

International  
Songs



international house • berkeley



Acres of Clams . . . . .	44
A la Claire Fontaine (France) . . . . .	20
Alouette (France) . . . . .	50
Ar-I-Rang (Korea) . . . . .	42
Auld Lang Syne (Scotland) . . . . .	52
Aupres de ma Blonde (France). . . . .	21
Band Played On, The . . . . .	43
Battle Hymn of the Republic . . . . .	11
Bless Them All (Australia). . . . .	29
Blow the Man Down . . . . .	41
Blue-Tail Fly, The . . . . .	3
Bury Me Beneath the Willow . . . . .	37
By the Light of the Silvery Moon . . . . .	15
California Drinking Song . . . . .	19
Careless Love . . . . .	47
Chevaliers de la Table Ronde (France) . . . . .	45
Cielito Lindo (Mexico) . . . . .	24
Clementine . . . . .	51
Cockles and Mussels . . . . .	10
Come Back, Liza (Jamaica) . . . . .	4
Cucaracha, La (Mexico). . . . .	28
Daisy, Daisy. . . . .	22
Da Mi Ye Prochi Kontradom (Yugoslavia). . . . .	40
Die Lorelei (Germany) . . . . .	49
Dixie Land . . . . .	13
Down by the Old Mill Stream . . . . .	6
Down in the Valley . . . . .	14
Drunken Sailor, The . . . . .	26
Du, Du Liegst Mir im Herzen (Germany) . . . . .	48
Everybody Loves Saturday Night . . . . .	50
Foggy, Foggy Dew (England) . . . . .	43
For Me and My Gal Medley . . . . .	9
Four Leaf Clover . . . . .	33
French Cathedral . . . . .	5
Frere Jacques (France) . . . . .	5
Funiculi, Funicula (Italy) . . . . .	6
Gaudeamus Igitur . . . . .	25
Go Down, Moses . . . . .	29
Goodnight, Irene . . . . .	52
Goodnight, Sweetheart . . . . .	52
Greensleeves (England) . . . . .	39



Gypsy Rover (England) . . . . .	48
Hail to California . . . . .	22
Hammer Song, The . . . . .	37
Happy Wanderer, The (Germany) . . . . .	34
Hava Nagila (Israel) . . . . .	41
Heigh Ho . . . . .	5
He's Got the Whole World . . . . .	28
Hey Liley, Liley Lo . . . . .	18
Home on the Range . . . . .	33
I Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord No More . . . . .	46
In the Evening . . . . .	38
It's a Long Way to Tipperary . . . . .	15
I've Got Sixpence (England) . . . . .	30
Jamaica Farewell (Nassau) . . . . .	23
Kumbaya (Africa) . . . . .	23
Landlord, Fill the Lowing Bowl (England) . . . . .	12
Let Me Call You Sweetheart . . . . .	51
Lewis Bridal Song (Scotland) . . . . .	11
Lili Marleen (Germany) . . . . .	9
Little Brown Jug . . . . .	31
Loch Lomond (Scotland) . . . . .	27
Matilda, Matilda (Jamaica) . . . . .	44
Michael, Row the Boat Ashore . . . . .	18
Midnight Special, The . . . . .	13
Moscow Nights (Soviet Union) . . . . .	35
Muss I Denn (Austria) . . . . .	17
My Bonnie . . . . .	16
My Wild Irish Rose . . . . .	41
Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep . . . . .	25
Oh, Susanna . . . . .	21
Old MacDonald Had a Farm . . . . .	36
Old Smokey . . . . .	16
Oleana (Norway) . . . . .	47
On the Farm . . . . .	30
Ragupati Ragava Raja Ram (India) . . . . .	4
Rancho Grande (Mexico) . . . . .	39
Red River Valley . . . . .	19
Riddle Song, The (England) . . . . .	12
ROUNDS . . . . .	5
Row Your Boat . . . . .	5
Rullaati (Finland) . . . . .	20

Saints Go Marching In, The . . . . .	36
Sakura (Japan) . . . . .	28
Santa Lucia (Italy) . . . . .	36
She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain . . . . .	50
Ship Titanic, The . . . . .	9
Show Me the Way to Go Home . . . . .	38
Side By Side . . . . .	35
Si Me Quieres Escribit (Spain) . . . . .	17
Standing at the Station . . . . .	5
Streets of Laredo, The . . . . .	32
Suliram (Indonesia) . . . . .	20
Swanee River . . . . .	8
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot . . . . .	14
Teria (Mali) . . . . .	18
There is a Tavern in the Town . . . . .	40
This Land . . . . .	26
Three Blind Mice . . . . .	5
Tie Me Kangaroo Down (Australia) . . . . .	7
Tom Dooley . . . . .	11
Tsena (Israel) . . . . .	10
Tsu To Gwo (China) . . . . .	27
Ud Efter Øl . . . . .	7
Uskudar (Turkey) . . . . .	51
Vive L'Amour . . . . .	42
Waltzing Matilda (Australia) . . . . .	15
Weggis Song (Switzerland) . . . . .	49
When I First Came to This Land . . . . .	38
Where Have All The Flowers Gone . . . . .	49
Whiffenpoof Song . . . . .	22
Working on the Railroad . . . . .	45
Wreck of the John "B", The (Nassau) . . . . .	24
Yankee Doodle . . . . .	34
Yellow Ribbon . . . . .	32
You Are My Sunshine . . . . .	31
Zum Gali Gali (Israel) . . . . .	39



COME BACK, LIZA (Jamaica)

Everytime I'm away from Liza,  
Water come to me eye.

Everytime I remember Liza,  
Water come to me eye.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

Come back, Liza,

Come back, gal,

Wipe the tear from me eye

I remember when love was new,  
Water . . .  
There was one, but now there's two,  
Water . . .

When the evening starts to fall,  
Water . . .  
I need to hear my Liza's call,  
Water . . .

Standing there in the market place,  
Water . . .  
Soon I'll feel her warm embrace,  
Water . . .

In the shadows I stand awhile,  
Water . . .  
Soon I'll see my Liza's smile,  
Water . . .

RAGUPATI RAGAVA RAJA RAM (India - popularized by Gandhi)

Ragupati ragava raja Ram,  
Parira paban seeta Ram,  
Seeta Ram, Seeta Ram,  
Bhaj pyare too Seeta Ram.  
Ishwa Allah tere nam,  
Sab ko sanmati day Bhagwan.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, three blind mice,  
See how they run, see how they run,  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
She cut off their tail with a  
carving knife.

Did you ever see such a sight in  
your life,  
As three blind mice?

FRERE JACQUES (France)

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques,  
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?  
Sonnez les matines, sonnez les  
matines,  
Ding dang dong. Ding dang dong.

STANDING AT THE STATION

Standing at the station, early  
in the morning,  
See the little pufferbellies,  
standing in a row,  
See the station master pull a  
little handle,  
Puff-puff, toot-toot!  
Off we go!

ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row your boat,  
Gently down the stream.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
Life is but a dream.

HEIGH HO

Heigh ho! Anybody home.  
No meat, no drink, no money  
have I known,  
Still I will be mer-r-r-ry.

