



COME AND SING WITH

# THE FOLK CHOIR

Thursday 7.15 - 8.45pm  
[thefolkchoir.blogspot.com](http://thefolkchoir.blogspot.com)

- Anderson's Coast in A
- Another Train in C
- As I Mee Walked in F
- Ashgrove, The in F
- Byker Hill in Em
- Glory in Cm
- Harriet Tubman in Cm
- Johnny Don't Go Walking with the Fishes in Cm
- Let Winter Begin in Cm
- Lay Fallow in Cm
- Merlin's Song -challenge- in F#m
- Nelson's Blood in Bbm
- Oak and Ash and Thorn in Am
- Rolling Home in C
- Sign-on Day in F
- Stand By the Shore in D
- Sound of Silence - in Cm
- Sumer is Icumen In in Bb
- Suo Gan in C

- Twa Corbies in Dm
- Unison in Harmony in D
- Unst Boat Song in C
- Wild Mountain Thyme in C

Anderson's Coast (John Warner) in A

*Oh Annie, dear, don't wait for me,  
I fear I shall not return to thee,  
There's naught to do but endure my fate,  
And watch the moon, the lonely moon  
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.*

Old Bass Strait roars like some great millrace,  
*And where are you, my Annie?*  
And the same moon shines on this lonely place,  
As shone one day on my Annie's face.

*But Annie, dear, don't wait for me, etc*

We stole a vessel and all her gear,  
*And where are you, my Annie?*  
And from Van Diemen's we north did steer,  
Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

*But Annie, dear, don't wait for me, etc*

And somewhere west, Port Melbourne lies,  
*And where are you, my Annie?*  
Through swamps infested with snakes and  
flies,  
The fool who walks there, surely dies.

We hail no ship though the time, it drags,  
*And where are you, my Annie?*  
Our chain gang walk and our government rags  
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags.

*But Annie, dear, don't wait for me, etc*

We fled the lash and the chafing chain,  
*And where are you, my Annie?*  
We fled hard labour and brutal pain,  
And here we are, and here remain.

*But Annie, dear, don't wait for me,  
I fear I shall not return to thee,  
There's nought to do but endure my fate,  
And watch the moon, the lonely moon  
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.  
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.  
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.*

**Melody + Harmony 1  
(end IV)**

Melody + Harmony 2  
Three parts  
Melody + Harmony 2 in  
unison or octaves

**Three parts (end IV)**

Melody + Harmony 2  
Three parts  
Melody + Harmony 2 in  
unison or octaves

**Three parts, ending  
resolves to chord I.**

Melody + Harmony 2  
Three parts  
Melody + Harmony 2 in  
unison or octaves

Melody + Harmony 2  
Three parts  
Melody + Harmony 2 in  
unison or octaves

**Three parts (end IV)**

Melody + Harmony 2  
Three parts  
Melody + Harmony 2 in  
unison or octaves

Three parts, endings as  
written.

**Another Train**  
**Pete Morton**  
**in C**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| The beginning is <b>now</b> and will always be<br>You say you lost your chance, then fate brought you defeat<br>but that means <b>nothing</b> , you look so sad<br>You've been listening to those who say you missed your chance                          | <b>Lead and oohs</b>  |
| <i>There's another train, there always is</i><br><i>Maybe the next one is yours</i><br><i>Get up and climb aboard another train</i>   | <b>3 part harmony</b>   |
| You feel you're <b>done</b> , there's no such thing<br>although you're standing on your own, your own breath is king<br>The beginning is <b>now</b> don't turn around<br>Regrets of bad mistakes will only drain you                                      | <b>Lead and oohs</b>  |
| <i>There's another train, there always is</i><br><i>Maybe the next one is yours</i><br><i>Get up and climb aboard another train</i>   | <b>3 part harmony</b>   |
| We crawl in the <b>dark</b> sometimes and think too much<br>Then we fill our heads with crazy things that only break our hearts<br>and I know you've <b>seen</b> what the earth can do<br><b>When it's dragging down another load of worrisome fools</b>  | <b>Lead solo. No oohs until "seen"</b><br><b>3part harmony on LAST LINE</b> |
| <i>There's another train, there always is</i><br><i>Maybe the next one is yours</i><br><i>Get up and climb aboard another train</i>   | <b>3 part harmony</b>   |
| I know it's <b>hard</b> when you feel confused<br>You can crown yourself with fear now you feel you cannot move<br>You're building <b>worlds</b> that don't exist<br>Imagination plays the worst tricks   |   |
| <i>There's another train, there always is</i><br><i>Maybe the next one is yours</i><br><i>Get up and climb aboard another train</i><br><i>There always is</i><br><i>Maybe the next one is yours</i><br><i>Get up and climb aboooooard (another train)</i> | <b>3 part harmony twice through</b>   |

