

1. SAIL AWAY LADIES (Danio)

If ever I get my new house done
sail away ladies sail away
I'll give my old one to my son
sail away ladies sail away

Don't she rock 'em die-di-o
Don't she rock 'em die-di-o
Don't she rock 'em die-di-o
Don't she rock 'em die-di-o

Come along girls and go with me
sail away ladies sail away
we'll go back to Tennessee
sail away ladies sail away

I got a letter from Shiloh Town
sail away ladies sail away
big Saint Louie is a-burning down
sail away ladies sail away

Children don't you grieve and cry
sail away ladies sail away
you're gonna be angels by and by
sail away ladies sail away

2. HARD ROAD TO JORDAN (Cesta do Richmondu)

I'm going to sing you a brand new song
It's all the truth for certain
if we can't live high if we can get by
and get on the other side of Jordan

Oh pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeves
oh Jordan is a hard road to travel
oh pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeves
oh Jordan is a hard road to travel I believe

I don't know but I believe I'm right
the auto's ruined the country
let's go back to the horse and buggy
and try to save some money

It rained forty days and it rained forty nights
and it rained in the Allegheny mountains
it rained forty horses and a dominicker mule
and they landed on the other side of Jordan

3. SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN (Mám rád když sedlo houpá)

Chickens a-crowin' on Sourwood Mountain
hey-ho dee-id-dle-um-day
so many pretty girls I can't count um
hey-ho dee-id-dle-um-day

hey-ho dee-id-dle-um-day
hey-ho dee-id-dle-um-day

*so many pretty girls I can't count um
hey-ho dee-id-dle-um-day*

My true love lives over the river hey-ho...
a few more jumps and I'll be with her hey-ho...

Say old man I want yore daughter...
to wash my clothes and carry my water...

Ducks in the pond geese in the ocean...
devil's in the women if they take a notion...

4. THE OLD BULLOCK DRAY (Volskej vůz)

Oh ! the shearing is all over,
And the wool is coming down,
And I mean to get a wife, boys,
When I go up to town.
Everything that has two legs
Represents itself in view,
From the little paddy-melon
To the bucking kangaroo.

*So it's roll up your blankets,
And let's make a push;
I'll take you up the country,
And show you the bush.
I'll be bound you won't get
Such a chance another day,
So come and take possession
Of my old bullock dray.*

Now I've stood up a good cheque,
I mean to buy a team,
And when I get a wife, boys,
I'll be all-serene.
For, calling at the depot,
They say there's no delay
To get an off-sider
For the old bullock dray.

Oh! we'll live like fighting cocks;
For good living, I'm your man.
We'll have leather jacks, johnny cakes,
And fritters in the pan;
Or, if you'd like some fish,
I'll catch you some soon,
For we'll bob for barramundies
Round the banks of a lagoon.

Oh! yes, of beef and damper
I take care we have enough,
And we'll boil in the bucket
Such a whopper of a duff,
And our friends will dance
To the honour of the day.
To the music of the bells,
Around the old bullock dray.

Oh! we'll have plenty girls,
We must mind that.
There'll be flash little Maggie,
And buckjumping Pat
There'll be Stringybark Joe,
And Green-hide Mike.
Yes, my Colonials, just
As many as you like.

Now we'll stop all immigration,
We won't need it any more;
We'll be having young natives,
Twins by the score.
And I wonder what the devil
Jack Robertson would say
If he saw us promenading
Round the old bullock dray.

Oh! it's time I had an answer,
If there's one to be had,
I wouldn't treat that steer
In the body half as had;
But he takes as much notice
Of me, upon my soul,
As that old blue stag
Off-side in the pole.

Oh! to tell a lot of lies,
You know, it is a sin,
But I'll go up country
And marry a black gin.
Oh! "Baal gammon white feller,"
This is what she'll say,
"Budgery you
And your old bullock dray."

6. SITTIN' ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD (Vrcholek světa)

't was in the spring one sunny day
my good gal left me Lord she went away
and now she's gone and I don't worry'
cause I'm sittin' on top of the world

She called me up from down in El Paso
said come back daddy Lord I need you so
and now she's gone...
Ashes to ashes dust to dust
show me a woman a man can trust
and now she's gone...

Mississippi river long deep and wide
the woman I'm lovin' is on the other side
and now she's gone...

You don't like my peaches don't you shake my tree
get out of my orchard let my peaches be
and now she's gone...

Don't you come here running poking out your hand
I'll get me a woman like you got your man
and now she's gone...

7. ERIE CANAL

We were forty miles from Albany forget it I never shall
what a terrible storm we had one night on the Erie Canal

*Oh the Erie was a-rising
and the gin was a-getting low
and I scarcely thing we'll get a drink
till we get to Buffalo till we get to Buffalo*

Two days out from Syracuse the vessel struck a shoal
we like to all be foundered on a chunk o' Lackawanna coal
The wind begin to whistle the waves begin to roll
we had to reef our royals on that raging canal

When we got to Syracuse off-mule he was dead
the night mule he got blind staggers
we cracked him on the head

9. SUNNY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN (Na sluneční straně hor)

Don't forget me little darling while I'm
growing old and gray
just a little thought before I'm going far away
I'll be waiting on the hillside where the
wild red roses flow
on the sunny side of the mountains
where the rippling waters flow

Don't forget about those days we courted
many years ago
don't forget all those promises you gave me and so
I'll be waiting on the hillside for the
day you will call
on the sunny side of the mountains
where the rippling waters flow

Please tell me darling in your letter do you
ever think of me
please answer little darling tell me
where you can be
it's been so long since I've seen you but your
love still lingers on
don't forget me little darling though our
love affair is gone

10. BIG IRON (Kde služe chodí spát)

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
Hardly spoke to folks around him, didn't have too much to say,
No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip
The stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip,
big iron on his hip

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town
He came riding from the south side, slowly lookin' all around
"He's an outlaw loose and runnin'", came a whisper from each lip
"And he's here to do some business with a big iron on his hip,
big iron on his hip"

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
He was vicious and a killer, though a youth of twenty four
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen more,
one and nineteen more

Now the stranger started talkin' made it plain to folks around
Was an Arizona ranger, wouldn't be too long in town
He was here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
And he said it didn't matter that he was after Texas Red,
after Texas Red

Wasn't long before this story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry, men who tried before were dead
Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made a slip,
Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip,
big iron on his hip

Now the morning past so quickly and it was time for them to meet
It was twenty past eleven when they rode out in the street
Folks were watchin' from their windows,
every body held their breath,
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death,
about to meet his death

There was twenty feet between them
when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the Ranger still talked about today
Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped
And the ranger's aim was deadly, with the big iron on his hip,
big iron on his hip

It was over in a moment and the crowd all gathered 'round
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
Oh, he might have went on livin' but he made one fatal slip
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip,
big iron on his hip

Big iron, big iron,
Oh he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip,
Big iron on his hip

11. LIFE IS LIKE A MOUNTAIN RAILROAD (Marná cesta)

Life is like a mountain railroad
with an engineer so brave
we must make this run successful
from the cradle to the grave

