



Rapsquillion

Workshop
2026

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Welcome!

Hello - we hope you're having a great time. If you have been to a Rapsquillion workshop in the past, welcome back; if you haven't, well, never mind – better late than never.

As those of you who know us will have heard before, we love our workshops. We particularly enjoy the way that the mayhem magically leads to a beautiful sound – it's a real caterpillar to butterfly moment. We've had cheers, rapturous applause and, occasionally, tears (of joy, naturally) For those of us who have been part of one of our flashmobs, the sudden realisation that one's singing has resulted in smiles on the faces of up to a thousand people can be truly transformative.

You don't need to be an experienced singer – all we ask is that you really like the idea of singing with a crowd of others. We're not trying to build a community choir, we're intent on spending ninety minutes or so having a joyous time making a lovely sound (although, if what you do with Rapsquillion gives you the urge to carry on singing with others then that will be brilliant!)

We trust that you'll find the contents of this little booklet useful and, as usual, we ask that if you do use anything from here you give credit to the originator where we've shown it, and share the prosecco with us when you're famous.

So, heads up, deep breath, - wait for it - go!

<https://rapsquillion.co.uk>

Peace

Jacynth Hamill

Pea - ce pea - ce Si - o-chain, Si - o-chain

Oh Si - o-chain, Si - o-chain

Oh Si - o-chain, Si - o-chain

Three Possums in a Coat

SpaceVinci

I am not a per - son, I'm three pos - sums in a coat.

We'd like to claim it's Guc - ci but we got it from a goat. Say

it's vin - tage or it's a-vante garde, what - e - ver boats your float, I

don't care I'm not a per - son I'm three pos - sums in a coat.

Bitter Was The Night

Sydney Carter

8 Voice Bit - ter was the night, thought the cock would

8 Voice Bit - ter was the night,

8 Voice Bit - ter was the

4 Vo. 8 crow for ev - er. Bit - ter was the night be -

Vo. 8 thought the cock would crow for ev - er. Bit - ter was the

Vo. 8 night, thought the cock would crow for ev - er.

7 Vo. 8 fore the break of day. Bit - ter was the night

Vo. 8 night be - fore the break of day. Bit - ter was the

Vo. 8 Bit - ter was the night be - fore the break of day.

Bitter was the Night

Sidney Carter

- 1 Bitter was the night,
Thought the cock would crow for ever,
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 2 Saw you passing by,
Told them all I didn't know you.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 3 Told them all a lie,
And I told it three times over.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 4 What did Judas do?
Sold him for a bag of silver.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 5 What did Judas do?
Hanged himself among the branches.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 6 Bitter was the night,
Thought there'd never be a morning.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.
- 7 Bitter was the night,
Thought the cock would crow for ever.
Bitter was the night
Before the break of day.

King Cotton

Mike Harding

See how the lint flies out o - ver the moor - land,

See how the smoke in the va - ley clings, See how the slate roofs

shine in the dri - zze, This is the va - lley where cot - ton is king.

1. See how the lint flies out over the moorland,
See how the smoke in the valley clings,
See how the slate roofs shine in the drizzle,
This is the valley where cotton is King.
2. See how the houses cling to the hillside,
Hear how the streets of children sing,
Wait for the scream of the factory hooter,
This is the valley where cotton is King.
3. See how the hunger eats at the faces,
The ragged clothes to the flesh do cling,
Dust in the lungs and their bodies twisted,
This is the valley where cotton is king
4. Sleep is washed from the broken faces,
Morning clogs on the cobbles ring,
Off to the mill the weavers hurry,
This is the valley where cotton is King.
5. Work all day to the looms' hard rhythm,
Scrabble and toil till your tired bones sing,
Crawl back home as the gaslight flickers,
This is the valley where cotton is King.
6. This is the land where children labour,
Where life and death mean the self-same thing,
Where many must work that the few might prosper,
This is the valley where cotton is King.

Crossing The Bar

Tennyson/Arbo, arr Sarah Morgan

5

Sun - set and eve - ni - ng star, and one clear call for me: And may there be

5

no moan ing of the bar When I put out to

8

sea. When I put out - to sea; When I put out to

When I put out to sea; When I put out to

When I put out to sea; When I put out to

12

sea; And may there be no moan - ing of the bar when I put out to

sea; And may there be no moan - ing of the bar when I put out to

sea; And may there be no moan - ing of the bar when I put out to

16

sea. But such a tide as morn - ing seems a - sleep, too full for sound and

sea. But such a tide as morn - ing seems a - sleep, too full for sound and

sea. But such a tide as morn - ing seems a - sleep, too full for sound and

20

foam; When that which drew from out the bound - less deep,

foam; When that which drew from out the bound - less deep,

foam; When that which drew from out the bound - less deep,

23

turns a - way home.

turns a - way home.

turns a - way home.

