

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Oh when the saints go march - ing, in,  
Oh when the saints go march - ing in,  
Oh Lord, I want to be in that num - ber,  
When the saints go march - ing in.

## MICHAEL (ROW THE BOAT ASHORE)

1. Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!  
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!
2. Sister, help to trim the sail, Hallelujah!  
Sister, help to trim the sail, Hallelujah!
3. Land of Canaan on the other side, Hallelujah!  
Land of Canaan on the other side, Hallelujah!
4. We are bound for the Promised land, Hallelujah!  
We are bound for the Promised land, Hallelujah!
5. Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!  
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!

## LOCH LOMOND

Oh you'll take the high road,  
And I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore you,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.  
Oh you'll take the high road,  
And I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore you,  
But me and my true love will never meet agin,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

## BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was awalking down Paradise Street,  
(Way! Hey! Blow the man down.)  
A pretty young damsel I chanced to meet.  
(Give me some time to blow the man down.)

## THIS TRAIN

1. This Train is bound for Zion, This Train  
This Train is bound for Zion, This Train  
This Train is bound for Zion,  
Won't be no more hurtin' or cryin',  
This Train is bound for Zion, This Train

## COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheel'd her wheel barrow thro' streets wide  
and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!" Refrain:  
She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before;  
And they wheel'd their wheel barrows thru' streets wide  
and narrow  
Crying etc.  
She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,  
Her ghost wheels her barrow thro' streets wide and  
narrow  
Crying etc.  
Refrain: Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh! Crying cockles  
and mussels, alive, alive oh!

## THE CAMPTOWN RACES

The Camptown ladies sing this song, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!  
The Camptown race track five miles long,  
O, doo-dah-day!  
I came down there with the hat caved in,  
Doo-dah, Doo-dah!  
I go back home with a pocket full of tin,  
O, doo-dah-day!  
Refrain: Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day,  
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag,  
Somebody bet on the bay.  
The longtailed colt and big black horse,  
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!  
They fly the track and cut across, Oh, doo-dah-day!  
The blind horse stuck in the big mud hole,  
Doo-dah Doo-dah!  
Can't touch the bottom with a ten-foot pole,  
Oh doo-dah-day!  
Refrain:  
Oh, see them run the ten-mile heat, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!  
Around the track and ten repeat, Oh, doo-dah-day!  
I win my money on bobtail nag, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!  
I keep my cash in an old tow bag, Oh, doo-dah-day!  
Refrain:

## KUM-BA-YAH

1. Kum-Ba-Yah, Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah
2. Someone's singing Lord, Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah
3. Someone's singing Lord, Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah
4. Someone's praying Lord, Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah
5. We shall priase the Lord, Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah
6. Kum-Ba-Yah Lord, Kum-Ba-Yah (*sing 3 times*)  
..... Oh Lord! Kum-Ba-Yah

## I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,  
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,  
I gave my love a ring that has no end,  
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.  
A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone,  
A chicken, when it's piping, it has no bone,  
A ring, when it's rolling, has no end,  
A baby, when it's sleeping, has no cryin'.

## SHORTNIN' BREAD

Two little fellows, 'sposed to be in bed,  
Stole downstairs to the kitchen instead,  
Ate and they ate until they were most dead,  
They liked mammy's shortnin' bread.  
Refrain: Mammy's little fellows like shortnin', shortnin'  
Mammy's little fellows like shortnin' bread.  
Two little tummies feel like full of lead,  
When they're thro' with that shortnin' bread.  
Called for the doctor and he shook his head,  
No more eating shortnin' bread. Refrain: