

And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave,  
no costly tombstone do I ever crave.  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
with a jug of punch at my head and feet.  
Tura lura lu, tura lura lu,  
tura lura lu, tura lura lu.  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
with a jug of punch at my head and feet.  
(Ooo, Ooo)

### Just Once Around the Clock

Nothing to regret tomorrow, nothing to  
regret. You'll find me making no demand  
or claim upon you.  
Kiss me and forget. Kiss me and forget.  
Kiss me while you may. Tomorrow is  
another day, so, while you're glowing with  
the sweet, warm flame upon you  
Let it burn away. Let its light be short and  
gay.

Just once around the clock and then  
goodbye, dear. Love likes to fly by night  
so let it fly, dear.  
Love likes to fly by night so let it fly, dear  
and when it's over bid me goodbye, dear.

Just once around the clock as happy  
strangers who seek the joys of life  
without its dangers.  
Just once around the clock, let beauty  
lead you and when it's over, darling, God  
speed you.  
Just as we met with the coming of the  
moonlight, we'll part with the rising of the  
sun.

### KARU

Taku wai uri oro nei tupu tapu kino nrie.  
Au we te matakū e, Kare, kare, ka maatu  
e, Kare, kare, ka maatu e  
Karu, karu, karu, karu, kati lave, Karu,  
karu, karu, karu, kate lave. Karu, karu,  
karu, karu, kate lave, Ka haire ki te ora  
mo.  
Kare, kare, Ka maatu e, Kare, kare, Ka  
maatu e, Karu, karu, karu, kate lave,

Karu, karu, karu, karu, ka maatu e, Karu,  
karu, karu, karu, kate lave, Ka haire ki te  
oara mo  
Tuku wai uri oro nei tupu tapu kino nrie.  
Auwe te natakū e Kamo. Tuku wai uri oro  
nei tupu tapu kino nrie.

### La Bamba

Baila baila baila bamba.  
Baila, baila, baila bamba,  
seres a si' una poca de gracia.  
Una poca de gracia  
para mi para ti y'ariba, y'ariba.  
A y' ariba, ariba, por ti sere,  
yo no soy marinero.  
Yo no soy marinero,  
por ti sere por ti sere.  
Bamba, bamba.  
Bamba, bamba.  
Bamba, bamba.  
Bamba, bamba.

### Larado?

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
as I walked out in Laredo one day.  
I spied a young cowboy dressed in white  
linen.  
Dressed in white linen and cold as the  
clay.

I can see by your outfit that you are a  
cowboy.  
You can see by my outfit I'm a cowboy,  
too.  
You can see by our outfits that we are  
both cowboys.  
Get yourself an outfit and be a cowboy,  
too!

### Last Month of the Year, The

What month was my Jesus born in?  
Last month of the year!  
Last month of the year!

Chorus:

Oh, January, (January), February,  
(February), March, April, May, June, O,  
Lord,  
You got July, August, September,  
October, and-a November,  
On the twenty-fifth day of December in  
the last month of the year.

Well, they laid Him in the manger.  
Last month of the year!  
Last month of the year!

Chorus

Wrapped Him up in swaddling clothing.  
Last month of the year!  
Last month of the year!

Chorus

Well, He was born of the Virgin Mary.  
Last month of the year!  
Last month of the year!

Chorus

### Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream

Last night I had the strangest dream  
I'd ever dreamed before  
I dreamed the world had all agreed  
To put an end to war  
I dreamed I saw a mighty room  
The room was filled with men  
And the paper they were signing said  
They'd never fight again

And when the papers were all signed  
And a million copies made  
They all joined hands and bowed their  
heads

And grateful pray'rs were prayed

And the people in the streets below  
Were dancing 'round and 'round  
While guns and swords and uniforms  
Were scattered on the ground

Last night I had the strangest dream  
I'd never dreamed before  
I dreamed the world had all agreed  
To put an end to war.

### Last Thing On My Mind, The

It's a lesson too late for the learnin',  
made of sand, made of sand.  
In a wink of an eye my soul is turnin'  
in your hand, in your hand.

Chorus:

Are you goin' away with no word of fare  
well;  
will there be not a trace left behind?  
I could've loved you better. Didn't mean  
to be unkind.  
You know that was the last thing on my  
mind.

As I lie in my bed ev'ry mornin'  
without you, without you.  
Each song in my heart dies a-bornin'  
without you, without you.

Chorus

You've got reason a-plenty for leavin'.  
This I know. This I know  
For the weeds have been steadily growin'.  
Please, don't go. Aw, please, don't go.

Chorus

I could have loved you better.  
Didn't mean to be unkind.  
You know that was the last thing on my  
mind.

## Leave My Woman Alone

Chorus:

If you don't want, you don't have to get in trouble. (Repeat twice)

Hey, you'd better leave my woman alone.

Well, I know you are a playboy and you've got your women all over town  
Well, listen, buddy, if you ever sweet talk my little girl, I'm gonna lay your body down.

Chorus

Well, I know you've got your money and you've got a new convertible, too.  
But if I ever see my little girl in your little car, I'm gonna do some work on you.

Chorus

Well, I don't believe in trouble, so I don't want to start a fight.  
So, if you take heed and stay away from my little girl, well, everything will be all right.

Chorus

## Lei Pakalana

He awe mai au, lei pakalana  
E ia one pua, lei pakalana

He awe mai au, lei poni moie  
E ia one pua, lei awapuhi

Haina i mai, ana kapuana  
E ia one pua, lei pakalana

He awe mai au, lei pakalana  
E ia one pua, lei pakalana

## Lemon Tree

When I was just a little boy, my father said to me,

"Come here and learn a lesson from the lovely lemon tree.

