



Wayfarer Song Book

25th. International
Wayfarer Rally
Kragenæs 2019
Denmark

CONTENTS:

PRAISE OF THE WAYFARER C.....	1
AULD LANG SYNE (Scottish) C.....	2
COCKLES AND MUSSELS C.....	3
DE KLOK VAN ARNEMUIDEN (Dutch) G.....	4
DELILAH Am – C.....	5
DRUNKEN SAILOR Dm.....	6
FIELDS OF ATHENRY D.....	7
FRANK (DYE) THE SAILOR C.....	8
FROM ENGLAND TO SCOTLAND C.....	9
DAAR IN DAT KLEINE CAFE AAN DE HAVEN (Dutch) D.....	10
HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN D.....	11
I AM SAILING C.....	12
MELLEM ESBJERG OG FANØ (Danish) C.....	13
MY WAYFARER PASSION F.....	14
NOWHERE MAN C.....	15
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES / IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY G.....	16
PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON G.....	17
SIDE BY SIDE C.....	18
STREETS OF LONDON C.....	19
SUNNY AFTERNOON Am.....	20
THE WHISTLING GYPSY (THE GYPSY ROVER) D.....	21
THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL C.....	22
THE MERMAID D.....	23
THE WRECK OF THE SLOOP JOHN B D.....	24
THERE'S A HOLE IN MY WAYFARER D.....	25
WALTZING MATILDA (Australian) C.....	26
VISEN OM ATTEN SVANER (Swedish / Danish) F.....	27
WHEN YOU'RE SMILING G.....	28
WE'LL MEET AGAIN G.....	28
WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR G.....	29
WAYFARER FANFARE F.....	30

PRAISE OF THE WAYFARER C

Lyrics original in Danish by: Joel Bøgh W2006; Translation by Vivian Nielsen,
Song: Whisky in the Jar

Come let us sing the praises of a little tub with sail,
With lots of room for you and me - shipshape in all detail.
Of the Wayfarer we're singing, fair and lusty gal,
Seasoned sailors or beginners; want to tame and trim her sail.

Corus:

Trim and curvy, she's the best (clap 4 times)
She's all of 16 feet (clap twice)
All my demands she'll meet,
She is my treasure chest.

Robust and speedy is she. Indeed, a fiery lassie,
Come, launch her at the jetty, set sails and out to sea.
When sailing troubled waters, as rollers break and pound her,
She'll ride the waves that caught us, though queasy tums abound here!

Corus:

If you find pleasure sailing and moor to a distant shore,
New friends you'll soon be hailing, to share a drink or more.
And all your dreams of wine-land or a windblown Danish bay,
A Wayfarer maid's flower garland will adorn you anyway.

Corus:

But if you are keen on racing in the proper Wayfarer style
Win or lose, you'll find us cheering, when you've sailed the final mile.
What force is it that drives us, to fight the waves and weather?
Testing skills and courses with a crew of friends together.

Corus:

And so with happy mem'ries of soothing days of sailing
The good crews from the dinghies come home refreshed, some trailing
In winter we remember the sunny hours and sea-spray
Perfection of the trimming, dreams that never sail away.

Trim and curvy, she's the best (clap 4 times)
She's all of 16 feet (clap twice)
All my demands she'll meet,
She is my treasure chest.

AULD LANG SYNE (Scottish) C

Text: Robert Burns 1788 Song: Scottish from 1687 "The Duke of Bucclugh's Tune".

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my jo. For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet. For auld lang syne.

2. And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

Chorus

3. We twa hae ran about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

4. We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun til dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

5. And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude willie waught
For auld lang syne!

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my jo, For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet. For auld lang syne.

[Link to youtube key in C](#)

Meaning of unusual words:

Auld lang syne = Former days and friends; jo = dear; stoup = tankard; gowans = daisies; braid = broad;
Gude willie waught = friendly draught

COCKLES AND MUSSELS C

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
She wheeled her wheelbarrow, through streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

Alive, alive-oh, alive, alive-oh,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

Alive, alive-oh, alive, alive-oh,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

She died of a fever, and no-one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

Alive, alive-oh, alive, alive-oh,
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive-oh.