High part - verse ooh.

do' so la so      fa so la ti      do' so la so      la do    ti-so

Middle part

mi re mi-mi    re mi re re-fa    mi re mi-mi    fa mi fa-mi

Low part

do ti, do-do    la, do la, ti,    do ti, la, so,    la, so, la,-ti,-do

## The Ashgrove *in F*

Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there, while the blackbird was singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart!  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,  
But what are the beauties of nature to me?  
S&A With sorrow, deep sorrow, deep sorrow  
    T&B Sorrow my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in search of my love;  
Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where sweet is the maiden?  
"She sleeps, 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove."

## Alternative lyrics to The Ashgrove #1

### The Word Museum Song by Martin Pearson

As I was a-walking one bright morning in the May-time  
Sixteen-Eighty, in the daytime, when I was quite young.  
I heard-a young maid shouting at-a true lover, who was pouting,  
At a less than successful outing in their flower bed.  
Her scolding was delivered in an archaic tongue, but vivid  
So I hid behind a privet and wrote down what she said.

She said ...

You stand here before me your clothing aflunters,  
Your muckluff is stunted, your undies are showing.  
So swallow your flobbage if we must have deosculation,  
Remember the stipulation that I want no tongues!  
There might have been Offmagandy, but you're as nizzertit as you are  
randy.  
So button up your ballop, boy! You're not that well hung.

Have a cup of ninny-broth, then you can fluckadrift off  
Bafound as a stunned mullet, maffling your words.  
I'm far too powfagged, quanky and half-shagged,  
Take your advances elsewhere, don't darken my thatch.  
I have a huge clawscrunt that grows on my larks-leer  
You can rub yourself against that (once the cow's had a scratch)

So to all you medievalists, dark-ages recreationists  
And antiquated conversationalists, this warning I give.  
Don't try too hard to turn the clocks back, you might wind up with the pox  
back,  
Or the plague rotting off your jockstrap, or your hair full of fleas.  
Rubber swords in the park are much closer to the mark  
And, can the last one to leave the dark-ages, turn the light on please.

As I Mee Walked in F.

As I Mee Walked in a May morning,  
I heard a bird sing, Cuckoo!

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### Byker Hill

If I had another penny  
I would have another gill  
I would make the piper play  
'The Bonny Lass of Byker Hill'  
  
The pitman and the keelman trim  
They drink bumble made from gin  
Then to dance they do begin  
To the tune of Elsie Marley  
  
When I came to Walker work  
I had no coat nor no pitshirt  
Now I've gotten two or three  
Walker Pit's done well for me

**Byker Hill and Walker Shore**  
**Collier lads for ever more**  
**Byker Hill and Walker Shore**  
**Collier lads for ever more**

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### Glory by Stephen Taberner

Find Glory (in the firmament), glory, in the firmament,  
Find Glory in the firmament, find glory at the bottom of your heart

Touch the sky with glory, fill your heart with glory  
Find Glory, Find Glory, Find Glo-o-o-ry

## Harriet Tubman

One night I dreamed I was in slavery  
Bout 1850 was the time  
Sorrow was the only sign, nothing around to ease my mind  
Out of the night appeared a lady leading a distant pilgrim band  
First mate, she yelled, pointing her hand  
Make room aboard for this young woman

