The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 Those Were the Days

EmOnce upon a time there was a tavern E7 AmWhere we used to raise a glass or two EmRemember how we'd laugh away the hours $F^{\#}$ And dream of all the great things we would do

(Chorus) Those were the days my friend

Am

We thought they'd never end

D D7 G

We'd sing and dance forever and a day

Am

We'd live the life we choose

Em

We'd fight and never lose

B7

For we were young and sure to have our

Am

way

Em

La la la la la la

Am

La la la la la la

D D7 G Am

Em B7 Em

a-la-la-la-la La la, la la la la

Then the busy years went rushing by us We lost our starry notions on the way If by chance I'd see you in the tavern We'd smile at one another and we'd say (Chorus)

Just tonight I stood before the tavern Nothing seemed the way it used to be In the glass I saw a strange reflection Was that lonely fellow really me (Chorus)

Through the door there came familiar laughter I saw your face and heard you call my name Oh my friends we're older but no wiser For in our hearts the dreams are still the same

2 The Wild Rover

(Chorus) And it's no, nay, never, no, nay, Cnever, no more Cwill I play the wild rover Cno, never, no more

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent and I told the landlady my money was spent. I asked her for credit, she answered me nay, Such a custom like yours I can have any day

(Chorus)

Then out of me pocket I took sovereigns bright and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight. She said I'd have whiskey and wines of the best and the words that she told me were only in jest.

(Chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,

and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son. And when they've caressed me as oft' times before then I never will play the wild rover no more

(Chorus)

3 Roarin' Mary

 $\begin{array}{c} D & G \\ \text{With a too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rae-ay} \\ A & D \\ \text{Whack fol da diddle loora-da-o-may}. \end{array}$

Now Buckeye jim has lost his way Saving his corn for a rainy day And North Country beagles have run awry With a Billy O'Neil just a—wonderin' why.

Too-ra-loo-rae-ay Whack fol da diddle loora-da-o-may.

I lost three dimes on a horse called Stewball, By a dozen lusty mares was called And when they got him back to his stable Owner says I hope to God you're able.

(Chorus)

Had a girl by the banks of the Ohio Suckled by wind and rain and snow No honest man on earth could keep her So she ran off with a Scottish preacher.

(Chorus)

I had a girl called Roarin' Mary And with her I am feign to dally No hope left on that blind man's table I'll settle down with a cock—right fable.

(Chorus)

4 Drunken Sailor

Em
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
D
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Em
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Em
D
Em
Earl-eye in the morning!

Em
(Chorus) Way hay and up she rises

D
Way hay and up she rises

Em
Way hay and up she rises

Em
D
Earl—eye in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Earl—eye in the morning!
(Chorus)
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him Earl—eye in the morning! (Chorus)

Put him the back of the paddy wagon, Put him the back of the paddy wagon, Put him the back of the paddy wagon, Earl—eye in the morning! (Chorus)

Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober, Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober, Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober, Earl-eye in the morning! (Chorus)

Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson, (*Name may vary)
Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson,
Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson,

Earl—eye in the morning!

(Chorus)

What do you do with a drunken sailor, What do you do with a drunken sailor,

What do you do with a drunken sailor,

Earl—eye in the morning!

(Chorus 2x)

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

5

Asus2 Em
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G D Asus2
Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy
With a load of iron ore twenty–six thousand tons
more

Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed When the gales of November came early

The ship was the pride of the American side Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most With a crew and good captain well seasoned Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms

When they left fully loaded for Cleveland Then later that night when the ship's bell rang Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind in the wires made a tattle—tale sound When the wave broke over the railing And every man knew, as the captain did too 'Twas the witch of November come stealin' The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait When the gales of November came slashin' When afternoon came it was freezing rain In the face of a hurricane west wind

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck

Saying, "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
At seven PM a main hatchway caved in
He said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."
The captain wired in he had water comin' in
And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went out of
sight

Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Does anyone know where the love of God goes When the waves turn the minutes to hours? The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay

If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her They might have split up or they might have capsized

They may have broke deep and took water And all that remains is the faces and the names Of the wives and the sons and the daughters Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the rooms of her ice—water mansion
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams
The islands and bays are for sportsmen
And farther below, Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty—nine times

For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee Superior, they said, never gives up her dead When the gales of November come early

6 The Battle of New Orleans

G C
In 1814 we took a little trip
D G
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty
Mississip

We took a little bacon and we took a little beans D = GAnd we caught the bloody British in a town in New Orleans

GWe fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while

 $G \atop {
m ago}$

We fired once more and they begin to runnin' D GOn down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We looked down a river And we see'd the British come And there must have been a hundred of'em Beatin' on the drums

They stepped so high And they made their bugles ring We stood by our cotton bales And didn't say a thing

We fired our guns and the British kep a–comin' There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise If we didn't fire our muskets 'Till we looked 'em in the eyes

We held our fire 'Till we see'd their faces well Then we opened up our squirrel guns And really gave 'em – well we

Fired our guns and the British kep a–comin' There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico Yeah, they ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
Where the rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast
That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round

We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind

And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his mind

We fired our guns and the British kep a-comin' There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin' On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Yeah, they ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
Where the rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast
That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Hut-two-three-four Sound off, three-four Hut-two-three-four Sound off, three-four Hut-two-three-four

Hut-two-three-four.

7 Edelweiss

8 Charlie on the M.T.A.

- Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named Charley on a tragic and fateful day
- He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family, went to ride on the M.T.A.
- Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and his fate is still unknown
- (What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
- He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston. He's the man who never returned
- Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station and he changed for Jamaica Plain
- When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel." Charlie couldn't get off of that train
- Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and his fate is still unknown
- (What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
- He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston. He's the man who never returned
- Now, all night long Charlie rides through the station, crying, "What will become of me?! How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or my cousin in Rocksbury?"
- Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and his fate is still unknown
- (What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
- He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston. He's the man who never returned
- Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square Station every day at quarter past two
- And through the open window she hands Charlie a sandwich as the train comes rumblin' through

- Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and his fate is still unknown
- (What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
- He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston. He's the man who never returned
- Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal how the people have to pay and pay?
- Fight the fare increase! Vote for George O'Brien! Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.
- Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and his fate is still unknown
- (What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
- He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston. He's the man who never returned
- He's the man who never returned. He's the man who never returned
- E tu, Charlie?

9 Arthur Mcbride

Oh, me and my cousin one Arthur McBride As we went a-walking down by the seaside Now mark what followed and what did betide For it being on Christmas morning

Out for recreation we went on a tramp And we met sergeant napper and corporal vamp And the little wee drummer intending to camp For the day being pleasant and charming

"Good morning, good morning," the sergeant did cry

"And the same to you gentlemen, " we did reply "Intending no harm but meant to pass by"

"For it being on christmas morning"

But says he, "My fine fellows if you would enlist"

"It's ten guineas of gold I will slip in your fist"
"And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the

"And drink the king's health in the morning"

"For a soldier he leads a very fine life"

"And he always is blessed with a charming young wife"

"And he pays all his debts without sorrow and strife"

"And always lives pleasant and charming"

"And a soldier he always is decent and clean"

"In the finest of clothing he is constantly seen"

"While other poor fellows go dirty and mean"

"And sup on thin gruel in the morning"

But says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes"

"For you've only the lend of them as I suppose"
"And you dare not change them one night for you know"

"If you do you'll be flogged in the morning"

"And although that we are single and free"

"We take great delight in our own company"

"And we have no desires strange faces to see"

"Although that your offers are charming"

"And we have no desire to take your advance"

"All hazards and dangers we barter on chance"

"For you would have no scruples to send us to france"

"Where we would get shot without warning"
"Oh now," says the sergeant, "I'll have no such

"And I neither will take it from small penal brats"

"For if you insult me with one other word"

"I'll cut off your heads in the morning"

And then Arthur and I we soon drew our hods And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades

When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads And bade them take that as fair warning And their own rusty rapiers that hung by their sides

We flung them as far as we could in the tide "Now take them up devils!" cried Arthur McBride "And temper their edge in the morning"

And the little wee drummer we flattened his bow And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll And bade it a tedious returning And we haven't no money paid them off in cracks And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs For we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks And left them for dead in the morning

And so to conclude and to finish disputes We obligingly asked the the lads who would give them hard clouts And bid them look sharp one Arthur McBride As we went a—walking down by the seaside N betide For it being on Christmas morning

10 The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bring I, Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary. I pray you, my masters, be merry Quot estis in convivio

(Chorus)Caput apri defero Reddens laudes Domino

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
(Chorus)
Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which, on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio
(Chorus)

11 Riding With Private Malone

GI was just out of the service thumbin' through the classifieds

When an ad that said old Chevy somehow caught my eye

The lady didn't know the year or even if it ran

But I had that thousand dollars in my hand It was way back in the corner of this old ramshackle barn

With thirty years of dust and dirt on that green army tarp

When I pulled the cover off it took away my breath

What she called a Chevy was a sixty–six Corvette I felt a little guilty as I counted out the bills What a thrill I got when I sat behind the wheel I opened up the glove box and that's when I found the note

The date was nineteen sixty–six and this is what he wrote

My name is Private Andrew Malone

G D C D

If you're reading this then I didn't make it home

But for every dream that's shattered another one $\stackrel{\textstyle C}{D}$

comes true

This car was once a dream of mine, now it belongs to you

And though you may take her and make her your D own

G D C D G You'll always be ridingwith Private Malone

It didn't take me long at all I had her runnin' good

I loved to hear those horses thunder underneath her hood

I had her shinin' like a diamond and I'd put the rag top down

All the pretty girls would stop and stare as I drove her through town

The buttons on the radio didn't seem to work quite right

But it picked up that oldies show especially late at night

I'd get the feelin' sometimes if I turned real quick I'd see

A soldier riding shotgun in the seat right next to me

It was a young man named Private Andrew Malone

Who fought for his country and never made it home

But for every dream that's shattered there's another that comes true

This car was once a dream of his, back when it was new

And he told me to take her and make her my own (Repeat intro.)

And I was proud to be riding with Private Malone

One night it was raining hard I took a curve too fast

I still don't remember much about that fiery crash Someone said they thought they saw a soldier pull me out

They didn't get his name but I know without a doubt

It was a young man named Private Andrew Malone

Who fought for his country and never made it home

But for every dream that shatters there's another that comes true

This car was once a dream of his, back when it was new

And I know I wouldn't be here if he hadn't tagged along

(Repeat intro.)

Yeah that night I was riding with Private Malone (Repeat intro.)

Oh thank God I was riding with Private Malone Private Malone....

12 Loch Lomond

D By you bonnie banks $\begin{array}{ccc} Em & G & A & D \\ \text{And by yon bonnie braesWhere the sun shines} \end{array}$ \ensuremath{Bm} \ensuremath{Bm} \ensuremath{G} \ensuremath{A} \ensuremath{A} bright on Loch LomondWhere me and my true love G Bm A D Bm Were ever want to gae - On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Em A D Loch Lomond (Refrain) Oh! ye'll take the high road and

Em G A I'll take the low road D Bm G A
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye; $\begin{array}{c} G & Fm \\ \text{But me and my true love} \end{array}$ G Bm A D Bm Will never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of

Em Loch Lomond AD

'Twas there that we parted In yon shady glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond Where in purple hue The Highland hills we view And the moon rising out o'er the gloamin (Refrain) The wee birdies sing And the wild flowers spring And in sunshine the waters are sleeping But the broken heart it kens Nae second Spring again Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greeting (Refrain)

13 Annabelle

Am F Lease twenty acres and one Ginny mule $\frac{E}{E}$ From the Alabama Trust Am Half of the cotton, third of the corn E Am Get a handful of dust

(Chorus) **F**(Chorus) We cannot have all things to **C** please us No matter how we try 'Til we've all We can only wonder why

I had a daughter called her Annabelle She's the apple of my eye Tried to give her something like I never had Didn't want to ever hear her cry (Chorus) When I'm dead and buried, I'll take a hard life of tears Everyday I've ever known Anna's in the churchyard, she's got no life at all She's only got these words on a stone (Chorus)

14 Sam Hall

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep, Achimney sweep D G DOh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep GOh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both Agreat and small

And my neck will pay for all when I die, when I

And my neck will pay for all when I die

I have twenty pounds in store, that's not all, that's not all

I have twenty pounds in store, that's not all I have twenty pounds in store and I'll rob for twenty more

For the rich must help the poor, so must I, so must I

For the rich must help the poor, so must I

Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart

Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart

Oh they took me to Cootehill where I stopped to make my will

Saying the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I

Saying the best of friends must part, so must I

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke

Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope

And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down

And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep, chimney sweep

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep

Oh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both great and small

And my neck will pay for all when I die, when I die

And my neck will pay for all when I die

15 Farewell to Nova Scotia

(Chorus) Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea-bound coast,

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

When I'm far away, on the briny ocean tossed,

G The sun was setting in the West

The birds were singing on every tree

All of nature seemed inclined to rest Em C Em

But, still, there was no rest for me. (Chorus)

I grieve to leave my native land

I grieve to leave my comrades all

And my poor old aged parents whom I love so dear

And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore. (Chorus)

The drums do beat and the wars they alarm

Our captain calls; we must obey

Farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charm

For it's early in the morning I am bound far away (Chorus)

I have two brothers and they are at rest.

Their hands are folded on their chest.

But a poor, simple sailor just like me

Must be tossed and turned on the deep, blue sea. (Chorus)

16 Rose Red Round

Rose, Rose, Rose red, Will I ever see thee wed? I will marry at thy will, sire At thy will.

Ding ding ding dong
Wedding bells on an April morn'
Carve thy name on a moss covered stone
On a moss covered stone.

Heigh-ho, nobody home Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none. Yet I will be merry. Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Little bird Take thy flight, High above the sorrows Of this dark night.

