Rolling Sea

Don't you see the ships a-coming?
Don't you see them in full sail?
Don't you see the ships a-coming
With the prizes at their tail?

Oh, my little Rolling sailor,
Oh, my little Rolling he;
How I love my Rolling sailor,
When he's on a Rolling sea.

Sailors they get all the money,
Soldiers they get none but brass;
How I love my Rolling sailor,
Soldiers they may kiss my a---.

Oh, my little Rolling sailor,
Oh, my little Rolling he;
How I love my Rolling sailor,
When he's on a Rolling sea.

How can I be blithe and merry,
With my true love far from me,
All those pretty little sailors
They've been pressed and taken to sea.

Oh, my little Rolling sailor,
Oh, my little Rolling he;
How I love my Rolling sailor,
When he's on a Rolling sea.

How I wish the press were over
And all the wars were at an end;
Then everybody sailor Laddie
Would be happy with his friend.

Oh, my little Rolling sailor,
Oh, my little Rolling he;
How I love my Rolling sailor,
When he's on a Rolling sea.

When the wars they are all over
And peace and plenty come again
Everybody's sailor Laddie
Will come sailing on the main.

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy, oh, Danny boy, I love you so.

And when you come, and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

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

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-bred
Down came the troopers One Two Three
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman sprang in to the billabong
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
Boney Was A Warrior

Boney was a warrior
A warrior a terrier
Boney beat the Prussians
The Austrians, the Russians

Boney went to school in France
He learned to make the Russians dance
Boney marched to Moscow
Across the Alps through ice and snow

Boney was a Frenchy man
But Boney had to turn again
So he retreated back again
Moscow was in ruins then

He beat the Prussians squarely
He whacked the English nearly
He licked them in Trafalgar's Bay
Carried his main topm'st away

Boney went a cruising
Aboard the Billy Ruffian
Boney went to Saint Helen's
He never came back again

They sent him into exile
He died on Saint Helena's Isle
Boney broke his heart and died
In Corsica he wished he stayed

Boney was a warrior
A warrior a terrier
Boney was a warrior
A warrior a terrier.

With My Swag All On My Shoulder

When first we left old England's shores
Such yarns as we were told
As how folks in Australia
could pick up lumps of gold

So when we got to Melbourne Town
We were ready soon to slip
And get even with the captain
We scuttled from the ship

With my swag all on my shoulder
Black billy in my hand
I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man

We steered our course for Portland Town
Then north west of Ballarat
Where some of us got mighty thin
And some got sleek and fat

Some tried their luck at Bindigo
And some at Fiery Creek
I made a fortune in a day
And spent it in a week

With my swag all on my shoulder
Black billy in my hand
I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man

So round the tucker tracks I tramp
Nor leave them out of sight
My swag's on my left shoulder
And then upon my right

And then I take it on my back
And oft upon it lie
These are the best of tucker tracks
So I'll stay here till I die

With my swag all on my shoulder
Black billy in my hand
I travelled the bush of Australia
Like a true born native man
The Sad Story of Lefty and Ned

There were two crooks, called Lefty and Ned,
Who had to steal for their daily bread.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

One day they planned to rob the bank,
The other side of the taxi-rank.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

And then they tunnelled into the bank,
The other side of the taxi-rank.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

I think it was Monday they got through,
With all their tools and gelignite too.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

They put the gelignite in its place,
With a mattress on top, just in case.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

And then they had a terrible scare,
When the burglar alarm rent the air.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

Back to the tunnel they made their way,
Just as the police joined the fray.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

Ned dropped the torch as he shut the hatch,
Because of the dark, he struck a match.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

But he’d forgotten the gelignite,
And right on it he dropped the light.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

So now they’re dead, the tunnel’s caved in,
This is the punishment for their sin.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.

And now the moral, Crime Never Pays,
You best take note of this worthy phrase.
But now their bodies are underground,
Left there to rot until they’re found.
Jack and the Bean Stalk
By Roald Dahl

Jack's mother said, "We're stony broke!
Go out and find some wealthy bloke
Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's sound
And worth at least a hundred pound.