My son, it's most important," my father said to me,

"to put your faith in what you feel and not in what you see."

Chorus:

Lemon tree, very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet,  
but the fruit of the poor lemon is a thing one cannot eat.

Lemon tree, very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet,  
but the fruit of the poor lemon is a thing one cannot eat.

Beneath that Lemon Tree one day, my love and I did lie.

A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the sun rose in the sky.

We passed the summer lost in love beneath the Lemon Tree.

The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me.

Chorus

One day she left without a word. She took away the sun

and in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.

She left me for another. It's a common tale but true.

A sadder man but wiser now, I sing these words to you.

Chorus

## Less Of Me

Let me be a little kinder.  
Let me be a little blinder.  
To the faults of those about me, let me  
praise a little more.  
Let me be, when I am weary,  
just a little bit more cheery.  
Think a little more of others and a little  
less of me.

Let me be a little braver  
when temptation bids me waver.  
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I  
should be.

Let me be a little meeker  
with a brother that is weaker.  
Let me think more of my neighbor and a  
little less of me.

Let me be, when I am weary,  
just a little bit more cheery.  
Let me serve a little better those that I am  
striving for.

Let me be a little meeker  
with the brother that is weaker.  
Think a little more of others and a little  
less of me.

## Let's Get Together

Love's is but the song we sing and fear's  
the way we die.  
You can make the mountains ring or  
make the angels cry.  
Know the dove is on the wing and you  
need not know why.

Chorus:  
C'mon, people. Smile on your brother.  
Hey, let's get together and love one  
another right now.

Some may come and some may go and  
we shall surely pass.  
When the one who left us here returns for  
us at last.

We are just a moment's sunlight, fading  
on the grass.

Chorus

If you hear the song I sing, then you must  
understand,  
You hold the key to love and fear. It's in  
your tremb'ling hand.  
One key unlocks them both, you know,  
and it's at your command.

Chorus

Love's is but the song we sing and fear's  
the way we die.  
You can make the mountains ring or  
make the angels cry.  
Know the dove is on the wing and you  
need not know why.

## Little Boy

When I was a little boy, my mother said to  
me,  
"Watch the new born roses grow. It's a  
pretty sight to see.  
You, my son, shall blossom as the flower  
below.  
I will be your raindrops. You will be my  
rose.

Listen while I tell you of the beauty in the  
sky.  
There's a home for angels on the clouds  
so high.  
I must be an angel. In heaven I shall stay.  
If you ever need me, I'll hear each word  
you say."

Now her raindrops fall no more. Who will  
take her place?  
Will I live to blossom full or wither into  
space?  
Many times I wonder on the clouds  
above  
is it my dear mother who showers me  
with love?  
When I was a little boy.

### (This) Little Light

Chorus:

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day,  
gonna let my little light shine.

On Monday, give me the gift of love,  
On Tuesday, peace came from above,  
On Wednesday, told me to watch and pray,  
on Thursday, told me just a-what to say,  
On Friday, sent me down some faith,  
On Saturday, give me a little more grace,  
On Sunday, give me the power divine,  
just to let my little light shine.

This Little Light of Mine (Traditional; arranged by Reynolds-Shane-Stewart) A gospel evergreen, "This Little Light of Mine" was adapted by Shane, Reynolds and Stewart as a folk hand-clapper with a decidedly happy feeling. Like most gospel tunes, "This Little Light" is a declaration of faith, urging the listener to understand the importance of sharing the spiritual gifts of love and prayer every day of the week.

### Little Maggie

Chorus:

Oh, well, yonder stands little Maggie  
with a dram glass in her hand.  
She drinkin' away her troubles, oh, Lord,  
And foolin' another man.

How could I ever stand it,  
just to see them two blue eyes.  
They shine just like the diamonds,  
like the diamonds in the sky.

Pretty flowers were made for bloomin'.  
Pretty stars were made to shine.  
Pretty girls were made for boys to love.  
Surely Maggie was made for mine.

Chorus

Well, they marched me down to the  
station  
with my suitcase in my hand.  
I'm going away for to leave you, my love.  
Goin' to a far distant land.

Oh, well, sometimes I have a nickel (oh,  
Lord)  
and sometimes I have a dime  
and sometimes I have ten dollars (oh,  
Lord)  
Just to pay little Maggie's fine.

Chorus

### Little Play Soldiers

Two little soldiers, their games are such fun,  
each with his helmet and little toy gun,  
Pretending their lying on some battlefield  
dead  
after their tucked away safe in their bed.

Chorus:

Little play soldiers if only you knew  
what kind of battles are waiting for you.

Quiet, don't disturb all that innocence of youth.

Tell them not to lie but never tell them the truth  
That men will fall down while little boys grow  
but little play soldiers are too busy to know.

Chorus

Little white crosses and their rows are so long.  
How will it end if you don't know it's wrong?  
Little play soldiers never know why,  
you love them and kiss them and then send them to die.

Chorus

Two little soldiers, their games are such fun,  
each with his helmet and little toy gun,  
Soon they will lie on some battlefield  
dead  
'stead of tucked away safe in their bed.

Chorus

All you little soldiers, if only you knew,  
what kind of battles are waiting for you.

### A Little Soul is Born

In the quiet of the dawn, a little soul is born.  
Put him in a blanket and see that he is warm,  
And hold him very close, just as closely as you can  
for he'll never, ever be that little soul again.

On a summer morning there's a little boy at play  
discovering the world that will be his some day.  
Watch him very close, just as closely as you can  
for he'll never, ever be that little boy again.  
For he'll never, ever be that little boy again.

