

Lyrics for Week 7, Cover Me

Black Betty by Lead Belly (1939)

Oh Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Oh Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Black Betty had a baby, bam-ba-lam
Black Betty had a baby, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone crazy, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone crazy, bam-ba-lam
Oh Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Oh Black Betty, bam-ba-lam

Oh baby Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Oh baby Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Black Betty had a baby, bam-ba-lam
Black Betty had a baby, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone crazy, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone crazy, bam-ba-lam
Baby wasn't none of mine, bam-ba-lam
Baby wasn't none of mine, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone blind, bam-ba-lam
Damn thing gone blind, bam-ba-lam
Yeah Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Whoa Black Betty, bam-ba-lam

Black Betty, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Black Betty, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Looky here, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Looky here, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Jump steady, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam
Jump steady, Black Betty, bam-ba-lam

Didn't It Rain by Henry Thacker Burleigh (1948)

Didn't it rain, children
Talk 'bout rain, oh, my Lord
Didn't it, didn't it, didn't it oh my Lord
Didn't it rain?
Didn't it rain, children
Talk 'bout rain, oh, my Lord
Didn't it, didn't it, didn't it, oh my Lord
Didn't it rain?
It rained 40 days, 40 nights without stopping
Noah was glad when the rain stopped dropping
Knock at the window, a knock at the door

Crying brother Noah can't you take on more
Noah cried no, you're full of sin
God got the key and you can't get in
Just listen how it's rainin'
Will you listen how it's rainin'
Just listen, how it's rainin'
All day, all night
All night, all day
Just listen how it's rainin'
Just listen how it's rainin'
Just listen how it's rainin'
Some moaning, some groaning
Some groaning, some praying
Well, a whole
Didn't it rain till dawn
Rain on my Lord
Didn't it, didn't it
Didn't it, oh
Oh, my Lord
Didn't it rain
Oh, God sent a raven to spread the news
To hoist his wings and away he flew
And to the north, and to the south
And to the east, and to the west
All day, all night, all night, all day
Well just listen how it's rainin'
Well just listen how it's rainin'
Oh, listen how it's rainin'
Some prayin', some cryin'
Some runnin', some moanin'
Will you listen how it's rainin'
Just listen how it's rainin'
Just listen how it's rainin'
Didn't it rain, children
Rain on my Lord
Didn't it, didn't it, didn't it, oh
Oh, my Lord, didn't it rain
Rain, rain, rain, rain, rain

La Bamba (traditional Mexican folk song) (1958)

Spanish

Para bailar La Bamba
Para bailar La Bamba
Se necesito una poca de gracia

Una poca de gracia Para mi, para ti
Y arriba, y arriba
Y arriba, y arriba
Por ti seré, por ti seré, por ti
Yo no soy marinero
Yo no soy marinero, soy capitán
Soy capitán, soy capitán
Bamba, bamba
Bamba, bamba
Bamba, bamba, bam
Para bailar La Bamba
Para bailar La Bamba
Se necesito una poca de gracia
Una poca de gracia
Pa' mi, pa' ti, y arriba, y arriba
Rrrr, ja-ja
Para bailar La Bamba
Para bailar La Bamba
Se necesito una poca de gracia
Una poca de gracia
Pa' mi, pa' ti, y arriba, y arriba
Y arriba, y arriba
Por ti seré, por ti seré, por ti seré
Bamba, bamba
Bamba, bamba
Bamba, bamba

English

To dance the Bamba,
to dance the Bamba,
one needs a bit of grace.
A bit of grace for me, for you,
now come on, come on,
now come on, come on,
for you I'll be, for you I'll be, for you I'll be.
I'm not a sailor,
I'm not a sailor, I'm a captain.
I'm a captain, I'm a captain.
Bamba, bamba,
bamba, bamba,
bamba, bamba, bam...
To dance the Bamba,
to dance the Bamba,
one needs a bit of grace.
A bit of grace for me, for you,

now come on, come on.

Rrrraa-ha-haa...

To dance the Bamba,
to dance the Bamba,
one needs a bit of grace.
A bit of grace for me, for you,
now come on, come on,
now come on, come on,
for you I'll be, for you I'll be, for you I'll be.
Bamba, bamba,
bamba, bamba,
bamba, bamba...