Watch the curves the fills the tunnels
never falter never fail
keep your hand upon the throttle

and your eye upon the rail

*Oh blessed Savior thou wilt guide us
'till we reach that blissful shore
where the angels wait to join us
in God's grace for ever more*

As you roll across the trestle
spanning Jordan's swelling tide
you behold the union depot
into which your train will glide

there you'll meet the superindendent
God the Father God the Son
with a hearty joyous greeting
weary pilgrim welcome home

17. HARD TRAVELLING (Psí život)

I been having some hard travelling
I thought you know'd
I been having some hard travelling
'way down the road
I been having some hard travelling
hard rambling hard gambling
I been having some hard travelling Lord

I been doing some hard harvesting
I thought you know'd
I been working Kansas wheat fields
'way down the road
cutting that wheat and stacking that hay
trying to make 'bout a dollar a day
I been having some hard travelling Lord

I been a riding them fast rattlers
I thought you know'd
I been a riding them flat wheelers
'way down the road
I been a riding them blind passengers
dead enders kickin' up cinders
I been having some hard travelling Lord

I've been working in a hard-rock tunnel
I thought you know'd
I been leaning on a pressure drill
'way down the road
hammer flying airhose sucking
six feet of mud and I sure been amucking
I been having some hard travelling Lord

I been a layin' in a hard rock jail
I thought you know'd
I been a layin' out ninety days
'way down the road
mean old judge he says to me
it's ninety days for vagrancy
I been having some hard travelling Lord

18. CHAUFEE FORT (Pod kotel příkládej)

About a year ago I didn't have a cent
so looking for a job to the Grand Trunk I went
the engineer he said this train has got to roll
so climb aboard with me and start in shov'ling coal

*[: So it's shovel shovel hard
you don't stay in your bunk
shov'ling all the day
working for the old Grand Trunk:]*

The train began to roll and I lit up a smoke
while thinking to myself this job was just a joke
but then I heard a yell take off your coat my son
get off your padded seat and make that shovel hum

To Ottawa we went and tired as could be
I soon made up my mind this life was not for me
but then I heard a shout you're hired for the run
so get back up in here and make that shovel hum

Now listen to my song you men who look for jobs
keep clear of railroad men they'll make you work like dogs
the engineers are tough and if you don't move quick
you'll hear an awfull curse and feel a painful kick

20. HOGAN'S LAKE (Hoganovo jezero)

Come all you brisk young fellows
that assemble here tonight
assist my bold endeavors
while these few lines I write
It's of a gang of shantyboys
I mean to let you know
they went up for Thomas Laughteren
thro' storm' frost and snow

'Twas up on the Black River
at a place called Hogan's Lake
those able-bodied fellows
went square timber for to make
the echo of their axes
it rang from shore to shore
the lofty pine they fell so fast
like cannons they did roar

*If you were in the shanty
when they came in at night
to see them dance to hear them sing
it would your heart delight
some asked for patriotic songs
some for love songs did call
Fitzsimmons sang about the girl
that wore the waterfall*

At four o'clock in the morning
the teamsters would awake
they'd go and feed their horses

then their breakfasts they would take
turn out my boys the foreman cries
when each horse is on the road
you must away before it's day
those teams for to unload

Our hewers they were hasty and they
ground their axes fair
they aimed their blows so neatly
I'm sure they'd split a hair
they followed up the scorers
they were not left behind
to do good work I really think
all hands are well inclined

Tom Hogan was our foreman's name
and very well he knew
how to conduct his business
and what shantyboys should do
he knew when timber was well made
when teams they had good loads
how to lay it up and to swamp it out
and how man should cut the roads

21. SASKATCHEWAN

Saskatchewan the land of snow
where winds are always on the blow
where people sit with frozen toes
and why we stay here no one knows

*Saskatchewan Saskatchewan
there's no place like Saskatchewan
we sit and gaze across the plain
and wonder why it never rains
and Gabriel blows his trumpet sound
he says the rain she's gone around*

Our pigs are dying on their feet
because they have no feed to eat
our horses though of bronco race
starvation stares them in face

The milk from cows has ceased to flow
we've had to ship them east you know
our hens are old and lay no eggs
our turkeys eat grasshopper legs

But still we love Saskatchewan
we're proud to say we're native ones
so count your blessing drop by drop
next year we'll have a bumper chop

22. SASKATCHEWAN GIRL'S LAMENT (Nářek dívky)

Oh have you heard of that plaguey pest
that's known by the name of the Great North-West
for that wondrous land of the setting sun
has taken my beaus away ev'ry one

First I was sweet on a man named Len
he owned a good farm but he had a yen
to see the Peace Country and try his luck
now he's at Grande Prairie and here I'm stuck

*For one by one they have all clared out
hoping to better themselves no doubt
caring but little how far they have gone
from a poor lone girl in Saskatchewan*

There was dear Billie Mack now I thought okay
I hinted he'd better get spliced and stay
but he said to me though I think you're pretty
I have urgent business at Dawson City

My lover Ern Seifert had rheumatiz
in spite of that I was bound to be his
but with Rawleigh's liniment he cured the ache
and soon he was headed for Great Bear Lake

Then there was Bob Black oh what a catch
I thought it would be the perfect match
but he seemed in no hurry to take a wife
now he's prospecting at Yellowknife

I've made my reservations with TCA
I'm off to the North and I'm going to stay
I wont give up till I've found a mate
if I have to follow to Bering Strait

23. NINE POUND HAMMER (Devítilibrové kladivo)

This nine-pound hammer is just a little too heavy
for my size buddy for my size

*Roll on buddy don't you roll so slow
how can I roll when the wheels won't go*

I went upon the mountain just to see my honey
and I ain't coming back Lord I ain't coming back

Oh the nine pound hammer killed John Henry
Ain't gonna kill me ain't gonna kill me

Buddy when I'm long gone won't you make my tombstone
Out of number nine coal out of number nine coal.

It's a long way to Harlan It's a long way to Hazard
just to get a little booze Lord' just to get a little booze

24. WHEN THE ICE WORMS NEST AGAIN (Sněžní hadi)

There's a husky dusky maiden in the Arctic
and she waits for me but it is not in vain
for some days I'll put my mukluks on and ask her
if she'll wed me when the ice worms nest again

*In the land of the pale blue snow
where it's ninety nine below
and the polar bear are roaming o'er the plain
in the shadow of the Pole
I will clasp her to my soul
we'll be married when the ice worms nest again*

For our wedding feast we'll have seal oil and blubber
in our kayaks we will roam the bounding man
and the walruses will look at us and rubber
we'll be married when the ice worms nest again

*When some night at half past two I return to my igloo
after sitting with a friend who was in pain
she'll be waiting for me there with the hambone of a bear
and she'll beat me till the ice worms nest again*

25. MILWAUKEE HERE I COME (Nashville Tennessee)

Milwaukee's where we were before we came here
working in a brewery making the finest beer
she came to me on a payday night said let's go to Tennessee
so we went down to Nashville to the Grand Old Opey

*I'm gonna get on the old turnpike and I'm gonna ride
I'm gonna leave this town 'till you decide
which one you want the most them Opey stars or me
Milwaukee here I come from Nashville Tennessee*

(Woman's verse:) We turned on the TV Ernest Tubb was singing loud
I said that's the man for me I love him there's no doubt
I'm leaving here right now to find out where he's at
and if I can't find him I'll settle for that bluegrass Lester Flatt

(Man's verse:) We turned on the TV Minnie Pearl was talking loud
I said she's the woman for me I love her there's no doubt
I'm leaving here right now to find out where she's at
and if I can't find her I'll settle for little pretty Tammy Wynette

I'm going now and trade my old Ford for an Olds
I might get all drunked up and trade it for a Rolls
one thing I know for sure I'll always be blue
there ain't no way to get drunk enough to stop my loving you

26. UNCLE JOE (Jdi až tam)

In a tiny little shack in the mountains
Lived an old happy man long ago
His eyes were all wrinkled from smiling
His name we called him Uncle Joe

I remember he'd tell of the old days
Tales that were hard to believe
Then he'd sing a happy song of the angels
As he rocked me gently on his knee.