On an autumn afternoon, a young man goes to learn  
how to build the bridges and make the wheels to turn.  
And, woman, you will love him, just as often as you can  
for he'll never, ever be that young man again.  
Woman, you will love him, as often as you can  
for he'll never, ever be that young man again.

On a lonely, midnight winter, an old man goes to sleep,  
leaving everything he owns for other men to keep.  
And the Earth will hold him close, just as closely as it can  
for he'll never, ever be that old man again.  
The Earth will hold him close, as closely as it can  
for he'll never, ever be that old man again.

Gone, a life of yearning, a heart that's old and worn  
and in the quiet of the morning, a little soul is born.

## Lock All the Windows

There was time for the laughter and time  
for the rain,  
time for the people who don't know my  
name.  
Time for everything, I know it's true  
and I know that I should have had more  
time for you.

Chorus:

So, lock all the windows. Close all the  
doors  
and don't let me go out runnin' no more.  
Lock all the windows. Close all the doors  
and don't let me go out runnin' no more.

But there so many places that I've never  
been.  
So many faces a-callin' me friend.  
L. A. is pretty and New York is cold  
and Chicago is just an old story I've told.

Chorus

But the hands of the clock keep on goin'  
around  
and the calendar pages keep fallin' on down.  
Come follow me, then, wherever I go  
and when we'll get home here, I really don't  
know.

We'll lock all the windows. Close all the doors

and we'll go out runnin' just like before.  
We'll lock all the windows. Close all the doors

and we'll go out runnin' just like before.

## Long Black Rifle, The

Come closer, my love, and you'll hear my  
tale.  
It'll make you cold. It'll turn you pale.  
It's a tale of a man's never ending love  
and the long, black rifle.

Chorus:

He wed a woman sworn to another  
and, in a rage, the other man  
Shot him down with a long, black rifle,  
shot him down and away he ran.

A prairie man loved a city maid.  
Was the love he took worth the price he  
paid,  
When a man ends up at the smoky end  
of a long, black rifle?

Chorus

His dyin' words I repeat to you.  
"You can never kill love when love is  
true. It lives when only the rust is left  
of the long, black rifle.

Chorus

Shot him down and away he ran.

## Long Black Veil

Ten years ago, on a cold dark night  
There was someone killed 'neath the  
townhall light,  
There were few at the scene, but the all  
agreed  
That the stranger who fled looked a lot  
like me

Refrain:

Nobody knows, nobody sees, nobody  
knows but me

The judge said son what is your alibi,  
If you were somewhere else, then you  
won't have to die  
I spoke not a word, though it ment my  
life,  
For I'd been in the arms of my best  
friends wife

Chorus:

She walks these hills in a long black veil,  
She visits my grave where the night  
winds wail.

Refrain

The scaffold was high, and eternity near,  
She stood in the crown and shed not a  
tear.  
But sometimes at night, when the cold  
wind moans,  
In a long black veil, she cries on my  
bones.

Chorus & repeat refrain

## Long Time Blues

Sittin' by the window, waitin' for the dawn.  
Waitin' for a girl a-long time gone.  
Long time gone is a lonesome sound.  
Long time blues is a hard way  
down. Walkin' by the river.

Walkin' in the rain.

Down by the depot waitin' for the train.

Long time gone is the evening train.  
Long time blues is an achin' pain.  
Long time blues is an achin' pain.

Listen to the sparrow singin' their song.  
Listen for a voice a long time gone.  
Long time gone is a silent song.  
Long time blues keep a-comin' on.  
Long time blues keep a-comin' on.  
Long time blues is a hard way down.

## Love Comes A-Trickling Down

Chorus:

Seek and ye shall find.  
Knock and the door shall open.  
Ask and it shall be given  
and the love come a-trickling down.

My mother, the Lord has been here.  
My mother, the Lord has been here.  
My mother, the Lord has been here.  
and the love come a-trickling down.

Chorus

My sister, the Lord has told me.  
My sister, the Lord has told me.  
My sister, the Lord has told me.  
and the love come a-trickling down.

Chorus

My brother, the Lord has showed me.  
My brother, the Lord has showed me.  
My brother, the Lord has showed me.  
and the love come a-trickling down.

Chorus

Yeah, I said seek (Seek and ye shall find.)  
Then you knock (Knock and the door  
shall open.)  
And you ask (Ask and it shall be given)  
and the love come a-trickling down.

Yeah, I said love (Love come a-trickling down.)  
I said love (Love come a trickling down)



## Love Has Gone

My love has gone.  
My dreams have passed away.  
Her funny way, my sunny day are gone

Chorus:  
And, yet, I think of her  
when first we met,  
when first we loved  
before my love was gone.

I hear her voice  
beside me in the night.  
I feel her hand, yet here I stand alone.

Chorus

My love has gone  
and ever, ever will I be  
a star-crossed lover tossed upon the sea.  
Chorus x2

## Love's Been Good to Me

Chorus:  
I have been a rover, I have walked alone,  
Hiked a-hundred highways, never found  
a home.  
Still in all I'm happy, the reason is, you  
see,  
Once in a-while along the way, love's  
been good to me.

There was a girl, in denver, before the  
Summer storm.  
Oh her eyes were tender, oh her arms  
were warm.  
and she could smile away thunder, kiss  
away the rain,  
and even though she's gone away, you  
won't hear me complain.

Chorus

There was a girl, in Portland, before the  
Winter chill.  
We used to go a-courting, along October  
hill,

and she could laugh away the dark  
clouds, cry away the snow,  
it seems like only yesterday as down the  
road I go.

