

BlokeFest 2019

MAN—ual

BlokeFest

UP NORTH



**Ey Up, it's t'8th year of
Men.Singing.And Stuff**

**Arriving, Greeting, Registering, Pitching, Gathering,
Singing, Eating, Workshopping, Cybersinging, Drinking,
Singing, Sleeping, Breakfasting, Gathering,
Workshopping, Eating, BlokeFest Photoing, Tonsorial
Challenging, Workshopping, Ice-creaming, Elective
Singing, Resting, Eating, Cybersinging, Bigtop
Cabareting, Drinking, Singing, Sleeping, Breakfasting,
Gathering, Workshopping, Eating, Bigtop Concerting,
Smiling and Singing to Homing.....'till next year, Sithee**

Welcome to BlokeFest 2019

About this MAN-ual

At BlokeFest our guiding philosophy has always been that singing is a truly manly activity as long as you sing the right stuff, in the right way, with the right men:

Think Shanties not Shandies
Lumberjack not Timberlake
DiY not R'n'B.

Herewith the 2019 Blokefest MAN-ual, where you will find all you need to help you through a great extended weekend of singing and hopefully long afterwards.

Many of these songs are regularly sung by The Magnificent AK47 and others are from the repertoire of The Bebington Bittermen, Manchoir, Sing Your Socks off, Roger Jackson of Sing for Fun! fame and many other sources of inspiration

We would like to share with you and encourage you to sing them with us over the weekend and at any other opportunity in the future.

We want to build up the canon of “BlokeSong” and this is a mere taster of what is available to sing when lowering the tone of #altmvc.

So, to the songs... here are some of the best.

Enjoy!

The BlokeFest Inner Circle Sing Like a Bloke Chapter + t’BlokeFest Up North Chapter

Dedications and without whom's

"Talk with a man and he'll become your friend, sing with a man and he'll become your brother" @SaraMohrPietsch @BBCRadio3 sums up @BlokeFest and BlokeSong in general rather nicely.

This so-called MAN-ual is a collection of songs that have come into common usage in the repertoires of The Spooky Men's Chorale, the grand daddies of all things BlokeSong, The Magnificent AK47, the pioneers of BlokeSong in the UK hailing from darkest North North Wiltshire, the mighty Manchoir of Oxford, The Bebington Bittermen from the North(ish) West(ish) and various other groups from around the country who have joined in song over the course of these many past years.

Thanks to all who have made suggestions to include and they have been credited where appropriate (unless the editors forgot – for which apologies – let us know and we'll sort in the next edition). Sorry we couldn't include all of them because of space.

Thanks to Neil Burston and Gary Smith who have done most of the collating work of this and previous editions and incarnations.

Thanks to all the Choir Leaders around the country and to Chris Samuel, in particular, for supporting us and inspiring us all.

And an extra special thank you to Mr Stephen Taberner for being the inspiration behind The Spooky Men's Chorale and the spark that ignited so many men's interest in singing, darker, deeper, richer material in ways they had not thought of before.

But most of all thanks to all the blokes, for being such good blokes.

Editor's Note:

This edition is in simple alphabetical order of song titles to make it easier to find the pieces. Apart from when it has been re-jiggled a bit to read more easily or fit stuff in...

Guidance for how to sing are generally contained in this sort of format
<Tops only >.

FYI "Cytgan" in Welsh equals Chorus in English.

Font sizes are hopefully big enough to read in the dim light of poorly lit pubs, Big Tops, buses (sorry!) coaches, mini-vans, caravans, camper vans, tents, windmills, concert halls, churches, caves, cliff tops, quaysides and anywhere else you get the chance to sing these songs.

Table of Contents

#	Songs	Page
1.	(Alone in my) Shed -- Pitch note = C.....	6
2.	10,000 miles.....	7
3.	A Drop of Nelson's Blood	7
4.	A Gringo Like Me -- Pitch note = D	8
5.	Adiloi -- Pitch note = d.....	9
6.	Ah Robin.....	10
7.	Always on my mind -- Pitch note = F.....	11
8.	And I love her -- Pitch note = F.....	11
9.	BlakeFest! The Anthem (Go West) -- Pitch note = A#	12
10.	Byker Hill	13
11.	Blood & Gold -- Pitch note = A	14
12.	Cadgwith Anthem	15
13.	Calon Lân.....	16
14.	Chicken on a raft	17
15.	Country Life.....	18
16.	Concrete -- Pitch note = C	19
17.	Dancing Queen – The Spooky Men’s Chorale.....	21
18.	Dark as a Dungeon -- Pitch note = A.....	22
19.	Delilah -- Pitch note = B.....	23
20.	Down among the dead men -- Pitch note = C	24
21.	Down to the river -- Pitch note = F.....	25
22.	Don’t Stand between a man and his tool.....	25
23.	Duct Tape Madrigal -- Pitch note = D	26
24.	Dumane.....	26
25.	Elesa -- Pitch note = F	27
26.	Glagolitica.....	28
26.	Get over you -- Pitch note = G#.....	29
27.	Go West (Together) -- Pitch note = A#.....	30
28.	Good Ale (original)	31
29.	The Grey Funnel Line -- Pitch note = F	32
30.	Hail Smiling Morn.....	33
31.	Haul Away Joe -- Pitch note = D	34
32.	Hear Jerusalem call	35
33.	Hen Wlad fy Nhadau	36
34.	Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	37
35.	Ilkla Mooar baht 'at.....	38
36.	Ireland’s call	38
37.	Irish Blessing -- Pitch note = F	39
38.	Itches in me britches	40

39.	John Kanaka -- Pitch note = E	41
40.	(The Ashton Keynes) Land Shanty -- Pitch note = D	42
41.	Leave her Johnny, leave her	43
42.	Let me Through	44
43.	Lowlands	45
44.	Magnificent -- Pitch note = E	46
45.	Malpas Wassail.....	47
46.	Man in the Moon -- Pitch note = D#.....	48
47.	Man flu -- Pitch note = D	49
48.	Mraval jamier -- Pitch note = F	50
49.	Myfanwy Welsh.....	51
50.	Myfanwy -- Pitch note = F#	51
51.	North, North Wiltshire	52
52.	The Norwegian Sailor's Chorus -- Pitch note = A#.....	54
53.	(There is) Nothing Like a Beard -- Pitch note = F#.....	55
54.	Now is the cool of the day.....	56
55.	Northwest Passage.....	57
56.	Not Pretty Enough.....	58
57.	Old Dun Cow	59
58.	Only Remembered	60
59.	Old Brown Ale	61
60.	Parting Glass.....	62
61.	Pearly Gates -- Pitch note = C.....	63
62.	Poor Paddy Works On The Railway	64
63.	Rawhide	65
64.	Ride On -- Pitch note = C	66
65.	Seisamadei -- Pitch note = C#.....	66
66.	Shen Xar Venaxi -- Pitch note = F	67
67.	Shosholoza -- Pitch note = F	67
68.	Teddy Bears Picnic -- Pitch note = G.....	68
69.	The Barley Mow	69
70.	The Sweetest Kick in the Heart -- Pitch note = C.....	70
71.	The Drystone Waller's Song -- Pitch note = A	71
72.	Tsmidao -- Pitch note = A	72
73.	Turnip Hoers Song ("The Vly") – F#.....	72
74.	Unsung Heroes #1 — Pitch note = C#.....	73
75.	We're your friends	74
76.	What shall we do with a Drunken Singer	75
77.	Whip Jamboree -- Pitch note = E.....	76
78.	Wild Mountain Thyme	77
79.	You Can't Be A Pirate With All of Your Parts	78

1. (Alone in my) Shed -- Pitch note = C

This one came from Blokefest, Written and arranged by Roger Jackson
Extra words for 3rd verse from Magnificent John Willoughby

As featured on Radio 3's The Choir sung by The Magnificent AK47 don't you know...!

Verse 1

An Englishman's home is his castle, a place that is truly his own
Where he can be free of all hassle, when the day-to-day battle is won
I love to wander life's byways, but no matter how far I roam,
I know that Nirvana awaits me, somewhere much closer to home

Chorus:

I like to be
Alone in my shed
The perfect retreat
To clear my head
With the nails, and the screws
It's place for me - and not you
Sanc-tu-a-ry
Alone in my shed

Verse 2

Here I can practice at leisure, the magic of mend and make do
Where I put myself back together, with just metaphysical glue
A concept, if not a location, discovered in youth, I suppose
Where the scent of old cars and swarfega, delights every masculine nose.

Chorus

Verse 3

Avoiding life's many temptations, making dovetails and mitres alike
We practice our Zen meditation, in tandem with fixing the bike
While the radio speaks to the nation, replete with sound lessons for life
We can Potter in warm contemplation, while avoiding the trouble and strife.

Chorus

2. 10,000 miles

Traditional / Nic Jones

Fare you well my own true love
And farewell for a while.
I'm going away, but I'll be back
If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles, my own true love,
Ten thousand miles or more,
And the rocks may melt and the seas may burn,
If I no more return.

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove,
Sitting on yon ivy tree,
She's weeping for her own true love
Just as I shall weep for mine.

Oh come back my own true love
And stay a while with me
For if I had a friend all on this earth,
You've been a friend to me.

And fare you well my own true love
And farewell for a while.
I'm going away, but I'll be back
If I go ten thousand miles.

3. A Drop of Nelson's Blood

Suggested by Magnificent Bill Hicks

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm X 3
And we'll all hang on behind.

REFRAIN:

So we'll roll the golden chariot along An' we'll roll the golden chariot along.
So we'll roll the golden chariot along An' we'll all hang on behind!

(Sing each of the following lines or any others someone thinks of then repeat refrain)

A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm...
A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm...
A roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm...
A long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm...
A round on the house wouldn't do us any harm...
A glass of hot whiskey wouldn't do us any harm...
If the devil's in the road, we'll roll it over him...

4. A Gringo Like Me -- Pitch note = D

A Taste of the southern states and Mexico... via Italy?

Originally written by Roger Jackson for BlokeFest 2013, inspired by Ennio Morricone

Additional words by Magnificent Alan Howe & Neil Burston

VERSE 1

Keep your hand on your gun. Don't you trust anyone.

There's just one kind of man that you can trust,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

Be the first one to fire. Every man is a liar.

There's just one kind of man who tells the truth,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

BREAK 1

Don't be a fool for a smile or a kiss, or your bullet might miss.

Keep your eye on your goal.

There's just one rule that can save you your life,

That's a hand on your knife, and a devil in your soul.

BAHPs!

VERSE 2

You may think I'm paranoid,

Some blokes you really should avoid

There's just one kind of man won't let you down,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

Stay off whisky and ale, Beer and cider tell tales.

There's just one kind of man who holds his tongue,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

BREAK - repeat

VERSE 3

Respect the man dressed in black, with an unusual hat.

There's just one kind of man who wears it well,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

Humour the man who looks weird, with his ridiculous beard,

There's just one kind of man who pulls it off,

That's a dead man, or a gringo like me.

FINAL Bit

or a gringo like me, or a gringo like me, B..A..H.. B..A..H..!

5. Adiloi -- Pitch note = d

Let's ride to another village, (and probably have another drink) - in Georgia...

