

# WOODSIDE SONGBOOK



A COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL PUB SONGS AND CAROLS  
COMPILED BY MEMBERS OF  
**WOODSIDE MORRIS MEN**



# WOODSIDE MORRIS MEN

## 1957

[www.woodsidemorrismen.com](http://www.woodsidemorrismen.com)

contact:

[info@woodsidemorrismen.com](mailto:info@woodsidemorrismen.com)

During the summer, we dance on Wednesday nights at country pubs in within about a half an hour of Watford, and at weekend events such as festivals and Fetes across the country. See our website for details.

From September to May, we meet every Wednesday at the Colne River Rooms at:

### **The Pump House Arts Centre**

Local Board Road

WATFORD

WD17 2JP

<http://www.pumphouse.info>



# WOODSIDE SONG BOOK

COMPILED BY  
MEMBERS OF

## WOODSIDE MORRIS MEN

Song	Page
Country Life	1
Drunken Sailor	2
Pleasant and Delightful	3
Sweet Nightingale	4
Bring us a Barrel	5
Fathom the Bowl	6
Strike the Bell	7
South Australia	8
New York Girls	9
When we go rolling home	10
The Sussex Carol	11
The Boar's Head Carol	12
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen	13
We Wish You a Merry Christmas	14
Deck the Halls	14
We Three Kings	15
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing	16
GoodKing Wenceslas	17

### Conventions of this book

plain text - leading singer

**bold text** - all sing

**bold and underlined** - chorus, all sing



# COUNTRY LIFE

*I like to rise when the sun she rises,  
Early in the morning.  
And I like to hear them small birds singing,  
Merrily upon their layland.  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,  
And to ramble in the new mowed hay.*

In spring we sow at the harvest mow,  
And that is how the seasons round they go.  
But of all the times choose I may,  
**I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay.**

In summer when the summer is hot,  
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot.  
We spend all night in sport and play,  
**And go rambling in the new mown hay.**

In autumn when the oak trees turn,  
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn.  
We cut and stash and stow away,  
**And go rambling in the new mown hay.**

In winter when the sky's grey,  
We hedge and ditch our times away.  
But in summer when the sun shines gay,  
**We go rambling through the new mown hay.**

Oh Nancy is my darling gay,  
And she blooms like the flowers every day.  
But I love her best in the month of May,  
**When we're rambling through the new mown hay.**

I like to hear the Morris dancers,  
Clash their sticks and drink our ale.  
I like to hear those bells a-ringing,  
**As we ramble in the new mown hay.**



# DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
Earl-aye in the morning.

Hoo-ray, and up she rises.  
Hoor-ray and up she rises.  
Hoor-ray and up she rises.  
Earl-aye in the morning!

Put him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter

You should see the captain's daughter

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Put him in the long boat 'till he's sobre

Tie him to a rope and keyal-haul him

That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor.  
That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor.  
That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,  
Earl-aye in the morning!

Likely to be sung in no particular order, whoever leads sings the first line of a verse, then all join in. If anyone fancies adding their own original verse, just stick up your hand, wait for a nod, then blurt it out.

Keelhauling was a shipboard punishment whereby an offender, drunken or otherwise, would be hauled under a boat, either bow to bow or prow to stern. It has been spelled here as keyal-haul purely to fit better.



# PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn,  
When the fields and the meadows were all covered in corn,  
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray,  
And the larks they sang melodious **at the dawning of the day.**

*And the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious, at the dawning of the day.*

A sailor and his true love were a'walking one day  
Said the sailor to his truelove I am bound far away  
I am bound for the East Indies where the load cannons roar  
I must go and leave my Nancy, **she's the girl that I adore**  
**I must go and leave my Nancy,**  
**I must go and leave my Nancy,**  
**I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore.**

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew  
Saying, Take this my dearest William and my heart will go too  
And whilst he stood embracing her tears from her eyes fell  
Saying, May I go along with you, **oh no, my love, farewell**  
**Saying, May I go along with you,**  
**Saying, May I go along with you,**  
**Saying, May I go along with you, oh no, my love, farewell**

So it's fare thee well my Nancy, I can no longer stay  
For the topsail is hoisted and the anchor aweigh  
And the ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide  
And if ever I return again, **I will make you my bride.**  
**And if ever I return again,**  
**And if ever I return again,**  
**And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride**



# SWEET NIGHTINGALE

My sweetheart come along, don't you hear the fond song  
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?  
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale,  
**As she sings in the valley below,  
as she sings in the valley below.**

Pretty Betty don't fail, for I'll carry your pail  
Safe home to your cot as we go:  
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale,  
**As she sings in the valley below,  
As she sings in the valley below.**

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own,  
And along with you sir I'll not go  
For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
**As she sings in the valley below,  
As she sings in the valley below.**

Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground  
On the bank where the primroses grow  
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
**As she sings in the valley below,  
As she sings in the valley below.**

So she sat herself down with him on the ground  
On the bank where the primroses grow  
And she heard the fond tale of the sweet nightingale  
**As she sings in the valley below,  
As she sings in the valley below.**

The couple agreed to be married with speed  
And along to the church they did go  
Now no more she's afraid for to walk in the shade  
**Or to sit in those valleys below,  
Or to sit in those valleys below.**



# BRING US A BARREL

No man that's a drinker takes ale from a pin  
For there is too little good stuff there within  
Four and a half is it's measure in full  
Too small for a sup, not enough for a pull...