Chorus

## Low Bridge

Chorus:  
Low bridge, ev'rybody down.  
Low bridge for we're comin' to the town.  
So you'll always know your neighbor and  
you'll always know your pal  
If you've ever navigated on the Erie  
Canal.  
If you've ever navigated on the Erie  
Canal.

I got a mule and her name is Sal.  
Well, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.  
She's a good old worker and a good old  
pal.  
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. There's a

Chorus

Get up, there, mule, here comes a lock.  
We'll reach town about six o'clock.  
Six o'clock's just an hour away,  
so make your tracks while we still got  
day.

Chorus

Damn that mule, she shore is lazy.  
Bound to drive a body crazy.  
Looked at me the other day.  
Said, "I ain't a-goin' till I eat my hay!"

Chorus

## Mangwani Mpulele

Mangwene Mpulele  
Een ya mah tee poh lah,

Mangwene Mpulele  
Een ya mah tee poh lah,

Lay hi lee moo lah  
lay hi lee moo lay  
Een ya mah tee poh lah

## Marcelle Wahine

Marcelle Vahine ai'a Tahiti a wa'a  
Ta mata hata Tahiti  
No fatigi, fatigi mata ho

O he no a'utu nu'a hu nu  
Ai'a a hulu a o'u  
He a hu na'a hu nu'a ei'a na  
Ha a'a mai a an tat mahu

[Repeat all]

## Mark Twain

My granddad used to tell me, "Boy, when I was just your age, I was a river pilot on a showboat called The Stage. I'd hobnob with them southern belles and ev'ry roustabout. I'd listen to them paddle wheels and hear the leadsman shout!

[Chorus:]

Mark Twain, it's two fathoms deep below.  
Mark Twain, heave the gang plank. Start the show.

Mark Twain, play those banjos as we go down the Mississippi, 'round the Gulf of Mexico.

There were gamblers, crooks and fakers and a minstrel man who'd dance. A singin' gal, Simone Lamour, imported straight from France.

It was a floatin' palace, boy, that showboat called The Stage, and granddad was the king of it when he was just my age."

[Chorus]

The calliope is quiet now. The rudder's thick with rust. The main deck and the paddle wheels are covered high with dust.

But granddad's in his glory, still standin' on the bow. A halo 'round his pilot's cap and I can hear him now.

[Chorus]

## Mary Mild

As it fell out on a cold winter day, the drops of rain did fall.

Our Savior asked leave of his mother, Mary, if He might go play at ball.

"Go up the hill," His mother said, "and there you will find three jolly children. But let me hear no complaint of You when You come home again."

But the children said, "We are royal sons and we will not play at ball, For You are but a poor maid's child, born in an oxen stall."

"If you are Lord's and Ladies' sons and you will not play at ball. I'll build you a bridge of the beams of the sun to play upon us all."

And He built them a bridge of the beams of the sun and over the pools they played, all three,

And the mothers called, "Mary, call home your child," their eyes all drowned in tears.

Mary mild (Mary mild, Mary mild), Mary mild (Mary mild) called home her Child.

And when she asked Him, "Why?" Said He,

"Oh, I built them a bridge of the beams of the sun so they would play at ball with me.

So they would play with me."

## Mary Was Pretty

Mary was pretty, Mary was kind,  
I still can't get Mary off of my mind.  
Mary's on my mind.

But Nancy was charming, and had poise  
and grace  
I'll always remember my dear Nancy's  
face,  
and her warm embrace.

But Barbara was lively, how she used to  
tease,  
As light and refreshing as a Spring  
breeze.  
Barbara gave me ease.

But then there was Joanie, She thought  
me too tame,  
She just didn't care for playing the game  
But I Gave Joanie my name.

Nick Reynolds solo (vocal.) David "Buck" Wheat  
(guitar, bass)

## Merry Minuet, The

They're rioting in Africa (whistling)  
They're starving in Spain (whistling)  
There's hurricanes in Flo-ri-da (whistling)  
And Texas needs rain the whole world is  
festering with unhappy souls  
The French hate the Germans, the  
Germans hate the Poles  
Italians hate Yugoslavs, South Africans  
hate the Dutch  
AND I DON'T LIKE ANYBODY VERY  
MUCH!!

But we can be tranquil and thankful and  
proud  
For man's been endowed with a  
mushroom-shaped cloud  
And we know for certain that some lovely  
day Someone will set the spark off  
AND WE WILL ALL BE BLOWN AWAY!!  
They're rioting in Africa (whistling)  
There's strife in Iran

What nature doesn't so to us  
Will be done by our fellow "man"

## Midnight Special

Chorus:  
Oh Let the minight special shine her light  
on me,  
Oh, let the midnight special shine her  
ever-loving light on me.

Well If you ever go to Texas, you better  
walk straight.  
You better not stop, heh, you better not  
wait,  
The sheriff will arrest you, and your head  
he'll pound,  
You'll wake up in the mornin', prison walls  
all around.

Chorus

Yeah, you'll wake up in the mornin', and  
the'll take you to the train.  
You better answer to the captain, when  
he calls your name.  
Then your guts are gonna get ya, your  
bodys gonna shake,  
But they got ya on a big chain, so you  
can't escape.

Chorus

Well yonder comes my woman, how in  
the world do I know?  
Well I know her by her wiggle, and the  
dress she wore.  
Last time I was with her, she made me  
jump and shout,  
I'm gonna whip that captain, watch me  
jump on out.

Chorus

## Molly Dee

I got a gal in Tennessee,  
sweetest little gal that you ever did see.  
Works all day in a cotton mill.  
Makes her gin in a bathtub still.