17 Haul Away Joe

O when I was a little lad Or so my mother told me, Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! That if I did not kiss the gals Me lips would all grow moldy. Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

(Chorus) Sing it!Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather,Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

King Louis was the king of France Before the revolut–i–on Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! But then he got his head cut off Which spoiled his constitut-i-on Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! (Chorus) First I met a yankee girl, But she was fat and lazy Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! Then I met an Irish girl She darn near drives me crazy! Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! (Chorus) Saint Patrick was a gentleman He came from decent people, Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! He built a church in Dublin Town And on it put a steeple, Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe! (Chorus)

18 Fields of Athenry

Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry

D
Where once we watched the (*Bm) small

A
free birds fly

D
Our love was on the wing

D
We had dreams and songs to sing

Em
A
D
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen—ry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity
[Chorus]
By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fall
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in
Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

[Chorus]

19 Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains G D I met with captain Farrell and his money he was A counting. D Bm I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier. G D Said stand and deliver, for ya are a bold deceiver, A [Chorus] musha ring dumma do damma da D whack for the daddy 'ol G whack for the daddy 'ol G There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.

I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny. She sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me,

but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

(Chorus)

I went into my chamber, a' for to take a slumber, I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.

But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,

Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

(Chorus)

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel,

The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel.

I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,

But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

(Chorus)

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army, I think that he is stationed in Cork or in Killarney.

And if he'll go with me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,

And I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin' sportin' Jenny

(Chorus)

Some take delight in the fishin' and the trappin',
But others take delight in the carriages a—rovin'.
But me I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty women in the morning bright
and early
(Chorus)

20 A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his heed and a' that
The coward slave we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The mands the gowd for a' that

What tho' on hamely fare we dine
Wear hoddin–gray and a' that
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine
A mands a man for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Their tinsel show and a' that
The honest man tho' e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord Wha struts and stares and a' that Tho' hundreds worship at his word He's but a coof for a' that For a' that and a' that His riband, star and a' that The man o' independent mind He looks and laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight A marquis, duke and a' that But an honest mands aboon his might Guid faith he mauna fa' that For a' that and a' that Their dignities and a' that The pith o' sense and pride o' worth Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will and a' that
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree and a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that

21 Miss Ohio

F C Oh me oh my oh G Am G F Look at Miss OhioShe's a running around with C G her rag—top down F C G She says I wanna do right but not right now

Gonna drive to Atlanta And live out this fantasy Running around with the rag—top down Yeah, I wanna do right but not right now

Had your arm around her shoulder, a regimental soldier

An' mamma starts pushing that wedding gown Yeah, you wanna do right but not right now

Oh me oh my oh, would you look at Miss Ohio She's a runnin' around with the rag—top down She says I wanna do right but not right now

I know all about it, so you don't have to shout it I'm gonna straighten it out somehow Yeah, I wanna do right but not right now

Oh me oh my oh, look at Miss Ohio She a runnin' around with her rag—top down She says I wanna do right , but not right now Oh, I want do right but not right now

22 Paradise

 $\begin{array}{c} D & G \\ \text{When I was a child my family would travel} \\ D & A \\ \text{Down to Western Kentucky where my parents} \\ D \\ \text{were born} \end{array}$

And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered

So many times that my memories are worn. (Chorus)

And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County

Down by the Green River where Paradise lay Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking

Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River

To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols

But empty pop bottles was all we would kill. (Chorus)

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel

And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land

Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken

Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

(Chorus)

When I die let my ashes float down the Green

Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin' Just five miles away from wherever I am. (Chorus)

23 The Fox

The Fox went out on a chilly night
He prayed for the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town—o, town—o, town—o
He'd many a mile to go that night before he
reached the town—o

He ran till he came to the farmer's pen The ducks and the geese were kept therein He said "a couple of you are gonna grease my chin,

Before I leave this town "Said a couple of you are gonna grease my chin, before i leave this town—o

He grabbed the great goose by the neck And he threw a duck across his back And he didn't mind the quack quack And the legs all dangling down—o He didn't mind the quack quack And the legs all dangling down—o

The old grey woman jumped out of bed She ran to the window and popped out her head, Crying John, John, the great goose is gone And the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o John, John, the great goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o

He ran till he came to his nice warm den And there were the little ones, eight, nine, ten Sayin' Daddy, Daddy, better go back again For it must be a mighty fine town—o, town—o, town—o

Daddy, Daddy, go back again for it must be a mighty fine town—o

The fox and his wife, without any strife Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife They never had such a supper in their life And the little ones chewed on the bones—o, bones—o, bones—o

They never had such a supper in their life And the little ones chewed on the bones

24 The Green Fields Of France

Oh how do you do, young Willy Mc—Bride GDo you mind if I sit here down by your Dgrave—side $Bm \qquad G \qquad A$ And rest for a while in the warm summer sun GI've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done D $Em \qquad G$ And I see by your gravestone you were only D $Em \qquad G$ When you joined the great fallen in D $D \qquad Bm$ Well I hope you died quick G C CAnd I hope you died clean C COr Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined And though you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane
In an old photograph torn, tattered, and stained And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame (Chorus)

The sun shining down on these green fields of France

The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance

The trenches have vanished long under the plow No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now But here in this graveyard that's still no mans land

The countless white crosses in mute witness stand To man's blind indifference to his fellow man And a whole generation were butchered and damned

(Chorus)

And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride Do all those who lie here know why they died Did you really believe them when they told you the cause

Did you really believe that this war would end wars

Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame

The killing and dying it was all done in vain Oh Willy McBride it all happened again And again, and again, and again, and again (Chorus)

25 The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him His father's sword he hath girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard, (Should) "Tho' all the world betrays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul under The harp he loved ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords asunder

And said "No chains shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the pure and free They shall never sound in slavery!

(Chorus) (D)And the only tune I hear Is the sound of the wind

As it blows through the town G D Weave and spin, weave and spin

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill Stands a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill." (Chorus)

But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack

The mill has shut down and it ain't a—coming back

(Chorus)

Well, I'm too old to work, and I'm too young to die

Tell me, where shall we go, My old gal and I? (Chorus)

There's no children at all in the narrow empty street

The mill has closed down; it's so quiet I can't sleep

(Chorus)

Yes, the mill has shut down; it's the only life I

Tell me, where will I go, Tell me, where will I go? (Chorus)

27 Isn't It Grand Boys

Look at the coffin, with golden handles Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody—well dead?

(Chorus) Let's not have a sniffle, let's have a bloody—good cry And always remember: The longer you live The sooner you'll bloody—well die

Look at the flowers, all bloody withered Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody—well dead? (Chorus)

Look at the mourners, bloody—great hypocrites Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody—well dead? (Chorus)

Look at the preacher, a bloody-nice fellow Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead? (Chorus)

Look at the widow, bloody—great female Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody—well dead? (Chorus)

28 Sally Gardens

(Chorus) She bid me to take life easy Em C D GAs the leaves grow on the tree Em D C GBut I was young and fool—ish C D GAnd with her did not agree

In a field down by the river My love and I did stand And upon my leaning shoulder She laid her snow—white hand

She bid me take life easy As the grass grows on the weirs But I was young and foolish And now I am full of tears

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

29 The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored

He have loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible swift sword

His truth is marching on

(Chorus)Glory, glory Hallelujah

Glory, glory Hallelujah

Glory, glory Hallelujah

His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps

I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps

His truth is marching on

(Chorus)

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel

As ye deal with my condemners so with you my grace shall deal

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel

His truth is marching on

(Chorus)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat (Glory, glory Hallelujah)

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat (glory Hallelujah))

Oh, be swift, my soul to answer, oh, be jubilant, my feet

His truth is marching on

(Chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea (glory, glory Hallelujah)

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me (glory, glory Hallelujah)

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free

His truth is marching on

(Chorus)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored

He have loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword

His truth is marching on

30 Sally Rose The (D) prettiest girl out west,

G
The one I loved the best,

A
I have to say is the sweet Sally Rose.
With her long brown hair, and grace beyond compare
Why I love her only God knows.

G D
Sally Rose, Sally Rose

A
Why do I love you, do you suppose?

D
Is it the way you sing with me,
G
or the smile I receive
A D
every time a joke comes or goes?

Well is her beauty true, or is her innocence too? Indeed it's to the like I had never seen.
But she shall be respected, I'll give more than's expected,
And treat her as my very own queen.
(Chorus)
Sally Rose had to go miles and miles away.
Oh how I wish that she could have stayed.
But she's across the open sea, far away from me.
Still I hope that she will hear me say:
(Chorus)
And the prettiest girl out west,
The one I loved the best,
I'll have to say is that sweet Sally Rose

31 Star of the County Down

[Chorus] From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and Em C DFrom Galway to Dublin Town, Em G DNo maid I've seen like the brown colleen Em D EmThat I met in the County Down.

And I looked with a feelin' rare, And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by, "Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"? He smiled at me and he says, say's he, "That's the gem of Ireland's crown. It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She's the star of the County Down". [Chorus] At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes, With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked Right for a smile from my nut brown rose. No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke Till my plough turns rust colored brown. Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside Sits the star of the County Down. [Chorus]

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,

32 Take 'Em Away

(Chorus) Take 'em away, take 'em away, **G** D Take away these chains from me My heart is broken 'cause my spirit's not \mathbf{free} G Lord take away these chains from me Some birds' feathers are too bright to be caged I know I'm not that colorful but a bird just the same Open up your gate now, let me put down my load So I can feel at ease and go back to my home (Chorus) Sun beatin' down, my legs can't seem to There's a boss man at a turnrow with a rifle in his hand I've got nine children, nothin' in the pan My wife she died hungry while I was plowin' land (Chorus) Can't see when I go to work, can't see when I get off How do you expect a man not to get lost Every year I just keep getting deeper in debt If there's a happy day, Lord, I haven't seen one yet (Chorus) Land that I love is the land that I'm workin' But it's hard to love it all the time when your back is a-hurtin' Gettin' too old now to push this here plow Please let me lay down so I can look at the clouds (Chorus)

Land that I know is where two rivers collide

The Brazos the Navaho and the big blue sky

Flood plains, freight trains, watermelon

where I choose to die

Of any place on God's green earth, this is

vines

33 Dublin Blues

Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm In the Chili AParlor Bar DDrinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas GAnd not carin' where you are
But here I sit in Dublin, mmm
Just rollin' cigarettes
Holdin' back and chokin' back
The shakes with every breath

(Chorus) So forgive me all my anger D
Forgive me all my faults
There's no need to forgive me
D
For thinkin' what I thought
I loved you from the get go
D
And I'll love you till I die
A
I loved you on the Spanish Steps
G
The day you said goodbye

I am just a poor boy, mmm Work's my middle name If money was a reason Well, I would not be the same I'll stand up and be counted, mmm I'll face up to the truth I'll walk away from trouble But I can't walk away from you (Chorus) I have been to Fort Worth, mmm And I have been to Spain And I have been too proud To come in out of the rain And I have seen the David, mmm I've seen the Mona Lisa too And I have heard Doc Watson Play Columbus Stockade Blues (Chorus) Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm In the Chili Parlor Bar Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas And not carin' where you are

34 Sweet Violets

(Chorus) Sweet Violets
Sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over with sweet violets

There once was a farmer who took a young miss In back of the barn where he gave her a LECTURE

On horses and chickens and eggs And told her that she had such beautiful MANNERS that suited a girl of her charms A girl that he wanted to take in his WASHING and ironing and then if she did They could get married and raise lots of (Chorus)

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop And she called her father and he called a TAXI and got there before very long 'Cause some one was doin' his little girl RIGHT for a change and so that's why he said If you marry her son, you're better off SINGLE 'Cause it's always been my belief Marriage will bring a man nothing but (Chorus)

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway
And started in planning for his wedding
SUIT which he purchased for only one buck
But then he found out he was just out of
MONEY and so he got left in the lurch
A standin' and waitin' in front of the
END of the story which just goes to show
All a girl wants from a man is his
(Chorus)

35 New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway one evening in D_{July}

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense An' I bought her two gold ear-rings, and they cost me fifty cents

(Chorus) And away Santy – My dear Annie G C G DO you New York girls, can't you dance the G polka

Says she – You lime–juice sailor, now see me home you may

But when we reached her cottage door, she unto me did say

She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut short behind

And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails in the Blackball Line

(Chorus)

He's homeward bound this evening, and with me he will stay

So get a move on sailor boy, get cracking on your way!

(Chorus)

I kissed her hard and proper, before her yankee came

So fare ya well you Bowery girl, I know your little game.

(Chorus)

I wrapped me rags right round me and to the docks did steer.

I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and beer

(Chorus)

I joined a yankee slug boat, we're set to sail next morn,

Don't ever mess with women boys, you're safer round cape horn!

(Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so....