**Then bring us a barrel and set it up right**  
**Bring us a barrel, to last out the night**  
**Bring us a barrel, no matter how high**  
**We'll drink it up Lads, we'll drink it dry.**

The poor little firkin's nine gallons in all  
Though the beer it is good, the size is too small  
For lads that are drinkers like you and like I  
That firkin small barrel too quickly runs dry.

And when that I'm dying and on me death bed  
By me bedside leave a fine full hogshhead  
That if down below I mun go when I die  
Me and old Nick we will both drink it dry.

The Kilderkin's Next and although rather small  
At least it is better than nothing at all  
Its eighteen full gallons will just about do  
Provided, of course, there's another for you.

Then bring forth the Puncheon and roll out the butt  
Them's the best measures before me to put  
Our pots will go round and good ale it will flow  
And we'll be contented for an hour or so.



# FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes,  
Give ear to my song,  
I'll sing in the praise  
Of good brandy and rum.  
There's a clear crystal fountain  
Near England shall flow;  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.**

*I'll fathom the bowl,*  
*I'll fathom the bowl,*  
*Give me the punch ladle,*  
*I'll fathom the bowl.*

From France we get brandy,  
From Jamaica comes rum,  
Sweet oranges and lemons,  
From Portugal come:  
Strong beer and good cyder,  
O'er England shall flow;  
**Give me the punch ladle,**  
**I'll fathom the bowl.**

My wife she comes in,  
When I sit at my ease,  
She scolds and she grumbles,  
And does as she please;  
She may scold and she may grumble,  
"Till she's black in the face as a coal;  
**Give me the punch ladle,**  
**I'll fathom the bowl.**

My father he lies in the depth of the sea,  
With the stones at his feet;  
What matters for he,  
There's a clear crystal fountain  
Near him it doth roll;  
**Give me the punch ladle,**  
**I'll fathom the bowl.**



# STRIKE THE BELL

Out on the quarter deck and walking about,  
There's the second mate so sturdy and so stout.  
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself,  
**We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

*Strike the bell second mate, an' let's go below,  
Look out to windward you can see its gonna blow.  
Look at the glass you can see that it is fell,  
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.*

Down on the main deck and workin' on the pumps,  
There's the starboard watch a-longin' for their bunks.  
Look out to windward and see a great swell,  
**We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

Aft at the wheel, poor Anderson stands,  
Graspin' at the spokes with his cold mitten hands,  
Looks at the compass and the course is clear as hell,  
**We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

Forward at the foc'sl' head and keeping sharp lookout,  
Yonder there is John a-ready for to shout.  
"Lights are burnin' bright sir and everything is well."  
**We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

Out on the poop deck the gallant captain stands,  
Lookin' out to sea with a spyglass in his hands.  
What he is a-thinkin' of we know damn well.  
**He's thinking more of shortenin' sail than striking the bell.**



# SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born!  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
South Australia round Cape Horn!  
**We're bound for South Australia!**

*Heave away, you rolling king,*  
*Heave away! Haul away!*  
*All the way you'll hear me sing,*  
*We're bound for South Australia!*

As I walked out one morning fair.  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair.  
**We're bound for South Australia!**

I shook her up, I shook her down.  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
I shook her round and round the town.  
**We're bound for South Australia!**

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind.  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
It's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.  
**- We're bound for South Australia!**

Up the coast to Vallipo.  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
Northward on to Callao.  
**We're bound for South Australia!**

And as you wallop round Cape Horn.  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.  
**We're bound for South Australia!**



# NEW YORK GIRLS

As I walked out on Chatham Street, A woman I did meet.  
She asked me to see her home, she lived in Bleecker Street.

*And away, you santy, my dear Andy,  
Oh you New York girls, can you dance the poker?*

When we got to Bleecker street, we stopped at forty-four,  
Her mother and her sister there, to greet us at the door.

When we got inside the house, the drinks were passed around.  
That liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round.

Then we had another drink, before we sat to eat.  
It's then I felt the world go round, and quickly fell asleep.

When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head.  
There was I jack-all-alone, stark naked on the bed.

My gold watch and my pocket-book, and lady-friend were gone,  
And there I stood jack-all-alone, stark naked on my own.

Looking round that little room, there was nothing much to see,  
'Cept a womans shift and apron, which were no use to me.

With a flour barrel for a suite of clothes, down Cherry Street forlorne.  
Where Martin Churchill took me in, 'cause I'm safer round Cape Horn!