[Link to youtube key in D](#) We are playing in C

DE KLOK VAN ARNEMUIDEN (Dutch) G

Tekst en muziek: D. van der Meer / H. Mengers, 1948

Refrain:

Als de klok van Arnemuiden
Welkom thuis voor ons zal luiden
Wordt de vreugde soms vermengd met droefenis
Als een schip op zee gebleven is

Wend het roer, we komen thuis gevaren
Rijk was de buit maar bang en zwaar de nacht
Land in zicht en onze ogen staren
Naar de kust die lokkend op ons wacht

Refrain:

Als de klok van Arnemuiden
Welkom thuis voor ons zal luiden
Wordt de vreugde soms vermengd met droefenis
Als een schip op zee gebleven is

Rijke zee waarvan de vissers dromen
Want jij geeft brood aan mam en vrouw en kind
Wrede zee, jij hebt zoveel genomen
In jouw schoot rust menig trouwe vriend

Refrain:

Als de klok van Arnemuiden
Welkom thuis voor ons zal luiden
Wordt de vreugde soms vermengd met droefenis
Als een schip op zee gebleven is

Wordt de vreugde soms vermengd met droefenis
Als een schip op zee gebleven is

[Link to youtube key in G](#)

DELILAH Am — C

Song: Les Reed Text: Barry Masson

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind

She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind

My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why, why, Delilah

I could see, that girl was no good for me
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free

At break of day when that man drove away, I was waiting
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the door

She stood there laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why, why, Delilah

So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah, I just couldn't take anymore

She stood there laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why, why, Delilah

So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take anymore
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take anymore

[Link to youtube key in C](#)

DRUNKEN SAILOR Dm

Sea Shanty from USA 1839

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Early in the morning.

Wey hey, and up she rises,
Wey hey, and up she rises,
Wey hey, and up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the longboat till he's sober.....

Wey hey, and up she rises.....

Hoist him aboard with a running bowline.....

Wey hey, and up she rises.....

Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him.....

Wey hey, and up she rises.....

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.....

Wey hey, and up she rises.....

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.....

Wey hey, and up she rises.....

FIELDS OF ATHENRY D

Song/Text Pete St. John

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling,
'Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn
So the young might see the morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay'.

Corus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling,
'Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.
Against the famine and the crown
I rebelled. They ran me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity'.

Corus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry,.....

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
Now she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay.
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Corus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

[Link to youtube key in D](#)

FRANK (DYE) THE SAILOR C

Text: Margaret Strain W9362 Song: Jack the Whaler

What's more delight on a winter's night than to sip a glass of grog
And hear the old men spin their yarns before a burning log.
They tell their tales of monstrous whales, 'n sights that they have seen,
It makes your hair stand on end and your stomach turn quite green.

Corus:

Frank was every inch a sailor, more than fifty years Wayfarer.
Frank was every inch a sailor, and he lived upon the bright blue sea.

Can't tell you just how many years since Frank first saw the light,
He came into this world of woe on a dark and stormy night.
He was born to be a sailor brave, sailing on the blue,
And face more storms and rapid rocks than other folk would do.

Corus:

When Frank grew up to be a man, he bought a Wayfarer.
He planned to make a comfy home and sail the whole world o'er
He set his sails to reach Norway and met a Force 10 gale,
He loved the breeze, three days in all, he rode it like a whale.

Corus:

Then, undeterred by storms and gales, to Iceland he sailed on,
To see if night was always day, or if the sun had gone.
He liked the rolling of the waves, only ten foot high
And even when they doubled up, he never would say die!

