



MIKE AND CAROL DEE

SOMETHING OLD – SOMETHING NEW

GOOD-BYE-EE

Brother Bertie went away, to do his bit the other day
With a smile on his lips and his lieutenant 'pips'
Up on his shoulder, bright and gay,
As the train moved out he said,
"Remember me to all the 'birds'!"
Then he wagged his paw, and went away to war,
Shouting out these pathetic words,

"Good-bye-ee! good-bye-ee Wipe the tear, baby from your eye-ee
Though it's hard to part I know, I'll be tickled to death to go.
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee! There's a silver lining in the sky-ee.
Bonsoir, old thing! cheerio chin chin! Nahpoo Toodle-oo Good-bye-ee!"

Marmaduke Horatio Flynn, Although he'd whiskers round his chin
In a play took part, and he touched every heart
As little Willie in "East Lynne".
As the little dying child
Upon his snow-white bed he lay,
And amid their tears the people gave three cheers
When he said as he passed away.

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At a concert down at Kew Some convalescents dressed in blue,
Had to hear Lady Lee, who had turned eighty three,
Sing all the old, old songs she knew
Then she made a speech and said
"I look upon you boys with pride
And for what you've done I'm going to kiss each one."
Then they all grabbed their sticks and cried.

"Good-bye-ee! good-bye-ee Wipe the tear, baby from your eye-ee
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POOR OLD HORSE

They say old man your horse will die

And they say so, and we hope so

They say old man your horse will die

Oh poor old man.

And if he dies we'll tan his hide
And if he dies we'll tan his hide

And if he lives we'll ride again
And if he lives we'll ride again

And it's after years of much abuse
We'll salt him down for sailor's use

He's dead as a nail on a tap room floor
He's dead as a nail on a tap room floor

And he won't bother us no more
And he won't bother us no more

And Sally's in the garden picking the peas
With her long black hair hanging down to her knees

And Sally's in the kitchen and she's making the duff
And the cheeks of her arse are going chuff, chuff, chuff

And it's down the long and winding road
And it's down the long and winding road

And it's mahogany beef and the weevilly bread
And it's mahogany beef and the weevilly bread.

And I thought I heard the old man say
Just one more pull and we'll let her lay

Just one more pull and that will do
For we are the lads to kick her through

JOHN BARLEYCORN

'Tis of three men came out of the west
Their fortunes for to try,
And each of them made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn should die.

They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in
Put clods upon his head,
Then these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time
Till the rains from heaven did fall,
Then little Sir John pushed up his head
And soon amazed them all.

They let him stand till the midsummer
Till he looked both pale and wan,
Then little Sir John he grew a long beard
And so became a man.

They hired men with the scythe so sharp,
To cut him off at the knee,
They tied him and bound him around the waist
And served him most barbarously.

They hired men with the sharp pitch forks
To pierce him to the heart,
But the carter served him worse than that
For he bound him onto a cart.

They drove him round and round the field
'Till they came unto a barn,
And there they made a solemn mow
Of poor John Berleycorn.

They hired men with the crab-tree sticks
To flay him skin from bone,
But the miller served him worse than that
For he ground him 'twixt two stones.

Here's little Sir John in the nut brown bowl
And whiskey in the glass,
And little Sir John in the nut brown bowl
Proves the stronger man at last.

For the huntsman he can't follow the fox
Nor so loudly blow his horn,
And the tinker can't mend kettles or pots
Without a little bit of barleycorn.

SPENCER THE ROVER

These words were composed by Spencer the Rover,
Who travelled through England and most parts of Wales.
He had been so reduced , which caused great confusion,
And that was the reason he set off on the trails.

In Yorkshire near Rotherham he had been on his travels
Being tired and hungry he set down to rest.
At the foot of a mountain where runs a clear fountain
With bread and with water himself he refreshed.

And it tasted more sweeter than the honey he wasted
It tasted more sweeter than the gold he had spent.
'Twas the thought of his children, lamenting their father
Which caused him to weep and caused him to repent.

The night fast approaching to the woods he resorted,
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to make.
He went about sighing, lamenting and crying
Go home to your children and wandering forsake.

On the fifth of November he had reason to remember
For then he came home to his children and wife.
They stood so surprised to see him arrived
To see such a stranger once more in their sight.

And the children came around him with their sweet prattling stories,
With sweet prattling stories to charm dull care away.
Like birds of a feather we will all live together
Like bees, like bees in a hive contented we'll stay.

And now he is dwelling in his cot of contentment
With woodbine and ivy hanging all round his door.
More happier than they as got plenty of riches,
Contented he'll live and go rambling no more.

ROSEBUD IN JUNE

It's a rosebud in June and the violets in full bloom,
And the small birds are singing love songs on each spray.