# WHEN WE GO ROLLING HOME

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, **when we go rolling home.**

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, **when we go rolling home.**

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, **when we go rolling home.**

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, **when we go rolling home.**

Written by **John Tams**, who more recently scored the music for 'War Horse', the song was part of a theatrical adaptation of 'Cider with Rosie' in 1987, and has become a folk club and session favourite. In true folk tradition, the song is variously known as 'The Wheel of Fortune', 'Round goes the Wheel of Fortune', and simply, 'Rolling Home'.



# THE SUSSEX CAROL

Although dubbed the Sussex Carol by Ralph Vaughan Williams this was once known all over England and a printed version dates from 1684. This version was collected from Emily Bishop of Bromsberrow Heath in Gloucestershire who learnt it from her father Thomas. He was a well-sinker, water diviner and, of course, a morris dancer.

**On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
to hear the news the angels bring. (repeat)  
News of great joy, cause of great mirth,  
News of our great Redeemer's birth.**

**The kings of angels and of men,  
the king of kings of earth and heaven. (repeat)  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
To hear and bless the new-born King.**

**Angels and men sing in the air,  
for none their ruin can repair. (repeat)  
And prisoners in their chains rejoice,  
To hear the echo of their voice.**

**And now on earth shall men be sad,  
our saviour comes to make us glad (repeat)  
From sin and ill to set us free,  
And buy for us our liberty.**

**And now from darkness we have light,  
which makes all angels sing this night. (repeat)  
Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and forever more Amen.**



# THE BOARS HEAD CAROL

The boar's head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and rosemary  
I pray you, my masters, be merry  
Quot estis in convivio

(trans. 'so many as are in the feast')

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes domino

(trans. 'the boar's head I bring, giving praises to God')

The boar's head, as I understand, Is the rarest dish in all this land,  
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland  
Let us servire cantico.

(trans. 'let us serve with a song')

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes domino

Our steward hath provided this, In honour of the King of bliss  
Which, on this day to be served is  
In Reginensi atrio:

(trans. 'in the Queen's hall')

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes domino

Sung by tradition in an ancient ceremony at Queen's College, Oxford, every Christmas, where the boar's head is brought in on a large silver platter. The story goes that a student of the college was attacked by a wild boar on Christmas day. He killed the animal by stuffing a book down its throat, which he then retrieved by cutting off the head. He carried the head to the College's High Table, where the feast (and feat) is celebrated every year. You have to admit it's a good story. But the tradition may also have been handed down from the Celts and Norsemen, for whom a boar's head was a great delicacy. First published in 1521.



# GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing ye dismay.  
Remember Christ our Savior, was born on Christmas day,  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r when we were gone astray;

*O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,*  
*O tidings of comfort and joy.*

From God our heavenly Father, a blessed angel came.  
And unto certain shepherds, brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name:

Fear not then said the angel, "let nothing ye affright,  
This day is born a Savior, of virtue, power, and might;  
So frequently to vanquish all the friends of Satan quite

The shepherds at those tidings, rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding, in tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway this blessed babe to find:

But when to Bethlehem they came, whereat this infant lay  
They found him in a manger, where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary kneeling unto the Lord did pray:

Now to the Lord sing praises, all ye within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood, each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface:



# WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*Good tidings we bring to you and your kin;  
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year.*

Oh, bring us a figgy pudding, Oh, bring us a figgy pudding;  
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding and a cup of good cheer.

We won't go until we get some, We won't go until we get some;  
We won't go until we get some, so bring some out here.

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## DECK THE HALLS

Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fa la la la la la, la la la la.  
Tis the season to be jolly, etc..  
Don we now our gay apparel, etc..  
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, etc..

See the blazing Yule before us, etc.,  
Strike the harp and join the chorus, etc..  
Follow me in merry measure, etc.,  
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, etc..

Fast away the old year passes, etc.,  
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses, etc..  
Sing we joyous, all together, etc.,  
Heedless of the wind and weather, etc..



# WE THREE KINGS

We three kings of Orient are  
bearing gifts we traverse afar.  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
following yonder star.

*O star of wonder, star of night,  
star with royal beauty bright,  
westward leading, still proceeding,  
guide us to thy perfect Light.*

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never  
over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I.  
Incense owns a Deity nigh.  
Prayer and praising all men raising,  
worship Him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine: Its bitter perfume  
breaths a life of gathering gloom.  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying,  
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice.  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Sounds through the earth and skies.



# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing, -  
“Glory to the newborn King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.”  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th’ angelic host proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!

Christ, by highest heav’n adored:  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the favored one.  
Veil’d in flesh, the Godhead see;  
Hail, th’incarnate Deity:  
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King!

Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace!  
Hail! the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die:  
Born to raise the son of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the newborn King



# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even.  
Brightly shown the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,  
when a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know it telling:  
yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?  
Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,  
right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes fountain.

Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither.  
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.  
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together  
through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger.  
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer.  
Mark my footsteps my good page, tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage, freeze thy blood less coldly.

In his master's step he trod, where the snow lay dented.  
Heat was in the very sod, which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,  
ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