36 Will the Circle Be Unbroken

G
I was standing by the window
On one cold and cloudy day
When I saw the hearse come rolling
For to carry my mother away

(Chorus) Will the circle be unbroken By and by Lord, by and by There's a better home awaiting In the sky Lord, in the sky

I said to the undertaker

Undertaker please drive slow For this lady you are carrying Lord I hate to see her go (Chorus) Oh, I followed close behind her Tried to hold up and be brave But I could not hide my sorrow When they laid her in the grave (Chorus) I went back home, the home was lonesome Since my mother, she was gone All my brothers and sisters crying What a home so sad and alone (Chorus) We sang songs of childhood Hymns of faith that made us strong Ones that mother maybelle taught us Hear the angels sing along (Chorus)

Swing low 37

(Chorus) Swing low, sweet chariot Coming for to carry me home Swing low, sweet chariot Coming for to carry he home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see Coming for to carry he home A band of angels coming after me Coming for to carry me home (Chorus)

If you get there before I do Coming for to carry me home Tell all my friends I'm coming too Coming for to carry me home

38 Eileen Aroon

 $\stackrel{\textstyle D}{\rm I}$ know a valley fair, Ei—leen A—roon D G D I know a cottage there, Ei—leen A—roon D G D A Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid D A D G A D Flow'r of the hazel glade, Ei—leen Aroon

Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon Who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter

Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main

Never to love again, Eileen Aroon

Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon

G D G D G A D Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon

39 The Unicorn

(Chorus) There was green alligators and long-necked geeseSome humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzeesSome cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born

The loveliest of all was the unicorn

Now god seen some sinnin' and it gave him pain And he says, "stand back, I'm going to make it rain"

He says, "hey, brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do

Build me a floating zoo"

And take some of them green alligators and long—necked geese

Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees

Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born

Don't you forget my unicorn"

Old Noah was there to answer the call He finished up making the ark just as the rain started fallin'

He marched in the animals two by two And he called out as they went through "Hey, Lord"

I've got your green alligators and long–necked geese

Some humpty–backed camels and some chimpanzees

Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn

I just can't see no unicorn"

Then Noah looked out through the driving rain Them unicorns was hiding, playing silly games Kicking and splashing while the rain was pouring Oh, them silly unicorns There was green alligators and long–necked geese Some humpty–backed camels and some chimpanzees

Noah cried, "close the doors 'cause the rain is pourin'

And we just can't wait for no unicorns"

The ark started movin', it drifted with the tide Them unicorns looked up from the rock and they cried

And the waters came down and sort of floated them away

And that's why you'll never see a unicorn, to this very day

You'll see green alligators and long–necked geese Some humpty–backed camels and some chimpanzees

Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born

You're never gonna see no unicorn

40 The Rattlin' Bog

 $\begin{array}{c|c} G & C \\ \hline (Chorus) \ Ho, \ ro, \ the \ rattlin' \ bog \\ G & D \\ \hline The \ bog \ down \ in \ the \ valley-o \\ G & C \\ Ho, \ ro, \ the \ rattlin' \ bog \\ G & D & G \\ \hline The \ bog \ down \ in \ the \ valley-o \\ \end{array}$

GIn that bog there was a tree DA rare tree, a rattlin' tree GThe tree in the bog

D G
In the bog down in the valley–o (Chorus)
And on that tree there was a limb
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
The limb on the tree...
(Chorus)

And on that limb there was a branch A rare branch, a rattlin' branch The branch on the limb..

(Chorus)
And on that branch there was a twig

A rare twig, a rattlin' twig
The twig on the branch...
(Chorus)

And on that twig there was a nest A rare nest, a rattlin' nest

A rare nest, a rattlin' nes The nest on the twig...

(Chorus)

And in that nest there was an egg

A rare egg, a rattlin' egg

The egg in the nest...

(Chorus)

And on that egg there was a bird

A rare bird, a rattlin' bird

The bird on the egg...

(Chorus)

And on that bird there was a feather A rare feather, a rattlin' feather

The feather on the bird...

(Chorus)

And on that feather there was a flea

A rare flea, a rattlin' flea

The flea in the feather...

(Chorus)

41 Rising of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so

G

Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks

D

were all a glow

I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon

For the pikes must be together by the rising of D the moon

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen

High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green

Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune

And hoorah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

(Chorus)

Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon

And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

(Chorus)

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon

For the pikes must be together by the rising

D

of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin is to be

At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me

One more word for signal token, whistle out the marchin' tune

With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon

(Chorus)

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the

With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night

Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed warning light

Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees lonely croon

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

(Chorus)

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

42 Wagon Wheel

G D
Heading down south to the land of the pines
Em C
I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina
Staring up the road and pray to God I see
headlights
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby
tonight

G D
So rock me momma like a wagon wheel
Em C
Rock me momma any way you feel
Hey momma rock me
Rock me momma like the wind and the rain
Rock me momma like a south bound train
Hey momma rock me

Running from the cold up in New England I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band

My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now Oh, north country winters keep a–getting me down

Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town

But I ain't turning back to living that old life no more

(Chorus)

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long talk

But he's a–heading west from the Cumberland gap

To Johnson City, Tennessee

I gotta get a move on before the sun

I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's the only one

And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free (Chorus 2x)

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried my pack

G D G

And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over

D C G

Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son

D C

It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to

G be done

G C G

So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a

Em gun

G D G

And they sent me away to the war

C G

And the band played Waltzing Matilda

G C D

As we sailed away from the quay

C Am G

And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the

Em cheers

G D G

We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
How the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well
He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia
But the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive In a mad world of blood, death and fire And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive But around me the corpses piled higher Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head

And when I woke up in my hospital bed And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead Never knew there were worse things than dying For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda All around the green bush far and near For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs No more waltzing Matilda for me So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed

And they shipped us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where my legs used to be
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for
me

To grieve and to mourn and to pity And the band played Waltzing Matilda As they carried us down the gangway But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared Then turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch And I watch the parade pass before me And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march

Reliving old dreams of past glory
And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and
sore

The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"

And I ask myself the same question And the band plays Waltzing Matilda And the old men answer to the call But year after year their numbers get fewer Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the Billabong

Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me?

44 Northwest Passage

(Chorus) Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage To find the hand of Franklin Reaching for the Beaufort Sea Tracing one warm line Through a land so wild and savage And make a Northwest Passage to the sea

Westward from the Davis Strait
'Tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient
For which so many died
Seeking gold and glory,
Leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

(Chorus)

Three centuries thereafter I take passage overland In the footsteps of brave Kelso Where his "sea of flowers" began Watching cities rise before me Then behind me sink again This tardiest explorer Driving hard across the plain (Chorus) And through the night, behind the wheel The mileage clicking west I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest Who cracked the mountain ramparts And did show a path for me To race the roaring Fraser to the sea (Chorus) How then am I so different From the first men through this way? Like them, I left a settled life I threw it all away To seek a Northwest Passage At the call of many men To find there but the road back home again (Chorus)

45 Cavan Girl

As I walk the road from Killeshandra, weary, I sat down

For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get to Cavan Town

Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed beyond compare

Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl, so fair

The Autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will soon be bare

Each red—coat leaf around me seems the colour of her hair

My gaze retreats, defies my feet, and once again I sigh

As the broken pool of sky reminds the colour of her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, where she can be found

And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan Town

If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her smile

And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk to me a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward, Killeshandra bound

To work the week 'til I return to court in Cavan Town

When asked if she would be my bride, at least she'd not say no

So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and back to her, I'll go

46 Sweet Baby James

Now the first of December was covered with snow So was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston Though the Berkshires seemed dream–like on account of that frosting

With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,

A song that they sing when the take to the sea, A song that they sing of their home in that sky. Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep, But singing works just fine for me.

47 Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling From glen to glen, and down the mountain side. The summer's gone, and all the roses falling, It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow, Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow, It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow, Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying, If I am dead, as dead I well may be, You'll come and find the place where I am lying, And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me, And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be, For you will bend and tell me that you love me, And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

48 Back in the Saddle Again

Ridin' the range once more Totin' my old .44 Where you sleep out every night And the only law is right Back in the saddle again

Whoopi-ty-aye-oh

G
Rockin' to and fro
back in the saddle (D-D7)again

C
Whoopi-ty-aye-yay

G
Em
I go my way

A
D
G
Back in the saddle again
(Repeat)

49 The Ring of Fire

(Chorus) I fell into a burning ring of fire DI went down, down, down GAnd the flames went higher

And it burns, burns, burns C CThe ring of fire D GThe ring of fire

The taste of love is sweet When hearts like ours meet I fell for you like a child Oh, but the fire went wild (Chorus 2x)

50 Jock Stewart

 $\begin{array}{ccc} C & G \\ \text{Now, my name is Jock Stewart} \\ Am & F \\ \text{I'm a canny gaun man,} \\ C & G & C \\ \text{And a roving young fellow, I've been.} \end{array}$

(Chorus) So be easy and free When you're drinkin wi' me. I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I have acres of land; I have men at command; I have always a shilling to spare. (Chorus) Now, I took out my gun, With my dog I did shoot, All down by the River Kildare (Chorus) I'm a piper by trade And a roving young blade And many a tune I do play (Chorus) Let us catch well the hours And the minutes that fly And we'll share them together this day (Chorus) So, come fill up your glasses Of brandy and wine, And whatever the cost, I will pay.

51 All For Me Grog

(Chorus) And it's all for me grog, me jolly

G
jolly grog

D7
All for me beer and tobacco
G
Well I've spent all me tin with the lassies
drinking
G
Gin
D
Far across the western ocean I must (D7-G)
wander

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed Since first I came ashore with me plunder I've seen centipedes and snakes And my head is full off aches And I'll have to make a path for way out yonder (Chorus) Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots They're all sold for beer and tobacco You see the sole's were gettin' thin And the uppers were letting in And the heels are looking out for better weather (Chorus) Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt It's all gone for beer and tobacco You see the sleeves they got worn out And the collar was turned about And the tail is looking out for better weather (Chorus) Where is me wife me noggin' noggin' wife She's all sold for beer and tobacco You see her front it got worn out And her tail been kicked about And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather (Chorus) Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed It's all sold for beer and tobacco You see I sold it to the girls And the springs they got all twirls And the sheets they're looking out for better weather (Chorus)

52 El Paso

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina Wicked and evil while casting a spell My love was deep for this Mexican maiden I was in love but in vain, I could tell

GOne night a wild young cowboy came in DWild as the West Texas wind D7Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing GWith wicked Felina, the girl that I loved ASo in anger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden Down went his hand for the gun that he wore My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat

The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor

Just for a moment I stood there in silence Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there

I had but one chance and that was to run

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran Out where the horses were tied I caught a good one, it looked like it could run Up on its back and away I did ride Just as fast as I Could from the West Texas town of El Paso Out to the badlands of New Mexico

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless Everything's gone in life; nothing is left It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden My love is stronger than my fear of death I saddled up and away I did go
Riding alone in the dark
Maybe tomorrow, a bullet may find me
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my
heart
And at last here I
Am on the hill overlooking El Paso
I can see Rosa's cantina below
My love is strong and it pushes me onward
Down off the hill to Felina I go

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys
Off to my left ride a dozen or more
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me
I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel A deep burning pain in my side Though I am trying to stay in the saddle I'm getting weary, unable to ride

But my love for Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen Though I am weary I can't stop to rest I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle I feel the bullet go deep in my chest

From out of nowhere Felina has found me Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for One little kiss and Felina, goodbye

53 Annie Laurie

 $\begin{array}{c} G & C \\ \text{Maxwellton braes are bonnie,} \\ G & D \\ \text{Where early fa's the dew,} \\ G & C \\ \text{And 'twas there that Annie Laurie} \\ G & D & G \\ \text{Gave me her promise true.} \\ D7 & G \\ \text{Gave me her promise true,} \\ D7 & G \\ \text{Which ne'er forgot will be,} \\ C & G \\ \text{And for bonnie Annie Laurie,} \\ D & G \\ \text{I lay me doon and dee.} \end{array}$

Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her neck is like a swan, Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her ee, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying, Is the fa' o' her fairy feet, And like winds in summer sighing Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I lay me doon and dee.

54 Barret's Privateers

Oh, the year was 1778, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW! A letter of marque came from the king, To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

(Chorus)Oh damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold

We'd fire no guns—shed no tears Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHE men all fishermen who would make for him the Antelope's crew (Chor sight, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW! She'd a list the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags (Chorus) On the I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW! We were 91 days to Mont way (Chorus) On the 96th day we sailed again, HOW I WISH I WAS bloody great Yankee hove in sight With our cracked four pounders we lay low down with gold, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE Now! Our cracked with one fat ball the Yank stove us in (Chorus) The Antelope shook a I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW! Barrett was smashed like a bowl both me legs (Chorus) So here I lay in my 23rd year, HOW I WISH been 6 years since we sailed away And I just made Halifax yesterday

55 The Devil Down Below

I used to be a fisherman, on the icy crests we'd ride

Like a banshee on the wind, we'd sail the ocean wide

From the shoals of Yarmouth Bay to Newfoundland we'd go...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

Out to the snows of Greenland, into the screaming gale

Out into the storm, chasing down the whale When the harpoon struck, the mighty fish would blow...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

In our bunks we'd find no solace, no comfort just remorse

We'd curse at the bad fortune that had set us on this course

Gathered 'round the lamplight we'd sing both high and low...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

From the rocks of Lizard Reef to Plymouth we are bound

The skipper's yelling blood as the jagged cliffs we round

Jack Duggan in the foresail, Billy Reilly in the crow...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

Only when we'd quenched this mighty vessel's appetite

Would the captain tell us "Lads, we'll be going home tonight!"

We'd turn to the raging sea and we'd raise our fists and yell,

"You won't be seeing us today, you won't be seeing us in Hell!" Once a shore we'd head into the pub for a tankard full of ale

One day would turn into a week and the time would come to sail

We'd say goodbye to the girls we love, then off from the shore we'd row...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

56 The Last Rose Of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone All her lovely companions are faded and gone No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh To reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem

Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them

Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow when friendships decay And from love's shining circle the gems drop away When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown

Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

57 Charlie Mops

A long time ago, way back in history,

When all they had to drink was nothing but cups of tea.

Along came a mane by the name of Charlie Mopps,

And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

(Chorus)

He might have been an Admiral, a Sultan or a King

And to his praises we shall always sing. Look what he has done for us: he's filled us with cheer.

God bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer beer tiddily beer beer beer

A barrel of malt a bucket of hops and add some yeast put it all together and let it ferment and swell When it's brewed and ready at 11 o'clock we'll stop.

for 5 short seconds we'll remember Charlie Mopps (Chorus)

(Put your local pubs here)
At Carnsies and the Flat Iron
and Pickle Bill's as well
One thing I can be sure of
It's Charlie's beer they sell
Some come along you lucky lads
at 11 o'clock we'll stop
for 5 short seconds we'll remember Charlie Mopps
(1..2..3..4..5)
(Chorus)

58 Rolling Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, we whalermen undergo,

And we won't give a damn when the gales are done how hard the

winds did blow,

For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds with a good ship

taught and free,

And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls

from old Maui.

