

Randy Dandy O

Verse

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hay, roll 'n go

Out boots and our clothes boys are all in the pawn

To be rollicking Randy Dandy O

Chorus

Heave a pawl and heave away

Way, hay, roll 'n go

The anchor's on board and the cables all stored

To be rollicking Randy Dandy O

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Where the pretty young girls all come down in their flocks

Come breast the bars bullies and heave her away

Soon we'll be rolling her down through the bay

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free
Let's get the gladrags on and head out to sea

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way!

Glagolitica

Vo-Shlav, Vo-Shlav, Vo-Shlav, Vo-Shlav

Bla-go-sla-i-stin-go, Den-ya Svo-re-na-Vo

Chva-li-vo-da-yem, Te-be-vel-i-ke,

Ra-di Sla -vi Tvo, Yea Yea Bo

South Australia

Verse

In South Australia I was born,

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

Haul away you rolling king,

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing,

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair'

T'was there I met Miss Nancy Blair

There's just one thing that's on my mind

That's leaving Nancy Blair behind

And as we wallop round Cape Horn

You'll wish to God you've never been born

In South Australia I was born

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

Song of the Volga Boatmen

Ey, ukh-nem, Ey, ukh-nem,

Ye-scho Ra-zik, Ye-scho d'raz

Mae pa be-re-zkhu id-yom,

Pe-snyu Sol-ny-shku pa-yom

Ai-da da ai-da, Ai-da da ai-da,

Pe-snyu Sol-ny-shku pa-yom

Leave Her Johnny

Verse

I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her Johnny leave her
You can go ashore and get your pay
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Well the work is hard and the wages low
I believe it's time for us to go
Well the winds blew foul and waves ran high
She shipped in green and none went by
I thought I heard the boson say
Just one more pull and then belay

Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you can find is
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
She's the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Chorus

To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting gun
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
With 'liza Lee all on my knee
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer

Ah, and when we're out in New York Town
We'll dance them Bowery girls around!

Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line
She's never a day behind her time!

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!

Oh, one more pull and that will do!
For we're the boys to kick her through!

Nelson's Blood

Verse

Well a drop of nelson's blood
wouldn't do us any harm (3)

Chorus

And we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Verses

Well we'll be all right if the wind would fill our sails
Well we'll be alright if we make it round the horn
Well a drop of a Clancy's Best wouldn't do us any
harm
Well we'll be alright when the skippers in his bed
Well a night of shanty singing wouldn't do us any
harm

Mravaljamier

Mra-val-ja-mi-er
Mra-val-ja-mi-er
Ja-mi-er
Mra-val-ja-mi-er

Gmer-tma-i-ne-bos, i-ne-bos
Tkve-ni-si-tso-tskhle

Sweetest Kick

You, you gave me
You gave me
The sweetest kick in the heart
The sweetest kick in the heart

Cus I, I've been warm
And I've been cold
Cus love won't do what it's told
No love won't do what it's told

The moon, the moon is full
Full of the dreams of strangers
You never know which one it's gonna be
You never know which one it's gonna be

16 Tons

(Oooooooooo)

Now some people say a man's made out of mud
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bone
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

I was born one mornin' when the Sun didn't shine
I picked up me shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss hollered "well damn my soul"

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

Now when you see me comin' better step aside
Another man didn't and another man died
I've got a fist of iron and a fist of steel
If the right one don't get yer then the left one will

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

Bonnie Boat

(Intro)

Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmmmmmm
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yoooooh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmmmmmm
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yo-o-oh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yoooooh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yo-o-oh

Two Scottish bastards were
leaving from the port today
They were taciturn as ever,
though they never had naught to say
Ask them for a smoke or a joke
and they're bound to say
"Who the fook are you"
as they go on their merry way singin'

(Chorus)

**Sail the bonnie boat, the bonnie boat,
the bloody bonnie, bonnie boat (x 4)**

Two Scottish bastards
and a dignified Englishmen
Three wee willy Welshman
and fourteen pissed Irishmen
Went on a mission of sedition
against the bloody government
Came home in time for tea time
and made a bee line for the bloody Guinness tent

Chorus + Intro

Two Scottish bastards
were leaving from the glen today
Whistling a rendition
of the "Old Road to Mandalay"
So abso-bloody-lutely
and completely pissed were they
They didn't even notice
when the bagpipes began to play

Chorus x 2

Working On the Van

Hey now you better listen to me everyone of you
We got a lotta, lotta, lotta, lotta work to do
Forget about the trips abroad that you had planned
Today were working on the van

Oh- wo-wo Oh Oh Wo
B-b-wo Wo Wo Wo (etc)