Come on up mmmm  
I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
She said her name was Harriet Tubman  
And she drove for the underground railroad

Hundreds of miles we travelled onwards  
Gathering slaves from town to town  
Seeking every lost and found  
Setting those free who once were bound  
Somehow my heart was growing weaker  
I fell by the wayside shifting sand  
Firmly did this lady stand  
Lifted me up and took my hand, singing

Come on up mmmm  
I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
She said her name was Harriet Tubman  
And she drove for the underground railroad

Who are these children dressed in red  
They must be the ones that Moses led

Singing come on up

# Johnny Don't Go Walking With The Fishes

*George Papavgeris*

*This is a cheat sheet for our arrangement*

## High part

Hooooo. Dye-a doo  
Hoo du-du doo du-du doo  
Hooooo.  
Hooooo. Fifty captain's wives wear black  
And five hundred divers bragging  
Who will bring the big one back.

Generations made a living diving naked with the stone  
But we didn't spend too long down there, with the knife one slash and home  
Hooooooo. Hooooooooooooo-oo-oo but the bends have claimed so many  
and my fear won't let me sleep

Hooooo. Dye-a-doo  
Hoo du-du doo du-du doo  
Hooooo.  
In the eyes of your sweet Mary, tears like diamonds don't you see?  
And I want my son around me, and grandchildren on my knee

## Melody

Spring again has blessed the island. Weather settled for two weeks  
And the crews outside the churches for communion line the streets  
Hooooo. Doo du-du doooo, dee dee di-di-dee dee dee dee  
And five hundred divers bragging, who will bring the big one back

Generations made a living diving naked with the stone  
But we didn't spend too long down there, with the knife one slash and home  
Hooo-oo. Doo du-du dooooooooo-oo-oo. Dee dee di-di-dee dee dee dee  
But the bends have claimed so many  
And my fear won't let me sleep

Your best friend now walks on crutches and his brother cannot speak  
And your cousin and my nephew in the churchyard lies asleep  
Hooo-oo doo du-du dooooo. Dee dee di-di-dee dee dee dee  
and I want my son around me, and grandchildren on my knee

## Low part

Hooo-oo Dye-a-doo-oo-oo.  
Hoo du-du doo du-du doo. Hooooo.  
Fifty boats or more are ready  
Hoooo-oo-oo.  
And five hundred divers bragging who will bring the big one back

Generations made a living diving naked with the stone  
But we didn't spend too long down there, with the knife one slash and home  
Now these diving suits will tempt you to go walking in the deep  
But the bends have claimed so many and my fear won't let me sleep

Hooooo. Dye-a-doo-oo-oo.  
Hoo du-du doo du-du doo  
Hoo-oo-oo. Hoooo-oo. Hoooooooo-oo-oo  
And I want my son around me, and grandchildren on my knee.



# **Let Winter Begin**

Nicole Murray © 2017

Let Winter begin  
The season will turn  
The dance sets the spark  
And the ancient fires burn

The door between worlds  
Opens wide at the dawn  
The summer goes out  
And the frost is reborn

Dance, dance, call up the sun  
And send it to the land of Summer

Seven stars shine  
As the dancers go round  
And the sun is brought up  
by the ritual sounds

