

## John Kanaka

I heard, I heard the old man say, hey  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Today, todays a holiday  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Tura yay, oh, tura yay,  
John kanaka Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,

Oh we'll work tomorrow, but no work today  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Oh we'll work tomorrow, but no work today  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Tura yay, oh, tura yay,  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,

Oh we're outward bound from frisko bay  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Oh we're outward bound at the break of day  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Tura yay, oh, tura yay  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,

We're a Yankee ship with a Yankee crew  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay  
And were the buckos to kick her through  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay  
Tura yay, oh, tura yay  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,

So we'll haul, we'll haul, we'll haul away  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
And make our port and take our pay  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay,  
Tura yay, oh, tura yay  
John Kanaka-naka tu-rie-ay.

## Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world alone  
There is no sickness, toil nor danger  
In that fair land to which I go

I'm goin' home to see my mother  
I'm goin' home, no more to roam  
I am just goin' over Jordan  
I am just goin' over home

I know dark clouds will hover o'er me  
I know my pathway is rough and steep  
But golden fields lie out before me  
Where weary eyes no more will weep

I'm goin' home to see my father  
I'm goin' home, no more to roam  
I am just goin' over Jordan  
I am just goin' over home

I'll soon be free from every trial  
This form shall rest beneath the sod  
I'll drop the cross of self-denial  
And enter in that home with God

I'm goin' home to see my Savior  
I'm goin' home, no more to roam  
I am just goin' over Jordan  
I am just goin' over home

## **All The Good Times are Past and Gone**

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born  
Or died when I was young  
I never would a' seen your sparklin' blue eyes  
Or heard your lying tongue

All the good times are past and gone  
All the good times are o'er  
All the good times are past and gone  
Little darlin' don't you weep no more.

Don't you see that passenger train  
Comin around the bend  
Its taking me away from this lonesome old town  
Never to return again

Now don't you see that lonesome dove  
Flyin from pine to pine  
It's mournin' for It's own true love  
Just like I mourn for mine.

Come back, come back my own true love  
And stay a while with me  
For if ever I've had a friend in this world  
You've been a friend to me