(Chorus)

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,

We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail with the northerly gales through the ice and

Wind and rain, Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, we soon

shall see again;

Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea,

But now we're bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to old Maui.

(Chorus)

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales, towards our island home,

Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to roam;

Our stuns'l's bones is carried away, what care we for that sound,

A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

(Chorus)

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern,

Them native maids, them tropical glades, is awaiting our return;

Even now their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to see,

Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales, rolling down to old Maui.

(Chorus)

59 If I was a Blackbird

I am a young sailor, my story is sad, Though once I was carefree and a brave sailor lad, I courted a lassie by night and by day, Oh but now she has left me, And sailed far away.

(Chorus) Oh, if I was a blackbird could whistle and sing,

I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in, And in the top riggin' I would there build my nest,

And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lilly white breast.

Or if I was a scholar and could handle the pen Once secret love letter to my true love I'd send And tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain Since she's gone and left me

In you flowery glen.

(Chorus)

I sailed o'er the ocean, my fortune to seek Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my cheek

I returned and I told her my love was still warm but she turned away lightly

And great was her scorn.

(Chorus)

I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair I offered to marry and to stay by her side

But she says in the morning

She sails with the tide.

(Chorus)

My parents, they chide me, oh they will not agree Saying that me and my false love, married should never be

Oh but let them deprive me, or let them do what they will

While there's breath in my body She's the one that I love still (Chorus)

60 Rambles of Spring

C
There's a piercing wintry breeze

F
Blowing through the budding trees

C
And I button up my coat to keep me warm

C
But the days are on the mend

F
And I'm on the road again

C
With my fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

(Chorus) I've a fine, felt hat
And a strong pair of brogues
I have rosin in my pocket for my bow
O my fiddle strings are new
And I've learned a tune or two
So, I'm well prepared to ramble and must go

I'm as happy as a king When I catch a breath of spring And the grass is turning green as winter ends And the geese are on the wing And the thrushes start to sing And I'm headed down the road to see my friends (Chorus) I have friends in every town As I wander up and down Making music at the markets and the fairs Through the donkeys and the creels And the farmers making deals And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares (Chorus) Here's a health to one and all To the big and to the small To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends And when I return again May our foes have turned to friends And may peace and joy be with you until then (Chorus)

61 Johnny Jump Up

 $\begin{array}{c} Em \\ I'll \end{array} \ \ \text{tell ye a story that happened to me} \\ D \\ One \ \text{day as I went out to Youghal by the Sea} \\ Em \\ Em \\ G \\ D \\ The \ \text{sun it was bright and the day it was warm} \\ Em \\ D \\ Em \\ D \\ Em \\ D \\ Em \\ Says \ \text{I, A quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm} \\ I \ \text{went to the barman, I says give me a stout} \\ Says \ \text{the barman, I'm sorry all the beer tis sold} \\ \text{out} \end{array}$

Try whiskey or vodka, ten years in the wood Says I, I'll try cider, I heard it was good

(Chorus) Oh never, oh never, oh never again
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten
I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up

After lowering the third I headed strait for the yard

Where I bumped into Brophy the big civic guard He says come here to me boy don't you know I'm the law

Well I upped with my fist and I shattered his jaw He fell to the ground with his knees crumpled up But it T'wasn't I hit him t'was the johnny jump And the next thing I met down in Youghal by the Sea

Was a cripple on crutches, and says he to me I'm afraid o' me life I'll be hit by a car Would you help me across to the Railwayman's Bar

And after three pints of the cider so sweet He threw down his crutches and he danced on his feet

(Chorus)

Now I went up the Lee road a friend to see
They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Lee
But when I got up there, the truth I do to tell
They had the poor bugger locked up in his cell
Says the guard testing him, say these words if you
can

'Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran'
Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad
T'was only six pints of that cider I had
Now a man died in the Union by the name of
McNabb

They washed him and laid him outside on a slab And after the corroner his measurements did take His wife took him home to a bloody fine wake 'Twas about twelve o'clock and the beer it was high

The corpse he sat up and he says with a sigh I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up Till I bring them a pint of the Johnny Jump Up (Chorus)

62 Reilly's Daughter

GAs I was sitting by the fire DEating spuds and drinking porter Suddenly a thought came into my mind I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter

(Chorus) Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae for the one-eyed Reilly Giddy i-ae (bang bang bang) Play it on your old bass drum

Reilly played on the big bass drum Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter Reilly had a bright red glittering eye And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue The colonel and the major and the captain sought her

The sergeant and the private and the drummer boy too

But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter

I got me a ring and a parson too Got me a scratch in a married quarter Settled me down to a peaceful life Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs
Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter
With two pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who had married his
daughter

I caught old Reilly by the hair Rammed his head in a pail of water Fired his pistols into the air A damned sight quicker than I married his daughter

63 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

 $\begin{array}{c} Em \\ \text{While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,} \\ \text{hurroo} \\ Em \\ \text{While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,} \\ \text{hurroo} \\ D \\ \text{While goin' the road to sweet Athy} \\ Em \\ \text{A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye} \\ G D Em \\ \text{A doleful damsel I} \\ \text{heard cry,} \\ Em \\ \text{Johnny I hardly knew ye.} \end{array}$

(Chorus) With your drums and guns and Bm
guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo
Em
With your drums and guns and guns and G
drums, hurroo, hurroo

With your drums and guns and guns and drums
Em
Bm
The enemy nearly slew ye
G
D
Em
Bm
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Em
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild When my heart you so beguiled Why did ye run from me and the child Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye. (Chorus)

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run When you went for to carry a gun Indeed your dancing days are done Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye. (Chorus)

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo I'm happy for to see ye home

All from the island of Sulloon

So low in flesh, so high in bone

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye. (Chorus)

(Chorus)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye. (Chorus)

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo They're rolling out the guns again But they never will take our sons again No they never will take our sons again Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

64 The Foggy Dew

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through;
While Brittania's huns with their great big guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go That small nations might be free. But their lonely graves are by Suyla's waves On the fringe of the gray North Sea. But had they died by Pearse's side Or fought with Cathal Brugha, Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep 'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew. The night fell black and the rifle crack Made Perfidious Albion reel Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame Shone out o'er the line of steel By each shining blade a prayer was said That to Ireland her sons be true When the morning broke still the war flag shook Out its folds in the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell Rang mournfully and clear For those who died that Eastertide In the springing of the year. And the world did gaze with deep amaze At those fearless men, but few Who bore the fight that freedom's light Might shine through the foggy dew.

And back through the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore For I parted then with valiant men That I shall see no more But to and fro in my dreams I'll go And I'll kneel and pray for you For slavery fled, O glorious Dead, When you fell in the foggy dew!

65 One More Dollar

A long time ago I left my home C GFor a job in the fruit trees G DBut I missed those hills with the windy pines C GFor their song seemed to suit me G D GSo I sent my wages to my home C GSaid we'd soon be together G GFor the next good crop would pay my way CAnd I would come home forever

Em D C D
(Chorus) One more dime to show for my
G
day
Em D C D G
One more dollar and I'm on my way
Em D C
When I reach those hills, boys
D G
I'll never roam
Em D C D G
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door There's a freeze on the branches So when the dice came out at the bar downtown I rolled and I took my chances.

(Chorus)

A long time ago I left my home Just a boy passing twenty Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer For my luck has turned against me.

(Chorus)

66 Brennan on the Moor

Tis of a brave young highwayman this story I will tell

His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell

It was on the Kilwood Mountain he commenced his wild career

And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear

(Chorus) It was Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor

Bold, brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the moor

One day upon the highway as young Willie he went down

He met the mayor of Cashiell a mile outside of town

The mayor he knew his features and he said, Young man, said he

Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town provisions for to buy

And when she saw her Willie she commenced to weep and cry

Said, Hand to me that tenpenny, as soon as Willie spoke

She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak

Now with this loaded blunderbuss – the truth I will unfold –

He made the mayor to tremble and he robbed him of his gold

One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there

So he, with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair

Now Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high

With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try

He laughed at them with scorn until at last 'twas

By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed

They hanged Brennan at the crossroads, in chains he hung and dried

But still they say that, in the night, some do see him ride

They see him with his blunderbuss, all in the midnight chill

Along, along the King's highway rides Willie Brennan still!

67 Finnegan's Wake

[Chorus] And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to your partner GRound the floor, your trotters shake DWasn't it the truth I told you GLots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim was rather full His head felt heavy, which made him shake Fell from the ladder and broke his skull So they carried him home, his corpse to wake Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet And laided him upon the bed A bottle of whiskey at his feet And a gallon of porter at his head [Chorus] His friends assembled at his wake And Missus Finnegan called for lunch First they brought in tay and cake Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch Biddy O'Brien begged to cry Such a nice clean corpse did you see Aye, Tim me boy, oh why did you die? Arrah shut your gob said Paddy MCGee [Chorus] Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job Biddy says she you're wrong I'm sure Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob And left her sprawling on the floor There the war did soon engage Woman to woman and man to man Shillelah-law was all the rage An a row and a ruction soon began [Chorus] Mickey Maloney raised his head When a bottle Of whiskey flew at him It missed him falling on the bed The liquor scattered over Tim Tim revives, see how he rises Timothy rising from the bed "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes? Tonamondeal, do you think I'm dead!?" [Chorus 2x]

68 The Cobbler

Oh, me name is Dick Darby, I'm a cobbler, I spent all me time at old camp

Some call me an old agitator, but now I'm resolved to repent

(Chorus)

With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an idoh With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an iday With me roobooboo roobooboo randy And me lap stone keeps fading away

Now, my father was hung for sheep stealing, my mother was burned for a witch

My sister's a dandy housekeeper, and I am the son of a "Whoah!"

(Chorus)

Ah, it's forty long years I have travelled, all by the contents of me pack

Me hammers, me awls and me pinchers, I carry them all on me back

(Chorus)

Oh, my wife she is humpy, she's lumpy, my wife she's the devil, she's black

And no matter what I may do with her, her tongue it goes clickety-clack

(Chorus)

It was early one fine summer's morning, a little before it was day

I dunked her three times in the river, and carelessly bade her "Good day!" (Chorus)

69 Amazing Grace

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me, His Word my hope secures; He will my Shield and Portion be, As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.

70 Raglan Road

On Raglan Road on an Autumn Day, I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I may one day rue.
I saw the danger, yet I walked
Along the enchanted way
And I said let grief be a falling leaf
At the dawning of the day.

On Grafton Street in November we, Tripped lightly along the ledge Of a deep ravine where can be seen The worth of passions pledged. The Queen of Hearts still baking tarts And I not making hay, Well I loved too much; by such and such Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind.
I gave her the secret sign
That's known to artists who have known,
True gods of Sound and Time.
With word and tint I did not stint.
I gave her poems to say
With her own dark hair and her own name there
Like the clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now away from me so hurriedly. My reason must allow, For I have loved, not as I should A creature made of clay. When the angel woos the clay he'll lose His wings at the dawn of the day.

71 The Old Churchyard

Friends in there that we want stay regard; We can trace out their names in the old churchyard

DMourn not for them, for their trials are o'er Bm G D AAnd why weep for those who will weep no more? G D Bm AFor sweet is their sleep, though cold and hard D GTheir pillows lay deep in the old churchyard

I know that it's vain when our friends depart To breathe kind words to a broken heart; And I know that the joy of life is marred When we follow lost friends to the old churchyard

But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree (Oh), why would you weep, my friends, for me? I'm so weary, so wayworn, why would you retard The peace that I seek in the old churchyard?

Why weep for me, for I'm ready(anxious) to go To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow; And I fear not to enter that dark lonely tomb Where our Savior has lain and conquered the gloom

I rest in the hope that one bright day Sunshine will burst to these prisons of clay And (old)Gabriel's trumpet and then voice of the Lord

Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard.

72 Dooley

GDooley was a good old man G DHe lived below the mill G CDooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the spout

Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched them out

(Chorus) Dooley, slipping up the holler

C
Dooley, trying to make a dollar

G
Dooley, give me a swaller and I'll pay you
back some day

The revenuers came for him a slipping through the woods

Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his goods

Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton (Chorus)

I remember very well the day old Dooley died The women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and cried

Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone

They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone (Chorus)

73 Some Tyrant

Some tyrant has stolen my true love away And here in old England I can no longer stay I'll cross the wide ocean, ne'er on my bed rest In search of my true love that I love the best

When that I've found out my joy and my delight I will welcome her kindly by day and by night Here's a health to all others that are loyal and just

And here's confusion to the rivals that lives in distrust

There's Venus and Volume they are both joined as one

So keep yourselves single as you and I have done So keep yourselves single and constant I'll retire Unto her like some Venus that flourishes like fire

The bugle shall speak and the serpent shall sing There'll be instruments of music for to make the valleys ring

Oh the huntsman he'll holler and the hounds make their noise

For to fill my love's heart with ten thousand bright joys

74 Will the Circle Be Unbroken

GI was standing by the window C GOn one cold and cloudy day
When I saw the hearse come rolling DFor to carry my mother away

(Chorus) Will the circle be unbroken C G By and by Lord, by and by There's a better home awaiting D G In the sky Lord, in the sky

I said to the undertaker Undertaker please drive slow For this lady you are carrying Lord I hate to see her go (Chorus) Oh, I followed close behind her Tried to hold up and be brave But I could not hide my sorrow When they laid her in the grave (Chorus) I went back home, the home was lonesome Since my mother, she was gone All my brothers and sisters crying What a home so sad and alone (Chorus) We sang songs of childhood Hymns of faith that made us strong Ones that mother maybelle taught us Hear the angels sing along (Chorus)

75 My Comrade

Fighting bravely in the battle Galloping on and on, Riding in the ranks of horsemen Thou wert my dearest comrade Thou the one I loved the most, (x2)

An arrogant Cavalier
The strongest of his corps
Lunged at me in thirst of blood
But thy faithful love showed no fear
And thy heart the lance did find (x2)

I've avenged this mortal wound That thou received in my stead Deep and deep into the dark of night I have wept for thee my comrade Kneeling by thy holy grave, (x2)

In my sadness, how I wander Without meaning I must ride From this o so deadly ambush I have lost my dearest comrade I will never laugh again, (x2)

O prince pray thee, hear my ballade Listen to my pleading call I pray God who loves the soldier To quickly place him, my comrade, At the right of Christ the Lord, (x2)

76 Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh the summer time is comin' G D And the trees are sweetly bloomin' G D Bm And the wild mountain thyme Em G Grows around the bloomin' heather D G D Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together G D Bm To pluck wild mountain thyme Em G All around the bloomin' heather D G D Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower By yon pure crystal fountain And on it I will pile All the flowers of the mountain Will you go, lassie, go?

