

South Coast

Chorus:

South coast, the wild coast is lonely. You
may win at a game at Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca and a
man there is always alone.

My name is Juan Hanno de Castro. My
father was a Spanish grandee.

But I won my wife in a card game. To hell
with the lords o'er the sea.

I picked up the ace. I had won her. My
heart which was down at my feet
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry, like a
warm summer's day she was sweet.

Chorus

Her arms had to tighten around me as we
rode up the hills from the South.

Not a word did I hear from her that day or
a kiss from her pretty red mouth.

We came to my cabin at twilight. The
stars twinkled out on the coast.

She soon loved the valley, the orchard,
but I knew that she loved me the most.

Chorus

Then I got hurt in a landslide with
crushed hip and twice broken bone.

She saddled our pony like lightning.
Rode off in the night all alone.

The lion screamed in the barranca. The
pony fell back on the slide.

My young wife lay dead in the moonlight.
My heart died that night with my bride.

Chorus

South Wind

Well, I know I don't have to be told
that the North wind is chilly and cold.

Well, I know.

Far from the South wind I ran.

Now, I'm a lost and lonely man.

Well, I know.

Had a little girl but she left me.

Had a little girl but she left me.

Well, I know.

She took the sun and left me the rain

And left me the sorrow and all of the pain.

Well, I know.

She took my love and left me torn.

Now, I'm lonely and forlorn.

Well, I know.

All of my love done left me.

All of my love done left me.

Well, I know.

She told me someday she'd return

If the sun should freeze or the Earth
should burn.

Well, I know.

But now she's gone and in the sky

The wind alone can hear me cry.

Well, I know.

Had a little girl but she left me.

Had a little girl

Well, I know.

Speckled Roan

I used to ride a little old speckled roan.
I told him lots of things I wouldn't have
told at home.
I said to the speckled roan, said I, "I'm so
lonesome I could die, but I ain't gonna
stay lonesome very long."

I used to ride a little ole yellow dun.
Mending fences, rode him in the rain and
sun.
I said to the yellow dun, said I, "I'm gonna
be rich or know the reason why.
Gonna take my money to town and find
the fun."

And then I bought me a big old ropin' gray.
Roped for money and I made it ev'ry day.
But I said to the ropin' gray, said I, "I sure
do miss that prairie sky,"
and he let out laughin' and he surely
knowed the way.

I brought my money home and I brought
it home to stay.
Couldn't have stayed in town, not another
day.
I'm gonna live out under a prairie sky.
Gonna live out there 'till the day I die
with the roan and the dun and the big old
ropin' gray.

Spinin' Of the World, The

Chorus:
Is it wrong to be so much in love with a
girl
that you can't tell her voice from the
spinnin' of the world.

I am gone. I can fly like a comet on the
sky.
I'm a-lookin' for the shelter of a
hurricane's eye.
If I turn the corner and your face, it isn't
there,
I'll come runnin' back tomorrow and go
searchin' everywhere.

Chorus

The sunset is red. I remember what they
said.
There's no rest for the weary. I'd be better
off dead.
I cannot find any words for my mind.
My eyes, they can see, but it feels like I'm
blind.

Chorus

I am gone. I can fly as a comet on the sky.
I'm a-lookin' for the shelter of a
hurricane's eye
If I turn the corner and your face, it isn't
there,
I'll come runnin' back tomorrow and go
searchin' everywhere.

Chorus

Stay Awhile

Chorus:

Oh, we'll stay awhile to fight awhile.
We'll never want to leave ya.
Oh, we'll stay awhile to fight awhile
'til we come back to see ya.

As we were walkin' down to Wales one
day
we chanced upon young Tommy Clancy
And we called to him, "Could you go a
drink?"
Said he boys, "That's my fancy!"

Chorus

Oh, we drank to Tommy and he did the
same.
We drank to all his hellish brothers
And we drank to home and to girls we've
known
and we had one for our mothers.

Chorus

And then we sang those songs we sang
before.
We sang that we would drink forever.
When the last drops passed our lips that
day,
we sang this song together.

Chorus

Stories of Old

Chorus:

I don't want to hear your stories of old.
Don't show me your golden chains.
For if there's just one man in this whole
wide land
and he is living in pain.
Oh, then freedom's not your name.

You told me of a dream that I would
surely like to see
where each man could keep the wolves
from his door.
Then I saw an old man without a dollar in
his hand,
saying, "You don't need me anymore.
I guess you just don't need me anymore."

Chorus

We've got a lot of pride and that I can't
deny
from those who bore us liberty.
But if freedom's at the door and we let it
wait some more,
Oh, I wonder how proud they are of me.
I wonder just how proud they are of me.

Go ahead and walk away. Yeah, turn your
back and say, "We'll show 'em whose got
who on the run."
But, if we could talk with folks out there,
we might get somewhere
And maybe someday we could throw
away these guns. Someday we could
throw away these guns.

Chorus

If there's just one man in this whole wide
land
and he is living in pain,
oh, then freedom's not your name.

Strange Day

Spoken:

I remember when I rode into town that morning in December of forty-eight. Oh, bitter cold. I had on my parka, my sheepskin coat and my brown and white spectator pumps. Cut quite a figure if I do say so. Huh, cute. First thing I spied was a poster. There's going to be a dance. The second Hogsville dandy-steppin' ball and frog happen; contest. Drag.

Chorus:

Strange day. Strange day. Strange day in Hogsville, U. S. A.

Spoken:

I'm goin' to start off but there weren't no lady folk in sight. I figured they was all up a-primpin' for the dance and, being a man of no small charms with the ladies myself, I decided to park Old Paint and change my socks -- from him to me. (I find that extremely offensive!) So did Old Paint.

Bridge:

But there were no gals for miles around, not one gal in the whole darn town. So, if you want to go dancin', just look around for the next best thing that can be found.

