

The Thousand Good Songs

2023

This songbook belongs to



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1 Country Roads

G Almost heaven, *Em* West Virginia
D Blue ridge mountains, *C* Shenandoah *G* river
G Life is old there, *Em* older than the trees
D Younger than the mountains, *C* blowing like a
G breeze

G Country roads, take me *D* home
Em To the place I be—*C* long
G West Virginia
D Mountain mamma, take me *C* home
G Down Country roads

All my memories, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye
(Refrain)

Em I *D* hear her voice in the morning hour she calls *G* me
C Radio reminds me of my *D* home far away

Em Driving down the road I get a *D* feeling *C*
D

That I should have been home yesterday,
yesterday

(Refrain 2x)

Take me home, down country roads
Take me home, down country roads

2 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)

3 *The town I loved so well*

G *D* *C* *G*
In my memory I will always see
C *G* *D*
The town that I have loved so well
G *D* *C* *G*
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall
C *G* *D* *G*
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Em *D* *C* *D* *Em*
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane,
C *D*
Past ther jail and down behind the fountain,
G *D* *C* *G*
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
C *G* *D* *G*
In the town I loved so well.

In the early morning, the shirt factory horn
Calde women from Creggan, the moor and the
bog
While their men on the dole played a mother's
role
Fed the children and then trained the dogs.
And when times got tough, there was just about
enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
When I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I found a wife
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by the old gas yard wall
And the damded barbed wire gets higher and
higher
With their tanks and their guns oh my God what
have they done
To the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again.
For what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
In the town I loved so well

4 *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)

5 *The Final Trawl*

Now it's ^Dthree long years since we ^Amade her ^{Bm}pay
^GHaul away my ^Aladdie ^DO
And the owners say ^{Bm}that she's ^Ahad her ^Gday
Haul away my ^{Em}laddie ^G^AO

So heave away for the final trawl
It's an easy pull for the catch is small

Then stow your gear, lads, and batten down
I'll tak the wheel an' I'll turn her 'round

We'll join the Venture and the Morning Star
Riding high and empty towards the bar

For I'd rather beach her on the Skerry rock
Than to see her torched in the breaker's dock

And when I die you can stow me down
In her rusty hold where the breakers pound

I'll make the haven of the Fiddler's Green
Where the grub is good, and the bunks are clean

For I've fished a lifetime, boy and man
And the final trawl scarcely makes a cran

6 *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,

Then at length we stood two cables away,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

(Chorus)

(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.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs

(Chorus)

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

(Chorus)

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

(Chorus)

On the 96th day we sailed again,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

(Chorus)

The Yankee lay low down with gold,
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

(Chorus)

7 *Dublin Blues*

Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm *D*
In the Chili Parlor Bar *A*
Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas *D*
And not carin' where you are *G* *D*
But here I sit in Dublin, mmm
Just rollin' cigarettes
Holdin' back and chokin' back
The shakes with every breath

(Chorus) So *A* 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

8 *All Through the Night*

Sleep my child and peace attend thee *D* *G* *Em* *A*
All through the night *G* *A* *D*
Guardian angels God will send thee *D* *G* *Em* *A*
All through the night *G* *A* *D*

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping *G*
Hill and vale in slumber steeping *Em* *A*
I my loving watch am keeping *D* *G* *Em* *A*
All through the night *G* *A* *D*

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.

9 *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
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)

10 *Roarin' Mary*

D
You're a bear in a sheepskin coat
G
And O'Donnell caught you on the boat *D*
And three little piggies on Walkin street
A
Have gobbled up all your corn to eat.

D *G*
With a too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rae-ay
A *D*
Whack fol da diddle loora-da-o-may.

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-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)

11 Saddle Tramp

They call me a drifter, they say I'm no good
I'll never amount to a thing
Well I may be a drifter and I may be no good
There's joy in this song that I sing.

(Chorus) Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I
please
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.

At night I will rest 'neath a blanket of blue
Doubt if I ever will change
I might even dream of a lady I knew
Might even whisper her name

(Chorus)

I might even wind up in Idaho
And visit a cute little miss
A sweet little someone I used to know
And I might even stop long enough for a kiss.

(Chorus)

Might even ride back through Phoenix someday
Might even stop for awhile
But branded, no never! I'll not be tied down
Trapped by a fair lady's smile.

(Chorus)

12 (D)From this valley they say you are goin'

I will miss your bright eyes and sweet (A)smile

^DFor they say you are takin' the ^Gsunshine
^AThat has brightened our pathway ^Dawhile

(CHORUS) ^DCome and sit by my side if you
love me,

do not hasten to bid me ^Aadieu,
^Dbut remember the Red River ^GValley,
^Aand the cowboy that loves you so ^Dtrue.

Do you think of the valley you're leavin'
Oh how lonely and drear it will be
Do you think of the fond heart you're breakin'
And the pain you are causing to me

For a long time my dear, I've been waiting
For the sweet words you never would say
And at last all my fond hopes have vanished
For they say you are goin' away

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

13 *Take 'Em Away*

(Chorus) ^GTake 'em away, ^Ctake 'em away,
 Lord
^GTake away these ^Dchains from me
^GMy heart is broken 'cause my ^Cspirit's not
 free
^GLord take away these ^Dchains from ^Gme

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 stand
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 vines
Of any place on God's green earth, this is where I
 choose to die

14 *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

15 *The Blackest Crow*

^GAs time draws near my ^Cdearest dear when you
and I must ^{Am}part
^GHow little you know of the ^Cgrief and woe in my
poor aching ^{Am}heart
^CTis but I'd suffer for your sake, believe me dear
it's ^Ctrue
^GI wish that you were ^Cstaying here or I was going
with you ^{Am}

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 say
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

16 *Roseville Fair*

^COh, the night was clear and the stars were shinin'
and the moon came up, so quiet in the sky
And all the people gathered round while the band
was a-tunin'
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 ^Fnight, to the
fiddle and the ^Cbanjo ^G
And their driftin' ^Ftunes seemed to fill the ^Cair
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

17 *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)

18 *New York Girls*

As I ^Gwalked down the ^CBroadway one ^Gevening in
^DJuly
I met a maid who asked my trade – A ^Gsailor ^Dlad
^Gsays I
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

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....

| (Chorus) And ^Gaway ^CSanty – My dear ^GAnnie ^D
^GO you ^CNew York girls, can't you ^Gdance the ^D
^Gpolka

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)

19 Paradise

^D When I was a child my ^G family would travel
^D Down to ^A Western Kentucky where my parents
^D were born
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
River
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)

20 One More Dollar

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

(Chorus) ^{Em} ^D ^C ^D
One more dime to show for my
^G day

^{Em} ^D ^C ^D ^G
One more dollar and I'm on my way

When I ^{Em} ^D ^C
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)

21 *Tennessee Stud*

Back about eighteen and twenty-five
I left Tennessee very much alive
I never would have made it through the Arkansas
mud
If I hadn't been riding on the Tennessee Stud
Had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa
One of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I wrote a letter to my Uncle Fud
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

(Chorus) The Tennessee Stud was long and
lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
There never was a horse like the Tennessee
Stud

Drifted on down into no man's land
I crossed the river called the Rio Grande
I raced my horse with the Spaniards bold
'Til I got me a skinful of silver and gold
Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
We pulled our guns, he fell with a thud
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

(Chorus)

I rode right back across Arkansas
I whipped her brother and I whipped her pa
I found that girl with the golden hair
And she was riding on a Tennessee mare
Pretty little baby on the cabin floor
A little horse colt playing 'round the door
I love the girl with the golden hair
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare

(Chorus)

22 *Little Annie*

^COnce more I must ^Fleave you little Annie
We must ^Cpart at the end of the ^Glane
But you promised me little Annie
^CYou'd be waiting when the ^Gspringtime comes
^Cagain

(Chorus) ^GWhen the springtime comes o'er
^Cthe mountains
And the wild flowers scatter o'er the ^Gplains
^CI will watch for the leaves to return to the ^Ftrees
And I'll be ^Gwaiting when the springtime
^Ccomes again

When the sun shines down on the mountains
And the wild sheep are wandering all alone
And the birds and the bees are singing
Then it makes me think that springtime won't be long

(Chorus)

Now the springtime has come on the mountains
And I'm on my way back to the lane
For you promised me little Annie
You'd be waiting when the springtime comes
again

25 *Eileen Aroon*

D *G* *D*
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
free
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
far
Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon
G D G D G A D
— —
Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon

26 *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

Bm
While in the merry month of June from me
home I started,
A
Left the girls of Tuam Nearly broken hearted,
Bm
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
A
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to
smother,
Bm *A* *Bm*
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was
A
born,
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*
And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to
Dublin.