Corus:

Ken Jensen then invited Frank, who sailed his boat to Ven,
A meeting of Wayfarers, had never there been seen.
Ken Jensen started up the club, in northern lands so cold,
But ice and snow would not stop Frank, he was so very bold.

Corus:

Frank went to Florida for warmth while English people froze.
The Gulf of Mexico he sailed, with time to warm his toes.
St Lawrence Seaway held no fears for Frank in holidays,
The Northwest Passage beckoned him. His skills do us amaze.

Corus:

With journeys yet for him to make, and challenges in store,
With sails all torn and rocks ahead, he'd manage with one oar!
He seeks adventures, and his life would never be a bore,
The world is wide, with sea to spare, and Frank will sail much more.

Frank was every inch a sailor, more than fifty years Wayfarer.
Frank was every inch a sailor, and he lived upon the bright blue sea.

[Link to youtube key C](#)

FROM ENGLAND TO SCOTLAND C

Old Swedish sailor song .Text in English by Ken Jensen W1348

From England to Scotland a Brig was sailing on
With leaks quite bad at both ends, and rigging nearly gone.

Corus:

Oh Helledusse - dah, we're coming from afar,
Hurrah for skipper's woman when we see America!

As skipper knocked his wife about, she turned quite yellow-blue
When she was hoisted up the mast, the Swedish flag came true!

Corus:

Oh Helledusse - dah.....

We had a Chinese cook, he came from quite afar,
The soup that he was serving us was black and tasted tar!

Corus:

Oh Helledusse - dah.....

We didn't have an anchor and neither sailing gear,
Our heading was by skipper's hat - we sailed in quite a fear!

Corus:

Oh Helledusse - dah, we're coming from afar,
Hurrah for skipper's woman when we see America!

[Link to youtube key in D](#) We are playing in C

DAAR IN DAT KLEINE CAFE AAN DE HAVEN (Dutch)

D

Tekst en muziek: Vader Abraham (Pierre Kartner), 1976

De avondzon valt over straten en pleinen
De gouden zon zakt in de stad
De mensen die moe in hun huizen verdwijnen
Ze hebben de dag weer gehad
De Neonreclame die knipoogt langs ramen
Het motregent zachtjes op straat
De stad lijkt gestorven, toch klinkt er muziek
Uit een deur die nog wijd open staat

Refrein:

Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar zijn de mensen gelijk en tevree
Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar telt je geld of wie je bent niet meer mee

De toog is van koper, toch ligt er geen loper
De voetbalclub hangt aan de muur
De trekkast die maakt meer lawaai dan de jukebox
Een pilsje dat is er niet duur
Een mens is daar mens rijk of arm 't is daar warm
Geen Monsieur of Madam maar WC
Maar 't glas is gespoelt in het helderste water
Ja, 't is daar een heel goed café

Refrein:

Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar zijn de mensen gelijk en tevree
Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar telt je geld of wie je bent niet meer mee

De wereldproblemen die zijn tussen twee
glazen bier opgelost voor altijd
Op de rand van 'n bierviltje staat daar je rekening
Of je staat in 't krijt
Het enige wat je aan eten kunt krijgen
dat is daar een hard gekookt ei
De mensen die zijn daar gelukkig gewoon
Ja, de mensen die zijn daar nog blij.

Refrein:

:: Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar zijn de mensen gelijk en tevree
Daar in dat kleine café aan de haven
Daar telt je geld of wie je bent niet meer mee :: [Link to youtube key in Gm refrein in G](#)

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN D

Song: My Bonnie lies over the Ocean (Celtic song)

My mother makes beer in the bathtub,
My father makes synthetic gin,
My sister makes fudge for a penny,
Oh boy! How the money rolls in!

Corus:

Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy how the money rolls in.

My mother she drowned in the bathtub,
My father he died of his gin,
My sister she choked on her chocolate,
Oh boy, what a shape I am in.

Corus:

Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy **NO** money rolls in, rolls in.....

I tried making beer in the bathtub,
I tried making synthetic gin,
I tried making fudge for a living
Oh boy, what a shape I am in.