FRENCH CATHEDRAL

Orleans, Beaugency,  
Notre Dame de Paris,  
Vendome, vendome.



FUNICULI FUNICULA (Italy)

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,  
 And so do I, and so do I!  
 Some think it well to be all melancholic,  
 To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh.  
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing,  
 Some joyous song, some joyous song;  
 To set the air with music bravely ringing,  
 Is far from wrong, is far from wrong!

Harken, harken, music sounds afar,  
 Harken, harken, music sounds afar,  
 Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula,  
 Joy is everywhere, funiculi, funicula!

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,  
 Where I first met you,  
 Dressed in gingham too.  
 It was there I knew,  
 That you loved me true.  
 You were sixteen, my village queen,  
 Down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old	(not the young, but the old)
Mill stream	(not the river, but the stream)
Where I first	(not second, but first)
Met you	(not me, but you)
With your eyes	(not your nose, but your eyes)
So blue	(not red, but blue)
Dressed in gingham	(not silk, but gingham)
Too	(not one, but two)
It was there	(not here, but there)
I knew	(not thought, but knew)
That you loved	(not hated, but loved)
Me true	(not false, but true)
You were sixteen	(not fifteen, but sixteen)
My village queen	(not the king, but the queen)
Down by the old	(not the young, but the old)
Mill stream.	(not the river, but the stream)

TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN (Australia)

CHORUS:  
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport,  
 Tie me kangaroo down.  
 Tie me kangaroo down, sport,  
 Tie me kangaroo down.

Watch me wallaby's feed, mate,  
 Watch me wallaby's feed.  
 They're a dangerous breed, mate,  
 So, watch me wallaby's feed.  
 (All together now.)

Take me koala back, Mack,  
 Take me koala back.  
 He lives somewhere out on the  
 track, Mack,  
 So, take me koala back.  
 (All together now.)

UD EFTER ØL (Danish - Out for Beer)

CHORUS:  
 Hans skulle gaa ud efter øl,  
 efter øl efter,  
 Hoppsa-sa, tra-la-la-la-la.  
 Han skulle gaa ud efter øl.

Der var en god gammel Bondemand,  
 Som skulle gaa ud efter øl.  
 Han skulle gaa ud efter øl.

Til Konen kom der en ung Student,  
 Mens Manden var ud efter øl,  
 Mens Manden var ud efter øl.

Han klappede hanne paa Rosenkind,  
 Og kyssede hende paa Mund,  
 Mens Manden var ud efter øl.

Mind me platypus duck, Bill,  
 Mind me platypus duck.  
 Don't let him go runnin' amuck, Bill,  
 Just mind me platypus duck.  
 (All together now.)

Sing me Oedipus Rex, Tex,  
 Sing me Oedipus Rex.  
 That's what I call sex, Tex,  
 So, sing me Oedipus Rex.  
 (All together now.)

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,  
 Tan me hide when I'm dead.  
 So we tanned his hide when he died,  
 Clyde,  
 And that's it hangin' on the shed.  
 (All together now.)

Mens Manden stod bagved Dør'n og saa,  
 Hvordan det hele gik til,  
 Mens de troed' han var ud efter øl.

Saa tog han Studenten of Kællingen  
 med,

Og kasted' dem begge paa Dør,  
 Og saa gik han ud efter øl,

Moralen er: Ta' din Kone med,  
 Naar du skal gaa ud efter øl,  
 Naar du skal gaa ud efter øl.



8  
THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait,  
On master and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he get dry,  
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,  
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,  
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;  
The pony being rather shy,  
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm;  
The flies so numerous they did swarm.  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,-  
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

They pony run, he jump, he pitch,  
He threw my master in the ditch,  
He died, and the jury wondered why-  
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmon tree;  
His epitaph is there to see:  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,  
A victim of the blue-tail fly."

SWANEE RIVER (by Stephen Foster)

Way down upon the Swanee river, far far away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
That's where the old folks stay.  
All the world is sad and dreary, Ev'ry where I roam,  
Old brother how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

LILI MARLEEN (Germany)

Vor der Kaserne, vor dem grossen Tor,  
Stand eine Laterne; und steht sie noch davor,  
So woll'n wir da uns wiedersehn,  
Vor der Kaserne vollen wir stehn,  
Wie einst, Lili Marleen, Wie einst, Lili Marleen.

Underneath the lamplight, by the barracks gate,  
Standing all alone every night you see her wait.  
She waits for her man who's gone away,  
And though he's gone you'll hear him say:  
Fare thee well, Lillie Marlene; Fare thee well, Lillie Marlene.

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak  
through,  
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would never stand.  
It was sad when that great ship went down,  
Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; oh, it was sad, Lord, sad;  
It was sad when that great ship went down, to the bottom of the-  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

FOR ME AND MY GAL MEDLEY

Oh, shine on, shine on, harvest moon, up in the sky,  
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July.  
Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon,  
So shine on, shine on, harvest moon, for me and my gal.  
The bells are ringing, for me and my gal,  
The birds are singing, for me and my gal.  
Ev'rybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're going,  
And for weeks they've been sewing, ev'ry Susie and Sal.  
They're congregating, for me and my gal,  
The parson's waiting, for me and my gal.  
And sometime I'm gonna build a little home for two,  
for three or four or more,  
In Loveland, for me and my gal.



10 COCKLES AND MUSSELS (Ireland)

In Dublin's fair city,  
Where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,  
Through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels!  
Alive, alive, oh!"

CHORUS:

Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger,  
But sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before;  
And they each wheel'd their barrow,  
Through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive, oh!"

She died of a fever,  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through street wide and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive, oh!"

TSENA (Israel)

Tsena, tsena, tsena, tsena,  
Habanot ur'ena, Khayalim bamoshava,  
Al na, al na, al na, al na,  
Al na titkhabena mi ben khayil, ish tsava.

Tsena, tsena, habanot ur'ena,  
Khayalim bamoshava,  
Al na, al na, al na, titkhabena,  
Miben khavil, ish tsava.

LEWIS BRIDAL SONG (Scotland)

CHORUS:

Step we gaily, on we go,  
Heel for heel and toe for toe,  
Arm in arm and row on row,  
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,  
Myrtle green and bracken brown,  
Past the sheiling, thro' the town,  
All for sake o' Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,  
Bright her eye as any star,  
Fairest o' them a' by far,  
Is our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
Plenty peat to fill her creel,  
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel;  
That's the toast for Mairi.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;  
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps.  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave. (Repeat 3)  
His soul goes marching on.

TOM DOOLEY

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 a mountain,  
And there I took her life;  
Met her on a mountain,  
And stabbed her with my knife.