[Chorus] *Bm* *A* *Bm*
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 quietly cleared the way for the rocky road to
Dublin.
[Chorus]

27 *Courtin in the Kitchen*

D
Come single belle and beau, unto me pay
A
attention

D Don't ever fall in love, it's the *G* devil's own
A
invention

D
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'
G Miss Henrietta Bell out of *Em* Captain Kelly's
A
Kitchen7

(Chorus) With my *D* tooral-ooral-I, and my
G
tooral-ooral-addy
With my *D* 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)

28 *Streets of London*

^C Have you seen the ^G old man
^{Am} In the closed-down market ^{Em}
^F Kicking up the paper ^C
With his (Dm/D7) worn out ^G shoes?
^C In his eyes you see no pride ^G
^{Am} And held loosely at his side ^{Em}
^F Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news ^C ^G ^C

(Chorus) ^F So how can you tell ^{Em} me you're
^C lonely ^{Am}
^{D7} And say for you that the sun don't
^G shine? ^{G7}
^C Let me take you by the hand and ^G
^{Am} Lead you through the streets of London ^{Em}
^F I will show you something to make you ^C ^G
change your ^C mind

Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

(Chorus)

In the all night cafe
At a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world
Over the rim of his teacup
Each tea lasts an hour
And he wanders home alone

(Chorus)

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he
wears
In our winter city
The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care

(Chorus)

29 *From Greenland*

^C The mist was hanging on ^{Em} the hill,
^F The sun was still deciding ^C
^F The old piper called the tune ^C ^{Am}
And I ^C was on my way ^F
^{Dm/F} I ^C called out your name
^F So loud you could have heard me ^C
And the snow goose flies in the northern sky ^F ^G
From ^C Greenland

Darkness comes with winter speed
They journey far from home
Always struggling to survive
Ever more to roam
They come back to Scotland
We're brothers you and I
And the snow goose flies in the northern sky
From Greenland

Seize the day, for life is short
Live it while you can
I've never seen the highland hill
I didn't want to climb
But I will stop to watch the cloud
That flies across the moon
And the snow goose flies in the northern sky
From Greenland

30 *Cavan Girl*

^C As I walk the ^G road from Killeshandra, weary, I ^{Am}
^G ^C sat down
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get
to Cavan Town ^G ^{Am} ^G ^F
Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed
beyond compare ^C ^G ^{Am} ^G ^F
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan
girl, so fair ^C ^G ^{Am} ^G
^F ^G ^C

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

31 *Four Green Fields*

^G ^D ^G
What did I have',
^C ^D
Said the fine old woman.
^G ^D ^G
What did I have',
^C ^D
This proud old woman did say.
'I had four green fields,
Each one was a jewel.
But strangers came
And tried to take them from me.
But my fine strong sons
They fought to save my jewels.
^C ^D
They fought and they died
^G ^D ^G
And that was my grief', said she.

'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.

32 *Watching the Apples Grow*

$\overset{C}{\text{It's}} \overset{F}{\text{early up, Ontario farm}}$
 $\overset{C}{\text{Chicken}} \overset{Am}{\text{crow for day}}$
 $\overset{F}{\text{I wish}} \overset{C}{\text{I grew Annapolis apples}}$
 $\overset{Am}{\text{Up above Fundy's Bay}}$
 $\overset{F}{\text{Oh, it}} \overset{C}{\text{seems so far}} \overset{G}{\text{away}}$

On the ridge above Acadia's town
To the valley down below
The evening shadow falls upon the families
Listening to the radio
And watching the apples grow

(Chorus) $\overset{F}{\text{Down on the farm}}$
 $\overset{C}{\text{Back among the family}}$
 $\overset{F}{\text{Away from}} \overset{C}{\text{Ontario}}$
 $\overset{F}{\text{Hear the ladies}} \overset{C}{\text{singing to the men}}$
 $\overset{Am}{\text{Dancing in the heel and toe}}$
 $\overset{F}{\text{And watching}} \overset{C}{\text{the apples}} \overset{G}{\text{grow}}$

Ontario, you know I've seen
A place I'd rather be
Your scummy lakes and your city of Toronto
Don't do a damn thing for me
I'd rather live by the sea

I'd watch the V's of geese go by
The foxfoot in the snow
I'd climb the ridge of Gaspereau Mountain
Look into the valley below
And watching the apples grow
(Chorus) x2

33 St. Brendan's Fair Isle

And after a while we were singing this song
We noticed the island was moving along
We ate and we drank and we rolled in great style

When I^D was a lad on the Emerald Isle^G
I heard many stories both lovely and wild^D (Chorus)
About the great dragons and monsters that be^D
That swallow the ships when they sail on the sea^{Bm}

St. Brendan said "Boys, this is much to my wish
"To ride on the back of the world's biggest fish
"Hold on to the line that is pullin' the ship
"We'll need it some day if this fish takes a dip."

Though I^G was an artist with canvas and paint
I sailed with St. Brendan and his jolly saints^D
We told the good people goodbye for a while^G

We sailed every ocean, we sailed every sea
We sailed every spot that a sailor could be
In 44 days we sailed 10 million miles

(Chorus) We^D sailed for St. Brendan's fair^A (Chorus)
isle, fair isle^G
We sailed for St. Brendan's fair^A isle^D

We'd been on the ocean for 94 days
When we came to a spot where the sea was ablaze
Those demons from Hades were dancing with glee
And burning the sailors alive on the sea

St. Brendan he walked on the blistering waves
He threw all those demons right back to their
caves

And all of the saints wore a heavenly smile

(Chorus)

One night while the brethren were lying asleep
A great dragon came up from under the deep
He thundered and light'nend and made a great
din
He awakened St. Brendan and all of his men

The dragon came on with his mouth open wide
We threw in a cross and the great dragon died
We skinned him and cooked him and feasted a while

(Chorus)

At last we came onto that beautiful land
We all went ashore and we walked on the sand
We took our longbows and we killed us a boo
We roasted it up and had hot barbecue

34 *Welcome Royal Charlie*

Am The man that should our king hae been *C*
G
He wore the Royal red and green
C D G Em
A bonnier lad ye never seen
C D
Than our young Royal Charlie

When Charlie in the heilan' sheil
Forgethered wi' the Great Lochiel
Oh sic' a kindness did prevail
'Tween the Chief and Charlie

(Chorus) *G* Charlie's been too long awa' *C*
G And the eagle waits for the bugle's call *C*
G C D
But the spirit shines above us all
G C D G
For the right belongs to Charlie

At Falkirk and Prestonpans
Supported by the heilan' clans
He brak the Hanoverian bands
Did our young royal Charlie

But we darenae brew a peck o' malt
But Geordie he maun ca't a fault
And for our kale we scarce get salt
For want of Royal Charlie

(Chorus)

Noo our Charlie's gone awa'
A doited German rules us all
And we are forced against the law
For want of Royal Charlie

So Charlie come and lead the way
For others here now hold the sway
But every dog maun hae it's day
So welcome Royal Charlie

(Chorus)

35 Johnny Jump Up

Em
I'll tell ye a story that happened to me
D
One day as I went out to Youghal by the Sea
Em *G* *D*
The sun it was bright and the day it was warm
Em *D* *Em* *D* *Em*
Says I, A quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm
I went to the barman, I says give me a stout
Says the barman, I'm sorry all the beer tis sold
out
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 (Chorus)
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 coroner 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

36 Amazing Grace

D *D7* *G* *D*
Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
D *D7* *G* *D*
I once was lost, but now am found;
Bm *A* *D*
Was blind, but now I see.

'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.

37 Blacks and Tans

Bm
I was born in the Dublin street
A
Where the loyal drums do beat,
Bm
And the loving English feet walked all over us; (Chorus)
D *A*
And every single night when me dad would come
home tight,
Bm *A* *Bm*
He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:

[Chorus] *Bm*
Come out you black and tans,
A
Come out and fight me like a man,
Bm
Show your wife how you won medals down
in Flanders;
D *A*
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell
away,
Bm *A*
From the green and lovely lanes of
Bm
Killeshandra.

Come tell us how you slew
Them ol' 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,
And taught him well and truly persecuted;
Where are the stares and jeers that you proudly
let us hear,
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.

(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
again,
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.

38 Early Morning Rain

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my
hand
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full
of sand
I'm a long way from home, Lord, I miss my loved
ones so
In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine a big 707 set to go
And, I'm stuck here in the grass where the
pavement never grows
Now, the liquor tasted good and the women all
were fast
Well, there she goes, my friend, she'll be rolling
down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing
on high
She's away and westward bound, far above the
clouds she'll fly

There the morning rain don't fall and the sun
always shines
She'll be flying over my home in about three
hours time

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly
good to me
And I'm stuck here on the ground as cold and
drunk as I can be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight
train
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning
rain

You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight
train
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning
rain

39 *The Irish Rover*

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

40 *Auld Lang Syne*

Should ^C auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,
 And never ^{Am} brought to ^F mind
 Should ^C auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,
 And ^{F G C} auld lang syne!

^(Chorus) ^C For ^G auld lang syne, my dear
^{Am} For ^F auld lang syne,
 We'll ^C take a cup o' ^G kindness yet
^{F G C} For 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 twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine,
 But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa 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!