Chorus

Spoken:

That's right. I soon found there wasn't no women nowhere. Fellows goin' to the dance was takin' some of the strangest things. One was takin' a broom, all dressed up in a pinafore, bleached straws, looked kinda cheap to me. Another was totin' a picture of a girl. He'd been goin' with that picture so long he thought real girls folded in the middle. Now I was getting depressed, but then I spied the cutest little thing you ever saw, givin' me the eye from underneath the

waterin' trough. Had little eyes, curly tail, and the dearest little pointed ears you ever seen. I grabbed her paw (What'd her paw have to say? Shut up when he's a-talkin'!) and we wobbled into the dance. The minute we get into the dance the music stopped and a feller said, "Wait a minute! That's the sheriff's gal!" (You mean?)

Strange day. Strange day. Strange day in Hogsville,
(You know, I can still hear the little critter)
U. S. A!

Take Her Out of Pity

I had a sister Sally, she was younger than I am.

Had so many sweethearts, she had to deny them.

But as for sister Sarah, you know she hasn't many.

And if you knew her heart, she'd be grateful for any.

Chorus:

Come a lands man, a pins man, a tinker or a tailor;

doctor, a lawyer, soldier, or sailor.

A rich man, a poor man, a fool or a witty, don't let her die an old maid but take her out of pity.

We had a sister Sally, she was ugly and misshapen.

By the time she was sixteen years old she was taken.

By the time she was eighteen, a son and a daughter.

Sarah's almost twenty-nine, never had an offer.

Chorus

She never would be scoldin'. She never would be jealous.

Her husband would have money to go to the alehouse.

He was there a-spendin'. She'd be home
a-savin'
and I leave it up to you if she is not worth
havin'.

Chorus

TANGA TIKA

Aue tangni (pronounced "tanga") tangni
tikake aue
Aue tangni tangni tikake aue

Tagni tikake au
taku vahine
tera tei raro tonga ra Aue
tangni tangni tikake aue.

Na mama naka higna aro na
Papa naka fa'a tupu
Na mama e nake tatara e.

Tagni tikake au
Taku vahine
tera tei raro tonga ra
Aue tangni tangni tikake aue.

Taste of Honey, A

Winds may blow o'er the icy sea.
I'll take with me the warmth of thee,
a taste of honey, a taste much sweeter
than wine.
A taste of honey, a taste much sweeter
than wine.
I'll return. I will return. Return for the
honey and you.

Winds may blow o'er the icy sea.
I'll take with me the warmth of thee,
a taste of honey, a taste much sweeter
than wine.
A taste of honey, a taste much sweeter
than wine.
(Taste much sweeter, much sweeter than
wine.)
Taste much sweeter, much sweeter than
wine.
Ahhh. Honey!

Tattooed Lady, The

We came to town to see that old tattooed
lady.

She was a sight to see, tattooed from
head to knee.

My uncle Ned was there. He came to
gape and stare.

"I've never!" he declared, "Seen such a
freak so fair."

And on her jaw was the Royal Flying
Corp

and on her back was the Union Jack,
now could you ask for more?

All up and down her spine marched the
Queen's own guards in line

and all around her hips sailed a fleet of
battleships.

And over her left kidney was a bird's eye
view of Sidney

but what we liked best was upon her
chest

My little home in Waikiki! (What did you
say?)

Tell It On The Mountain

Chorus:

Go tell it on the mountains over the hills
and ev'rywhere
and you can go (go) tell it on the
mountain, Jesus Christ was born.

Down in a lowly manger, Jesus Christ
was born
and the Lord sent down salvation that
blesses Christmas morn,
You can go upon the mountain, dwell
both night and day.
You can ask the Lord to help you and
He'll show you the way.

(Chorus)

You may be a watchman upon the city
wall
and if I am a Christian, if I'm the last to fall
You can go tell it on the mountain over
the hills and ev'rywhere.
You can go tell it on the mountain that
Jesus Christ was born.

(Chorus)

Texas Across The River

Texas across the river
where my wandrin' days I'll bid goodbye.
Just the sound of Texas
gets me "boom" in the solar plexus
It's enough to make a grown man cry.

Texas across the river.
Don't need signs to tell you where you're
at.
Ain't a trace of shade there.
Think the only real shade that's made
there,
Is the shade that's underneath your hat.

Texas across the river.
Texas, I never will roam.
Texas, calling Texas my home!

Them Poems

Them Lunch Toters

How about them Lunch Toters, Ain't they
a bunch?
Goin off to work, a totin' they lunch.
Totin' them vittles, Totin' that chow,
Eatin' it later, totin' it now!
Look at them Lunch Toters, Ain't they
funny?
Some use a paper sack, Some use a
gunny.
Them food frugal Lunch Toters, Ain't they
wise?
Totin' they lunch, made by they wives.
How to be a Lunch Toters? If I may emote
it;
Gitchy wife to fix it, go to work and tote it!

Them Stamp Lickers

How about them Stamp Lickers, Ain't
they champs?
Drool, slurp slobber, lickin' them stamps.
Lickin' them green stamps, lickin' them
blue,
Lickin' that paper, eatin' that glue!
Look at them Stamp Lickers, Ain't they
gung-ho!
Lickin' them thrift stamps with they
tongue -y-o.
Them lolly guggle Stamp Lickers, Ain't
they a rage!
Stickin' them licky stamps on that page.
How to be a Stamp Lickers? Don't need a
ticket;
Get a stamp or two, juice up and lick it!

Them Hors D'oeuvres

How about Hors D'oeuvres, Ain't they
sweet?
Little piece of cheese, Little piece of
meat!

These Seven Men

He's gone away for to stay a little while
but he's comin' back if he goes ten
thousand mile
Who are these seven men whose path
leads them so far
and shake our minds to wonder who they
are?
They scout the new frontier to find the
surest way
and they look to us for they have shown
the way.

They've gone away for to stay a little
while
but they're comin' back if they go ten
thousand mile
What is there left to look to that yet has
not been done
What West is there When all the Wests
are won?
Look not back o'er your shoulder but high
above your head.
These seven men have shown the way.

These seven men have said,

We've gone away for to stay a little while
but we're comin' back if we go ten
thousand mile
We're gone, gone away."

They Are Gone

The moments turn to hours and the hours
turn to days
and I've seen so many lost ones pass
away.

Chorus:
And they're gone. Yes, they're gone.
They are gone to stay.

The hill sides are so lovely in their
springtime fine array
but I've seen too many flowers fade
away.

Chorus

The lovers pass by my window never
caring if they stray
but I've seen so many lovers lose their
way.