Tom Dooley by Thomas Land (1958)

Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die
I meet her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die
This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Hadn't-a been for Grayson
I'd-a been in Tennessee (well now, boy)
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die (well now, boy)
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die
This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hangin' from a white oak tree
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry

Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die (well now, boy)
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die
Poor boy you're bound to die
Poor boy you're bound to die
(Poor boy you're bound to die)

Hello Mudduh, Hello Fadduh! By Allan Sherman (1963)

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah
Here I am at Camp Grenada
Camp is very entertaining
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining
I went hiking with Joe Spivey
He developed poison ivy
You remember Leonard Skinner
He got Ptomaine poisoning last night after dinner
All the counsellors hate the waiters
And the lake has alligators
And the head coach wants no sissies
So he reads to us from something called Ulysses
Now I don't want this should scare ya
But my bunkmate has Malaria
You remember Jeffery Hardy
They're about to organize a searching party
Take me home, oh Muddah, Faddah
Take me home, I hate Grenada
Don't leave me out in the forest where
I might get eaten by a bear
Take me home, I promise I will
Not make noise, or mess the house with
Other boys, oh please don't make me stay
I've been here one whole day
Dearest Fadduh, darling Muddah
How's my precious little bruddah
Let me come home if you miss me
I would even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me
Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing
Playing baseball, gee that's bettah
Muddah, Faddah kindly disregard this letter

It's Now or Never by Elvis Presley (Aaron Schroeder/Wally Gold) (1960)

It's now or never, come hold me tight,
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight.
Tomorrow will be too late.
It's now or never, my love won't wait.
When I first saw you with your smile so tender
My heart was captured, my soul surrendered
I spent a lifetime waiting for the right time
Now that you're near, you're time is here at last.
It's now or never, come hold me tight
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight
Tomorrow will be too late
It's now or never, my love won't wait.
Just like a willow, we would cry an ocean
If we lost true love and sweet devotion
Your lips excite me, let your arms invite me
For who knows when we'll meet again this way
It's now or never, come hold me tight
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight
Tomorrow will be too late
It's now, my love won't wait
It's now or never, my love won't wait
No solo Miró, my love won't wait

Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child (traditional African American spiritual) (1963)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long way from home, a long way from home.
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done,
And a long, long way from home, a long way from home.
True believer,
True believer,
A long, long way from home,
A long, long way from home.

House of the Rising Sun by Robert Winslow Gordon (1925)

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans
Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he'll be satisfied
Is when he's all drunk
Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun
Well, I got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain
Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

A Lover's Concerto by Denny Randell and Sandy Linzer (1965)

How gentle is the rain that falls softly on the meadow
Birds high above in the trees serenade the flowers with their melodies oh oh oh
See there beyond the hill the bright colors of the rainbow
Some magic from above made this day for us just to fall in love
Now I belong to you from this day until forever
Just love me tenderly and I'll give to you every part of me oh oh oh
Don't ever make me cry through long lonely nights without love
Be always true to me
Keep this day in your heart eternally
Someday we shall return to this place upon the meadow
We'll walk out in the rain, hear the bird's above sing once again oh oh oh
You'll hold me in your arms and say once again, you love me
And if your love is true everything will be just as wonderful
You'll hold me in your arms and say once again, you love me
And if your love is true everything will be just as wonderful

Scarborough Fair/Canticle (old English folk song) (1966)

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 (in the deep forest green)
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
 (Tracing of sparrow on snow-crested ground)
 Without no seams nor needle work
 (Bedclothes the child of the mountain)
 Then she'll be a true love of mine
 (Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)
 Tell her to find me an acre of land
 (A sprinkling of leaves)
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 (Washes the grave with silvery tears)
 Between the salt water and the sea strands
 (And polishes a gun)
 Then she'll be a true love of mine
 Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
 (Blazing in scarlet battalions)
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
 (Generals order their soldiers to kill)
 And gather it all in a bunch of heather
 (A cause they've long ago forgotten)
 Then she'll be a true love of mine
 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

The Side of a Hill by Paul Simon (1963) (*italicized lyrics reworked in “Canticle”*)

On the side of a hill in a land called 'Somewhere'
 A little boy lies asleep in the earth
 While down in the valley a cruel war rages
 And people forget what a child's life is worth
 On the side of a hill, a little cloud weeps
 And *waters the grave with its silent tears*
 While a soldier cleans and *polishes a gun*
 That ended a life at the age of seven years
 And the war rages on in the land called 'Somewhere'
 And *generals order their men to kill*
 And to fight for *a cause they've long ago forgotten*
 While the little cloud weeps on the side of a hill

Sloop John B (Bahamian folk song) (1966)

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 main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I want to 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 want to go home
So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to 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 want to 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 main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, let me go home
Why don't you let me go home

Because by The Beatles (1969)

Aah
Because the world is round
It turns me on
Because the world is round

Aah
Because the wind is high
It blows my mind
Because the wind is high
Aah
Love is old, love is new
Love is all, love is you
Because the sky is blue
It makes me cry
Because the sky is blue
Aah

Could It Be Magic by Barry Manilow (1973)