Well pick up your feet
We've got a deadline to meet
I'm gonna see you make it on time
Don't relax
I want elbows and backs
I want to see everybody from behind

(Chorus)

**'Cause we're working on the van,
working on the caravan
We gotta make it expand,
that's why we're working on the van**

To-ow-wo Tow Tow Tow
T-t-tow Tow Tow Tow (etc)

So I'm jackin' it up and I'm tyin' bits down
I'm towin' this monster over all kinds of ground
I put a spare on the left, it takes me all night
I want to burn it but it wouldn't be right

'Cos I'm drivin' with my van, drivin' with my van
Gonna bandage my hand, after drivin' with my van

Ow-ow-ow Ow! Ow Ow!
Ow-ow-ow Ow Ow! Ow (etc)

Well my wife and daughter, they use all water
And there's always something down the toilet line
Cost of petrol's so high can't afford to buy
Essentials like beer and wine

So I drive all day, there's nowhere to stay
But I'm just biding my time
'Cause the quarantine and the border, you see
They're both gonna open on time

Yah I'm gonna sell the van, gonna sell the caravan
Just as fast as I can, yeah I'm gonna sell the van
No more working on the van, not working on the van
I'll fly to Afghanistan instead of working on the van

Sloop John B [The Beach Boys]

We come on the Sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

Chorus

**So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home**

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he 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

The Auld Triangle

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing
In my prison cell
And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning
The screw was bawling
"Get up ya bowsie
and clean up your cell!"
And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Now the screw was peeping
As the lag lay sleeping
Dreaming about his girl Sal
And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the female prison
There are seventy five women
And among them now
I wish I did dwell
Then that auld triangle
could go jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The Greenland Whale Fisheries

In eighteen hundred and thirty-six
On June the thirteenth day
Our gallant ship, her anchor weighed
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys
And for Greenland bore away

The lookout up in the cross brace
A spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale
There's a bloody great whale
And she blows at every span, brave boys
And she blows at every span

The captain stood on the quarter deck
A fine wee man was he
Overhaul, overhaul!
Let your davit tackles fall
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys
And launch your boats to sea

The harpoon struck and the line ran out
But the whale gave a flurry with her tail
Our boat capsized and we lost four men
And we never caught that whale, brave boys
And we never caught that whale

The losing of those four fine men,
It grieved the captain sore,
But the losing of that bloody great whale
Well it grieved him ten times more brave boys
Well it grieved him ten times more

Now Greenland is a terrible place,
It's a place that's never green
Where there's ice and snow, and the
whalefishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen

Rise

[Eddie Vedder]

Guitar Intro

Such is the way of the world
You can never know
Just where to put all your faith
And how will it grow?

Gonna rise up
Burning black holes in dark
memories
Gonna rise up
Turning mistakes into gold

Guitar

Such is the passage of time
Too fast to fold
Suddenly swallowed by signs
Low and behold

Gonna rise up
Find my direction magnetically
Gonna rise up
Throw down my ace in the hole

The Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time is comin'
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?

Chorus:

**And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?**

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers o' the mountain
Will ye go Lassie go?

(chorus)

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy
And return wi' their spoils
Tae the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go Lassie go?

(chorus)

If my true love she is gone
Then I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?

Repeat (chorus)

ShedSong Mosman Park Sheet 7

Love! I call your name © Jack Josephowitz arr Kavisha

Am F C G Am

lead melody
ALTO

Love! Amore
Love! Amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

C G Dm G C

And in your Joy I will re-main I call your name
nel-la tua gio-ia resterò - o bella - more

Soprano harmonies

Love amore Love amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

And in your joy I will re-main I call your name
nel-la tua gio-ia res-terò - o bella - more

Tenor harmonies

Love! Amore Love! Amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

and in your joy I will re-main I call your name.



nella tua gioia resterò Or bell' a more.....

Love I Call Your Name

Amore, Amore
io chaim' il tuo bel nome
_Nel-la tua gio-ia re-stero
O bell' amore

Love! Love!
Love I call your name
_And in your joy I will remain
I call your name

Yak Na Dal'nim Neboskhyli

Yak na dal'-nim ne-bo-skhy-li,
De hro-my hu-dut',
I-dut' khlop-tsi na-shi my-li
U da-le-ku put'

Chorus:

Hey, hey, hey
Doroha dal'nya,
Hey, hey, hey,
Sl'o-za pro-shchal'-na
Po-ko-ty-las' div-chy-ni z o-chej

Hra-ye zhaj-vo-ron iz-ra-na,
Vyet'-sya v ne-bo-kraj,
Tu ne plach, moya ko-kha-na,
Z bo-ju vy-hl'a-daj!