(Chorus)

If my true love she were gone I'd surely find another Where the wild mountain thyme Grows around the bloomin' heather Will you go, lassie, go?

(Chorus)

I will roam through the wild and the deep glens so dreary and return with my spoils, to the bower of my dearie Will you go, Lassie, go?

(Chorus)

77 Ramblin' Rover

Oh, there're sober men and plenty And drunkards barely twenty There are men of over ninety That have never yet kissed a girl But give me a ramblin' rover Frae Orkney down to Dover We will roam the country over And together we'll face the world

There's many that feign enjoyment From merciless employment Their ambition was this deployment From the minute they left the school And they save and scrape and ponder While the rest go out and squander See the world and rove and wander And are happier as a rule (Chorus) I've roamed through all the nations In delight of all creations And enjoyed a wee sensation Where the company, it was kind And when partin' was no pleasure I've drunk another measure To the good friends that we treasure For they always are in our mind (Chorus)

If you're bent wi' arthiritis
Your bowels have got Colitis
You've gallopin' bollockitis
And you're thinkin' it's time you died
If you been a man o' action
Though you're lying there in traction
You will get some satisfaction
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

78 Big Rock Candy Mountains

One evening as the sun went down And the jungle fire was burning, Down the track came a hobo hiking, And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning I'm headed for a land that's far away Besides the crystal fountains So come with me, we'll go and see The Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, There's a land that's fair and bright, Where the handouts grow on bushes And you sleep out every night Where the boxcars all are empty And the sun shines every day On the birds and the bees And the cigarette trees The lemonade springs Where the bluebird sings In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
All the cops have wooden legs
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay
Oh I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall
The wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains You never change your socks And the little streams of alcohol Come trickling down the rocks The brakemen have to tip their hats And the railroad bulls are blind There's a lake of stew And of whiskey, too You can paddle all around 'em In a big canoe In the Big Rock Candy Mountains In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
The jails are made of tin
And you can walk right out again,
As soon as you are in
There ain't no short—handled shovels,
No axes, saws or picks,
I'ma goin' to stay
Where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the Turk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

I'll see you all this coming Fall In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

79 Don't Go For The One

My friend Harvey married Tracey McCall
By Christ she was a scary old doll
A voice out of hell and a temper to boot
Arms like a navvy and a face like dried fruit
I bumped into Harvey back home last year
Says I to him, 'Do you wanna go for a beer?'
'No, me sister's French husband is over, ' says he
'I've been sent to get snails to impress him for
tea.'

'I was down in the snail shop, she told me to go, 'I'm a little bit late because business was slow, 'If I'm not home by six, I'll surely be done, 'The Mrs will kill me, let's just go for the one.'

(Chorus) The one, the one, don't go for the one

Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one The one, the one, don't go for the one Don't go for the one, for the one

For the one went down fast, the second did too Three or four followed, twas a fine how-do-you-do

Harvey looked at his watch, shrieked out with fright

It was twenty past ten, we'd been drinking all night

Well cursing my name, he sped 'cross the floor Clutching the snails, he ran out the door 'I'm a dead man, ' he said, 'I'm drunk and I'm late, '

As he tore down the road and up to his gate (Chorus)

Well he opened the gate and he ran down the path

But he knew he was in for the dragon's wrath But he tripped and he fell and up in the air Went the bag with the snails flying everywhere Hearing the noise she kicked open the door The snails and Harvey were spread 'cross the floor 'You're three hours late, ' she screamed, loud as she could

'What's your excuse, this had better be good.'
Well he looks down at the snails
And with a confident air
He says, 'five more feet lads, we're nearly there.'
(Chorus 2x)

80 The Devil's Courtship

"I'll buy you a pennyworth o' priens
If that be the way true love begins
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"Ye can hae your pennyworth of priens Though that be the way true love begins For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang wi' you."

"I'll buy you a braw snuff box Nine times opened, nine times locked If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang alang wi' me?"

"You can hae your braw snuff box Nine times opened, nine times locked For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang wi' you."

"I'll buy you a silken goon
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"You can hae your silken goon
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a nine stringed bell
Tae call yer maid when'er you will
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"You can keep your nine stringed bell
Tae call my maid when'er I will
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll gie you a kist o' gold
Tae comfort you when you are old
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"These are fine words you say
So mount up lad you've won the day
I'll gang alang wi' you m'dear, I'll gang alang wi'
you."

They'd scarcely gone a mile
Before she spied his cloven heel
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'
you."

"I'll grip ye hard and fast, Gold won your virgin heart at last And I'll no part wi' you m'dear, I'll never part wi' you."

And as they were galloping along
The cold wind carried her mournful song
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'
you."
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'

81 Leaving of Liverpool

you."

Fare—well to you, my own true love, GI am going far, far a—way CI am bound for Cali—forni—a, GAnd I know that I'll return someday

(Chorus) So fare thee well, my own true C love,

For when I return, united we will be

C

It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves

C
me,

But my darling when I think of thee.

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship, Davy Crockett is her name, And Burgess is the Captain of her, And they say that she's a floating hell (Chorus) Oh the sun is on the harbour, love, And I wish that I could remain, For I know that it will be a long, long time, Before I see you again (Chorus)

Killkelly, Ireland 82

Em G D Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 60, my dear and loving son John Your good friend the schoolmaster $\overset{\hbox{\it G}}{\operatorname{Pat}}$ McNamara's so good As to write these words \overline{down} . Your brothers have all gone to find work in England, The house is so empty and sad The potatoes is sorely infected, A third to a half of them bad. And your sister Brigid and Patrick O'Donnell Are going to be married in June. Your mother says not to work on the railroad And be sure to come on home soon.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 70, my dear and loving son John

Hello to your Mrs and to your 4 children. May they grow healthy and strong. Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble, I suppose that he never will learn. Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak

And now we have nothing to burn. And Brigid is happy, you named a child for her And now she's got six of her own. You say you found work, but you don't say

What kind or when you will be coming home.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 80, dear Michael and John, my sons I'm sorry to give you the very sad news That your dear old mother has gone. We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly. Your brothers and Brigid were there. You don't have to worry, she died very quickly, Remember her in your prayers. And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning, With money he's sure to buy land For the crop has been poor and the people

Are selling at any price that they can.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 90, my dear and loving son John

I suppose that I must be close on to eighty, It's thirty years since you're gone. Because of all of the money you send me, I'm still living out on my own. Michael has built himself a fine house And Brigid's daughters have grown. Thank you for sending your family picture, They're lovely young women and men. You say that you might even come for a visit, What joy to see you again.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 92, my dear brother John I'm sorry that I didn't write sooner to tell you that father passed on.

He was living with Brigid, she says he was cheerful

And healthy right down to the end. Ah, you should have seen him play with The grandchildren of Pat McNamara, your friend. And we buried him alongside of mother, Down at the Kilkelly churchyard. He was a strong and a feisty old man, Considering his life was so hard. And it's funny the way he kept talking about you, He called for you in the end. Oh, why don't you think about coming to visit, We'd all love to see you again.

83 The Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the fateful lightening
Of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on
(Chorus) Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch-fires Of a hundred circling camps They have builded him an altar In the evening dews and damps I have read his righteous sentence By the dim and flaring lamps His day is marching on (Chorus) I have read a fiery gospel Writ in burnish'd rows of steel As ye deal with my contemptors So with you my grace shall deal Let the hero, born of woman Crush the serpent with his heel Since my God is marching on (Chorus) He has sounded forth the trumpet That shall never call retreat He is sifting out the hearts of men Before His judgment-seat Oh, be swift, my soul To answer him be jubilant, my feet Our God is marching on (Chorus)

84 Hills of Connemara

(Chorus) Oh gather up your pots and your C G old tin cans DThe mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran CRun like the devil from the excise man CKeep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now keep your eyes well peeled today The excise men they're on their way Searching for the mountain tay In the hills of Connemara (Chorus) Well the mountain breezes as they blow Echo down to the hills below Big tall men are on the go In the hills of connemara (Chorus) Well swing to the left, now swing to the right The excise man they can dance all night Drinkin 'up the tay 'til the broad daylight In the hills of Connemara (Chorus) Well a gallon for the butcher and big Mick Klein A bottle for the poor old Father Stein Keep him off that altar wine In the hills of Connemara (Chorus) Stand your ground, for it's too late The excise men, they're at the gate Glory be to paddy, for they're drinking it straight In the hills of Connemara (Chorus)

85 The little beggarmen

I am a little beggarman, a-begging I have been For three score or more in this little isle of green I'm known from the Liffey down to Segue And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu

Of all the trades that's going, I'm sure begging is the best

For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do

Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

I slept in the barn right down at Caurabawn A wet night came on and I slept until the dawn With holes in the roof and the rain coming through

And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo

When who did I waken but the woman of the house

With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse She began to frighten, I said, "Boo Ara, don't be afraid, ma'am, it's only Johnny Dhu"

I met a little flaxy–haired girl one day "Good morning, little flaxy–haired girl," I did say "Good morning, little beggarman, and how do you do

With your rags and your tags and your old rig-a-doo?"

I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by I'll buy a pair of goggles, I'll color them blue And an old–fashioned lady I will make her, too

Over the road with me pack on me back Over the fields with me great, heavy sack With holes in me shoes and me toes peeping through

Singing, "Skinny-me-rink-a-doodle-o and old Johnny Dhu"

I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night

The fire's all raked and out goes the light So now you've heard the story of me old rig-a-doo

"It's good–bye and God be with you," says old Johnny Dhu

7he Logical Vegetarian G.K. Chesterton

You will find me drinking rum, Like a sailor in a slum, You will find me drinking beer like a Bavarian You will find me drinking gin In the lowest kind of inn Because I am a rigid Vegetarian.

So I cleared the inn of wine
And I tried to climb the sign,
And I tried to hail the constable as "Marion."
But he said I couldn't speak,
And he bowled me to the Beak
Because I was a Happy Vegetarian.
Oh, I know a Doctor Gluck,
And his nose it had a hook.

And his attitudes were anything but Aryan; So I gave him all the pork That I had, upon a fork Because I am myself a Vegetarian.

I am silent in the Club, I am silent in the pub., I am silent on a bally peak in Darien; For I stuff away for life Shoving peas in with a knife, Because I am a rigid Vegetarian.

No more the milk of cows
Shall pollute my private house
Than the milk of the wild mares of the Barbarian
I will stick to port and sherry,
For they are so very, very,
So very, very, very, Vegetarian

87 The Rocky Road to Dublin

While in the merry month of June from me home I started,

Left the girls of Tuam Nearly broken hearted, Bm

 $\underset{\sim}{Bm}$ Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,

Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother.

 $\begin{array}{ccc} Bm & A & Bm \\ \text{Then off} & \text{to reap the corn, leave where I was} \\ A & \text{born,} \end{array}$

Bm A
Cut a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and
goblins;

Bm A Bm A Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs Bm A

Bm A And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Bm A Bm
[Chorus] One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky
road
A Bm A Bm
all the way to Dublin, Whack fol la de rah
!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary, Started by daylight next morning blithe and early, Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking;

Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking. See the lassies smile, laughing all the while At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'

Asked me was I hired, wages I required, I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin. [Chorus]

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,

No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin' Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue

Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus]

From there I got away, me spirits never falling, Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing. The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he;

When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy. Down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs, Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling;

When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead, Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin. [Chorus]

Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed.

Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it. Blood began to boil, temper I was losing; Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing. "Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly. Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in.

With a load "hurray!" joined in the affray. We quitely cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus]

88 Four Green Fields

'Long time ago',
Said the fine old woman,
'Long time ago',
This proud old woman did say.
'There was war and death,
Plundering and pillage.
My children starved
By mountain, valley and stream.
And their wailing cries
They reached the very heavens.
And my four green fields
Ran red with their blood', said she.

'What have I now',
Said the fine old woman.
'What have I now',
This proud old woman did say.
'I have four green fields,
One of them's in bondage.
In strangers' hands,
That try to take it from me.
But my sons have sons
As brave as were their fathers.
And my four green fields
Will bloom once again', said she.