Then one day I went up to see him
I knocked gently up on the door
But I didn't receive an answer
Something was wrong with Uncle Joe.

I eased the door open slowly
And saw Uncle Joe on the bed
His eyes were still filled from crying
But a smile slipped through when he said

You remember when I sang songs of angels
Now they'll carry Uncle Joe far away
But we'll all meet again up in heaven.
What joy there will be on that day

Then he closed his eyes a little
His arm fell down on my knee.
Uncle Joe has gone on to Heaven
He's no longer here with me.

28. PICKIN' AND A GRINNIN' (Tvrđý futrály)

On Saturday night where I come from
No matter what the weather
Folks'd bring their fiddles and banjos
And we'd have a get-together
When I think about my childhood
The happiest time for me
Was the pickin' and a-grinnin'
Down home in Tennessee

We'd be pickin' and a-grinnin'
Flirtin' and a-chinnin'
Banjos would be ringing
Everybody singing
Old Fred would play the jug
Old Fred would play the jug
While a pickin' and a-grinnin'
Back home in Tennessee

Folks laugh at me and Susie Brown
A flirtin' with each other
Ma tryin' to steal a little kiss
But scared of her big brothers
So I'd hand'em cider all night long
And they'd fall asleep by three

At the pickin' and a-grinnin'
Back home in Tennessee

29. GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME (Jsem tak rád)

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look and there runs Mary hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
The old house is still standing tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
and there's that old oak tree I used to play on.

Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

[spoken:]

*Then I awake and look around me, at four grey wall surround me
and I realize that I was only dreaming.
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre -
arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.
Again I touch the green, green grass of home.*

Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree
as they lay me neath the green, green grass of home.

30. THE OLD SETTLER'S SONG (Nemám nic proti krumpáči a lopatě)

I've travelled all over this country
prospecting and digging for gold
I've tunneled hydraulicked and cradled and
I have been frequently sold

*And I have been frequently so-o-old
And I have been frequently sold
I've tunneled hydraulicked and cradled and
I have been frequently sold*

For each man who got rich by mining
perceiving that hundreds grew poor
I made up my mind to try farming
the only pursuit that was sure

I staked me a clam in the forest
and I sat myself down to hard toil
for two years I chopped and I niggered
but I never got down to the soil

(refrén opakuje 4. a 3. řádky každé sloky)

31. WHERE I'M BOUND (Když)

It's a long and dusty road
it's a hot and heavy load
and the people that you meet aren't always kind
some are bad some are good
some have done the best they could
some have tried to ease my troubled mind

*But I can't help but
wonder where I'm bound where I'm bound
I can't help but wonder where I'm bound*

I have been around this land
just doing the best I can
trying to find what I was meant to do
and the faces that I see
are as worried as can be
and I think that they are wondering too

I had a buddy way back home
till he started out to roam
now I hear he's out by 'Frisco Bay
sometimes when I've had a few
his voice comes singing through
and I'm going out to see him some old day

If you see me passing by
and you sit and wonder why
you weren't meant to be a rambler too
nail your shoes to the kitchen floor
lace them up and bar the door
and thank the stars for the roof that's over you

33. EMPTY SADDLES (Prázdne sedlo)

Where's something strange in the old corral
where the breeze and the wind has died
Oh I'm alone in the old corral
it seems there is someone at my side

Ch.: Empty saddles in the old corral
where do you ride tonight
are you 'round the nipped doggies
they stray of long ago
are you wandering on the trail of buffalo
Empty saddles in the old corral
where do you ride tonight
are there rushes on the border
or the band of Navaho
are you headin' for the Alamo

Empty guns covered with rust
where do you, tough, tonight
empty boots are covered with dust
where do you walk tonight

Empty saddles in the old corral
my cues will be dry tonight

if you are lonely, say I'm lonely
as you carry my old gun

Empty saddles in the old corral ...

Empty guns covered with rust ...

Empty saddles in the old corral ...

34. PETIT ROCHER (Stíny Irokézů)

Oh little rock on the mountain so mighty
here have I come at the end of the fighting
ye gentle echoes oh hear my painful breath
as here I languish awaiting my death

As through the forest I cautiously wandered
of my dear friends and their fate I pondered
I asked myself alas have they been drowned
or by the Iroquois have they all been downed

*Fly nightgale to the dear ones I'm leaving
fly to my wife and my little ones grieving
tell them I guarded love and loyalty
and to abandon any hope of seeing me*

'Twas just the other day from them I was parted
and to retrace my pathway I started
when I saw smoke and feared the worst had come
for 'twas the Iroquois a-burning down my home

I feared the Iroquois in ambush were flying
so I diverted them their arrows came flying
then I espied three Frenchmen running free
great was my joy though I was wounded mortally

my knees gave way and my cries were unheeded
while on their way my friends I had speeded
here on this knoll now friendless and alone
none will console me or hear my dying moan

36. AIN'T IT GOOD TO BE IN LOVE AGAIN (Bílá)

Ain't it good to be in love again don't it make you wanna smile
Maybe this time it's forever but I'll take a little while
Don't it make the yellow sunshine a little brighter up above
It feels so good to be in love again ain't it good to be in love

Goodbye bitter teardrops don't wanna see you anymore
So long Mr Loneliness don't ever knock upon my door
I've got a brand new sweetheart he's gonna kiss away my blues
It feels so good to be in love again ain't it nice what love can do

Ain't it good to be in love again...

[steel]

Hello Mr Sunshine it's good to see your smiling face

It sure has been a long time since I saw you on the place
Hope you're gonna stay a long time you make the future look so bright
And now I am back in love again everyting is going right

Ain't it good to be in love again...

