



THE OFFICIAL
CAMP SYSONBY GOOD TIME BAND
YEE-HAH SONGBOOK



LONG ROAD TO FREEDOM

Chorus: It's a long road to freedom,
A winding steep and wide;
But when you walk in love with the
wind on your wings,
And cover the Earth with the songs
you sing,
The miles fly by.

- (1) I walked one morning by the sea,
And all the waves reached out to me;
I took **their** tears and let them be.
- (2) I walked one morning at the dawn,
While bits of night still lingered on,
I sought my star, but it was gone.
- (3) I walked one morning with my friend,
And dreamed that day would never end,
The years have flown, so why pretend?
- (4) I walked one morning with my King,
And all my Winters turned to Spring,
Yet every moment held its sting.

THE SEINE

CHORUS: The Seine, the Seine, when will I again?
Meet her there, greet her there,
On the moonlit banks of the Seine.

- (1) One night along the river, St. Germaine de Pré,
I first met my beloved in a small sidewalk café.
We walked along the river, the shadows passing by,
We only saw each other, the shining water,
and the sky.
- (2) Standing there across across the river 'mid the
sound of horn and tram,
In all her quiet beauty, the cathedral Notre Dame.
And as I walked beside her I said a little prayer,
That when this dream was over, I'd awake and find
her there.

STEWBALL

Old Stewball was a race horse,
And I wish he were mine,
He never drank water,
He only drank wine.

His mane it was silver,
His bridle was gold,
And the worth of his saddle,
Has never been told.

Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded,
And Old Stewball was there,
But the betting was heavy,
On the bay and the mare.

And way out yonder,
Ahead of them all,
Came a prancing and dancing,
My noble Stewball.

I bet on the gray mare,
I bet on the bay,
If I'd bet on Old Stewball,
I'd be a free man today.

Oh, the turtle dove hollers,
And the hoot owl she moans,
For a poor boy in trouble,
I'm a long way from home.

Old Stewball was a race horse,
And I wish he were mine,
He never drank water,
He only drank wine.

ALOUETTE

1. Alouette, Gentile Alouette,
Alouette, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
Et la tete; Et la tete,
Alouette; Alouette, Oh-
2. La bae:
3. Le nez.
4. Le cou.
5. Le pied.
6. Le dos.
7. Les pattes.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone; long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone; long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone; gone to young girls everyope.
When will they ever learn; when will they ever learn.

2. Where have all the young girls gone?
3. Where have all the young men gone?
4. Where have all the soldiers gone?
5. Where have all the graveyards gone?
6. Where have all the flowers gone?

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Chorus

This land is your land, This land is my land
From California to the New York Island.
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream
waters,

This land was made for you and me!

As I was walking that ribbon of highways,
I saw above me that endless skyway.
I saw below me that Golden Valley
Oh, This land was made for you and me!

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond
deserts.

And all around me, a voice was sounding
"Oh, this land was made for you and me."

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord, I'm four
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.
Away from home, away from home, away from home, away from home,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name,
Lord, I can't go back home this away.

(Coda)
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

IF I HAD A HAMMER

If I had a hammer; I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, All over this land.
I'd hammer out danger; I'd hammer out warning;
I'd hammer out the love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land. o o - - - - -

If I had a bell; I'd ring it in the morning.
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land.
I'd ring out danger; I'd ring out warning:
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land. o o - - - - -

If I had a song; I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening, All over this land.
I'd sing out danger; I'd sing out warning;
I'd sing about the love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land. o o - - - - -

Well, I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell.
And I've got a song to sing, All over this land.
It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom.
It's the song about the love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

THE GYPSY ROVER

- (1) The gypsy rover come over the hill,
Bound through the valley so shady;
He whistled and he sang till the
green woods rang,
And he won the heart of lady.
- CHORUS: Ah-di-do, ah-di do-da-day,
Ah-di-do, ah-di-day-dee;
He whistled and he sang till the
green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.
- (2) She left her father's castle gate,
She left her own true lover;
She left her servants and her estate,
To follow the gypsy rover.
- (3) Her father saddled his fastest steed,
Roamed the valley all over;
Sought his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling gypsy rover.
- (4) He came at last to a castle gate,
Down by the river Clayde;
And there was music, and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.
- (5) He's no gypsy my father said she,
My lord of freelands all over;
And I will stay till my dying day,
With my whistling gypsy rover.

MICHAEL

CHORUS: Michael, row your boat ashore, aleluia
Michael, row your boat ashore, aleluia.

- (1) Sister help to trim the sails,
Aleluia.
Sister help to trim the sails,
Aleluia.
- (2) The river's deep, and the river's wide,
Aleluia.
Milk and honey on the other side,
Aleluia.
- (3) The river Jordan is chilly and cold,
Aleluia,
Chills the body but not the soul,
Aleluia.

DO LORD

CHORUS: Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do you remember me?
Oh lordy,
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do you remember me?
Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh do you remember me?
Look away beyond the blue.

- (1) I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,
Oh lordy,
I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun.
I've got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,
Look away beyond the blue.
- (2) I took Jesus as my savior, you take him too,
Oh lordy,
I took Jesus as my savior, you take him too,
I took Jesus as my savior, you take him too,
Look away beyond the blue.
- (3) You can't bear the cross, and you can't wear the crown,
Oh lordy,
You can't bear the cross, and you can't wear the crown.
You can't bear the cross, and you can't wear the crown,
Look away beyond the blue.

HOLE IN THE GROUND

- (1) There was a hole
Down in the ground
The prettiest hole
That you ever did see.
The hole in the ground, and the green grass grows all around
and around,
The green grass grows all around.
- (2) Now in this hole
There was a log
The prettiest log
That you ever did see.
The log in the hole, and the hole in the ground, and the
green grass grows all around and around,
The green grass grows all around.
- (3) Now on this log,
There was a limb,
The prettiest limb,
That you ever did see.
The limb on the log, the log in the hole, the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grows all around and around,
The green grass grows all around.

CONTINUE IN THE SAME MANNER AS ABOVE FOR THE FOLLOWING:

- (4) Now on this limb,
There was a twig....
- (5) Now on this twig,
There was a nest....
- (6) Now in this nest,
There was an egg....
- (7) Now on this egg,
There was a bird....
- (8) Now on this bird,
There was a wing....
- (9) Now on this wing,
There was a feather....
- (10) Now on this feather,
There was a flea....

TOM DOOLEY

CHORUS: Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

(1) I met her on the mountain,
'Twas there I took her life.
Up there on that mountain,
I stabbed her with my knife.

(2) This time tomorrow morning,
I know just where I'll be.
If it hadn't been for Mr. Grayson,
I'd be in Tennessee.

(3) This time tomorrow morning,
I know just where I'll be:
Down in some lonesome valley,
Hanging from a white oak tree.