89 The Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six, G D We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork G C We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks G D G For the grand City Hall in New York G D We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged 'fore and aft G D And how the trade winds drove her G She had twenty—three masts and she stood several blasts G D G And they called her the Irish — Rover

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee

There was Hogan from County Tyrone

There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work

And a chap from Westmeath named Malone There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a

And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover

And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann

Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags

We had two million barrells of bone

We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails

We had four million barrells of stone

We had five million hogs and six million dogs

And seven million barrells of porter

We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides

In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out

And our ship lost her way in a fog

And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two

'Twas myself and the captain's old dog

Then the ship struck a rock, oh, Lord what a shock

And nearly tumbled over

Turned nine times around then the poor old dog was drowned

I'm the last of the Irish Rover

90 Mary Ellen Carter

 $\begin{array}{c} G \\ She \ \text{went down last October in a pouring driving} \\ G \\ rain \\ C \\ The \ \text{skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he} \\ D \\ \text{felt no pain} \\ G \\ C \\ Too \ \text{close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt} \\ D \\ \text{her mortal blow} \\ C \\ D \\ And \ \text{the Mary Ellen Carter settled low} \end{array}$

There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash

We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost

And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim

That the Mary Ellen Carter'd rise again

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would be spent

She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end

But insurance paid the loss to us, they let her rest below

Then they laughed at us and said we had to go

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock

For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock

And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again (Chorus)

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend

Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends

Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow

Or I'd never have the strength to go below

But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatchand porthole down

Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around

Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again (Chorus)

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale

She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale

And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave

They won't be laughing in another day

And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow

With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go

Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain

And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again Rise again, rise again!

Though your heart it be broken and life about to end

No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend

Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again! Rise again, rise again!

Though your heart it be broken and life about to

No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend

Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

91 Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair D G D A To view the salt waters and take in the salt air G D I heard/spied an old fisherman singing a song Em D A Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

(Chorus) Wrap me up in me oilskin and

D
Jumper

G
No more on the docks I'll be seen

G
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip
mates

A
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do

And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away (Chorus)

Yes the weather is fair and there's never a gail And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail

You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do And the skipper's below making tea for the crew (Chorus)

When pull into port and the long trip is through There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too

And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree. (Chorus)

Now I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea I'll play me old squeeze—box as we sail along With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song (Chorus)

92 The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I had I spent it in good company And all the harm I've ever done Alas, it was to none but me And all I've done for want of wit To memory now I can't recall So fill to me the parting glass Good night and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had They're sorry for my going away And all the sweethearts that e'er I had They'd wish me one more day to stay But since it fell into my lot That I should rise and you should not I'll gently rise and softly call "Good night and joy be with you all"

If I had money enough to spend And Leisure time to stay awhile, There is a fair maid in this town Who surely has my heart beguiled Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips My own, she has my heart enthralled So I'll gently rise and softly call "Goodnight and joy to be with you all."

93 South Australia

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia

(Chorus) Haul away your rolling kings, heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, heave away, haul away

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, we're bound for South Australia

(Chorus)

There's just one thing that's on my mind, heave away, haul away

That's leaving Nancy Blair behind, we're bound for South Australia

(Chorus)

And as we wallop around Cape Horn, heave away, haul away

You'll wish to God you've never been born, we're bound for South Australia

(Chorus)

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia

John Knacka I thought I heard the first mate sa

John Kanaka-naka too rie ay Today, today is a holiday John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

(Chorus) Too rie ay, oh, to lie ay John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay We're bound away at the break of day (Chorus)

We're a yankee ship with a yankee crew And we're the boys to beat her through (Chorus)

So heave away and haul away
Oh heave away and earn your pay
(Chorus)

 ${\it Flectamus\ genua}$

Levate

(Chorus)

Song of the Pelagian Heresy for the Strengthening of Men's Backs and the very Robust Out-thrusting of Doubtful Doctrine and the Uncertain Intellectual

Pelagius lived at Kardanoel
And taught a doctrine there
How, whether you went to heaven or to hell
It was your own affair.
How whether you rose to eternal joy,
Or sank forever to burn,
It had nothing to do with the Church, my boy,
But was your own concern.

No, he didn't believe
In Adam and Eve
He put no faith therein!
His doubts began
With the Fall of Man
And he laughed at Original Sin.
With my row-ti-tow
Ti-oodly-ow
He laughed at original sin.

Then came the bishop of old Auxerre Germanus was his name
He tore great handfuls out of his hair
And he called Pelagius shame.
And with his stout Episcopal staff
So thoroughly whacked and banged
The heretics all, both short and tall—
They rather had been hanged.

Oh he whacked them hard, and he whacked them long
Upon each and all occasions
Till they bellowed in chorus, loud and strong
Their orthodox persuasions.
With my row-ti-tow
Ti-oodly-ow
Their orthodox persuasions.

Now the faith is old and the Devil bold Exceedingly bold indeed.
And the masses of doubt that are floating about Would smother a mortal creed.
But we that sit in a sturdy youth And still can drink strong ale
Let us put it away to infallible truth That always shall prevail.

And thank the Lord
For the temporal sword
And howling heretics too.
And all good things
Our Christendom brings
But especially barley brew!
With my row-ti-tow
Ti-oodly-ow
Especially barley brew!

96 Sink the Bismarck

 $\begin{array}{c} D & A \\ \text{In May of nineteen forty-one the war had just} \\ D & G \\ \text{begunThe Germans had the biggest ship,} \\ D \\ \text{they had the biggest guns} \end{array}$

The Bismarck was the fastest ship that ever sailed the sea

On her deck were guns as big as steers and shells as big as trees

Out of the cold and foggy night came the British ship, the Hood

And every British seaman, he knew and understood

They had to sink the Bismarck, the terror of the sea

Stop those guns as big as steers and those shells as big as trees

(Chorus) D(Chorus) We'll find the German battleship A Dthat's makin' such a fuss DWe gotta sink the Bismarck cause the world Ddepends on us

GHit the decks a–runnin' boys and spin those guns around

When we find the Bismarck we gotta cut Dher down

The Hood found the Bismarck on that fatal day The Bismarck started firin' fifteen miles away "We gotta sink the Bismarck" was the battle sound

But when the smoke had cleared away, the mighty Hood went down

For six long days and weary nights they tried to find her trail

Churchill told the people "put every ship a—sail 'Cause somewhere on that ocean I know she's gotta be

We gotta sink the Bismarck to the bottom of the sea"

(Chorus)

The fog was gone the seventh day and they saw the mornin' sun

Ten hours away from homeland the Bismarck made its run

The admiral of the British fleet said "turn those bows around

We found that German battleship and we're gonna cut her down"

The British guns were aimed and the shells were comin' fast

The first shell hit the Bismarck, they knew she couldn't last

That mighty German battleship is just a memory "Sink the Bismarck" was the battle cry that shook the seven seas

We found that German battleship been makin's such a fuss

We had to sink the Bismarck 'cause the world depends on us

We hit the deck a–runnin' and we spun those guns around

We found the mighty Bismarck and then we cut her down

97 Oh My Darling Clementine

(Chorus) Oh my darling, oh my darling Oh my darling, Clementine You are lost and gone forever Dreadful sorry, Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon Excavating for a mine Dwelt a miner, forty-niner And his daughter, Clementine (Chorus) Light she was and like a fairy And her shoes were number nine Herring boxes, without topses Sandals were for Clementine (Chorus) Drove she ducklings to the water Ev'ry morning just at nine Hit her foot against a splinter Fell into the foaming brine (Chorus) Ruby lips above the water Blowing bubbles, soft and fine But, alas, I was no swimmer So I lost my Clementine (Chorus) How I missed her! How I missed her How I missed my Clementine But I kissed her little sister I forgot my Clementine (Chorus)

98 Lily the Pink

Now here's a story, a little bit gory A little bit happy, a little bit sad She invented medicinal compound Tis efficacious in every way.

(Chorus)We'll drink a'Drink a'Drink To Lily the Pink the Pink the Pink The savior of (THE SAVIOR OF!) the human race.

She invented medicinal compound. Tis efficacious in every way

Now uncle paul, he was terribly small He was the smallest man around Then they gave him medicinal compound Now he's six feet under ground (Chorus)

Now Charlie hammer had a terrible stammer He could hardly say a word Then they gave him medicinal compound Now he's seen but never heard (Chorus)

Well Ebenezer, thought he was Julius Caesar So they put him in a home There they gave him medicinal compound Now he's emperor of rome (Chorus)

Now Freddie Clinger was an opera singer He broke glasses with his voice 'tis said But they gave him medicinal compound Now they break glasses on his head (Chorus)

A loving couple had a terrible trouble They just could not procreate Then they gave them medicinal compound Instead of one kid they had eight (Chorus)

(the sound of much wailing)

Now here's the sad part... I can hardly bear to sing it...

Lydia died and went up to heaven All the Church bells the did ring, (ding dong) But she brought with her medicinal compound Hark the herald angels sing!! (Chorus)

99 The Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they called Belfast AApprentice to trade I was bound DAnd many an hour sweet happiness GA D
Have I spent in that neat little town DAs sad misfortune came over me

Which caused me to stray from the land DFar away from me friends and relations GBetrayed by the black velvet band

 $\stackrel{\textstyle D}{Her}$ eyes they shown like diamonds $\stackrel{\textstyle A}{A}$ I thought her the queen of the land (And she was!) $\stackrel{\textstyle D}{D}$ $\stackrel{\textstyle Bm}{And}$ And her hair, it hung over her shoulder $\stackrel{\textstyle G}{G}$ $\stackrel{\textstyle A}{A}$ $\stackrel{\textstyle D}{D}$ Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down broadway Meaning not long for to stay When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid Come a-traipsing along the highway She was both fair and handsome Her neck, it was just like a swan And her hair, it hung over her shoulder Tied up with a black velvet band (Chorus) I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid And a gentleman passing us by Well, I knew she meant the doing of him By the look in her roguish black eye A gold watch she took from his pocket And placed it right into my hand And the very first thing that I said, was Bad 'cess to the black velvet band (Chorus) Before the judge and the jury Next morning, I had to appear The judge, he says to me: "Young man, you're case it is proven clear Seven long years penal servitude To be spent far away from the land Far away from your friends and relations Betrayed by the black velvet band" (Chorus) So come all you jolly young fellows A warning take by me When you are out on the town, me lads Beware of the pretty colleens They'll feed you with strong drink (Oh yeah!) 'Till you are unable to stand And the very first thing that you'll know is You've landed in Van Diemens Land (Chorus)

100 Molly Malone

 $\begin{array}{ccc} G & Em \\ \text{In Dublin's fair city} \end{array}$ Am Where the girls are so pretty G Em Am D Ma—lone G As she wheeled her wheel—barrow Through the streets broad and narrow Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" G Er Alive, alive, oh Em Am D Alive, alive, oh ${\cal G}$ Em/C D ${\cal G}$ Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" She was a fishmonger And sure, t'was no wonder For so were her mother and father before And they wheeled their barrow Through the streets broad and narrow Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" (Refrain) She died of a fever And sure, so one could save her And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone Now her ghost wheels her barrow Through the streets broad and narrow Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" (Refrain 2x)

101 Carrickfergus

> My childhood days bring back sad reflections Of happy times there spent so long ago My boyhood friends and my own relations Have all past on now with the melting snow So I'll spend my days in this endless roving Soft is the grass, my bed is free Oh to be home now in carrickfergus On the long rode down to the salty sea

> Now in Kilkenny it is reported On marble stone there as black as ink With gold and silver I would support her But I'll sing no more now til I get a drink Cause I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober A handsome rover from town to town Ah but I'm sick now my days are numbered Come all me young lads and lay me down.

102 Skye Boat Song

D Bm Em
(Chorus) Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on
A the wing,
D G D
Onward! The sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Bm Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, D Bm GThunderclaps rend the air; Bm Em Baffled, our foes stand by the shore, Many's the lad, fought in that day Well the claymore did wield; When the night came, silently lay Dead on Culloden's field. (Chorus) Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a royal bed. Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep Watch by your weary head. (Chorus) Burned are their homes, exile and death Scatter the loyal men; Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath Charlie will come again.

103 White Squall

to the rail

GNow it's just my luck to have the watch, with Em Cnothing left to do Bm EmBut watch the deadly waters glide as we roll Dnorth to the 'Soo', GAnd wonder when they'll turn again and pitch us

Bm D G
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale.
The kid was so damned eager. It was all so big and new.

You never had to tell him twice, or find him work to do.

And evenings on the mess deck he was always first to sing,

And show us pictures of the girl he'd wed in spring.

(Chorus) But I told that kid a hundred

C Bm
times "Don't take the Lakes for granted.

C Bm
They go from calm to a hundred knots so
Em D
fast they seem enchanted."

G
But tonight some red—eyed Wiarton girl lies
Em C
staring at the wall,
Bm D G
And her lover's gone into a white squall.

Now it's a thing that us oldtimers know. In a sultry summer calm

There comes a blow from nowhere, and it goes off like a bomb.

And a fifteen thousand tonner can be thrown upon her beam

While the gale takes all before it with a scream.

The kid was on the hatches, lying staring at the sky.

From where I stood I swear I could see tears fall from his eyes.

So I hadn't the heart to tell him that he should be on a line,

Even on a night so warm and fine.

(Chorus)
When it struck, he sat up with a start; I roared to him, "Get down!"

But for all that he could hear, I could as well not made a sound.

So, I clung there to the stanchions, and I felt my face go pale,

As he crawled hand over hand along the rail.

I could feel her keeling over with the fury of the

I watched the rail go under then, so terrible and slow.

Then, like some great dog she shook herself and roared upright again.

Far overside. I heard him call my name. (Chorus)

So it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do

But watch the deadly waters glide as we roll north to the 'Soo',

And wonder when they'll turn again and pitch us to the rail

And whirl off one more youngster in the gale.

But I tell these kids a hundred times "Don't take the Lakes for granted.

They go from calm to a hundred knots so fast they seem enchanted."