41 *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

42 *The 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

43 Irene Goodnight

D Last Saturday night I got married *A*
 Me and my wife settled down *D*
 Now me and my wife are parted *G*
 Gonna take a little stroll downtown *A D*

(Chorus) *D A D* Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight
G Em Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene
A D I'll see you in my dreams

Sometimes I live in the country
 Sometimes I live in the town
 Sometimes I have a great notion
 To jump In the river and drown

(Chorus)

Stop ramblin', stop your gamblin'
 Stop stayin'out late at night
 Come home to your wife and your family
 And sit by the fire so bright

(Chorus)

I love Irene, God knows I do
 Love her 'til the rivers run dry
 If Irene should ever turn her back on me
 Gonna take morphine and die

(Chorus)

44 Make and break harbor

D Bm G A How still lies the bay in the light western airs
Em G A Which blow from the crimson horizon;
D D7 G A Once more we tack home with a dry empty hold
Em G A Saving gas with the breezes so fair
D Bm G A She's a kindly Cape Islander, old but still sound
Em G A But so lost in the longliner's shadow;
D D7 G Make and break and make do, but the fish are so
A few
Em G A That she won't be replaced should she founder

Now it's so hard to not think of before the big war
 When the cod went so cheap, but so plenty;
 Foreign trawlers go by now with long seeking eyes
 Taking all where we seldom take any
 And the young folk don't stay with the
 fisherman's ways
 Long ago they all moved to the cities;
 And the ones left behind, old and tired and blind
 Won't work for a pound, for a penny

(Chorus) *G A* In Make And Break Harbour the
D boats are so few
Bm A G A Too many are pulled up and rotten;
D Bm D Most houses stand empty, old nets hung to
G dry
A G D Are blown away, lost and forgotten

Now I can see the big draggers have stirred up
 the bay
 Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom;
 Can they think it don't pay to respect the old
 ways
 That Make And Break men have not forgotten
 For we still keep our time to the turn of the tide
 In this boat that I built with my father;
 Still lifts to the sky, the one-lunger and I
 Still talk like old friends on the water
 (Chorus) x2

45 *Way Downtown*

(Refrain) ^FWay ^Cdowntown just foolin' around
^GTook me to the jail
It's ^Foh me and it's ^Coh my
^GNo one to go my ^Cbail

It was late last night when Willie came home
I heard him a-rapping on the door
He's a-slipping and a-sliding with his new shoes
on
Mamma said Willie don't you rap no more
(Refrain)
I wish I was over at my sweet Sally's house
Sittin' in that big armed chair
One arm around this old guitar
And the other one around my dear
(Refrain)
Now, its one old shirt is all that I got
And a dollar is all that I crave
I brought nothing with me into this old world
Ain't gonna take nothing to my grave
(Refrain)

46 *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.

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.

(Chorus) O ^GTell me ma when I ^Cgo ^Ghome
^DThe boys won't leave the ^Ggirls alone
^GThey ^Dpull my hair, they ^Cstole my ^Gcomb
^DBut that's all right till I ^Ggo home
^CShe is handsome, ^Dshe is pretty
^GShe is the belle of ^DBelfast city
^GShe is a-courting ^Cone two three
^GPray, would you tell me ^Dwho is ^Gshe

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)

49 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) ^GHo, ro, the ^Crattlin' bog
The ^Gbog down in the ^Dvalley-o
^GHo, ro, the ^Crattlin' bog
The ^Gbog down in the ^Dvalley-o ^G

^G
In that bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a ^Drattlin' tree
^G
The tree in the bog
In the ^Dbog down in the ^Gvalley-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
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)

50 *Edelweiss*

^G ^D ^G ^C
Edelweiss, Edelweiss
^G ^{Em} ^{Am7} ^D
Every morning you greet me
^G ^D ^G ^C
Small and white, clean and bright
^G ^{D7}
You look happy to meet me.

^D ^{D7} ^G
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
^C ^A ^D ^{D7}
Bloom and grow forever
^G ^D ^G ^C
Edelweiss, Edelweiss
^G ^{D7} ^G
Bless my homeland forever

51 *Piper's refrain*

D I'll tell it to you as they told it to me *G*
 By the *D* glow of the campfire *Bm* burning. *A*
 By the *D* banks of the water where we sported and
G played,
D They once faced the fury of battle. *Bm* *A* *D*

(Chorus) *D* And up through the Champlain

came the Highland *G* Brigade (Chorus)

D The pipes and the drummer played *Bm*

G "Scotland the Brave." *A*

D But when they sailed home the piper's

G refrain

D Was, Oh, how *Bm* cruel the volley." *A* *D*

When the gunpowder flashed, the Highlanders
 died,
 Never again to walk the hillside.
 In the wilderness green, in the sun and the rain,
 It's here they're forever remaining.

And I've told it to you as they told it to me,
 Of one Duncan Campbell and the Highland
 Brigade.

When the campfires flicker in the summertime's
 wane,
 through the mist on the water comes the piper's refrain.

To one Duncan Campbell it came in a dream
 That he'd meet his fate where he never had been;
 Where the blue waters roll and the stickerbush
 tear,
 It's "Travel well, Duncan, I'll wait for you there.

"For the French and the Indian have challenged
 our King."

(To a soldier like Duncan, no need to explain.)

"It's many a time I've travelled the waves
 To find my fate in the fire."

(Chorus)

From Fort William Henry their boats have shoved
 off
 To the North of Lake George in the morning;
 To the place the Frenchmen call Carillon,
 And the Indians: Ticonderoga.

And the word struck Duncan like a thunderbolt
 there;
 Everyone knew of the warning.
 "Oh, give us a tune to remember me by,
 For tomorrow I'll not be returning."

(Chorus)

52 *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)

53 *The Ring of Fire*

^G Love is a ^C burning ^G thing
And it makes a ^D fiery ^G ring
Bound by wild desire
I fell in to a ring of fire

(Chorus) ^D I fell into a ^G burning ring of fire

^D I went down, down, down
^G And the flames went higher
And it burns, burns, burns

^C The ring of fire

^D The 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)

54

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.
^D With her long brown hair, and grace beyond
compare
Why I love her only God knows.

^G Sally Rose, Sally Rose
^D
Why do I love you, do you suppose?
^A
^D Is it the way you sing with me,
^G
or the smile I receive
^A every time a joke comes or goes?
^D

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

55

Killiecrankie

^G Whaur hae ye been sae ^C braw, lad?
^G Whaur hae ye been sae ^D brankie-o?
^G Whaur hae ye been sae ^C braw, lad?
^G Come 'ye by ^D Killiecrankie-o? ^C

(Chorus) An' ^G ye had been whaur ^C I hae
been
^G Ye wadna been sae ^D cantie-o
^G An' ye had seen what ^C I hae seen
^G On the braes o' ^D Killiecrankie-o ^C

I fought at land, I fought at sea
At hame I fought my auntie-o
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

(Chorus)

The bauld pit cur fell in a furr
And Clavers gat a crankie-o
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

(Chorus)

Oh fie, MacKay, What gart ye lie
I' the brush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's lofe
Than come tae Killiecrankie-o

(Chorus)

It's nae shame, it's nae shame
It's nae shame to shank ye-o
There's sour slaes on Athol braes
And the de'ils at Killiecrankie-o

(Chorus)

56 *Wee Dark Engine Room*

(Chorus) In that wee dark engine room,
Where the chill seeps through your soul,
How we huddled round that wee pot stove
That burned oily rags and coal.

How the winter blizzards blow, and the whaling
fleet's at rest,
Tucked in Leigh harbor's sheltered bay, safely
anchored ten abreast.

The whalers at their stations, as from shed to
shed they go,
Carry little bags of coal with them, and a little iron
stove.

(Chorus)

The fireman Paddy worked with me on the engine
stiff and cold.

A stranger to the truth was he – there's not a lie
he hasn't told.

And he boasted of his gold mine, and of all the
hearts he'd won,

And his bonny sense of humor shone just like a ray of
sun.

(Chorus)

Then one day we saw the sun and factory ships
return.

Meet your old friends, sing a song; hope the
season won't be long,

Then homeward bound when it's over; we'll leave
this icy hold,

But I always will remember that little iron stove.

(Chorus)

57 *John Knacka*
I thought I heard the first mate say

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)

Flectamus genua
Levate

(Chorus)

58 *Aragon Mill*

(Chorus) ^D And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
^A As it blows through the town
^G Weave and spin, ^D 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
know
Tell me, where will I go, Tell me, where will I go?

(Chorus)

59 *Castle of Dromore*

^G The October winds ^C lament
^G around the ^C castle of ^{Em} ^G Dromore
^C Yet peace is in ^{Em} her ^{Am} ^G lofty halls
^C My ^D loving ^G treasure store

^C Though ^D Autumn leaves may droop and ^G die
^C a bud of ^D spring are you

(Chorus) ^{Am} sing hush-a-by
^D ^G ^{Am}
loo, la-lo, la lan
^{Am} ^D ^G
sing hush-a-by loo la lo

Bring no ill will to hinder us
my helpless babe and me dread spirits
of the blackwater clan owen's wild banshee
and Holy Mary pitying us in Heaven
for grace doth sue sing hush-a-by
loo, la-lo, la lan sing hush-a-by loo la lo

Take time to thrive my ray of hope
in the garden of Dromore
Take heed young eaglet
till thy wings are feathered fit to soar
a little rest and then the world
is full of work to do
sing hush-a-by loo,
la-lo, la lan sing hush-a-by loo la lo

60 *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 stars 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 fire 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 through 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

61 *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 yon 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)

62 *Dutchman*

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in,
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows.
When Amsterdam is golden in the summer,
Margaret brings him breakfast,
She believes him.
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.
He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees
that sometimes,
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his
eyes.

**(Chorus) Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.**

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes,
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed there.
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.
And he watches the tug-boats down canals
An' calls out to them when he thinks he knows
the Captain.
Till Margaret comes
To take him home again
Through unforgiving streets that trip him,
though she holds his arm,
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and he calls her name.

