, says he.

The hedges of quick are thick with may blossom
As the dancers advance on the leaf-covered King;
It's off with my head, says the Green Man,
It's off with my head, says he.

Green Man becomes grown man in flames of the oak
As its crown forms his mask and its leafage his features;
I speak through the oak, says the Green Man,
I speak through the oak, says he.

The holly is flowering as hayfields are rolling
Their gleaming long grasses like waves of the sea;
I shine with the sun, says the Green Man,
I shine with the sun, says he.

The hazels are rocking the cups of their nuts
As the harvesters shout when the last sheaf is cut;
I swim with the salmon, says the Green Man,
I swim with the salmon, says he.

The globes of the grapes are robing with bloom
Like the hazes of autumn, like the Milky Way,s stardust;
I am crushed for your drink, says the Green Man,
I am crushed for your drink, says he.

The aspen drops silver of leaves on earth,s salver
And the poplars shed gold on the young ivy flowerheads;
I have paid for your pleasure, says the Green Man,
I have paid for your pleasure, says he.

The reed beds are flanking in silence the islands
Where meditates Wisdom as she waits and waits;

The Months

January brings the snow
Makes your feet and fingers glow.

February's ice and sleet
Freeze the toes right off your feet.

Welcome March with wint'ry wind
Would thou wert not so unkind.

April brings the sweet Spring showers
On and on for hours and hours.

Farmers fear unkindly May
Frost by night and hail by day.

June just rains and never stops
Thirty days and spoils the crops.

In July the sun is hot.
Is it shining? No, it's not.

August, cold and dank and wet,
Brings more rain than any yet.

Bleak September's mist and mud
Is enough to chill the blood.

Then October adds a gale
Wind and slush and rain and hail.

Dark November brings the fog
Should not do it to a dog.

Freezing wet December; then
Bloody January again!

The Seasons Round

The sun has gone down and the sky it looks red,
Down on my soft pillow where I lay my head.
When I open my eyes for to see the stars shine,
Then the thoughts of my true love run into my mind.

The sap has gone down and the leaves they do fall.
To hedging and ditching! our farmers they'll call.
We will trim up their hedges, we will cut down their wood;
And the farmers they'll all say, Our faggots run good.

Now hedging being over, then sawing draws near.
We will send for the sawyer, the woods for to clear.
And after he has sawed them and tumbled them down,
Then there he will floor them all on the cold ground.

When sawing is over, then seed-time comes round.
See our teams, they are all ready preparing the ground.
Then the man with his seed-lip he'll scatter the corn,
Then the harrows they will bury, to keep it from harm.

Now seed-time being over, then haying draws near.
With our scythe, rake, and pitch-fork, those meadows to clear,
We will cut down their grass, boys, and carry it away;
We will turn it to the green grass and then call it hay.

When haying is over, then harvest draws near.
We will send to our brewer to brew us strong beer.
And in brewing strong beer, we will cut down their corn;
We will take it to the barn, boys, to keep it from harm.

Now harvest being over, bad weather comes on;
We will send for the thrasher to thrash out the corn.
His hand-staff he'll handle, his swinger he'll swing;
Till the very next harvest we'll all meet again.

Now since we have brought this so cheerfully round,
We will send for the jolly ploughman to plough up the ground.
See the boy with his whip and the man to his plough;
Here's a health to the jolly ploughman that ploughs up the ground.

Now things they do change as the time passes on;
I'm afraid I'll have occasion to alter my song.
You'll see a boy with a tractor a-going like hell;
Whatever farming is coming to, there's no tongue can tell.

The Trolls Of Christmas

Hang your homes with garlic! The werewolves are abroad
From the last day of November, when vampires roam the
road.

Saint Andrew's Day, they call it still, in Romania they say
The spirits of the dead will rise and winter's on its way.

The sun slides into darkness, at midwinter stands it still
And out the trolls of Christmas come from hollow cave and
hill.

Since Saturn penned the Titans imprisoned in the earth
The children of the gods return to walk the winter earth.
Shrieking and capering down they whirl
When the veil is thinned to the underworld.

Kari, Frosti, Brim-Thursar come from Sweden's snows afar.
Black frost, snowbank, drifting snow, giants o'er the fields do
go.

Mountain wind from hall and town shrieks the winter
darkness down.

Shouting and galloping down the sky
Comes Odin's band, the Jolerei.(Yol-er-eye)
'Tis Death to see them, thunder rolls
O'er this poor lost band of hungry souls.

See where he comes, the firedrake
King Arthur himself with his Gabriel Rache (rake)
The fireghost dogs and the Mari Llywd (Mah-ree lood)
Welsh horse of the Hunt King Gwynn Ap Nudd. (Gwin ap
Nood)
The hunt is up and they ride abroad
In search of souls for the underworld.

