

Sloop John B**Arr. Yvonne Burgess**

1. We sailed on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, got into a fight (oh yeah)
Well I feel so broke up
I wanna go home

Chorus
So hoist up the John B sail
See how the main sail set
Send for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home oh yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I wanna go home

2. So the first mate he got drunk
He broke in the Captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone,
why don't you leave me alone
Well I feel so broke up,
I wanna go home
Chorus

3. So poor cook he got the fits
He threw away all my grits
Then he took and ate up all of my corn
Let me go home,
why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip
I've ever been on
Chorus

Some Old Salty Arr. Yvonne Burgess

Some old salty,
how he used to rock me.
Jelly roll or Jerry Lee,
how he used to rock me.

Salt fare, North Sea, weird stare.
Further than the eye can see.
He had a head like a toy shop,
bow legged stance off,
Must have been the rolling sea.

Chorus

Hull Fair waltzers,
bopping to Brenda Lee.
River boat jazz cruise,
jiving to the Two-Nineteen.

Chorus

Down there for dancing,
come on Mr Chester please.
Play 'Delia's gone' for one more round,
Some old salty's on his feet.

Chorus

Repeat verse One.

Chorus

Down 'The Abercrombie'

11 There's a Light

Beth Neilson Chapman

There's a light, there's a light in the darkness
And the black of the night cannot harm us
We can trust not to fear
For our comfort is near
There's a light, there's a light in the darkness

It will rain, it will rain in the desert
In the grass of the plain there's a treasure
Like the thirst of the seed
we await, we believe
It will rain, it will rain in the desert

We will fly, we will fly, we will let go
To this world we will die, but our hearts know
We'll see more on that side
when the door opens wide
[We will fly, we will fly (repeat)] we will all go

Mambo Amadzimambo (trad.)

Chorus
Tino-kumbira-wo mutipe
Mvura yo kunwa
Mhepo wo kuenda

Solo
Muka Zeneeka
Tino kumbira mwari baba
Tine zweirewo tsi tsi
Nyang we taka tadza
Tino kumbira mwari baba
Tine zweirewo tsi tsi

12 On the Turning Away

1. On the turning away
From the pale and downtrodden
And the words that they say
Which we won't understand
"Don't accept that what's happening
Is just a case of others' suffering
Or you'll find that you're joining in
The turning away"

2. It's a sin that somehow
Light is changing to shadow
And is casting its shroud
Over all we have known
Unaware how the ranks have grown
Driven on by a heart of stone
We may find that we're all alone
In the dreams of the proud

3. On the wings of the night
As the daytime is stirring
Where the speechless unite
In a silent accord
Using words you will find are strange
And mesmerized as they light the flame
Feel the new wind of change
On the wings of the night

4. No more turning away
From the weak and the weary
No more turning away
From the coldness inside
Just one world that we all must share
It's not enough just to stand and stare
Is it only a dream that there'll be
No more turning away?
(Gilmour, Moore)

Bread and Roses James Oppenheim, 1912

As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing "Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!"

As we go marching, marching we battle too for men
For they in the struggle and together we shall win
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread but give us roses!

As we go marching, marching unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too!

As we go marching, marching the future hears our call
The rising of the women means the rising of us all
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories, Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies, Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

13

Who Pays the Piper?

Nancy Nicolson

Who pays the piper, who pays the piper?

Who pays the piper, who calls the tune?

Who pays the piper, what is the fee?

Flames on the water - death on the sea.

And the song is old, and is always told

How the great brave and bold they do flourish,
How bravely they gamble with other men's lives

And profit while other men perish.

And the tune resounds, and is always found

When the ground receives yet another

Father of dazed and despairing young bairns

Or the son of a desolate mother.

And the price is dear for the folk who fear

And who bear the burden of sorrow

For those who were lost where the graph of the cost
Crossed the graph of rich pickings tomorrow.

14

Bass section

Who Pays the Piper?

Nancy Nicolson

*Who pays, who pays the piper, who-o pays?
Who pays the pi-iper, who calls the tune?
Oh, Who-o pa-ys th-e fe-e?
Flames on the water and death on the sea.*

Yes, And the song is old, and is always told
How the brave and bold they do flourish,
How bravely they bravely they gamble with other men's lives
And profit while other men perish.

