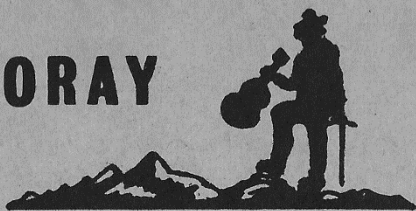


MORAY



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

SONG BOOK

Second Edition

COMPILED BY CLUB MEMBERS

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CONTENTS	<u>PAGE</u>
A-Climbing Up Dem Rocks	15
Balaena, The	17
Big Rock Candy Mountain	10
Black Velvet Band, The	16
Caltcn Weaver, The	14
Climbers Clementine, The	4
Darkies' Sunday School, The	11
Falling Down The Mountain	3
He's Got The Whole World In His Hands	6
Hiking Song, The	19
I'll Tell My Ma	21
Johnnie Lad	13
Jug Of Punch, The	12
Lay Of The Mountain Rescue	7
Maids When You're Young	8
My Love He Is A Climber	3
On Top Of Old Smokey	20
Rantin' Bog, The	20
Red Yo-Yo, The	8
Street Songs	22
These Are My Mountains	4
Twenty Frozen Fingers	7
Whisky In The Jar	18
Wild Rover	6

She'll be falling down the mountain when she climbs,
She'll be falling down the mountain when she climbs,
She'll be felling down the mountain,
For tastes there's no accounting,
She'll be falling down the mountain when she climbs.

Chorus: Singing I will if you will so will I, etc.

She'll be wearing brown stained breeches when she climbs,
She'll be driving leaders crazy while she stops to pick
a daisy.
She'll be sending down big boulders to the horror of
beholders.
She'll get stuck in every cranny and her bowline is a granny.
She'll be looking simply charming though her technique is
alarming.

MY LOVE HE IS A CLIMBER

My love he is a climber
There's none like him today
If you poured whisky on it
He would eat a bale of hay.
My love he is a climber
And when he went away
He crushed me in his arms so tight
He broke three vertebrae.
He hugged me and he kissed me
So hard he broke my jaw
And I couldn't speak to tell him
He'd forgot his mackinaw.
The cold it tried to freeze him
It tried it's level best
At a hundred degrees below zero
He buttoned up his vest.
It froze clear through to China
It froze to the stars above
At a thousand degrees below zero
It froze my climber love.

THESE ARE MY MOUNTAINSChorus

For these are my mountains and this is my glen
 The braes of my childhood will know me again
 No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam
 For these are my mountains and I'm going home.

For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth
 But now I've come back to the land of my birth
 I brought back my treasures but only to find
 The're less than the pleasures that I left behind.

The gull by the road sings at my going by
 They wharple their broad wings with welcoming eye
 The loch where the star flies at last I can see
 It's here that my heart lies, it's here I'll be free.

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in
 And how they will greet me my ain kith and kin
 This night round the ingle old songs will be sung
 At last I'll be hearing my ain mither tongue.

THE CLIMBERS CLEMENTINE

On a Clogwyn, close to Ogwen,
 Where the clouded cliffs incline,
 Clung a climber, fine old-timer,
 And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus:

O my darling, O my darling,
 O my climbing Clementine,
 Thou art lost and gone forever,
 Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

She was leading, like a fairy
 On a hundred feet of line,
 While her father, nervous rather,
 Fast belayed his Clementine.

From the cliff top I was watching,
 Thinking; O that she were mine!
 She's so lovely from above-ly,
 Is my darling Clementine.

Saw her groping, vainly hoping,
 For a handhold mighty fine,
 But alack, there was no crack there,
 To support my Clementine!

Then the climber, fine old-timer,
 Anxious for his Clementine,
 Shouted "Hi, sir! You up there sir,
 Can't you drop my firl a line.

Quick as thought I hitched my nylon
 To a belay crystalline,
 Standing firm as any pylon,
 Dropped the rope to Clementine.

And she grasped it, swiftly clasped it,
 Round her slender waist divine,
 Up I drew her quite secu-er,
 So I saved my Clementine.

Then she rose up, cocked her nose up,
 With a glance that chilled my spine,
 I'd no need, sir, on that lead, sir,
 Of your help, said Clementine.

So I parted, broken-hearted,
 From the dreams that once were mine,
 Gave all hope up, coiled the rope up,
 Said good-bye to Clementine.

Then the climber, fine old-timer,
 Stood me lots and lots of wine,
 Now I'd rather climb with father,
 Than his Haughty Clementine.