Spirit move me every time I'm near you
Whirling like a cyclone in my mind
Sweet Melissa, angel of my lifetime
Answer to all answers I can find

Baby, I love you, come, come
Come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you
And, baby, I want you, now, now
Now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic at last?
Lady take me
High upon a hillside
High up where the stallion meets the sun
I could love you
Build my world around you
Never leave you 'till my life is done
Baby I love you come, come
Come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you
And baby I want you
Now, now, oh now, oh now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic at last
It could be magic
Come, come on, come on
Come oh come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you, all of you
Baby I want you
Now, now, oh now, oh now and hold on fast

Could this be the magic at last
Could it be magic
Come, come on, come on, come, oh come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you, all of you
Baby I want you
Now, now, oh now, oh now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic at last
Could it be magic
Come, come on, come on, come, oh come into my arms
Oh, let me know the wonder of all of you, all of you
Baby I want you
Now, now, oh now, now oh now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic

This Night by Billy Joel (1983)

Didn't I say
I wasn't ready for a romance
Didn't we promise
We would only be friends
And so we danced
Though it was only a slow dance
I started breaking my promises
Right there and then
Didn't I swear
There would be no complications
Didn't you want
Someone who's seen it all before
Now that you're here
It's not the same situation
Suddenly I don't remember the rules anymore
This night is mine
It's only you and i
Tomorrow
Is a long time away
This night can last forever
I've been around
Someone like me should know better
Falling in love
Would be the worst thing I could do
Didn't I say
I needed time to forget her
Aren't you running from someone
Who's not over you
How many nights

Have I been lonely without you
I tell myself
How much I really don't care
How many nights
Have I been thinking about you
Wanting to hold you
But knowing you would not be there
This night
You're mine
It's only you and i
I'll tell you
To forget yesterday
This night we are together
This night
Is mine
It's only you and i
Tomorrow
Is such a long time away
This night can last forever
Tomorrow
Is such a long time away
This night can last forever

Where Did You Sleep Last Night/In The Pines (folk song from 1800s) (1994)

My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through
My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through
Her husband, was a hard working man
Just about a mile from here
His head was found in a driving wheel
But his body never was found
My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through
My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows

In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through
My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through
My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows
In the pines, in the pines
The sun, shine
I would shiver the whole night through

Seven Nation Army by The White Stripes (2003)

I'm gonna fight 'em all
A seven nation army couldn't hold me back
They're gonna rip it off
Taking their time right behind my back
And I'm talking to myself at night
Because I can't forget
Back and forth through my mind
Behind a cigarette
And the message coming from my eyes
Says, "Leave it alone"
Don't wanna hear about it
Every single one's got a story to tell
Everyone knows about it
From the Queen of England to the Hounds of Hell
And if I catch it coming back my way
I'm gonna serve it to you
And that ain't what you want to hear
But that's what I'll do
And the feeling coming from my bones
Says, "Find a home"
I'm going to Wichita
Far from this opera forevermore
I'm gonna work the straw
Make the sweat drip out of every pore
And I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding
Right before the Lord
All the words are gonna bleed from me
And I will sing no more
And the stains coming from my blood

Tell me, "Go back home"

John Henry (folk song) (2006)

John Henry was about three days old,
Sittin' on his papa's knee.
He picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel;
Said, "Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord.
Hammer's gonna be the death of me."
The captain said to John Henry
"Gonna bring that steam drill 'round.
Gonna bring that steam drill out on the job.
Gonna whop that steel on down. Down,
Down.
Whop that steel on down."
John Henry told his captain,
"A man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I let your steam drill beat me
Down,
I'd die with a hammer in my hand. Lord,
Lord.
I'd dies with a hammer in my hand."
John Henry said to his shaker,
"Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm throwin' thirty pounds from my hips on
Down.
Just listen to that cold steel ring. Lord, Lord.
Listen to that cold steel ring."
The man that invented the stream drill
Thought he was mighty fine,
But John Henry made fifteen feet;
The steam drill only made nine. Lord, Lord.
The steam drill only made nine.
John Henry hammered in the mountain
His hammer was striking fire.
But he worked so hard, he broke his poor
Heart.
He laid down his hammer and he died. Lord,
Lord.
He laid down his hammer and he died.
John Henry had a little woman.
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry took sick and went to his bed.
Polly Ann drove steel like a man. Lord,
Lord.
Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

John Henry had a little baby.
You could hold him in the palm of your
Hand.
The last words I heard that poor boy say,
"My daddy was steel-driving man. Lord,
Lord.
My daddy was a steel-driving."
Well, every Monday morning
When the bluebirds begin to sing.
You can hear John Henry a mile or more.
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.
Lord, Lord.
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.