At Christmas Eve the ghosts come in to hold their revels
once again.
At hearth and hall your offerings leave that you your loved
ones may not grieve.

Crockery shattered and feasts spoiled sorry
This must be the work of the callicantzari.
From down the Greek mountains these winter trolls scurry
To carry off children born of winter's hurry.
If you'd ward off their mischief, build your Christmas fire big
And hang upon your mantel the jawbone of a pig.

Julnissen, jultomten, Christmas lads
They'll pinch and poke, unruly cads.
Steal your sausage, scatter grain
Snuff your candles, cause you pain.
Beware you boys who ski at night
Old Stalo will steal you in cold moonlight.
But leave a rock into your place
And steal away with winter's haste.
The tomten leave gifts from their packs
But leave with children stuffed in sacks!

The Unfrequented Road

I walk the unfrequented road with open eye and ear;
I watch afield the farmer load the bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no one's toil - no trespasser am I -
and yet I reap from every soil and from the boundless sky.

I gather where I did not sow, and bind the mystic sheaf,
the amber air, the river's flow, the rustle of the leaf.

A beauty springtime never knew haunts all the quiet ways,
and sweeter shines the landscape through its veil of autumn
haze.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood, and feel with all akin;
my heart expands; their fortitude and peace and joy flow in.

The Winter Women

They come, the winter women, at harvest time
Turning the great Yule wheel, cross-quartered,
Down Persephone's dark road
While the earth weeps a mother's tears.

The Baba comes to the barn,
Corn Mother, Corn Maiden, Old Wife, Oatwife
Tossed high on the harvest, dancing, queening it she
comes
The year's last sheaf come home.

Creeping she comes, the Old Wife of the Celts,
Cailleach Bheur, hag goddess, crag goddess,
Leaping from the rocks to lock the Bride of spring away.

She whistles up her winter winds, that pack of dogs
That follow dark Frau Gaude on her icy rounds.
Keening she comes! You careless ones,
Who leave your doorways cracked ajar
Will hear her dogs' keen whining at your hearth.

You lazy spinsters, mind your distaff's full
And wind your spindles tidy by the fire
Lest Berchta send you plague or blind your eyes for spying.

Sweep your altar stone
And pile the green boughs high to call her forth
To tell your future in the flames where past and present
mingle at your hearth.
Bright candle flames now wreath her, crowned in
lingonberry,
Saint Lucia bringing light out of the heart of Northern
darkness.

She brings you gifts of plenty, La Befana sweeping on her
broom
Beware, and honor her! Lest your Epiphany be black as
coal.

Black it was, in the beginning,
When the sun was on the far side of the world
And Spider Woman made the long journey with her pot of
clay
To bring the sun back to the Cherokee.

Mary brought the Son, they say, the Prince of Peace --
For unto us a child is born! and the year begins anew.

Children carol for her, Kolyada, whiterobed in her snowy
sleigh
In her deep Russian woods of frozen winter streams
where the winter nymphs, Rusalky, sing their secret solstice
songs.

There in those winter woods was born the snegurochka,
Snow Maiden,
Ancient spirit, daughter of spring and winter come to earth.

Tune For November

When the wind backs around to the North in November
Wild geese go a ganging out to sea
There's snow on the wind
And it's ever been the same
That north wind don't even know my name (2x)

Long time ago, I had a pretty little girl
She had pretty ways and silver in her tongue
But that winter wind come prowling 'round
That pretty girl did go
She found a man whose house was snug and warm
A man whose house was warm in the wind and snow

When the wind backs around to the North in November
Wild geese go a ganging out to sea
There's snow on the wind
And it's ever been the same
That north wind don't even know my name (2x)

Now the days cone 'round, I've got another kind of woman
She's got no teasing eyes and her tongue is still
And she likes the snowflakes falling
She doesn't mind the rain
She knows what's in her heart like she knows her name (2x)

I'll build her a house of the winds of November
Shingled with the sun along the shore
With the wind for her blanket
The rain will be her door
The pine for her pillow and her floor (2x)

Turn, Turn, Turn

To everything, turn, turn, turn
There is a season, turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late

sung by Judy Collins on her Third Album; also by the Byrds;
also by
the entire 1960s folk scene. RG
filename[TURNTURN
SF

Turning Toward The Morning

CHORUS: When the deer has bedded down
And the bear has gone to ground,
And the northern goose has wandered off
To warmer bay and sound,
It's so easy in the cold to feel
The darkness of the year
And the heart is growing lonely
For the morning

Oh, my Joanie, don't you know
That the stars are swinging slow,
And the seas are rolling easy
As they did so long ago?
If I had a thing to give you,
I would tell you one more time
That the world is always turning
Toward the morning.
Now October's growing thin
And November's coming home;
You'll be thinking of the season
And the sad things that you've seen,
And you hear that old wind walking,
Hear him singing high and thin,
You could swear he's out there singing
Of your sorrow.