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
 I've spent all my money on wine, ale, and beer,
 Now I'll give up all roving, put my money in store,
 And ne'er will I play the wild rover no more.

Chorus: And it's no nae never, no nae never no more
 Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I went into an alehouse, where I used to frequent,
 And told the landlady that my money was spent;
 I called for a pint, but she says to me "Nae!
 Such customers as you I can meet any day."

I put my hand in my pocket, drew handfuls of gold,
 And on the round table it glittered and rolled;
 "Now here's my best brandies, my whiskies and all"
 "Begone now, landlady, I'll have none at all".

Now I'll go home to my parents, tell them what I've done,
 And ask them to pardon a prodigal son;
 And if they forgive me, which they've done times before;
 Then ne'er will I play the wild rover no more.

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the whole world in his hands
 He's got the whole wide world in his hands
 He's got the whole world in his hands
 He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the little bitty baby in his hands
 He's got the little bitty baby in his hands
 He's got the little bitty baby in his hands
 He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got you and me brother in his hands

He's got you and me, sister in his hands

He's got everybody here in his hands

Twenty frozen fingers, twenty frozen toes,
Two wrinkled faces, frostbite up their nose;
One looks like Hertzog, who left his gloves on top,
And Lachannel, who tripped and fell and thought he'd
never stop;

Stop, stop, stop-a-dop dop, stop stop.

"Take me down to Oudot", was all that he could say,
"He'll know what to do", said Lionel Terray,
"You're blood looks like black pudding",
As he sharpened up his knife,
"It's not too late to amputate; perhaps we'll save your life."

Chop, chop, chop-a-dop dop, chop chop.

Twenty frozen fingers, twenty frozen toes,
The feeling lingers, as the digit goes,
In an Eastern railway carriage, where the River Ganges flows,
Lie twenty frozen fingers and twenty frozen toes.

Chop, chop, chop-a-dop dop, chop chop.

LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE

We are the Mountain Rescue
No bloody good are we;
The only time you'll find us
Is breakfast, dinner, tea.
And when we see a climber,
We shout with all our might:
"Abseil or die, you bastard,
Blow you Jack, we're all right!"

We never go up mountains
They are too blooming steep;
We never go down potholes,
They are too blooming deep.
And when we see a climber,
We shoutetc

MAIDS, WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG NEVER WED AN OLD MAN

An old man came courtin' me, Hey dum doorum down,
 An old man came courtin' me, Hey doorum down
 An old man came courtin' me, Fain would he marry me,
 Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

Chorus: For he's got no falooral, faliddle, falooral,
 He's got no falooral, faliddle all day,
 He's got no faloorum, He's lost his dingdoorum,
 So maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

When we went to the church, Hey dum doorum down,
 When we went to the church, Hey doorum down,
 When we went to the church, He left me in the lurch,
 Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.

And when we went to bed, Hey dum doorum down,
 And when we went to bed, Hey Doorum down
 And when we went to bed, He neither done nor said,
 Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.

And when he went off to sleep, Hey dum doorum down,
 Out of bed I did creep, Hey doorum down,
 Into the arms of a handsome young man,
 Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.

Final Chorus:

And I found his falooral faliddle falooral,
 I found his falooral faliddle all day,
 I found his faloorum, he got my dingdoorum,
 So, maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

THE RED YO-YO

Wee Ann took her Yo-Yo, to school she did go, though
 She shouldna' hae ta'en it at a'
 It fell fae her haun' and rolled on thegrund,
 And it went through a hole in the wa'.

/over

2

Did ye' see a red Yo-Yo,
Red Yo-Yo, Red Yo-Yo;
Did ye' find a red Yo-Yo,
We a wee yellow string?

The daring your Annie, she went to the Jannie,
A decent wee man as a rule.
It is pleasing to tell that he rang his bell,
and asked every wean in the school:-

(Chorus)

The weans left their pencils and paper and stencils,
To knock on the doors all aroon.
As they were a'rapping and singing and chapping,
They asked a' the folk in the toon:-
(Chorus)

The Polis soon learned and they were concerned,
They left their murders aside;
The whole of the force were altered, of course,
And they went on the telly and cried:-
(Chorus)

All over the country the common and gentry,
Were watching their wee T.V. screens;
They really got going some, when President Nixon,
Received an appeal from the Queen:-
(Chorus)