Yes, And the tune resounds, and is always found
When the ground receives yet another
Father of father of dazed and despairing young bairns
Or the son of a desolate mother.

Yes, And the price is dear for the folk who fear
And who bear the burden of sorrow
For those who were those who were lost where the graph of
the cost
Crossed the graph of rich pickings tomorrow.

Jane Finlayson

15 Fhir a 'Bhata – The Boatman

Chorus

Fhir a' bhata, na horo eile (X3)
Mo shoraidh slan leat 's gach ait' an teid thu

Fair :a vat:a na horo ail:a (X3)
Mo hori slan let sgach atsh an tshetshoo

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a s airde,
Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhata;
An tig thu'n diugh, no'n tig thu a-maireach
'Smur tig thu idir, gur truagh a ta mi

Strik mi shaltin on chnok asartsh:a
Fay:achk am fike mi fair a: vat:a
An tshig-oo a:n dzhoo non tshig-oo a: mar:ach
Smoor tshig-oo itsha:r goor trua a ha mi

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, bruite;
'Stric na dedir a' ruith o m'shuilean;
An tig thu 'n nochd, no 'm bi mo dhuil riut,
No'n duin mi'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

Ha mo creetsh:a s:a brishtsh:a brootsh:a
Strik n:a dzhor :a-rooi o mul:an
An tshig-oo :a nozhk nom bi mo ghil root
Non doon mi :an dor:as le ozn:a oors:ach

'S tric mi faighneachd de luchd nam bata,
Am fac' iad thu, no'm bheil thu sabhailt;
Ach's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g raitinn
Gur gorach mise ma thug mi gradh dhuit

Strik mi fnyiachk dzheh luchk nam bat:a
Am fyk l:atoo nom vailoo savaltsh
Ach sown a ha gach :an dzhoo :g ratsheen
Goor go:ach meesh:a ma hoog mi gra ghut

*O my boatman (X3)
I bid you loving farewell,
wherever you go*

Often I look from the highest
hill
Trying to see the boatman;
Will you come today or
tomorrow?
If you do not, I will be a pitiful
sight.

My heart is broken and
bruised
Often tears run from my eyes
Will you come tonight, or can
I hope
Or will I have to close the
door with a sigh?

Often I ask the boat crews
If they have seen you or
know if you are safe
But every one of them is
saying
How foolish I have been to
love you

Lay Down Your Weary Tune words and melody by Bob Dylan; arranged by Ken Shmizu 2003

Lay down your weary tune, lay down
Lay down that song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

Struck by the sounds before the sun
I knew the night had gone
The morning breeze like a bugle blew
Against the drums of dawn.

The ocean wild like an organ played
The seaweed wove its strands
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed
Against the rocks and sands.

I stood unwound beneath the skies
And clouds unbound by laws
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang
And asked for no applause.

The last of leaves fell from the trees
And clung to a new love's breast
The branches rage like a banjo played
To the winds that listened best.

I gazed down in the river's mirror
And watched its winding strum
The water smooth ran like a hymn
And like a harp did hum.

Lay down your weary tune, lay down
Lay down that song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

18

No One Stands Alone

Written by Jimmy Davis and arranged by
Waterson/Carthy/Howard

Chorus

Hold my hand all the way every hour of the day
From here to the great unknown
Take my hand, let me stand
Where no one stands alone.

Verse 1

Once I stood in the night with my head bowed low
In the darkness as black as could be
And my heart felt alone and I cried oh Lord!
Don't turn your face from me.

Verse 2

Like a king I live in a palace so tall
With great riches I call my own
But I don't know a thing in this whole wide world
That's worse than being alone

Verse 3

Once I stood in the night with my head bowed low
In the darkness as black as could be
And my heart felt alone and I cried oh Lord!
Don't turn your face from me.

Chorus

Hold my hand all the way every hour of the day
From here to the great unknown
Take my hand, let me stand
Where no one stands alone.