We'll pipe and we'll sing love
We'll dance in a ring love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass.
And it's on to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lassies do sheep shearing go.

When we have sheared our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase.

Their flesh it is good, it's the best of all food,
And their wool it will clothe us and keep our backs from the cold.

Here's the ewes and lambs, here's the hogs and the rams,
And the fat wethers too they will make a fine show.

TRUE LOVE

Sun - tanned, wind blown,
Honey - mooners at last alone,
Feeling far above par,
Oh, how lucky we are.

I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love.
So, on and on it will always be
True love, true love.

For you and I have a guardian angel
On high with nothing to do.
But to give to you and to give to me
Love for ever true.

I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love.
So, on and on it will always be
True love, true love.

For you and I have a guardian angel
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THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather round people where ever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown.
And accept it soon that you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth saving.
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink lik a a stone,
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics who prophesies with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still to spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win,
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers, throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand.
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call,
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block the hall.
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast.
As the present now will later be past,
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to Princes landing stage
River Mersey fare the well,
I am bound for California
'Tis a place I know quite well.

So fare thee well my own true love
And when I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee.

I am bound for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn,
And I will write thee a letter love
When I am homeward bound.

Chorus

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street
Hammond Terrace and Park Lane,
For it will be some long time
Before I see thee again.

Chorus

The tug is waiting at Pier Head
To take us down the stream,
Our sails are loose and the anchor's loose
So I'll bid thee farewell again.

Chorus

WILL YE GO LASSIE GO

Oh the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go.

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

If my true love he were gone
I would surely find another,
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the mountain heather
Will ye go lassie go.

I will build my love a bower
Near yon pure crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will ye go lassie go.

Oh the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go.

THE VEGITARIAN

I'm a veg-i-tar-i-an I am, I'm a veg-i-tar-i-an.
I won't imbibe on a cow's inside or the testes of a ram.
I shun such dregs as ribs and legs, I pharte upon your ham.
No I wouldnt give you twopence for your old boiled beef,
I'm a veg-i-tar-i-an.

VIRGIL CAINE

Virgil Caine is my name and I worked on the Danville train,
'Till so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks again
It was the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive.
I took the train to Richmond, that fell,
It was a time I remember so well.

The night they drove old Dixie down,
And all the bells were ringing.
The night they drove old Dixie down,
And all the people were singing,
They sang, "Na-na....." etc

Met my wife in Tenassee, and one day she said to me,
"Virgil, quick come see, here comes Robert E. Lee."
Well I dor't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good
Just take what you need and leave the rest,
But they never should have taken the very best.

chorus

Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man,
And like my brother before me, I do the best I can.
He was just eighteen, young and brave,
When a Yankee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the blood beneath my feet,
You can't raise a Cain back up, when he's in defeat.

chorus

AMERICAN PIE

A long time ago I can still remember how that music used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my chance that I could make those people dance
and maybe happy for a while.
But February made me shiver with ev'ry paper I'd deliver.
Bad news on the doorstep I couldn't take one more step
I can't remember if I cried when I read about his widowed bride,
Something touched me deep inside the day the music died.

So goodbye, Miss American Pie
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.
Them good ole boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

Did you write the book of love and do you have faith in God above?
If the Bible tells you so now do you believe in rock and roll.
Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach me how to dance real slow?
Well I know that you're in love with him 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym,
You both kicked off your shoes. Man I dig those rhythm and blues.
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pickup truck.
But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died.
I started singing bye bye, - etc.

I met a girl who sang the blues and I asked her for some happy news
But she smiled and turned away
I went down to the sacred store where I heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.
And in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets
dreamed. But not a word was spoken the church bells were broken.
And the three men I admire most, the Fether, Son and Holy Ghost,
They caught the last train for the coast the day the music died.
And they were singing bye bye, -etc.

Now for ten years we've been out on our own, and moss grogs fat on a rollin'
stone
But that's not how it used to be when the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean and a voice that came from you and me
Oh and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned
And while Lennin read a book on Marx the quartet practised in the park
And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music died.
We were singin' bye, bye -etc.

Helter-skelter in the summer swealter the birds flew off with a fallout shelter
Eight miles high and fallin' fast, it landed foul on the grass
The players tried for a foreward pass, with the jester on the sidelines in a
cast
Now the half time air was sweet perfume while the sergents played a marching
tune
We got up to dance but we never got the chance
'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield
Do you recall what was revealed the day the music died.
We started singin' bye, bye -etc.

And there we were all in one place, a generation lost in space
With no time left to start again
So come on, Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on the candle stick
'Cause fire is the devil's only friend
And as I watched him on the stage my hands were clenched in fists of rage
No angel born in hell could break that Satan's spell
And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite
I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died.
He was singin' bye, bye -etc
This'll be the day that I die.