

Sussex Won't be Druv

Some folks as come to Sussex,
They reckons as they know -
A durn sight better what to do
Than simple folks, like me and you,
Could possibly suppose.

But them as comes to Sussex,
They mustn't push and shove,
For Sussex will be Sussex,
And Sussex won't be druv!

Mus Wilfred come to Sussex,
Us heaved a stone at he,
Because he reckoned he could teach
Our Sussex fishers how to reach
The fishes in the sea.

But when he dwelt among us,
Us gave un land and luv,
For Sussex will be Sussex,
And Sussex won't be druv!

All folks as come to Sussex
Must follow Sussex ways -
And when they've larned to know us
well,
There's no place else they'll wish to
dwell
In all their blessed days -

There ant no place like Sussex,
Until ye goos above,
For Sussex will be Sussex,
And Sussex won't be druv

W Victor Cook

Green Grow The Rushes

I'll sing you twelve, O
Green grow the rushes, O
What are your twelve, O?
Twelve for the twelve Apostles
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the April Rainers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
Six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbols at your door,
Four for the Gospel makers,
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothèd all in green, O,
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

Sussex by the Sea

Now is the time for marching
Now let your hearts be gay
Hark to the merry bugles
Sounding along our way
So let your voices ring , my boys
And take your time from me
And I'll sing you a song as we march along
Of Sussex by the Sea.

For we're the men from Sussex
Sussex by the Sea,
We plough and sow and reap and mow,
And useful men are we:
And when you come to Sussex,
Whoever you may be,
You can tell them all that we'll stand or fall
For Sussex by the Sea.

Oh Sussex, Sussex by the Sea
Good old Sussex by the Sea
You can tell them all that we'll stand or fall
For Sussex by the Sea.

Light is the love of a soldier
That's what the ladies say
Lightly he goes a wooing
Lightly he rides away
In love and war, we always are
As fair as fair can be,
And a soldier boy is the ladies' joy
In Sussex by the Sea.

Chorus & Refrain

Far o'er the seas we wander
Wide through the world we roam,
Far from the kind hearts yonder
Far from the dear old home,
But never shall we forget my boys
And true we'll ever be
To the girls so kind that we've left behind
In Sussex by the Sea.

Chorus & Refrain

William Ward-Higgs 1907

Widcombe Fair

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want for to go to Widcombe Fair,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
All along, down along, out along, lee,
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

So they harnessed and bridled the old grey mare
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And off they drove to Widcombe fair,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of the night
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'I Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

White Cliffs of Dover

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see

I'll never forget the people I met
Braving those angry skies
I remember well as the shadows fell
The light of hope in their eyes

And though I'm far away
I still can hear them say
Bombs up...
But when the dawn comes up

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see

There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow
When the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see
There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see..

Roll Out The Barrel

There's a garden, what a garden
Only happy faces bloom there
And there's never any room there
For a worry or a gloom there

Oh there's music and there's dancing
And a lot of sweet romancing
When they play the polka
They all get in the swing

Every time they hear that com-pa-pa
Everybody feels so tra-la-la
They want to throw their cares away
They all go lah-de-ah-de-ay

Then they hear a rumble on the floor, the floor
It's the big surprise they're waiting for
And all the couples form a ring
For miles around you'll hear them sing

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run
Zing boom tararel, ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here

Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Then they hear a rumble on the floor-or-or-or
It's the big surprise they're waiting for
And all the couples they form a ring
For miles around you'll hear them sing

Drree mopado theedo da-da-da-da

Roll it out, roll it out, roll out the barrel
Da-da-da da-da da-da da-da-da-da-da
Sing a song of good cheer
'Cause the whole gang is here
Roll it out, roll it out
Let's do the beer barrel polka

Whiskey on a Sunday

*Come day, go day
Wish in my heart it were Sunday
Drinking buttermilk thru the week
Whiskey on a Sunday*

He sits in the corner of old beggar's bush
On top of an old packing crate
He has three wooden dolls that can dance and can sing
And he croons with a smile on his face

CHORUS

His tired old hands tug away at the strings
And the puppets dance up and down
A far better show than you ever would see
In the fanciest theatre in town

CHORUS

And sad to relate that old Seth Davy died
In 1904
The three wooden dolls in the dustbin were laid
His song will be heard nevermore

CHORUS

But some stormy night when you're passing that way
And the wind's blowing up from the sea
You'll still hear the song of old Seth Davy
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

CHORUS

John Peel

Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
Do ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
Do ye ken John Peel when he`s far, far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning

Twass the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds has me oftimes led
For Peel`s view holloa would wake the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning

Do ye ken that hound whose voice is death?
Do ye ken her sons of peerless faith
Do ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning?

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too
Ranter and Royal and Bellman so true
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view
From the view to the death in the morning

And I`ve followed John Peel both often and far
O`er the rasper fence and the gate and the bar
From Low Denton Holme to the Scratchmere Scar
When we vied for the brush in the morning

Then here`s to John Peel with my heart and soul
Come fill, fill to him a brimming bowl
For we`ll follow John Peel thro fair or thro foul
While we`re waked by his horn in the morning

The Farmer`s Boy

The sun had sunk behind yon hill
Across yon dreary moor,
When wet and cold there came a boy
Up to a farmer's door.
'Can you tell me,' said he, 'if any there be
Who will give me employ
*For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy?*

'My father's dead aud my mother left,
And with three children small;
And what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all.
But as little as I am I will do what I can
All for to seek employ.' .
*For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy?*