But tonight some red—eyed Wiarton girl lies staring at the wall,

And her lover's gone into a white squall

104 Wayfaring Stranger

 $\begin{array}{cccc} Am \\ \text{I'm just a poor warfarin' stranger,} \\ Dm & Am \\ \text{Traveling' through this world below} \\ \text{There is no sickness, no toil, no danger,} \\ Dm & E & Am \\ \text{In that bright land to which I go.,} \\ \end{array}$

I'm going there to see my father. FAnd all my loved ones who've gone on AmI'm just going over Jordan $Dm \ E \ Am$ I'm just goingover home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me, I know my way is hard and steep. But beauteous fields arise before me, Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my mother. She said she'd meet me when I come. I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home

I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home

105 Courtin in the Kitchen

Come single belle and beau, unto me pay A attention D G Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own A invention D Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin' G Em Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's A Kitchen7

(Chorus) With my tooral—ooral—I, and my G tooral—ooral—addy D With my tooral—ooral—I, and my G A D tooral—ooral—addy

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer

Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Henry used to go sir

Her manners were sublime and she set my heart a–twitchin'

And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen (Chorus)

Next Sunday being the day, we were to have the "flare—up"

I dressed myself quite gay and I frizzed and oiled my hair up

The captain had no wife, faith he had gone out fishin'

And we kicked up high life down below stairs in the kitchen

(Chorus)

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table

She handed tay and cake and I ate while I was able

I drank hot punch and tay till me side had got to stitchin'

And the hours passed quick away when you're courtin in the kitchen

(Chorus)

With her arms around my waist, she slyly hinted marriage

To the door in dreadful haste, came Captain Kelly's carriage

Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spittin'

When the captain at the door, walked right into the kitchen

(Chorus)

She flew up off me knees full five feet up or higher And over head and heels through me slap into the fire

Me new repealer's coat that I bought from Mr. Mitchell

With a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the kitchen...

(Chorus)

I grieved to see me duds all smeared with soot and ashes

When a tub of dirty suds right in me face she dashes

As I lay on the floor the water she kept pitchin' The footman broke the door and walked straight into the kitchen

(Chorus)

When the captain came downstairs, though he saw my situation

In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the station

For me they'd take no bail, but to get home I was itchin'

And I had to tell the tale how I came into the kitchen

(Chorus)

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial For assault, she did indict me and I was sent for trial

She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screechin'

And I got six months "hard" for my courtin in the kitchen

(Chorus)

106 Ha'nacker Mill

Sally is gone that was so kindly, Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill And the Briar grows ever since then so blindly; And ever since then the clapper is still... And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker Mill.

Ha'nacker Hill is in Desolation: Ruin a—top and a field unploughed. And Spirits that call on a fallen nation, Spirits that loved her calling aloud, Spirits abroad in a windy cloud.

Spirits that call and no one answers — Ha'nacker's down and England's done. Wind and Thistle for pipe and dancers, And never a ploughman under the Sun: Never a ploughman. Never a one.

107 Roseville Fair

I can hear them now playin' 'Comin' Through the Rye'

You were dressed in blue and you looked so lovely just a gentle flower of a small town girl

Then you took my hand and we stepped to the music

with a single smile you became my world

(Chorus) And we danced all night, to the C G fiddle and the banjo And their driftin' F G C tunes seemed to fill the air so long ago, but I still remember ... when we fell in love, at the Roseville Fair

Now, we courted well, and we courted dearly And we'd rock for hours on the front porch chair Then a year went by ... from the time that I met you

When I made you mine, at the Roseville Fair (Chorus)

So here's a song for all of the lovers and here's a tune that you can share May you dance all night to the fiddle and the banjo

Oh, the way we did at the Roseville Fair

108 Marie's Wedding

(Chorus) Step we gaily on we go C D Heel for heel and toe for toe C Arm and arm and row and row C D All for Marie's wedding

Over hillways, up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheilings through the town
All for the sake of marie
(Refrain)
Red her cheeks as rowan's are
Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darlin' marie
(Refrain)
Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her kreel
Plenty bonnie bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie
(Refrain 2x)

109 Auld Lang Syne

 $\begin{array}{cccc} C & G \\ \text{Should auld acquaintance be forgot,} \\ Am & F \\ \text{And never brought to mind} \\ C & G \\ \text{Should auld acquaintance be forgot,} \\ F & G & C \\ \text{And auld lang syne!} \end{array}$

(Chorus) For auld lang syne, my dear Am FFor auld lang syne, C GWe'll take a cup o' kindness yet F G CFor auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint' stowp, And surely I'll be mine, And we 'll take a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne! (Chorus) We two hae run about the braes, And pou'd the gowans fine, But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit Sin' auld lang syne. (Chorus) We two hae paidl'd in the burn Frae morning sun till dine, But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne. (Chorus) And there's a hand, my trusty fiere, And gie 's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught For auld lang syne!

As I roved out on a bright May morning To view the meadows and flowers gay

Whom should I spy but my own true lover As she sat under you willow tree

I took off my hat and I did salute her I did salute her most courageously When she turned around well the tears fell from her Sayin' "False young man, you have deluded me

A diamond ring I owned I gave you
A diamond ring to wear on your right hand
But the vows you made, love, you went and broke
them
And married the lassie that had the land"

"If I'd married the lassie that had the land, my love
It's that I'll rue till the day I die
When misfortune falls sure no man can shun it
I was blindfolded I'll ne'er deny"

Now at nights when I go to my bed of slumber The thoughts of my true love run in my mind When I turned around to embrace my darling Instead of gold sure it's brass I find

And I wish the Queen would call home her army From the West man to his wedded woman In hopes that you and I will meet again.

111 Loch Tay Boat Song

G C G
She's my beauteous nighean ruadh,
G C G C
She's my joy and sorrow too; And although she is
G Em G D C G
untrue, Well I cannot live without her,
For my heart's a boat in tow,
And I'd give the world to know
Why she means to let me go,
As I sing horee horo.

Nighean ruadh, your lovely hair Has more glamour I declare Than all the tresses rare 'tween Killin and Aberfeldy. Be they lint white, brown or gold, Be they blacker than the sloe, They are worth no more to me Than the melting flake of snow. Her eyes are like the gleam O' the sunlight on the stream: And the songs the fairies sing Seem like songs she sings at milking. But my heart is full of woe, For last night she bade me go And the tears begin to flow, As I sing horee, horo.

112 Lord Franklin

CIt was homeward bound one night on the deep F GSwinging in my hammock I fell asleep CI dreamed a dream and I thought it true F GConcerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With one hundred seamen he sailed away To the frozen ocean in the month of May To seek a passage around the pole Where we poor seamen do sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove Their ship on mountains of ice was drove Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow The fate of Franklin no man may know The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell Lord Franklin along with his sailors do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the main Ten thousand pounds I would freely give To say on earth that my Franklin do live

113 WHISKEY YOU'RE THE DEVIL

(Chorus) Oh, whisky you're the devil,
You're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains And to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger decenter
you're spunkier than tea
Oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

Now brave boys, we're on the march Off to Portugal and Spain Drums are beating, banners flying The Devil at home will come tonight Love, fare thee well With me tithery-right-an-doodle O ma da! me tithery-right-an-doodle O ma da Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o There's whisky in the jar (Chorus) Says the Mother do not wrong me Don't take me daughter from me For if you do I will torment you And when I'm dead my ghost will haunt you Love, fare thee well With me tithery-right-an-doodle O ma da! me titherv-right-an-doodle O ma da Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o There's whisky in the jar (Chorus) O The French are fighting boldly Men are dying hot and coldly Give every man his flask of powder His firelock on his shoulder Love fare thee well! With me tithery-right-an-doodle O ma da! me tithery-right-an-doodle O ma da Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o There's whisky in the jar (Chorus)

114 By The Mark

When I cross over I will shout and sing I will know my Savior By the mark where the nails have been

(Chorus) By the mark where the nails have beenBy the sign upon His precious skin

I will know my Savior when I come to Him By the mark where the nails have been

A man of riches
May claim a crown of jewels
But the King of Heaven
Can be told from the prince of fools
(Chorus)
On Calvary's Mountain
Where they made Him suffer so
All my sin was paid for
A long, long time ago
(Chorus)
I will know my Savior when I come to Him
By the mark where the nails have been

115 Hesitating Beauty

For your sparkling cocky smile I've walked a million miles

Begging you to come and wed me in the spring Why do you my dear delay What makes you laugh and turn away You're a hesitating beauty, Nora Lee

(Chorus) Well I know that you are itching to get married, Nora Lee

And I know how I'm twitching for the same thing, Nora Lee

By the stars and clouds above we could spend our lives in love

You're a hesitating beauty, Nora Lee

We can build a house and home where the flowers come to bloom

Around our yard I'll nail a fence so high

That the boys with peeping eyes cannot see that angel face

My hesitating beauty Nora Lee (Chorus)

We can ramble hand in hand across the grasses of our land

I'll kiss you for each leaf on every tree

We can bring our kids to play where the dry leaves blow today

If you quit your hesitating, Nora Lee (Chorus)

116 The Riddle Song

How can there be a cherry that has no stone? How can there be a chicken that has no bone? How can there be a baby with no crying? How can you tell a story that has no end?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone And a chicken when it's pipping, there is no bone A baby when it's sleeping, there's no crying And when I say "I love you", it has no end

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone I gave my love a chicken that had no bone I gave my love a baby with no crying And told my love a story that had no end

117 Nancy Spain

Of all the stars that ever shone Not one does twinkle like your pale blue eyes Like golden corn at harvest time your hair Sailing in my boat the wind Gently blows and fills my sail Your sweet—scented breath is everywhere

Daylight peeping through the curtain
Of the passing night time is your smile
And the sun in the sky is like your laugh
Come back to me my Nancy
Linger for just a little while
Since you left these shores I've known no peace
nor joy
(Chorus)
No matter where I wander I'm still haunted by
your name
The portrait of your beauty stays the same
Standing by the ocean wondering where you've
gone
If you'll return again

If you'll return again Where is the ring I gave to Nancy Spain

On the day in Spring when snows start to melt And streams to flow With the birds I'll sing this song Then in the while I'll wander Down by bluebell stream where wild flowers grow And I'll hope that lovely Nancy will return (Chorus)

118 OI Dun Cow

Some friends and I in a public house Were playing dominoes one night, When into the pub a fireman ran His face all a chalky white. "What's up", says Brown, "Have you

"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,

Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah? "
"Me Aunt Mariah be buggered if your eyes can't see!"

"The bloody pub's on fire!"

"On fire," says Brown, "What a bit of luck. Everybody follow me.
It's down to the cellar
If the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree. "
So we went down with good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more
Till we were quite like this:

(Chorus)

And there was Brown upside down
Suckin' up the whiskey on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried
Til there came a great knockin' at the door
(clap clap)
Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up

Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up And somebody shouted Macintyre! Macintyre!

And we all got blue—blind paralytic drunk When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Well, up walked Smith to the port wine tub Then he gives it a few hard knocks (clap clap) Starts takin' off his pantaloons Likewise his shoes and socks. Well, up jumps Brown, "Now see here, boy Ya can't do that in here. Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine tub When we got all this light beer. " (Chorus) Well then there came a mighty crash Half the bloody roof caved in. We all got drowned in the firemen's hose Though we were almost happy. So we grabbed some tacks and some old wet sacks And we tacked ourselves inside And we sat getting bleary—eyed drunk While the Old Dun Cow got fried. (Chorus) Then there came from the old back door The Vicar of the local church. And when he saw our drunken ways, He began to scream and curse. "Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods! You've taken to a drunken spree! You drank up all the Benedictine wine

(Chorus)
Later that night, when the fire was out
We came up from the cellar below.
Our pub was burned. Our booze was drunk.
Our heads was hanging low.

And you didn't save a drop for me! "

"Oh look", says Brown with a look quite queer. Seems something raised his ire.
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,

It closes on the hour! "

119 My son John (Cannonball)

 $\begin{array}{cccc} Em & G & D \\ \mathrm{My} & \mathrm{son\ John\ was\ tall\ and\ slim} \\ Em & G & D \\ \mathrm{And\ he\ had\ a\ leg\ for\ every\ limb} \\ Em & D \\ \mathrm{Now\ he's\ got\ no\ legs\ at\ all} \\ Em & G & D \\ \mathrm{They're\ both\ shot\ away\ by\ a\ cannon\ ball} \end{array}$

Em G/D (Chorus) Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye G G D Em Whack fo' the diddle To me hoo rum rye

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind To leave your two fine legs behind Or was it from walkin upon the sea That took your legs from the ground to the knee (Chorus)

Well I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind To leave my two fine legs behind

T'was a cannonball on the fifth o' May

That took my legs from the ground to the knee (Chorus)

Each foreign war I'll now denounce

'tween this King of England and that King of France

I'd rather my legs as they used to be Than the king of Spain and his whole navy (Chorus)

I was tall and I was slim

And I had a leg for every limb

But now I've got no legs at all

You can't win a race with a cannon ball

120 All Through the Night

GSoft the drowsy hours are creeping Em AHill and vale in slumber steeping D G Em AI my loving watch am keeping G A DAll through the night

Angels watching ever 'round thee, all through the night

In thy slumbers close surround thee, all through the night

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,

Hill and dale in slumber steeping

I, my loved one, watch am keeping, all through the night.

