

Copywork Folksongs Fall '23

AIKENDRUM

Ken ye how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Ken ye how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum?

He can fight the hero bright, with his heels and armour light

And the wind of heavenly night, Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

Is not Rowley in the right, Aikendrum?

Did ye hear of Sunderland, Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Did ye hear of Sunderland, Aikendrum?

That man of high command who had sworn to clear the land,

He has vanished from our strand, Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

Or the eel has ta'en the sand, Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round, Aikendrum, Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round, Aikendrum.

But the Chief cannot be found, and the Dutchmen they are drowned,

And King Jamie he is crowned, Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

But the dogs will get a stound, Aikendrum.

We have heard of Whigs galore, Aikendrum, Aikendrum.

We have heard of Whigs galore, Aikendrum.

But we've sought the country o'er, with cannon and claymore,

And still they are before, Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

We may seek forevermore, Aikendrum!

Ken ye how to gain a Whig, Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Ken ye how to gain a Whig, Aikendrum?

Look jolly, blythe and big, take his ain blest side, and prig,

And the poor, worm-eaten Whig, Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

For opposition's sake you will win!



THE ASH GROVE

1. Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,

But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps, 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove."



THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT

Chorus:

Wee-oooh wim-o-weh. Wee-oooh wim-o-weh.

Wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh
o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-weh.

Wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh
o-wim-o-weh o-wim-o-weh o-wim-weh.

In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.

In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.

Chorus

Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight.

Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight.

Chorus

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

Whuh whuh whuh wim-o-weh. Wee-oooh wim-o-weh wee-oooh
wim-o-weh wee-oooh wim-o-weh.