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

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



THE RIDDLE SONG (England)

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,  
 I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,  
 I told my love a story that had no end,  
 I gave my love a baby that's no crying.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
 How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
 How can there be a story that has no end?  
 How can there be a baby that's no crying?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone,  
 A chicken when it's pippin' it has no bone,  
 The story that I love you, it has no end,  
 A baby when it's sleeping, it's no crying.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL (England)

## CHORUS:

Landlord fill the flowing bowl untill it doth run over.  
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be, (Repeat 3)  
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey clear,  
 And goes to bed right mellow, (Repeat 2)  
 Lives as he ought to live, (Repeat 3)  
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold pure water,  
 and goes to bed quite sober, (Repeat 2)  
 Falls as the leaves fall, (Repeat 3)  
 So early in October.

The man who drinks just what he likes,  
 And getteth "half seas over," (Repeat 2)  
 Lives until he dies, perhaps, (Repeat 3)  
 And then lies down in clover.

The little girl who gets a kiss,  
 And runs and tells her mother, (Repeat 2)  
 Does a very foolish thing, (Repeat 3)  
 And seldom gets another.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well, you wake up in the mornin', hear the ding-dong ring,  
 You go a-marchin' to the table, it's the same damn thing,  
 Knife and fork on the table, nothin' in my pan;  
 And if you say a thing about it, you're in trouble with the man.

## CHORUS:

Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me.  
 Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me.

Yonder come Miss Rosie, how is the world to you know?  
 I can tell her by her apron and the dress she wore.  
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand.  
 Well, she's gonna tell the gov'nor, please turn loose my man.

If you ever go to Houston, boy you better walk right,  
 You better not stagger, and you better not fight.  
 Because the sheriff will arrest you and the judge'll send you down,  
 You can bet your bottom dollar, penitentiary bound.

I'm gonn' away to leave you, and my time ain't long.  
 The man is gonna call me and I'm goin' home.  
 Then I'll be done all my grievin', whoopin', hollerin', and a-crying;  
 Then I'll be done all my studyin' 'bout my great long time.

DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
 Old times there are not forgotten,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.  
 In Dixie land where I was born,  
 Early on one frosty mornin',  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Then I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray!  
 In Dixie land I'll take my stand,  
 To live and die in Dixie;  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.  
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.



DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley,  
The valley so low,  
Hang your head over,  
Hear the wind blow,  
Hear the wind blow, dear,  
Hear the wind blow,  
Hang your head over,  
Hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine,  
Violets love dew;  
Angels in heaven,  
Know I love you.  
Know I love you, dear,  
Know I love you,  
Angels in heaven,  
Know I love you.

If you don't love me,  
Love whom you please,  
Throw your arms 'round me,  
Give my heart ease.  
Give my heart ease, love,  
Give my heart ease,  
Throw your arms 'round me,  
Give my heart ease.

Write me a letter,  
Send it by mail,  
Send it in care of,  
The Birmingham Jail.  
Birmingham Jail, love,  
Birmingham Jail,  
Send it in care of,  
The Birmingham Jail.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

## CHORUS:

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home!  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Just tell my friends I'm coming too,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,  
Coming for to carry me home.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY (Ireland)

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Goodbye, Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
Byt my heart's right there.

WALTZING MATILDA (Australia)

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,

## CHORUS:

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!  
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

(Similarly)

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troppers, one, two, three:  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,  
"You'll never catch me alive." said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon,  
To my honey I'll croon love's tune,  
Honey moon, keep a shining in June,  
Your silver beams will bring love dreams,  
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon.



OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover by courtin' too slow.

For courtin's a pleasure and parting is grief,  
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you and take what you have,  
But a false-hearted lover will drive you to the grave.

And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust,  
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
Than cross-ties on a railroad or stars in the sky.

Come all you young maidens and listen to me,  
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

The leaves they will wither, the roots they will die,  
You'll all be forsaken and never know shy.

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean, my Bonnie lies over the sea,  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

## CHORUS:

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow ye wind over the ocean, and blow ye wind over the sea,  
And blow ye wind over the ocean, and bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean, the winds have blown over the sea,  
The winds have blown over the ocean, and brought back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie climbed up in a gas truck, the contents inside it to see,  
She lit a match to see much better, oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR (Spain)

Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes me para dero.  
Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes me para dero.  
En el frente de Gandesa primera línea de fuego.  
En el frente de Gandesa primera línea de fuego.

(Similarly)

Si tu quieres comer bien, barato y de buena forma,  
En el frente de Gandesa allí tienen una fonda. . .

En la entrada de la fonda, hay un moro Mojama,  
Que te dice, "Pasa, pasa, que quieres para comer . . ."

El primer plato que dan, son grenadas rompedoras,  
El segundo de matralla para recordar memorias . . .

MUSS I DENN (Austria)

Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Stadtle hinaus,  
Stadtle hinaus, und du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.  
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,  
Wiederum komm, kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.  
Kann i gleich net allweil bei dir sein,  
Han i doch mein Freud an dir.  
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,  
Wiederum komm, kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i wandere muss,  
Wandere muss, wie wenn d'Lieb jetzt war vorbei.  
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Madele viel,  
Madele viel, lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.  
Denk du net, wenn i andre seh,  
So sei mein Lieb vorbei.  
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Madele viel,  
Madele viel, lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu.



8  
HEY LILEY, LILEY LO

Hey liley, liley, liley, hey liley, liley lo,  
Hey liley, liley, liley, hey liley, liley lo.

Hoist the window, out the light,  
Hey liley, liley lo,  
Bahama moon is shining bright,  
Hey liley, liley lo.

Ocean talking to the land,  
Like a woman talking to her man.

Talking sweet and soft and low,  
Come on, baby, it's time to go.

MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

CHORUS:

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!  
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, Hallelujah,  
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah!

The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah,  
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah!

Sister, help to trim the sails, Hallelujah, . . .

Brother, lend a helping hand, Hallelujah, . . .

Sinner, row to save your soul, Hallelujah, . . .

TERIA (Mali)

Teria teria de batoama, douga sen no teria,  
ne wato so. (Repeat)

Tile bin na ta ma sire la, dooga son mooso dante kalen nie,  
ne wato so. (Repeat)

RED RIVER VALLEY

19  
From this valley they say you are going,  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,  
For they say you are taking the sunshine,  
Which has brightened our pathway a while.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?  
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be,  
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking,  
And the grief you are causing to me.

Come and sit by my side if you love me,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley,  
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

CALIFORNIA DRINKING SONG

Oh, they had to carry Harry to the ferry,  
Oh, they had to carry Harry to the shore,  
And the reason that they had to carry Harry to the ferry,  
Was that Harry couldn't carry any more.  
California, California, the hills sound back the cry,  
We're out to do or die for California, California,  
We'll win the game or know the reason why.  
And when the game is over we will buy a keg of booze,  
And drink to California 'til we wobble in our shoes.  
So drink, tra la la, drink, tra la la,  
Drink, drank, drunk last night, drunk the night before,  
Going to get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before,  
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be,  
For I am a member of the Scuse family.  
Now the Scuse family is the best family,  
That ever came over from old Germany.  
There's the highland Dutch and the lowland Dutch,  
The Rotterdam Dutch and . . . the Irish.  
Sing slorious, vitorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,  
And glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
For one of us could drink it all alone - damn near.  
Hree's to the Irish, dead drunk - the lucky stiff's . . .