Refrain

Adiloi Adiloi - dila vode lav-da alalo
ov dilo dela alalo ivli alali

Repeat

Verse 1

Miq vardi chemi megone	<Tops only>
akh la da mitsqem dzu-leba	<Tops and Mids>
ov dilo dela alalo	<Tops and Mids and Lows>
ivli alali	

Neta viga mag –ebina	<Tops only>
ram-she gitsvala guneba	<Tops and Mids>
ov dilo dela alalo	<Tops and Mids and Lows>
ivli alali	

Refrain x2

Verse 2

Kalo sheni tetri kabat	<Tops only>
skals-mikonda dinareso	<Tops and Mids>
ov dilo dela alalo ivli alali	<Tops and Mids and Lows>

Neta-viga magebina,	<Tops only>
vin gak otsam dzinareso	<Tops and Mids>
ov dilo dela alalo	<Tops and Mids and Lows>
ivli alali	

Refrain x2

6. Ah Robin

by William Cornysh. Cornysh was an early and rare example of what is now called the Renaissance artist. A man of remarkable intelligence, he was well-known in his lifetime not only as an outstanding musician, but also as a poet, dramatist and actor. (We bathe in his reflected glory).

This was very much "of the moment" as the nation went a bit bonkers for Wolf Hall. There may be Codpieces by Candlelight...

REFRAIN <all parts in harmony >
Ah, Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth,
And thou shalt know of mine.

<1st Soloist, other parts oooing their part in harmony>

My lady is unkind, iwis,
alac! why is she so?
She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say no.

REFRAIN <all parts in harmony >
Ah, Robin . . .

<2nd Soloist, other parts oooing their part in harmony>

I cannot think such doubleness
For I find women true.
In faith my lady lov'th me well,
She will change for no new.

REFRAIN <all parts in harmony >
Ah, Robin . . .

7. Always on my mind -- Pitch note = F

arr. James Sills

Maybe I didn't treat you Quite as good as I should have
Maybe I didn't love you Quite as often as I could have
Little things I should have said and done
I just never took the time
You were always on my mind REPEAT

Tell me, tell me that your sweet love hasn't died
Give me one more chance to keep you satisfied
You were always on my mind REPEAT

Maybe I didn't hold you All those lonely, lonely times
And I guess I never told you I'm so happy that you're mine
If I made you feel second best
I'm so sorry I was blind
You were always on my mind REPEAT

Tell me, tell me that your sweet love hasn't died
Give me one more chance to keep you satisfied
You were always on my mind REPEAT

8. And I love her -- Pitch note = F

Gather around Ladies and we shall serenade thee with the gentle words of John and Paul, in this arrangement by the inspiring Stephen Taberner.

I give her all my love, that's all I do
And if you saw my love, you'd love her too
And I love her.

She gives me everything, and tenderly
The kiss my lover brings, she brings to me
And I love her.

A love like ours, could never die
As long as I hold you near me

Bright are the stars that shine' dark is the sky
I know this love of mine, will never die
And I love her.

9. BlokeFest! The Anthem (Go West) -- Pitch note = A#

With apologies to everyone

Basses	Mids	Tops
Verse 1	1, 2, 3, 4	
Together! Dum dum dahdah dum	Together!	We will go away
Together! Dum dum dahdah dum	Together!	We will meet some day
Together! Dum dum dahdah dum	Together!	Gather in one place
Together! Dum dum dahdah dum	Together!	Invade each other's space
Busy! Dum dum dahdah dum	Busy!	We do all sorts of stuff
Camping! Dum dum dahdah dum	Camping!	Like sleeping in the rough
Eating! Dum dum dahdah dum	Eating!	Have a meal or two
Laughing! Dum dum dahdah dum	Laughing!	It's what we do
CHORUS		
BlokeFEST! x 4	Where the guys are great Hang out with your mates Where it's super cool For you to be just you	Where the guys are great Hang out with your mates Where it's super cool For you to be just you
Verse 2		
The snoring! Dum dum dahdah dum	The snoring!	Keeps you wide awake
The pub bar! Dum dum dahdah dum	The pub bar!	Sneak there in the break
The singing! Dum dum dahdah dum	The singing!	Just goes on and on
The drinking! Dum dum dahdah dum	The drinking!	Helps us seem on song
I like beer! Dum dum dahdah dum	I like beer!	Maybe one pint or two
I like beer! Dum dum dahdah dum	I like beer!	A fourth? Well, that will do
I love beer! Dum dum dahdah dum	I love beer!	That's probably quite enough
I <i>love</i> you! Dum dum dahdah dum	I <i>love</i> you!	He's looking rather rough
CHORUS 2		
BlokeFEST! x 4	Where the guys are great Hang out with your mates Where it's super cool For you to be just you	Where the guys are great Hang out with your mates Where it's super cool For you to be just you
CHORUS 3		
BlokeFEST! x 4	Dressed up in your vest Looking at your best Suave and debonair As if without a care	Dressed up in your vest Looking at your best Suave and debonair As if without a care

Basses	Mids	Tops
BREAK #1 ALL		
There where the ale flows free We'll be, just who we want to be And if we get a chance-ah We'll sing one final stan-zah (!!)		
BREAK #2 Oooo ooooo x 4	Oooo oooo x 2 We're in the Oooo oooo x 1	All together now! All together now! All together now! In BlokeFest land
BlokeFEST! x 4	Oooo oooo x 4	Repeat as required introducing the Divas
TOGETHER!	TOGETHER!	TOGETHER!

10. Byker Hill

Originally collected by S. Paton. Suggested by David Malone from way up North .

If I had another penny
I would have another gill
I would make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill

CHORUS
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more (2x)

The pitman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley

CHORUS

When first I went down to the dirt
I had no cowl nor no pitshirt
Now I've gotten two or three
Walker Pit's done well by me

CHORUS

Geordie Charlton, he had a pig
He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
All the way to Walker Shore
To the tune of Elsie Marley
repeat chorus at the end (with a
different final bar)

11. **Blood & Gold -- Pitch note = A**

Go East - From Roumania... Thanks to the fabulous Sam Burns of Bristol's Gurt Lush for teaching this one to us at BlokeFest 2014.

On rides a captain and 300 soldier lads
Out of the morning mist and thro' the silent snow
Whistling gaily rides the captain at their head
Behind him soldier boys sadly weeping go

For when you took my gold and swore to follow me
You sold away your lives and your liberty
No more you'll till the soil, no more you'll work the land
No more to the dance you'll go and take girls by the hand

O mother weep for your son
He is gone to kill and die

You'll weep, you'll die by the keen edge of the sword
All alone by the muddy Danube shore.
He gave the order for the drummers to beat their drum.
That mothers all might know the life a soldier leads.

Unfurl your ragged banners and raise your pale young face
You'll all die in the fire there'll be no hiding place
O mother hear the drumbeat in the village square
O mother that drums for me to go for a soldier there

Mothers, sisters, wives, weep for us
Marked as Cain, we die alone

12. Cadgwith Anthem

A piece that was introduced at BlokeFest 2015 by The Roaring Trowmen – great actions!

Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry,
For to rob and to plunder it is our intent.

As we roam through the valley
Where the lily and the roses
And the beauty of Cashmere lay drooping its head
Then away, then away, then away, then away
To those caves in yonder mountain where the robbers retreat

We come from yonder mountain, and our pistols are loaded,
And we'll rob and we'll plunder as is our intent.

Hark, hark, in the distance there's footsteps approaching.
“Stand, stand and deliver!” it is our watch cry.

Take your gold and your silver, or your life if resisted,
We'll scorn at your agony and laugh at your threats.

So now we'll return to our wives and our children,
Expecting their fathers to come robbing this way.

Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry
Whilst the moonbeams are shining right over our bed.



13. Calon Lân

Trad – thanks to Dave Stewart

Original Words

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân

Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu-
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Hedyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd

Calon lân...

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad,
Roddi i mi galon lân

Calon lân...
Calon lân...

Phonetic pronunciation

Nee dime govyn bowid moiythese
Ire a bead nie berligh man
Govyn oyve am gallon happeese
Calon onest calon lan

Calon lan an lloun dioni
Take a heel nar lilly tlose
Dim ont calon lan all ll ganni
Cannyr dee tha channyr nose

Pay dum ee noon olid badol
Hwee na den ayve evo seethe
Golid calon lan rin wethol
An wayne bathol ello veethe

Calon lan...

Hoyve a bore aye ver naminiad
Gesg-yr nar ah dennif can
Ar I thieuw er moiwan heidwad
Rovvi ee mi gallon lan

Calon lan ...
Calon lan ...

An English Translation (one of many):

I ask not for ease and riches
Nor earth's jewels for my part
But I have the best of wishes
For a pure and honest heart

Oh, pure heart so true and tender
Fairer than the lilies white

The pure heart alone can render
Songs of joy both day and night

Should I cherish earthly treasure
It would fly on speedy wings
The pure heart a plenteous measure
Of true pleasure daily brings

14. Chicken on a raft

Another great piece from The Roaring Trowmen. Originally by Cyril Tawney.
More info on this piece can be found at
<https://mainlynorfolk.info/cyril.tawney/songs/chickenonaraft.html>

Skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
'Jimmy's' laughing like a drain, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Been looking at m' 'comic cuts' again. (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)

Chorus:

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning, oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft, sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a raft'.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft, Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft, Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

They gave me the Middle and the Forenoon too, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
And now I'm pulling in the whaler's crew, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Seagulls wheeling overhead, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
I ought to be 'flogging' in a feather bed. (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)

I had a little girl in 'Donny B', (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
And oh, she made a fool of me, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Her heart was like a Pusser's shower, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour. (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)

An Amazon girl lives in Dumfries, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
She only has kids in twos and threes, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Her sister lives in Maryhill, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
She says she won't but I think she will. (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
She didn't cry, she didn't fuss, (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Am I the man that she loves best? (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest? (Hey -oh, chicken on a raft)

15. Country Life

A staple part of the group of songs sung by "A Shedful of Blokes".

Chorus – (all with 3 part harmony)

I like to rise when the sun she rises,
Er-lie in the mor-ning
And I like to hear them small birds singing,
Merrily upon their lay-lum
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,
And to ramble in the new mown hay.

1. In spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
but of all the times, if choose I may
T'would be rambling in the new mown hay.

Chorus etc.

2. In summer when the sun is hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay

Chorus etc.

3. In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new mown hay

Chorus etc.

4. In winter when the sky is grey
we hedge and we ditch our times - away,
but in the summer when, the sun shines gay,
We go ramblin' in the new mown hay

NB: Last Chorus starts...

For... I like to rise when the sun she rises,...and repeat last 2 lines

16. Concrete -- Pitch note = C

By Ryan Morrison he of the original The Spooky Men's Chorale to sweep through the UK and also The Spooky Men of the West back in Oz. This was a firm favourite of The Magnificent AK47 for many a year and great excuse to wear hard hats and dance badly.

Note: where only one column is shown, the parts are in unison. Where the mids & lows differ from the highs, they are shown in a second column. So the mids & lows sing the parts in bold. In places where the highs and lows sing 'oooooo' on one note, the mids sing a descending scale of three.

Stress on first syllable of 'Until'. Rhythm: dot, dot, dah, dah, dah

Lead part

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, go. Go go.

Constructing our structures is great with mud &
sticks,
Go, go, ah oooooo

And building our own homes with gyprock, tiles &
bricks
Go, go, ah oooooo

But there's one last material that makes it all
complete
Get some sand water & stone & mix it with
cement to make

Concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete. <Huh>
It's really quite heavy.