'Oh, yes,' cried the wife, 'let us try the lad;
Let him no further seek !'
'Oh, yes,' the daughter she replied,
While a tear ran down her cheek,
'It is hard for those who seek for work
And wander for employ.'
*For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy?*

The boy he stayed till he grew a man
And the good old farmer died.
He left the lad with all he had
And his daughter for his bride.
But the lad that now a farmer is,
He oft times smiles with joy
When he thinks of the day that he came this way
All for to seek employ,
*For to plow and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy, boy,
And to be a farmer's boy.*

The Black Velvet Band

Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band*

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a tripping along the highway
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swans
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad luck to the black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band"

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
For they feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah", 'til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

The Chandler's Wife

As I went into the chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,
I looked about the chandler's shop, but no one did I spy.
Well, I was disappointed, so some angry words I said,
When I heard the sound of a * * * right above my head.
Yes, I heard the sound of a * * * right above my head.

Well, I was slick, and I was quick, so up the stairs I fled,
And very surprised was I to find the chandler's wife in bed,
And with her was another man of quite considerable size,
And they were having a * * * right before my eyes.
Yes, they were having a * * * right before my eyes.

Ah, when the fun was over and done, the lady raised her head,
And very surprised was she to find me standin' by the bed.
"If you'll be discrete, my boy, if you will be so kind,
You two can come up for some * * * whenever you feel inclined.
You two can come up for some * * * whenever you feel inclined."

So, many a night, and many a day, when the chandler wasn't home,
To get myself some candles, to the chandler's shop I'd roam.
But never a one she give to me, she give to me instead
Just a little bit more of that * * * to light my way to bed.
Just a little bit more of that * * * to light my way to bed.

Now, all ye married men, take heed, whenever you go to town.
If you must leave your woman alone, be sure to tie her down.
Or if you would be kind to her, just set her down there on the floor,
And give her so much of that * * * she doesn't want any more.
Yes, give her so much of that * * * she doesn't want any more.

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

*A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!*

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*And it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.*

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

CHORUS

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

CHORUS

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress (forgive) me as ofttimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

Twanky Dillo

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith
The best of all fellows
He works at his anvil
While the boy blows the bellows
Which makes his bright hammer
To rise and to fall
There's the old coal, and the young coal
And the old coal of all
Twanky dillo, twanky dillo
Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo
And the roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow

If a gentleman comes
With his horse to be shoed
He will make no denial
To one pint or two
Which makes his bright hammer
To rise and to fall
There's the old coal, and the young coal
And the old coal of all
Twanky dillo, twanky dillo
Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo
And the roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow

Here's a health to the pretty girl
The one I love best
She kindles her fire
All in her own breast
Which makes his bright hammer
To rise and to fall
There's the old coal, and the young coal
And the old coal of all
Twanky dillo, twanky dillo
Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo
And the roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow

Here's a health to our king
And likewise our queen
And to all the royal family
Where'ere they are seen
Which makes his bright hammer
To rise and to fall
There's the old coal, and the young coal
And the old coal of all
Twanky dillo, twanky dillo
Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo
And the roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow

Green willow, Green willow
Green willow, willow, willow, willow
And the roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow

Irish Rover

On the Fourth of July, 1806
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts
She had twenty seven masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, and six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was awl Mickey Coote
Who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set
He was tootin' with skill
For each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk
He was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance
When he took up his stance
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee
From the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk
Who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole
Who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mick MacCann
From the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years
When the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And that whale of a crew
Was reduced down to two Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock
Oh Lord! what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around
And the poor old dog was drowned,
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

Buttercup Joe

Now do I be a very young country boy
My father came from Fareham.
He had another six just like I;
By Christ, how he could rare 'em.
Now, do my mum make dumplings nice
I bet you'd like to try 'em.
I've yet to find me a better one,
A country boy like I am.

*For I can drive a plow and milk a cow;
I can reap and mow.
I'm as fresh as a daisy that grows in the field,
And they calls I "Buttercup Joe."*

Now there be a pretty girl that I love,
They calls her "our Mary."
She works busy as a bumblebee
Down in old Jones's dairy.
Now work and cook and irk and sew
And use the smoothing iron,
And I'm gonna take her for a wife,
A country boy like I am.

CHORUS

Now we're gonna buy us our own barn
When I put by some money.
We'll put the bees in sacks of corn;
They can make us bread and honey.
And I'll have hops in every field
And a big oast-house to dry 'em.
I'll brew the best ale in the land,
A country boy like I am.

CHORUS

Now Mary, her was family,
And I will not propose it.
She's got one of them on the way,
And I don't think that she knows it.
So we'll get married in yonder church
Before it's lambing time,
And settle down to raise some girls
And country boys like I am.

CHORUS

Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's all right 'til I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She's the belle of Belfast City,
She goes courtin', a one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Now Albert Mooney says he loves her,
Now the boys are fighting for her.
Knockin' on the door and they're ringin' the bell, sayin'
"Oh my true love, are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Johnny Murphy says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's all right 'til I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She's the belle of Belfast City,
She goes courtin', a one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie,
And she'll get her own lad by and by!
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she comes home.
Let them all come as they will
It's Patrick Murphy she loves still!

I'll tell me ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's all right 'til I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She's the belle of Belfast City,
She goes courtin', a one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she?
(2x)

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolabah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled
"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 'til his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me".

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"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 shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me".

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me".

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me"
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?",
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me".

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never take me alive", said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me".

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me"
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me."
"Oh, You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me."

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