(Chorus)

The winters whirl the windmills 'round
She winds his muffler tighter
And they sit in the kitchen.
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.
And he sees her for a moment, calls her name,
She makes the bed up singing some old love song,
A song Margaret learned
When it was very new.
He hums a line or two, they sing together in the
dark.
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the
candle out.

(Chorus)

63 *Finnegan's Wake*

D
 Tim Finnegan lived in *Bm* Wattling Street
G *A*
 A gentle Irishman mighty odd
D *Bm*
 He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
G *A* *D*
 To rise in the world he carried a hod
D *Bm*
 See he'd sort of a tripling way
D *Bm*
 With love for a liquor poor Tim was born
D *Bm*
 To help him on with his work each day
G *A* *D*
 He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

D *Bm*
 [Chorus] And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance
 to your partner
G *A*
 Round the floor, your trotters shake
D *Bm*
 Wasn't it the truth I told you
G *A* *D*
 Lots 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]

64 *Dark Old Waters*

^GDon't be thinking of me,
^CAll away and alone,
^COn the rolling old sea,
^COn the foreign ground,
^CFor I laid your keel and that's dandy for me
^COn the dark old waters, all alone.
^CWhere you go, go well, and a fair wind home.

Don't be thinking of me on the rolling old sea
For I raised your frame and that's bully for me

And where will you go with your rail dipping low?
And where you may wander there's none can
know (Chorus)

Don't be thinking of me on the rolling old sea,
For I hung your canvas and sent you to sea

And where will you be when the winter comes
nigh?
And where will you be when I'm thinking of thee?

And how stands the wind? Will he come as a
friend
And keep you from dangers that lie off the land? (Chorus)

And how stand the stars in the whispering dawn?
May they guide you and bless you and the seas
sail you on
...Oh hey, oh ho, heave an oar and go

Oh where will you bide at the end of your ride,
And who'll sing you songs when I'm not at your
side?

...Oh hey, oh ho, heave an oar and go

65 *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
They always are in our mind

(Chorus)

If you're bent wi' arthritis
 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."

66 *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

67 *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, mmmm

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 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
me

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, mmmm

(Chorus)

68 *Hills of Connemara*

(Chorus) ^G Oh gather up your pots and your
^C old tin cans ^G
The mash, and the corn, the ^D barley, and the
bran
^G Run like the devil from the ^C excise man
Keep the ^G smoke from rising, ^D Barney ^G

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)

69 *Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)*

The ^G gypsy rover came over the ^C hill ^D
^G Down through the valley so sha—dy ^C ^D
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang ^{Em}
And he won the heart of a la—dy ^G ^{Am} ^D ^G

^G Ah dee do, ah dee ^C do da day ^D
^G Ah dee do, ah dee day dee ^C ^D
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang ^G ^{Am} ^D ^{Em}
And he won the heart of a la—dy ^G ^{Am} ^D ^G

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

70 *The Foggy Dew*

Bm *A*
'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
D *A* *Bm*
To a city fair rode I.
Bm *A*
When armed line of marching men
D *A* *Bm*
In squadrons passed me by.
D *A* *Bm*
No pipes did hum, no battle drum
A *Bm*
Did sound its loud tattoo
Bm *A*
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
D *Bm*
Rang out in the (A/Fm) 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 Britannia'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 Suvla'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!

71 *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 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)

72 *The Battle of New Orleans*

G *C*
In 1814 we took a little trip
D *G*
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty
Mississip
C
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
D *G*
And we caught the bloody British in a town in
New Orleans
G
We fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while *D*
G
ago
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
D *G*
On 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.

73 *I'll Fly Away*

G
Some bright morning when this life is over
C
I'll fly away
G
To that home on God's celestial shore
D G
I'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

74 *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?

75 Mary Ellen Carter

^G She went down last October in a ^C pouring ^D driving
^G rain
^C
 The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he
^D
 felt no pain
^G
 Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt ^C
^D ^G
 her mortal blow
^C ^D
 And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

There was just us five aboard her when she finally (Chorus)
 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

(Chorus) ^{Am/C} Rise ^G again, rise again! ^{Em}
^C ^G
 Let her name not be lost to the knowledge
^D
 of men
^G ^C
 Those who loved her best and were with her
^D ^G
 'til the end
^C ^D ^G
 Will make the Mary Ellen Carter 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 hatch and 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

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
 end
 No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love,
 a friend
 Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

76 *Fiddler's Green*

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

(Chorus) Wrap me up in me oilskin and
Jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip
mates
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
play
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)

77 *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

78 *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!

79 *Reilly's Daughter*

^G
As I was sitting by the fire
^D
Eating 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

80 *My love she's in America*

G *D* *Bm* *A*
Cigarettes in the morning
G *D* *Bm* *A*
Walking hallways of this strange empty home
G *D* *Bm* *A*
Cold whiskey in the evening
G *D* *A*
Every day now she's gone

D *Bm* *A*
Connemara's on the bus route to Behan
D *Bm* *A*
It's seven days since the last cow died
Bm *D* *A*
And when the barley's gone and three lost women
D *A* *D*
Like the girls and boys in Rome used to cry
Bm *D* *A*
Just give me cornbread in the morning so early
Bm *D* *A*
For you took my rags in the fold of your hand
Bm *D* *A*
And before you fall just like a feather and linen
D *A* *D*
Make sure you've taken off that black velvet band

They say that roving's like a candle at midnight
And some take it like the trot of a mule
But when the road is blind and your own tender lady
(Chorus)

You'd take a match to find a firelit fool
How come the way's not like stairs in a castle
With crimson pictures there to guide you along
A gilded bottle with a few draughts inside it
Makes the lights in the rafters look so strong. When they laid her in the grave

When your true love's gone to run like an engine (Chorus)
After nine young women with no faces their own
And in America she spins like a dancer
With barrel straps and some shoes made of stone
I'd guess the porches there are all clouded over
And pipes and fiddles might could use some repair
And all the horses have been broken in stables What a home so sad and alone
And golden fleeces could be worse for the wear

But if you ever come to Clifden by sunset
Just before the Autumn rains touch the shore
To stroll along Cleggan's grey-hooded harbor
Cutting hard like the blade of an oar
You take yourself to a hill past the pierline
To find a cabin of whiskey and milk
Where St. Coleman used to ply to his master
Like colored linen and mulberry silk

(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)

Cigarettes in the morning
Walking hallways of this strange empty home
Cold whiskey in the evening
Every day now she's gone

81 *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*

G *G7*
I was standing by the window
C *G*
On one cold and cloudy day
When I saw the hearse come rolling
D *G*
For to carry my mother away

(Chorus) *G*
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

Oh, I followed close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow

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)

82 *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.

83 *Molly Malone*

G *Em*
In Dublin's fair city
Am *D*
Where the girls are so pretty
G *Em* *Am* *D*
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—lone
G *Em*
As she wheeled her wheel—barrow
Am *D*
Through the streets broad and narrow
G *Em/C* *D* *G*
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
G *Em*
Alive, alive, oh
Am *D*
Alive, alive, oh
G *Em/C* *D* *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)

84 *Leaving of Liverpool*

^C Fare—well to you, my ^F own true ^C love,
I am going far, far a—^G way
I am bound for Cali—^C forni—^F a, ^C
And I know that I'll ^G return ^C someday

(Chorus) ^G So fare thee well, my ^F own true
^C love,
For when I return, united we will be ^G
It's not the ^C leaving of Liverpool that ^F grieves
^C me,
But my darling when I ^G think of ^C 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)

85 *Saginaw, Michigan*

^C
I was born in Saginaw, Michigan
^F ^C ^G
I grew up in a house on Saginaw Bay
^C
My dad was a poor, hard-working Saginaw
^F
fisherman
^C ^G ^C
Too many times he came home with too little pay

I loved a girl
In Saginaw, Michigan
The daughter of a wealthy, wealthy man
But he called me that son of a Saginaw fisherman
And not good enough to claim his daughter's
hand

^F ^C
Now I'm up here in Alaska looking around for
gold
^G ^C
Like a crazy fool I'm digging in this frozen
ground so cold
^F ^C
But with each new day I pray I'll strike it rich
and then
^G
I'll go back home and claim my love in Saginaw,
^C
Michigan

I wrote my love
In Saginaw, Michigan
I said honey I'm coming home please wait for me
And you can tell your dad I'm coming back a
richer man
I hit the biggest strike in Klondike history

Her dad met me
In Saginaw, Michigan
He gave me a great big party with champagne
Then he said son you wise young ambitious man
Will you sell your father-in-law your Klondike
claim?