37. SALLY GREER

Oh it being in the moon of August eighteen hundred and thirty three
my parents they forced me for to leave my counteree
to leave this fair island where my first breath I drew
they forced me to Americay my fortune to pursue

The reason that they banished me I mean to let you hear
because I would not break the vows I made unto my dear
'Twas on the Monarch of Aberdeen from Belfast we bore down
we hoisted English colors to Quebec we were bound

Sailing on the ocean no danger did I fear
my mind was on the one I love my charming Sally Greer
the wind blew from the mountains it tossed us to and fro
our ship she struck against a rock to pieces she did go

Oh it was on Paul's Island for three long days we lay
the cold ground being our bed and our covering was the sky
of three hundred and fifty passengers
only thirteen reached the shore
the rest of them to the bottom went they sank to rise no more

Success attend our captain and I will praise him true
but for him and his bravery we'd have lost our whole ship's crew
we lost our money and clothing all by that dreadful wreck
and were we not a sight to see when we landed at Quebec

It's now I'm in strange country my sorrows to bewail
no friends or relations to hear my mournful tale
but I hope to be in Ireland before another year
where I can rove in splendor with my charming Sally Greer

40. WAIT FOR THE SUNSHINE (Toulám se)

Wait for the sunshine wait for the sunshine
wait for the clouds to roll away
Maybe tomorrow gone will be sorrow
wait for the sunshine to bring a brighter day

If sorrow and trouble you're seeing double
black clouds surround you all the time
Well don't let misfortune be too discouraging
remember tomorrow the sun will shine

Wait for the sunshine...

If it seems forever since there's been laughter
don't let old misery get you down
Just keep your chin up don't ever give up
tomorrow the sunshine may come around

Wait for the sunshine...

41. I SAW MOTHER WITH GOD LAST NIGHT (Volám)

I saw mom with God last night
I was mad when God took you from me
but last night I could plainly see
that he saved you from lots of misery

A smile upon your face told me
you were happy as you could be
I'm a gonna ask God if he'll save a place for me

Mother dear sweet precious mother
mother sweet precious mother
I saw you with God last night
He was holding to your hand
showin' you around in the Promised Land
I saw you with God last night

Gonna write two letters to the heaven's blue
one to God and one to you
I'm a gonna thank him for bein' so nice to you
I've been cryin' since you went away
but not one tear I've she'd today
Cause I know now you're happy up there in the heaven's blue

Mother dear sweet precious mother...

43. WHITE HOUSE BLUES (Mám Buffalo za Washington)

Look here you rascal see what you've done
you shot my husband and I've got your gun
carry me back to Washington

McKinley hollered McKinley squalled
doctor said McKinley I can't find the cause
you're bound to die you're bound to die

He jumped on his horse he pulled on his mane
said listen you horse you got to outrun this train
from Buffalo to Washington

The doctor come a-running took off his specs
said Mr.McKinley better cash in your checks
you're bound to die you're bound to die

Roosevelt's in the White House doing his best
McKinley's in the graveyard taking his rest
he's gone he's gone

45. THE QUILTING PARTY (Jsem unavený)

In the sky the bright stars glittered

on the bank the pale moon shone
and t'was from aunt Dinah's party
I was seeing Nellie home
I was seeing Nellie home
I was seeing Nellie home
and t'was from aunt Dinah's party
I was seeing Nellie home

On my arm a soft hand rested
rested alight as ocean foam
and t'was from aunt Dinah's party
I was seeing Nellie home

47. AIN'T GOT NO HOME (Tulácká)

I ain't got no home, I'm just a ramblin' around
A hard workin' ramblin' man, I go from town to town
The police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farming on the share and always I was poor
My crops I laid into the banker's door
And my wife took down and died upon the cabin floor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Now as I look around, its mighty plain to see
This wide wicked world is a funny place to be
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore

49. SAGINAW MICHIGAN (Michigan)

I was born in Saginaw Michigan
I grew up in a house on Saginaw bay
My dad was a poor hard working Saginaw fisherman
Too many times he came home with too little pay

I loved a girl in Saginaw Michigan
The daughter of a wealthy wealthy man
But he called me that son of a Saginaw fisherman
And not good enough to claim his daughter's hand

Now I'm up here in Alaska looking around for gold
Like a crazy fool I'm a digging in this frozen ground so cold
But with each new day I pray I'll strike it rich and then
I'll go back home and claim my love in Saginaw Michigan

I wrote my love in Saginaw Michigan
I said honey I'm a coming home please wait for me
And you can tell your dad I'm coming home a richer man
I've hit the biggest strike in Klondyke history

Her dad met me in Saginaw Michigan
He gave me a great big party with champagne
Then he said son you're wise young ambitious man
Will you sell your father-in-law your Klondyke claim

Now he's up there in Alaska digging in the cold cold ground
The greedy fool is a looking for the gold I never found
It serves him right and no one here is missing him
Least of all the newly weds of Saginaw Michigan
We're the happiest man and wife in Saginaw Michigan
He's ashamed to show his face in Saginaw Michigan

50. TWENTY TWENTY VISION (Nebe modrý jako džíny)

I've been to the doctor he says I'm all right
I know he's lying I'm losing my sight
He should have examined the eyes of my mind
Twenty twenty vision and walking round blind

With my eyes wide open I lay in my bed
If it wasn't for dying I wish I was dead
But this is my punishment death is to kind
Twenty twenty vision and walking round blind

You just couldn't know her way that I do
You say that she's wicked and may be its true
But there's one thing I do know she's no longer mine
Twenty twenty vision and walking round blind

I've lost her, I've lost her oh what will I do
I bet your not happy if she's there with you
The eyes of your heart will have trouble like mine
Twenty twenty vision and walking round blind

52. A NOBLE FLEET OF SEALERS (Briga Polina)

There's a noble fleet of sealers
being fitted for the ice
they'll take a chance again this year
tho'fat's gone down in price
and the owners will supply them
as in the days of old
for in Newfoundland the sealing voyage
means something more than gold

*For the ice is drifting "suddard"
it's getting near the Funks
and men will leave their feather beds
to sleep in wooden bunks
tho' times are getting hard again
our men have not gone soft
they'll haul their o'er icy floes
or briskly go a-loft*

The Algerine is first to sail
she's steaming out the harbor
with eager sealers on her deck
and on the bridge Wilf Barbour
The Viking blood runs in his veins
as in the days of yore
when the Barbours fought the seal
and whale and fished the Labrador

The Terra Nova's next to sail
in charge of charlie Kean
in the history of our fisheries
that's a grand and worthy name
his crew of bully northern men
can handle gaff or gun
to get their share they'll risk
and dare and thing it all great fun

And now they're back in old St. John's
a-sharing out the flippers
let's wish goos luck to sealers
all likewise their gallant skippers
tho' Newfoundland is changing fast
some things we must not lose
may we always have our flipper pie
and codfish for our brewis.

53. THE HURON CAROL (Huronská koleda)

'Twas in the moon of winter time
when all the birds had flet
that mighty Gitchi Manitou
sent angel choirs instead
before their light the stars grew dim
and wand'ring hunters heard the hymn
Jesus your king is born Jesus is born in excelsis gloria

Within a lodge of broken bark
the tender Babe was found
a ragged robe of rabbit skin
enwrapped his beauty 'round
and as the hunter braves drew nigh
the angel song rang loud and high
Jesus your king is born Jesus is born in excelsis gloria

The earliest moon of winter time
is not so round and fair
as was the ring of glory
on the helpless infant there
the chiefs from far before him knelt
with gifts of fox and beaver pelt
Jesus your king is born Jesus is born in excelsis gloria

O children of the forest free
O sons of Manitou
the holy child of earth and heaven
is born today for you
come kneel before the radiant boy
who brings you beauty peace and joy Jesus your king is born ...

54. IRON ORE BY 'FIFTY FOUR (Červenec '54)

Come ladies and gentlemen listen to me
I'll sing you a song of our north counteree
a song of the men who broke thro' Labrador
bound north to Ungava for rich iron ore
in July nineteen fifty four

In Quebec's northern wilderness no man had trod
till rich iron ore had been found in its sod
to bring out this treasure brave engineers swore
to blast out a railway into Labrador
by July nineteen fifty four

'Twas in nineteen fifty the work was begun
and up the St. Lawrence the workmen did come
Canadians and for'ners two thousand and more
all joined in the battle to get at the ore
by July nineteen fifty four
In planes and in bagres and bateaux galore
they hauled their equipment right up the North Shore
and from Seven Islands the bulldozers' roar
rang out through the wilderness: "Let's get the ore!"
by July nineteen fifty four

Through four years of hardship the workmen did toil
in winter they froze and in summer they boiled
but though at the frost/bite and black flies they swore
they stuck to their 'dozers to get at the ore
by July nineteen fifty four

Three hundred and sixty miles north they did push
and laid down a highway of steel in the bush
they called it the "North Shore and Labrador"
and true to their promise they brought out the shore
in July nineteen fifty four

55. THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET (Dřevorubecká abeceda)

A is for axes which all of you know
and B is for boys that use them also
C is for chopping we do first begin
and D is for danger we oftentimes are in

E is for echo that makes the woods ring
and F is for foreman the boss of our gang
G is for grindstone we grind our axe on
and H is for Handle so smoothly worn

*So merry so merry so merry are we
no mortal on earth is as happy as we
hiderry hoderry hiderry down
give the shantyboys whiskey and nothing goes wrong*

I is for iron that marks all our pine
and J for the Jolly boys always on time
K is for keen edge on our axes we keep
and L is for Lice that keep us from sleep

M is for Moss to chink up our camps
and N is for needle to mend our old pants
O is for owls that hoot all the night
and P for the pines we fall in daylight

Q is for quarrelling we do not allow
and R for the rivers our logs they do plough

S is for sleighs so stout and so strong
and T is for teams to haul them along

U is for use we put our teams to
and V is for valleys we run our roads through
W is for woods we leave in the spring
so now you have heard all I have to sing

56. BALLAD OF THE FRANK SLIDE (Zkáza městečka Frank)

On a grim and tragic morning
in nineteen hundred three
a little babe lay weeping
a pitiful sight to see
a pitiful sight was she was she
there in the shiv'ring morning

Around the babe was a sea of stones
a million ton or more
that slid right off the mountain top
with a horrifying roar
with a horrifying roar they tore
there in the shiv'ring morning

The night-shift was coming out of the mine
they found their exit fouled
should have known that something was very wrong
for a dog that was with them howled
sat right up and howled and howled
there in the shiv'ring morning

The boys went down with many a tear
for their wives and children are mourned
and not a one who came out of the mine
had a bite of breakfast to eat
had a bite of breakfast to eat to eat
there in the shiv'ring morning

The baby girl that lay on the rock
'Twas a wonder she never died
there was only one thing the folks could do
they named her Frankie Slide
they named her Frankie Slide they did
there in the shiv'ring morning

57. THE KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH (Klondike)

Oh come to the place where they struck it rich
come where the treasure lies hid
where your hat full of mud is a five-pound note
and a clod on your heel is a quid

*Klondike Klondike
label your luggage for Klondike
for there ain't no luck in the town today
there ain't no work down Moodyville way*

*pack up your traps and be off I say
off and away to the Klondike*

Oh they scratches the earth and it tumbles out
more than your hands can hold
for the hills above and the plains beneath
are cracking and busting with gold

58. THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION (Franklinova expedice)

Come all you seamen who e'er stood
the briny ocean and the briny flood
attention pay you to what I mean
'Twill put you in mind of a sailor's dream

'Twas homeward bound on that rolling deep
slung in his hammock he fell asleep
he had a dream that he thought was true
concerning Frank-e-lin and his boat crew

*A hundred seamen both brave and stout
to find that North-West Passage out
they from old England did sail away
to the frozen ocean in the month of May*

Oh seven years since the time has passed
and many a keen and a bitter blast
blew o'er the grave where those seamen fell
whose pain and suffering no tongue could tell

That sad foreboding gives me great pain
since my long-lost husband has crossed the main
five hundred pounds I would freely give
to know on earth where my dear Franklin lives

They sailed east and they sailed west
O'er Greenland' coast which they knew best
o'er rocks and shoals they vainly strove
through mountains of ice where their ship was drove

On Baffin's Bay where the whalefish blows
the fate of Frank-e-lin there's no one knows
oh now he's gone just like many more
who left their homes to return no more

60. OH BURRY ME NOT (Ať nepohřbíváš)

Oh burry me not on the lone prairie
these words came low and mournfully
from the palid lips of a youth who lay
on his dying bed at the close of day

Oh burry me not on the lone prairie
where the kiyotes howl and the wind blows free
in a narrow grave just six by three
oh burry me not on the lone prairie

Oh burry me not and his voice failed there
but we took no heed to his dying prayer

in a narrow grave just six by three
we burried him there on the lone prairie

Yes we burried him on the lone prairie
where the old night owl hoots mournfully
and the blizzard howls and the wind blows free
o'er that lonely grave on the lone prairie

61. Roll Alabama Roll (Alabama)

When the Alabama's keel was laid
Roll, Alabama, Roll
It was laid in the yards of Jonathan Laird
O roll, Alabama, roll

It was laid in the yards of Jonathan Laird
It was laid in the town of Birkenhead

Down Mersey way she sailed then
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men

Down mersey way she sailed forth
To destroy the commerce of the North

To Cherbourg harbor she sailed one day
To collect her share of the prize money

And many a sailor saw his doom
When the Yankee Kearsarge hove into view

A shot from the forward pivot that day
Blew the Alabama's steering gear away

Off the three mile limit in sixty-four
She sank to the bottom of the ocean floor

62. TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY (Deset tisíc mil)

Sing ho for a brave and gallant ship
and a fair and favouring breeze
with a bully crew and a captain too
to carry me over the seas
to carry me over the seas my boys
to my true love far away
I'm taking a trip on a government ship
ten thousand miles away

*Then blow ye winds heigh ho
a-roving I will go
I'll stay no more on England's shore
to hear the music play
I'm off on the morning train
to cross the raging main
I'm taking a trip on a government ship
ten thousand miles away*

My true love she was beautiful
my true love she was young

her eyes were like the diamonds bright
and silvery was her tongue
so silvery was her tongue my boys
though she's now far away
she's taken a trip on a government ship
ten thousand miles away

Oh dark and dismal was the day
when last i seen my Meg
she'd a government band around each arm
and another one round her leg
and another one round her leg my boy
as the big ship left the bay
Adieu said she remember me
ten thousand miles away

The sun may shine through a London fog
or the river run quite clear
the ocean's brine be turned to wine
or I forget my beer
or I forget my beer my boys
or the landlords quart a day
before I forget my own sweetheart
ten thousand miles away

63. FLAMING STAR

Ev'ry man, has a flaming star
A flaming star, over his shoulder
And when a man, sees his flaming star
He knows his time, his time has come

Flaming star, don't shine on me, flaming star
Flaming star, keep behind me, flaming star
There's a lot of livin' I've got to do
Give me time to make a few dreams come true
Flaming star

When I ride, I feel that flaming star
That flaming star, over my shoulder
And so I ride, front of that flaming star
Never lookin' around, never lookin' around

Flaming star, don't shine on me, flaming star
Flaming star, keep behind me, flaming star
There's a lot of livin' I've got to do
Give me time to make a few dreams come true
Flaming star

One fine day, I'll see that flaming star
That flaming star, over my shoulder
And when I see, that old flaming star
I'll know my time, my time has come

Flaming star, don't shine on me, flaming star
Flaming star, keep behind me, flaming star
There's a lot of livin' I've got to do
Give me time to make a few dreams come true
Flaming star

64. THE BIG CORRAL (Žeň je dál)

This skinny brute from the cattle chute
press along to the Big Corral
he should be branded on the snoot
press along to the Big Corral

*Press along cowboy press along
press along to the Big Corral
press along with a noise big noise
press along to the Big Corral*

This ugly gink is a half-bred chink
press along to the Big Corral
he makes his biscuits in the sink
press along to the Big Corral

This chuck we got ain't fit to eat
press along to the Big Corral
there's rocks in the beans and sand in the meat
press along to the Big Corral

Early in the mornin' 'bout half past four
press along to the Big Corral
you hear him open his face to roar
press along to the Big Corral

65. SACRAMENTO (Kalifornie)

When formed our band were all well manned
doo-da doo-da
to journey afar to the promised land
doo-da doo-da-day
The golden ore is rich in store
doo-da doo-da
on the banks of the Sacramento shore
doo-da doo-da-day

*Ho boys ho to Californ-i-o
there's plenty of gold so I've been told
on the banks of the Sacramento*

We'll expect our share of the coarsest fare
doo-da doo-da
and sometimes sleep in the open air
doo-da doo-da-day
on the cold damp ground we'll all sleep sound
doo-da doo-da
except when the wolves go howling round
doo-da doo-da-day

As we explore the distant shore
doo-da doo-da
filling our pockets with shining ore
doo-da doo-da-day
how it will sound as the shout goes round
doo-da doo-da
filling our pockets with a dozen of pounds

doo-da doo-da-day

The gold is there most everywhere
doo-da doo-da
we dig it out rich with an iron bar
doo-da doo-da-day
where it's thick with spade or pick
doo-da doo-da
we take out chunks as big as a brick
doo-da doo-da-day

66. SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE (Sladká Betsy z Pike)

Oh don't you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike
who cross'd the big mountains with her lover Ike
they had two yoke of cattle and a large yeller dawg
and a tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hawg

On a evening quite early they camped on the Platte
near by the road on a green shady flat
there Betsy quite tired lay down to repose
while with wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County Rose

They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out
and down in the sand she lay rolling about
while Ike very tearful looked on in surprise
saying Betsy get up you'll get sand in your eyes

Then Betsy got up with a great deal of pain
and swore she'd go back to Pike County again
then Ike heaved a sigh while they fondly embraced
and she travelled along with his arm 'round her waist

The Shangai flew off the cattle all died
the last piece of bacon that morning was fried
Ike he got discouraged while Betsy got mad
and the dog wagged his tail looking awfully sad

Next morning they climbed up a very high hill
looking down in wonder on Old Placerville
Ike shouted and said as he cast his eyes down
Sweet Betsy my darling we've got to Hangtown

Long Ike and sweet Betsy they attended a dance
Ike ho wore a pair of his best Sunday pants
Sweet Betsy was decked out with ribbons and things
said Ike you're an angel but where are your wings

A miner said Betsy will you dance with me
said Betsy I will if you don't get too free
don't dance me too hard do you want to know why
doggone you I'm chock full of stron alkali

They married and afterwards got a divorce
and Ike left her everything including his horse
Sweet Betsy quite satisfied said with a shout
good-bye you big lummoX I'm glad you backed out

67. JOE BOWERS

My name is Joe Bowers I've got a brother Ike
I'm just here from Missouri and all the way from Pike
I'll tell you why I left there and why I came to roam
and leave my aged parents so far away from home

I used to court a girl there her name was Sally Black
I asked her if she'd marry she said it was a whack
she says to me Joe Bowers before we've hitched for life
you ought to get a little home to keep your little wife

Says I My dearest Sally oh Sally for your sake
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake
says she to me Joe Bowers you're just the one to win
she gave me a kiss to seal the bargain and throwed a dozen in

When I got to this country I had nary a red
I had such wolfish feelings I wished myself most dead
but the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made this feelin git
and whispered hopes to Bowers Lord I wish I had 'em yet

At last I went to mining put in my biggest licks
Came down upon the boulder just like a thousand bricks
I worked both late and early in rain in sun and snow
I was working for my Sally 'twas all the same to Joe

One day I got a letter from my dear brother Ike
It came from old Missouri all the way from Pike
It brought me the darndest news that ever you did hear
My heart it is a-breaking so please excuse this tear

It said my Sal was false to me that her love for me had fled
That she had got married to a butcher whose hair was red
But whether it was a boy or girl the letter never said
It only said the baby's hair was inclined to be red

68. THE TRAIL TO MEXICO (Cesta do Mexika)

I made up my mind to mend my way
and quit the crowd that was too gay
to leave my darling girl behind
for she promised me she was only mine

It was in May merry month of May
when I left for Texas so far away
I left my darling girl behind
she said her heart was mine all mine

Oh when I held her in my arms
I thought she had ten thousand charms
her caress was soft her kisses sweet
she said we'll marry next time we meet

It was in the year of eighty-three
that A. J. Stinson hired me
he said young fellow I want you to go
and drive my cattle to Mexico

'Twas in the early spring that year
that I took the trail and drove those steers
with heart so light and a cow-boy's song
to Mexico we rolled along

When I got there in Mexico
I thought of the girl who loved me so
I wrote a letter then to my dear
but not one word from her did I hear

Then I started back to my own loved home
asked for the girl who was my own
she said I've wed a richer life
so now young fellow get another wife

Oh curse your gold and your silver too
and curse the girl who isn't true
I'm going back to the Rio Grande
and take a job with a cow-boy band

Oh buddy oh buddy please stay at home
don't be forever on the roam
there's many a girl more true than I
so don't go back where the bullets fly

I'm going back where the girls are true
where fickle love I never knew
I'm going back where the bullets fly
and stay on the cow-trail till I die

69. MIDNIGHT SPECIAL (Půlnoční rychlík)

Well you wake up in the morning
hear the dingdong ring
you go a-marching to the table
see the same damn thing

Well it's on a one table
knife a fork and a pan
and if you say anything about it
you're in trouble with the man

*Let the midnight special
shine her light on me
Let the midnight special
shine her everloving light on me*

Yonder come little Rosie
how in the world do you know
I can tell her by her apron
and the dress she wore

Umbrella on her shoulder
piece of paper in her hand
she goes a-marching to the captain
says I want my man

If you go to G to Houston
you better walk right
you better not stagger
you better not fight

Sheriff Benson will arrest you
he'll carry you down
and if the jury finds you guilty
penitentiary bound

70. CARELESS LOVE (Láska lehkomyslná)

[: Love oh love oh careless love :]
Love oh love oh careless love
you see what love has done to me

[: I love my mamma and papa too :]
I love my mamma and papa too
I'd leave them both to go with you

[: What oh what will mamma say :]
What oh what will mamma say
when she learns I've gone astray

Love oh love...

