

The City Farmer's Song Book



European Federation of City Farms

The European Federation of City Farms (EFCF)

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The EFCF is based on the following values:

- Commitment to Sustainable Development, (combining social, environmental and economic goals)
- Equal opportunities and social justice
- Inclusion of disadvantaged people (addressing social exclusion)
- Civil society
- Co-operation



EFCF Aim

To promote the interests and mutual co-operation of Kinderboerderijen, Jeugdboerderijen, Gezinsboerderijen, Fermes d'Enfants, Fermes d'Animation, Jugendfarmen, Aktivspielplätze, City Farms, 4H-Farms and similar organisations that actively promote the equal access and involvement of children, young people and adults through practical experience in a wide range of educational, environmental, recreational, social and economic activities focused around farming within a framework of sustainable development.

EFCF Strategy Objectives

- To promote the work and the image of City Farms and raise the profile of the EFCF, member Federations and City Farms.
- To help and facilitate member Federations and City Farms to deliver programmes, activities and research that benefit other Federations and City Farms.
- To distribute useful information, in particular good practice, to member organisations.
- To collaborate and network with other like-minded organisations (particularly community run land based groups) to help further the aims and aspirations of member Federations and their City Farms.
- To place all our work within the over-riding theme of Sustainable Development (considering the economic, social and environmental aspects of all programmes and developments).
- To work within a framework of democracy, equal opportunity and social justice, encouraging member organisations, wherever possible, to address issues of social exclusion.
- To encourage and promote co-operative European working in the City Farm movement.
- To raise funding for the operation of EFCF and participating member Federations to deliver agreed programmes and action.
- To empower people to improve their own lives and environment in peaceful coexistence.

www.cityfarms.org

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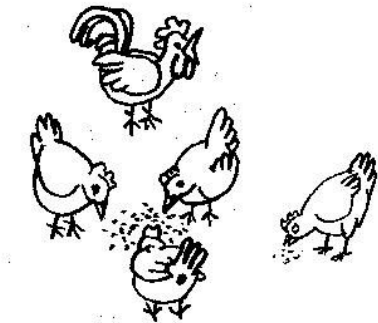
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole wide world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole wide world in His hands

He's got the wind and the rain in His hands
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands
He's got the wind and the rain in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the tiny little baby in His hands
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands
He's got the little children in His hands

He's got you and me brother in His hands
He's got you and me sister in His hands
He's got you and me brother in His hands
He's got everybody here in His hands



The City Farmer's Song Book



There is not a culture in the world that does not sing.
Singing makes people happy. Singing is a stepping stone
to tolerance, respect and admiration.
It brings people together.

So, wherever you are, in your garden or down on the
farm, alone or in a crowd, if you feel happy or
if you feel sad, pick up this song book
and sing along.

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If you're happy

If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands
If you're happy and you know it
and you really want to show it
If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands

If you're happy and you know it, stamp your feet

If you're happy and you know it, give a kiss

If you're happy and you know it, say: "hey man"

If you're happy and you know it, do all four



We shall overcome

We shall overcome, we shall overcome
We shall overcome some day
Oh deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We shall live in peace
We'll walk hand in hand
We are not afraid



Go tell it on the mountain

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born

When I was a singer
I'd sing all night and day
I asked my Lord to help me
And He showed me the way:

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born

When I was a gambler
I gambled night and day
I asked my Lord to help me
And he showed me the way:

Morning has broken

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dew fall, on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness, on the wet garden
Sprung in completeness, where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's re-creation of the first day

Cool the gray clouds roll, peaking the mountains
Gull in her free flight, swooping the skies
Praise for the mystery, misting the morning
Behind the shadow, waiting to shine

I am the sunrise, warming the heavens
Spilling my warm glow over the earth
Praise for the brightness of this new morning
Filling my spirit with Your great love

Mine is a turning, mine is a new life
Mine is a journey closer to You
Praise for the sweet glimpse, caught in a moment
Joy breathing deeply, dancing in flight

You are my sunshine

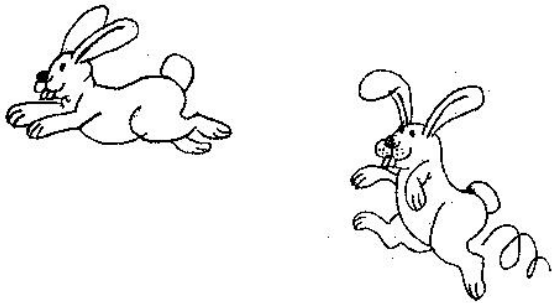
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried:

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me to love another
You'll regret it all some day:

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between
But now you've left me and love another
You have shattered all my dreams:



With a little help from my friends

What would you think if I sang out of tune
Would you stand up and walk out on me
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, I get high with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends
What do I do when my love is away

Does it worry you to be alone
How do I feel by the end of the day
Are you sad because you're on your own
No, I get by with a little help from my friends

Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends
Do you need anybody. I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody. I want somebody to love

Would you believe in a love at first sight
Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the light
I can't tell you but I know it's mine

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends
Oh, gonna try with a little help from my friends
Do you need anybody. I just need someone to love
Could it be anybody. I want somebody to love

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends
Oh, gonna try with a little help from my friends
Yes I get by with a little help from my friends
With a little help from my friends

Waltzing Mathilda

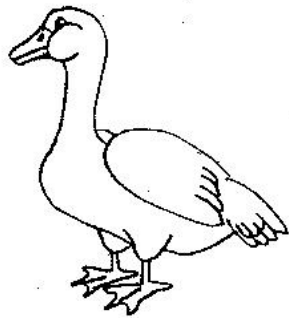
Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me:

Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me?