Now he's up there in Alaska digging in the cold,
cold ground
The greedy fool is looking for the gold I never
found
It serves him right and no one here is missing him
Least of all the newlyweds of Saginaw, Michigan

We're the happiest man and wife in Saginaw,
Michigan
He's ashamed to show his face in Saginaw,
Michigan

86 *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)

87 *Wreck of the Athen's Queen*

C
We were drinking down to *Am* Reedy's house
F *G* *C*
When first we heard the blow
It seemed to come from *Am* Ripper Rock
F *Dm*
So boldly forth to go
F *C*
And sure enough the rusty tub
Could just be barely seen
Am *F*
As her stern was high up in *Am* the air
C *F* *Am*
We made out Athens Queen

| (Chorus) *F* *C* *G* *C*
O, the lovely Athens Queen

Me boys I must remind you
There's a bottle left inside
So let us go and have a few
And wait until low tide
And if the sea's not claimed her
When the glasses are licked clean
We will then set forth some dories lads
And see what may be seen

(Chorus)

Some songs and old tall stories then
Came out to pass the time
Nor could a single bottle
Keep us all until low tide
And so it was before we left
The house we were at sea
So we scarcely can remember
How we made the Athens Queen

(Chorus)

O the waves inside me belly
Were as high as those outside
And though I'm never seasick I
Lost dinner overside
T'was well there was no crew to save
For we'd have scared 'em green
We could scarcely keep ourselves
From falling off the Athens Queen

(Chorus)

Well Reedy goes straight down below
And comes up with a cow
Hello I said now what would you
Be wantin' with that now
You'll never take the cow home
In a dory on such sea
Well me friend he says I've always fancied
Fresh cream in me tea

(Chorus)

I headed for the galley then
'Cause I was rather dry
And glad I was to get there quick
For what should I spy
O what a shame it would have been
For to lose it all at sea
Forty cases of the best Napoleon
Brandy ever seen

(Chorus)

I loaded twenty cases boys
Then headed for the shore
Unloaded them as quick as that
And then pulled back for more
Smith was pullin' for the shore
But he could scarce be seen
Under near two hundred chickens
And a leather couch of green

(Chorus)

So here's to all good salvagers
Likewise to Ripper Rock
And to Napoleon brandy of which
Now we have much stock
We eat a lot of chicken
And sit on a couch of green
And we wait for Ripper Rock
To claim another Athens Queen

(Chorus)

88

^C
 You get a line and ^FI'll get a pole, ^Choney
^G
 You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe
^C
 You get a line and I'll get a pole
^F
 We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole
^C ^G ^C
 Honey, baby mine

Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, honey
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, babe
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold
Lookin' down that crawdad hole
Honey, baby mine

Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back,
honey
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back,
babe
Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack
Honey, baby mine

The man fell down and he broke that sack, honey
The man fell down and he broke that sack, babe
The man fell down and he broke that sack
See those crawdads backing back
Honey, baby mine

I heard the duck say to the drake, honey
 I heard the duck say to the drake, babe
 I heard the duck say to the drake
 There ain't no crawdads in this lake
 Honey, baby mine

C F C
You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey
G
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe
C
You get a line and I'll get a pole
F
We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole
C G C
Honey, baby mine

89

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
ay is marching on

rus)

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
my God is marching on

rus)

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
God is marching on

rus)

90 *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.

91 *My Grandfather's Clock*

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was
born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short never to go again
When the old man died

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the close of each week to be wound
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died

It rang and alarmed in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour for departure had come
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and
muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died

Ninety years without slumbering
His life seconds numbering
It stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died

92 *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)

Oh my name it is Sam ^DHall ^Gchimney ^Dsweep,
chimney ^Asweep

Oh my name it is Sam ^DHall ^Gchimney ^Dsweep

Oh my name it is Sam ^GHall and I've ^Drobbed both
great and small ^A

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

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

94 *Big Iron*

C To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day *Am*

C Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have too much to say *Am*

F No one dared to ask his business no one dared to make a slip *C*

For the stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip *Am*

F Big iron on his hip *C*

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town

He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around

He's an outlaw loose and running came the whisper from each lip

And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red

Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead

He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four

And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen more

One and nineteen more

Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around

Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town

He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead

And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red

After Texas Red

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red

But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead

Twenty men had tried to take him twenty men had made a slip

Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet

It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street

Folks were watching from the windows every-body held their breath

They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death

About to meet his death

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play

And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today

Texas Red had not cleared leather fore a bullet fairly ripped

And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round

There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground

Oh he might have went on living but he made one fatal slip

When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

Big iron Big iron

When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

95 *By The Mark*

^G
When I cross over
^D
I will shout and sing
^G
I will know my Savior
^D ^C ^G
By the mark where the nails have been

(Chorus) ^G
By the mark where the nails have
been
^D
By the sign upon His precious skin
^G
I will know my Savior when I come to Him
^D ^C ^G
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

96 *Folsom Prison Blues*

^G
I hear the train a comin'
It's rollin' 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine ^{G7}
Since, I don't know when
^C
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison ^G
And time keeps draggin' on
^{D7}
But that train keeps a-rollin'
^G
On 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

97 *Loch Lomond*

D *Bm*
By yon bonnie banks
And by yon *Em* *G* *A* bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond *D* *Bm* *G* *A*
Where me and my true love *G* *Fm*
Were ever want to gae - *G* *Bm* *A*
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch *D* *Bm*
Lomond *Em* *A* *D*

(Refrain) Oh! ye'll take the high road and *D* *Bm*
Em *G* *A*
I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye; *D* *Bm* *G* *A*
G *Fm*
But me and my true love
Will never meet again *G* *Bm* *A*
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch *D* *Bm*
Lomond *Em* *A* *D*

'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)

98 *Walk on Boy*

I was born one mornin',
The rain a-pourin' down,
Heard my mammy say to my pappy,
"Let's call him John Henry Brown."

(Refrain) Walk on, boy; walk on down the road;
Ain't nobody in this whole wide world
A-gonna help you carry your load.

One day my pappy told me
Some advice I'd like to give to you
"Son, find a good woman, be good to her,
An' she's gonna be good to you."
(Refrain)
I left my mammy and pappy
Just about the age of ten;
Lord, I got me a job a-workin' on the levee
Totin' water for the hard workin' men.
(Refrain)
If anyone should ever ask you,
"Just who is that fella Brown?"
You can tell him I'm the boy
That left his hammer smokin'
Where he beat that ol' steam drill down.
(Refrain)
Walk on, boy.

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 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!"

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
 And you didn't save a drop for me! "

(Chorus)

"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:

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.
 "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! "

(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
 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.

100 *I drew my ship*

D
I will put my ship in order,
And I will set her on the sea, *A*
And I will sail to yonder's harbor, *D G*
To see if my love minds on me. *G A D*

I drew my ship into the harbor
I drew it up where my true love lay
I drew it close by into her window
To listen to what my love did say

"Who's there that knocks loud at my window?
Who knocks so loud and would come in?"
"It is your true love, who loves you dearly
Then rise love, and let me in"

So slowly, slowly got she up
And slowly, slowly came she down
But before she got the door unlocked
Her true love had both come and gone

He's brisk and broad, he's far away
He's far beyond the ranging main
Where bright eyes glancing and fishes dancing
Have made him quite forget his own

I will put my ship in order,
And I will set her on the sea,
And I will sail to yonder's harbor,
To see if my love minds on me.

101 *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 yon 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 Indies, Amerikay and Spain
And every man to his wedded woman
In hopes that you and I will meet again.

102 *Back in the Saddle Again*

G *D* *G* *G7*
I'm back in the saddle again
C *G*
Out where a friend is a friend
C
Where the longhorn cattle feed
G *Em*
On the lowly gypsum weed
A *D* *G*
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

C
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)

103 *Down the Road*

D *Bm* *G* *D*
Sun is rising high-, burning into the day,
Bm *G* *D*
I will say goodbye, I'll be going away,
Brush away my doubts, what tomorrow will
G *D*
hold,
Bm *G* *Bm*
Feeling fine for now-, going down the road

To a city to sing, about the trees and the wind,
'Bout the hills in spring, and the rivers that bend,
The rocky deep pass, and the poppies and ponies,
Running through the grass, up and down the road

| (Chorus) du du du du...

In the dark they sit and they hollar for more,
White smoke in a wisp, from here to the door,
Their admission they paid, for the stories they're
told,
Of a clear new day, hold me down on the road

(Chorus)

So heavy rain at my back, lazy meadows ahead,
In my book I keep track, of the promises said.
For my songs in a town, that tomorrow will hold
Feelin' better for now, facin' down the road.

(Chorus)

D *Bm* *G* *D*
Sun is rising high-, burning into the day,
Bm *G* *D*
I will say goodbye, I'll be going away,
Brush away my doubts, what tomorrow will
G *D*
hold,
Bm *G* *Bm*
Feeling fine for now-, going down the road-

(Chorus)

104 Annabelle

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

(Chorus) *F*
We cannot have all things to
C
please us
G *Am*
No matter how we try
Am *C*
'Til we've all gone to Jesus
G *Am*
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)

105 Three Jolly Coachmen

One, two, and three jolly coachmen sat at an
English tavern.
Three jolly coachmen sat at an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided, and they
decided to have another flagon.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run
over.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run
over.

For tonight we merr-I be,
For tonight we merr-I be,
For tonight we merr-I be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober. (What!)]

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes
to bed quite mellow!
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes
to bed quite mellow!
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He'll die a jolly good fellow! (Ha! Ha! Ha!)

Here's to the man who drinks water pure and
goes to bed quite sober.
Here's to the man who drinks water pure and
goes to bed quite sober.
He falls as the leaves do fall,
He falls as the leaves do fall,
He falls as the leaves do fall,
He'll die before October! (Ho! Ho! Ho!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to
tell her mother.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to
tell her mother.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
For she'll not get another. (Pity!)