If You Want Your Dream To Be by Donovan, arr. Peter Amidon 2003

If you want your dreams to be
take your time, go slowly
do few things, but do them well
heartfelt work grows purely

Day by day, stone by stone
build your secrets slowly
Day by day you'll grow too
You'll see heaven's glo

Where Are We Bound?

Si Kahn arr Amidon/Burgess

Good friends from whom we now must part
Where are we bound?
Your hands and voices lift my heart
Here is my home.

Come darkness, come light
Where are we bound?
Come morning come night
Here is my home.

For those who work in harmony
Where are we bound?
We live to learn in unity
Here is my home.

Come darkness...

If we can join ourselves in song....
Our hearts will live when we are gone...

Come darkness...

The spirit which finds music here...
Will live forever in the air...

Come darkness...

Lennon / McCartney
arr. Burgess

21 Eight Days a Week

Ooh I need your love, babe,
Guess you know it's true -
Hope you need my love, babe,
Just like I need you.

Hold me, love me, hold me, love me
Ain't got nothin but love, babe,
Eight days a week.

Love you every day, girl,
Always on my mind,
One thing I can say, girl,
Love you all the time.

Hold me . . .

Bridge

Eight days a week I love you
Eight days a week is not enough
To show I care -

Ooh I need your love
. . . . Eight days a week. (X 3)

We're marching on

We're marching on to Freedom land (x2)
God's our strength from day to day
As we travel the narrow way
We're going forward (x2)
One day we're gonna be free

22 SOUTH AFRICAN SONGS - *Township Jive & Dark City Sisters, Arr. Yvonne Burgess*

Mtsizwa

Mitemi hama mullama nale tsizwa (* II = chi, like Liandudno)
ya we bame tsela - mtsizwa
lye-e-e tsizwa (x2)
uya ne hame tsela - mtsizwa
(verses) Wa - 00 ka de sa le de de (x2)
(aya aya)
A - so benako wa sha da le
(aya aya) (x2)

lye - e - e

Form: A x2, B x2, Ax2, Bx2, C1 x2, B x2 Instrumental AB C2 B x3

Vatibaya Hamba

Vatibaya hamba nya wosi musungu vatibaya hamba ute pambili
vatibaya kula nekale wosungu vatibaya kula sefu base tunga

sabe chaya
base basula

Timela (x3)

Calls: 1) Timela skololo
2) Ti-sunge ne to yo
3) 3) Ki-yenge ne telele

Response:

Timela na ma-no ma-ma la ko kiyenge le kusungane to yo

NKOSI SIKELELI AFRICA

Verse
Nkosi sikelele Africa
Malu paka nyiswu uphondo lwayo
Yizwa imithanda zo yetu
Nkosi sikelele Nkosi sikelele
Morena boloka sechaba sa heso

O fedise dintoa le
matsoenyeho soenyeh
O se boloke
O se boloke O se boloke
O se boloke
Sechabasa heso
sechabasa Africa

O sechabasa Africa

Woza moya Woza moya Woza moya Woza moya
Woza moya o yingewele usi sikelele Tina lusapho lwayo

Breaths

Listen more often to things than to beings
 Listen more often to things than to beings
 Tis the ancestors' breath
 When the fire's voice is heard
 Tis the ancestors' breath
 In the voice of the water.

Those who have died have never, never left
 The dead are not under the earth
 They are in the rustling trees
 They are in the groaning woods
 They are in the crying grass
 They are in the moaning rocks
 The dead are not under the earth

So listen more often.... etc

Those who have died have never, never left
 The dead have a pact with the living
 They are in the woman's breast
 They are in the wailing child
 They are with us in the home
 They are with us in the crowd
 The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often.... etc

For each child that's born

For each child that's born
 A morning star rises
 And sings to the universe
 Who we are (for each child that's born stars rise and sing who we are)

We are our grandmothers' prayers
 And we are our grandfathers' dreamings
 We are the breath of the ancestors
 We are the spirit of God

We are one

24 Cija Li (translation)

Who's the owner of that fence?
Say, who owns the door - 0?
Whose is the little doll sitting in the

Looking out at me - 0?

Mama owns the picket fence
Papa owns the door - 0
But the little doll sitting in the window,
She belongs to me - 0!