Chorus

They Call the Wind Maria

Away out here they've got a name for rain
and wind and fire.
The rain is Tess, the fire's Jo. They call
the wind Maria.
Maria blows the stars around and sets
the clouds a-flyin'.
Maria makes the mountains sound like
folks was out there diein'.

Maria. (Maria). Maria. (Maria).
They call the wind Maria.

Before I knew Maria's name and heard
her wail and whinin',
I had a gal. She had me and the sun was
always shinin'.
But then one day I left my gal. I left her
far behind me
and now I'm lost, so gol darn lost not
even God can find me.

Maria. (Maria.) Maria. (Maria.)
They call the wind Maria.

Out here they have a name for rain and
wind and fire only.
When you're lost and all alone, there ain't
no name for lonely.
And I'm a lost and lonely man without a
star to guide me.
Maria blow my love to me. I need my gal
beside me.

Maria. (Maria.) Maria. (Maria.)
They call the wind Maria.
Maria! Maria. (Maria.)
They call the wind Maria.

This Land is Your Land

Chorus:

This land is your land. This land is my
land
from California to the New York island,
From the red wood forest to the Gulf
stream waters.
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walkin' that ribbon of a highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway.
I saw below me that golden valley.
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

I roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps
to the sparklin' sands of her diamond
desert
And all around me a voice was sounding,
"This land was made for you and me."

The sun came shining and I was strolling
and the wheat fields waving and the dust
clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was calling,
"This land was made for you and me."

Chorus

This Mornin', This Evenin', So Soon

Tell old Bill when he leaves home this
mornin',
tell old Bill when he leaves home this
evenin',
Tell old Bill when he leaves home
to let those downtown girls alone,
this mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Old Sal was bakin' bread this mornin'.
Old Sal was bakin' bread this evenin'.
Old Sal was bakin' bread
when she got word that Bill was dead,
this mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Oh, no! It can't be so this mornin'.
Oh, no! It can't be so this evenin'.
Oh, no! It can't be so.
My Bill left home about an hour ago,
this mornin', this evenin', so soon.

They brought Bill home in a hurry-up
wagon this mornin'.
They brought Bill home in a hurry-up
wagon this evenin'.
Brought Bill home in a hurry-up wagon.
Brought Bill home with his toes a-draggin'

this mornin', this evenin', so soon.
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Repeat first verse

Those Brown Eyes

One evening when the sun was low my
brown eyes whispered, "I must go."
Not one second would she wait. She
kissed my cheek and left my gate.

Chorus:
Those brown eyes I loved so well. Those
brown eyes I long to see.
How I long for those brown eyes.
Strangers they have grown to be.

One night I met her on the street. I tipped
my hat but I could not speak.
Another man was by her side. Soon I
thought she'd be his bride.

Chorus

'Twas just a year ago today, they laid my
own brown eyes away.
Six long years for me she cried. It was
her brother by her side.

Chorus

Those Who Are Wise

I use to sit in the shade of an old cedar tree
and I dream of the days, what they're holdin' for me.
But all those should know who gaze at the sky.
It's for those who are wise.
It's for those who are wise.

And the west winds would blow. They'd be singing to me.
They'd say, "Look, you, out yonder, just as far as you can see."
But all those should know who gaze at the sky.
It's for those who are wise.
It's for those who are wise.

And the years went their way as the good years will go.
But my dreams linger on in the hills of my home.
And young men should know who gaze at the sky.
It is you who are wise,
only you who are wise.

I used to sit in the shade of an old cedar tree.

Three Jolly Coachmen

One, two, and three jolly coachmen sat at an English tavern.
Three jolly coachmen sat at an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided,
and they decided to have another flagon.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merr-I be, for tonight we'll merr-I be,
for tonight we'll merr-I be, Tomorrow we'll be sober. (What???)
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow!

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow!
He lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
lives as he ought to live He'll die a jolly good fellow! (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober.
Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober.
He falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,
falls as the leaves do fall, He'll die before October! (Ho! Ho! Ho!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
She's a foolish, foolish thing. She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She's a foolish, foolish thing For she'll not get another. (Pity!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another.
She's a boon to all man kind. She's a boon to all mankind.
She's a boon to all mankind For soon she'll be a mother!

Three Song

Little winds sing a song of the sun in the sky
and I know, like the wind, the songs will always be there.
In your hair, soft and warm, light of dawn, shining fair,
in your voice, as you sing, the songs will always be there.

Little winds (in your hair) sing a song (soft and warm) of the sun (light of dawn) in the sky (shining fair)
And I know (in your voice), like the wind (as you sing), the songs will always be there.

Little wines are the kiss of the fruit from the earth
and I know, there I taste surely the sweetest of all.
In your lips, sweet as dew, on the vine in the fall.
The first kiss from your lips is surely the sweetest of all.

Little wines (in your lips) are the kiss (sweet as dew) of the fruit (on the vine) from the earth (in the fall)
And I know (the first kiss) there I taste (from your lips) is surely the sweetest of all.

Little stars (in your eyes) twinkle bright (like the sky) in the still (of the night) sky above (it is true)
And I know (that I love) only you (only you) wish it so to be true. Wish it so to be true.

Tic Tic Tic

Chorus:

Tic, tic, tic! Ev'rybody lookin'. Tic, tic, tic!
See them all a-searchin'. Tic, tic, tic!
That's all they're hearin' but they couldn't find out
where the watch was hiding. What a confusion. A fellow lost his watch in a railway station.

What a confusion. A fellow lost his watch in a railway station.

An attractive girl named Melda was accused of being a burglar.
She had no purse, no pocket in her clothes,
so where she hid the watch only goodness knows.
And you hearing

Chorus

Under suspicion, they took her down to the police station
And they called on the matron who examined all the clothes she had on
The matron examined with care. She even made her take down her long hair.
She searched till she couldn't search no more but the watch now tickin' louder than before.
And you hearing

Chorus

Confusion now in the station. The matron searching by inspiration.
Watch tickin' louder and louder and the matron moving up closer.
The matron convinced there's no doubt. She put her hand inside Melda's mouth.
Do you know her idea cam true? When she found the watch, it was ten to two.
Still tickin'

Chorus

Tijuana Jail

We went one day about a month ago (ha
ha ha)
to have a little fun (ah ha) in Mexico.
We ended up in a gambling spot (ha ha
ha)
where the liquor flowed and the dice
were hot.

