

## **April Lyrics**

### **Spring Is Sprung**

Spring is sprung the grass is riz  
I wonder where de bodies is.  
Some say de boid is on de wing..  
But dats absoid!  
I thought de wings is on de boid!  
(Spring is sprung)

### **Fishgutters song**

---

Come all you fisher lassies now and come awa with me,  
From Cairnbulg and Gamrie and from Inverallochie,  
From Buckie and from Aberdeen an' all the country roond,  
We're awa to gut the herring, we're awa tae Yarmouth toon.

Rise up in the morning wi your bundles in your hand.  
Be at the station early or you'll surely hae to stand.  
Tak plenty to eat and a kettle for your tea,  
Or you'll maybe die of hunger on the way to Yarmouth Quay.

The journey it's a langen and it taks a day or twa,  
And when you reach your lodging, sure it's soon asleep you'll fa',  
But you'll rise at five with the sleep still in your e'en,  
You're awa to find the gutting yards along the Yarmouth quay.

Noo there's coopers, there are curers there and buyers, canny chiels,  
And lassies at the pickle and others at the creels,  
And you'll wish the fish had been all left in the sea  
By the time you finish guttin' herring on the Yarmouth quay.

Well, it's early in the morning, and it's late into the nicht,  
Your hands are cut and chappit and they look a nasty sight,  
And you greet like a ween when you put 'em in the bree,  
And you wish you were a thousand mile awa from Yarmouth Quay.

Noo we've gutted fish in Lerwick and in Stornaway and Shields.  
Worked all on the Humber 'mongst the barrels and the creels.  
Whitby, Grimsby, we've travelled up and doon,  
But the place to see the herring is the quay at Yarmouth Toon.

## **Row On**

Dark Clouds are on the summer sky,  
There's thunder in the wind.  
Row on row on and homeward hie,  
Nor take one look behind.

*Row on row on, another day,  
May shine with brighter light.  
Ply ply the oars and pull away,  
Theres dawn beyond the night.*

Oh like yon river I would glide  
To where my heart would be,  
My barque should soon outsail the tide  
That hurries to the sea

But yet a star shines constant stil,  
Through yonder cloudy sky,  
And hope as bright my bosom fills,  
From faith that cannot die.

Row on, row on and speed the way,  
Thou must not linger here,  
Storms hang about the close of day,  
Tomorrow shall be clear.

## **lqude - Zimbabwean folk song**

("the cock has crowed, and nobody has gone to fetch the water!")

Top Part:

lqude wema lakala kabini kathatu se-kusil amanz  
lqude wema lakala kabini kathatu se-kusil amanza wekoma.  
se-kusil amanza wekoma etc.

Others:

Qude wema la-kalaka-bini kathatu se-kusil amanza  
Qude wema la-kalaka-bini kathatu se-kusil amanza  
Weko Amanza weko Amanza weko Amanza weko sekusil amanza  
Weko Amanza weko Amanza weko Amanza weko sekusil amanza

## Solsbury Hill

Climbing up on Solsbury Hill  
I could see the city light  
Wind was blowing, time stood still  
Eagle flew out of the night  
He was something to observe  
Came in close, I heard a voice  
Standing, stretching every nerve  
Had to listen, had no choice  
I did not believe the information  
Just had to trust imagination  
My heart going boom, boom, boom  
"Son", he said, "grab your things, I've come to take you home"

To keep in silence I resigned  
My friends would think I was a nut  
Turning water into wine  
Open doors would soon be shut  
So I went from day to day  
Though my life was in a rut  
'Til I thought of what I'll say  
Which connection I should cut  
I was feeling part of the scenery  
I walked right out of the machinery  
My heart going boom, boom, boom  
"Hey", he said, "grab your things, I've come to take you home"

When illusion spin her net  
I'm never where I want to be  
And liberty she pirouette  
When I think that I am free  
Watched by empty silhouettes  
Who close their eyes but still can see  
No one taught them etiquette  
I will show another me  
Today I don't need a replacement  
I'll tell them what the smile on my face meant  
My heart going boom, boom, boom  
"Hey", I said, "you can keep my things, they've come to take me home"

## **Daydream Believer**

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings of the bluebird as she sings

The six o'clock alarm would never ring

But it rings and I rise wipe the sleep out of my eyes

The shavin' razor's cold, and it stings

Cheer up, sleepy Jean, oh what can it mean

To a daydream believer and a homecoming queen?

You once thought of me as a white knight on his steed

Now you know how happy I can be

Oh, and our good times start and end without dollar one to spend

But how much baby do we really need?