A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE (France)

A la claire fontaine, m'en allant promener, (Repeat)  
 J'ai trouve l'eau si belle, que je m'y suis baigne,  
 Il y a long temps que je t'aime, jamais, je ne t'oublierai.

Sous les feuilles d'un chene, je me suis fait secher.

Sur la plus haute branche, le rossignol chantait.

Chante, rossignol, chante, toi qui as le coeur gai.

Tu as le coeur a rire, moi je l'ai a pleurer.

J'ai perdu mon amie, sans l'avoir merite.

RULLAATI (Finland)

Mureishna miesna jos polkusi kuljet.  
 Keinon ma tiedan me auttavi tuo;  
 Ennenkuin kuolossa silmasi suljet,  
 Istuppa piiriin ja laula ja juo.

## CHORUS:

Hei! Rullaati rullaati rullaati rullaa, (Repeat)  
 Rullaati rullaati rullaalalei!

On elama lyhyt kuin lapsella paita,  
 Muuta kai siita ei sanoa saa,  
 Siks laulsista murheilles karsina laita,  
 Veljet, on tassa meill' riemujen maa.

SULIRAM (Indonesia)

Suliram, suliram, ram, ram,  
 Suliram yang manis, adu hai indung suhoorang.  
 Bidjakla sana dipandang manis. La suliiis.  
 Tingi la, tingi, si matahari.  
 Suliram, anakla koorbau mati toortambat.  
 Slliram, dudala lama saiya menchari.  
 Baruse klarung saiya mendabat. (Repeat from beginning)

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE (France)

Dans le jardin d'amon pere, les lilas sont fleuris.  
 Dans le jardin d'amon pere, les lilas sont fleuris.  
 Tous les oiseaux du monde y viennent faire leurs nids.

## CHORUS:

Aupres de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,  
 Aupres de me blonde, qu'il fair bon dormir.

La caill', la tourterelle, et la joli perdrix, (Repeat)  
 Et la jolie columbe qui chante jour et nuit.

Qui chante pour les filles, qui n'ont pas de mari, (Repeat)  
 Pour moi ne chante guere, car j'en ai un joli.

It est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris, (Repeat)  
 "Que donn'erez-vous, la belle, pour le voir revenir?"

Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint Denis, (Repeat)  
 Les tours de Notre-Dame, les cloches de mon pays.

OH, SUSANNA (by Stephen Foster)

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,  
 I'm goin' to Louisiana, my true love fore to fee.  
 It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry;  
 The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

## CHORUS:

Oh, Susanna, Oh! don't you cry for me,  
 I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;  
 I thought I saw Susanna dear, a-comin' down the hill.  
 A red, red rose was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye,  
 Says I, "I come from Dixie Land, Susanna, don't you cry."

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,  
 And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.  
 But if I do not find her there, I'm surely bound to die,  
 And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.



HAIL TO CALIFORNIA

Hail to California, Alma Mater dear--  
 Sing the joyful chorus,  
 Sound it far and near,  
 Rallying 'round her banner--  
 We will never fail,  
 California, Alma Mater, Hail! Hail! Hail!

Hail to California, queen in whom we're blest,  
 Spreading light and goodness over all the West,  
 Fighting 'neath her standard--  
 We shall sure prevail  
 California Alma Mater, Hail! Hail! Hail!

DAISY, DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.  
 I'm half crazy for the love of you.  
 It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage;  
 But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

Michael, Michael, here is your answer true,  
 I'm not crazy over the likes of you.  
 If you can't afford a carriage, call off your bloomin' marriage;  
 'Cause I'll be damned if I'll be jammed on a bicycle built for two.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Morrie's, to the place where Louie dwells,  
 To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well;  
 See the Whiffenpoofs assembled, with their glasses raised on high,  
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell.  
 Yes, the magic of their voices, in the songs they love so well;  
 "Shall I Wasting", and "Mavourneen" and the rest,  
 We will serenade our Louie, while hearts and voice shall last,  
 Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.  
 We are poor little lambs who have lost our way, baa, baa, baa.  
 Just little black sheep who have gone astray, baa, baa, baa.  
 Gentlemen songsters out on a spree, damned from here to eternity,  
 Lord, have mercy on such as we, baa, baa, baa.

KUMBAYA (Africa)

## CHORUS:

Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya. (Repeat 3)  
 Oh Lord, kumbaya.

Someone's sleeping, Lord, kumbaya. (Repeat 3)  
 Oh Lord, kumbaya.

Someone's weeping, Lord, kumbaya. (Repeat 3)  
 Oh Lord, kumbaya.

The moon is smiling, Lord, kumbaya. (Repeat 3)  
 Oh Lord, kumbaya.

The trees are sleeping, Lord, kumbaya. (Repeat 3)  
 Oh Lord, kumbaya.

JAMAICA FAREWELL (Nassau)

Down the way where the nights are gay,  
 And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,  
 I took a trip on a sailing ship,  
 And when it reached Jamaica I made a stop.

## CHORUS:

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,  
 Won't be back for many a day,  
 My heart is down, my head is turnin' around,  
 I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.

Sounds of music everywhere,  
 And the dancing girls swaying to and fro,  
 I must declare my heart is there,  
 Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down in the market you can hear,  
 Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,  
 Aki, rice, salt fish are nice,  
 And the rum is fine any time of year.



THE WRECK OF THE JOHN "B" (Nassau)

We came on the Sloop Juhn B,  
 My grandfather and me,  
 Round Nassau town we did roam;  
 Drinkin' all night, got into a fight,  
 I feel so break up, I want to go home.

## CHORUS:

So hoist up the John B sails;  
 See how the main sail's set,  
 Send for the captain ashore, let me go home;  
 Let me go home, let me go home,  
 I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk,  
 Broke up the people's trunk,  
 Constable had to come and take him away;  
 Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,  
 I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The poor cook he got fits,  
 Ate up all of my grits,  
 Then he took and drank up all of my corn;  
 Let me go home, I want to go home,  
 This is the worst trip since I was born.

CIELITO LINDO (Mexico)

De la Sierra Morena, Cielito Lindo, vienen bajando,  
 Un par de ojitos, Cielito Lindo, de contrabando.

## CHORUS:

Ay, ay, ay, ay! Canta y no llores!  
 Porque cantando se alegran,  
 Cielito Lindo, los corazones.

Ese lunar que tienes, Cielito Lindo, junto a la boca,  
 No se lo des a nadie, Cielito Lindo, que a mi me toca.  
 Pajaro que abandona, Cielito Lindo, su primer nido,  
 Si lo encuentra ocupado, Cielito Lindo, bien merecido.

OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

## CHORUS:

Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn,  
 Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn,  
 Pharoah's army got drown-ded,  
 Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

If I could, I surely would,  
 Stand on the rock where Moses stood,  
 Pharoah's army got drown-ded,  
 Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

Some of these nights about twelve o'clock,  
 This old world's going to reel and rock,  
 Pharoah's army got drown-ded,  
 Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR (International Student Song)

Gaudeamus igitur, (Repeat)  
 Juvenes dum sumus,  
 Post jucundam juventutem,  
 Post molestam senectutem,  
 Nos habebit humus. (Repeat)

Vivat academia,  
 Vivant professores!  
 Vivat membrum quodlibet!  
 Vivat membra quaelibet!  
 Semper sint in flore!