The wires were a'Trembling when he phoned the Kremlin,
To ask about Annies' Yo-Yo;
But Kosygin agreed with the greatest of speed,
They should raise it before the U.N.O.
(Chorus)

In Peking and Paris and a' roun the barras,
The people they searched high and low;
Tell finally Annie announced that her grannie,
Had bought her another Yo-Yo.
(Chorus)

One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fires were burning
 Down the track came a hoboe hiking (He said, "Boys I'm not turning)
 I'm heading for a land that's far away (Beside that crystal fountain)
 I'll see you all this coming fall
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains its a land that's fair and bright
 The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night
 The box-cars are all empty and the sun shines every day
 I'm bound to go where there aint no snow
 Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Chorus: O the buzzing of the bees in the cigarette trees
 By the soda water fountain
 By the lemonade springs where the blue-bird sings
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks
 Little streams of alkyhol come trickling down the rocks
 O the shacks all have to tip their hats and the rail-road bulls
 are blind
 There's a lake of stew and ginger-ale too
 And you can paddle all around it (In a big canoe)
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountain's.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the cops have wooden legs
 The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft-
 boiled eggs
 The box-cars all are empty and the sun shines every day
 I'm bound to go where there aint no snow
 Where the sleet dorft fall and the wind don't blow
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin
 You slip right out again as soon as they put you in
 There aint no short-handled shovels, no axes saws or picks
 I'm bound to stay where you sleep all day
 Where they hung the jerk that invented work
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Adam was a gardener and Eve his gentle spouse,
They got the sack for stealing fruit and started keeping house
Their life was a quiet one and peaceful in the main,
Until they had a baby boy that started raising Cain.

Esau was a cowboy from the wild and woolly West,
His father left him half the farm, his brother Jake the rest,
But Esau thought the title-deed were very far from clear,
So he sold the whole caboodle for a sandwich and a beer.

Pharaoh had a daughter with a most bewitching smile;
She said she found a baby on the waters of the Nile;
But when she told her father, he said "That's a likely tale!
It's just about as probable as Jonah and the whale.

Moses was a patriarch who made the heavens shake;
One day he turned a staff of wood into a horned snake;
Now when the multitude saw this, they trembled like the sedge,
They joined up in the Band of Hope and promptly signed the pledge.

Goliath was a giant 'midst the Philistines a power,
His head was on a level with the top of Blackpool tower,
He used to brag an awful lot and say he could'nt die,
Till David picked up half-a-brick and hit him in the eye.

Elijah was a prophet who went round to all the fairs,
With a box of patent medicines and a troop of dancing bears;
He prophesied successfully 'most every afternoon,
And went up in the evening in a patent fire-balloon.

Jehu had a chariot of ninety-five horse power;
He drove to Ramoth-Gilead at seventy miles an hour;
He had to slow to fifty-five when passing through Jezreel,
'Cos little bits of Jezebel got mixed up in his wheel.

Jonah was a prophet with a liking for a sail;
He booked a storrage passage in a transatlantic whale,
But when the fishy atmosphere grew heavy on his chest,
Jonah pressed a button - and the whale did the rest.

Samuel used to prophesy while he was yet a child;
 He prophesied till Eli cred, "Now, Sammy - draw it mild!"
 "I'm saving souls!" the lad replied. "So mind your own concerns -
 The Lord don't mind his Prophets small if he gets quick Return!"

King Solomon the King David led very wicked lives;
 They often used to fool around with other people's wives;
 But when they both got older, they must have had some qualms,
 For Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms!

THE JUG OF PUNCH

Tw'as very early in the month of June
 As I was sitting in my room
 I heard a thrush sing in a bush
 And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Chorus: Tooralooraloo, tooralooralay,
 Tooralooraloo, tooralooralay,
 I heard a thrush sing in a bush
 And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire
 Than to be seated by a snug coal fire
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
 And on the table a jug of punch

It I were sick and very bad
 And was not able to go or stand
 I would not think it all amiss
 To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.

The Muses twelve and Apollo famed,
 In Castillian pride drinks Pernicious sthrames
 But I would not grudge them ten times as much
 As long as I had a jug of punch.

The doctor fails with all his art
 To cure an injury of the heart
 But if life was gone within an inch
 What would bring it back like a jug of punch.

But when I'm dead and in my grave
 No costly tombstone will I have
 But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Now jovial toppers as you pass by
 If you are thirsty step in and try
 And with your sweethearts never flinch
 To dip your bills in a jug of punch.