Chorus:

So, here we are in the Tijuana jail.
Ain't got no friends to go our bail.
So, here we'll stay 'cause we can't pay.
Just send our mail to the Tijuana jail.

I was shooting dice, raking in the dough
(long green)
and then I heard a whistle blow.
We started to run when a man in blue
said, "Senor,
come with me 'cause I want you."

Chorus

Just five hundred dollars and they'll set
us free.
I couldn't raise a penny if they threatened
me.
I know five hundred don't sound like
much (cheap),
but just try to find somebody to touch.

Chorus, 2X

To Be Redeemed

Chorus:

You got a hunger in your heart
You got a thirst within your soul
I'm gonna say, Don't wait for another day,
Day to be redeemed

If your days are dark, and your
night-times are worse
You better read the good book, and
memorize you a verse
Some seeds needs a-weedin', some falls
on stone,
But seed that falls on good ground, the
lord will call his own

Chorus

Old Noah built an arc, and they laughed
down the line,
But when the floods come, well, old Noah
was fine
If it was the flood now, and Gabriel
blowed his horn
Where'd you hide your guilty hands with
all your pockets gone?

Chorus

It's confusion here, and the wicked seem
to win,
But the lord's keepin' talley on the wages
of sin.
Whereabouts is your profit, what good is
your goal
If you win the whole wide world and lose
your ever lastin' soul.

Chorus

Tom Dooley

(Spoken recitation over musical accompaniment)

Throughout history, there have been many songs written about the eternal triangle. This next one tells the story of Mister Grayson, a beautiful woman, and a condemned man named Tom Dooley. When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang.

CHORUS:

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife

CHORUS

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
If it hadn't been for Grayson
I'd been in Tennessee

CHORUS

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hanging from a white oak tree

CHORUS

To Morrow

I started on a journey about a year ago
to a little town called Morrow in the state of Ohio.

I've never been much of a traveler, and I really didn't know that Morrow was the hardest place I'd ever try to go.

So I went down to the station for my ticket and applied for tips regarding Morrow not expecting to be guyed.

Said I, "My friend, I'd like to go to Morrow and return no later than tomorrow for I haven't time to burn."

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I have heard you right.

You'd like to go to Morrow and return tomorrow night.

You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back today

for the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way.

If you had gone to Morrow yesterday now don't you see,

you could have gone to Morrow and returned today at three

For the train today to Morrow, if the schedule is right,

today it goes to Morrow and returns tomorrow night."

Said I, "My friend, it seems to me you're talking through your hat.

There is a town named Morrow on the line now tell me that."

"There is," said he, "but take from me a quiet little tip.

To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour trip.

The train today to Morrow leaves today at eight thirty-five.

At half-past ten tomorrow is the time it should arrive.

So if from here to Morrow is a fourteen hour jump,

can you go today to Morrow and get back

today, you chump?"

Said I, "I'd like to go to Morrow but can I go today
and get to Morrow by tonight if there is no delay?"

"Well, well," said he to me, "and I've got no more to say.

Can't get anywhere tomorrow and get back again today."

Said I, "I guess you know it all but kindly let me say,

how can I get to Morrow if I leave this town today?"

Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more today

'cause the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way."

I was so disappointed. I was mad enough to swear.

The train had gone to Morrow and had left me standing there.

That man was right in telling me that I was a-howling jay.

I could not go to Morrow so I guess in town I'll stay.

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

If today was not an endless highway.

If tonight was not a crooked trail.

If tomorrow wasn't such a long time

Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all.

Chorus:

Yes' 'n' only if my own true love was waiting;

If I could hear her heart softly pounding.

Only if she were lying by me,

I'd lie in my bed once again.

I can't see my reflection in the water.

Can't speak the sounds that show no pain.

I can't hear the echo of my footsteps.

Can't remember the sound of my own name.

(Chorus)

There's beauty in the silver singing river.

There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky.

But none of these and nothing else can match the beauty

that I remember in my true love's eyes.

(Chorus)

Try To Remember

Try to remember the kind of September

When life was slow and oh so mellow

Try to remember the kind of September

When grass was green and grain so yellow

Try to remember the kind of September

When you were a young and a callow fellow

Try to remember and if you remember

Then follow--follow, oh-oh

Try to remember when life was so tender

That no one wept except the willow

Try to remember when life was so tender

That dreams were kept beside your pillow

Try to remember when life was so tender

That love was an ember about to billow

Try to remember and if you remember

Then follow--follow, oh-oh

Deep in December it's nice to remember

Although you know the snow will follow

Deep in December it's nice to remember

Without a hurt, the heart is hollow

Deep in December it's nice to remember

The fire of September that made you mellow

Deep in December our hearts should remember

Then follow--follow, oh-oh follow, oh-oh

Turn Around

Where are you going my little one, little one
Where are you going my baby my own
Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of the door

Turn around (turn around)
Turn around (turn around)
Turn around and you're a young girl goin' out of the door

Where are you going my little one, little one
Dirndls and petticoats, where have you gone
Turn around and you're tiny, turn around and you're grown
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own

Turn around and you're a young
Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own

Where are you going my little one, little one
Where are you going my baby my own
Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door

Two-Ten, Six-Eighteen

I've been away so long. Fought a war that's come and gone.
Doesn't anybody know my name?
My sister's up and wed and mama's took to bed.
Doesn't anybody know my name?

Chorus:
Please tell me, if you can.
What time do the trains roll in?
Two-ten, six-eighteen, ten forty-four.

The hedge is turning brown and the fence is falling down.
Doesn't anybody know my name?
The girl I left behind has gone to Caroline.
Doesn't anybody know my name?

(Chorus)

Fought that war across the sea. Almost died to keep us free.
Doesn't anybody know my name?
Now I'm home and no one cares. Seems that trouble's are only theirs.
Doesn't anybody know my name?

(Chorus)

Doesn't anybody know my name?