Chorus:  
Here we go, 'round again.  
Singing a song about Molly Dee.  
Far away, I know not where  
she's the girl who waits for me.

My true love's in Memphis town.  
Pretty little thing names Sally Brown.  
Travels around on a riverboat.  
Shares her room with a billy goat!

Chorus

Spending my money, gonna drink it away.  
I'll start saving on another day.  
Wasting my time in the Silver Dollar.  
Pinch them girls just to hear them hollar.

Chorus

## More "Them Poems"

Them Sand Pickers:  
How 'bout them sand pickers, ain't they  
grand? Sittin' on their haunches, pickin' in  
the sand.  
Pickin' in the wet sand. Pickin' in the dry.  
Pickin' it fiercely. Lookit fly.  
Lookit them sand pickers, ain't they slick?  
Some use their fingers. Some use a stick.

Them seashore sand pickers, ain't they  
fine? Sittin' in the sand a-pickin' up time.  
How to be a sand picker, don't need a  
ticket. Find a bunch of sand, stoop down  
and pick it!

Them Dog Kickers:  
How 'bout them dog kickers, ain't they  
crumbs? Kickin' them doggies in their  
buns.  
Kickin' them Afghans. Kickin' them mutts.

Kickin' them puppies poor little butts.  
Lookit them dog kickers, ain't they cute?  
Some use a shower shoe. Some use a  
boot.

Them dadgum dog kickers, ain't they  
mean? Runnin' kickin' every day that's  
seen.

How to be a dog kicker, don't need a  
ticket. Find an old dog. Haul off and kick it!

Them Tummy Gummers:

How 'bout them tummy gummers, ain't  
they dummies? Havin' they fun of  
gummen their tummies.

Gummen them haunches out of they  
mind. Runnin' 'round shoutin', "It's tummy  
gummen time!"

Lookit them tummy gummers, lurkin' in  
the yard, waitin' for a jelly belly, catch it  
off guard.

Them hell-bent tummy gummers, ain't  
they dummocks? Runnin' through the  
neighborhood, gummen them stomachs.

How to be a tummy gummer, no way to  
shut it. Grab an abdomen and rear off  
and gum it!

## Mountains O' Mourne, The

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight  
with people here working by day and by  
night.

They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor  
wheat

but there's gangs of them diggin' for gold  
in the street.

At least when I asked them that's what I  
was told

so I just took a hand at this diggin' for  
gold,

But for all that I found there I might as  
well be

where the Mountains O'Mourne sweep  
down to the sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you  
expressed

as to how the fine ladies in London were  
dressed,

Well, if you'll believe me when asked to a ball,  
they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.

Oh, I've seen them meself and you could not in truth  
say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath,  
Don't be startin' them fashions, now,  
Mary McCree,  
where the Mountains O'Mourne sweep down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind,  
with beautiful shapes nature never designed,  
And lovely complexions, all roses and cream  
but let me remark with regard to the same  
That if at those roses you venture to sip,  
the colors might all come away on your lip,  
So, I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin'  
for me in the place where the dark Mourn sweep down to the sea.

## M.T.A.

### **Spoken Introduction:**

**These are the times that try men's souls. In the course of our nation's history, the people of Boston have rallied bravely whenever the rights of men have been threatened. Today, a new crisis has arisen. The Metropolitan Transit Authority, better known as the M. T. A., is attempting to levy a burdensome tax on the population in the form of a subway fare increase. Citizens, hear me out! This could happen to you!**

Well, let me tell you of the story  
of a man named Charlie  
on a tragic and fateful day.  
He put ten cents in his pocket,  
kissed his wife and family,  
went to ride on the M. T. A.

Chorus:

Well, did he ever return?  
No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unlearned. (What a pity!)  
He may ride forever  
'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime  
at the Kendall Square Station  
and he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
When he got there the conductor told him,  
"One more nickel."  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

Chorus

Now, all night long  
Charlie rides through the station crying,  
"What will become of me?  
How can I afford  
to see my sister in Chelsea  
or my cousin in Roxbury?"

Chorus

Charlie's wife goes down  
to the Sculley Square Station  
every day at quarter past two,  
And through the open window  
she hands Charlie a sandwich  
as the train come rumblin' through.

Chorus

Now, you citizens of Boston,  
don't you think it's a scandal  
how the people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase!  
Vote for George O'Brian!  
Get poor Charlie off the M. T. A.

Chorus

He's the man who never returned.  
He's the man who never returned.  
E'tu you Charlie?

M.T.A. (Steiner-Hawes) This satirical tune had been the campaign theme for Walter O'Brien, a left-wing candidate for mayor of Boston in 1948. Next to "Tom Dooley," it became the Trio's most requested song. It begins with a mock-serious spoken introduction about the need to fight the injustice of a fare increase in the Boston subway. Then the group launches into the tale of Charlie, a man doomed to ride the M.T.A. (Metropolitan Transit Authority) for eternity because he doesn't have the extra nickel demanded by the conductor, who won't let him off the train until he meets the fare. "M.T.A." reached No. 15 on the charts, helping the album from which it came, The Kingston Trio At Large, climb to No. 1 for 15 weeks and eventually go gold. It also won them another Grammy, this time for Best Folk Performance of 1959.

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### My Lord What a Mornin'

Chorus:

My Lord what a mornin'  
My Lord what a mornin'  
My Lord what a mornin'  
When the stars begin to fall

You will hear the sinners wailin'  
You will hear the sinners wailin'  
You will hear the sinners wailin'  
When the stars begin to fall

Chorus

You will see the golden chariot  
You will see the golden chariot  
You will see the golden chariot  
When it's comin through the sky

Chorus

I can hear the Christian singin'  
I can hear the Christian singin'  
I can hear the Christian singin'  
When the stars begin to fall

Chorus

### My Ramblin' Boy

Chorus:

Farethewell, my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles, bring you joy.  
Yes, farethewell, my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles, bring you joy.