Down came the jumpbuck to drink at the billabong
Up jumped the swagman, grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed that jumpbuck in his tuckerbag
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me:

Up came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred
Down came the troopers, one, two, three
Where's that jolly jumpbuck you've got in your tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me:

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong
You'll never take me alive said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass beside that billabong
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me:



Blowing 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
How many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned:

The answer my friend is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free
How many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see:

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died:

Old MacDonald

Old MacDonald had a farm, E I E I O
And on this farm he had some chicks, E I E I O
With a chick chick here and a chick chick there
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick chick
Old MacDonald had a farm, E I E I O

And on his farm he had some ducks
With a quack quack here

And on his farm he had some turkeys
With a gobble gobble here

And on his farm he had some pigs
With an oink oink here

And his farm he had some sheep
With a baa baa here

And on his farm he had some cows
With a moo moo here

And on his farm he had a Ford
With a rattle rattle here



How much is that doggy in the window?

How much is that doggy in the window? (whoof, whoof)
The one with the waggily tail
How much is that doggy in the window?
I do hope that he is for sale

How much is that Kitty in the window? (meow, meow)
The one that's purring so loud
How much is that Kitty in the window?
I do hope that Kitty is for sale

How much is that Bunny in the window? (hop, hop)
The one that goes hip-ity-hop
How much is that Bunny in the window?
I do hope that Bunny is for sale



My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me:

Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead:

The heather is blooming around me
The blossoms of Spring now appear
The meadows with green'ry surround me
Oh Bonnie, I wish you were here:

Oh blow, ye winds, over the ocean
Oh blow, ye winds, over the sea
Oh blow, ye winds, over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me:

The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me:

Home on the range

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day:

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream
Where the gracefull white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream:

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and have asked as I gazed
If their glory excels that of ours:

The air is so pure, the zephyrs so free
The breezes so balmy and bright
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright:

O, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours
The curlew I love to hear scream
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
that graze on the mountain tops green:

Then I would not exchange my home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day:

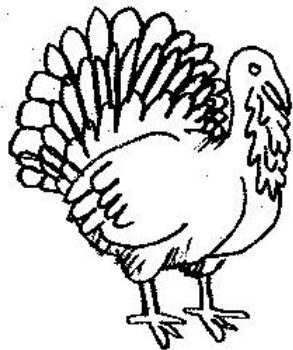
Country road

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountain, Shenandoah River
Life is older there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze:

Country road, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, Mountain Mama
Take me home country road

All my memories get around her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eyes:

I hear her voice in the morning, how she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Driving down the road I get a feeling
that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday:



Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow:

Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive-o!
Alive, alive-o! Alive, alive-o!
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive-o!

She was a fishmonger, but sure 't was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow:

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow:



Lemon tree

When I was just a lad of ten my father said to me
Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree
Don't put your faith in love my boy my father said to me
I fear you'll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree:

Lemon tree, very pretty
And the lemon flower is sweet
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is impossible to eat

Lemon tree, very pretty
And the lemon flower is sweet
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is impossible to eat

One day beneath the lemon tree my love and I did lie
A girl so sweet that when she smiled the stars rose in the sky
We passed that summer lost in love beneath the lemon tree
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me:

One day she left without a word, she took away the sun
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done
She had left me for another. It's a common tale but true
A sadder man but wiser now I sing these words to you:

This land is your land

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Red Wood Forest to the Gulf Stream Waters
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was singing
This land was made for you and me:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Red Wood Forest to the Gulf Stream Waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me those golden valleys
This land was made for you and me:

As the sun was shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice was saying
This land was made for you and me:

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without a seam or needle work
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to plough it with a ram's horn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
And she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And thrash it all up with a peacock's feather
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Cottonfields back home

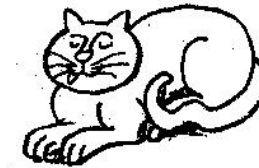
When I was a pretty little baby
My mother would rock me in the cradle
In them old, cottonfields back home:

Oh when them cotton balls got rotten
You couldn't pick very much cotton
In them old, cottonfields back home

It was down in Lou'siana
Just about a mile from Texarkana
In them old, cottonfields back home:

It may sound a little funny
But you didn't make very much money
In them old, cottonfields back home:

I was home in Arkansas
People ask me what you come here for
In them old, cottonfields back home:



I am sailing

I am sailing, I am sailing,
Home again across the sea
I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you
To be free