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,  
 In mundo fuero,  
 Vadite ad superos,  
 Transite ad inferos,  
 Ubi jam fuero.

Vivant omnes virgines,  
 Faciles, formosae!  
 Vivant et mulieros,  
 Teneraw, amabiles,  
 Bonae, laboriosae!

Vita nostra brevis est,  
 Brevi finietur,  
 Venit mors velociter,  
 Rapit nos atrociter,  
 Nomini percetur.

Vivat et respublica!  
 Et qui illam regit!  
 Vivat nostra civitas,  
 Maecenatum caritas,  
 Quae nos hic protegit!



THIS LAND

## CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land,  
 From California to the New York island,  
 From the redwood forest to the gulfstream waters,  
 This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
 I saw about me that endless skyway,  
 I saw below me that golden valley,  
 That land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps,  
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
 All around me a voice was 'oun,ing'  
 This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, then I was strolling,  
 And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
 A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,  
 This land was made for you and me.

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (Repeat 3)  
 Earli in the morning.

## CHORUS:

Hey, ho, up she rises, (Repeat 3)  
 Earli in the morning.

Stop his grog until he's sober (Repeat 3) Earli . . . etc.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.

Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.

Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale her.

Put him on the clothesline with a clothespin on him.

That's what we do with the drunken sailor.

TSU TO GWO (China - Farmers' Work Song)

So ba tso tsu to tsu yeh tsau yah,  
 Tso chu liao yeh tsau hau tsang miao yah,  
 Ee yah hey yah ho hey,  
 Tso chu liao yeh tsau hau tsang miao yah,  
 Yah ho yah ho hey, Ed yah hey.

Ee pyen pyen do ching miar sway fung dao yah,  
 Tsun tsun de dao shiang chway lye liao yah,  
 Ee yah hey yah ho hey,  
 Tsun tsun de dao shiang chway lye liao yah,  
 Yah ho yah ho hey, Ee yah hey.

Fung chway tso yu da tai yang sys yah,  
 Tz gun lye tz ts hau tz tsai yah,  
 Ee yah hey yeh ho hey,  
 Tz gun lye tz ts hau tz tsai yah,  
 Yah ho yah ho hey, Ee yah hey.

LOCH LOMOND (Scotland)

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

## CHORUS:

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

'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen,  
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
 Where is purple hue the Highland hills we view,  
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,  
 And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,  
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,  
 Tho' the wae'ful may cease their greeting.



HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD

He's got the whole world in His hands,  
 He's got the whole wide world in His hands,  
 He's got the whole world in His hands,  
 He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the wind and rain in His hands,  
 He's got the sun and moon in His hands,  
 He's got the wind and rain in His hands,  
 He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the little, bitty baby in His hands . . .

He's got you and me, brother, in His hands . . .

He's got you and me, sister, in His hands . . .

He's got everybody here in His hands . . .

He's got the whole world in His hands . . .

LA CUCARACHA (Mexico - The Cockroach)

## CHORUS:

La cucaracha, la cucaracha,  
 Ya no puede caminar;  
 Porque no tiene, porque le falta,  
 Marihuana que fumar.

Con las barbas de Carranza,  
 Voy a hacer una cintilla,  
 Pa' ponerla en el sombrero,  
 Que tiene Francisco Villa.

Ya se van los carrancistas,  
 Ya se van para Chihuahua,  
 Van corriendo tras de Villa,  
 Desde el triunfo de Celaya.

Las muchachas son de oro;  
 Las casadas son de plata;  
 Las viudas son de cobre;  
 Y las viejas son le lata.

SAKURA (Japan - Cherry Trees)

Sakura! Sakura! Yayoi no sora wa,  
 Miwatasu kaghiri;  
 Kasumi ka? Kumo ka? Nioi zo izuru;  
 Iza ya! Iza ya! Mini yukan.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt's land,  
 Let my people go!  
 Oppressed so hard they could not stand,  
 Let my people go!

## CHORUS:

Go down, Moses,  
 'Way down in Egypt's land;  
 Tell ol' Pharoah,  
 Let my people go!

No more shall they in bondage toil,  
 Let my people go!  
 Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,  
 Let my people go!

Oh, Moses, the cloud shall cleave the way,  
 Let my people go!  
 A fire by night, a shade by day,  
 Let my people go!

Your foes shall not before you stand,  
 Let my people go!  
 And you'll possess fair Canaan's land,  
 Let my people go!

BLESS THEM ALL (Australia)

Bless them all, bless them all,  
 The long and the short and the tall,  
 Bless all the Sergeants and W.O. ones,  
 Bless all the Corporals and their blinking sons.

Oh, we're saying goodbye to them all,  
 As back to the barracks they crawl,  
 You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
 So cheer up my lads, bless them all.



ON THE FARM (Stanford University song)

Oh, it's wine, wine, wine,  
That makes you feel so fine,  
On the farm (on the farm),  
Oh, it's wine, wine, wine,  
That makes you feel so fine,  
On the Leland Stanford, Jr., Farm.

## CHORUS:

Mine eyes are dim, I cannot see,  
I have not brought my specs with me,  
I have - not - brought my specs with me.

Oh, it's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,  
That makes you feel so frisky,

Oh, it's beer, beer, beer,  
That makes you feel so queer,

It's rum, rum, rum,  
That makes you feel so bum.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE (England)

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,  
I've got sixpence to last me all my life.  
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,  
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me,  
No pretty little girl to deceive me,  
I'm as happy as a lark believe me,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.  
Rolling home, rolling home,  
By the light of the silvery moon,  
Happy is the day when the army gets its pay,  
As we go rolling, rolling home.

(Repeat verse and chorus moving progressively through  
fourpence, tuppence, and no pence.)

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,  
In a little brown hut we call our own;  
She loves gin, and I love rum,  
Tell you what, don't we have fun?

## CHORUS:

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee.  
Ha, ha, ha, you add me,  
Little brown jug, how I love thee.

'Tis you who makes my friends and foes,  
'Tis you who makes we wear old clothes,  
But here you are so near my nose,  
So tip her up and down she goes.

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;  
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,  
And milk her forty times a day.

The rose is red, my nose is too,  
The violet's blue, and so are you,  
Yet, I guess before I stop,  
We'd better take another drop.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,  
You make me happy when skies are gray,  
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you,  
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,  
I dreamed I held you in my arms,  
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,  
So I hung my head and I cried:

You are my sunshine . . .



