

THE OTTERBURN SOCIETY SONG BOOK

The Otterburn Society Song Book

Reprinted in the year of our twentieth anniversary extravaganza,
by order of The Chairman, The Otterburn Society, Otterburn, Northumberland

otterburn.org

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

THE OTTERBURN SOCIETY SONG BOOK

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1 Les Douze Jours d'Otterburn

Au Premier jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Une boite de Moët et Chandon

Au deuxieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Deux oignonnd crus

Au troisieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Trois Brains dark

Au quatrieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Quatre gin et tonic

Au cinquieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Cinq sandwich de boeuf

Au sixieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Six disco niveau six

Au septieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Sept Henri Wintermans

Au huitieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Huite gagnes a Greys

Au neuvieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Neuf nuit d'Agric

Au dixieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Dix porte de teatre

Au onzieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Onze brandy double

Au douzieme jour d'Otterburn mon president m'a donnè
Douze verre de porto

2 Old Prof o'Callahan

Old Prof o'Callahan had a farm, E I E I O !

And on that farm he had a REECE E I E I O !
With a "CHRIST" here and a "CHRIST" there,
here a "CHRIST" there a "CHRIST",
everywhere a "CHRIST !"

Old Prof o'Callahan had a farm, E I E I O !

And on that farm he had a BRIAN E I E I O !
With a "orrah" here and a "orrah" there,
here a "orrah" there a "orrah",
everywhere a "orrah !"

Old Prof o'Callahan had a farm, E I E I O !

And on that farm he had a TERRY E I E I O !
With a "RIGHT ?" here and a "RIGHT ?" there,
here a "RIGHT ?" there a "RIGHT ?",
everywhere a "RIGHT ?"

Old Prof o'Callahan had a farm, E I E I O !

And on that farm he had a DANNY E I E I O !
With a "chappy chappy" here and a "chappy chappy" there,
here a "chappy chappy" there a "chappy chappy",
everywhere a "chappy chappy"

Old Prof o'Callahan had a farm, E I E I O !

And on that farm he had a Lynn E I E I O !
With a "pneumatic tool" here and a "pneumatic tool" there,
here a "pneumatic tool" there a "pneumatic tool",
everywhere a "pneumatic tool"

3 To be a Farmer's Boy

The sun had set behind yon hill across the dreary moor
When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door
Can you tell me where'er I'll be and of one who'll me employ
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

My father's dead, my mother's left with five children great and small
And what is worse for mother still I'm the eldest of them all
Though little I am I would labour hard if you would me employ
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

The farmer's wife cried, Try the lad, let him no longer seek
Yes father do, the daughter cried as tears rolled down her cheek
For those who would work 'tis hard for to want and to wander for employ
Don't let him go, let him stay
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

The farmer's boy grew up a man and the good old couple died
They left the lad the farm they had and the daughter for his bride
Now the lad which was the farm now has often thinks and smiles with joy
To bless the day he came that way
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

4 Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a coulibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee
And he sang as he tucked jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

5 Cockles and muscles

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
She wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and muscles alive alive O

She was a fishmonger, sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
They drove their wheel barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and muscles alive alive O

She died of the fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and muscles alive alive O

6 My grandfather's clock

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man him-self
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn on the day that he was born
It was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go a-gain
When the old man died

Chorus:

Ninety years without slumbering
Tic toc tic toc
His life's seconds numbering
Tic toc tic toc
It stopped, short, never to go a-gain
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent when a boy
And through childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy

For it struck 24 when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

CHORUS

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

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My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found,
For it kept perfect time and it had one desire
At the close of each day to be wound

At it kept to its place, not a frown upon its face
At its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

CHORUS

It rang an alarm in the still of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure had come

Still the clock kept the time
With a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

7. THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

1) Around her leg she wears a yellow garter,

She wears it in the springtime in the merry month of May, hey, hey,

And if you ask her why the hell she wears it,

She wears it for an agric who is far, far away.