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, go. Go go.

Well the Romans built their empire with cement &
aggregate
Go, go, ah oooooo

Their knowledge of concretion was bloody good
mate

Others

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, ah oo, go go.

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, ah oo, go go.

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, go. Go go, go.

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go, go, ah oo, go go.

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, ah oo, go go.

Lead part

Go, go, ah oooooo

To build a coliseum was no easy feat
And it's still standing strong after two millennia of

Concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete. <Huh>
It's really quite heavy.

Concrete, oi oi oi
Concrete, oi oi oi
Concrete, oi oi oi
Concrete, oi oi oi

But too much structure only leads to trouble
Losing ourselves in the concrete jungle
Everywhere we turn there's so much concrete
So much concrete, so so much much

Concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete, ah oooooo,
The Romans liked concrete, ah oooooo,
We like concrete. <Huh>
It's really quite heavy.

Lay me down a slab of concrete,
Ah oooooo
While I wait 4 or 5 hours <Huh>
..... I wanna
Feel the sensation, of a good
foundation
So lay me down a slab of concrete.

Others

Go go, go. Go go, go.
Go go, go. Go go, go.

Concrete, ah oooooo, slab of
concrete.
Ah oooooo, we like concrete,
Ah oooooo, 4 or 5 hours. <Huh>
Until it's ready
Feel the sensation, of a good
foundation
So lay me down a slab of concrete.

17. Dancing Qveen – The Spooky Men’s Chorale

You can dance, you can jive, having the time of your life
See that girl, watch that scene, digging the Dancing QVeen

Friday night and the lights are low. Looking out for the place to go
Where they play the right music, getting in the sVing
You come in to look for king
Anybody could be that guy. Night is young and the music's high
With a bit of rock music, everything is fine
You're in the mood for dance. And if you get the chance...

Chorus

You are the Dancing QVeen, young and sweet, only forty three
Dancing QVeen, feel the beat from the tambourine – oh yes!
You can dance, you can jive, having the time of your life – hey, hey
See that girl, watch that scene, digging the Dancing QVeen – to the left. Oi!

You're a teaser, you turn 'em on. Leave them burning and then you're gone
Looking out for another, anyone will doo
You're in the mood for a dance
And when you get the chance...

Chorus



18. **Dark as a Dungeon -- Pitch note = A**

From Blokefest 2015 taught by Dom Stichbury and now a firm Magnificent favourite
Originally written by Merle Travis. Bass+Low Mid, Tops+ High Mid

VERSE 1

Come all you young fellers, so young and so fine,
And seek not your fortune in a dark dreary mine,
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,
'Til the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

CHORUS ALL:

Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the danger is double and pleasures are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

VERSE 2

It's many a man I have seen in my day,
Who lived just to labour his whole life away,
Like the fiend with his dope and the drunkard his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

CHORUS ALL:

VERSE 3

On midnight or morning or middle of day,
It's the same to the miner who labours away,
Where the demons of death often come by surprise,
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive

CHORUS – Mnnnn All :

Dialogue spoken over by LEAD:

I hope when I'm dead and the ages shall roll,
My body'll blacken and turn into coal,
And I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-digging my bones,

CHORUS ALL

19. Delilah -- Pitch note = B

Arr, and additional lyrics Ryan Morrison.

Recent Controversies do not concern our rendition of the other Welsh national Anthem <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dObwshTvPxY>.

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadow of love on her blind
She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind oh

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-ee-ee

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 stroked my beard with 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 could not shave any more

Woh woh...

She stood there laughing
I stroked my beard with my hand and she laughed no more

My my my Delilah
Why why why Delilah
So before my facial hair reaches the floor
Forgive me Delilah I just could not shave any more
Forgive me Delilah I just could not shave any more

20. Down among the dead men -- Pitch note = C

70% hearty – NOT shouty, sing 1st notes sweetly. You are still part of the song even when you are not singing (enjoy the others singing!)

Arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams, additions (verse 3) by Alan Howe

ALL: UNISON

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace,

May faction end and wealth increase.

Come, let us drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking after death.

And **he** that will this toast deny:

ALL ; Chorus – 4 parts

Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,

Down, down, dead, down, Down among the dead men ...let him lie.

TOP and HIGH MID: Unison

Let charming Beauty's health go round, In whom celestial joys are found.

And may confusion still pursue, The senseless woman hating crew.

And **they** that woman's health deny:

Chorus : Down among the dead men... ...let them lie

BASS AND LOW MID: Unison

May love and wine their joys maintain, And their united pleasures reign.

While beer and friendship crown the board, We'll sing the joys that both afford.

And **they** that won't with us comply:

Chorus : Down among the dead men... ...let them lie

ALL: UNISON (Repeat 1st verse)

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace,

May faction end and wealth increase.

Come, let us drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking after death.

And **he** that will this toast deny:

Chorus : Down among the dead men... Repeat x2

21. Down to the river -- Pitch note = F

As I went down to the river to pray, studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown, good Lord show me the way
Oh [- insert something here] let's go down, let's go down, come on down REPEAT
Down in the river to pray

22. Don't Stand between a man and his tool

Tool x 25 (or thereabouts depending on how you count them...)

When I wake up in the morning, I don't make a sound
I tiptoe to the tool shed, take a look around
There they are all hanging, in the order of their size
Water to a thirsty soul, a feast for hungry eyes
I love the way they whisper, I love the way they roar
I love the way you can use them, in and out of doors
I love the way they grind things, I love the way they sand
I love to feel the weight of them, in the palm of my hand

Chorus

Don't stand between a man and his tool
Don't write the species off as hardware loving fools
You never know when you might need one x 3
You never know when you might need

Tool (lots of times, you'll know when to start singing the next bit...)

When I was younger, so much younger than today
I never needed to use so many tools in different ways
But now that I must renovate, my destiny's assured
I need a bigger power drill, to re-hang a door

Chorus

Some of them use batteries, some of them use mains
Some of them are really quiet, some will cause complaints
Some of them are shiny, some of them are blue
Some of them even do the things they are s'posed to do-oo

Chorus

Continue riffing on "You never know when you might need one" as required
End making tool noises and toolish actions

23. Duct Tape Madrigal -- Pitch note = D

Lou Nathanson (1994). As good as WD40 AND Gaffa tape in its own way. Amazingly popular piece in The Magnificent AK47 set list, mainly for the “bondage bit” at the end...!

Tops

Duct tape and Sellotape and electrical tape
I have tried every single colour
Each variety and every make
But only duct tape can bind you to me
Oh find my duct tape oh where can it be

Mids

Duct tape oh Duct tape oh where is my Duct tape
My old boat is leaking, my window is cracked
My poor heart is broken I'll fix it with Duct tape
I'll fix it with Duct tape until you come back

Lows

Duct tape it's better than glue
Fixes stuff just like new
Be prepared throughout your life
Keep a roll beneath your pillow at night



24. Dumane

Trad Corsican:

Dumane mi ne muntagnu
Facci'un felice viaghju

E mi lasciu la mi'amica
In piazza a lu Cateraghju

M'ha prumessu di cullane
Versu lu vinti di Maghju

Dumane mi ne muntagnu
Facci'un felice viaghju

Translation:

Tomorrow I will make a pleasant
journey into the mountains.

I will leave my loved one in the
Cathedral square.

She has promised to come up and see
me around the 20th of May

25. **Elesa -- Pitch note = F**

A Section

Call: Ele – sada Ele-sa Response Top Mid and Bass: Elesa hey

B Section <Brackets indicate 2nd time round>

Mid: Ele-sada vo elesa vo-i ele-si-o-da

Top: (Ele-sada) vo elesada vo-i ele-si-o-da

Low: (Ele-sada) vo elesa vo-i ele-si-o-da

C Section

Mid: Ele-sada vo elesa vo-i ele-si-a-vo

Top: Ele-saida vo-i elesa vo-i ele-si-a-vo

Low: Ele-saida vo-i elesa vo-i ele-si-a-vo
Ele-saida vo-i elesada vo-i ele-si-a-vo

D Section

Top Mid and Bass: Elesa ele-sa. Elesa si-a vo



26. Glagolitica

To get this going, please buy Mr Samuel, Mr Read, Mr Sills, Mr Stichbury and anyone else vaguely related with The Spooky Men's Chorale a drink, encourage them some more, and join in with amazement at what unfolds. This is yet another stunningly simple yet clever piece by that man Mr Taberner.

1st part: Chvali vo dai-em. Tebe veleke, ra di slavi vo, yea yea bo

2nd part: I yu yea dia-em, glago lal yea proroki svent radi-en

3rd part: Vo slav vo slav blago sly i stingo denier svor ena vo

4th part: Hooh! Hooh! Hey Tabogastina



26. Get over you -- Pitch note = G#

The Undertones Arr. C. McLeish

BARITONES

TENOR 1 &2 and BASS

Do do doot do n do do dn do etc

Verse 1

Dressed like that you must be living
in a different world
And your mother doesn't know why you
Can't look like all the other girls

Do do doot do n do do dn do
In a different world
Do do doot do n do do dn do
All the other girls

They stop you in the street
They want to know your name
To reach you on the phone
'Cos they know your game
Always running up the alley
Trying to get home
Or standing on the corner - Never alone

do do do do
standing on the corner - Never alone
(BASS - Never Alone and)

Chorus

I don't wanna get over you
It doesn't matter what you do
I just can't get over you, over you

I dont wanna get over you - over you
doesn't matter what you do
I just can't get over you, over you
(BASS - do do - get over you)

Do do doot do n do do dn do etc

Verse 2

You say the boys with the bikes
and the leathers like to beat you to hell
And the girls where you work
Don't treat you too well

Do do doot do n do do dn do
They like to beat you to hell
Do do doot do n do do dn do
They don't treat you too well

You think you're such a smacker
But you ain't so bad
You get what you want
With looks like that
Always running up the alley
Trying to get home
Or standing on the corner - Never alone

do do do do
standing on the corner - Never alone
(BASS - Never Alone and)

Chorus

I don't wanna get over you
It doesn't matter what you do
I just can't get over you, over you

I dont wanna get over you - over you
doesn't matter what you do
I just can't get over you, over you
(BASS - do do - get over you)

Repeat Chorus as directed

I Can't get over you

I Can't get over you

27. **Go West (Together) -- Pitch note = A#**

As taught by James Sill BlokeFest 2014 and now a firm favourite and ripped off elsewhere for other purposes

(Together) We will go our way
(Together) We will leave someday
(Together) Your hand in my hands
(Together) We will make our plans

(Together) We will fly so high
(Together) Tell all our friends
goodbye
(Together) We will start life new
(Together) This is what we'll do

CHORUS ONE

(Go West) Life is peaceful there
(Go West) In the open air
(Go West) Where the skies are blue
(Go West) This is what we're gonna
do

(Together) We will love the beach
(Together) We will learn and teach
(Together) Change our pace of life
(Together) We will work and strive

(I love you) I know you love me
(I want you) How could I disagree?
(So that's why) I make no protest
(When you say) You will do the rest

CHORUS TWO

(Go West) Life is peaceful there
(Go West) In the open air
(Go West) Where the skies are blue
(Go West) This is what we're gonna
do

There where the air is free
We'll be what we want to be
Now if we make a stand
We'll find our promised land

CHORUS THREE

All together now
All together now
All together now, in no man's land

(Go West) All together now (all
together)

(Go West) All together now (all
together)

(Go West) All together now (all
together)

(Go West) In no man's land (all
together, all together)

(repeat)
Together!