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to
steal another.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to
steal another.
She's a boon to all man kind.
She's a boon to all man kind.
She's a boon to all man kind.
For soon she'll be a mother!

106 *Miss Ohio*

F *C*
Oh me oh my oh
G *Am G*
Look at Miss Ohio
F *C* *G*
She's a running around with 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

107 *Annie Laurie*

G *C*
Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
G *D*
Where early fa's the dew,
G *C*
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
G *D* *G*
Gave me her promise true.
D7 *G*
Gave me her promise true,
D7 *G*
Which ne'er forgot will be,
C *G*
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
D *G*
I lay me doon and dee.

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.

108 Carrickfergus

G *Am* *D* *G*
I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Am *D* *G*
Only for nights in Ballygrand
Am *D* *G*
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Am *D* *G*
Only for nights in Ballygrand
Em *D*
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
Em *Am* *D*
And neither have I the wings to fly
G *Am* *D* *G*
I wish I had a handsome boatsman
Am *D* *G*
To ferry me over my love and I

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.

109 *The Lakes of Pontchartrain*

It was on one ^{G D} bright March ^{Em C} morning
I bid New ^G Orleans ^{D G} adieu.
And I took the road to ^{G D} Jackson ^{Em C} town,
My fortune to ^{G D G} renew,
I cursed all ^{G D} foreign ^{Em C} money,
No credit could I ^{G D C} gain,
Which filled my heart with ^{G D} longing ^{Em C} for
The lakes of ^{G D G} Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car,
Beneath the morning sun,
I road the roads till evening,
And I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me,
Till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,
My money here's no good,
But if it weren't for the alligators,
I'd sleep out in the wood".
"You're welcome here kind stranger,
Our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out,
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house,
And treated me quite well,
The hair upon her shoulder
In jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty,
I'm sure it would be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me,
She said it could never be,
For she had got another,
And he was far at sea.
She said that she would wait for him
And true she would remain.
Till he returned for his Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my Creole girl,
I never will see you no more,
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness
In the cottage by the shore.
And at each social gathering
A flowing glass I'll raise,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

110 *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*

(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 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

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

111 *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)

112 *My Comrade*

Fighting bravely in the battle
Gallop 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)

113 *The Wild Rover*

^GI've been a wild rover for many's the ^Cyear
and I've ^Gspent all my ^Dmoney on whiskey and ^Gbeer.
^GBut now I'm returning with gold in ^Cgreat store
and I ^Gnever will ^Dplay the wild rover ^Gno more

(Chorus) And it's ^Dno, ^{D7}nay, never,
^Gno, ^Cnay, never, ^Cno more
^Gwill I ^Cplay the wild rover
^Gno, ^Dnever, ^Gno 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)

114 Coyotes

^D Was a cowboy ^A I knew in South ^G Texas
^D His face was burnt deep by the ^G sun
^D Part history, part sage, part ^A mesquit
^D He was there when Poncho ^A Villa was ^G young
 And he'd tell you a tale of the ol' days
 When the country was wild all around
 Sit out under the stars of the Milky Way
 And listen while the coyotes howl

(Chorus) And they go, ^D ooh-yip,
^A ooh-yip-^G ooh
^D Hoodi-ooh di-yip-^A ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-^G ooh
^D Ooh-yip, ^A ooh-yip-^G ooh
^D Hoodi-ooh di-yip-^A ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-^G ooh

Well, he cursed all the roads and the oil men
 And he cursed the automobile
 Said this is no place for an hombre like I am
 In this new world of asphalt and steel
 Then he'd look off some place in the distance
 At something only he could see
 He'd say, "All that's left now of the old days
 Those damned old coyotes and me"

(Chorus)

One morning, they searched his adobe
 He disappeared without even a word
 But that night as the moon crossed the mountain
 One more coyote was heard
 (Chorus) x2

115 A Little Bit More

^G When I was young me ^C father said,
^G It's time the children went to bed,
^G We would always cry and roar,
^G I want to stay up just a little bit ^D more.

(Chorus) ^G A little bit more a ^C little bit more
^G Not very much just a ^C little bit ^D more,
^G A little bit more a ^C little bit more
^G Not very much just a ^D little bit ^G more,

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,
 Hoping 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)

116 *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

117 *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 tithery-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)

118 *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!

119 *The Old Rose and Crown*

So, come all you young people who like to sup ale
Let's hope for a happier end to my tale
For there's nothing can fill a man's heart with
more cheer

D Good friends gather round and I'll tell you a tale *Bm* *A* *G* Than to sit in a pub with a pint of good beer
D It's a story well known to all lovers of ale *A*
D For the old English pub, once a man's second (Chorus) *A*
D home
Bm Has been decked out by brewers in plastic and *G* *A*
G chrome

(Chorus) *D* Oh, what has *Bm* become of the *A* old
G Rose and Crown?
D The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
A Upside Down
D For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of *A*
D the best
Bm *G* *A* *D* Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the west

The old oak and bar where the pump filled your
glass
Gives way to Formica and tanks full of gas
And the landlord behind, once a man of good
cheer
Now just mumbles the price as he hands you your beer

(Chorus)

And where are the friends who would meet for a
jar
And a good game of darts in the old public bar?
Well, the dartboard is gone, in its place is a thing
Where you pull on the handle and lose all your tin

(Chorus)

But the worst of it all's what they've done to the
beer
Their shandies and lagers just make you feel queer
For an arm and a leg, they will fill up your glass
With a half and half mixture of ullage and gas

(Chorus)

120 *Three Score and Ten*

^G
Methinks I see a host of craft
^C
Spreading their sails alee
^D
Down the Humber they do glide
^G
All bound for the Northern Sea
^D
Me thinks I see on each small craft
A crew with hearts so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread
Upon the restless wave

(Chorus) And it's ^Gthree score and ten
Boys and men were ^Clost from Grimsby ^Gtown
^D
From Yarmouth down to ^GScarboro
^D
Many hundreds more were drowned
^G
Our herring craft, our trawlers
^C
Our fishing smacks, as well
^D
They long did fight that bitter night
^G
The battle with the swell

Methinks I see them yet again
As they leave this land behind
Casting their nets into the sea
The herring shoals to find
Me thinks I see them yet again
They're all on board all right
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned
off

And the side lights burning bright

(Chorus)

Me thinks I've heard the captain say
"Me lads we'll shorten sail"
With the sky to all appearances
Looks like an approaching gale
Me thinks I see them yet again
Midnight hour is past
The little craft abattling there
Against the icy blast

(Chorus)

October's night brought such a sight
Twas never seen before
There were mast and yards and broken spars
A washing on the shore
There were many a heart in sorrow
Many a heart so brave
There were many a fine and hearty lad
That met a watery grave

(Chorus)

121 *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!

122 *My son John (Cannonball)*

Em *G* *D*
My son John was tall and slim
Em *G* *D*
And he had a leg for every limb
Em *D*
Now he's got no legs at all
Em *G* *D*
They're both shot away by a cannon ball

(Chorus) *Em* *G/D*
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

123 *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 mamma like a wagon wheel
Em *C*
Rock me mamma any way you feel
Hey mamma rock me
Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain
Rock me mamma like a south bound train
Hey mamma 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)

124 *Cold Missouri Waters*

C My name is Dodge, but then you *Am* know that
F 'Cause it's written on the chart there at the foot *C*
end of the *G* bed
They think I'm blind or I can't read it *Am*
F I've read it every word, and every word it says is *C*
'death' *G*
So, Confession – is that the reason that you came *F* *C*
Get it off *Am* my chest before I check out of the *F*
game *G*
Since you mention it, well there's thirteen things *Am* *F*
I'll name *C*
Dm Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri *F* *G*
waters *C*

August 'Forty-Nine, north Montana
The hottest day on record, the forest tinder dry
Lightning strikes in the mountains
I was crew chief at the jump base; I prepared
those boys to fly
Into the drop zone, C-47 comes in low
Feel the tap upon your leg that tells you go
See the circle of that fire down below
Fifteen of us dropped above the cold Missouri
waters

I gauged the fire – I'd seen bigger
So I ordered them to sidehill and we'd fight it
from below
We'd have our backs to that river
We'd have it licked by morning even if we took it
slow
But the fire crowned, it jumped the valley just
ahead
There was no way down, we headed for the ridge
instead
Too big to fight it, we'd have to fight that slope
instead
Flames one step behind above the cold Missouri
waters

Sky had turned red, the slope was boiling
Two hundred yards to safety, death was fifty
yards behind
I don't know why, I just thought it
I struck a match to waist-high grass, running out
of time
Tried to tell them, step into this fire I've set
We can't make it; this is the only chance you'll
get
But they cursed me, ran for the rocks above
instead
I lay face down and prayed above the cold
Missouri waters

And when I rose, like the phoenix
In that world reduced to ashes, there were none
but two survived
I stayed that night and one day after
Carried bodies to the river, wondering how I'd
stayed alive
Thirteen Stations of the Cross to mark to their
fall
I've had my say, I'll confess to nothing more
And I'll join them now, those that left me long
before
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri
waters
Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri
shore

125 Sweet Baby James

D There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range
Bm G D F#m
 His horse and his cattle are his only companions
Bm G D F#m
 He works in the saddle and sleeps in the canyons
G D A Em A
 Waiting for summer, his pastures to change
G A D
 And as the moon rises he sits by his fire
Bm G D A
 Thinking about women and glasses of beer
G A D
 And closing his eyes as the dogies retire
Bm G D
 He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear
Esus7 Em Asus7 A
 As if maybe someone could hear -

D G A D
 Goodnight you moonlight ladies
Bm G D
 Rockabye sweet baby James
Bm G D
 Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose
Esus7 E Asus7 A
 Won't you let me go down in my dreams
G A D
 And rockabye 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 they 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.