Dance, dance, call up the sun  
And send it to the land of Summer

## Lay Fallow in Cm

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Heed the voice in the wind my child</i><br><i>Leave the field til the grass grows wild</i><br><i>Every blade is borrowed</i><br><i>Let the land lay fallow</i>  | Chorus 1<br>All in unison           |
| Down below the waste and weed<br>Dormant lie forgotten seed<br>Waiting for to have their head<br><i>And sow again the ancient bed</i>  | Verse 1<br>unison                   |
|  | Chorus 2<br>melody and bass         |
| Long before the jubilee<br>Wiser heads than ours believed<br>Offered thanks of fruit and grain<br>Brought the seasons round again  | Verse 2<br>unison                   |
|  | Chorus 3<br>melody, bass and alto   |
| Though your lot seems fair at best<br>And this plot a poor bequest<br>When every ounce of gold is found<br>The prize will lie in fertile ground  | Verse 3<br>unison                   |
|  | Chorus 4<br>melody, bass, alto, sop |
| Born around the birth of flame<br>The primal wind knows time,<br>knows change<br>Commands the skies and moves the land<br>(shhh)<br>Yet trembles in the human hand   | Verse 4<br>unison                   |
| <i>Heed the voice in the wind my child</i><br><i>Leave the field til the grass grows wild</i><br><i>Every blade is borrowed</i><br><i>Let the land lay fallow</i><br><i>Every blade is borrowed</i><br><i>(last line in unison, crescendo last word)</i><br><i>Let the land lay fallow</i> | Chorus 5<br>melody, bass, alto, sop |

**Merlin's song** by Graham Pratt, in F#m  
start notes F#, C#, B (la, mi, re)

Born to an age of reason  
Mystery is my theme  
Mine is the song of seasons  
Mine is the ancient dream  
Some men have called me holy  
Others the devil's son  
I do no more than has always been done

Magic is all too simple  
mystery all too plain  
i have the power of magic  
Like clouds have the power of rain  
Read me the charm of flowers  
Sing me the spell of sleep  
Open your eyes and you'll learn where to seek

Sorcerers seek my secrets  
Soldiers may seek my fame  
Wise men would seek my friendship  
Foolish men seek my name  
Princes have seen my glory  
Harlots shall see my fall  
I see the end and beginning of all

Soldiers all wrapped up in armour  
Die by the dagger's thrust  
Harlots all wrapped up in envy  
Perish for none to trust  
Clothed as I am in magic  
Magic must be my fate  
Silently by my own magic betrayed.

## Nelson's Blood in Bbm

Traditional - Lyrics from *Shanties from the Seven Seas*, by Stan Hugill

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,  
*An' we'll all hang on behind!*

*So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!*  
*An' we'll roll the golden chariot along!*  
*So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!*  
*An' we'll all hang on behind!*

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,  
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,  
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,  
*An' we'll all hang on behind!*

*So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!*  
*An' we'll roll the golden chariot along!*  
*So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!*  
*An' we'll all hang on behind!*

Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm.

## Oak and Ash and Thorn (A Tree Song) in Am

*Rudyard Kipling, music by Peter Bellamy*

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn,  
Greater are none beneath the Sun, than Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Chorus

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs  
(All on a Midsummer's morn)!  
Surely we sing of no little thing,  
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day, E'er ever Aeneas began;  
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home, when Brut was an outlaw  
man;  
And Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town  
(From which was London born);  
Witness hereby the ancientry of Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Yew that is old in churchyard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow;  
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and beech for cups also.  
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,  
and your shoes are clean outworn,  
Back ye must speed for all that ye need, to Oak and Ash and  
Thorn!

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth till every gust be laid,  
To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway trusts her shade:  
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the  
horn,  
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along 'neath Oak and Ash and  
Thorn!

Oh, do not tell the Priest of our plight, or he would call it a sin;  
But—we have been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring Summer  
in!  
And we bring you news by word of mouth—  
Good news for cattle and corn—  
Now is the Sun come up from the South, by Oak and Ash and  
Thorn!

## Rolling Home in C

*John Tams*

Round goes the wheel of fortune  
Don't be afraid to ride  
There's a land of milk and honey  
Waits on the other side  
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty  
You'll never need to roam  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.**

**Rolling home, when we go rolling home**  
**When we go rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home**

The gentry in their fine array  
Do prosper night and morn  
While we unto the fields must go  
To plough and sow their corn  
The rich may steal the power  
But the glory's ours alone  
**When we go rolling home (etc)**

The frost is on the hedgerow  
The icy winds do blow  
While we poor weary labourers  
Strive through the driving snow  
Our dreams fly up to glory  
Up where the lark has flown  
**When we go rolling home (etc)**