But don't you dare to let him know.
That she's as old as billy-o."
Jack led the old brown cow away,
And came back later in the day,

And said, "Oh Mumsie dear, guess what
Your clever little boy has got.
I got, I really don't know how,
A super trade-in for our cow:'

The mother said, "You little creep,
I'll bet you sold her much too cheap.'
When Jack produced one lousy bean,
His startled mother, turning green,
Leaped high up in the air and cried,
"I'm absolutely stupefied!
You crazy boy! D'you really mean
You sold our Daisy for a bean?"

She snatched the bean. She yelled, "You chump!"
And flung it on the rubbish dump.
Then summoning up all her power,
She beat the boy for half an hour,

Using (and nothing could be meaner)
The handle of a vacuum cleaner.
At ten p.m. or thereabout,
The little bean began to sprout.

By morning it had grown so tall
You couldn't see the top at all.
Young Jack cried, "Mum, admit it now!
It's better than a rotten cow!"

The mother said, "You lunatic!
Where are the beans that I can pick?
There's not one bean! It's bare as bare!"
"No no!" cried Jack. "You look up there!

Look very high and you'll behold
Each single leaf is solid gold!"
By gollikins, the boy was right!
Now, glistening in the morning light,
The mother actually perceives
A mass of lovely golden leaves!
She yells out loud, "My sainted souls!
I'll sell the Mini, buy a Rolls!

Don't stand and gape, you little clot!
Get up there quick and grab the lot!"
Jack was nimble, Jack was keen.
He scrambled up the mighty bean.

Up up he went without a stop,
But just as he was near the top,
A ghastly frightening thing occurred-Not far above his head he heard

A big deep voice, a rumbling thing
That made the very heavens ring.
It shouted loud, "FEE FI FO FUM
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!"

Jack was frightened, Jack was quick,
And down he climbed in half a tick.
"Oh Mum!" he gasped. "Believe you me
There's something nasty up our tree!

I saw him, Mum! My gizzard froze!
A Giant with a clever nose!"
"A clever nose!" his mother hissed.
"You must be going round the twist!"

"He smelled me out, I swear it, Mum!
He said he smelted an Englishman!"
The mother said, "And well he might!
I've told you every single night
To take a bath because you reek!
But would you listen to me speak?
You even make your mother shrink
Because of your unholy stink!"

Jack answered, "Well, if you're so clean
Why don't you climb the crazy bean:'
The mother cried, "By gad, I will!
There's life within the old dog still!"
She hitched her skirts above her knee  
And disappeared right up the tree.  
Now would the Giant smell his mum?  
Jack listened for the fee, fo, fum.

He gazed aloft. He wondered when  
The dreaded words would come. . . And then.  
From somewhere high above the ground  
There came a frightful crunching sound.

He heard the Giant mutter twice,  
"By gosh, that tasted very nice.  
Although," (and this in grumpy tones),  
"I wish there weren’t so many bones.”

"By Christopher!” Jack cried. "By gum!  
The Giant’s eaten up my mum!  
He smelled her out! She’s in his belly!  
I had a hunch that she was smelly.”

Jack stood there gazing longingly  
Upon the huge and golden tree.  
He murmured softly, "Golly, gosh,  
I guess I'll have to take a wash

If I am going to climb this tree  
Without the Giant smelling me.  
In fact, a bath's my only hope...  
He rushed indoors and grabbed the soap.

He scrubbed his body everywhere.  
He even washed and rinsed his hair.  
He did his teeth, he blew his nose  
And went out smelling like a rose.

Once more he climbed the mighty bean.  
The Giant sat there, gross, obscene,  
Muttering through his vicious teeth  
(While Jack sat tensely just beneath),

Muttering loud, “FEE FI FO FUM,  
RIGHT NOW I CAN’T SMELL ANYONE.”  
Jack waited till the Giant slept,  
Then out along the boughs he crept

And gathered so much gold, I swear  
He was an instant millionaire.  
"A bath," he said, “does seem to pay.  
I'm going to have one every day.”

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**The Maid Freed From the Gallows**

Hangman, hangman, slack you line,  
Slack a just a while,  
’Cause I think I see my papa comin’,  
Traveling many a mile.

"Papa, Papa, has you brought gold  
For to pay this hangman’s fee?  
Or did you come to see me swingin’  
High from this hangman’s tree?"