28. Good Ale (original)

From Lewes, Sussex. 6th January 2015 was the Centenary of the birth of Bob Copper (1915-2004). Bob Copper was responsible for collecting and recording many local folk songs, preserving the tunes and lyrics and ensuring that the style in which they were sung remained true to his forefathers. In an obituary in a national newspaper, he was described as "England's most important traditional folk-singer."

It is of good ale to you I'll sing And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim And I'll drink all you'd like to bring

Chorus

Oh good ale, thou art my darling Thou art my joy both night and morning

I love you in the early morn
I love you in daylight, dark, or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn, or spent
I'll turn the tap and ease the vent. Chorus

It is you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew
And better than one pint, I like two. Chorus

It is you that makes my friends my foes
It's you that makes me wear old clothes
But since you come so near my nose
It's up you comes and down you goes. Chorus

And if all my friends from Adam's race
Was to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one fear
Before I'd part from my good beer. Chorus

And if my wife should me despise
That wouldn't be a great surprise
But if she loved me as I love thee
What a happy couple we should be. Chorus

You have caused me debts and I've often swore
I never would drink strong ale no more
But you, for all that, I'll forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live. Chorus

29. The Grey Funnel Line -- Pitch note = F

Words Music by Cyril Tawney

Arranged by Stephen Deazley, adapted by Dom Stichbury

VERSE 1[ALL]

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea
The weary night, never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

And it's one more day, on The Grey Funnel Line

VERSE 2

[Baritone on tune]

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'll fly up harbour to the one I love

And it's one more day on The Grey Funnel Line

VERSE 2

[Tenors & Bass harmonies]

One more day, one more day
One more day, one more day
Give me wings, Noah's dove
Fly - - - to the one I love

One more day, on The Grey Funnel Line

VERSE 3

[Basses on tune]

Oh Lord if dreams were only real
I'd feel my hands on the wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And tell the boys we're homeward bound

[same as V2]

And it's one more day on The Grey Funnel Line

VERSE 3

[Bari Tenors harmonies]

Oh Lord if dreams were real
I'd feel my hands on the wooden wheel
With all my heart I'd turn her round
Wooah, we're homeward bound

[same as V2]

One more day, on The Grey Funnel Line

VERSE 4

[Tenors on tune]

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue waters turn to green
[+ baris]
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
[+ basses]
And sail The Grey Funnel Line no more
[same as V2]
And sail The Grey Funnel Line no more

VERSE 4

[Basses baritones start on ooo]

30. Hail Smiling Morn

By Reginald Spofforth (1770-1827) – another who clearly liked to rise when the sun she rises. A firm Yuletide favourite round Ashton Keynes way.

Hail smiling morn, smiling morn
That tips the hills with gold
That tips the hills with gold
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven
The gates of heaven
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven

Repeat

Who the gay face of nature doth unfold
(Who the gay face of nature doth unfold)

At whose bright presence
Darkness flies away
Flies away (Flies away)
Flies away (Flies away)

Darkness flies away
Darkness flies away

At whose bright presence
Darkness flies away
Darkness flies away
Darkness flies away

Hail hail hail hail!
Hail hail hail hail!

31. Haul Away Joe -- Pitch note = D

Believed to be a Halyard shanty for hauling sails.

The crew would rest on the verse lines and heave on the chorus.

Haul Away is sung around the world, but this version has several Cornish references.

INTRO

All sing bass part in unison – Way haul away, haul away Joe

Mids split off (on signal) - Way hay, Haul away

Tops split off (on signal) – Way haul away haul away

Oh when I was a little boy and so me mother told me

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would all go mouldy

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

[Then Chris does a call and we reply before doing chorus;]

CHORUS

Away! (All) Hey! Haul away, we'll haul and hang together

Away! (All) Hey! Haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Away! (All) Hey! Haul away, we'll haul for better weather

Away! (All) Hey! Haul away, we'll haul away Joe

I ran away from Padstow town and shipped aboard a whaler

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Because the girl I courted there would only have a sailor

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

CHORUS

Oh give to me a Cornishman to ate a taty pastie

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

And if it's inside most cold beef, he'll never think it nasty

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

CHORUS

King Louis was the King of France before the revolution

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

He went and got his head cut off which spoiled his constitution

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

OUTRO

Build up as intro and last time round – Haul away Joe!

32. Hear Jerusalem call

From Roger Jackson & CyberSinging 2018

Can't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
Can't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
Thank God there's a heaven it's a ringing in my soul
my soul's set free
Can't you hear Jerusalem mourn?

He's a Baptist preacher, you can tell him by his coat
Can't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
Got a bottle in his pocket that he can't hardly tote
Can't you hear Jerusalem mourn?

There's a Methodist preacher, you can tell him how he goes,
He'll never let a chicken get old enough to crow.

Oh, the holiness people well they're doin' alright,
They've got to get saved - every single night

Well the Catholic priest, he can jingle his bell,
He'll take ten dollars
and he'll pray you out of purgatory - Ha! -

Tag last chorus line at end.

33. Hen Wlad fy Nhadau

(Welsh National Anthem - Land of My Fathers) – A very helpful video can be found at <http://www.walesonline.co.uk/lifestyle/fun-stuff/how-you-can-learn-welsh-10095366>

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Cytgan:

Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur
I'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Cytgan:

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Gymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Cytgan:

O land of my fathers, O land of my love,
Dear mother of minstrels who kindle and move
And hero on hero, who at honour's proud call,
For freedom their lifeblood let fall.

Chorus:

Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my heart shall be true.

O land of the mountains, the bard's paradise,
Whose precipice, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood
Fire the fancy and quicken the blood.

Chorus:

For tho' the fierce foeman has ravaged your realm,
The old speech of Cymru he cannot o'erwhelm,
Our passionate poets to silence command
Or banish the harp from your strand.

Chorus:

34. Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W.T. Wrighton, J.E. Carpenter – thanks to Roger Jackson for this suggestion for the CyberSingers

It's been a year since last we met
We may never meet again
I have struggled to forget
But the struggle was in vain

For her voice lives on the breeze
And her spirit comes at will
In the midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still
In the midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still

I have sailed a falling sky
And I have chartered hazard's path
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath

Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill
Though her presence is now flown, her bright smile haunts me still
Though her presence is now flown, her bright smile haunts me still

At the first sweet dawn of light
When I gaze upon the deep
Her form still greets my sight
While the stars their vigil keep

When I close my aching eyes
Sweet dreams my memory fill
And from sleep when I arise, her bright smile haunts me still
And from sleep when I arise, her bright smile haunts me still

35. Ilkla Mooar baht 'at

Lyrics in Yorkshire dialect

Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, (ah saw thee) On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at
Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, (ah saw thee)
Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' I saw thee - (Without yer trousers...)
On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at (Weere's that) On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at (Weere's that)
On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane Tha's bahn' to catch thy deeth o' cowl
Then us'll ha' to bury thee Then t'worms'll come an' eyt thee up
Then t'ducks'll come an' eyt up t'worms
Then us'll go an' eyt up t'ducks
Then us'll all ha' etten thee That's wheear we get us oon back

36. Ireland's call

Because it is a cracking piece of heart stirring stuff when done right and in celebration of the Brothers Gorman/O'Gorman. DON'T do the horrendous key change though!

Come the day and come the hour,
Come the power and the glory!
We have come to answer our
country's call,
From the four proud provinces of
Ireland

Ireland, Ireland,
Together standing tall!
Shoulder to shoulder,
We'll answer Ireland's call!

From the mighty Glens of Antrim,
From the rugged hills of Galway!
From the walls of Limerick, and
Dublin Bay,
From the four proud provinces of
Ireland

Ireland, Ireland,
Together standing tall!
Shoulder to shoulder,
We'll answer Ireland's call!

Hearts of steel and heads unbowing,
Vowing never to be broken!
We will fight, until we can fight no
more,
From the four proud provinces of
Ireland!

Ireland, Ireland,
Together standing tall!
Shoulder to shoulder,
We'll answer Ireland's call!
Ireland, Ireland,
Together standing tall!
Shoulder to shoulder,
We'll answer Ireland's call!
We'll answer Ireland's call!

37. Irish Blessing -- Pitch note = F

May the road rise up to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the sun shine warm (warm*) upon your face
May the rains fall soft upon your fields

And until we meet again
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand

May the sun make your days bright
May the stars illuminate your nights
May the flowers bloom (bloom*) along your path
(May) Your house stand firm against the storm

And until we meet again
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand



38. Itches in me britches

From The Roaring Trowmen such a roaring success at BlokeFest 2015.

Verse 1

I was born of Geordie parents
One day when I was young.
That's how the Geordie dialect
Became my native tongue.
That I was a pretty baby,
Me mother, she would vow.
The girls all ran to kiss me then
- I wish they'd do it now.

Chorus

Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
I've got itches in me britches
And I wish they'd do it now

Verse 2

When I was only six months old,
The girls would handle me.
They'd hug me to their bosom
And they'd bounce me on their knee.
They'd put me in the cradle
And if I made a row,
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me
- I wish they'd do it now.

Chorus

Verse 3

At three years old a finer lad
There never could be seen.
The girls all loved to follow me
Right down to the green.
They'd make a chain of buttercups,
Drop it on me brow,
Then they'd roll me in the clover
- Well, I wish they'd do it now.

Chorus

Verse 4

The East End girls would call on me
To swim when it was mild.
They'd take me to the river
For to splash about a while.
They'd throw the water over me,
Duck me like a cow,
Then they'd rub me nice all over
- Well, I wish they'd do it now.

Chorus

Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
I've got itches in me britches
And I wish they'd do it now

Verse 5

Well, it's awful sad and lonely
To lead a single life.
I think I'll go to the dance tonight
And find meself a wife.
Oh, I have got six bundle pigs,
Likewise one big fat sow.
There'll be plenty love and bacon
For the girl who'll love me now.

(Chorus)

For the girl who'll love me now
For the girl who'll love me now
There'll be plenty love and bacon
For the girl who'll love me now.

Chorus

Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
I've got itches in me britches
And I wish they'd do it now

39. John Kanaka -- Pitch note = E

The word kanaka is of Polynesian origin, meaning "man". Many islanders were hired or recruited as sailors in America, Chile, Canada and Australia - some hired to work, others were "Blackbirded" - effectively worked as Slaves.

CALL

RESPONSE

I thought I heard, the Old Man say,
Today, today is a holiday!

John Kanaka-naka tu-rai-e!
John Kanaka-naka tu-rai-e!

REFRAIN:

Tu-rai-e!, oh, tu-rai-e!
John Kanaka-naka tu-rai-e!

We'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
Today, today is a holiday,

RESPONSE

We're bound away for Frisco Bay,
We're bound away at the break of day.

RESPONSE

A Yankee ship with a Yankee mate,
He's the bugger who can change your gait!

RESPONSE

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
We wish to Christ we'd never been born!

RESPONSE

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away
Oh haul away and make your pay

RESPONSE

So, here we are, a Magnificent crew,
And we're the blokes to push her through.