2

Crossing the Bar

Tennyson/Arbo; arr S Morgan

Tennyson is believed to have written the poem after suffering a serious illness and while on the sea, crossing the Solent to the Isle of Wight. It is thought of as being elegiac, and shortly before his death the author instructed his son to include it as the final poem in all future collections of his work. The tune is by Rani Arbo and our arrangement is by Sarah Morgan, sung with her permission.

1. Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me;
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea
 When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home

2. Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark
 When I embark, when I embark
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark
 For though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

When I have crossed the bar
When I have crossed the bar
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

John Barleycorn

Trad. Arr Rapsquillion

John Bar - ley - corn's a he - ro bold as an - y in - the land; His

John Bar - ley - corn's a he - ro bold as a - ny in - the land; His

John Bar - ley - corn's a he - ro bold as a - ny in the land; His

John Bar - ley - corn's a he - ro bold as a - ny in - the land; His

5

S. fame has stood for a - ges good, and sha - ll for a - ges stand. The whole wide world re -

A. fame has stood for a - ges good, and shall for a - ges stand. The whole wide world re -

T. fame has stood for a - ges good, and shall for a - ges stand. The whole wi - de world re -

B. fame has stood for a - ges good, and shall for a - ges stand. The whole wide world re -

10

S.  -spects him no mat-ter friend or foe, And where the be that makes too free, he's su-re to lay - them low.

A.  -spects him no mat-ter friend or foe, And wherethey be that makes too free, he's sure to lay - them low.

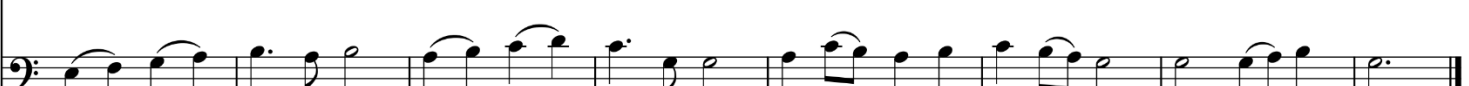
T.  -spe - cts him no mat-ter friend or foe, And wherethey be that ma-kes to free, he's sure to lay them low.

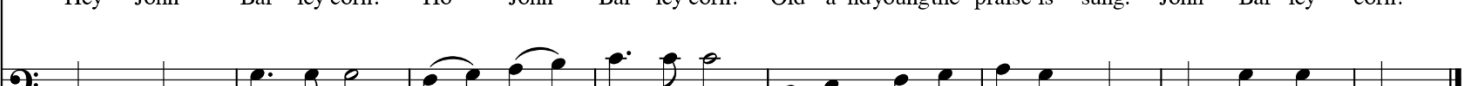
B.  -spects him no mat-ter friend or foe, And wherethey be that makes too free, he's sure to lay - them low.

17

S.  Hey John Bar - ley-corn! Ho John Bar - ley-corn! Old and youngthy praise is sung: John Bar - ley - corn!

A.  Hey John Bar - ley-corn! Ho John Bar - ley-corn! Old and youngthy praise is - sung: John Bar - ley - corn!

T.  Hey - John Bar - ley-corn! Ho - John - Bar - ley-corn! Old a-ndyoungthe praise is sung: John Bar - ley - corn!

B.  Hey John Bar - ley-corn! Ho - John - Bar - ley-corn! Old and younghis praise is sung: John Bar - ley - corn!

John Barleycorn

1. John Barleycorn's a hero bold as any in the land.

His fame has stood for ages good, and shall for ages stand.

The whole wide world respects him no matter friend or foe;

And where they be that makes too free,

He's sure to lay them low.

Chorus:

Hey! John Barleycorn,

Ho John Barleycorn,

Old and young thy praise is sung:

John Barleycorn.

2. To see him in his pride of growth, his robes are rich and green;
His head is speared with goodly beard, fit nigh to serve a queen.
And when the harvest time comes round and John is stricken down,
He'll use his blood for England's good,
And Englishmen's renown.

3. The Lord in courtly castle, the squire in stately hall;

The greatest names of birth and fame on John for succour call.

He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to Nature's cold;

Makes weak men strong, and old men young,

And all men brave and bold.

4. Then SHOUT for great John Barleycorn, nor heed the luscious vine;

I have no mind much charms to find in potent draughts of wine.

Give me my native nut-brown ale, all other drinks I scorn:

For true English cheer in English beer,

Our own John Barleycorn.