

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush,
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty,
As tasty could be,
And then the next summer,
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,
All covered with moss,
And on it grew meatballs,
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball,
Whenever you sneeze.

TOM DOOLEY

Throughout history, there have been many songs written about the eternal triangle. This next one tells the story of Mister Grayson, a beautiful woman, and a condemned man named Tom Dooley. When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang.

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.

I met her on the mountain.
There I took her life.
Met her on the mountain.
Stabbed her with my knife.

(Chorus) x2

This time tomorrow.
Reckon where I'll be.
Hadn't-a been for Grayson,
I'd-a been in Tennessee.

(Chorus)

This time tomorrow.
Reckon where I'll be.
Down in some lonesome valley
hangin' from a white oak tree.

(Chorus)

BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM (1963)

“Mother dear, may I go downtown
instead of out to play.
And march the streets of Birmingham
in a Freedom March today?”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns, and jails
Aren't good for a little child.”

“But, mother, I won't be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
to make our country free.”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,
For I fear those guns will fire.
But you may go to church instead
And sing in the children's choir.”

She has combed and brushed her night-dark
hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves on her small brown
hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
to come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet and wild.
She raced through the streets of Birmingham
calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
then lifted out a shoe.
“O, here's the shoe my baby wore,
But, baby, where are you?”

BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin'
That Sir John Graeme in the West Country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town
To the place where she was dwellin':
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O slowly, slowly rase she up,
To the place where he was lyin'
And when she drew the curtain by:
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan."

"O the better for me ye sal never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye the cups were fillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death with him was dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly, rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell knellin',
And every jow that the dead-bell ga'ed
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it soft and narrow:
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

LORD RANDALL

“O where ha you been, Lord Randall, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?”
“I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

“An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha met ye there, my handsome young man?”
“O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

“And wha did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha did she give you, my handsome young man?”
“Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

“And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?”
“My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

“And wha becam of them, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha becam of them, my handsome young man?”
“They stretched their legs out and died; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

“O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!”
“O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.”

“Wha d’ye leave to your mother, Lord Randall, my son?
Wha d’ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?”
“Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.”

“Wha d’ye leave to your sister, Lord Randall, my son?
Wha d’ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?”
“My gold and my silver; mother, make my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.”

“Wha d’ye leave to your brother, Lord Randall, my son?
Wha d’ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?”
“My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.”

“Wha d’ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randall, my son?
Wha d’ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?”
“I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.”