JOHNNIE LAD

I bought a wife in Edinburgh for a bawbie
 I got a farthin' back again tae buy tobacco wi'

Chorus:

An' we' you, an' we' you, an' we' you, Johnnie lad
 I'll dance the buckles off ma shoon, wi' you ma Johnnie lad.

As I was walking early I chanced to see the Queen,
 She wis playin' at the fitba' wi' the lads in Glesga Green.

The captain o' the 'ither side wis scorin' wi' great style
 So the Queen she cried a polisman and clapped him in the jile

Neo Samson wis a mighty man an' he fecht we' cuddie's jaws
 An' he won a score o' battles wearin' crimson flannel drawers.

There wis a man o' Nineveh an' he was wondrous wise
 He lawped intae a hawthorn bush an' scratched oot baith his eyes

An' when he saw his eyes were oot he wis gey troubled then
 So he jumped intae anither bush an' scratched them in again.

Oh, Johnnie is a bonnie lad, he is a lad o' mine
 I've never had a better yin, an I've loved twenty-nine.

Aye Samson wis a mighty man an' he fed on fish and chips,
 An' he walked about the Gallagate, pickin' up the nips.

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver
 I'm a rash and roving blade
 I've got siller in my puches
 I'll gang follow the roving trade.

Chorus:

O, Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey,
 Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O.

As I cam' in be Glesca city city
 Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
 So I goed in, sat down beside her
 Seven long years I lo'ed her well.

The mair I kissed her, the mair I lo'ed her
 The mair I kissed her, the mair she smiled
 And I forgot my mither's teaching
 Nancy soon had me beguiled.

I woke up early in the morning
 To slake my drouth it was my need
 I tried to rise but I wasna able
 For Nancy had me by the heid,
 C'wa, landlady, whit's the lawin?
 Tell me what there is to pay.
 "Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,
 Pay me quickly and go away."

As I went o'er by Glesca city
 Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
 I gaed in, drank four and saxpence
 A't was left was a crooked scale.

I'll gang back to the Calton weavin'
 I'll surely make the shuttles fly
 For I'll mak' mair at the Calton weavin'
 Than ever I did in a roving way.

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers
 A' ye weavers where e'r ye be
 Beware of whisky, Nancy Whisky
 She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

A-CLIMBING UP DEM ROCKS.

("Oh, Susannah")

When I was young and had no sense,
 I was a mountaineer;
 My boots and rope, they cost me pence
 I might have spent on beer.

Chorus:

Oh, Susannah, my gal with golden locks,
 I love you so, I'll never go
 A-climbing up dem rocks.

Up steep Cwm Glas I tried to get,
 Where every climber goes,
 And soon became a bead of sweat
 Upon the Parson's Noes

Upon the Idwal Slabs renowned
 I often used to grope,
 But though I searched I never found
 A single gleam of Hope.

On Glyder Fach I found a pitch
 That ne'er again I'll try
 For in my side I got a stitch
 When threading Needle's Eye.

I climbed on Lliwed once or twice
 And wished I'd never been!
 I tried to get to Paradise
 By way of Bolwing Green.

In a neat little town they call Belfast
 Apprentice to trade I was bound
 And many an hours sweet happiness
 I spent in that neat little town.
 A sad misfortune came over me
 Which caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from my friends and relations
 Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Chorus:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
 I called her the Queen of the land
 And her hair hung over her shoulder
 Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway
 Meaning not far to stray
 When who do I see but this pretty fair maid
 Come tripping down the highway
 She was both fair and handsome
 Her neck it was just like a swan
 And her hair hung over her shoulder
 Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
 A gentleman passing us by
 I knew she meant the doing of him
 By the look in her roguish black eye
 She took a gold watch from his pocket
 And shoved it right into my hand
 And the very next thing that I said was
 "Bad cess to the black velvet band."

Before the judge and the jury
 Next morning I had to appear
 The judge he says to me "Young man
 Your case it is proven clear.
 I give you seven years penal servitude
 To be spent far away from this land
 Far away from your friends and relatives
 Betrayed by the black velvet band."

So come ye jolly young fellows
 A warning take by me
 When you're out on the town, me lads
 Beware of the pretty colleens
 They'll treat you with strong drink, me lads
 'till you are unable to stand
 And the very next thing that you'll know
 You've landed in Van Diemens Land.

THE BALAENA

There's a noble fleet of whalers, a-sailing frae Dundee,
 Well manned by British sailors tae sail them on the sea,
 On a Western Ocean passage, none wi' them can compare,
 But the smartest ship to make the trip is the Balaena,
 I declare.