Utawena

Ameniza bala lala, Ameniza bala lala,Â
Ameniza bala lala, Ameniza balala,Uta Wena,

Uta Wena, Bawo we the
Uka da A Banto Kwakho
Wa ba Dala, Wa ba Dala, baba bini,
Bayindo da nha zana

Wali the the ne loli silli,
Semi yo kwa a namklanje,
Umntu maka, umntu maka, shiynyise
Amanya nay no mfay wakay

Unfortunate Miss Bailey

Spoken:

In seventeen forty-two, it was customary, in the township of Halifax, for a gentleman to partake occasionally of ratafia which was a light-flavored liquer of amazing potency, which originated in Middlesex, and which we suppose is the reason for this song.

Chorus:

Oh, Miss Bailey! Unfortunate, Miss Bailey!

A captain bold in Halifax, who dwelt in country quarters,
seduced a maid who hung herself one Monday in her garters.
His wicked conscience smitted him. He lost his stomach daily.
He took to drinking ratafia and tho't upon Miss Bailey.

Chorus:

One night betimes he went to bed for he had caught the fever.
Said he, "I am a handsome man and I'm a gay deceiver."
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely.
A ghost stepped up to his bedside and said, "Behold, Miss Bailey!"

Chorus

"Avast, Miss Bailey," then he cried, "you can't affright me, really."
"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "you used me ungentelly.
The coronor's quest goes hard with me because I've acted freely
and Parson Biggs won't bury me tho' I'm a dead Miss Bailey."

Chorus

"Dear Ma'am," says he, "since you and I must once for all accounts close,

I have a one pound note in my regimental small clothes.

'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave."
The ghost then answered gaily,
"Bless you, wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miss Bailey!"

Chorus

Spoken:

"All's well that ends well, I suppose."

Verandah of Millium August

The yellow window's hanging on the bed across the wall
Well, always in the morning the yellowest of all
And the faces of the people in the window look so small
And the faces in the morning were the peoplest of all
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

I love to watch the spider in the horn of the Victrola
And the window I have colored with a burnt umber crayola
The chairs are musty horses with someone else's odor
And somewhere in the cushion is a secret ring decoder
Standing on the verandah of Millum August.

While I'm turning cartwheels, the kaleidoscope is singing
And somewhere in the distance someone else's phone is ringing
There are rugs upon the ceiling, there are lamps upon the floor
And renaissance wallpaper they put across the door
The house has been torn down and everyone has gone
And I am held a prisoner on a cemetery lawn
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

Walkin' This Road to My Town

Chorus:

Walkin' on this road to my town.
Walkin' on this road to home.
Travelin' through these hills and valleys.
Travelin' and I'm all alone.

Gonna see my momma.
Gonna see my pa.
I been a long time movin'.
I get to wonderin' how they are.

Chorus

Gonna see the parson.
That's if I can find him in.
I bet he's down there fishin'.
Fishin' with my brother Jim.

Chorus

And if I never get there,
tell you what I'm goin' to do.
Gonna write 'em letter.
Tell 'em I'll be singing you.

Chorus

Wanderer, The

It's only been a year or so,
But it seems so long ago
I packed up my bags and left my home.
But from Fresno to Maine,
Even worked a boat in Spain.
I ain't ever had a place to call my home,'

Round this time of day I gets to feelin'
low, And I wonder who's my baby's latest
beau

I have gambled and lost,
I've been cussed by my boss,
Some city gal just took me for a ride.
Hope someday I'll get back,
To my little old country shack,
Settle down with my baby by my side.

Someday soon, you hear,
Gonna save up my Fare,
Or maybe I'll just have to ride the rail.
If that mornin' train is right,
I'll be home before trhat night,
And I hope no one will have to go my bail.

Water Boy

Waterboy, where are you hiding
If you don't come right here
Gonna tell you pa on you
There ain't no hammer
That's on a this mountain
That ring like mine boy
That ring like mine

I'm gonna bust this rock boy
From here to the Macon
All the way to the jail boy
All the way to the jail

You Jack o diamond
Jack o diamond
Know you of old boy
I know you're of old
You rob-a my pocket
Rob my pocket
Silver and gold boy
Of silver and gold
There ain't no sweat boy
That's on a this mountain
That run like mine boy
That run like mine

Watsha

Tina sing-u le-lu-vu-tayeo
Watsha, whatsha, watsha.

Weeping Willow

Chorus:

Bury me beneath the willow,
'neath the weeping willow tree.
When she hears that I am sleeping,
maybe then, she'll think of me.

My heart is sad and I am lonely.
Dreaming of the one that I love.
When will I see her? I know not when,
not unless it's up in heaven above.

Chorus

She told me that she really loved me.
How could I believe her untrue
When all the angels seemed to whisper
she will prove untrue to you?

Chorus

Maybe then she'll think of me.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas

Once in a year it is not thought amiss
to visit our neighbors and sing out like
this:

Chorus:

We wish you a merry Christmas.
We wish you a merry Christmas.
We wish you a merry Christmas.
And a happy new year.

We want some figgy pudding.
We want some figgy pudding.
We want some figgy pudding.
And a cup of good cheer.

We won't go until we get some.
We won't go until we get some.
We won't go until we get some.
So bring it out here.
Of friendship and love, good neighbors
abound

and peace and good will the whole year
around.

Why can't we have Christmas the whole
year around?

Why can't we have Christmas the whole
year around?

Chorus

When I Was Young

When I was young and dreams were new,
I loved a girl who looked like you.

I saw her face in mountains stream.

I lingered there and lost myself in
dreams. But we were young and tossed
away

our precious love along the way.

We parted strangers, thoughtless and
free

and set our hearts to wandering
aimlessly.

But looking back, somehow I see
how seldom love has come to me.

And I confess that now and then

I think of her remembering when

If I were young and dreams were new,

I love a girl who looked like you.

I'd hold her close if she'd agree

to love perhaps a boy who looked like
me.

When My Love Was Here

I thought I'd spend a week or two
where we went last year.
The little cottage and the lake
that we held so dear.

But the trees all seemed much greener,
much greener than this year.
Thinkin' about last summer
when my love was here.

And the stars all lost their glitter.
They were so full of cheer.
Thinkin' about last summer
when my love was here.