When the darkness falls around you
And the Northwind come to blow,
And you hear him call you name out
As he walks the brittle snow:
That old wind don't mean you trouble,
He don't care or even know,
He's just walking down the darkness
Toward the morning.

It's a pity we don't know
What the little flowers know.
They can't face the cold November
They can't take the wind and snow:
They put their glories all behind them,
Bow their heads and let it go,
But you know they'll be there shining
In the morning.

Now, my Joanie, don't you know
That the days are rolling slow,
And the winter's walking easy,
As he did so long ago?
And, if that wind would come and ask you,
"Why's my Joanie weeping so?"
Wont you tell him that you're weeping
For the morning?

Walker In The Snow

Speed on, speed on good master, the camp lies far away
We must cross the hunted valley before the close of day
How the snow-blight came upon me, I will tell you as we go
The blight of the shadow hunter, who walks the midnight snow

To the cold December evening came the pale moon & the stars
As the yellow sun was sinking behind the purple
The snow was deeply drifted upon the ridges drear
That lay fo miles around me & the Camp for which we steer

'T was silent on the hillside & by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion to break the solitude
Save the wailing of the moose-bird, with a plaintive note & low
And the skating of the red leaf upon the frozen snow

Says I though dark is falling & far the camp must be
Yet my heart it would be lightsome if I had but company
And then I sang & shouted keeping measure as I sped
To the harp-twang of the snow shoe as it sprang beneath my thread
v Not far into the valley had I dipped upon my way
When a dusky figure joined me in a capuchin of grey
Bending upon the snow shoes with a long & limber stride
And I hailed the dusky stranger as we traveled side by side

But no token of communion gave me by word or look
And a fear chill fell upon me at the crossing of the brook
For I saw by the sickly moonlight as I followed bending low
That the walking of the stranger left no footmarks on the snow

Then a fear chill gathered o'er me like a shroud around me cast
As I sank into the snow drift where the shadow hunter passed
And the otter trappers found me before the break of day
With my dark hair blanched & whitened as the snow in which I lay

But they spoke not as they raised me for they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter & had withered in his blight
Sancta Maria speed us the sun is falling low
Before us lies the valley of the walker of the snow

Watching The Apples Grow

It's early up Ontario farm, Chicken crow for day
I wish I grew Annapolis apples up above Fundy Bay
Oh it seems so far away

On the ridge above Acadia's town to the valley down below
The evening shadow falls upon the families listening to the radio
And watching the apples grow.

(CHORUS)
Down on the farm, back among the family, away from Ontario
Hear the ladies singing to the men, dancing it heel and toe
And watching the apples grow.

I've watched the V's of geese go by, the foxfoot in the snow
I've climbed the ridge of Gaspereaux Mt., looking to the valley below
And watching the apples grow.

Ontario, y'know I've seen a place I'd rather be
Your scummy lakes and the City of Toronto don't do a damn thing for me
I'd rather live by the sea.

(Repeat Chorus twice)

Who Knows Where The Time Goes

Across the evening sky, all the birds are leaving
But how can they know it's time for them to go?
Before the winter fire, I will still be dreaming
I have no thought of time

CHORUS

For who knows where the time goes?
Who knows where the time goes?

Sad, deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving
Ah, but then you know it's time for them to go
But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving
I do not count the time

For who knows where the time goes?
Who knows where the time goes?

And I am not alone while my love is near me
I know it will be so until it's time to go
So come the storms of winter and then the birds in spring
again
I have no fear of time

For who knows how my love grows?
And who knows where the time goes?

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filename[WHERTIME
JY

Wild Goose

On Pukaskwa river so early this morning,
While mending my tumpline I hear the geese calling.
Over the brule, long clamoring cry,
Flying formation against the grey sky

CHORUS

Comes the wild goose,
The wild goose,
High over the north shore
And I'm going home.

The river is open but the lake's frozen over;
It's time to pack out when so late in October.
Winter's a-coming, the wild geese know,
We've had a long fall and its time to go

With the wild goose,
The wild goose,
High over the north shore
And I'm going home.

I've made lots of money, got money to burn
And when I have spent it I know I'll return
After the freeze-up, when snow is dry,
For to work in the tall woods-- I wish that I

Were a wild goose,
A wild goose,
High over the north shore
And I'm going home.

I've worked in the bush and spent money in town;
I'd like to get married but I can't settle down.
At the last portage, when I'll pack no more
Let me fly with the wild goose high over north shore

With the wild goose,
The wild goose,
High over the north shore
And I'm going home.

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From The songs of Wade Hemsworth
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