

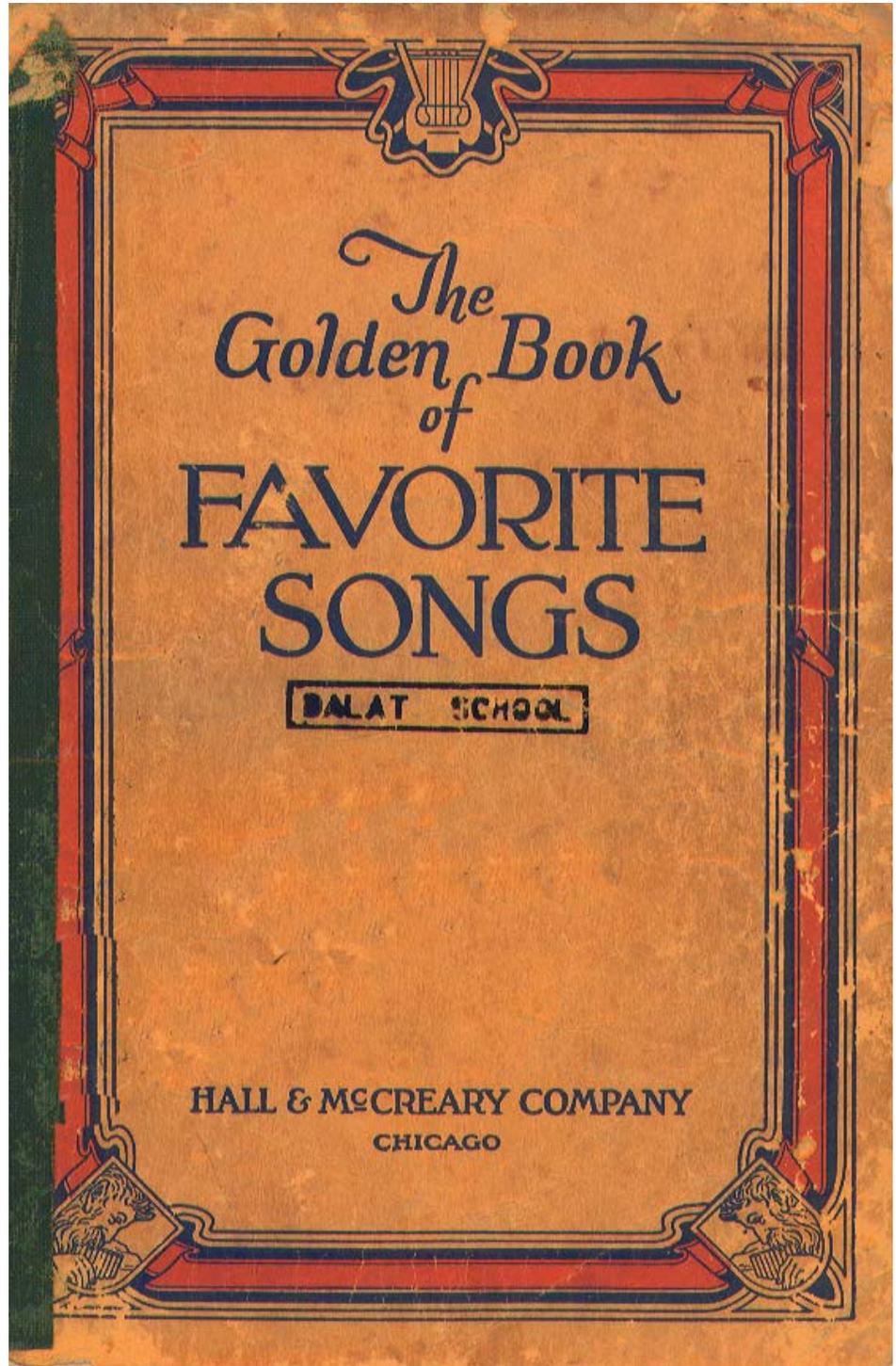
30 October 2003

Hi Alumni and Former Students,

As I've travel around visiting old (emphasis on OLD) alumni, many of us have fond memories of assemblies or fun nights when Uncle Gene Evans would pass out the little "Golden Book," and we'd sing and sing. Some have told me that they've never been able to find the lyrics of some of those "classics" like "A Capital Ship" or "Stodola Pumpa." Luckily, I found an old copy in a library discard pile and rescued it. I've printed many of the popular songs for you to enjoy here. If you remember others from that "little" book and want the lyrics, just e-mail me <tommyt@pc.jaring.my>.

Enjoy!

John "Tommy" Tompkins
Dalat Alumni Association



A Capital Ship

OLD ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Spirited

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Walloping Win-dow Blind! No
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment too; He
 3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off
 4. All nau-ti-cal pride we laid a-side, And we ran the ves-sel a - shore On the
 5. On Rug - bug bark, from morn till dark, We dined till we all had grown Un -

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the cap - tain's mind. The
 play'd hop-sotch with the starboard watch, While the captain tickled the crew. And the
 toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs, And gun-ner-y bread each day. And the
 Gul-i-by Isles where the Poo-poo smiles, And the rub - bly Up - dugs roar. And we
 commonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk Came up from the Tor-ri-bly zone. She was

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow.ow-ow,Tho' it
 gun-ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the aft-er rai-ai-ail, And
 cook was Dutch and be-haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew.ew-ew, Was a
 sat on the edge of a sand - y ledge And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee; And the
 chubby and square, but we didn't much care, Sowe cheer-i-ly put out to sea-ee-ee; And we

of - ten ap-peared, when the gale had clear'd, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
 fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!
 number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with sug-ar and glue.
 cin-na-mon bats wore wa-ter proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
 left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

CHORUS

Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll
cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

The Spanish Cavalier

12

W. D. H.

WM. D. HENDRICKSON

1. A Span-ish Cav-a-lier stood in his re-treat, And
2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, A-

on his gui-tar played a tune, dear; The mu-sic so sweet, Would
fight for my coun-try and you, dear; But if I should fall, In
gain to my coun-try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may

oft-times re-peat The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
seek me in vain, Up-on the bat-tle-field you will find me.

CHORUS

Oh, say, darling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear;

Bright sunny days will soon fade away, Re-mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.

Stodola Pumpa

Tr. by Frank Kubina
English version by R.H.

CZECH FOLK SONG
Arr. by Ruth Heller

March tempo

1. Far in the hills I hear the night-in-gale Sing-ing a song that
2. Three years to wait is much too long for us. My love and I, we
3. Son, when you're grown, you must not stay at home. In : to the arm - y

brings home back to me. Three years a - go at home I left my
now could mar-ried be. Yes, she and I, we now would have a
you will come with me. Here in the arm - y you will learn to

love. Still she is wait - ing, wait - ing there for me. Hey!
son, Strong and so hand - some, hand - some just like me! Hey!
drill. When you are good, then you can march with me! Hey!

REFRAIN

Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pum-pa. Sto-do-la pum-pa, Sto-do-la pum-pa.

Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pum-pa, Sto-do-la pum-pa, pum-pum, pum!

AT

Scotland's Burning

(Round)

Scotland's burning. Scotland's burning. Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water. Pour on water