Mama will be mad at me
Papa will be too - 0
But the little doll sitting in the window
She will smile for me - 0!

I will jump this fence for you
I'll come in the door - 0
I will kiss the face of the little doll
Looking out at me - 0.

Cija li je taraba

Cija li je taraba?
Cija li su vrata?
A cije je ono luce
Sto kroz prozor guce?

Mamina je taraba
Tatina su vrata
A moje je one luce
Sto kroz prozor guce.

Srdice se Mamica
Srdice se Tata
Ali nece ono luce
Sto kroz prozor guce.

Preskocicu tarabu
Otvoricu vrata
Poljubicu ono luce
Sto kroz prozor guce.

Tsmindao Ghmerto

Islam Pilpani's version, from Lenjer village, Svaneti, as taught by Alan Gasser

transcribed by Patty Cuyler, 1998

Tsminda-yi-wo gme-i-er-to- i-a-a-a (X 2)

Tsmin-da-yi-wo - u-kuhv-da - a wo-i-a - a - a

Sheg-vi-tsqa - i - a - len chven.

Tsmin-da-yi-wo-o dzli-i-eh-ro-i-a-a-a (X 2)

25 Da 23rd Psalm

Da Loard's my hird, I sanna want;
He fins me bols athin
Green modoo girse, an ledds me whaar
Da burns sae saftly rin.

He lukks my wilt an wanless sowl,
Stravaigin far fae hame,
Back tae da nairoo, windin gaet,
Fir sake o His ain name.

Toh I sood geng doon Daeth's dark gyill,
Nae ill sall come my wye,
Fir wi His staff, he'll gaird me weel,
An comfort me forbye.

My table He has coosed wi maet,

Whin faanting gaed da fremmed;
My cup wi hansels lippers ower
My head wi oil is sained.

Noo shorly aa my livin days
God's love sall hap me ower,
Until I win ta His ain hoose
Ta bide fir evermore.

Give Me A Clean Heart

Give me a clean heart, so I may serve Thee -
Lord, fix my heart so that I may be used by Thee
For I am worthy of all these blessings -
Give me a clean heart - and I'll follow Thee.

Glossary

hird - keeper
modoo girse - meadow
grass
lukks - persuades
wanless - forlorn
stravaigin - wandering
gaet - path
gyill - narrow dale
coosed - heaped
faantin - starving
fremmed - strangers
hansels - gifts
lippers ower -
overflows
sain - to consecrate
hap - cover, protect

27 Oliver's Army

Elvis Costello

Don't start me talking -
I could talk all night.
My mind goes sleepwalking
While I'm putting the world to rights -
Called careers information
Have you got yourself an occupation?

*Oliver's Army is here to stay
Oliver's Army are on their way
And I would rather be anywhere else
But here today.*

There was a checkpoint Charlie
He didn't crack a smile -
But it's no laughing party
When you've been on the murder mile -
Only takes one itchy trigger
One more widow, one more dead figure.

Chorus

Bridge

Hong Kong is up for grabs
London is full of Arabs
We could be in Palestine
Overrun by a Chinese line
With the boys from the Mersey and the Thames and the Tyne . . .

But there's no danger
It's professional career
Though it could be arranged
With just a word in Mr Churchill's ear -
If you're out of luck you're out of work
We could send you to Johannesburg -

Chorus repeat: And I would rather be . . . today.

29 The Hills of Ardmorn

Oh that I could hear the birds again
In the fields of Ardmorn
Where the sun lies over Sulum Voe .
And the mist - silent all around .

Oh that I could see the bracken red
In the hills of Ardmorn
And the moss green in between
And the rain - falling softly down.

Oh that I could scent the breeze again
In the fields newly turned
And the storm clouds high above
And the gulls - circling all around .

Oh that I could hear the birds again
In the fields of Ardmorn
Where the sun lies over Sulum Voe
And the mist - silent all around

Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high
There's a land that I heard of, once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Some day I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
where you'll find me -

Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow Why then, oh why can't I?
(at end) If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow, Why oh why can't I?