71. TWO HOBOES (Dva Tuláci)

Railroad look so pretty
box car on the track
here come two hoboes
gripsack on their back
Oh babes
oh no home babes

One is my brother 'nother my brother in law
hike all the way from N'Orleans back to Arkansas
Oh, babes ...

Back where you ought to be instead of being at home
instead of being at home babes you're on the road like me.
Oh, babes ...

Clothes all torn to pieces shoes am all wore out
rolling 'round an unfriendly world always roaming 'bout.
Oh, babes ...

Where you gwine you hoboes where you gwine to stay
chaingang link is waiting can't make your getaway
Oh, babes ...

72. SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU (Loučím se s prašnou svou zemí)

I've sung this song but I'll sing it again
of the place that I lived on the wild windy plain
in the month of April the county called Gray
here's what all of the people there say

*[: So long it's been good to know you :]
So long it's been good to know you
this dusty old dust is a getting my home
and I've got to be drifting along*

Well the dust storm came it came like thunder
it dusted us over it covered us under
it blocked out the traffic it blocked out the sun
and straight for home all the people did run

Well the sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked
they hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark
they sighed they cried they hugged and they kissed
but instead of marriage they were talking like this

Now the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
that was the preacher he was a-making his call
he said Kind friends this may be the end
you've got your last chance at salvation of sin

Well the churches were jammed the churches were packed
that dusty old dust/storm it blew so black
the preacher could not read a word of his text
he folded his specs took up collection said

73. WHOO-PEE TI YI YO (Běžte telátka malý)

As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure
I spied a cowpuncher all riding alone
his hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-jingling
and as he approached he was singing this song

*Whoo-pee ti yi yo git along little dogies
it's your misfortune and none of my own
whoo-pee ti yi yo git along little dogies
you know that Wyoming will be your new home*

It's early in spring that we roundup the dogies
we mark them and brand them and bob off their tails
we round up our horses load up the chuck wagon
and then throw the dogies out onto the trail

Some boys go up the trail for pleasure
but that's where they gets it most awfully wrong
for you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
while we go driving them along

Your mother was raised away down in Texas
where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow
now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
till you are ready for the trail to Idaho

Oh you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns
It's beef heap beef I hear them cry
git along git along git along little dogies
you'll be beef steers by and by

74. HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE (Život mi už nemá co vzít)

[: Hand me down my walking cane :]
Hand me down my walking cane
gonna leave on that midnight train
'cause all my sins are taken away

[: Hand me down my bottle o' corn :]
Hand me down my bottle o' corn
gonna get drunk just sure 's you're born'
'cause all my sins are taken away

[: I got drunk and I got in jail :]
I got drunk and I got in jail
had no wife to got my bail
'cause all my sins are taken away

[: If I'd listened to what mamma said :]
If I'd listened to what mamma said
I'd be sleepin' in feather bed
'cause all my sins are taken away

[: Come on mamma and go my bail :]
Come on mamma and go my bail
get me out of this buggy jail
'cause all my sins are taken away

75. ROCK ABOUT MY SARO JANE (Co si počít)

*Come on and rock about my Saro Jane
rock about my Saro Jane
there's nothing to do but to set down and sing
and rock about my Saro Jane*

I've got a wife an' a five li'l' children
b'lieve I'll make a trip on the big Macmillan OSaro Jane

Engine give a crack and the whistle give a squall
the engineer gone to the hole in the wall OSaro Jane

Yankees build boats for to shoot them rebels
my musket's loaded and I'm gonna hold her level
O Saro Jane

76. ROCK SALT AND NAILS (Zátoka)

On the banks of the river where the willows hang down
And the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound
Down in the hollow where the waters run cold
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
The past I remember time cannot erase
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echo's my name

Now the nights are so long, Lord sorrow runs deep
And nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I'll walk out alone and look at the sky
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry

If the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were thrushes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
If the ladies were squirrel's with high bushy tails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails

77. HALLELUJA I'M A BUM (Tak se toulám)

Oh why don't I work like other men do
how the hell could I work when the skies are so blue

*Halleluja I'm a bum halleluja bum again
halleluja give's a hand out and revive us again*

Oh springtime has come and I'm just out of jail
without any money without any bail

Oh I love my boss and my boss loves me
and that is the reason I'm so hungry
I came to a house and I asked for a piece of bread
a lady came out says The baker is dead

When springtime does come oh won't we have fun
we'll throw up our jobs and we'll go on the bum

78. DOWN IN THE VALLEY (V údolí dole)

Down in the valley valley so low
hang your head over hear the wind blow
hear the wind blow dear hear the wind blow
hang your head over hear the wind blow

If you don't love me love whom you please
throw your arms round me give my heart ease
give my heart ease love give my heart ease
throw your arms round me give my heart ease

Write me a letter send it by mail
send it in care of Birmingham jail
Birmingham jail love Birmingham jail
send it in care of Birmingham jail

Roses love sunshine violets love dew
angels in heaven know I love you
know I love you love know I love you
angels in heaven know I love you

Build me a castel forty feet high
so I can see him as he rides by
as he rides by love as he rides by
so I can see him as he rides by

79. THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL (Texaská stezka)

I started up the trail October twenty-third
started up the trail with the 2-U herd

singing ti yi yippy yippy yi yippy yo
singing ti yi yippy yippy yay

Up every morning before daylight
and before I sleep the moon shines bright

Foot in the stirrup and my hand on the horn
I'm the best darned cowboy ever was born

When I went to the boss to draw my roll
he had me figured out nine dollars in the hole

Bacon and beans most every day
soon I'll be eatin' prairie hay

Ropin' and tyin' and a-branding all day
I'm a workin' mighty hard for a mighty little pay

Well I'm going to get married just as quick as I can
and I won't punch cattle for no darned man

81. ZEBRA DUN

We were camp'd there upon the plains of head of the Cimarron,
When along came a stranger and stopped to argue some.
He looked so very foolish we began to look around.
We thought he was a greenhorn a-just escaped from town.

He said that he had lost his job upon the Santa Fe;
That he was going' cross the plains to strike the Seven D;
He didn't say how come it-some trouble with the boss,
But asked if he could borrow a good, fat saddle horse.