THE STREETS OF LAREDO (Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out in the Streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
Wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy" -  
These words he did say as I boldly walked by,  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
Once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First down to Rosie's and then to the card-house;  
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Get sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin;  
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song;  
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

YELLOW RIBBON

'Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,  
She wore it in the Springtime and in the month of May,  
And when you asked her why the hell she wore it,  
She wore it for her lover who was far, far away.  
Far away, far away, she wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,  
Behind the door, her father kept a shotgun,

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home,  
Where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard,  
A discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

## CHORUS:

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard,  
A discouraging word,  
Add the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure,  
The zephyrs so free,  
And the breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange,  
My home on the range,  
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night,  
When the heavens are bright,  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed,  
And asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover,  
That I overlooked before.  
One is for sunshine, the second is rain,  
Third is the roses that bloom in the lane.

No use explaining the one remaining,  
That's somebody I adore.  
I'm looking over a four leaf clover,  
That I overlooked before.



YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp, along with Captain Goodwin,  
And there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty puddin'.

## CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step, and with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men, as rich as Squire David;  
And what they wasted every day, I wish it could be saved.

And there was Captain Washington upon a slapping stallion,  
A-giving orders to his men' I guess there were a million.

Yankee Doodle went to town, a-riding on a pony,  
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni.

THE HAPPY WANDERER (Germany)

I love to go a-wandering,  
Along the beaten track,  
And as I go, I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

## CHORUS:

Balderee, Baldera, Balderee,  
Baldera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Balderee, Balera,  
My knapsack on my back.

I wave my hat to all I meet,  
And they wave back to me,  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet,  
From every greenwood tree.

Away I go a wandering  
Until the day I die,  
Oh may I always laugh and sing,  
Beneath God's clear blue sky.

MOSCOW NIGHTS (Soviet Union - Podmoskovnie Vyetchera)

Nyeh slishni v'sadoo dazheh shorokhi;  
Vsyoh zdyes zamerlo doh ootra.  
Yesli b'znali vikak mneh dorogi,  
Podmoskovniyeh vechera.

(Repeat last 2 lines)

Stillness in the grove,  
Not a rustling sound;  
Softly shines the moon, clear and bright.  
Dear, if you could know, how I treasure so,  
This most beautiful Moscow night.

(Repeat last 2 lines)

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,  
Maybe we're ragged and funny,  
But we'll travel along, singin' a song,  
Side by side.

Oh, we don't know what comin' tomorrow,  
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,  
But we'll travel ~~the~~ road, sharin' our load,  
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,  
What if the sky should fall,  
Just as long as we're together,  
It really doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and parted,  
We'll be the same as we started,  
Just travlin' along, singin' a song,  
Side by side.



THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

And when the saints go marching in,  
 And when the saints go marching in,  
 Lord, I want to be in that number,  
 When the saints go marching in.

And then the revelation comes,  
 And when the revelation comes,  
 Lord, how I want to be in that number,  
 When the revelation comes.

And when the new world is revealed.

And when the sun refuse to shine.

And when the moon has turned to blood.

And when they gather 'round the throne.

When the trumpet sounds a call.

And when the saints go marching in.

SANTA LUCIA (Italy)

Sul mare luccica,  
 L'astro d'argento,  
 Placida-a-l'onda,  
 Prosper-e-il vento.

## CHORUS:

Venite-al agile,  
 Barchetta mia,  
 Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

O dolce Napoli,  
 O sual beato,  
 Ove sorridere,  
 Volle-il create.

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O,  
 And on that farm he had some chicks,  
 E-I-E-I-O,  
 With a chick, chick here, chick,  
 chick, there,  
 Here chick, there chick, everywhere  
 chick, chick.

Ducks - quack, quack.  
 Pigs - oink, oink.  
 Turkeys - gobble, gobble.  
 Cows - moo, moo.  
 Ford - rattle, rattle,  
 Wife - yakkity, yak.

THE HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,  
 I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land;  
 I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,  
 I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters,  
 All . . . . over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning . . .

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning . . .

Well, I got a hammer, and I got a bell,  
 And I got a song to sing all over this land;  
 It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,  
 It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,  
 All . . . . over this land.

BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW

## CHORUS:

Bury me beneath the willow,  
 'Neath the weeping willow tree.  
 When he hears his love is sleeping,  
 Maybe then he'll think of me.

My heart is sad and I am lonely,  
 Thinking of the one I love.  
 When will I see him, oh, no never,  
 Unless we meet in heaven above.

She told me that she dearly loved me,  
 How could I believe her untrue.  
 Until the day some neighbors told me,  
 She has proven untrue to you.

Tomorrow was to be our wedding,  
 I pray, Oh Lord where can he be,  
 He's gone, he's gone to love another,  
 He no longer cares for me.



IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight, you can hear those voices singing;  
 In the evening by the moonlight, you can hear those banjoes ringing;  
 How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen,  
 As we sang in the evening by the moonlight, la-da-do-da.

In the evening, la-da-do-da, by the moonlight, la-da-do-da,  
 You can hear those voices singing, la-da-do-da;  
 In the evening, la-da-do-da, by the moonlight, la-da-do-da,  
 You can hear those banjoes ringing, la-da-do-da;  
 How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen,  
 As we sang in the evening by the moonlight, la-da-do-da.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
 I'm tired and I want to go to bed.  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
 And it went right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,  
 O'er land or sea or foam,  
 You will always hear me singing this song,  
 "Show me the way to go home."

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man.  
 \*Then I bought myself a farm, I did what I could.  
 \*I called my farm, Muscle in My Arm.  
 Still the land was sweet and good, and I did what I could.  
 \*Then I built myself a shack. I called my shack, Break My Back.  
 \*Then I bought myself a cow. I called my cow, No Milk Now.  
 \*Then I bought myself a horse. I called my horse, Lame of Course.  
 \*Then I got myself a wife. I called my wife, Run for Your Life.  
 \*Then I got myself a son. I called my son, My Work's Done.

GREENSLEEVES (England)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,  
 To cast me off discourteously;  
 And I have loved you so long,  
 Delighting in your company.

## CHORUS:

Greensleeves was my delight,  
 Greensleeves was all my joy.  
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
 And who but my lady Greensleeves.

Thou couldst't desire no earthly thing,  
 But that I gave it readily,  
 The music for to play and sing,  
 And yet thou wouldst't not love me.

Greensleeves, Greensleeves, adieu, farewell,  
 And God I pray to prosper thee.  
 For I am still thy lover true;  
 Come once again and love me.

ZUM GALI GALI (Israel)

Hechalutz le 'man avodah;  
 Avodah le 'man hechalutz.

## CHORUS:

Zum gali gali gali,  
 Zum gali gali,  
 Zum gali gali gali,  
 Zum gali gali.

Avodah le 'man hechalutz;  
 Hechalutz le 'man avodah.

Hechalutz le 'man Hab'tulah;  
 Hab'tulah le 'man hechalutz.

Hashalom le 'man ha'amin;  
 Ha'amin le 'man hashalom.

RANCHO GRANDE (Mexico)

## CHORUS:

Alla en el rancho grande,  
 Alla donde vivia,  
 Habia una rancherita,  
 Que alegre me decia,  
 Que alegre me decia.

Te voy a hacer tus calzones,  
 Como los que usa el ranchero,  
 Te los comienzo de lana,  
 Te los acabo de cuero.