FINAL REFRAIN:

40. (The Ashton Keynes) Land Shanty -- Pitch note = D

We don't have proper sea near Ashton, but we do have lakes.
(sung to the tune of New York Girls – words by Magnificent Chris Samuel)

As I hove into Ashton Keynes
One Friday after dark
I checked me charts and compass
For the Cotswold Water Park

Chorus

(And) it's a land shanty
My old laddie
Oh you Swindon girls
Can't you dance the Polka

Now the gravel pits of Wiltshire
Their watery secrets keep
Old Davy Jones, would make no bones
In parts they're eight feet deep

Chorus

With my life preserver strapped on tight
Above my Yacht Club blazer
T'was time to splice the mainbrace
On my trusty twelve foot Laser

Chorus

So let go 'fore and let go aft
And raise the forward sail
And the wifi signal's strong enough
For You Tube and Email

Chorus

But the wind is blowing up a gale
And the waves are more than ripples
It's turned my guts to water
And sent tingles through my nipples

Chorus

All the ladies love a sailor
It's a documented fact
But the lake now holds the contents
Of my whole digestive tract

Chorus

Well the Swindon girls they shine so bright
In their brand new skirts and blouses
But if the wind stays quite this strong
I might well cack my trousers

Chorus

Now it's homeward bound for Ashton
And the flags they'll all unfurl
And I won't stop buying drinks
'Til there's a port in every girl

Chorus x2

41. Leave her Johnny, leave her

From arrangement by Dom Stichbury at Singing in the Shed 2019

Oh the times are hard and the wages low..... (Leave her Johnny Leave her)
The grub was foul and the wind did blow..... (And it's time for us to leave her)

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

Oh leave her Johnny and leave her with a grin... (Leave her Johnny Leave her)
For there's many a worse that we've sailed in. (And it's time for us to leave her)

Chorus

And now it's time to say goodbye(Leave her Johnny Leave her)
For the Old Pier head is drawing nigh (And it's time for us to leave her)

Chorus

Repeat verse One

42. Let me Through

From SpookMeister Stephen Taberner – handy for singing to get to the bar!

Let me through, oo, oo, Let me through, oo, oo,
Let me through, let me through, Let me through, oo, oo

Let me through, oo, oo, Let me through, oo, oo,
Let me through, let me through, Let me through, oo, oo

..... Oi, oi.
Move over. Oi, oi.
Move over. Oi, oi.
Move over. Oi, oi.

Let me through, let me through,
I've got very important things to do.
Let me through, let me through,
I've got very important things to do.

Let me through, oo, oo, etc.

I wear a suit and I wear a tie,
I wear pants with a button-up fly,
I wear boxer shorts that are pulled up high.

I got up really early for this,
Didn't even get a morning kiss,
I'm going to take no prisoners,
Let me through.

Let me through, oo, oo, etc.

Nobody knows how important I am.
Nobody knows how important I am.

Let me through, oo, oo, etc.

43. Lowlands

A great moody thoughtful sea shanty. Choose which verses to sing or sing them all! Plenty of versions but we particularly like the one by the Ballina Whalers at <https://theballinawalers.bandcamp.com/album/lowlands-ep-i> and more at <https://mainlynorfolk.info/anne.briggs/songs/lowlands.html>

VERSE 1

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, my lowlands away

VERSE 2

I dreamed I saw my own true love
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
He stood so still, he did not move
Lowlands, lowlands away my John

VERSE 3

So dank his hair, so dim his eye
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I knew he'd come to say goodbye
Lowlands, lowlands away my John

VERSE 4

"I'm drowned in the lowland sea," he said.
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
"Oh you and I will ne'er be wed."
Lowlands, lowlands away my John

VERSE 5

"I'll never kiss you more," he said
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
"Ne'er kiss you more, for I am dead."
Lowlands, lowlands away my John

VERSE 5

I will cut off my bonny hair
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
No other man will find me fair
Lowlands, lowlands away my John

VERSE 6

She came to me all in my sleep,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John,
I dreamed I saw my own true love,
My Lowlands, away

VERSE 7

And then I knew my love was dead.
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John,
I dreamed I saw my own true love,
My Lowlands, away

I dreamed a dream the other night
I dreamed a dream the other night

44. Magnificent -- Pitch note = E

By Stephen Taberner. Brilliant. Needs no further explanation...

We are the men who rise each day, wipe little bits of sleep away
Stumble over a children's toy, resist temptation to destroy

Cleanse ourselves by hook or crook, every cranny and every nook
Gather the undies on display, a fresh pair a fresh pair every day

Passing the mirror we scare ourselves,
reach for the hardware from the shelf
Smiling grimly as we tweeze,
the stray hairs that prying eyes might see

And we will be Magnificent
Homo erectus five foot ten, girding our loins for the fight again
Hoom-bap (etc) Hi-yay

We are the men who venture forth, to prove our great financial worth
In daily mortal combat, with petty, bean-counting beaurocrats
But when the restless pencil stops, and tired eyelids slowly drop
We dream of endless pristine plains, a trusty steed and a pair of reins

And we would be Magnificent
Naked but for horn and spear, glistening with pig-fat, freshly smeared
Hoom-bap (etc) Hi-yay

And when we die they will lay us down,
bury us deep in the cold, cold ground
Build us a statue every one, immaculate in the setting sun

And we will be Magnificent
Burnished gazes obdurate, no pigeons work can obfuscate
And we would be Magnificent
If only we had time to spare, the diary's full till June next year

Doom baps

Hiiiiii-yay

46. Man in the Moon -- Pitch note = D#

Collected by Swindon Folk hero Alfred Williams - song collector, poet, author, self taught polyglot, and "Hammerman" in Swindon Railway works. The Inspiration for the Magnificent 2014 Hammerman Tour.
<http://mainlynorfolk.info/folk/songs/maninthemoon.html>

Verse 1

When a bumper is filled, it is vexing, no doubt,
To find when you rise that the wine has run out;
And sure it's an equally unpleasant thing
To be asked for a song when you've naught left to sing.
I could sing something old, if an old one would do,
But the world it is craving to have something new.
But what to select for the words or the tune?
I, in fact, know no more than the Man in the Moon.

Chorus

The Man in the Moon a new light on us throws,
He's a man we all talk of but nobody knows.
And though a high subject, I'm getting in tune,
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the Moon.

Verse 2

'Tis said that some people are moonstruck, we find,
But the Man in the Moon must be out of his mind.
But it can't be for love for he's quite on his own,
No ladies to meet him by moonlight alone.
It can't be ambition, for rivals he's none,
At least he is only eclipsed by the sun,
But when drinking, I say, he is seldom surpassed,
For he always looks best when he's seen through a glass

Chorus

Verse 3

The Man in the Moon must lead a queer life,
With no one around him, not even a wife,
No friends to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of him joining a party like this.
But he's used to high life, all circles agree,
That none move in such a high circle as he,
And though nobles go up in their royal balloon,
They're not introduced to the Man in the Moon.

Chorus

47. Man flu -- Pitch note = D

Roger Jackson May 2015

I'm gonna miss you
When I can't kiss you.
The Angels are coming for me
Now my eyes are turning red
Feel it hurting in my head
Though everybody smiles,
I just can't meet their eyes,
How could they realise this could be terminal! - I've got

Man Flu (man Flu) - the worst a man can get
They tell me there's no remedy, I'm really quite upset
It's a mystery science can't solve,
Don't tell me it's only a cold!

I've got aching in my muscles and a pounding in my head
My legs have turned to jelly and I can't get out of bed
Had Benelin and Beecham's, gave my chest a rub
Can't get down the staircase, never mind the pub!

Chorus

Went to the doctor, asked for her advice,
She said "There's nothing wrong with you, you're perfectly alright"
What, no prescription? What can this mean?
And then she told me - "It's something in your genes!"

Chorus

My girlfriend is insensitive to my plight
She laughed when I suggested I may not last the night.
Please stop the torture, please stop the pain -
I'll even watch Sex and the City again!

Chorus

Man Flu - It's really not that bad.
I could nip down the local, have a pint with the lads...
I'm feeling slightly better now, in fact, I feel great -
I'm going for a curry! - I'll probably be late! Man Flu!

48. Mraval jamier -- Pitch note = F

A call to a Drink in a different village - in Georgia.

Incantation (Verse) 1

Mraval jamier

(and that's all there is for the first verse)

Incantation (Verse) 2

Ghmets mai i ne bos x 2

(the vowel sound in bos is half-way between boss and boast)

Tsveni sitsostkhle

(for the sound after sitso and before le (as in lay) just start with an s and chuck in as many consonants as you can in one glottal movement)

Incantation (Verse) 3

Mraval jamier

(and that's all there is for the third verse)

Raise your glasses and clink them around the pub



49. Myfanwy Welsh

A beautiful piece, very well known in Welsh Male Voice Choir circles

Paham mae dicter, O Myfanwy,
Yn llenwi'th lygaid duon di?
A'th ruddiau tirion, O Myfanwy,
Heb wrido wrth fy ngweled i?
Pa le mae'r wên oedd ar dy wefus
Fu'n cynnau 'nghariad ffyddlon ffôl?
Pa le mae sain dy eiriau melys,
Fu'n denu'n nghalon ar dy ôl?

Myfanwy boed yr holl o'th fywyd
Dan heulwen ddisglair canol dydd.
A boed i rosyn gwridog iechyd
I ddawnsio ganmlwydd ar dy rudd.
Anghofia'r oll o'th addewidion
A wnest i rywun, 'ngeneth ddel,
A dyro'th law, Myfanwy dirion
I ddim ond dweud y gair "Ffarwél".

Pa beth a wneuthum, O Myfanwy
I haeddu gwg dy ddwyrudd hardd?
Ai chwarae oeddit, O Myfanwy
Â thanau euraidd serch dy fardd?
Wyt eiddo im drwy gywir amod
Ai gormod cadw'th air i mi?
Ni cheisiaf fyth mo'th law, Myfanwy,
Heb gael dy galon gyda hi.

50. Myfanwy -- Pitch note = F#

And the English version, which is surprisingly not heard so often. Taught by Dave Stewart at BlokeFest 2013 and a great favourite with The Magnificent AK47 ever since.

Why is it anger, O Myfanwy,
That fills your eyes so dark and clear?
Your gentle cheeks, O sweet Myfanwy,
Why blush they not when I draw near?
Where is the smile that once most tender
Kindled my love so fond, so true?
Where is the sound of your sweet words,
That drew my heart to follow you?

Myfanwy, may you spend your lifetime
Beneath the midday sunshine's glow,
And on your cheeks O may the roses
Dance for a hundred years or so.
Forget now all the words of promise
You made to one who loved you well,
Give me your hand, my sweet Myfanwy,
But one last time, to say "farewell".

What have I done, O my Myfanwy,
To earn your frown? What is my blame?
Was it just play, my sweet Myfanwy,
To set your poet's love aflame?
You truly once to me were promised,
Is it too much to keep your part?
I wish no more your hand, Myfanwy,
If I no longer have your heart.

51. North, North Wiltshire

A local twist on a Sea Shanty classic "South Australia" from Magnificent Neil Burston and equally Magnificent Alan Howe.

