THE NEW JOLLY DAYS BANDSTAND

COMMUNITY SONG SHEET

PRICE 2d.

1

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG
Once in the dear, dear days beyond recall,
When on the earth the name began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy stream,
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song.
And in the dark where fell the slumber beam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

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

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

Chorus:

2

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

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

The wee winder sing, and the wild flowers spring
And the sunshine in the valleys gleams.
But the broken heart will keep too second spring again.
The' the winder may cease true their greeting.

Chorus:

3

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup.
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Tears ask a drink divine.
But might I love a nectar sip,
I would not change for them.
I want thee to a rose wreath,
Not so much toasting thee.
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither be.
But then thereon distill only breathe,
And send it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.
OFF TO PHILADELPHIA

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

Chorus:
Wid my bundle on my shoulder,
Faith! there's no man could be holder,
I'm leavin' dear old Ireland without warnin'.
For I heard the news sailin' wid me.
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I start for Philadelphia in the morning.
When they told me I must leave the place,
I tried to keep a cheerful face.
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scorin'.
But the tears will surely blind me.
For the friends I have behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

Chorus:

ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croo'min' is pullin' me away
As take I wi' my croo'mak to the road.
The Far Coolins are pullin' love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus:
Sure, by Tannal and Loch Ramna and Lochabert I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wis.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart buggin' in my step
You've never smelt the bangle of the Isles.
Oh! the Far Coolins are pullin' love on me
As step I wi' my croo'mak to the Isles.

Chorus:
It's the blue island's pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the bell upon the lane.
The blue Islands from the Shetlands to the Lows,
With heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus:

MY AIN FOLK

Far frae my home I wander,
But still my thoughts return
To my a' folk over yonder.
In the shelling by the burn.
I see the croo'mak high,
And the midnight moves the ton.
And joy and sadness mingle
As I list some anidual lay.

Chorus:
And it's oh! but I'm keepin' for my a' folk,
Tho' they be but lovely, pure, and plain folk.
I am far beyond the sea,
But my heart will ever be.
At home in dear auld Scotland wi' my a' folk!

Chorus:
A bonnie kens is gieing,
That she strives to stay the tears.
And sweet will be our meeting
After many weary years.
Soon my tend arms shall enfold ye.
As I lay 'em o'er mine,
Still glides the love I told ye
In the days of old lang syne.

Chorus:

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

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

Chorus:
Mooey and up she rises
Mooey and up she rises
Mooey and up she rises
Exile in the morning.

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

Chorus:
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Exile in the morning.

Chorus:
Have him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Have him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Have him by the leg in a running bowlin'
Exile in the morning.

Chorus:

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

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

Chorus:
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, over the dark blue sea.
Fair-well, ladies,
Fair-well, ladies,
Fair-well, ladies.
We're going to leave you now.

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

Chorus:

DE OLE BANJO

Darkies lead a happy life,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
Free from trouble, free from strife.
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
An' right out I left him,
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.

Up he jump, den off I go
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
You bet he no catch me tho'
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
So must bid you all good-night
Playing on de ole banjo,
Yah! Yoh! Playing on de ole banjo.
10
DE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swannee river,
Far, far away,
Here's where my heart is turning ebbe,
Here's where de ole folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.

Chorus:
All de world am sad and dreary,
Cry where I roam.
O, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.
One little hut among de hutses,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory makes,
No more where I rove.
When shall I see de bees humming,
All roost de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo strumming,
Down in de good ole home?

Chorus:

11
SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away I'm bound to go.
Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away I'm bound to go.
Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion,
Away you rolling river,
To sail across the stormy ocean,
Away I'm bound to go.
Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away I'm bound to go.
Cross the wide Missouri.

12
JOHN PEEL

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

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

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

13
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

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

Chorus:

14
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a la la la la la la la,
Confusion to his enemies,

With a la la la la la la la,
And he that will not drink his health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Not yet a rope to hang himself.

Chorus:
With a la la la la la la la,
With a la la la la la la la.
All Cavaliers will please combine,

With a la la la la la la la
To drink this loyal toast of wine,

With a la la la la la la la,
If anyone should answer "NO"
I only wish that he may go,

With Roundhead in the air.

Chorus:

15
CLEMENTINE

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

Chorus:
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling, Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone too ever,
Dead and sorry, Clementine.
Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topsides,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus:
Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fall into the framing blind.

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

Chorus:
16

LAND OF MY FATHERS

Oh land of my Fathers, the land of the free.
The home of the Welsh so dear to me.
The noble defenders who fought and died.
For freedom their hearts and lives they gave.

Chorus:

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

Though slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
The language of Cymru still charms us as our song.
The Awan survives, but have cautious tales.
Yet silence'd the harp of dear Wales.

Chorus:

17

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

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

Stars of Faith, the dark adorning,
All through the night.
Leads us fearless, through the morning,
All through the night.
Through our hearts be wept in sorrow,
From the hope of dawn we borrow,
Promise of a glad tomorrow,
All through the night.

18

MEN OF HARLECH

Fierce the bonfire light is flaming,
With its tongues of flame proclaiming.
"Sire, haste, haste to your slumbering,
Ways and means to make yer a prisoner!"

At the call of the Arnion rallies,
War cries rend the hills and valleys.
Troop on troop, with headlong rallies,
Hurl to the fight.

Chiefly song and wound and wounded,
Yet, where first "we saw grounded,
Freedom's flag still holds the crest,
Her trumpet still is sounding.
Our love we'll keep her banners flying,
While the tale of the dying Echo to our shout deifying.
"Harlech for the right!"

Shall the Saxons army shake you,
Smite, pursue and overtake you.
Men of Harlech, God shall make you
Victors, live or die!

As the rivers of Hauri
Sweep the vale with foamy fury,
Gleams from her mountain eyes
Thunderous on the foam.
Now, avenging Briton,
Smite as he has smitten.
Let your rage on history's page
In Saxo blood be written.
His lance is long, but yours is shorter.
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger.
One stroke more, and then your wronger
At your feet lies low.

19

THE ASH GROVE

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

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

20

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

When John Brown's body lies a moaning in the grave,
When John Brown's body lies a moaning in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a moaning in the grave.
When his soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

21

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

How the darkness shone when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our company found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground.
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:

Yes, and there were "Union" men who went with joyful hearts.
When they saw the banner'd flag they had not seen for years.
Hardly could they be restrained from bursting forth in cheer.
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:
THE FARMER'S BOY

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

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

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

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

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

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