Nunca te fies de promesas,  
 Ni mucho menos de amores,  
 Que si te dan calabazas,  
 Veras lo que son ardores.



THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,  
And never, never thinks of me.

## CHORUS:

Farethee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let this parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part,  
Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my heart 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 spark, used to spark,  
And now my love who once was true to me,  
Takes this dark damsel on his knee.

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 you may carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died for love.

DA MI YE PROCHI KONTRADOM (Yugoslav - Dalmatia)

Da mi ye prochi Kontra dom, gdi vlada radosti sveet,  
Da mi se sastat sa tobom, i gledat zvizdanu noch.

## CHORUS:

Oy divni maryanaymoy. Oy lipi Splitay moy mili.  
Oy plavi Yadramaymoy. Ti divni bisayru moy.

Kada chu plovit sa brodom, U mili zavichie.  
Sastat se draga sa tobom, U topli zagrilyie.

Kad chaymo opet bit sritni, shaytati uz morski zhal.  
I gledat sa puno zhara, na nash divni maryan.

HAVA NAGILA (Israel - Let's be Happy)

Hava nagila, hava nagila,  
Hava nagila, venismeha. (Repeat)

Hava neranena, hava neranena,  
Hava neranena, venismeha. (Repeat)

Oo-roo, ooroo ahim,  
Ooroo ahim belev same-ah, (Repeat 4)  
Ooroo ahim, ooroo ahim,  
Belev same-ah.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My Wild Irish Rose,  
The sweetest flow'r that grows,  
You may search everywhere,  
But none can compare,  
With my Wild Irish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose,  
The dearest flow'r that grows,  
And some day for my sake,  
She may let me take,  
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Come, all you young fellows who follow the sea,  
Way! Hey! Blow the man down;  
Now, pray, pay attention and listen to me.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

## CHORUS:

Blow the man down, bullies,  
Blow the man down.  
Way! Hey! Blow the man down.  
Blow the man down, Bullies,  
Blow the man down.  
Give us some time to blow the man down.

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,  
And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me.

T'was on the Black Baller I first served my time,  
And on the Black Baller I wasted my time.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.

Says she then to me, "Sir, will you stand a treat?"  
"Delighted", says I, "for a charmer so sweet."



VIVE L'AMOUR

Let every good fellow now join in a song,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 Success to each other and pass it along,  
 Vive la compagnie!

## CHORUS:

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,  
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,  
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,  
 Vive la compagnie!

A friend on your left and a friend on your right,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 In love and good fellowship let us unite,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Let each jolly bachelor fill up his glass,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 And drink to the health of his favorite lass,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Let each married man toast a drink to his wife,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 The joy of his heart **but** the plague of his life,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Now wider and wider our circle expands,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 We sing to our comrades in far away lands,  
 Vive la compagnie!

Should time on occasion compel us to part,  
 Vive la compagnie!  
 These times shall forever enliven the heart,  
 Vive la compagnie!

AR-I-RANG (Korea)

Ahrirang, ahrirang, ahrariyo yo,  
 Ahrirang, kokayro nohmohkanda,  
 Nah reul pohrigo gashinoum nimeum,  
 Shimni doe met ka so palpyum nanda.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW (England)

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,  
 I worked at the weaver's trade;  
 And the only, **only** thing I did that was wrong,  
 Was to woo a fair young maid.  
 I wooed her in the wintertime,  
 Part of the summer too;  
 And the only, **only** thing I did that was wrong,  
 Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,  
 When I was fast asleep.  
 She threw her arms around my neck,  
 And then began to weep.  
 She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,  
 Ah me, what could I do?  
 So all night long I held her in my arms,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
 We work at the weaver's trade;  
 And every single time I look into his eyes,  
 He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
 He reminds me of the wintertime,  
 And of the summer too;  
 And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde,  
 And the band played on.  
 He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,  
 And the band played on.  
 But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,  
 The poor girl would shake with alarm;  
 He married the girl with the strawberry curl,  
 And the band played on.



ACRES OF CLAMS

I've wandered all over this country,  
Prospecting and digging for gold,  
I've tunneled, hydraulicked, and cradled,  
And I have been frequently sold.

## CHORUS:

And I have been frequently sold, (Repeat)  
I've tunneled, hydraulicked, and cradled,  
And I have been frequently sold.

For one who gets riches by mining,  
Perceiving that hundreds get poor,  
I made up my mind to try farming,  
The only pursuit that is sure. (Repeat)

So, rolling my grub in my blanket,  
I left all my tools on the ground,  
And started one morning to shank it,  
For a country they call Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition,  
I laugh at the world and its shams,  
And I think of my happy condition,  
Surrounded by acres of clams.

MATILDA, MATILDA (Jamaica)

CHORUS: Matilda, Matilda, Matilda, (Repeat)  
She take me money and run Venezuela.

Five hundred dollars friends I lost,  
What made me sell me cat and horse,  
Matilda, she take me money and run Venezuela.

Well, the money was just inside me bed,  
Stuck up in the pillow beneath me head,  
Matilda, she take me money and run Venezuela.

Well, me friends, never to love again,  
All me money gone in vain,  
Matilda, she take me money and run Venezuela.

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE (France)

Chevalier de la table ronde, (Repeat)  
Goutons voir si le vin est bon

## CHORUS:

Goutons voir, oui, oui, oui, (Repeat)  
Goutons voir, non, non, non,  
Goutons voir, si le vin est bon.

J'en boirai cinq ou six bouteilles,  
Une femme sur les genoux.

Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre,  
Dans un cave ou y a du bon vin.

Les deux pieds contre la muraille,  
Et la tete sous le roinet.

Sur ma tombe, je veux qu'on inscrive,  
"Ici Git le Roi des Buveurs."

La morale de cette histoire,  
C'est a boire avant de mourir.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad, all the livelong day;  
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.  
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowing, rise up so early in the morn,  
Don'tcha hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow your horn?  
Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow, Dinah won'tcha blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, comeone's in the kitchen I know-o-o,  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o, fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o-o-o-o,  
Fee, fie, fiddl-e-i-o, strumming on the old banjo.



I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

You can't get to heaven,  
In a rocking chair,  
'Cause the Lord don't want,  
No lazybones there.

CHORUS: (Repeat 3)  
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

If you get to heaven,  
Before I do,  
Just bore a hole,  
And pull me through.

You can't get to heaven,  
On roller skates,  
You'll roll right by,  
Those pearly gates.

You can't get to heaven,  
On a pair of skiis,  
'Cause you'll schuss right through,  
Saint Peter's knees.

You can't get to heaven,  
In an aeroplane,  
'Cause the Lord don't have,  
No high octane.

You can't get to haaven,  
With nickels in your jeans,  
'Cause the Lord don't have,  
No slot machines.

There's one more thing,  
I forgot to tell,  
If you don't go to heaven,  
You go to hell.

OLEANA (Refers to a Norwegian immigrant community, advertised as a utopia, but whose land proved worthless.)

CHORUS: Ole, Oleana, Ole Oleana, Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Ole, Oleana.