I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird across the sky
I am flying, passing high clouds
To be near you
To be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Through the dark night far away
I am dying, forever trying
To be near you
Who can sail

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again across the sea
We are sailing stormy waters
To be near you
To be free

Bear is sleeping (Sung to: "Frere Jacques")

Bear is sleeping. Bear is sleeping
Let it snow! Let it snow!
Sleeping all the winter, sleeping all the winter
Snug and warm, snug and warm

Resting
Napping
Snoring

Donna Donna

On a wagon, bound for market
There's a calf with a mournful eye
High above him there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky:

How the winds are laughing
They laugh with all their might
Laugh and laugh, the whole day through
And half the summer's night
Donna Donna Donna Donna
Donna Donna Donna Don
Donna Donna Donna Donna
Dona Donna Donna Don

Stop complaining said the farmer
Who told you a calf to be
Why don't you have wings to fly with
Like a swallow so proud and free:

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
Never know the reason why
But whoever treasures freedom
Like a swallow has learned to fly:



Where have all the flowers gone

Where have all the flowers gone
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone
Young girls have picked them everyone
When will they ever learn
When will they ever learn

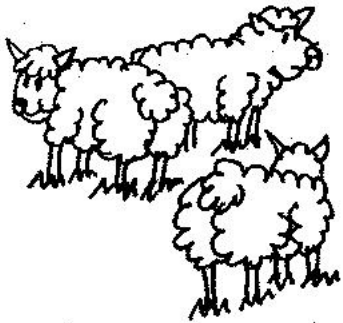
Where have all the young girls gone
Gone to husbands every one

Where have all the husbands gone
Gone to soldiers every one

Where have all the soldiers gone
Gone to graveyards every one

Where have all the graveyards gone
Gone to flowers every one

Where have all the flowers gone
Young girls have picked them every one



Buzz buzz buzz

Buzz buzz buzz go the bees bees bees
And they fly from the flowers to the trees trees trees
They pick up pollen and they make you sneeze
Buzz buzz buzz go the bees

All of the bees live in a hive
Built in a tree, way up high
You can't reach it, unless you can fly
And buzz buzz buzz like the bees

Buzz buzz buzz go the bees bees bees
And they work so hard on their hands and knees
Making that honey for you and me
Buzz buzz buzz go the bees

All of the bees are tiny little things
And they can fly on their wing wing wings
But you'd better be careful of their sting sting stings
Buzz buzz buzz go the bees

Buzz buzz buzz go the bees bees bees
And they get real mad if you tease tease tease
I'll stay clear if you please please please
Buzz buzz buzz go the bees



Don't fence me in

Oh, give me land
Lots of land under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride thru
The wide open country that I love
Don't fence me in
Let me be by myself
In the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur
Of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever
But I ask you please
Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cay-use
Let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise
I want to ride to the ridge
Where the West commences
Gaze at the moon
Till I lose my senses
Can't look at hobbles
And I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in

A daisy a day

He remembers the first time he met her
He remembers the first thing she said
He remembers the first time he held her
And the night that she came to his bed
He remembers her sweet way of singing
"Honey, has something gone wrong?"
He remembers the fun and the teasing
And the reason he wrote her this song:

I'll give you a daisy a day, dear
I'll give you a daisy a day
I'll love you until the rivers run still
And the four winds we know blow away

They would walk down the street in the evening
And for years I would see them go by
And their love that was more than the clothes that they wore
Could be seen in the gleam of their eyes
As a kid, they would take me for candy
And I loved to go tagging along
We'd hold hands while we walked to the corner
And the old man would sing her this song:

Now he walks down the street in the evening
And he stops by the old candy store
And I somehow believe he's believin'
He's holding her hand like before
For he feels all her love walking with him
And he smiles at the things she might say
Then the old man walks up to the hilltop
And gives her a daisy a day:

There's a hole in my bucket

There's a hole in my bucket
Dear Liza, dear Liza
A hole in my bucket
Dear Liza, a hole

Well fix it, dear Henry, dear Henry
Dear Henry, well fix it
Dear Henry, well fix it

With what shall I fix it
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I fix it
Dear Liza, with what?

With a straw, then, dear Henry, dear Henry

If the straw is too long, then
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
If the straw is too long, then
Dear Liza, too long?

Then cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry

With what shall I cut it
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I cut it
Dear Liza, with what?

With a knife, then, dear Henry, dear Henry

If the knife is too dull, then
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
If the knife is too dull, then
Dear Liza, too dull?

Then sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry

With what shall I sharpen it
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I sharpen it
Dear Liza, with what?

With a whetstone, dear Henry, dear Henry

If the stone be too dry, then
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
If the stone be too dry, then
Dear Liza, too dry?

Then wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry

With what shall I wet it
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
With what shall I wet it
Dear Liza, with what?

With water, dear Henry, dear Henry

How shall I fetch it
Dear Liza, dear Liza?
How shall I fetch it
Dear Liza, with what?

In a bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry

There's a hole in my bucket
Dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in my bucket
Dear Liza, a hole