We are indebted to A Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases in Use in Wiltshire (Google eBook)

Caller - Solo

In Ashton Keynes, where I was born,
In North, North Wilts above Swindon

REFRAIN 1

Haul away you dunch dumplings,
Heave away, rake away,
Haul away, you'll hear me sing,
We're bound for North, North Wiltshire

But I was raised far away becoz
My family left, and moved to Oz

For 20 years I surfed the shores
Until one day I could take no more

REFRAIN 2

The beach, the beer, the girls, the sun
Lost all appeal, no longer fun
There's just one thing that's on my mind,
That's leaving Southern Aus behind

REFRAIN 3

As I set out one morning fair,
I took one last breathe of Aussie air

As I flew in to Terminal 3
'Twas such thick fog I could barely see

REFRAIN 4

Response - in unison

Heave away, rake away,
We're bound for North, North Wiltshire

REFRAIN 1

Haul away you dunch dumplings
Heave away, rake away,
Haul away, you'll hear me sing,
We're bound for North, North Wiltshire

Fly away, far away,
He went to South Australia

Surfed away, every day
You crazy galley bagger

REFRAIN 2

Drinking beer, heave away
You quiskin quidly gawney
Heave away, rake away,
He's bound for North, North Wiltshire

REFRAIN 3

Heave away, rake away,
He's crossing o'er the ocean

All that way, in just a day
You clytenish loppity mucker

REFRAIN 4

I battled down the old M4
Such a trumpery site I had in store

It shook me up, it shook me down,
When first I saw old Swindon town,

REFRAIN 5

I ventured north to Ashton Keynes
And ever since I've just not been the same
I met these blokes who sing so deep
Now I think I'm here for keeps

REFRAIN 6

My tale is done and now I'm home
I never shall from Wiltshire roam

Final REFRAIN

—slow down and final line in unison

Motorway, drive away!
An eyeful of a gubbarn

Heave away, rake away,
The jewel of North, North Wiltshire

REFRAIN 5

Gravel pits, water park
You ganderflanking emmet
Heave away, sing away
We're hoblanterns and moo-chers

REFRAIN 6

Heave away, rake away,
He's really lost his marbles

Final REFRAIN

—slow down and final line in unison



52. The Norwegian Sailor's Chorus -- Pitch note = A#

Another fantastic piece taught at BlokeFest 2013 by those who became A Fistful of Spookys – hard work at the time (it had been a long night and day...) but what a piece!

Steuermann Lass die wacht! (Komm lass die wacht)
Steuermann her zu uns (Komm her zu uns)
Ho-hey-yay-hah - hisst die segel auf! Ankerfest! Steuermann her
Repeat

Furchten weder wind noch bosen strand (Furchten nicht bosen strand)
Wollen heute 'mal recht lustig sein (Woll'n 'mal recht lustig sein)
Jeder hat sein Madel auf dem land (Madel ist auf dem land)
Herrlichent tabak und guten brantewein (und guten brantewein)

Hoo-sassa-hey - Klipp und sturm draus
Hah-lo-lo-hey – Lachen wir aus
Hoo-sassa-hey – Segel ein! Ankerfest! Klipp und sturm! Lachen wir aus

Steuermann Lass die wacht! (Komm lass die wacht)
Steuermann her zu uns (Komm her zu uns)
Ho-hey-yay-hah - Steuermann her trink mit uns
Hoh-hey-yay-hah – Klipp und sturm hey! Sind vor bei hey!
Hussa-hey, Hallo-hey Hussa-hey Steuermann Hey.
Her, komm und trink mit uns!



53. (There is) Nothing Like a Beard -- Pitch note = F#

The Magnificent AK47's homage to Rogers and Hammerstein. Tune: "There is nothing like a Dame." Words by Alan Howe and Chris Samuels.

We got hair upon our heads we got hair upon our chests
We got hats and we got t-shirts - we even got string vests
We got sheds with tools and mowers for some gardens to be cleared
What ain't we got? We ain't got beards!

We get compliments and comments on our voices and attire
We get speeches from our skipper 'bout our prowess as a choir
We get letters on our grooming and the way we like to smell
What don't we get? You know darn well!!

We got nothing much but bum fluff growing on our - faces
We got nothing to display in (hairy) hirsute - places...

There is nothin' like a beard,
nothing in the world
And it's not remotely weird
To love everything 'bout your beard

Samson had his flowing locks and he grew his beard quite long
'Til Delilah brought the scissors - that's where it all went wrong
And Santa sports a white one, just like some of us
What do we hate? Designer fuzz!!

Lots of things in life are beautiful but...brother
There is one particular thing that is like nothing whatsoever in any way shape or form like
any...other

There is nothin' like a beard, nothing in the world
But there's one thing that we fear. That our women won't want us near

Nothing like a beard
Nothing else is quite the same
Nothing in the world
As the soft and freshly sheared
Manly silhouette of a beard – of a beard

There is absolutely nothing weird. About a beard

And nothing smells like a beard
Or excels like a beard
Nothing's as good as a beard
Or catches food like a beard
Nothing acts like a beard
or attracts like a beard

(There ain't a) thing that's wrong with any man here
That can't be cured by putting him near
A curly, hairily, bushy, masculine Beard!

54. **Now is the cool of the day**

From the first Singing in the Shed event – taught by Chris Samuel – Version by Coope, Boyes & Simpson <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QzVcdi1xrYw>

My Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so fair
You may live in this garden, if you keep the grasses green
And I'll return in the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so pure
You may live in this garden, if you keep the waters clean
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh this earth it is a garden, the garden of my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my pastures so green
You may live in this garden if you will feed my lambs
And I'll return in the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so free
You may live in this garden if you keep the people free
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh, this earth is a garden, the garden of my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day
Yes he walks in His garden
In the cool of the day

55. Northwest Passage

Stan Rogers

Taught by The Reverend Roger Jackson at BlokeFest 2017 & 2019

Refrain

Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Refrain

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

Refrain

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

Refrain

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.

Refrain

56. Not Pretty Enough

Kasey Chambers – thanks to the SpookMeister himself & Dom Stichbury

Am I not pretty enough?

Is my heart too broken?

Do I cry too much?

Am I too outspoken?

Don't I make you laugh?

Should I try it harder?

Why do you see right through me?

I live, I breathe, I let it rain on me

I sleep, I wake, I try hard not to break

I crave, I love, I've waited long enough

I try as hard as I can

Am I not pretty enough?

Is my heart too broken?

Do I cry too much?

Am I too outspoken?

Don't I make you laugh?

Should I try it harder?

Why do you see right through me?

I laugh, I feel, I make believe it's real

I fall, I freeze, I pray down on my
knees

I hope, I stand, I take it like a man

I try as hard as I can

Am I not pretty enough?

Is my heart too broken?

Do I cry too much?

Am I too outspoken?

Don't I make you laugh?

Should I try it harder?

Why do you see right through me?

Why do you see, Why do you see

Why do you see right through me

Why do you see, Why do you see

Why do you see right through me

Why do you see, Why do you see

Why do you see right through me

57. Old Dun Cow

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hxqm24MTdBs>

Tom Brown and I in the local pub,
Were playing dominos one night,
When all of a sudden in the postman
rushed,
His face all chalky white.
"Hey what's up?", said Brown, "Have
you seen a ghost?
Have you seen your Aunty Mariah?"
"Well, me Aunt Mariah be blown", said
he,
"The bloody pub's on fire!"

Chorus

Oh, there was Brown upside down,
He was moppin' up the whisky on the
floor.
"Booze, booze!" the firemen cried,
As they came knockin' at the door.
Don't let them 'in til it's all mopped up,
Somebody shouted MacIntyre!
(MACINTYRE!)
And we all got blue-blind paralytic
drunk,
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

"On fire!" says Brown, "What a bit of
luck.
Everybody follow me.
Down in the cellar,
Where the fire isn't there,
We will have a gay old spree."
So we all went down with good old
Brown,
The beer we could not miss,
And we hadn't been but ten minutes
there,
'Til we were bloody pissed.

Chorus

Oh Jones did rush, to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks,
Started takin' off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hey, what's up?, " said Brown, "If you
want to wash your feet,
There's a tub of booze down here.
Don't wash your trousers in the port wine
tub,
When we there's lots of Carling lager
beer."

Chorus

All of a sudden there's a bloody big bang,
And half the flamin' roof gave away.
And we were drowned in the firemen's
hose,
But were all still going gay.
So we got some tacks and some old tin
scraps,
And boarded ourselves inside,
And we kept on drinking good old Scotch,
'Til we were bleary-eyed.

Chorus

58. Only Remembered

Made famous in the play War Horse – a very poignant piece.

Various sources: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dEa4zueeAoo>

Verse 1

SOLO

Fading away like the stars in the morning
Losing their light in the glorious sun
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling
Only remembered for what we have done

Refrain

ALL

Only remembered, only remembered.
Only remembered for what we have done
(Repeated line)
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling
Only remembered for what we have done

Verse 2

Horses and men, plowshares and traces,
The line on the land and the paths of the sun.
Season by season we mark nature's graces.
Only remembered for what we have done.

Refrain (Repeated refrains lines)

Season by season we mark nature's graces.
Only remembered for what we have done.

Verse 3

Who'll sing the anthem / and who'll tell the story
Will the line hold? / Will it scatter and run?
Shall we at last be united in glory
Only remembered for what we have done

Refrain (Repeated refrains lines)

Shall we at last be united in glory
Only remembered for what we have done

59. Old Brown Ale

A version collected by a great man: Alfred Williams, The Hammerman Poet
'Obtained of Charles Hope, the one eyed road mender, Filkins.'
To the tune of "Good Ale" featured elsewhere.

Old brown ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my comfort, night and morning.

In comes the landlord, he looks so big,
With his high top hat and his curly wig;
He looks so big and so precious fat,
You and I must pray for that.

Chorus

The brewer he brews it in the pan,
And the landlord sells it how he can,
But as for me, I'll play my part,
For I love thee dearly to my heart.

Chorus

It oft times makes my friends my foes,
And likewise makes me pawn my clothes,
But whilst thou art so nigh my nose,
Come up, brown ale, and down you goes.

Chorus

If all the son's of Adam's race,
Were to assemble in this place,
I'd just give thee three hearty cheers
Before I'd part from thee, my dear!

Chorus

60. Parting Glass

The second and forth verses are usually not sang anymore, but they were part of the original song.

Of all the money that e'er I had
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that ever I did
Alas it was to none but me

And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

CHORUS
So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health for e'er we fall
Then gently rise and softly call
Goodnight and joy be to you all

A man may drink and not be drunk.
A man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl
And perhaps be welcomed back again

And since it is so ordered to be
By a time to raise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in town
That sorely has my heart beguiled

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

CHORUS

My dearest dear the time draws
near
When here I can no longer stay
There's not a comrade I leave behind
But is greaving that I'm going away

But since it has so ordered been
What is once past can't be recalled
Now fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I
had
They'd wish me one more day to
stay

But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all,

CHORUS

REPEAT
Good night and joy be to you all.