Oh, to be in Oleana! That's where I's like to be,  
Than be bound in Norway, and drag the chains of slavery.

In Oleana, land is free, the wheat and corn just plant themselves,  
Then grow a good four feet a day, while on your bed you rest yourself.

Beer as sweet as Munchener, springs from the ground and flows away,  
The cows all like to milk themselves and hens lay eggs ten times a day.

Little roasted piggies rush about the city streets,  
Inquiring so politely if a slice of ham you'd like to eat.

Say, if you'd begin to live, to Oleana you must go,  
The poorest wretch in Norway, becomes a Duke in a year or so.

The women there do all the work as round the fields they quickly go,  
Each one has a hickory stick and she beats herself if she works too slow.

Oh, to be in Oleana! That's where I's like to be,  
Than be bound in Norway, and drag the chains of slavery.

CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love! (Repeat 3)  
Oh, see what love has done to me!

Once my apron strings were long, (Repeat 3)  
When you passed my window with a song.

Now my apron strings won't tie, (Repaat 3)  
You pass my cabin door right by.

What, oh what will Mother say, (Repeat 3)  
When I come home the family way?

She'll tear her hair, and bide her tongue, (Repeat 3)  
For she did the same when she was young.



GYPSY ROVER (England)

The gypsy rover come over the hill,  
Bound 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 di do, ah di do day, ah di do, ah di 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,  
She left her own true love;  
She left her servants and her estate,  
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed,  
Roamed the valley all over;  
Sought his daughter at great speed,  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,  
Down by the river Clayde;  
And there was music, and there was wine,  
For the gypsy and his lady.

He's no gypsy my father said she,  
My lord of freelands all over;  
And I will stay till my dying day,  
With my whistling gypsy rover.

DU, DU LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN (Germany)

Du, du liegst mir im Herzen, du, du liegst mir im Sinn;  
Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen, weisst nicht wie gut, ich dir bin;  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, weisst nicht wie gut, ich dir bin.

So, so wie ich dich liebe, so, so liebe auch mich!  
Die, die zartlichsten Triebe, fühl ich einzig für dich,  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, fühl ich allein nur für dich.

Und, und wenn in her Ferne, dir, dir mein Bild erscheint,  
Dann, dann wunsch ich so gerne, dass uns die Liebe vereint!  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, dass uns die Liebe vereint!

WEGGIS SONG (Switzerland)

From Lucerne to Weggis on,  
Holdiridia, holdiria,  
Care and labor now are gone,  
Holdiridia, holdia.

CHORUS:  
Holdiridia, holdiridia, holdiria,  
Holdiridia, holdiridia, holdia.

O'er the mountain trail we'll go,  
Holdiridia, holdiria,  
See the deep ravine below,  
Holdiridia, holdia.

Weggis leads to the highest hill,  
Holdiridia, holdiria,  
Give a cheer, boys, with a will,  
Holdiridia, holdia.

DIE LORELEI (Germany)

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin,  
Ein Marchen aus alten Zeiten das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn,  
Die Luft ist kuhl und es dunkelt und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schonste Jungfrau sitzt dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet, sie kammt ihr goldenes Haar,  
Sie kammt es mit foldenem Kamme und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame, gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe ergreift ein wildes Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe, er schaut nur hinauf in die Hoh',  
Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen die Lorelei getan.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE 49

Where have all the flowers gone,  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the flowers gone,  
Long time ago,  
Where have all the flowers gone,  
Gone to young girls everyone.  
When will they ever learn,  
When will they ever learn.

Where have all the young girls gone,  
Gone for husbands every one.

Where have all the husbands gone,  
Gone for soldiers every one.

Where have all the soldiers gone,  
Gone to graveyards every one.

Where have all the graveyards gone,  
Gone to flowers every one.



SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,  
 She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,  
 She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
 She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
 She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes,  
 Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes,  
 She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes,  
 Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes,  
 We'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes,

EVERYBODY LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

Everybody loves Saturday night,  
 Everybody loves Saturday night,  
 Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody,  
 Everybody loves Saturday night,

French: Tout le monde aime Samedi soir.  
 German: Jederman Liebt den Samstag Abend.  
 Spanish: A todos les gusta la noche del Sabado.  
 Norwegian: Alle elsker Lordog kveld.  
 Russian: Vsiem nraivitsa Sabbota viercheram.  
 Chinese: Zen zen si huan li pai lu.  
 Japanese: Daremo ga skina doycobi no Yoru.  
 Hindi: Sublog shanivar pasand kertay hai.  
 Nigerian: Gbogbo enia feran Satide.

ALOUETTE (France)

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
 Alouette, je te plumerai,  
 (Je te plumerai la tete), je te plumerai la tete,  
 (Et la tete), et la tete, (Alouette), Alouette,  
 Oh - - - Alouette, etc.

La main, les jambes, les pieds, le bras,  
 Le bec, les yeux, le nez, la bouche, le dos.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you,  
 Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.  
 Keep the love-light shining in your eyes so true;  
 Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

CLEMENTINE

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

## CHORUS:

Oh my darling, oh my darling,  
 Oh my darling Clementine,  
 You are lost and gone forever,  
 Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

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

USKUDAR (Turkey)

Uskudar' a gider iken, aldida bir yagmur. (Repeat)  
 Katibimin se-tresi u-zun e-te-gi-cha-mur. (Repeat)

Uskudar' a gider iken bi mendel buldum. (Repeat)  
 Mendilimin ichinede lokum doldurdum. (Repeat)

Katibimi arar iken yanimda buldum. (Repeat)  
 Katip benim ben katibin, el na karishir.  
 Katibime kolalido gomlek ne guzel yarashir.

Ruby lips above the water,  
 Blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
 Alas for me, I was no swimmer,  
 So I lost my Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
 Robed in garments soaked with brine,  
 Tho' in life I used to hug her,  
 Now she's dead, I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her,  
 How I missed my Clemintine,  
 'Til I kissed her little sister,  
 And forgot my Clementine.



GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART

Goodnight, Sweetheart,  
Till we meet tomorrow,  
Goodnight, Sweetheart,  
Sleep will banish sorrow.  
Tears and parting may  
make us forlorn,  
But with the dawn,  
a new day is born.  
So, I'll say . . .

Goodnight, Sweetheart,  
Though I'm not beside  
you,  
Goodnight, Sweetheart,  
Still my love will  
guide you.  
Dreams enfold you,  
In each one I'll hold  
you.  
Goodnight, Sweetheart,  
Goodnight!

AULD LANG SYNE (Scotland)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never bro't to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?

## CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien', and gie's a hand o' thine;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

GOODNIGHT, IRENE

## CHORUS:

Irene, goonight, Irene, goodnight,  
Goodnight, Irene, goodnight, Irene,  
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married,  
Me and my wife settled down,  
Now me and my wife, we are parted,  
I'm going to take another stroll down-  
town.

Sometimes I live in the country,  
Sometimes I live in town,  
Sometimes I have a great notion,  
To jump into the river and drown.

Stop rambling, stop your gamboing,  
Stop staying out late at night,  
Go home to your wife and family,  
Sit down by the fireside bright.