Even the old caretaker
who brought us from the train
says this year just hasn't,
it hasn't been the same.

And the winds across the meadow
seem to hide a tear.
Thinkin' about last summer
when my love was here.

When the Saints Go Marching In

Hey! We are following the footsteps
of those who've gone before
and we'll all be reunited
on that new and sunlit shore.

Chorus:
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
oh, when the saints go marching in.
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number
when the saints go marching in.

And when the sun refuse to shine,
and when the sun refuse to shine
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number
when the sun refuse to shine.

Oh, when the trumpet sound its call,
oh, when the trumpet sounds its call.
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number
when the trumpet sounds that call.

Some say this world of trouble
is the only world we need,
But I'm waiting for the morning
when the new world is revealed.

Oh, when the new world is revealed,
oh, when the new world is revealed.
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number
when the new world is revealed.

Chorus

When You've Been Away For a Long Time

When you've been away from the color of
the sky,
when you've been away for a long time
You will see it true. It's a different shade
of blue
when you've been away for a long time.

When you've been away from the music
in your heart,
when you've been away for a long time.
The songs come back again like an old
familiar friend
when you've been away for a long time.

I can hear. I can see. I can feel. I am free
and I've been away for a long time.

When you've been away from the loving
in your soul,
when you've been away for a long time.
I hear it's like a rain that washes all your
pain
when you've been away for a long time.

When you've been away from someone
you once knew,
when you've been away for a long time.
If you find it true that someone was just
you,
then you've been away for a long time.

I can hear. I can see. I can feel. I am free
And I've been away, I've been away,
I've been away for a long time.

Where Are You Going Little Boy?

Where are you going with the rain?
Little boy, I wish that you'd explain.
I'm gonna take my friend, the rain,
where he won't hear anyone complain.
He won't have to hear those straight
faced liars
or bad mouth talkers or mean back
biters. That's where I'm going with the
rain.

Where are you going with the wind?
There's no place I know that she ain't
been.
I'm gonna take my friend, the wind,
so she can blow where the stars begin.
She won't have to hear those straight
faced liars
or bad mouth talkers or mean back
biters.
That's where I'm going with the wind.

Where are you going with my heart?
Little boy, I guess I'm not so smart.
I'm gonna take my friend, your heart,
to keep the world from breaking it apart.
You won't have to hear those straight
faced liars
or bad mouth talkers or mean back
biters.
That's where I'm going with your heart.

That's where I'm going with the wind.
That's where I'm going with the rain.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the flowers gone? Long
time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone? Long
time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them, ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone to soldiers ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone? Long
time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long
time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Repeat first verse

Where I'm Bound

It's a long and a dusty road.
It's a hard and a heavy load
and the folks we meet ain't always kind.
Some are bad and some are good.
Some have done the best they could.
Some have tried to ease our troubling
mind.

Chorus:

And I can't help but wonder where I'm
bound, where I'm bound.
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

I have traveled across this land
just a-doing the best I can.
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do.
And the faces that I see
are as worried as can be.
Looks like they've been wonderin', too.

Chorus

I had a buddy, way back home,
but he started out to roam
and I hear he's out by Monterey,
And sometimes, when I've had a few,
his voice comes singin' through
and I a-goin' out to see him some old day.

Chorus

If you see us passin' by
and you sit and you wonder why
and you wish that you were a rambler,
too.
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor,
lace 'em up, bar the door
and thank the stars for the roof that's
over you.

Chorus

And I can't help but wonder where I'm
bound, where I'm bound,
can't help but wonder where I'm bound.

Whistling Gypsy, The

The gypsy rover came over the hill.
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang till the green
woods rang
and he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ah dee du, ah dee du da day.
Ah dee du, ah dee day dee.
He whistled and he sang till the green
woods rang
and he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate.
Left her own fond lover.
Left her servants and her estate
to follow the gypsy rover.

Chorus

Her father saddled his fastest steed.
Searched these valleys all over.
Seeking his daughter at great speed
and the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Chorus

At last he came to a castle gate
along the river Claydee,
And there was music and there was wine
for the gypsy and his lady

Chorus

"He is no gypsy, my father," she said.
"But lord of these lands all over.
And I will stay till my dying day
with the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah dee du, ah dee du da day.
Ah dee du, ah dee day dee.
He whistled and he sang till the green
woods rang,
till the green woods rang, till the green
woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

White Snows of Winter

The white snows of winter fall into the quiet town.

The town lies asleeping. Asleeping beneath the down.

It soon will be Christmas. Bells will be ringing. Bring us another round.

But here in the white of a cold winter night, my love cannot be found.

'Twas only October, we danced the fire out.

I called as I left her, "Away from here I'm bound."

I've been to the sea and back to the land and many's the hill I've crowned,

And here in the white of a cold winter night, my love cannot be found.

And now in the winter I've come to find her here.

My love lies a sleeping. I know that she is near.

It soon will be Christmas. Bells will be ringing. Blessings are all around,

For here in the white of a warm winter's night, my love at last I've found

Who's Gonna Hold Your Hand

Chorus:

Who's gonna hold her hand?

Who's gonna hold her hand?

Who's gonna be her man tonight?

Who's gonna hold her hand?

I watched that big white boat go down, sailing to the sea

and ev'ry time that wheel went around, she was farther away from me.

She sailed away to another town. I'll never understand.

She walked the streets in a yellow gown, singing, "Who's gonna be my man?"

Chorus

I used to walk by the riverside, lonesome as I could be.

Hoping the boat would come sailing in. Bringing her back to me.

Sometimes I think my world will end and I'll have no place to hide

To cry the tears she left with me and the lonely feeling inside.

Chorus

Wimoweh

Spoken introduction:

And, once again, we would like to slip into the relative security of a foreign language, and do an African song now, which we picked up in Los Angeles about a year and a half ago.

Well, Los Angeles is quite an intellectual town and we were lucky enough to run into him down there. This is a . . . sorry . . . This is a Zulu hunting chant, one which they sing when they go out in search of the lion, armed only with hand weapons such as knives, spears, grenades, What have you . . . The text of their song, in English, goes as follows: Hush, hush, the lion is sleeping, the lion is sleeping, creep up softly on him, for If we are successful, there shall be lion meat tonight. Way up boys, a-wimoweh . . .