He was a man, and a friend always  
We rambled 'round, in the hard old days,  
He never cared, if I had no dough,  
We rambled 'round, in the rain and snow.

Chorus

Late one night, in a jungle camp,Â  
The weather it was cold and damp.  
He got the chills, and he got 'em bad,  
I lost the only friend I had

Chorus

He left me here, to ramble on  
my ramblin' pal, he's dead and gone  
if when we die, we go somewhere,  
I bet you a dollar he's a-ramblin' there.

Chorus

### The New Frontier

Chorus:

Some to the rivers and some to the sea.  
Some to the soil that our fathers made  
free.

Then on to the stars in the heav'ns for to  
see.

This is the new frontier.

This is the new frontier.

Let the word go forth from this day on.  
A new generation has been born.  
Born to the task to keep us free,  
but proud of the rights of the home  
country.

This is the new frontier.

This is the new frontier.

Chorus

Let us begin for it shall take long.  
Let ev'ry man sing out freedom's song.  
Not for ourselves that we take this stand.  
Now it's the world and the freedom of man.  
This is the new frontier.  
This is the new frontier.

The day will come. It's got to be.  
The day that we may never see.  
When man for man and town for town  
must bring the peace that shall resound.  
This is the new frontier.  
This is the new frontier.

Chorus

### New York Girls

Shipmates listen unto me. I'll tell you in  
my song  
of things that happened to me when I  
come home from Hong Kong.

Chorus:  
To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.  
All, you New York girls, can't you dance  
the polka?

As I walked down to Chatham Street, a  
fair maid I did meet.  
She asked me, please, to see her home.  
She lived on Bleecker Street  
Now, if you'll only come with me, you can  
have a treat.  
You can have a glass of brandy and  
something nice to eat.

Chorus

Before we sat down to eat, we had  
sev'ral drinks.  
The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly  
fell asleep.

Chorus

When I awoke next mornin, I had an  
achin' head.

My gold watch and my pocketbook and  
the lady friend had fled.  
Now dressed in the lady's apron, I  
wandered most forlorn  
'Till Martin Churchill took me in and he  
sent me round Cape Horn.

Chorus

### No One To Talk My Troubles To

No one to talk my troubles to.  
No one to talk my troubles to.

I remember when you were lookin' up at  
me  
as though I was the only one you'd ever  
want to see.  
No one to talk my troubles to.  
No one to talk my troubles to.

Now I'm getting' older and I think of what  
I've done.  
It hurts to think of good times, so I'll  
dream of days to come.  
No one to talk my troubles to.  
No one to talk my troubles to.

Somewhere, I know, there's a girl I'd like  
to see.  
She may not be all I'd like her to be.  
Someone to talk my troubles to.  
Someone to talk my troubles to.

Sometimes, I don't know what to say.  
Sometimes I don't know what to do.  
Someone to talk my troubles to.  
Someone to talk my troubles to.

### Norwegen Wood

I once had a girl or should I say she once had me.

She showed me her room. Isn't it good, Norwegian wood?

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere.

So, I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.

I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine.

We talked until two, and then she said, "It's time for bed."

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh.

I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath.

Then when I awoke, I was alone. This bird had flown.

So, I lit a fire. Isn't it good, Norwegian wood?

### Nothing More to Look Forward To

Chorus:

Nothing more to look forward to.

Why were you so sweet?

Nothing more to be living for.

No longer can we meet, can we meet.

Never again to lie so close I can see myself in her eyes.

Never again to kiss good night and the sun starting to rise.

Chorus

Never again to lie so still you can hear the roots of the trees.

Never again to lie so still with the girl whose man I should be.

Chorus

No longer can we meet, can we meet.

No longer can we meet, can we meet.

### Oh, Cindy

One, two, three, four....

I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' on a tree and every time my Cindy passed, she'd take a bite of me.

Chorus:

Get along, home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home.

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you some time.

Cindy got religion. She had it once before but when she heard my ole banjo, she's the first one on the floor.

Chorus

She told me that she loved me. She called me "sugar plum."

She threwed her arms around me. I thought my time had come!

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, get along home.

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you some time.

Get along home.

Wished I had a dollar. Wished I had a dime.

I'd buy a jar of cider and stay happy all the time.

Chorus

The last time I saw Cindy she had a funny look.

She opened her mouth and then she said, "Ya'll sign my autograph book?"

Chorus (2X)



## Oh Joe Hannah

Chorus:

Oh Joe Hannah, don't you work so long.  
Oh Joe Hannah, don't you work so long.  
Don't you know the river is wide?  
Don't you know the mountain is high?

Thirteen years I've been workin' on the river.  
Thirteen years since you've been gone.  
Thirteen years and you'd better go home.  
Don't you know the river is wide?  
Don't you know the mountain is high? Oh!

Chorus

Thirteen years I've been workin' on the river.  
Thirteen years that ain't so long.  
Thirteen years and you'd better go home.  
Don't you know the river is wide?  
Don't you know the mountain is high? Oh!

Chorus

Thirteen years I've been workin' on the river.  
Thirteen years I've been alone.  
Thirteen years and you'd better go home.  
Don't you know the river is wide?  
Don't you know the mountain is high? Oh!

Oh Joe Hannah, don't you work so long.  
Oh Joe Hannah, don't you work so long.  
Don't you know the river is wide?  
Don't you know the mountain is high?  
Oh Joe Hannah!

## Oh, Miss Mary

Chorus:

Oh, Miss Mary, where are you wanderin'?  
Oh, Miss Mary, where are you wanderin'?  
Oh, Miss Mary, where are you wanderin'?  
Three days and Mary's comin' home.

When Mary was a young girl she took to wanderin'.  
Never would she leave me and not come back again.  
Swear I hear her singing, singing in the western wind.  
Three days and Mary's comin' home.

Chorus

Mary chased a rainbow over the mountains.  
Crossed so many rivers, Lord, that I can't count them.  
She wouldn't want the rainbows even if she found them.  
Three days and Mary's comin' home.

Chorus

Watchin' for my Mary, wish she was home again.  
Home from the rivers, Lord, home from the mountains.  
If I turn my back, say, she'd just be gone again.  
Three days and Mary's comin' home.

Chorus

## Oh, Sail Away

Chorus:

Just a-singin', Ooo, sail away. Ooo, sail away

Once again now, Ooo, sail away. Ooo, sail away

Just a-singin', Ooo, sail away. Ooo, sail away

A-singin', Ooo, sail away. Ooo, sail away.

A man would be a fool to spend all his money

and have to go to sea once more.

But when those brown skin gals start callin' you honey, you'll be a sailin' from that shore.

Chorus

When we hit Trinidad, was there I met Marni.

Don't you know we started drinkin' rum.

But now I feel so bad. She took all my money

and now I sail with the mornin' sun.

So all ye sailor lads who want to go sportin',

mark ye well what I do say.

Don't trust them brown skin gals. They'll be your misfortune.

You'll be at sea till your dyin' day.

Chorus

## Oh, Yes, Oh

I met a nice old man today, oh, yes, oh, and he sure had a lot to say, a good long time ago.

I've led a soldier's occupation, oh, yes, oh,

in every part of this big nation, a good long time ago.

I've seen the world and roamed its placed, oh, yes, oh.

I guess I've been in a million places, a good long time ago.

But there are times when soldiering gets lonely,

you long for friendly company.

So when you find an unfamiliar city, here's advice that always worked for me.

When your train gets into town, oh, yes, oh,

just make a bee line to the pound, a good long time ago.

Don't just wander helter-skelter, oh, yes, oh,

seek the nearest animal shelter, a good long time ago.

You soon will find the truest of companions.

A little dog can melt a heart of stone.

Just when you think you're up a dreary canyon,

a puppy's love can bring you close to home.

Find a store and buy some twine, oh, yes, oh.

Now tie the doggie to the line, a good long time ago.

Thus prepared for any weather, oh, yes, oh.

Dog and man will stand together, a good long time ago.

For mothers warn their daughters of the dangers

of soldiers in their quest for girls.

Never, never speak to strangers

unless their from the canine world.

A sweet young maid in passing by, oh, yes, oh,

saw my smile but made no reply, a good long time ago.

The puppy fixed his gaze upon her, oh, yes, oh,

two steps more and she was a goner, a good long time ago.

The sands of time have swept away the heart aches,

the tears, the parting, and the pain.

The pup I gave her for a keep sake

will always remind me of what's her name (what's her name?)

## O Ken Karanga

O Ken Karanga, O Ken Karanga Karanga,  
yea, yea, O ba ri bo, O Ken Karanga re.  
O Ken Karanga, O Ken Karanga Karanga,  
yea, yea, O ba ri bo, O Ken Karanga re

O ken ka ri O ba ri bo, Hoh yeh (hoh yeh)  
Hoh yah (hoh yah) Hoh yah (hoh yah)

Ee ba re ba ri be ma. Ee ba re ba ri be  
ma.  
Ee ba re ba ri be ma, yang gah!

## Old Joe Clark

Chorus:  
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark.  
Good-bye, Mitzi Brown.  
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark.  
I'm gonna leave this town.

Old Joe Clark used to clean the bar.  
Liquor was his pay.  
Never saved a golden eagle.  
Drank it all away.

Chorus

I don't want your old time religion  
or what you got to say (say)  
but pass me down that barley jug  
and I'll be on my way. A singin' . . .

Chorus

Old Joe Clark walked downtown backwards.  
People asked him, "Why?"  
I come back for one more drink  
while wavin' you good-bye!"

(Chorus)  
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark.  
Good-bye, Mitzi Brown.  
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark.  
I'm gonna leave this town.  
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark.  
I'm gonna leave this town.

## Old Kentucky Land

Old Kentucky Land, bist meine Heimat.  
Muss dich wiedersehn, einmal  
wiedersehn.

Old Kentucky Land, bist meine Heimat.  
Dich und Rosemarie vergisst ein Cowboy  
nie.

Wenn die Wolken heimwaerts ziehn bin  
ich bei ihnen.

Wo die Rosen einsam bluehn bin ich zu  
Haus.

Old Kentucky Land, bist meine Heimat.  
Muss dich wiedersehn, einmal  
wiedersehn.

Old Kentucky Land, bist meine Heimat.  
Dich und Rosemarie vergisst ein Cowboy  
nie.

### Oleanna

Chorus:

Ole, oleanna. Ole, oleanna.  
Ole, ole, ole, ole, ole, oleanna.

Climbing up the Matterhorn,  
all alone as I could be,  
I reached the top, I forced a stop  
and heard this mystic melody.

Chorus

On an island in the ocean,  
not a human soul around,  
as I searched for bread and water,  
once again I heard this sound.

Chorus

My plane had all its motors gone.  
The wings would never keep me up.  
I heard a voice that seemed to say,  
"Now, let's take it from the top.