31 Days

Thank you for the days
Those endless days,
those sacred days you gave me
I'm thinking of the days,
I won't forget a single day, believe me
I bless the light,
I bless the light that lights on you, believe me
And though you're gone
You're with me every single day, believe me

Days, I'll remember all my life
Days, when you can't see wrong from right
You took my life
But then I knew that very soon you'd leave me
But it's all right
Now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me
I wish today could be tomorrow
The night is dark
It just brings sorrow Let it wait

Thank you for the days
Those endless days,
those sacred days you gave me
I'm thinking of the days
I won't forget a single day believe me
Days I'll remember all my life
Days when you can't see wrong from right
You took my life
But then I knew that very soon you'd leave me
But it's all right
Now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me
Days

Thank you for the days
Those endless days,
those sacred days you gave me
I'm thinking of the days,
I won't forget a single day, believe me
I bless the light,
I bless the light that shines on you, believe me
And though you're gone
You're with me every single day, believe me
Days

Keep the Customer Satisfied

Paul Simon

Gee but it's great to be back home,
Home is where I wanna be -
I been on the road so long
my friend
And if you came along,
I know you couldn't disagree
-

It's the same old story
Everywhere I go

*I get slandered, libelled
I hear words
I never heard in the Bible
And I'm one step ahead
of the shoeshine
Two steps away from the
county line/
Just tryin to keep the
customer satisfied,
Satisfied.*

Depute Sheriff said to me
"Tell me what you come here
for, boy.
You better get your
bags and flee, my friend
You're in trouble, boy,
And now you're heading into
more."

*It's the same old story, yeah
...
repeat chorus to ...
in the Bible*

*And I'm so tired, I'm oh so
tired
But I'm tryin to keep my
customers
satisfied,
Satisfied.*

32 Delta Dawn

Jody Miller

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on?
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by?
And did I hear you say he was meetin' you here today
o take you to his mansion in the sky?

She's forty-one and her daddy still calls her baby
All the folks round Brownsville say she's crazy
Cos she walks down town with a suitcase in her hand
Lookin for a mysterious dark-haired man

In her younger days they called her Delta Dawn
Prettiest woman you ever laid eyes on
Then a man of low degree stood by her side
And promised her he'd take her for his bride.

Somewhere Along the Road - Rick Kemp

Somewhere along the road,
Someone waits for me.
Beyond these present storms that blow ,
Waiting patiently.
No secrets held in an open heart,
The spirit that soars over mountains.
Somewhere along the road,
Someone waits for me.

2. Somehow a quiding light
Always shows the way.
To those who lose their way by night
Searching for the day.
A day away from happiness
Tomorrow will bring a new sunrise.
Somewhere along the road,
Someone waits for me.

3. Some time when winds are still
Unexpectedly.
Perhaps beyond this silent hill
A voice will call to me.
Raise your eyes to see my world,
Raise your voice and sing out.
Somewhere along the road,
Someone waits for me.

33 In Freenship's Name

Here aroon the ingle blazing,
Wha sae happy and sae free?
Though the northern winds blaw freezy
Freenship warms baith you and me.

*Happy we've been a 'thegither
Canty we've been yin an a' -
Time shall see us a' mair blyther
Ere we rise tae gang awa.*

See the miser ower his treasure
Gloatin wi a greedy ee -
Wha can fill his oors wi pleasure
As aroon us here we see?

Can the peer in silk and ermine
Ca his conscience half his ane?
His claes are edged and spun wi vermin
Though he sits upon a throne.

Freenship maks us a' mair happy
Freenship gies us a' delight
Freenship consecrates the drappy
Freenship brocht us here the nicht

40 Fairy Lullaby

I left my darling lying there, lying there, lying there
I left my darling lying there
To go and gather blaeberreries

Chorus:

Hovan, hovan, gorey-o-go, gorey-o-go, gorey-o-go
Hovan, hovan, gorey-o-go
I've lost my darling baby-o

I found the wee brown otter's track, the otter's track, the otter's track
I found the wee brown otter's track
But ne'er a trace of baby-o
Chorus

I found the track of the swan on the lake, the swan on the lake, the swan on the lake
I found the track of the swan on the lake
But ne'er a trace of baby-o
Chorus

