



American Pie

Bye-bye, miss American pie,
Drove my Chevy to the levee,
But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin'
whiskey and rye,
And singin', "this'll be the day that I
die, this'll be the day that I die"

Songs to join-in

Here's a collection of choruses for some of the songs that we regularly sing after we've been dancing (or even practicing).

Our philosophy is simple – have fun – and sitting in a pub singing, playing tunes, telling stories and poetry plus a little light dancing is our way of doing just that!

Note: where words are shown in **blue** they are only sung first time through, in **red** only last time through, **green** on other occasions.

Enjoy!

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Cornish Lads

For Cornish lads are fishermen,
And Cornish lads are miners too
But So when the fish and tin are gone,
What are the Cornish boys to do
That's what the Cornish boys will do

Cousin Jack

Where there's a mine or a hole in the
ground, that's what I'm heading for,
that's where I'm bound, look for me
under the lode or inside the vein,
Where the copper, the clay, the arsenic
and tin, run in your blood, get under
your skin,
I'm leaving the **county Duchy** behind
and I'm not coming back,
Follow me down, Cousin Jack

Davy

Shine your light at the bottom of the
hole,
Shine your light on the copper, tin and
coal,
Your nitrous gas made everybody laugh
But your safety lamp saved so many
miners' souls

Geevor Lads

I asked them who, I asked them how ?
They answered "you", they answered
"now"

Drill, ye Tarriers Drill

Drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers
drill,
Well you work all day for the sugar in
your tay, down behind the railway,
And drill ye tarriers drill, and blast and
fire

John Kanaka

Too lie ay, oh, to lie ay
John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

Lamorna

Twas down in Albert Square,
I never shall forget:
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
And the evening it was wet wet wet,
And her hair hung down in curls,
She was a charming rover,
And we roved all night In the pale
moonlight,
Away down to Lamorna

Little Eyes

Lil Lize, I love you (Honey),
Lil Lize, I love you.
I love you in the springtime and the fall
(Honey, Honey...).
Lil Lize, I love you (Honey),
Lil Lize, I love you,
I love you the best of all (Honey,
Honey...).

Are you Dry ?

Are you dry, are you dry, or will you go
to hell where you will fry ?
We are the little troupe who will make
the brewers droop,
When they hear our battle cry "are you
dry"

Big Head the Pirate Cat

Heave away you pirate crew,
Heave away, haul away,
Sailing on the ocean blue,
The pirate cat of Cornwall

Cadgwith Anthem

As we roam through the valleys
Where the lilies and the roses
And the beauty of kashmir lay
drooping its head
Then away, then away, then away
To the caves in yonder mountain
Where the robbers retreat

Maggie May

My little witchy Maggie
Singing all the day,
Oh, how I loved her none can tell,
My little Maggie May

Misty Moisty Morning

Singing howdy'a do and howdy'a do
and howdy'a do again

Mull of Kintire

Mull of Kintire,
Oh mist rolling-in from the sea,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh Mull of Kintire

My Grandfather's Clock

But it stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
It stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.

(The) Oak

The limbs, the veins, the head and the
heart, the earth, the roots, the leaves
and the bark

Nutting Girl

With my fal lal to my ral tal lal, whack
fol the dear ol day,
And what few nuts that poor girl had
she threw them all away.

Sammy's Bar

Hey the last boats a-leaving,
Haul-away the daighsoe

Shaking of the Sheets

Dance, dance the shaking of the
sheets,
Dance, dance when can you hear the
piper playing,
Everyone must dance the shaking of
the sheets with me

Slip Jigs and Reels

And he did like the ladies, the rise and
the fall,
Of their ankles and dresses down in the
dancehall,
Rolling the dice and spinning the
wheels,
But he got most delight from the slip
jigs and reels

Sloop John B

So hoist-up the John B. sails,
See how the main sails set,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go
home,
I want to go home, I want to go home,
I feel so broke-up, I want to go home

South Australia

Haul away you rolling king,
Heave away, haul away,
All the way you'll hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia

Streets of London

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

Three Drunken Maidens

And these three four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

Tom Bawcock's

A merry place you may believe,
Was Mou-zel 'pon Tom Bawcock's Eve,
To be there then who wu-dn wesh,
To sup on si-bn sorts o' fesh ?

Westward

I'm looking out, Westward,
I'm going home, Westward

Wild Rover

So it's no nay never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
Will I drive me old Rover
No never no more

Whiter Shade of Pale

And so it was and later, as the miller
told his tale,
That her face at first just ghostly,
Turned a whiter shade of pale

You got a Friend

You just call out my name,
And you know wherever I am,
I'll come running to see you again,
Winter spring summer or fall,
All you have to do is call,
And I'll be there – you got a friend