Chorus

I was tramping through the Congo  
when the Mau Mau tribe appeared  
And their native chant was haunting,  
just the sound that I had feared.

Chorus

While rocketing into space,  
I found myself upon the moon.  
An ectoplasm greeting me with,  
"Have you heard the latest tune?"

Chorus

My ship was sinking in the water, so I  
sent an S.O.S.  
and I waited for an answer, you don't  
even have to guess.  
Came a voice so calm and cheerful, just  
as cheerful as can be,  
said, "According to our survey, now the  
song is number three!"

Chorus (2X)

### One More Round

Chorus:

Delia's gone, one more round.  
Delia's gone, one more round.  
Delia's gone, one more round.  
Dellia's gone.

Woke up this mornin'.  
Looked out 'cross the room.  
Delia, oh Delia,  
why did you leave me so soon?

(Chorus)

Police was a-knockin',  
knockin' at my door.  
He said, "Son, I got to tell you,  
you ain't gonna see your Delia no more."

(Chorus)

Delia in the wagon  
headin' for marble town.  
So all of those who loved her,  
sing it one more round.  
(Chorus)

### One More Town

Chorus:

If there's one more town, I'll be goin'.  
Fight for the winnin' and I'll be there.  
If there's one more song, I'll be singin'.  
I'm always goin' but I don't know where.

I spent seventeen in West Virginia.  
Eight more years just for runnin' free.  
But the girls back home in their blue  
gingham dresses  
only heard one thing from me.

Chorus

Went down to New Orleans last summer  
on a flat boat workin' my way.  
There were well-mannered ladies and  
street that were shady,  
but for me, I never could stay.

Chorus

Sailed up to New York on a schooner,  
but I won't be stayin' there long.  
There were bright city lights and girls in  
pink tights  
but their faces were all painted on.

Chorus

### One Too Many Mornings

Down the street the dogs are barking and  
the day is getting dark.  
As the night comes in a-falling, all the  
dogs lose their bark,  
And the silent night is shattered by the  
sound inside my mind.

Chorus:

I am one too many mornings.  
One too many mornings.  
One too many mornings  
and a thousand miles behind.

From the cross roads of my door step,  
my eyes, they start to fade  
As I turn my head back to the room  
where my love and I have lain.  
As I gaze out to the street, to the  
sidewalk and the signs

Chorus

There's a restless, hungry feeling that  
don't mean no one no good.  
Everything I'm saying, you can say it just  
as good.  
You are right from your side and I am  
right from mine.

We're both just one too many mornings.  
(Talk about) one too many mornings.  
One too many mornings  
and a thousand miles behind.

### O Willow Waly

We lay my love and I beneath the  
weeping willow.

But now alone I lie and weep beside the  
tree.

Singing "Oh willow waly" by the tree that  
weeps with me.  
Singing "Oh willow waly" till my lover  
return to me.

We lay my love and I beneath the  
weeping willow.  
A broken heart have I. Oh willow I die, oh  
willow I die.

### Parchment Farm Blues

Sittin' down here on a Parchment Farm,  
uh huh.  
Sittin' down here on a Parchment Farm,  
uh huh  
Sittin' down here on a Parchment Farm,  
I ain't never done nobody no harm.

Bet your life I'm going to jail, uh huh.  
Bet your life I'm going to jail, uh huh.  
You can bet your life I'm going to jail,  
judge bought a Cadillac with my bail.

Loadin' that cotton in a hundred pound  
sack, uh huh.  
Loadin' that cotton in a hundred pound  
sack, uh huh.  
Loadin' that cotton in a hundred pound  
sack,  
got a twelve gauge shot gun at my back.

I be in jail for the rest of my life, uh huh.  
I be in jail for the rest of my life, uh huh.  
You know that I be in jail for the rest of my  
life,  
all I ever did was to shot my wife, uh huh.

Sittin' down here on a Parchment Farm,  
uh huh. Uh huh.  
I ain't never done nobody no harm. Uh  
huh. Uh huh.  
Bet your life I'm going to jail. Uh huh. Uh  
huh.  
Sittin' down here on a Parchment Farm.

## Pastures of Plenty

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands  
have hoed  
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty  
road  
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we  
rolled  
And your deserts were hot and your  
mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and  
prunes  
I slept on the ground in the light of the  
moon  
On the edge of the city you'll see us and  
then  
We come with the dust and we go with  
the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
Well its North up to Oregon to gather  
your hops  
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the  
grapes from your vine  
To set on your table your light sparkling  
wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert  
ground  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the  
waters run down  
Every state in the Union us migrants  
have been  
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till  
we win

It's always we rambled, that river and I  
All along your green valley, I will work till I  
die  
My land I'll defend with my life if need be  
Cause my pastures of plenty must  
always be free

## Patriot Game, The

Come all you young rebels and list while  
we sing  
for the love of one's country is a terrible  
thing.  
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame  
and it makes us all part of the patriot  
game.

My name is O'Hannon and I've just gone  
sixteen.  
My home is in Monaghan where I was  
weaned.  
I've learned all my life cruel England's to  
blame  
and so I'm a part of the patriot game.

It's barely two years since they wandered  
away  
and it was with the local battalion of the  
bold IRA  
For they'd read of our heroes and they  
wanted the same  
to play their own part in the patriot game.

This Ireland of ours has for long been  
half-free.  
Six counties are under John Bull's  
tyranny.  
So, we gave up our boyhood to drill and  
to train  
and play our own part in the patriot game.

And now as I lie here, my body all holes, I  
think of those traitors who bargained in  
souls.  
I wish that my rifle had given the same  
to those Quislings who sold out the  
patriot game.