Far away, far away,

She wears it for an agric who is far, far away.

2) Now in the park she wheels a p'rambulator

3) And in the pram she has three bonny triplets.

4) Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun.

5) And now she sits there and weeps upon a gravestone...

She weeps there for an agric who is six foot deep.. and a dirty old sod !.

8 On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!

1 Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee,

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!

Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?

Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!

5 Then t'worms 'll cum and eat thee oop

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Then t'worms 'll cum and eat thee oop

Then t'worms 'll cum and eat thee oop

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

2 Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

6 Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms

Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

3 Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd

Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

7 Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

4 Then we shall ha' to bury thee

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at vThen we shall ha' to

bury thee

Then we shall ha' to bury thee

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

8 Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

9 The Blaydon Races

I went to Blaydon Races
'Twas on the 9th of June
Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Two
On a Summer's Afternoon
We took the bus from Balmbras
And she was heavy laden
Away we went along Collingwood Street
That's on the Road to Blaydon

Chorus:
Oh me lads, you should've seen us gannin'
Passing the folks along the road
just as they were stannin'
Aal the lads and lasses there
aal wi' smilin' faces
Gannin along the Scotswood Road
To see the Blaydon Races

We flew past Armstrong's factory
And up by the Robin Adair
gannin ower the Railway Bridge
The bus wheel flew off there
The lasses lost their crinolenes
And the veils that hide their faces
I got two black eyes and a broken nose
gannin t' Blaydon Races

Oh me lads...

Now when we got the wheel back on
Away we went again
But them that had their noses broke
They went back ower hyem
Some went to the dispensary
And some to Doctor Gibbses
And some to the infirmary
To mend their broken ribses

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Oh me lads...

We flew across the Chain Bridge
And into Blaydon Toon
The bellman he was calling then
They called him Jackie Broon
I saw him talking to some chaps
And them he was persuadin'
To gan and see Geordie Ridley's show
At the Mechanics' Hall in Blaydon

Oh me lads...

Now when we got to Paradise
There were bonny games begun
There were four and twenty on the bus
And how we danced and sung
They called on me to sing a song
and I sung 'em 'Paddy Fagan'
I danced a jig and I swung me twig
The day wi' went to Blaydon

Oh me lads...

The rain it poured down all the day
And made the ground quite muddy
Coffee Johnny had a white hat on
Shouted 'Whi stole the cuddy?'
There were spice stalls and monkey shows
And owld wives selling ciders
And a chap on a ha'penny roundabout
Saying 'noo me lads for riders?'

Oh me lads... (to fade)

Words: Geordie Ridley

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

10 The Black Velvet Band

Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a tripping along the
highway
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swans
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad luck to the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

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**Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band"**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band**

**So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
For they feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah", 'til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band**

11 The Threshing Machine

I once knew a farmer I knew him quite well,
And he had a daughter, her name it were Nell,
She was so young and pretty and only sixteen,
She wanted to see my old threshing machine.

Chorus:

I had her, I had her, I had her, I aye!
I had her, I had her, I had her, I aye!
She was so young and pretty and only sixteen
She wanted to see my old threshing machine !

The barn door lay open so we stepped inside,
And there in the corner some hay I espied,
So while she worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
Together we worked my old threshing machine.

CHORUS

Oh farmer, oh farmer! I've come to confess,
I've left your young Nell in a hell of a mess,
Her clothes are all torn and her are all bare,
And there's something inside her that shouldn't be there.

CHORUS

Three months have gone by and the truth's but to tell,
There's something the matter with our little Nell,
For under her apron can clearly be seen,
She's got too much chaff from my threshing machine.

CHORUS

Nine months later and all's going well,
A son has been born unto our little Nell,
And under his nappy can clearly be seen,
A brand new two cylinder threshing machine !.

CHORUS

“EDE BEBE DESERE CRAEPE CROENATUS”

12 Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.