Chorus:

For the wind is on the quarter and the engines working free,
 There's no anither whaler a-sailing frae Dundee
 Can beat the old Balaena
 So you need not try her on,
 For we'll challenge a' baith great and sma',
 Frae Dundee tae St. John.

There's the new-built Terra Nova, a model ship no doubt
 The Arctic and Aurora, ye've heard so much about
 And Jackman's model mailboat, the terror of the seas,
 Couldn't beat the old Balaena, on a passage frae Dundee.

Bold Jackman carries canvas and fairly raises steam,
 And Captain Guy in the Arran boat goes ploughing thro' the stream
 And Mullen declares the Eskimo, would beat the bloomin' lot,
 But to beat the old Balaena, boys, he'd find it rather hot.

And now that we have landed, where the rum is very cheap,
 We'll drink success to the Captain, for ploughin' us o'er the deep,
 A health tae all oor sweethearts an' tae oor wives sae dear,
 Not anither ship could make the trip, the the Balaena, I declare.

WHISKY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry Mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,
Saying "Stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver."

Chorus:

Mush-a ring-a doo dum da, Whack fol the dad-di-o,
Whack fol the dad-di-o, There's whisky in the jar.

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed, and she swore that she would never deceive me
But the devil take the woman, for they never can be easy.

I went unto my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was no wonder
That Jenny drew my charges, and she filled them up with water,
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise Captain Farrell.
I first produced my pistol, for she'd stolen away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Now, there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling,
And others take delight in the hurley and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he will go with me we'll go roaming in Kelkenny,
And I am sure he'll treat me better than my own, my sporting
Jenny.

THE HIKING SONG

O the wanderlust is on me
And tonight I strike the trail
And the morning sun will find me
In the lovely Lomond Vale
Then I'll hike it thro' Glen Falloch
Where the mountain breezes blow
And I'll drum up in the evening
In the valley of Glencoe.

Chorus: Then swing along to a hiking song
On the highway winding west
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens
To greet the isles we love the best.

Islay, Jura, Scanla, Lunga,
And the Islands of the Sea
Luing and Mull, Colonsay, Staffa, Coll, Iona & Tiree
Sgurr of Eigg and Rhum and Canna
With the Minch waves rolling high
The heather tinted Cullins
Of the lovely Isle of Skye

Chorus

There I'll Bivouac and slumber
Till the dawn gives place to day
And I'll wander by the river
That inspired old Ossian's lay
Then I'll do some mountaineering
On the Bidean's snowy crest
Where I'll view the Hills of Derry
And the islands of the West.

Chorus:

When the wandering will leave me
As I grow too old to roam
Still the memory will linger
Of my lovely highland home
Silvry streams and rumbling rivers
Verdant vales and glorious glens
And the pride of Caledonia
Heather hills and bracken bens.

RANTIN' BOG

Down in a bog there is a tree,
A rare tree, a rantin' tree;
And the tree's in the bog,
And the bog's down in the valley O!

Chorus: A rare bog, a rantin' bog, a bog down in the valley O!
A rare bog, a rantin' bog, a bog down in the valley O!

Down in the bog there is a branch,
A rare branch, a rantin' branch;
And the branch is on the tree and the tree is in the bog;
And the bog's down in the valley O!

Chorus:

The flea was in the feather, the feather was on the bird,
the bird was in the egg, the egg was in the nest, the nest was
on the twig, the twig was on the branch, the branch was on the tree
the tree's in the bog, the bog's down in the valley O!

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey all covered in snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow
Now courting is pleasure and parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

Say a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than the cross-ties on the railroad or stars in the skies
So come all you young maidens and list' to me
Never place your affection on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
You'll all be forsaken and never know why
On top of Old Smokey all covered in snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow.

I'LL TELL MY MA

I'll tell my Ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pulled my hair and stole my comb,
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome She is pretty,
She is the belle of Belfast city,
She is courtin' one, two, three,
Please won't you tell me who is he.

All the boys are fighting for her,
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Ould Johnny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the rail blow high,
And the snow come travelling from the sky,
She's as nice as apple pie,
And she'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her Ma when she comes home
Let them all come as they will,
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

FOR YOUR OWN SONGS

FOR YOUR OWN SONGS

FOR YOUR OWN SONGS

FOR YOUR OWN SONGS

C

C