. . . Oh, wimoweh

Wines of Madeira, The

I've tasted the wines of France and I've
tasted the wines of Spain
and though many a wine is the same,
There are none like the wines of Madeira.

I've courted the girls of France and I've
courted the girls of Spain
and though most pretty girls are the
same,
There are none like the girls of Madeira.

Oh, the girls who tend the vineyards in
the provinces of France
are the gayest girls for courting and they
love to sing and dance,
And they're happy in their vineyards and
they smile upon romance
and indeed, I would defend for you, the
provinces of France,
But there's not a vineyard anywhere that
can compare with what I know.
Why? I'll tell you why or better yet, come
and we'll go.

Oh, the girls who tend the vineyards in
the provinces of Spain,
they are spirited and fiery whether
beautiful or plain,
They are splendid in their vineyards in
their languorous refrain
and indeed, I would defend for you the
provinces of Spain.
But there's not a vineyard anywhere that
can compare with what I know.
Why? I'll tell you why or better yet, come
and we'll go.

You boast of the wines in France and you
boast of the wines in Spain
but your boast makes it very plain,
That you've not had the wines of Madeira.

You boast of the girls in France and you
boast of the girls in Spain
but your boast makes it very plain,
That you've not seen the girls of Madeira.

With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

In the town of London, large as life, the ghost
of Anne Boleyn walks they declare.
Poor Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife
until he made the headsman bob her hair.
Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years ago and
she comes up at night to tell him so,

Chorus:
With her head 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. She's
feeling very sore,
And just in case the headsman wants to give
her an encore,
she's has her head tucked underneath her
arm.

(Chorus)

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

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread
for all his pals and gals and ghostly crew.
The headsman craves the joint and cuts the
bread
then 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!"

(Chorus)

One night she caught King Henry, he was in
the canteen bar.
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne
Boleyn, or Cath'rine Parr?
How the sweet san fairy Ann, do I know who
you are
with your head tucked underneath your
arm?"

With You, My Johnny

Oh, do you know my Johnny, he is down
in yonder lea?

He's sneakin' 'round and creepin' and
he's, aye, watchin' me.

He's pullin' and he's teasin' but his
meanin's not so bad.

If it's ever going to be, tell me now,
Johnny lad.

Tell me now, my Johnny laddie, tell me
now, my Johnny lad.

If it's ever going to be, tell me now
Johnny lad.

When the sheep are in the fold and the
cows are in the byre
and other lads and lasses sittin' 'round
a-roarin' fire.

There's me, a silly lassie, just as like as if
I's mad,

through the nooks and barley stooks,
teasin' you, Johnny lad.

Teasin' you, my Johnny laddie, teasin'
you, my Johnny lad.

Through the nooks and barley stooks,
teasin' you, Johnny lad.

Oh, Johnny's blythe and bonnie. He's the
pride o' yonder lea

and I love him best of any though he's,
aye, teasin' me.

Though he teases me and squeezes me
and tickles me like mad.

None comes near me that can cheer me
like my own Johnny lad.

And it's you, my Johnny laddie, aye, it's
you, my Johnny lad.

None comes near me that can cheer me
like my own Johnny lad.

Oh, my Johnny's not a gentleman nor yet
is he a laird

but I would follow Johnny lad, although
he was a card.

Oh, Johnny is a bonnie lad. He was once
a lad of mine

and I've never had a better lad though
I've had twenty-nine.

And with you, my Johnny laddie, and with
you, my Johnny lad,

oh, I'll dance the buckles of my shoes
with you, Johnny lad.

And with you, my Johnny laddie, and with
you, my Johnny lad,

oh, I'll dance the buckles of my shoes
with you, Johnny lad.

WOODY'S SONG

Well, how many beans could Woody
have picked

when he was always writing songs?

You believe that story about hard
travellin', well,

I can tell you right now you're wrong!

You see the only thing Woody picked was
his guitar.

He had a very close friend writing words
in the car.

How many beans could Woody have
picked

when he was always writing songs?

How many jail songs could Allen write?

He ain't never been in jail!

The only thing that Allen knows about jail
is who to go his bail!

He had a thing going with a prison guard.

He had a tape recorder hooked up in the
prison yard.

How many jail songs could Allen write?

He ain't never been in jail!

Now who was it thaz got that blues singer
out of jail

and got him singin' and playin'?

And whose idea was it for him to start
singin'

so you couldn't understand what he was
sayin'

And who led them blind folksingers
around?

Well, you can take it from me.

Ain't nobody led them blind cats around
'cause they can really see!

Yeah, they can really see!

World's Last Authentic Playboys

With Ruby and Ollie soon over the hill,
for marrying Tommy there still is no pill.
We're the world's last authentic playboys,
just three fun-loving ne'er-do-wells.
Our whole attitude says life's a gay toy
to be played with and raced through pell
mell.

Acapulco each winter for fishing,
then summer to Bar Harbor, Maine.
If the cycle gets boringly vicious,
we shall try Monte Carlo again.
We're the world's last authentic playboys.
We were born thirty years too late.
Though we're blessed with savoir-faire
and rare boys,
both these virtues are useless at fate.

I fought bulls at a Plaza de Toros.
Chased gorillas around in the trees.
Such adventures now make me feel
morose
and blas • as a playboy can be.
We're the world's last authentic playboys,
just a trio of rogues on the loose.
We pursue life while searching for new
joys,
just ahead of the shoot gun and noose.

When they find the abominable
snowman,
running nude through the snow four miles
high
They'll say, "Are you an ape?" I'll say, "No,
man.
I just thought I'd give this roll a try."
We're the world's last authentic playboys,
just three lunatics still at large.
If you're female and we think you're
pretty,
you're in luck, it's all free. There's no
charge.

'Til taxes get lower, we're all that are left;
three authentic playboys too lazy for
theft.

World I Used To Know

Some day some old familiar rain will
come along and know my name.
And then my shelter will be gone and I'll
have to move along.
But 'till I do I'll stay awhile and track the
hidden country of your smile.