Corus:

Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy **NO** money rolls in, rolls in.....

My uncle's a poor veterinary,
He'll save any mutt for a fin.
He'll save you a blonde for a shilling,
Oh boy, how the money rolls in!

Corus:

Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, oh boy how the money rolls in.

I AM SAILING C

Text and Song by Gavin Sutherland

I am Sailing, I am sailing,
Home again, 'cross the sea.
I am sailing, stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,
Like a bird, across the sky.
I am flying, passing high clouds,
To be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me? Can you hear me?
Through the dark night, far away.
I am dying, forever trying,
To be with you, to be free.

We are Sailing, we are sailing,
Home again, 'cross the sea.
We are sailing, stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.

: Oh Lord to be near you, to be free: 3 times

MELLEM ESBJERG OG FANØ (Danish) C

Text: Unknown Song: Old Irish Folksong

Der var en skipper, : og han hed Lass, ja! : (X 3)
Han sejled' rundt i en smadderkass', ja!
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Corus:

Og stormen sused' og gjord' haløj
Og bølgen stod som en Kæmpehøj;
Nej, det var sandelig ingen spøg,
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Og Lass han levede, : af baskuld kuns, ja! : (X 3)
Han skylded' ned med en kaffepunch, ja,
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Corus:

Og stormen sused' og gjord' halløj

En dag da Lass, : havde stødt fra land, ja! : (X 3)
Han havde glemt at få proviant med,
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Corus:

Og stormen sused' og gjord' halløj.....

Og Lass han sejled' , : i dage tre, ja! : (X 3)
Men han fik aldrig mere land at se, nej,
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Corus:

Og stormen sused' og gjord' halløj.....

Hvergang en skipper, : han går til bunds, ja! : (X 3)
Ham hilser Lass med en kaffepunch, ja,
Imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

Corus:

Og stormen sused' og gjord' halløj.....

[Link to youtube key in D](#) We play in C

MY WAYFARER PASSION F

Text by Jesper Achton Friis, W9355. Song: The Wild Rower

I've been a wild sailor for many a year.
I've spent all my money on "GO FAST" and gear.
I'm trailing my Dinghy for many a mile,
To join all you fellows in sailing a-while.

Corus:

Enjoy your passion (Clap 4 times),
Our passion at sea.
Now come you brave sailors
Sail Wayfarer with me.

While sailing we're shouting and laughing whole time,
We're hiking and tacking and planing quite fine.
And back in the harbour we're thinking with cheer
How wonderful life is with plenty of beer.

Corus:

Enjoy your passion (Clap 4 times),
Our passion at sea.
Now come you brave sailors
Sail Wayfarer with me.

From first to the last we will now raise our glass,
And then drink a toast to our great Wayfarer class.
We'll meet again soon - so don't waste your tears,
But now stand up and let's give us 'three cheers'.

Corus:

:: Enjoy your passion (Clap 4 times),
Our passion at Sea. —— (hold "Sea" the second time)
Now come you brave sailors
Sail Wayfarer with me. :: (Second time slower!)

NOWHERE MAN C

Text and Song by Lennon McCartney

He's a real nowhere man
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody

Doesn't have a point of view
Knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

Nowhere man please listen
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere man, the world is at your command

He's as blind as he can be
Just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere man, can you see me at all

Nowhere man don't worry
Take your time, don't hurry
Leave it all 'til somebody else
Lends you a hand
Ah, la, la, la, la

Doesn't have a point of view
Knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

Nowhere man please listen
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere man, The world is at your command
Ah, la, la, la, la

He's a real nowhere man
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody

[Link to youtube key in C](#)

This song was really hard to find where they are playing in C

Canon for 2 or more groups:

- :: 1. Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
 And smile, smile, smile.
 When you've a Lucifer to light your fag
 Smile boys, that's the style.
2. What's the use of worrying?
 It never was worth while, so
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
 And smile, smile, smile.
3. It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go.
 It's a long way to Tipperary,
 To the sweetest girl I know.
4. Goodbye Piccadilly,
 Farewell Leicester square
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart's right there ::

Start over from 1 until exhausted or till we need more Beer!