61. Pearly Gates -- Pitch note = C

By Mike Scott of the Bradford-on-Avon way

Ooh-wah dooby-doo-wah

I'll be comin' Lord, I'll be there when you call. I'll get there just as soon as I can.
It's a little inconvenient at the moment, after all, I'm a very important man.
Some loose ends need tying together, I need to get someone to cover my patch.
I might come in late. You might have to wait you'd better leave the Pearly Gates on
the latch

Leave 'em on the latch, leave 'em on the latch Repeat line

Ooh-wah dooby-doo-wah

I know that I'm wicked and sinful. Took more than I ever gave back.
Left people in need, because of my greed, but you know sometimes a man can lose
track.
I need just a little more time here. To make all the odds and ends match.
So if you call me tonight, I regret that you might have to leave the Pearly Gates on
the latch.

Leave 'em on the latch, leave 'em on the latch Repeat line

I'm not the kind of pilgrim, that cowers and cringes, leave 'em on the latch or I'll lift
'em off the hinges

Ooh-wah dooby-doo-wah

I've been listening to your manifesto. That forgiveness thing's a puzzle to me.
You know I've been trying my best though. It doesn't come naturally
You've got a fiery place in your basement. Rough justice for the sinners you catch.
When it comes for confession, I need a long session better leave the Pearly Gates
on the latch

Leave 'em on the latch, leave 'em on the latch (sing sinners)

Leave 'em on the latch, leave 'em on the latch

Sure I tried a little sin, but I never went too far. Could you leave the Pearly Gates
very slightly ajar.

I'll be comin' Lord, I'll be there when you call. I'll get there just as soon as I can.
It's a little inconvenient at the moment, after all, I'm a very important, a very
important, a very important man.

62. Poor Paddy Works On The Railway

Trad. Irish with thanks to Dominic Stichbury of Chaps Choir fame for this little ditty.

(tenors)

Oh in eighteen hundred an' forty-one,
Me cord'roy breeches I put on,
Oh me corduroy breeches I put on,
To work upon the railway,
(+bass & bari) the railway,
I'm weary of the railway,
Oh Poor Paddy works on the railway.

(basses)

In eighteen hundred an' forty-one,
I put me cord'roy breeches on,
I put me cord'roy breeches on,
To work upon the railway.

(unison)

Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Working on the railway.

(baris)

In eighteen hundred and forty-two,
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe,
Found myself a job to do,
A working on the railway.

(3 part)

Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Working on the railway.

(tenors)

In eighteen hundred and forty-three,
I broke the shovel across me knee,
I went to work for the company,
On the Leeds to Selby railway.

(3 part + tenor split)

Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Working on the railway.

(all)

In eighteen hundred and forty-four,
I landed on the Liverpool shore,
My belly was empty me hands were
raw,
With working on the railway.

(6 part)

Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-eye-ri-ay
Working on the railway.

(repeat until cue)

Basses: Fil-i-me-oo-ree_____ay

Baris: Fil-i-me-oo-ree_____ay

Tenors: Fil-i-me-oo-ree_ay

(tenors)

Oh in eighteen hundred an' forty-one,
Me cord'roy breeches I put on,
Oh me corduroy breeches I put on,
To work upon the railway,
(+bass & bari) the railway,
I'm weary of the railway,
Oh Poor Paddy works on the railway.

63. Rawhide

The first song The Magnificent AK47 ever learnt, even before they were The AK47 and not Magnificent at all, especially as it was also the first song they managed to collectively forget as well! Time for a revival?

Rollin', rollin', rollin' x 4
Rawhide!

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Though the streams are swollen
Keep them dogies rollin' Rawhide!
Rain and wind and weather
Hell-bent for leather
Wishin' my gal was by my side.
All the things I'm missin',
Good vittles, love, and kissin',
Are waiting at the end of my ride

Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head 'em up, move 'em on
Move 'em on, head 'em up , Rawhide
Count 'em out, ride 'em in,
Ride 'em in, count 'em out,
Count 'em out, ride 'em in, Rawhide!

Keep movin', movin', movin' Though they're disapprovin'
Keep them dogies movin' Rawhide!
Don't try to understand 'em
Just rope, throw, and brand 'em
Soon we'll be living high and wide.
My hearts calculatin'
My true love will be waitin',
Be waitin' at the end of my ride.

Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head 'em up, move 'em on
Move 'em on, head 'em up , Rawhide
Count 'em out, ride 'em in,
Ride 'em in, count 'em out,
Count 'em out, ride 'em in, Rawhide!

Rollin', rollin', rollin' x 4
Rawhide!

64. Ride On -- Pitch note = C

Jimmy MacCarthy

[Verse 1]

True you ride the finest horse I've ever seen
Standing sixteen one or two with eyes wild and green
You ride the horse so well hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

[Chorus]

Ride on, see you,
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to
Ride on, see you,
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

[Verse 2]

When you ride into the night without a trace behind
Run your claw along my gut one last time
I turn to face an empty space where you used to lie
And look-for-the-spark that lights the night through a teardrop in my eye.

[Chorus]

65. Seisamadei -- Pitch note = C#

Sei dama dei dama dei dam dâ

Sei dama dei dam dâa REPEAT

Sei dama dei dama

dei dam dâ (Quieter)

dei dam dâ

Sei dama dei dama

dei dama dei dama

Sei dama dei dam dâa

66. Shen Xar Venaxi -- Pitch note = F

Traditional Eastern Georgian church song taken from "99 Georgian Songs" compiled and edited by Garakanidze/Jordania/Mills. Literally, I am Vineyard".

Shen xar ve-na-xi
Ax-lad a-khva ve-bu-li

Nor-chi ke-ti-li
Ax-lad a-khva ve-bu-li

Da ta-vit tvi-sit
E-dems shi-na ne-rgu-li

Mze xar da
Ga-tzee nve-bu-li

67. Shosholoza -- Pitch note = F

From South Africa - a call and response is also required

Shosholoza
Ku lezontaba
Stimela siphum' e South Africa

Wen' uyabaleka
Ku lezontaba
Stimela siphum' e South Africa

Tenor call

Shosholoza
Ku-le zontaba stimela

Wen' uyabaleka
Ku-le zontaba stimela

68. **Teddy Bears Picnic -- Pitch note = G**

More genius from Mr Taberner morphing a children's nursery rhyme into something quite sinister, especially the way The Magnificent AK47 perform it... Do it in the dark!

If... You go down to the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise.
If you go down to the woods today You'd better go in disguise!

For every bear that ever there was,
Will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the Teddy Bears have their picnic.

Every Teddy Bear who's been good
Is sure of a treat today.
There's lots of marvellous things to eat
And wonderful games to play.
Beneath the trees where nobody sees
They'll hide and seek as long as they please
'Cause that's the way the Teddy Bears have their picnic.

Chorus
Picnic time for Teddy Bears
The little Teddy Bears are having a lovely time today.
Watch them, catch them unawares,
And see them picnic on their holiday.

See them gaily gad about.
They love to play and shout, they never have any cares;
At six o'clock their Mummies and Daddies will take them home to bed,
Because they're tired little Teddy Bears

Ba _ da da da Ba da, _ Ba da Ba da _ Ba da Ba daaa daaa daaaa

If... You go down to the woods today,
You'd better not go alone!
It's lovely down in the woods today,
But safer to stay at home!
For every bear that ever there was,
Will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the Teddy Bears have their picnic.

Chorus

69. The Barley Mow

Trad as it comes – with thanks to Matt Price for his arrangement & teaching us at BlokeFest 2018 – some of the words influenced by Alfred Williams

Well I drank out of the pint, me boys
Good health to the barley mow!
Here's success to the mow
Here's a good health to the barley mow
Oh the pint, the half-pint,
Nipperkin and the jolly brown bo-o-owl
Here's good health, good health to the barley mow

2. Well I drank out of the **quart**, me boys
3. Well I drank out of the **pottle**, me boys
4. Well I drank out of the **gallon**, me boys
5. Well I drank out of the **peck**, me boys
6. Well I drank out of the **bushel**, me boys
7. Well I drank out of the **half-sack**, boys
8. Well I drank out of the **sack**, me boys
9. Well I drank out of the **hogshead**, boys
10. Well I drank out of the **river**, me boys
11. Well I drank out of the **sea**, me boys

The sea, the river,
The hogshead,
Sack, the half sack,
Bushel, The peck,
The gallon, The pottle,
The quart,

The pint, The half pint,
Nipperkin, and the jolly brown bowl,

Here's good health, good health to the barley mow

And for all you Measurements Fans, here are some obscure ones decoded

Nipperkin = a liquor container or vessel with a capacity of a half pint or less

Pottle = a measure for liquids equal to a half gallon

Peck = a unit of capacity equal to $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel

Bushel = a measure of capacity equal to 8 gallons

Sack = 26 stone

Hogshead = 3 kilderkins, 54 gallons or 1.5 beer barrels

70. The Sweetest Kick in the Heart -- Pitch note = C

Stephen Taberner wrote this beautiful love song

<Sing quietly and so sweetly>

You, you gave me, you gave me
The sweetest kick in the heart,
he sweetest kick in the heart (repeat)

'cos I've been warm and I've been cold,
'cos love won't do what it's told,
No love won't do what it's told (repeat)

Ooo break

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

Ooo break

'cos I've been warm and I've been cold,
'cos love won't do what it's told,
No love won't do what it's told
But you, you gave me, you gave me,
The sweetest kick in the heart,
The sweetest kick in the heart
The sweetest kick in the heart

Mmmmmmm



71. **The Drystone Waller's Song -- Pitch note = A**

Pip Grimes. Brought to the inaugural BlokeFest by Dave Stewart with diagram!

We're men of flint and we do our stint cum rain or shine or snow
A ton a yard o' rock so 'ard to see the boundary grow

Grey stone gritstone cracked and split stone strain our arms to lift it
Mudstone limestone grit and grimestone brace our backs to shift it

From the virgin soil we start our toil the trench is laid and ready
Footings in to underpin and make it good and steady

Facestones hearting strength imparting throughs to tie each side in
Batter sloping topped with coping work to tek a pride in

When sheep break out go walk about the farmer comes a-calling
We set our caps and mend the gaps, Arrah! For drystone walling

Rid it out re-build it stout then fillings in wi' a clatter
Stoop and stack till the wall is back the stock no more to scatter

We're men of flint and we do our stint come rain or shine or snow
A ton a yard o' rock so 'ard to see the boundary grow

A landscape rich in wall and ditch a view that will endure
Ten thousand mile o' stone and stile to stand for evermore



72. Tsmidao -- Pitch note = A

Trad: Georgian

Tsmin-da-o gmer-to
Tsmi-da-o dzli-e-ro
Tsmi-da-ouk-vda-vo
She-gvi-tska-le chwen

73. Turnip Hoers Song ("The Vly") - F#

Shared by Magnificent Darren Sweeney. Collected by Alfred Williams from Elijah Iles of Inglesham, a tiny hamlet on the River Thames near to Lechlade, Glos.

This is the marching song of the Wiltshire Regiment... Really.

I be a turmot hoer,
From Wiltshire I did come;
My parents they be working folk,
Joe Wanstrow is my name.
Twas on a summer's mornin',
All at the break of day;
I took my hoe and away to go,
Some fifty miles away.

Chorus:
The vly, the vly,
The vly be on the **turnot**,
It's all me eye, I do try
To keep them off the **turnips**

Now I be a tidy sort of a chap,
I soon got I a place;
Like many a Turk I went to work
And took it by the piece
I hoed away quite gaily
For good old Farmer Flower
Who vowed and sowed
That I just prov'd
A tidy old **turnot** hoer.