"Daughter, daughter, I brought no gold  
For to pay this hangman’s fee  
But I come to see you swingin’, swingin’  
High from this hangman’s tree."

Hangman, hangman, slack you line,  
Slack a just a while,  
’Cause I think I see my mama comin’,  
Traveling many a mile.

"Mama, mama, did you bring gold  
For to pay this hangman’s fee?  
Or did you come to see me swingin’  
High from this hangman’s tree?"

"Daughter, daughter, I brought you no gold  
For to pay this hangman’s fee  
But I come to see you swingin’, swingin’  
High from this hangman’s tree."

Hangman, hangman, slack you line,  
Slack a just a while,  
’Cause I think I see my lover comin’,  
Traveling many a mile.

"Sweetheart, Sweetheart, did you bring gold  
For to pay this hangman’s fee?  
Or did you come to see me swingin’  
High from this hangman’s tree?"

"Darling, Darling, I brought you that gold,  
For to pay this hangman’s fee,  
’Cause I don’t want to see you swinging’, swinging’,  
High from this hangman’s tree".
The Ballad of Charlotte Dymond

It was a Sunday evening
And in the April rain
That Charlotte went from our house
And never came home again.

Her shawl of diamond redcloth,
She wore a yellow gown,
She carried the green gauze handkerchief
She bought in Bodmin town.

About her throat her necklace
And in her purse her pay:
The four silver shillings
She had at Lady Day.

In her purse four shillings
And in her purse her pride
As she walked out one evening
Her lover at her side.

Out beyond the marshes
Where the cattle stand,
With her crippled lover
Limping at her hand.

Charlotte walked with Matthew
Through the Sunday mist,
Never saw the razor
Waiting at his wrist.

Charlotte she was gentle
But they found her in the flood
Her Sunday beads among the reeds
Beaming with her blood.

Matthew, where is Charlotte,
And wherefore has she flown?
For you walked out together
And now are come alone.

Why do you not answer,
Stand silent as a tree,
Your Sunday worsted stockings
All muddied to the knee?

Why do you mend your breast-pleat
With a rusty needle’s thread
And fall with fears and silent tears
Upon your single bed?

Why do you sit so sadly
Your face the colour of clay
And with a green gauze handkerchief
Wipe the sour sweat away?

Has she gone to Blisland
To seek an easier place,
And is that why your eye won’t dry
And blinds your bleaching face?

Take me home! cried Charlotte,
‘I lie here in the pit!
A red rock rests upon my breasts
And my naked neck is split!’

Her skin was soft as sable,
Her eyes were wide as day,
Her hair was blacker than the bog
That licked her life away;

Her cheeks were made out of honey,
Her throat was made of flame
Where all around the razor
Had written its red name.

As Matthew turned at Plymouth
About the tilting Hoe,
The cold and cunning constable
Up to him did go:

‘I’ve come to take you, Matthew,
Unto the magistrate’s door.
Come quiet now, you pretty poor boy,
And you must know what for.’
'She is as pure,' cried Matthew,  
‘As is the early dew,  
Her only stain it is the pain  
That round her neck I drew!

‘She is as guiltless as the day  
She sprang forth from her mother.  
The only sin upon her skin  
Is that she loved another.’

They took him off to Bodmin,  
They pulled the prison bell,  
They sent him smartly up to heaven  
And dropped him down to hell.

All through the granite kingdom  
And on its travelling airs  
Ask which of these two lovers  
The most deserves your prayers.

And your steel heart search, Stranger,  
That you may pause and pray  
For lovers who come not to bed  
Upon their wedding day,

But lie upon the moorland  
Where stands the sacred snow  
Above the breathing river,  
And the salt sea-winds go.
The Highwayman

By Alfred Noyes

PART ONE

I
THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II
He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

PART TWO

I
He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came matching, up to the old inn-door.

II
They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

III
They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
'Now, keep good watch!' and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

IV
She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

V
'The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest! Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast, She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again; For the road lay bare in the moonlight; Blank and bare in the moonlight; And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.'

VI
'Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear; Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear? Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, The highwayman came riding, Riding, riding! The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!'
VII
Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

VIII
He turned; he spurred to the West; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

IX
Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

X
And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

XI
Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.