I found the trail of the mountain mist, the mountain mist, the mountain mist
I found the trail of the mountain mist
But ne'er a trace of baby-o
Chorus

Ca' the Yowes

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them where the heather grows
Ca' them where the burnie rows
My bonnie dearie

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang
Then a-fauldin let us gang
My bonnie dearie

We'll ghae down by Cluden's side
Thro' the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly

Yonder Cluden's silent towers
Where at moonshine's midnight hours
O'er the dewy-bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae
dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die – but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

42 Catch the Wind Donovan

In the chilly hours & minutes of uncertainty
I long to be
In the warm hold of your loving mind –
To feel you all around me, and take your hand
Along the sand
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind.

When sundown pales the sky, I want to bide awhile
Behind your smile
And everywhere I'd look your eyes I'd find –
For me to love you now would be the sweetest thing
'Twould make me sing
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind

(bridge) Didi, didi

When rain has hung the leaves with tears, I want
you near
To quell my fears –
To help me to leave all my blues behind.
*Standing near your soul is where I want to be,
I long to be
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind.*

Colours Donovan

Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair
*In the morning, when we rise (x2)
That's the time (x2) I love the best.*
Blue is the colour of the sky ...
Green is the colour of the sparkling corn ...
Mellow is the feeling that I get
When I see you, mm hm
Freedom is a word I rarely use
*Without thinking, mm hm (x2)
Of the time (x2) when I've been loved.*

Cecilia Paul Simon

*Cecilia, you're breaking my heart
You're shaking my confidence daily
Oh Cecilia, I'm down on my knees,
I'm begging you please to come home
Come on home.*

Making love in the afternoon
With Cecilia up in my bedroom.
I get up to wash my face
When I come back to bed
Someone's taken my place – *Chorus*

*Jubilation – she loves me again
I fall on the floor and I'm laughing (repeat)*

Ecclesiastes Pete Seeger

To everything – turn, turn, turn
There is a season ...
And a time for every purpose
Under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die,
A time to plant, a time to reap
.....to killto heal
.....to laugh.....to weep.

A time to build up, ...to break down
.....to danceto mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together.

A time of war, a time of peace
.....of loveof hate
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing.

A time to gain, a time to lose
.....to rend,to sew
.....to loveto hate
.....of peace: I swear it's not too late!

Will The Circle be Unbroken? Eddie Arnold

There are loved ones in the glory
Whose dear forms you often miss.
When you close your earthly story
Will you join them in their bliss?

Chorus

*Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, by and by,
In a better home awaiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.*

In the joyous days of childhood
Oft they told of wondrous love,
Pointed to the dying saviour.
Now they dwell with him above.

Chorus

You can picture happy gath'ings
Round the fireside long ago,
And you think of tearful partings
When the left you here below.

Chorus

44 Plovi Barco (Traditional Croatian)

Plovi barco dubokoje more (X 2)

Anco, Ancice, duso isrce – e moje

Plovi barka iu barci Anka (X 2)

Tvoje oko k'o more duboko (X 2)

46 Caledonia

Dougie MacLean

I don't know if you can see
The changes that have come over me
In these last few days I've been afraid
That I might drift away
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs
That make me think about where I came from
And that's the reason why I seem
So far away today

Oh, but let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time
Caledonia you're calling me
And now I'm going home
If I should become a stranger
You know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything
I've ever had

Now I have moved and I've kept on moving
Proved the points that I needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed losing
Found others on the way
I have kissed the ladies and left them crying
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
I have travelled hard with coattails flying
Somewhere in the wind

(Chorus)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire
The empty room, the forest choir
The flames that could not get any higher
They've withered now they've gone
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear
And I know what I will do tomorrow
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow
Then I will disappear

47 Hide Your Love Away Lennon / McCartney

Here I stand with head in hand, turn my face to
the wall
If she's gone I can't go on, feeling two foot
small.
Everywhere people stare, each and every day
I can see them laugh at me, I can hear them
say:

Hey, you've got to hide your love away – (x2)

How can I even try? I can never win,
Hearing them, seeing them, in the state I'm in.
How could she say to me, love will find a way?
Gather round all you clowns, let me hear you
say:

Chorus

Midwinter Song

May you be warm in the winter time
May you be warm in the winter
And be reborn when the spring time comes
To bloom again in the summer.