Chorus

Then some delights in hay makin',
And some delights in mowin';
But of all the jobs that I like best,
Gi'e I the **turnip** hoeing.
And when the harvest moon's begun
And the nut brown ale a-flowin' ,
I gaily bid them all goodbye,
For I'm off **turnot** hoeing.

Chorus

74. **Unsung Heroes #1 -- Pitch note = C#**

We shall tell you more of the most excellent Mr Edwin Beard Budding, a local hero if ever there was one, and you shall join with us in singing his praises. Words by Chris Samuel.

Boom cha-cha

The lawns of the Empire grew quickly
In fact they were quite out of hand
But to tackle a problem so tickly (prickly)
Called for quite a remarkable man

So Edwin designed a contraption
Now the grass in your lawn's trimmed and edged
His genius required no adaption
'twas not budding, but quite fully-fledged

Chorus (All)

Here's to..

Edwin Beard Budding our buddy

Unsung hero, 'til now, was his fate

A Victorian but no fuddy-duddy

Edwin Budding, our buddy, our mate

Spanners once were required in profusion
A separate one for every bolt
Metric gauge just increased the confusion
And we're sure that's Napoleon's fault

So one tool was obviously needed
And Edwin's the man for the task
No one does it much better than he did
In his posthumous glory we bask

Chorus

So how shall we mark his existence
To remember this fine son of Stroud
To record his hard work and persistence
An inventor to make us feel proud

Brew an ale that recalls his complexion
Full of heart, a fine body and head
Raise your glass in old Edwin's direction
In his footsteps we'd all hope to tread

Chorus X2

75. We're your friends

TENORS

We're your friends,
We're your friends,
We're your friends to the bitter end.

TENOR 2

When you're alone,
Who comes around,
To pick you up
When you are down?

ALL

And when you're outside looking in who's there to open the door?
That's what friends are for!

TENOR 2

Who hovers near?
Who are your chums?
Prepared to pounce,
When danger comes?

ALL

Who's always eager to extend a friendly claw?
That's what friends are for!

TENOR 2

And when you're lost

ALL TENORS

in dire need

TENOR 2

Who's at your side

ALL TENORS

At lightning speed

BASSES

We're your friends,
We're your friends,

T1, BAR, B

When you're alone,
Who comes around,
To pick you up
When you are down?

T1, BAR, B

Who hovers near?
Who are your chums?
Prepared to pounce,
When danger comes?

T1, BAR, B

And when you're lost

in dire need

T1, BAR, B

Who's at your side

At lightning speed

ALL

We're friends with every creature coming down the pike,
In fact we've never met an animal we didn't like (we didn't like)

TENOR 2

So you can see
We're friends in need
And friends in need
Are friends indeed

T1, BAR, B

So you can see
We're friends in need
And friends in need
Are friends indeed

ALL

We'll keep you safe in the jungle for evermore! That's what friends are, that's what friends are for!

76. What shall we do with a Drunken Singer

Follow the words then make it up as you go along taking it in turns to shout out something that scans rather than just being derogatory about your mates...!

All suggestions from the floor are (most probably) welcome.

What shall we do with a Drunken Singer
What shall we do with a Drunken Singer
What shall we do with a Drunken Singer
What shall we do with a Drunken Singer

Er-lie on at BlokeFest... alternatively Er-lie in the evening...

1. Change 'is beer for a half of shandy...
2. Give 'im a wedgie and make 'im an alto...
3. Tell 'im it's 'is round and shove 'im to the ba'ar
4. Sing the same verse twice and see if 'e spots it...
5. Sit 'im in a corner with a bacon sandwich ...

Later in the evening...

6. Stick 'im on the coach and give 'im a sick bag...
7. Sing the same verse thrice and see if 'e spots it
8. Make 'im push the bus till his knees go we-ak
9. Lower the tone until 'is voice bre-aks..

Er-lie in the morning...

10. Put 'im in his bed and give 'im a bucket...
11. Leave 'im till 'e snores and nudge 'im to stop it...
12. Shave off half 'is beard while 'e's sleeping like a baby...

Er-lie the next morning..

13. Wake 'im with a song and see if 'e's sober...
14. Tell 'im "it's tomorrow" and 'e's missed the bus 'ome
15. And if 'e still be pissed we'll do it all over...

.... Er-lie the next morning!

77. Whip Jamboree -- Pitch note = E

Another BlokeFest 2014 classic from James Sills

About the return to (as opposed to the leaving of) Liverpool,

As sung live on Radio 3's The Choir by The Magnificent AK47 no less!

Now me lads be of good cheer
For the Irish coast will soon draw near
Then we'll set a course for old Cape Clear
Jenny get your oatcakes done

Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree
With you pig tailed sailor boys hanging down behind
Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree
Jenny get your oatcakes done

And now Cape Clear it is in sight
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night
And we'll steer a course for the old Rock Light
Jenny get your oatcakes done
Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree....

And now me lads we're off Holyhead
No more salt beef or weevily bread
One man in the chains for to heave the lead
Jenny get your oatcakes done
Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree....

And next we're rounding Fort Perch Rock
All hammocks lashed and all chests locked
We'll haul her into Waterloo Dock
Jenny get your oatcakes done
Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree...

And now me lads we're all in dock
We'll be off to Dan Lowry's on the spot
And there we'll shop a big pint pot
Jenny get your oatcakes done
Whip Jamboree whip Jamboree....

78. Wild Mountain Thyme

Song Arrangement by Douglas V. Watts

(**bold** text = lead, hyphens = how long the note is held)

VERSE 1	Oh the summer- time has come--, And the trees- are sweetly bloomin--, and the wild- mountain thyme-- Grows around- the purple heather--;
CHORUS	Will ye go--, lassie-, go--? And we'll all-- go-- together--, To pull wild- mountain thyme-- All around- the purple heather--; Will ye go--, lassie-, go--?
VERSE 2	I will build my- love a tower--, By yon pure-- crystal fountain--, And its there-- I will bring-- all the flowers of the mountain--;
CHORUS	Will ye go--, lassie-, go--? (...as before)
VERSE 3	I will range-- through the wilds--, And the deep-- land so dreary--, And return-- with the spoils-- To the bower o' my dearie--;
CHORUS	Will ye go--, lassie-, go--? (...as before)
VERSE 4	If my true love-- will not come-- I will sure-ly find another--, To pull wild-- mountain thyme-- All around-- the purple heather--;
CHORUS	Will ye go--, lassie-, go--? (...as before)
VERSE 5	Oh the autumn-- time is comin'-- And the leaves will soon be fallin'--, And the blossoms o' the summer-- Will soon wither on the mountain--;
CHORUS	Will ye go--, lassie-, go--? (...as before)

79. **You Can't Be A Pirate With All of Your Parts**

With thanks to Monty from the mighty Manchoir for his inspiring performance of this at BlokeFest 2016. This is the full unedited version about *all* the parts!

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an ear;
It drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck,
Till somebody shouts, "Oy, what's this 'ere?"
You can't wear your glasses, you can't pull the lasses,
Your friends have to shout so you'll hear;
Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an ear.

CHORUS

But it's all part of being a pirate, A Pirate! A Pirate!
You can't be a pirate, With all of your pa-a-arts;
Oh it's all part of being a pirate, A Pirate! A Pirate!
You can't be a pirate, With all of your parts.

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an eye;
It stings like the blazes, it makes you pull faces,
You can't let your mates see you cry.
A dashing black patch will cover the hatch,
And make sure that the socket stays dry;
Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an eye.

CHORUS

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a hand;
It spurts and it squirts and it jolly well hurts,
Pain only a pirate can stand.
The fash'nable look is a nice metal hook,
But now you can't play in the band;
Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a hand.

CHORUS

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a leg;
It hurts like the dickens, your pace never quickens,
Hopping around on a peg.
Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you've tarried,
'Cause now you can't kneel down and beg;
Oh being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a leg.

CHORUS

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses their head;
There's no need to floss, And the wife won't be cross
Over some little something you've said
No appointments to keep, you'll get plenty of sleep,
And you won't need a pillow in bed
Oh, being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses their head.

CHORUS

Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses a "thing";
A careless swift pass from a swinging cutlass
Means those very high notes you can sing (in falsetto)
You can sew it back on with a needle and thread,
But it won't have that very same spring,
Oh, being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses their thing!

CHORUS

And that's your lot for now.

Enjoy singing them all, but maybe not all in one go...!

Have an #altmvc time.

Here is the tentative Timetable – indicative only, subject to change, weather dependent, your mileage may vary, investments can go up as well as down, etc etc...

BLOKEFEST 2019

(rough) TIMETABLE

indicative/arbitrational, for guidance only and subject to change

	Fri 21 Jun		Sat 22 Jun		Sun 23 Jun
8:00		8:00	Stirrings	8:00	Stirrings
8:30		8:30	BlakeFest-Clubhouse Café starts up	8:30	BlakeFest Clubhouse Café starts up + a bit more stirring
9:00		9:00	Stirrings & Brekie Served	9:00	Finally up, just (Break Camp)
9:30		9:30	Registration Open + Last minute panic to get up...	9:30	Last minute panic to get up ... (Break Camp)
10:00		10:00	General gathering	10:00	General gathering & "Men at Jerks" Exercises
10:30		10:30	Workshop 2	10:30	Workshop 5
11:00		11:00	TBC	11:00	All Leaders
11:30		11:30		11:30	
12:00		12:00	Lunch	12:00	Tonsorial Titan & Physical Challenges
12:30		12:30	& Jolly Sports	12:30	
13:00		13:00	Time off or Team Works	13:00	BlakeFest photo! & Final Parting Songs
13:30		13:30	Time off or Team Works	13:30	Traveller Lunch supplied / sort your lunch
14:00	Inner Circle Arrive	14:00	Workshop 3	14:00	Lunch (> Break Camp)
14:30	Direct Camping	14:30	TBC	14:30	Official Close
15:00		15:00		15:00	Keep smiling till next time...!
15:30		15:30	Ice Cream / Tea Time!	15:30	
16:00		16:00	Workshops 4A/4B/4C	16:00	
16:30	Registration Open	16:30	One of Three Elective Sessions	16:30	
17:00		17:00		17:00	
17:30		17:30	Evening Meal	17:30	
18:00	Gathering of the Clan	18:00	and	18:00	
18:30	Evening Meal	18:30	Jolly Sports	18:30	
19:00	and	19:00	and Chill time / Cybersinging	19:00	
19:30	Jolly Sports	19:30	and Chill time / Cybersinging	19:30	
20:00	Welcome Workshop 1A	20:00	Something entertaining	20:00	
20:30	TBC	20:30	Something entertaining	20:30	
21:00	Have a sing & a pint	21:00	Something entertaining	21:00	
21:30	Cybersinging + Singing & Games *	21:30	Something entertaining	21:30	
22:00	Cybersinging + Singing & Games *	22:00	More Singing	22:00	
22:30	Cybersinging + Singing & Games *	22:30	More Singing	22:30	
23:00	Singing & Games *	23:00	More Singing	23:00	
23:30	Singing & Games *	23:30	More Singing	23:30	
0:00		0:00	More Singing	0:00	
0:30		0:30		0:30	
1:00		1:00		1:00	
1:30		1:30		1:30	
2:00		2:00		2:00	
2:30	GO TO SLEEP!	2:30	GO TO SLEEP!	2:30	
	* = Not necessarily organised but may emerge				