121 The Boxer

I am just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles such are promises
All lies and jest
Still a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest, mhmm

When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy In the company of strangers In the quiet of a railway station running scared Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters Where the ragged people go Looking for the places only they would know

(Chorus) Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie Lie la lie, lie la lie la lie la lie la lie la lie

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job But I get no offers Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there Then I'm laying out my winter clothes And wishing I was gone, going home Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding Leading me, going home (Chorus) In the clearing stands a boxer And a fighter by his trade And he carries the reminders Of every glove that laid him down And cut him 'til he cried out In his anger and his shame "I am leaving, I am leaving" But the fighter still remains, mhmm (Chorus)

122 Foxfire

When I was young and free and not so very brave my friends and I had a place that we called "Devils cave"

We'd meet out there after dark tell tales by candle light and event that marked all of our lives happened there one night

The evening it was bitter cold and the starts were shining hard the wind cut through the leafless trees as a razor through a cord

The feeble glow from the candle flame Brought us no warmth at all soon a fire was raging in its place shadows on the cavern wall

That night the legend offered was a hard one to believe but with a chilling wind and warming glow a spell began to weave

A tale of a native nation and a culture that's long past and a people caught up in a flux in a land that was so vast

A dream about dark rumors over murder that was done against the whites off to the east at the setting of the sun

A dream of a council that was called and punishment proclaimed 'twas banishment for the one accused to sooth all those inflamed

Now it was later in that year in the season of the change when the rut of stag and the russet tones spread throughout the range

A ghostly figure hovered in the valley growing bright 'tis the evil the shaman said who haunts us here at night So a council was convened and a party then dispatched they were to find the ghostly fiend its path they were to match

It lead unto a barren cave where the river ran so wide the pursuers built a fore so high the smoke was drawn inside

Not long after flames were licking at the cavern floor then the evil one now all ablaze came screaming through the door

Out to the river's edge where the river ran so cold it plunged into the blackened waves its soul they did enfold

It was found the banished one had played the ghostly fiend it was the foxfire made him glow even as the river gleamed

So it was called the "Devils Cave" that he ran from the night and it was called the "Devils Cave" where we held our vigil rite

Now as the evil one came screaming though the cavern door I awoke and found my friends asleep a—lyin' on the floor

The fire, it had spent itself smoke filled the dark and damp the cavern closed in all around our breath caught in a clamp

And as the moment for our deaths upon us did appear a flaming figure split the dark the "evil one" drew near"

But we all followed close behind that specter through the door and out into the evening chill to breath the air once more

I am told the story's true there lived an Indian who rubbed the foxfire on himself and met a burning end Perhaps it was his spirit that appeared to us the night perhaps to set the record straight he used the foxfire light

123 Red is the rose

(Chorus) Red is the rose that in yonder garden $G \cap A \cap D \cap B \cap G \cap A \cap G$ grows Fair is the lily of the valley Clear is $F \cap G \cap B \cap A \cap D$ the water that flows from the Boyne But my $F \cap B \cap A \cap D$ love is fairer than any.-

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed

When the moon and the stars they were shining The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair

And she swore she'd be my love forever.

(Chorus)

It's not for the parting that my sister pains It's not for the grief of my mother 'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass That my heart is breaking forever.

(Chorus)

124 Rare Old Mountain Dew

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and A easy way D G But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's D brewed near Galway Bay Come policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Bm Leitrim too D G Oh, we'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip D A D Of the rare old Mountain Dew

(Chorus) Fi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh Fi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still Where the smoke curls up to the sky By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell That there's poitin' brewin' nearby For it fills the air with a perfume rare And betwixt both me and you As home we stroll, we can take a bowl Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew (Chorus) Now learned men who use the pen Have sung the praises high Of the rare poitin' from Ireland green Distilled from wheat and rye Put away with your pills, it'll cure all ills Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew So take off your coat and grease your throat With the dear old Mountain Dew

125 Bonnie George Campbell

C F C G Am Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he C Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Saddled and booted and bridled rode he, A plume tae his helmet, a sword at his knee. But toom came his saddle and bluidy tae see, Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Doon cam' his auld mither greetin' fu' sair, Oot cam' his bonnie wife rivin' her hair. "My meadows lie green and by corn is unshorn, My barn it tae build and my baby's unborn."

High upon Hielands and low upon Tay, Bonnie George Campbell rode oot on a day. Saddled and bridled, sae bonnie rode he Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he.

126 Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock—dove whose echo resounds through the glen,

Oh, ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den.

Thou green–crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,

I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

Oh, how lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills, There daily I wander as noon rises high My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; There oft as mild Evening sweeps over the lea The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Though thy crystal stream, Afton, how levely it glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary resides, How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays, My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, So, flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

127 Orphan Girl

CI am an orphan on God's highway CBut I'll share my troubles if you go my way CI have no mother, no father C FNo sister, no brother C GI am an orphan girl

I have had friendships, pure and golden But the ties of kinship, I have not known them I know no mother, no father No sister, no brother I am an orphan girl

But when He calls me I will be able To meet my family at God's table I'll meet my mother, my father My sister, my brother No more orphan girl

Blessed Savior, make me willing
And walk beside me until I'm with them
Be my mother, my father
My sister, my brother
I am an orphan girl

128 Country Roads

G EmAlmost heaven, West Virginia D C GBlue ridge mountains, Shenandoah river G EmLife is old there, older than the trees D CYounger than the mountains, blowing like a Gbreeze

GCountry roads, take me home $Em \qquad C$ To the place I be—long GWest Virginia $D \qquad C$ Mountain mamma, take me home GDown Country roads

me C D Radio reminds me of my home far away Em D C Driving down the road I get a feeling D That I should have been home yesterday,

That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday (Refrain 2x)

Take me home, down country roads Take me home, down country roads

129 A Little Bit More

GWhen I was young me father said, G G C DIt's time the children went to bed, G CWe would always cry and roar, G GI want to stay up just a little bit more.

 $\begin{matrix} \boldsymbol{G} & \boldsymbol{C} \\ \text{(Chorus) A little bit more a little bit more} \\ \boldsymbol{G} & \boldsymbol{C} & \boldsymbol{D} \\ \text{Not very much just a little bit more,} \\ \boldsymbol{G} & \boldsymbol{C} \\ \text{A little bit more a little bit more} \\ \boldsymbol{G} & \boldsymbol{D} & \boldsymbol{G} \\ \text{Not very much just a little bit more,} \end{matrix}$

And when the morning came around, You could hear that same auld sound When they came rapping on the door I want to lay on a little bit more. (Chorus) The barman says theres no more beer, Drink up your drink and get out of here, Still you see them hanging 'round the door, Hopeing to get in for a little bit more. (Chorus) I met a girl called Mary Rose I said young girl can I kiss your nose, She said I met your likes before All you want is a little bit more. (Chorus) And when your days are nearly done Before you cross that rubicon The doctor says your time is done, And you pray to the Lord for a little bit more. (Chorus)

130 Blacks and Tans

Bm I was born in the Dublin street Where the loyal drums do beat, \ensuremath{Bm} And the loving English feet walked all over us; And every single night when me dad would come home tight,

Bm A Bm He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:

Bm [Chorus] Come out you black and tans, Come out and fight me like a man, **Bm** Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders;

Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell

Bm A From the green and lovely lanes of *Bm* Killeshandra.

Come tell us how you slew

Them of Arabs two by two. Like the Zulus they had knives and bows and arrows: Of how bravely you faced one with your sixteen-pounder gun, And you frightened all the natives to the marrow. (Chorus) Come let us hear you tell How you slammed the brave Parnell,

let us hear, When our heroes of sixteen were executed.

And taught him well and truly persecuted; Where are the stares and jeers that you proudly

(Chorus) Oh! Come out you British Huns, Come out and fight without your guns, Show your wife how you won medals up in Derry; You murdered sixteen men and you'll do the same

So get out of here and take your bloody army. (Chorus)

The day is coming fast And the time is here at last, When each yeoman will be cast aside before us, And if there be a need Sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!" With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus. (Chorus)

131 Scots Wha Hae

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front o' battle lour; See approach proud Edward's power— Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave! Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa', Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains! By your sons in servile chains! We will drain our dearest veins. But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow!— Let us do or die!

132 The Blackest Crow

As time draws near my dearest dear when you Am and I must part G C How little you know of the grief and woe in my Am poor aching heart C F Tis but I'd suffer for your sake, believe me dear C it's true C I wish that you were staying here or I was going Am with you

I wish my breast were made of glass wherein you might behold

Upon my heart your name lies wrote in letters made of gold

In letters made of gold my love, believe me when I sav

You are the one that I will adore until my dying day

The blackest crow that ever flew would surely turn to white

If ever I prove false to you bright day will turn to night

Bright day will turn to night my love, the elements will mourn

If ever I prove false to you the seas will rage and burn

And when you're on some distant shore think of your absent friend

And when the wind blows high and clear a light to me pray send

And when the wind blows high and clear pray send your love to me

That I might know by your hand light how time has gone with thee

133 HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain For we may or might never all meet here again

(Chorus) So here's a health to the company and one to my lass

Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain For we may or might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well For style and for beauty there's none can excel There's a smile on her countenance as she sits upon my knee

There is no man in this wide world as happy as me

(Chorus)

Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock I wish her safe landing without any shock And if ever I should meet you by land or by sea I will always remember your kindness to me (Chorus)

134 Roddy McCorley

O see the fleet–foot host of men, who speed with faces drawn,

From farmstead and from fishers' hut, along the banks of Ban:

They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they,

For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling, proud and young.

About the hemp–rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung;

There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and bright are they,

As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

When he last stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand

Behind him marched, in grim array, a stalwart earnest band.

To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the fray,

As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray

Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today:

True to the last! True to the last, he treads the upwards way,

And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

135 I'll Fly Away

GSome bright morning when this life is over CI'll fly away GTo that home on God's celestial shore D GI'll fly away

(Chorus) I'll fly away, oh glory I'll fly away in the morning When I die, Hallelujah by and by I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly (Chorus)

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet No more cold iron shackles on my feet (Chorus)

Just a few more weary days and then To a land where joys will never end

136 Shady Grove

Dm C
Shady Grove, my little love
Dm
Shady Grove I say
F C
Shady Grove, my little love
Dm
I'm bound to go away

Cheeks as red a a blooming rose And eyes are the prettiest brown She's the darling of my heart Sweetest girl in town

I wish I had a big fine horse And corn to feed him on And Shady Grove to stay at home And feed him while I'm gone

Went to see my Shady Grove She was standing in the door Her shoes and stockin's in her hand And her little bare feet on the floor

When I was a little boy I wanted a Barlow knife And now I want little Shady Grove To say she'll be my wife

A kiss from pretty little Shady Grove Is sweet as brandy wine And there ain't no girl in this old world That's prettier than mine

Shady Grove, my little love Shady Grove I say Shady Grove, my little love I'm bound to go away

137 Midnight Moonlight

G D
If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in
San Antone
Am D C
Beg steal or borrow two nickels or a dime and
C call me on the phone
And I'll meet you at Alamo Mission where we can say our prayers

And the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mother will heal us as we kneel there.

If you ever feel sorrow for things you might have done

With no hope for tomorrow and the setting of the D sun

And the ocean is howling of things that might have been

And that last good morning sunrise will be the brightest C you've everseen.

(Chorus)

Repeat both verses

138 The Moonshiner

(Chorus) I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home

And if you don't like me, well, leave me alone

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry

And the moonshine don't kill me, I'll live til I die

I've been a moonshiner for many a year I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer I'll go to some hollow, I'll set up my still And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill (Chorus)

I'll go to some hollow in this counterie Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree No women to follow, the world is all mine I love none so well as I love the moonshine (Chorus)

Oh, moonshine, dear moonshine, oh, how I love thee

You killed me old father, but don't you try me God Bless all moonshiners and Bless all moonshine

Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

139 Oró, sé do bheatha bhaile

(Chorus) óró, sé do bheatha bhaile óró, sé do bheatha bhaile óró, sé do bheatha bhaile anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

'Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh meirleach 's tú díolta leis na Gallaibh. (Chorus)

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda, Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaillná Spáinnigh 's cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh. (Chorus).

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile, Is Fianna Fáil 'na mbuidhin gharda, Gaeil féin 's ní Francaigh ná Spáinnigh, Is ruagairt ar na Gallaibh! (Chorus)

140 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O Tell me ma when I go home D G The boys won't leave the girls alone C C C They pull my hair, they stole my comb D But that's all right till I go home C She is handsome, she is pretty C C She is the belle of Belfast city C C She is a-courting one two three C C Pray, would you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh my true love, are you well
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye
(Refrain)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high And the snow come toppling from the sky She's as sweet as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma till she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still
(Refrain)

141 Sixteen Tons

Am G F E
Some people say a man is made outta mud
Am G F E
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Am G F E
Muscle and blood and skin and bone
Am E Am
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

(Chorus) You load sixteen tons what do you get
Another day older and deeper in debt
St Peter don't call me cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
I owe my soul I owe my soul to the company store

Well I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine

I picked up my shovel I walked to the mine I loaded sixteen tons of Number 9 coal The straw boss said well bless my soul (Chorus)

Well I was born one morning it was drizzlin' rain Fighting and trouble that's my middle name I was raised in the woods by an old mama lion Ain't no high toned woman make me walk the line (Chorus)

If you see me comin' better step aside A lotta men didn't a lotta men died One fist of iron the other one steel If the right one don't get you then the left one will

142 Folsom Prison Blues

GI hear the train a comin'
It's rollin' 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine G7C
Since, I don't know whenI'm stuck in Folsom
Prison GAnd time keeps draggin' on D7But that train keeps a-rollin' GOn down to San Antone

When I was just a baby
My Mama told me, "son
Always be a good boy
Don't ever play with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin'
I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin' In a fancy dinin' car They're probably drinkin' coffee And smokin' big cigars Well, I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free But those people keep a-movin' And that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison If that railroad train was mine I bet I'd move it on a little Farther down the line Far from Folsom Prison That's where I want to stay And I'd let that lonesome whistle Blow my blues away

143 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

GAh dee do, ah dee do da day G G C DAh dee do, ah dee day dee G Am D EmHe whistled and he sang till the green woods rang G Am D GAnd he won the heart of a la—dy

She left her father's castle gate She left her own fond lover, left her servants And estate To follow the gypsy rover (Chorus) Her father saddled his fastest steed Roamed these valleys all over Sought his daughter at break neck speed And the whistlin' gypsy rover (Chorus) he came at last to a mansion fine Down by the river Claydee And there was music and there was wine For the gypsy and his lady (Chorus) "He is no gypsy, my father", she said But Lord of these lands all over And I will stay till my dying day With the whistlin' gypsy rover