126 Jock Stewart

C G
 Now, my name is Jock Stewart
Am F
 I'm a canny gaun man,
C G C
 And a roving young fellow, I've been.

(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.

127 *My rifle, my pony, and me*

$\begin{matrix} D & & G \\ \text{The sun is sinking in the west} \\ D & & A \\ \text{The cattle go down to the stream} \\ D & & G \\ \text{The redwing settles in the nest} \\ D & A & D \\ \text{It's time for a cowboy to dream} \end{matrix}$

D G
 Purple light in the canyons
 That's where I D G long to be
 With my D D three good companions
 Just my rifle, D A D pony and me

Gonna hang (gonna hang) my sombrero (my
sombrero)
On the limb (on the limb) of a tree (of a tree)
Coming home (coming home) sweetheart darling
(sweetheart darling)
Just my rifle, pony and me
Just my rifle, my pony and me

Whippoorwill in the willow
Sings a sweet melody
Riding to Amarillo
Just my rifle, pony and me

No more cows (no more cows) to be roping (to be
roping)
No more strays will I see
Round the bend (round the bend) she'll be
waiting (she'll be waiting)
For my rifle, pony and me
For my rifle, my pony and me

128 *Marie's Wedding*

(Chorus) **G** Step we gaily on we go
C Heel for heel and **D** toe for toe
G Arm and arm and row and row
C All for Marie's wedding **D**

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 kreen
Plenty bonnie bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie
(Refrain 2x)

129 *Sink the Bismarck*

D In May of nineteen forty-one the *A* war had just
begun *D*
G The Germans had the biggest ship, they had the *D*
biggest guns
The Bismarck was the fastest ship that ever
sailed the sea
On her deck were guns as big as steers and shells *A*
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* We'll find the German battleship
that's *A* makin' such a *D* fuss
D We gotta sink the Bismarck cause the world *A*
depends on us *D*
G Hit the decks a-runnin' boys and *D* spin those
guns around
When we find the Bismarck we *A* gotta cut
her down *D*

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'
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

130 *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?

131 *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'
 you."

132 *White Squall*

G
Now it's just my luck to have the watch, with
Em C
nothing left to do
Bm Em
But watch the deadly waters glide as we roll
D
north to the 'Soo',
G Em
And wonder when they'll turn again and pitch us
C
to the rail
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. (Chorus)
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) *D*
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
blow.
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.

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

133 *The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*

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

134 *Take it from Day to Day*

G Well, it's not the *C* hours of watch-on-watch *D*
G And it's not the work that I mind so much *D Em*
Or the long cold miles from my lover's touch *C*
'Though for sure she's far away *G Am D*
No stranger, I, to the touch of steel *G C D G*
Or the honest fear any man can feel *G C D Em*
But I long for dust under my heels *G C*
And a pocket full of pay *G Am*
So I'll take it from day to day *C G D G*

The pack-ice 'round us cracks and groans;
The old St. Roch, she creaks and moans
The icy fog is in my bones
And the ache won't go away
Outside I bet it's warm and fair
I could have her fingers in my hair
But it's long, cold miles to her out there
So I guess I'll have to stay
And just take it from day to day!

We're as far North now as I want to come
But Larsen's got us under his thumb
And I signed up for the whole damned run
I can't get off half way
But when I get back onto the shore
I'm going South where it stays warm
And there'll be someone on my arm
To help me spend my pay
So I'll take it from day to day

No stranger, I, to the touch of steel
And the honest fear any man can feel
But I long for dust under my heels
And a pocket full of pay
So I'll take it from day to day

135 *Whiskey in the Jar*

D As I was going over the *Bm* Cork and Kerry
mountains
G I met with captain Farrell and his money he was
A counting.

D I first produced my pistol, and then produced my
rapier.

G Said stand and deliver, for ya are a bold deceiver,

[Chorus] *A* musha ring dumma do damma da

D whack for the daddy 'ol

G whack for the daddy 'ol

D There's whiskey in the *A* jar *D*

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)

136 *I Saw the Light*

I wandered so aimless, life filed with sin
I wouldn't let my dear Savior in
Then Jesus came like a stranger in the night
Praise the Lord, I saw the light

(Refrain) I saw the light, I saw the light
No more darkness, no more night
Now I'm so happy, no sorrow in sight
Praise the Lord, I saw the light

Just like a blind man, I wandered along
Worries and fears I claimed for my own
Then like the blind man that God gave back his
sight

Praise the Lord, I saw the light

(Refrain)

I was a fool to wander and stray

For straight is the gate and narrow's the way

Now I have traded the wrong for the right

Praise the Lord, I saw the light

(Refrain)

137 Rare Old Mountain Dew

D Let grasses grow and *G* waters flow in a free and *D*
easy *A* way
D But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's *G*
D brewed near *A* Galway *D* Bay
Come policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and
Bm Leitrim too
D Oh, we'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip *G*
D Of the rare old *A* Mountain *D* 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

138 Those Were the Days

Em Once upon a time there was a tavern
E7 Where we used to raise a glass or two *Am*
Remember how we'd laugh away the hours *Em*
F# And dream of all the great things we would do *B7*

(Chorus) Those were the *Em* days my friend
We thought they'd never end *Am*
We'd sing and dance forever and a day *D D7 G*
We'd live the life we choose *Am*
We'd fight and never lose *Em*
For we were young and sure to have our *B7*
Am way
Em La la la la la la
Am La la la la la la
D D7 G La-la-la-la-la
Am Em B7 Em 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

139 *The Riddle Song*

C *F* *C*
I gave my love a cherry that had no stone
G *C* *G*
Gave my love a chicken that had no bone
G *C* *G*
I gave my love a baby with no crying
Am *F* *C*
And told my love a story that had no end

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

140 *Red is the rose*

D *Bm* *Em* *G* *A*
Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
D *Bm* *G* *A*
Come over the hills to your darling
G *Fm* *G*
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the
Bm *A*
vow -
D *Bm* *Em* *A* *D*
And I'll be your true love for - ever.

D *Bm* *Em*
(Chorus) Red is the rose that in yonder
G *A*
garden grows
D *Bm* *G* *A*
Fair is the lily of the valley
G *Fm* *G*
Clear is the water that flows from the
Bm *A*
Boyne
D *Bm* *Em* *A* *D*
But my 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)

141 *All For Me Grog*

(Chorus)

(Chorus) And it's ^Gall for me grog, me ^Cjolly
 ^Gjolly grog
All for me beer and ^{D7}tobacco
Well I've ^Gspent all me tin with the ^Classies
 drinking
^GGin
Far across the western ^Docean 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

142 *Sixteen Tons*

^{Am}Some people say a man is made outta ^Gmud
^{Am}A poor man's made outta ^Gmuscle and ^Fblood
^{Am}Muscle and blood and skin and ^Fbone
^{Am}A mind that's weak and a ^Eback that's ^{Am}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

143 *Wayfaring Stranger*

Am
I'm just a poor warfarin' stranger,
Dm *Am*
Traveling' through this world below
There is no sickness, no toil, no danger,
Dm *E* *Am*
In that bright land to which I go.,

F *C*
I'm going there to see my father.
F *E*
And all my loved ones who've gone on
Am
I'm just going over Jordan
Dm *E* *Am*
I'm just going over 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

144 *Pretty, fair maid*

G
Pretty, fair maid was in her garden
Em *D* *G*
When a stranger came a-riding by
Em
He came up to the gate and called her
D *G*
Said pretty fair maid would you be my bride

She said I've a true love who's in the army
And he's been gone for seven long years
And if he's gone for seven years longer
I'll still be waiting for him here

Perhaps he's on some watercourse drowning
Perhaps he's on some battlefield slain
Perhaps he's to a fair girl married
And you may never see him again

Well if he's drown, I hope he's happy
Or if he's on some battlefield slain
And if he's to some fair girl married
I'll love the girl that married him

He took his hand out of his pocket
And on his finger he wore a golden ring
And when she saw that band a-shining
A brand new song her heart did sing

And then he threw his arms all around her
Kisses gave her one, two, three
Said I'm your true and loving soldier
That's come back home to marry thee

Pretty fair maid was in her garden
When a stranger came a-riding by
He came up to the gate and called her
Said pretty fair maid would you be my bride

145 *The Old Churchyard*

G Come, come with me to the *D* old *Bm* churchyard *A*
D
I so well know that paths 'neath the soft green
G
sward
Friends in there that we want stay regard;
We can trace out their names in the old
churchyard

D
Mourn not for them, for their trials are o'er
Bm *G* *D* *A*
And why weep for those who will weep no more?
G *D* *Bm* *A*
For sweet is their sleep, though cold and hard
D *G*
Their 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.

