

## Lo Yisa Goy (A Nation Shall Not Raise) (trad)

Lo yisa goy  
El goy cherev  
Lo yil'medu  
Od milchamah.  
(x2)

Meaning: A nation shall not raise a sword against a nation, And they shall not learn any more war.



1

### Loy Yisa Goy

Traditional Jewish (Text: Isaiah 2:4)

♩ = 100

Dm C Am Dm

Lo yi- sa goy el goy che - rev,

5 Dm C Am Dm

lo yil- m'- du od mil- cha- ma.

9 Dm C Am Dm

Lo yi- sa goy el goy che - rev, lo yil- m'- du od mil- cha - ma.

13 Dm

mil- cha - ma.

**Better Days** (music by Louise Blackburn & Kirsty Logan, & poem by anon. National Trust member!)

I'm gonna sit & watch the flowers grow,  
Listen to the birds in the sky,  
And with the rising & the setting of the sun,  
I know there's better days to come x2 (1st time unison, 2nd time harmony)

\*In these uncertain times we know you might feel unsure,  
But flowers still grow & birds still sing & waves still sweep the shore.  
And with the rising & the setting of the sun,  
Nature reminds us all that better days will come.

I'm gonna sit & watch the flowers grow,  
Listen to the birds in the sky,  
And with the rising & the setting of the sun,  
I know there's better days to come

I'm gonna sit & watch the river flow,  
Making its way down to the sea,  
And as the waves crash upon the shore,  
I know there's better days to come

Rpt from \*

### **Singalong songs:**

#### **"Lean On Me"**

Sometimes in our lives  
We all have pain, we all have sorrow.  
But if we are wise,  
We know that there's always tomorrow.

Lean on me when you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend, I'll help you carry on  
For it won't be long  
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on.

Please swallow your pride  
If I have things you need to borrow  
For no one can fill those of your needs

That you won't let show.

You just call on me, brother, when you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on.  
I just might have a problem that you'll understand,  
We all need somebody to lean on.

Lean on me when you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend I'll help you carry on  
For it won't be long  
'Til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on

You just call on me, brother, when you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on.  
I just might have a problem that you'll understand,  
We all need somebody to lean on.

If there is a load  
You have to bear  
That you can't carry  
I'm right up the road  
I'll share your load  
If you just call me.

Call me if you need a friend  
Call me, call me, uh-huh  
Call me when you need a friend  
Call me if you ever need a friend  
Call me, call me  
Call me, call me  
Call me, call me  
Call me, call me

### **Sally MacLennane**

Well Jimmy played harmonica in the pub where I was born  
He played it from the night time to the peaceful early morn  
He soothed the souls of psychos and the men whose minds were torn  
And they all looked very happy in the morning

Now Jimmy didn't like his place in this world of ours  
Where the elephant man broke strong men's necks  
When he'd had too many Powers  
So sad to see the grieving of the people that he's leaving  
And he took the road for God knows in the morning

We walked him to the station in the rain  
We kissed him as we put him on the train  
And we sang him a song of times long gone  
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again  
Sad to say I must be on my way  
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away  
I'd like to think of me returning when I can  
To the greatest little boozier and to Sally MacLennane

The years passed by the times had changed I grew to be a man  
I learned to love the virtues of sweet Sally MacLennane  
I took the jeers and drank the beers and crawled back home at dawn  
And ended up a barman in the morning

I played the pump and took the hump and watered whiskey down  
I talked of hopes and horses to the men who drank the brown  
I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away  
And some people left for heaven without warning

We walked him to the station in the rain  
We kissed him as we put him on the train  
And we sang him a song of times long gone  
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again  
Sad to say I must be on my way  
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away  
I'd like to think of me returning when I can  
To the greatest little boozier and to Sally MacLennane

When Jimmy came back home he was surprised that they were gone  
He asked me all the details of the train that they went on  
Some people they are scared to croak but Jimmy drank until he choked  
And he took the road for heaven in the morning

We walked him to the station in the rain  
We kissed him as we put him on the train  
And we sang him a song of times long gone  
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again  
Sad to say I must be on my way  
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away  
I'd like to think of me returning when I can  
To the greatest little boozier and to Sally MacLennane

## **"Sloop John B"**

We come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me  
Around Nassau town we did roam  
Drinking all night  
Got into a fight  
Well I feel so broke up  
I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up  
I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk  
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
(Hoist up the John B's sail)  
Hoist up the John B  
I feel so broke up I wanna go home  
Let me go home

The poor cook he caught the fits  
And threw away all my grits  
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn  
Let me go home  
Why don't they let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore

Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home

### **Blowin' In The Wind**

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly  
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, and how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, and how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows  
That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind