

YOU DON'T KNOCK!



Songs from an Oregon School House by the Neskowin Valley School Singers



Side 1 Side 2

Traditional **You Don't Knock**
Kitchener **Lord Kitchener's Lament**
Traditional **Doc Holladay**
Traditional **John Henry**

Ocean Waves *Traditional*
Gypsy Rover *Traditional*
Queer Bungo Rye *Traditional*
Katy Cruel *Traditional*
Whiskey in the Jar *Traditional*

Singers and Musicians: Hisiya Beppu, Jessica Goodrich, Nisa Sun Windsong, Geordie Thompson, Gabrielle Schlicting, Johanna Harding, Rachel Stiefbold, Sam Berry, Kami Kowalski, Donna La Marche, Lesley Penater, Jason Williams, Eric Heringer, Darren Kowalski, Rish Green, Chad Muller, Jeff McNelly, Amanda Morgan, Elizabeth Morgan, Lisa Armentrout, Taylor Smith, Heather Williams, Bobby Rannow, Justin Terhaar, Phillip Rissel, Colin Yost, Sara Mapelli, Lise Thompson, Jennifer Morgan, Glenn Green, Ian Boyden, Emily Rissel, Leo Murdock, Crystal Green and Chris Waldroup. **Musical Directors:** Craig Stewart, Mary Yost and George Thompson. **Recorded By:** Forest Caulkins, Little Bird Studios, Lincoln City, Oregon. **Cover Photo:** Goodwin Harding. **Album Jacket Design:** Margot Thompson.

© Neskowin Valley School, An Independent Elementary Day School, 10005 Slab Creek Road, Neskowin, Oregon 97149

SIDE 1

Traditional YOU DON'T KNOCK

Chorus:
You don't knock, you just walk on in,
That door to heaven's inn;
There's love and joy for you
To share the whole day through.
I know my friends out there, to rest in heaven's nest
You don't knock, ring, push or hold,
The door's wide open a'waitin' for your soul;
You don't knock, you just walk on in!

1. Well I walked that winding road, tryin' to bear my load,
Well I traveled both night and day, so tired I could hardly pray;
Well, Jesus my love, my guide, he's right there by my side;
I'm walkin' and a'knockin' to heaven with God!

Chorus

2. Well I have no need to fear, 'cause he is ever near;
You know my words are true, he fills your whole day through
With love divine and sweet, so bow down to his feet
And start walkin' and a'knockin' to heaven with God!

Chorus

Kitchener LORD KITCHENER'S LAMENT

1. Gwendolyn was mad with Kitchener
'Cause he did not come home earlier
Just because he's a half an hour's late,
Gwennie said she make another date

Chorus:
Oh Kitch, no more romance;
You're too late boy, you lost your chance.
Oh Kitch, don't you advance;
You're too late boy, you lost your chance.

2. Sent her a special telegram,
Got held up by a traffic jam;
When I try to make an apology,
This is what my Gwennie said to me:

Chorus

3. Then I begin to get mad around the place,
Give me Gwennie smackin' in the face;
Said Kitch, I told you no at first,
Smackin' me you makin' matters worse!

Chorus

4. Then I get down upon me knees
Beggin' Gwennie to forgive me please;
Take off her shoes and kiss her feet,
These identical words Gwennie repeat:

Chorus

Traditional DOC HOLLADAY

1. Old Doc Holladay was tendin' the town
Old Doc Holladay was tendin' the town
When he heard the news a'goin' round
That the Plainfield Kid was gonna shoot him down.

Chorus:
Have another drink on me Doc Holladay
Have another drink on me;
Have another drink on me Doc Holladay,
The kid ain't gonna shoot you down!

2. Well, Doc was a'leanin' on a stand,
A pistol on his hip and a red eye in his hand;
The kid come a'wobblin' down the street;
Doc said "Son, this ain't no way to meet."

Chorus

3. Well the kid drew his pistol and Doc did too;
Doc outdrew him, shot him through;
The kid lay dyin', "Don't shoot me no more!"
But Doc just smiled and emptied his forty four!

Chorus

Traditional JOHN HENRY

When John Henry was a little baby
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
Picked up a little piece of steel in his hand
Said Hammer's gonna be the death of me . . .

The captain says to John Henry:
Gonna bring that steam drill 'round,
Gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whup that steel on down!

John Henry says to the captain:
Gonna bring my hammer on 'round,
Gonna swing that hammer on over my head
Gonna whup that steel on down!

John Henry says to the captain:
A man ain't nothin' but a man,
And if I don't beat that steam drill down,
Gonna die with my hammer in my hand!

JOHN HENRY - continued

John Henry says to the shaker:
"Hey, man, Why don't you sing?"
"Cause I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down,
Now listen to my cold steel ring!"

John Henry hammered in the mountain,
The mountain stood so high,
And the last thing I heard that poor boy say,
"Give me cool drink of water 'fore I die!"

John Henry headed down the railroad,
A twelve pound hammer at his side;
He walked down the track but he didn't come back
Cause he laid down his hammer and he died.

John Henry had a little baby,
Held him in the palm of his hand;
The last thing I heard that poor boy say,
"Son, you're gonna be a steel drivin' man!"

SIDE 2

Traditional OCEAN WAVES

1. 'Twas Friday night when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land
When I spied a mermaid sitting on the shore,
With a comb and a brush in her hand.

Chorus:
For the ocean waves may roll, may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below below below,
And the landlubbers lie down below;

2. Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a mighty fine captain was he;
He said, "I left a wife in Bingham town,
And tonight she a widow will be . . ."

Chorus

3. Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a crazy old butcher was he;
He said, "I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the bottom of the sea . . ."

Chorus

4. Then one time 'round went our gallant ship
And two times 'round went she;
Then three times 'round went our gallant ship,
Straight to the bottom of the sea . . .

Traditional GYPSY ROVER

1. The Gypsy Rover came over the hill
Down by the river so shady;
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwood rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:
Ah de do ah de do da day,
Ah de do ah de day,
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwood rang,
And he won the heart of a lady . . .
She left her father's castle gates,
She left her own fond lover;
She left her servants and her estates
To follow the gypsy rover.

2. Her father saddled his fastest steed,
Searched these hills all over
For his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover

Chorus

3. He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river so shady,
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

Chorus

4. He is no gypsy my father she said,
But a lord of these lands all over,
And I would stay 'til my dyin' day
With the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Chorus

Traditional QUEER BUNGO RYE

Jack wassa sailor, he walked up to town
She was a damsel, she skipped up and down;
She says to Jack as she passed him by,
"Would you care for to purchase some old bungo rye, ruddy rye"
Fa la diddle aye, ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

Says Jack to himself: "Now what can this be
But the finest of whiskey from old Germany;
Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
And the name it goes by is old bungo rye, ruddy rye"
Fa la diddle aye ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

QUEER BUNGO RYE - continued

Jack gives her a pound for he thinks nothing strange,
"Hold the basket young man while I run for your change."
Jack peeked in the basket, a child he did spy:
"I'll be damned", cried he, "this is queer bungo rye, ruddy rye"
Fa la diddle aye, ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

To get the child christened was Jack's next intent,
To get the child christened, to the parson he went,
Says the parson to Jack, "What shall he go by?"
"I'll be darmed", cried Jack, "call him queer bungo rye, ruddy rye"
Fa la diddle aye, ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

Says the parson to Jack, "that's a mighty queer name!"
Says Jack in reply, "It's a queer way he came;
Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
And the name he'll go by is queer bungo rye, ruddy rye!"
Fa la diddle aye ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

So, come all ye young sailors who walk up to town,
Beware of the damsels who skip up and down;
Peek into their baskets as you pass them by,
Or else they might pawn on ye queer bungo rye, ruddy rye"
Fa la diddle aye, ruddy rye, ruddy rye!

Traditional KATY CRUEL

1. When first I came to town
They called me the roving jewel.
Now they've changed their tune,
They call me Katy Cruel.

Chorus:
Diddle oddle day,
Diddle oddle drop drop,
Diddle oddle day.

2. Oh that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not.
Here I am where I must be,
Go where I would I can not.

Chorus

3. I know who I love
And I know who does love me
I know where I'll go
And I know who'll go with me.

Chorus

4. Through the woods I'll go
And through the boggy mire,
Straightway on the road
Till I come to my heart's desire.

Chorus

Traditional WHISKEY IN THE JAR

1. As I was goin' over old Kilgarry Mountain,
I met with Colonel Pepper and his money he was countin'
First I drew me pistols then I rattled forth me saber
"Stand and deliver man, I am your gold receiver!"

Chorus:
Musha ringam duran da;
Whack fol de daddeo
Whack fol de daddeo, there's whiskey in the jar.

2. He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny;
I took the money home and I gave it to me Jenny;
She sighed and she said that she never would deceive me,
But the devil's in the women and I never will be easy.

Chorus

3. Early in the mornin' tween the hours of six and seven,
The guards were standin' round me in numbers odd and even;
I flew to me pistols but, alas, I was mistaken,
For Jenny'd wet the powder and a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

4. They took me into jail without charge or writin'
For robbin' Colonel Pepper on Kilgarry mountain,
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked that sentry down,
And I bid a fond farewell to that jail in Sligo town!

Chorus

5. I think I'll find me brother, the one who's in the army;
I don't know where he's stationed is it Cork or in Kilarney;
Together we'll go roamin' through the mountains of Kilkenny,
And I dare he'll treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny!

Chorus

6. Some take delight in fishin' and a fowlin'
While others take delight in the carriages a rollin'
I take delight in the juice of the barley,
A'courtin' pretty women in the mornin' so early!

Chorus

YOU DON'T KNOCK!
NESKOWIN VALLEY SINGERS

Neskowin
Valley School
Singers

Side 1

NVS 529

Recorded By: Forest Caulkins,
Little Bird Studios,
Lincoln City, Oregon.

Traditional **You Don't Knock**
Kitchener **Lord Kitchener's Lament**
Traditional **Doc Holladay**
Traditional **John Henry**

© Neskowin Valley School

YOU DON'T KNOCK!
NESKOWIN VALLEY SINGERS

Neskowin
Valley School
Singers

Side 2

NVS 529

Recorded By: Forest Caulkins,
Little Bird Studios,
Lincoln City, Oregon.

Ocean Waves *Traditional*
Gypsy Rover *Traditional*
Queer Bungo Rye *Traditional*
Katy Cruel *Traditional*
Whiskey in the Jar *Traditional*