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON G

Text and Song by: Leonard Lipton and Peter Yarrow

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honalee.
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,
And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.

Corus:

Oh! Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honalee.
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honalee.

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail.
Noble kings and princes would bow where'er they came,
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name.

Corus:

Oh! Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea.....

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys,
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,
So Puff, that mighty dragon, he ceased his mighty roar.

Corus:

Oh! Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea.....

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the Cherry Lane.
Without his life-long friend, Puff could not be brave,
So Puff, that mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his cave.

Corus:

Oh! Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honalee.
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honalee.

[Link to youtube key in G](#)

SIDE BY SIDE C

Text and Song by: Harry M. Woods 1927

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along, singing a song,
Side by side.

Don't know what's coming tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel the road, sharing our load,
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
What if the sky should fall?
Just as long as we're together,
It doesn't really matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and parted,
We'll be the same as we started,
::: Just traveling along, singing a song,
Side by side. :::

STREETS OF LONDON C

Text and Song by: Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market,
Picking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely by his side,
Yesterday's papers, telling yesterday's news.

Corus:

So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,
I'll show you something to make you change your mind.

Have you seen the old gal who walks the streets of London,
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking,
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

Corus:

So how can you tell me you're lonely,....

And have you seen the old man outside the Seaman's mission,
His memory fading with those medal ribbons he wears.
And in our winter city, the rain cries little pity,
For one more forgotten hero, and a world that doesn't care.

Corus:

So how can you tell me you're lonely,....

And in the all-night café at a quarter past eleven,
The same old man sitting there on his own,
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea lasts an hour, then he wanders home.

Corus:

So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,
I'll show you something to make you change your mind.

[Link to youtube key in C](#)

SUNNY AFTERNOON Am

Text and Song by: Ray Davies (The Kinks)

The tax man's taken all my dough
And left me in my stately home
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
And I can't sail my yacht
He's taken everything I got
All I've got's this sunny afternoon

Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze
I gotta big fat mama trying to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

My girlfriend's run off with my car
And gone back to her ma and pa
Telling tails of drunkenness and cruelty
Now I'm sitting here
Sipping at my ice cold beer
Lazing on a sunny afternoon

Help me, help me, help me sail away
You give me two good reasons why I oughta stay
'Cause I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze
I gotta big fat mama trying to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

THE WHISTLING GYPSY (THE GYPSY ROVER) D

Text and Song by: Leo Maguire 1950

The gypsy rover came over the hill
Bound for the valley so shady,
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang,
For he'd won the heart of a lady.

Corus:

Ah di do, ah di do da day
Ah di do, ah di day dee.
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang,
For he'd won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate,
She left her own true lover,
She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover.

Corus:

Ah di do, ah di do da day.....

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
Roamed the valley all over,
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover.

Corus:

Ah di do, ah di do da day.....

He came at last to a castle gate,
Down by the River Cladie,
And there was whisky and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.

Corus:

Ah di do, ah di do da day.....

He is no gypsy, father dear,
But lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover.

Corus:

Ah di do, ah di do da day
Ah di do, ah di day dee.
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang,
For he'd won the heart of a lady.

[Link to youtube key in C](#) We Play in D

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL C

Folksong

Fare thee well, the Prince's landing stage,
River Mersey fare thee well,
For I'm bound for California,
It's a place that I know right well.

Corus:

So fare thee well my own true love,
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 have signed on a Yankee clipper ship,
'Davy Crocket' is her name.
And her captain's name is Burgess,
And they say she's a floating shame.

Corus:

So fare thee well my own true love, ...

I have served with Burgess once before
And I reckon to know him well.
If a man is a sailor then he'll be all right,
But if not, why he's sure in hell.