The summer of resentment  
The winter of despair  
The journey to contentment  
Is set with trap and snare  
Stand to and stand together  
Your labour's yours alone  
**When we go rolling home (etc)**

So pass the bottle round  
And let the toast go free  
Here's a health to every labourer  
Wherever they may be  
Fair wages now and ever  
Let's reap what we have sown  
**When we go rolling home (etc)**

## Sign-On Day in F

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>It's sign-on day at the Dance Palais<br/>         And we're down to a quid or two<br/>         But we'll cut a quick ton if you give us the run<br/>         And we'll see the season through</p> | UNISON  |
| <p><i>You can have Maria,<br/>         Sophia and Madelaine,<br/>         But we'll take the sugar<br/>         That comes from sugarcane</i></p>  | TWO PARTS   |
| <p>We've cut down on the rivers<br/>         And up at Mossman too,<br/>         But give us the cane with the Herbert strain<br/>         And we'll see the season through</p>                      | TWO PARTS   |
| <p><i>You can have Maria,<br/>         Sophia and Madelaine,<br/>         But we'll take the sugar<br/>         That comes from sugarcane</i></p>  | THREE PARTS<br>FROM HERE ON                         |
| <p>The ganger is a gun, me boys,<br/>         The cook can make a stew,<br/>         If he drops the cane inspector in,<br/>         We'll see the season through</p>                                |   |
| <p>Our hands are raw, but two bob more<br/>         Will make them seem like new,<br/>         If we get enough pay we'll cut all day<br/>         'Til we see the season through</p>                |   |
| <p>There's grog of sorts in other parts,<br/>         But Cairns has got the brew<br/>         That we'll drink and drink and drink and drink<br/>         When we've seen the season through</p>    |   |
|  | DOUBLE CHORUS<br>WITH<br>ANTICIPATION AT<br>THE END |

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*The great Australian folklorist Ron Edwards learned this song from Bill Oliver of Redlynch, NQ in 1960, and published it in Great Australian Folk Songs.*

## *Stand By The Shore in D*

Mothers now our meeting is over  
Mothers we must part  
And if we should never meet again  
I'll keep you in my heart

And we'll stand by the shore  
And we'll stand by the shore  
And we'll stand by the shore  
And be safe forever more

*Fathers*  
*Sisters*  
*Brothers*  
*Singers*

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## **Sumer is Icumen In (in Bb)**

*Sumer is icumen in, Lhude sing cuccu*  
Groweth sed and bloweth med and spring the woodes new  
Sing cuccu!  
Awe bletheth after lomb, lhouth after calve cu  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth, lhude sing cuccu  
Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thou cuccu  
*Ne swik thou naver nu*