This tickled all the boys to death, they laughed up in their sleeves,
Yes, we will lend you a fine horse, as fresh and fat as you please.
Shorty, he grabbed a lariat, and roped the Zebra Dun,
And gave him to the stranger, then we waited for the fun.

Old Dunny, he was an outlaw, and had grown so awfully wild
Why, he could paw the moon' down, could almost jump a mile,
Old Dunny he stood still there, as if he didn't know,
Stood still, 'til he was saddled, and ready for to go.

Then the stranger hit the saddle, old Dunny quit the earth,
And travelled right straight up, for all that he was worth,
A-pitching' and a-squealin' and a-havin' wall-eyed fits
His hind feet perpendicular, and his front ones in the bits.

We could see the mountain tops under Dunny every jump,
But the stranger, he just growed there, just like the camel's hump;
The stranger sat there on him, and curled his black mustache
Just like a summer boarder, a-waitin' for his hash.

He thumped him on the shoulders, and he spurred him as he whirled,
And he hollered to all the punchers, "I'm the wolf of all the world."
And when he had dismounted, and stood there on the ground,
We knew he was a thoroughbred – not just a gent from town.

The boss, he was a-standin round, a-watchin of that show,
He walked up to the stranger, and said he needn't go.
"If you can use the lasso like you rode old Zebra Dun,
You're the very man I'm looking for, ever since the year one."

83. ROCKY TOP

Wish that I was on ol' Rocky Top,
Down in the Tennessee hills;
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top,
Ain't no telephone bills.
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top,
Half bear, other half cat;
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop,
I still dream about that.

Rocky Top, you'll always be
Home sweet home to me;
Good ol' Rocky Top
Rocky Top Tennessee, Rocky Top Tennessee.

Once two strangers climbed ol' Rocky Top
Lookin' for a moonshine still;
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top
Reckon they never will.
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top
Dirt's too rocky by far;
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top
Get their corn from a jar.

(Chorus)

I've had years of cramped-up city life
Trapped like a duck in a pen
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again.

(Chorus)

84. GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY (Ďáblovo stádo)

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A'plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Their horns wuz black and shiny and their hot breaths he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught them yet
They've got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire, as they ride on, hear their cry

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
"If you want to save your soul from hell a' ridin' on our range"
"Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride"
"A-tryin' to catch the Devil's herd across these endless skies."

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o
Ghost riders in the sky
Ghost riders in the sky

85. WINDY BILL

Oh Windy Bill was a Texas boy,
Well he could rope you bet.
He wore the steer he could'n't tie
He hadn't met with yet,
But us boys knew of an old black steer
A sort of an old outlaw,
That ran down in the Malpais
At the bottom of the draw.

This old black steer had stood his ground
With punchers from everywhere,
We bet old Bill at two to one
He couldn't tie that steer.
Then Bill saddled up his old grey horse,
His withers and back were raw,
Got ready to tackle the old black steer
That ran down in the draw.

With the grazing bit, and a Sam Stack tree
His chaps and taps to boot,
And his old Maguey tied hard and fast

Bill swore he'd get that brute
Bill sauntered right around him first,
The steer began to paw,
Then up his tail went, in the air,
And went driftin' down the draw.

The old grey horse flew after him,
For he'd been eatin' corn;
And Bill, he piled his old Maguey
Around old Blackey's horns;
The old cow-horse he stood stock-still,
The cinches broke like straw;
The old Maguey and the Sam Stack tree
Went driftin' down the draw.

Bill lit into a flint-rock pile,
Scratched up his hands and face;
Said he could always rope a steer,
This failure was disgrace;
He paid the bets just like a man
Without a bit of jaw,
Admitted that old Black was boss
Of everything in that draw.

There's a moral to this story, boys,
That you can easily see.
Whene'er you go to tie a steer,
Don't tie him to your tree;
But take your Dolly Welters,
That's the California law,
And you'll never see your Sam Stack tree
Go driftin' down the draw.

86. SOME OLD DAY (Den divnej)

I've been working out in the rain
Try to the dirty old ball and chain
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day
Some sweet day they'll turn me loose
From this dirty old calaboose
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day

Some old day you'll wait for me and pray
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day
Some sweet day they'll turn me loose
From this dirty old calaboose
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day

Oh dear mother, I've hurt you so
And I've been cruel to you I know
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day
Tell my brother, my sister and dad
They're the best friends that I've had
Oh dear mother, I'll come home some old day

88. RANK STRANGER (Dva copy černý)

I wandered again to my home the mountain

Where in youths early drawn I was happy and free
I looked for my friends but I never could find them
I found they were all rank stranger to me

Everybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
No mother or dad, not a friend could I see
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
I found they were all rank stranger to me

They've all moved away said the voice of a stranger
To a beautiful home by the bright crystal sea
Some beautiful day, I'll meet them in heaven
Where no one will be a stranger to me

94. ONCE MORE A-LUMBERING GO (A zas kácet půjdeme dál)

Come All you sons of freedom that run the Saginaw stream,
Come all you robing gambler boys, anl listen to my theme.
We'll cross the Tittabawassee, where the mighty waters flow,
And we'll range the wild woods over and once more a-lumbering go.

And once more a-lumbering go
and we'll range the wild woods over
And once more a-lumbering go.

When the white frost takes the valley and the snow conceals the woods,
Each farmer has enough to do to earn the family food.
With the week no better pastime than to hunt the buck and doe,
And we'll range the wild woods over and once more a-lumbering go.
And once more ...

You may talk about your farms, your houses and fine ways,
And pity us poor shanty boys while dashing in our sleighs;
While round a good campfire at night we'll sing while the wild winds blow,
And we'll range the wild woods over and once more a-lumbering go.
And once more ...

With our axes on our shoulders we'll make the woods resound
And many a tall and stately tree will come tumbling to the ground.
With our axes on our shoulders, to our boot tops deep in snow,
And we'll range the wild woods over and once more a-lumbering go.

And once more a-lumbering go.
And we'll range the wild woods over
And once more a-lumbering go.

When navigation opens, and the waters run so free,
We'll drive our logs to Saginaw, then haste our girls to see.
They will welcome our return, and we'll in raptures flow
And we'll stay with them through summer and once more a-lumbering go.

And once more a-lumbering go.
And we'll stay with them through summer
And once more a-lumbering go.

When our youthful days are ended, and our jokes are getting long,
We'll take us each a little wife and settle on a farm.
We'll have enough to eat and drink, contented we will go;
And we'll tell our wives of our hard times and no more a-lumbering go.

And no more a-lumbering go.
And we'll tell our wives of our hard times
And no more a-lumbering go.

102. THIS HEART OF MINE CAN NEVER SAY GOODBYE (Okna vlaků)

My lips will say goodbye to you tomorrow
I'll walk away pretend I'll feel no sorrow
But when you're out of sight I know I'll cry
For this heart of mine can never say goodbye.

No this heart of mine can never say goodbye to you
Even though sweetheart these lips of mine will lie
Though you leave my arms and walk away for ever
This heart of mine can never say goodbye.

I'll never let you know how much it hurts me
Tomorrow when I kiss you my last time
I'll walk away and I won't even cry
But this heart of mine can never say goodbye.

No this heart of mine ...