The leaves that fall in the autumn time
The leaves that fall in the autumn
Leave buds that rest in the winter time
To burst again in the springtime.

So may you rest in the winter time
So may you rest in the winter
That you may rise when the spring time comes
To bloom again in the summer.

Higher & Higher

Your love keeps lifting me higher
Than I've ever been lifted before.
So give it up, quench my desire
And I'll be at your side for evermore.

You know your love	Your love keeps lifting me
Keeps lifting me	Keeps on lifting me
Higher & higher.	Lifting me higher & higher (higher).

Now once I was downhearted
For disappointment was my closest friend
But then you came – it soon departed
And longing never showed his face again.

Lonesome Valley

Jesus walked that lonesome valley
He had to walk it by himself
O nobody else could walk it for him
He had to walk it by himself.

You gotta walk that lonesome valley
You gotta walk it by yourself
Nobody here can walk it for you
You gotta walk it by yourself.

Friends are here to give us comfort
Friends are here to give us love
But nobody else can give us true peace
We have to find it for ourselves.

This is the only way to get there
This is the only way to go.
Just walk every step that lies before us
And remember what you know.

And when we walk that lonesome valley
When we have courage to be true
Then somebody else is there beside us
And there is love to see us through.

48 Paperback Writer

Lennon/McCartney

Paperback writer, (writer, writer)

Dear sir or madam, will you read my book?
It took me years to write, will you take a look?
Based on a novel by a man named Lear
And I need a job, so I want to be a
Paperback writer, paperback writer

It's the dirty story of a dirty man
And his clinging wife doesn't understand.
His son is working for the Daily Mail
It's a steady job, but he wants to be a
Paperback writer, paperback writer

Paperback writer (writer, writer) + Riff

It's a thousand pages, give or take a few,
I'll be writing more in a week or two,
I can make it longer if you like the style,
I can change it 'round, and I want to be a
Paperback writer, paperback writer.

If you really like it you can have the rights
It could make a million for you overnight,
If you must return it you can send it here
But I need a break, and I want to be a
Paperback writer, paperback writer

74 [A Bunch of Thyme](#)

Come a' you maidens young and fair
All you that are blooming in your prime –
Always beware, and keep your garden fair –
Let no man steal away your thyme.

*For thyme, it is a precious thing
And thyme brings all things to my mind
Thyme with all its labours, along with all its joys
Oh thyme brings all things to my mind.*

Once she had a bunch of thyme
She thought it never would decay
Then came a lusty sailor who chanced to pass
her way
He stole her bunch of thyme away.

The sailor gave to her a rose
A rose that never would decay
He gave it to her to keep her reminded
Of when he stole her thyme away.

So come all . . . (verse 1)

*Last chorus, last line: Oh time brings all things to
an end.*

Candy Says Lou Reed

Candy says, I've come to hate my body
And all that it requires in this world –
Candy says, I'd like to know completely
What other souls discreetly talk about.

I'm gonna watch the bluebirds fly
Over my shoulder
I'm gonna watch them pass me by
Maybe when I'm older –
What do you think I'd see
If I could walk away from me?

Candy says, I hate the quiet places
That cause the smallest taste of what will be –
Candy says, I hate the big decisions
That cause endless revisions in my mind –

I'm gonna watch . . .

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this – the fourth, the fifth,
The minor fall, the major lift,
The baffled king composing Hallelujah –

Hallelujah X 4

You say I took the name in vain
That I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word –
It doesn't matter which you heard,
The holy or the broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

Well baby, I've been here before,
I've seen this room and I've walked this floor
I used to live alone before I knew you.
I've seen your flag on the marble arch
But love is not a victory march –
It's cold and it's a broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

Well maybe there's a God above
But all I've ever learned from love
Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you –
It's not a cry that you hear at night,
It's not somebody who's seen the light,
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah –

Hallelujah.

I did my best, it wasn't much –
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch,
I've told the truth I didn't come to fool you –
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah –

Hallelujah (X 17)