# Sound of Silence in Cm

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p><b>Soprano</b><br/> (1) Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you again<br/> Because a vision softly creeping, left it's seeds while I was sleeping<br/> And the vision that was planted in my brain, still remains,<br/> Within the sound.</p>   | <p><b>Alto</b><br/> (1) Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you again<br/> Because a vision softly creeping, left it's seeds while I was sleeping<br/> And the vision that was planted in my brain, still remains,<br/> Within the sound, <b>of silence.</b></p> | <p><b>Baritone/Alto</b><br/> (1 2 3 4, 1) Hello old frie-e-e-e-end<br/> (1) I've come to talk, with, you again<br/> Talk, with, you again<br/> (1,2,3,4-the)vision in, my, bra-a-a-a-in<br/> Still rema-ains (3,4,1)<br/> The sound.</p> |
| <p>In restless dreams I walked alone<br/> Through narrow streets of cobbled stone<br/> 'Neath the halo of a street lamp<br/> I turned my collar to the cold and damp<br/> When my eyes were sta-bbed (count to 8)<br/> the fla-ash of a light that split the night (2, 3)<br/> And touched the sound.</p> | <p>(1 2 3 4, 1) Alo-o-o-o-o-one<br/> (1) Of sto-o-o-o-o-one Oo-ooh<br/> (1 2 3 4) Oo-ooh<br/> <br/> When my eyes were stabbed<br/> By the flash of a neon light<br/> That split the night<br/> <br/> (1 2 3 4 1 2+) Of silence.</p>   | <p>(1 2 3 4, 1) Alo-o-o-o-o-one<br/> <br/> (1) Of sto-o-o-o-o-one Oo-ooh<br/> <br/> (1 2 3 4) Oo-ooh<br/> <br/> When my eyes were stabbed<br/> By the flash of a neon light</p>  |
| <p>And in the naked light I saw<br/> Ten thousand people, maybe more<br/> People talking without speak-ing<br/> People hearing without list-ning<br/> People writing sooooongs (count to 8)<br/> That voices never share and no-one dare (2, 3) Disturb the sound.</p>                                    | <p>(1 2 3 4, 1) I sa-a-a-w<br/> (1) much mo-ore Oo-ooh<br/> (1 2 3 4) Oo-ooh<br/> (1) People writ-ing songs that voices never share, and no-one da-are (hold note 4)<br/> (Count to 6)<br/> Of silence.</p>   | <p>(1 2 3 4, 1) I sa-a-aw<br/> (1) much mo-re Oo-ooh<br/> (1 2 3 4) Oo-ooh<br/> (1) People writ-ing songs that voices never share.</p>   |
| <p>Fools said I you do not know<br/> Silence like a cancer grows<br/> Hear my words that I may teach you<br/> Take my arms that I may reach you<br/> But my words like silent raindrops fell<br/> (count to 11-and)<br/> And echoed in the wells</p>  | <p>Fools. You do not know (6 counts)<br/> Silence like a cancer grows<br/> I'll teach you<br/> I'll reach you<br/> But my words like silent raindrops fell<br/> (count to 7) They fell (2 3 off, 1 2 3)<br/> In the wells, of silence</p>   | <p>(1 2) Fools you do not know<br/> Silence like a cancer grows (2 3 4 5 6)<br/> I'll teach you<br/> I'll reach you<br/> They fell (with altos)</p>  |

|   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>And the people bowed and<br/>prayed<br/>To the neon god they made<br/>And the sign flashed out it's<br/>warning<br/>In the words that it was<br/>forming<br/>And the sign said The words<br/>of the prophet<br/>Are written on the subway<br/>walls<br/>And tenement halls<br/>And whispered in the sound<br/>Of silence.<br/>silence.</p> | <p>And the people bowed and<br/>prayed<br/>To the neon god they made<br/>And the sign flashed out it's<br/>warning<br/>In the words that it was<br/>forming<br/>And the sign said The words<br/>of the prophet<br/>Are written on the subway<br/>walls<br/>And tenement halls (2 3 off,<br/>1)<br/>Whispered (4, 1 2 3 off)<br/>Of silence (3 4, 1 2 3 4)<br/>Silence.</p> | <p>And the people bowed and<br/>prayed<br/>To the neon god they made<br/>And the sign flashed out it's<br/>warning<br/>In the words that it was<br/>forming<br/>And the sign said The words<br/>of the prophet<br/>Are written on the subway<br/>walls<br/>And tenement halls (2 3 off,<br/>1 2 )<br/>Whispered (1 2)<br/>In the sound<br/>Silence.</p> |
|---|--|---|

## **Suo Gan in C**

**Huna blentyn yn fy mynwes  
Clud a chynnes ydyw hon  
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn amdanat  
Cariad mam sydd dan fy mron  
Ni chaiff ddim anharu'th gyntun  
Ni wna un dyn athi gam  
Huna'n dawel annwyl blentyn  
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam**

Huna'n dawel heno huno  
Huna'n fwyn y tlws eilun  
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu?  
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?  
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu  
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon  
Tithau'n gwenu'n ol dan huno  
*Huna'n dawel ar fy mron*

*melody, tenor and bass start on Do (C)  
soprano starts on So (G)*

## The Twa Corbies in Dm

As I was a walkin' a' alane  
I heard twa corbies makin' mane  
And I heard yin to t'ither did say o  
*Whaur sall we gang and dine the day o?*  
*Whaur sall we gang and dine the **day**?*  
*Whaur sall we gang and dine the day?*