Corus:

So fare thee well my own true love,

Yes I'm bound for Californiay
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
But you know that I'll write you a letter, my love,
When I am homeward bound.

Corus:

So fare thee well my own true love,

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street,
Anson Terrace and Park Lane,
For I know that it's going to be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

Corus:

So fare thee well my own true love,
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.

[Link to youtube key in C](#)

THE MERMAID D

Traditional

One Friday morn when we set sail
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Corus:

While the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
And we jolly sailor boys were up, were up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
'I've married a wife in fair London town,
And this night a widow she will be, will be will be,
And this night a widow she will be.'

Corus:

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair-haired boy was he.
'I've a father and a mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me, for me, for me,
And this night they will weep for me.'

Corus:

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she.
For the want of a life-boat we all went down
As she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea

Corus:

While the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds did blow
And we jolly sailor boys were up, were up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

[Link to youtube key in G](#) We play in D

THE WRECK OF THE SLOOP JOHN B D

We came on the sloop 'John B'
My grandfather and me,
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night,
Got into a fight
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Corus:
So hoist up the 'John B's' sails,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore and let me go home
I wanna go home, oh let me go home.
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk,
He broke in the people's trunk,
Constable came aboard and took him away.
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Corus:
So hoist up the 'John B's' sails.....

The poor cook he caught the fits
Threw away all the grits
Then he went and ate up all of the corn
Oh let me go home, I wanna go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Corus:
So hoist up the 'John B's' sails,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore and let me go home
I wanna go home, oh let me go home.
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

THERE'S A HOLE IN MY WAYFARER D

Text by Margaret Strain W9362 Song: There's a hole in the bucket

There's a hole in my dinghy, Wayfarer, Wayfarer,
There's a hole in my dinghy, Wayfarer, a hole!

Then hurry to mend it, dear sailor, dear sailor,
Then hurry to mend it, and don't let it sink!

The bilges are flooding, Wayfarer, Wayfarer,
The bilges are flooding, oh, what shall I do?

Well, first find the bucket, dear sailor, dear sailor,
Well, first find the bucket, and hand to the crew.

The crew's in the water, Wayfarer, Wayfarer,
The crew's in the water, his face has turned blue.

Well give him a bollocking, dear sailor, dear sailor,
Well give him a bollocking, and haul him aboard.

There's no room in our dinghy, Wayfarer, Wayfarer,
There's no room in our dinghy, it's loaded with booze.

So that's why we're sinking, dear sailor, dear sailor,
So that's why we're sinking, we've no time to lose.

Let's drink and be merry, Wayfarer, Wayfarer,
Let's drink and be merry, and to hell with the hole!

WALTZING MATILDA (Australian) C

Text by Banjo Paterson 1895 Song: Australian

Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
Under the shade of a koolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy boiled,
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Corus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
'You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!'
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy boiled,
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Corus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda.....

Off rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three.
'Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Corus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda.....

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
'You'll never take me alive!' said he.
Now his ghost may be heard as you pass beside that billabong,
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Corus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
'You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!'
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy boiled,
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

The title was Australian slang for traveling on foot (waltzing) with one's belongings in a "matilda" (swag) slung over one's back. The song narrates the story of an itinerant worker, or "swagman", making a drink of billy tea at a bush camp and capturing a jumbuck (sheep) to eat when it comes to drink from the nearby billabong (watering hole). When the jumbuck's owner, a squatter (landowner), and three troopers (mounted policemen) pursue the swagman for theft, he declares "You'll never catch me alive!" and commits suicide by drowning himself in the billabong, after which his ghost haunts the site.

VISEN OM ATTEN SVANER (Swedish / Danish) F

Song: Benny Andersson & Bjørn Ulvæus

Lyrics: Org. Cornelius Vreeswijk Danish version by P. Sørensen

Jeg drømte om atten svaner i nat
og såmænd også lidt om dig.
Og du bad mig om atten kys i min drøm,
og jeg gad ikke sige nej.
Min ven, lad mig vide, om du kunne lide,
hvis jeg bare var vågnet, da jeg drømte du kom
så du intet fik bedt mig om.