Some day the man I use to be will come
along and call on me.
And then because I'm just a man, you'll
find my feet are made of sand.
But 'till that time I'll tell you lies and
charter hidden boundaries of your eyes.

Some day the world I use to know will
come along and bid me go.
Then I'll be leaving you behind for love is
just a state of mind.
But 'till that day I'll be your man and love
away your troubles if I can.
And 'till that day I'll be your man and love
away your troubles if I can.

Worried Man, A

Chorus:

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.

Got myself a Cadillac, thirty dollars down.
Got myself a brand new house five miles out of town.

Got myself a gal named Sue, treats me really fine.

Yes, she's my baby and I love her all the time.

Chorus

I've been away on a business trip, travelin' all around.

I've got a gal and her name is Sue, prettiest gal in town.

She sets my mind to worryin' every time I'm gone.

I'll be home tonight so I won't be worried long!

Chorus

Well, Bobby's in the living room, holding hands with Sue.

Nickie's at that big front door, 'bout to come on through.

Well, I'm here in the closet. Oh, Lord, what shall I do?

We're worried now but we won't be worried long.

Chorus

Yes I Can Feel It

Sweet is the kiss on the lips of the lover.

Warm as the breath of the wind in the summer.

Bitter is the taste of good-bye on the 'morrow.

So must it be, both of joy and of sorrow.

Chorus:

Yes, I can feel it like the wind in the summer.

Yes, I can feel it every time I am with her.

Yes, I can feel it like good byes on the 'morrow.

Yes, I can feel it both of joy and of sorrow.

Gentle is the touch of the hand of the lover.

Soft as the voice of the heart speaking to her.

Heavy is the time to endure without her.

So must it be, both together and asunder.

Yes, I can feel it, my heart speaking to her.

Yes, I can feel it every time I am near her.

Yes, I can feel it like the weight of forever.

Yes, I can feel it both together and asunder.

You Don't Knock

You don't knock. (You don't knock.) You just walk on in.

The door (the door) into heaven's inn.

There's love (there's love) and joy for you to share (to share) the whole day through.

I know (I know) my friends are there to rest (to rest) in the heaven's nest.

You don't knock, ring, punch a hole.

The door's wide open a-waitin' for your soul.

You don't knock just walk on in.

I've walked life's winding road (Oh, yeah!) 'Cause I'm tryin' to bear this load (Oh, yeah!)

And I travel both night and day. (Oh, yeah!)

So tired I could hardly pray, (Oh, yeah!)

Well, Jesus, my light and guide, (Oh, yeah!)

oh, He's ever by my side. (Oh, yeah!)

So, I'm walkin', not a-knockin', into heaven with pride.

I'll have no need to fear. (Oh, yeah!)

Well, He is ever near. (Oh, yeah!)

He'll know my work was true. (Oh, yeah!)

So glad the day is through. (Yeah!)

Well it wasn't for me to say. (Oh, yeah!)

I didn't think I'd make my way. (Oh, yeah!)

So, I'm walkin', not a-knockin', to heaven with pride.

Repeat first verse

You're Gonna Miss Me

Frankie and Johnnie were sweet hearts. They had a quarrel one day.

Johnny vowed he would leave her. He said he was going away.

Never coming home. Goin' away to roam.

Frankie begged and she pleaded. "My

love, Johnny, please stay.

Now, oh, my honey, I've done you wrong but please don't go away."

Then Johnny sighed while Frankie cried.

Chorus:

"Oh, I'm a-going away. I'm a-goin' to stay. Never coming home.

You're gonna miss me, honey, in the days to come

When the winter winds begin to blow, the ground is covered up

And when you think of the way, you're gonna wish me back, your lovin' man,

You're gonna miss me, honey, in the day they say's to come."

Frankie done said to her Johnny, "Now man your hour done come."

'Cause from behind her kimono she drew her forty-four gun.

"These love affairs are hard to bear!"

Johnny, he fled down the stairway. "My love, Frankie, don't shoot!"

Frankie done aimed the forty-four While the town went rooty-toot-toot.

As Johnny fell, then Frankie yelled,

Chorus

"Send for your rubber tired hearses.

Send for your rubber tired hacks.

Carry my Johnny to the graveyard, I've shot him in the back

With a great big gun as the preacher begun.

Send for some policeman to take me right away.

Lock me down in the dungeon cell and throw the key away.

My Johnny's dead because he said.

Chorus

Zombie Jamboree

Spoken:

Right now, as a point of information, something we didn't know until recently. Every year, in Trinidad, they have what is known as a "calypsonian carnival" in which the various native groups down there, vie with one another, uh, musically, in order to find out who's the best extemporaneous composer of them all. And in the year 1955, Lord Invader and his Twelve Penetrators took the title with this next song, based on a theme by Goethe involving the dance of the dead. Well, Invader could only draw from experience so he called it, of course, "Zombie Jamboree, the Song That Killed Calypso."

Chorus:

Back to back, belly to belly
Well I don't give a damn 'cause I've done
that already
Back to back, belly to belly
At the Zombie Jamboree
Now hear me callin'
Back to back, belly to belly
Well I don't give a damn 'cause I've done
that already
Back to back, belly to belly
At the Zombie Jamboree

Zombie Jamboree took place in a New
York cemetery (Where?)
Zombie Jamboree took place in Long
Island cemetery
Zombies from all parts of the island
(Where?)
Some of them are great Calypsonians
(Some)
Hey, since the season was Carnivale
They got together in Bacchanal
(Whatcha doin'?)

Chorus

One female zombie wouldn't behave
She say she want me for a slave
In the one hand she's holding a quart of

wine (Whoa)
In the other she's pointin' that she'll be
mine
Now believe me folks, yes I had to run
(Why?)
Husband of a zombie ain't no fun (No
nice!)
I says "Oh, no my turtle dove"
"That old bag of bones I cannot love"
(Whatcha doin'?)

Chorus

Right then and there she raise a "feet"
"I'm a-going to get you now, my sweet"
"I'm gonna make you call me Sweetie
Pie"
I says "Oh, no, get back-you lie"
I may be lyin' but you will see (What?)
After you kiss this dead zombie (Blecccch!!!)
No, I've never seen such a horror in me life
Can you imagine me with a zombie wife?
(YES!)

Chorus