In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight  
And naeb'dy kens that he lies there o  
But his *hawk, an' his hound, an' his lady fair o*  
*His hawk, an' his hound, an' his lady fair*  
*His hawk, an' his hound, an' his lady fair*

His hawk is tae the huntin' gane  
His hound to fetch the wild-fowl hame  
His lady's ta'en anither mate o  
So *we may mak' our dinner sweit o*  
*We may mak' our dinner **sweit***  
*We may mak' our dinner sweit*

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane  
And I'll pick oot his bonny blue een  
Wi' mony a lock o' his gowden hair o  
We'll *theek our nest when it grows bare o*  
*We'll theek our nest when it grows **bare***  
*Theek our nest when it grows bare*

Mony an ane for him mak's mane  
But nane sall ken whaur he is gane  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare o  
The *wind sall blaw for evermair o*  
*The wind sall blaw for evermair*  
*The wind sall blaw for evermair*

## **Unison in Harmony    in D**

Jim Boyes

Soaring skywards, leaping sideways, do or die words cleave the  
air

Joy and laughter, mornings after, raise the rafters, we don't care  
If the roof's beyond repair.

Raise the rafters, raise the rafters, raise the rafters, we don't care  
If the roof's beyond repair.

Sisters, brothers, to all others, let that this be our guiding star  
Hearts on fire, but no messiah, hear the music from afar  
What we sing is what we are.

Hear the music...

Over hills and over valleys, over mountains, over seas  
Nations shall sing unto nations, until nations cease to be  
Unison in harmony

Until nations

*[thefolkchoir.blogspot.com](http://thefolkchoir.blogspot.com)*

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><b>Unst Boat Song in C</b></p> <p>Starka virna vestalie<br/>Obadeea Obadeea<br/>Starka virna vestalie<br/>Obadeea monye</p> <p>Stala stoita stonga raera<br/>Whit says du da bunshka baera<br/>Whit says du da bunshka baera<br/>Litra mae vee drengie</p> <p>Saina papa wara<br/>Obadeea Obadeea<br/>Saina papa wara<br/>Obadeea monye</p>  | <p><i>Starka verna vestali-e<br/>Obadeea Obadeea<br/>Starka verna vestali-e<br/>Obadeea monye</i></p> <p><i>Stala stoita stonga reer<br/>O Whit says du da bunshka baer<br/>O Whit says du da bunshka baera<br/>Letra mae vee drengie</i></p> <p><i>Say-na papa wa-a-ra<br/>Obadeea Obadeea<br/>Say-na papa wa-a-ra<br/>Obadeea monye</i></p> |
| <p><i>Translation suggested by W.W.Ratter:</i><br/> starka <i>strong</i>; virna <i>weather, wind</i>; vestalie <i>westerly</i>;<br/> obadeea <i>trouble, hurt</i>; monye <i>men</i>; stala <i>put in order</i>; stoita <i>support</i><br/> stong <i>mast</i>; raer <i>yards (of a mast)</i></p> <p><i>O whit says du? O what do you say? (modern Shetland dialect)</i><br/> da bunshka baer <i>that the boat will bear or carry her sail</i><br/> litra mae vee <i>I am pleased with that</i><br/> drengie <i>boys</i><br/> Saina papa wara <i>Bless us, our Father</i></p> <p>from <a href="http://www.shetlanddialect.org.uk/Unst-Boat-Song">http://www.shetlanddialect.org.uk/Unst-Boat-Song</a></p> <p><a href="http://thefolkchoir.blogspot.com">thefolkchoir.blogspot.com</a></p> |   |

## WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

*Traditional Scottish melody, words based on 'The Braes of Balquhiddie' by Robert Tannahill*

Oh the summer time is coming, and the trees are sweetly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather

Will y' go, lassie, go  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will y' go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower by yon clear crystal fountain  
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain

Will y' go, lassie, go...etc

If my true love, she won't come, I will surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather.

Will y' go...