Jeg så dig skam fra mit vindue i går
men du så ikke mig, min ven.
Jo, du kom her forbi mit vindue i går
men forsvandt så, gud ved hvorhen.
Min ven, lad mig vide, om du kunne lide,
hvis jeg havde slå't vinduet op: en - to - tre,
og du så, der var én at se.

Min drøm nu i dag, den regner det i
og jeg gir dig min paraply.
Under den er du tryk i læ og ly
for hvert eneste utæt sky.
Min ven, lad mig vide, om du kunne lide,
hvis jeg blot lod det regne, så du stod der konfus
li'så våd som en druknet mus.

Jeg drømte om atten svaner i nat,
og såmænd også lidt om dig.
Og du bad mig om atten kys i min drøm,
og jeg gad ikke sige nej.
Min ven, lad mig vide om du kunne lide
hvis jeg bare var vågnet, da jeg drømte du kom
så du intet fik bedt mig om.

[Link to youtube key in F](#)

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING G

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through.
But when you're crying, you bring on the rain,
So stop you're sighing, be happy again.
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN G

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.
Keep smiling through, just like you always do,
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds away.

So will you please say hello to the folks that I know,
Tell them I won't be long.
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song.

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR G

Lyrics and Music by Paul McCartney

When I get older losing my hair
Many years from now
Will you still be sending me a Valentine
Birthday greetings bottle of wine
If I'd been out till quarter to three
Would you lock the door
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

Instrumental or humming.... (Dee-Dah.....)

.....
You'll be older too
And if you say the word
I could stay with you

I could be handy, mending a fuse
When your lights have gone
You can knit a sweater by the fireside
Sunday mornings go for a ride
Doing the garden, digging the weeds
Who could ask for more
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

Every summer we can rent a cottage
In the Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee
Vera, Chuck and Dave

Send me a postcard, drop me a line
Stating point of view
Indicate precisely what you mean to say
Yours sincerely, wasting away
Give me your answer, fill in a form
Mine for evermore
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

WAYFARER FANFARE F

Original Danish text by: W239 Poul Ammentorp SWS

Wayfarer, Wayfarer, det er alletiders båd!
Wayfarer, godt vejr, vind i sejlet gør mig kåd .
Se nu at vågne op af din lur,
Og ta' med ud og sejle en tur.
i en Wayfarer, Wayfarer, det er alletiders båd!

English text by W9885 Ralph Roberts UKWA

Wayfarer , Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen!
Wayfarer, weather fair, really makes me feel so keen
Do wake up from your lazy sleep,
Sail your Wayfarer out on the deep.
Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen!

Dutch text by: W5415 Francine van der Vaart & Joke Peers NEDWA

Wayfarer , Wayfarer, de mooiste boot die ik ooit zag!
Wayfarer, oh Wayfarer, je brengt me elke dag een lach.
We varen op de zee met jou,
Gaan desnoods voor dag en dauw.
Wayfarer, oh Wayfarer. de mooiste boot die ik ooit zag!

French text by W2042 Neel Johansen SWS

Wayfarer , Wayfarer, quel joli petit bateau!
Wayfarer , Quel Bonheur comme on est heureux sur l'eau.
Hissons les voiles, il fait si beau temps,
Car nous aimons la mer et le vent.
Wayfarer, Wayfarer, quel joli petit bateau!

Canadian text by: W3854 Julia and Al Schönborn CWA

Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen!
Wayfarer, wind fair, makes me feel just peachy keen.
C'mon, get up from your lazy snooze *
Seize the day, head out for a cruise.
Wayfarer, Wayfarer
Finest dinghy ever seen!

[Link to youtube key in F](#)

* Alternative: C'mon wake up from your night of booze