146 *(Chorus) Oh Agnes, won't you
go with me? We'll be married
in style*

And we'll cross Lake Michigan, so blue and so wide

We'll cross over Lake Michigan, 'til we come to
the shore
And our orchards will blossom for our babies as
they're born

Oh yes, love I will go with you, leave Wisconsin
behind
Though my parents think little of my life on a
farm
For to leave the gay city life, and be married on a
farm
But I'll watch the orchards bloom in spring
Spend the winter's warm in your arms

(Chorus)

Three children she gave to him, Curtis, Addie and
Dee
And their fourth child little Gussie came, ten
years after these
And she raised them with loving hand and with
firmness of mind
And she raised them through troubled times,
Agnes strong

Willed and kind

(Chorus)

Now three score years have gone and past, like
the fruit on the trees
And your children have children with babes on
their knees
And they all join in the summertime, by the
crystal lake shore
To greet lovely Agnes, now 12 years and four-score

(Chorus)

147 *Loch Tay Boat Song*

G When I've done my work of day, *Bm*
And I row my boat away, *C D G*
Doon the waters of Loch Tay, *C G Em*
As the evening light is fading *G D C G*
And I look upon Ben Lawers
Where the after glory glows;
And I think on two bright eyes
And the melting hours below.

She's my *G* beauteous *C* nighean *G* ruadh,
She's my *G* joy and sorrow too; *C G*
And although she is untrue, *C G Em*
Well I cannot live without her, *G D C G*
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.

148 Drunken Sailor

(Chorus)

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!

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)

(Chorus) *Em*
Way hay and up she rises
D
Way hay and up she rises
Em
Way hay and up she rises
Em D Em
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
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!

149 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

Em While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *Bm* hurroo,
hurroo

Em While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *G* hurroo,
hurroo

D While goin' the road to sweet Athy

Em A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye *Bm*

G *D* *Em* *Bm* A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Em Johnny I hardly knew ye.

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

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

D 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.

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)

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.

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)

150 Boots of Spanish Leather

G

Oh I'm sailin' away my own true love

I'm sailin' away in the morning

Is there something I can send you from across

the sea
From the place that I'll be landing ?

No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love

There's nothin' I wish to be ownin'
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled
From across that lonesome ocean.

Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine
Made of silver or of golden
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or from the coast of Barcelona ?

Oh, but if I had the stars from the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

That I might be gone a long time
And it's only that I'm askin'
Is there something I can send you to remember me by
To make your time more easy passin' ?

Oh, how can, how can you ask me again
It only brings me sorrow
The same thing I want from you today
I would want again tomorrow.

I got a letter on a lonesome day
It was from her ship a-sailin'
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.

Well, if you, my love, must think that-a-way
I'm sure your mind is roamin'
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
But with the country to where you're goin'.

So take heed, take heed of the western wind
Take heed of the stormy weather
And yes, there's something you can send back to me
Spanish boots of Spanish leather.

151 The Old Home Place

It's been ten long years since I left my home

In the hollow where I was born

Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise

And the foxhunter blows his horn

I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two

(Chorus) What have they done to the old home place

Why did they tear it down

And why did I leave the plow in the field

And look for a job in the town

Well my girl she ran off with somebody else
The taverns took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away

Now the geese they fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I've lost my love I've lost my home

And now I wish that I was dead

(Chorus)

152 *Skye Boat Song*

(Chorus) ^DSpeed, bonnie ^{Bm}boat, like a ^{Em}bird on
the ^Awing,
^DOnward! The ^Gsailors ^Dcry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

^{Bm}Loud the winds howl, ^{Em}loud the waves roar,
^DThunderclaps ^{Bm}rend the ^Gair;
^{Bm}Baffled, our foes ^{Em}stand by the shore,
^DFollow they will ^{Bm}not ^Gdare. ^A

(Chorus)

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.

153 *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*

^GI 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)

154 *Rambles of Spring*

^CThere's a piercing wintry breeze
^FBlowing through the budding trees
^CAnd I button up my coat to keep me ^Gwarm
^CBut the days are on the mend
^FAnd I'm on the road again
^CWith my fiddle ^Gsnuggled close ^Cbeneath 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)

155 *Field Behind the Plow*

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight,
dark rows
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the dust
cake from your nose
Hear the tractor's steady roar, oh you can't stop
now
There's a quarter section more or less to go

And it figures that the rain keeps its own sweet
time
You can watch it come for miles, but you guess
you've got a while
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's a gain
And there's victory in every quarter mile

Poor old Kuzyk down the road
The heartache, hail and hoppers brought him
down
He gave it up and went to town
And Emmett Pierce the other day
Took a heart attack and died at forty two
You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as
hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear
through
The air is cooler now, pull you hat brim further
down
And watch the field behind the plow turn to
straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the ground

And if the harvest's any good
The money just might cover all the loans
You've mortgaged all you own

Buy the kids a winter coat
Take the wife back east for Christmas if you can
All summer she hangs on when you're so tied to
the land

For the good times come and go, but at least
there's rain
So this won't be barren ground when September
rolls around
So watch the field behind the plow turn to
straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the ground

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight
dark rows
Put another season's promise in the ground

156 *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 ashore 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

157 *I Guess he'd Rather Be In Colorado*

D *C* *G*
I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
D *C* *G*
He'd rather spend his time out where the sky
looks like a pearl after a rain
G *D*
Once again I see him walkin Once again I hear
him talking to the stars he makes
C *G*
And asking them for bus fare

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
He'd rather play his banjo in the morning when
the moon is scarcely gone
In the dawn the subways comin in the dawn I
hear him hummin'
Some old song he wrote of love in Boulder Canyon

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado
I guess he'd rather work out where the only thing
you earn is what you spend
In the end up in his office
In the end a quiet cough is all he has to show
He lives in New York City

158 *The Golden Vanity*

^C There was a lofty ^D ship and they ^C put her out to ^G sea
And the name of the ship was the ^D Golden ^C Vanity ^G
And they sailed her on the ^D lowland ^C lowland ^G low
And they ^G sailed her on the ^D lowland ^C sea ^G

And she had not been sailing but two weeks or
three
When she was overtaken by a Turkish revelry
As she sailed along the lowland lowland low
As she sailed along the lowland sea

Then boldly up spoke our little cabin boy
Saying, What would you give me if the galley I
destroy
If I sink them in the lowland lowland low
If I sink them in the lowland sea

To the man that them destroys, our captain then
replied
Five thousand pounds and my daughter for his
bride
If he'll sink them in the lowland lowland low
If he'll sink them in the lowland sea

The boy he made ready and overboard went he
And he swam to the side of the Turkish enemy
As she lay along the lowlands lowlands low
As she lay along the lowland sea

And he had a brace and auger made for the use
And he bored nine holes in her hull all at once
As she lay along the lowland lowland low
As she lay along the lowland sea

And some were playing poker and some were
playing dice
And some were in their hammocks and the sea as
cold as ice
And the water rushed in and it dazzled to their
eyes
They were sinking in the lowland sea

He swam back to his ship and he beat upon the
side
Crying, Shipmates take me up for I'm wearied
with the tide
And I'm weary of the lowlands lowlands low
I'm weary of the lowland sea

Well, I'll not pick you up, the captain then replied
I'll shoot you, I'll drown you, I'll sink you in the
tide

I will sink you in the lowland lowland low
I will sink you in the lowland sea

If it was not for the love that I bear for your men
I'd do unto you as I did unto them
I would sink you in the lowland lowland low
I would sink you in the lowland sea

And the boy bowed his head and down sank he
And he said farewell to the Golden Vanity
As she lay along the lowland lowland low
As she lay along the lowland sea

159 *White Freightliner Blues*

I'm goin' out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine
I'm goin' out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine

White freight liner
Won't you steal away my mind?
Ah, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord
And the people there, they treat you kind
And the people there, they treat you kind

Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying
Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying

Ah, Lord, I'm gonna ramble
'Til I get back to where I came
Ah, Lord, I'm gonna ramble
'Til I get back to where I came

I'm goin' out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine
I'm goin' out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine

160 *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."

161 *Bonnie George Campbell*

C *F* *C*
High upon Hielands and low upon Tay,
F *C* *G*
Bonnie George Campbell rode oot on a day.
C *F* *C*
Saddled and bridled, sae bonnie rode he,
F *C* *G* *Am*
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he.
F *C* *G* *C*
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Saddled and bootied 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.

D
 You say, "well-met again, lock-keeper!
Bm *A* *G*
 We're laden even deeper than the time before,
Em *A*
 Oriental oils and tea brought down from
D
 singapore."

As we wait for my lock to cycle
Bm *A* *G*
 I say, "my wife has given me a son."
Em *A*
 "A son!" you cry, "is that all that you've
D
 done?"

She wears bougainvillea blossoms.
 You pluck 'em from her hair and toss 'em in the
 tide,
 Sweep her in your arms and carry her inside.
 Her sighs catch on your shoulder;
 Her moonlit eyes grow bold and wiser through
 her tears
 And I say, "how could you stand to leave her for
 a year?"

G
 (Chorus) "Then come with me" you say, "to
Em
 where the southern cross
A *A* *D*
 Rides high upon your shoulder."
Bm
 "Come with me!" you cry,
Em *G*
 "Each day you tend this lock, you're one
D *A*
 day older,
G *A* *G* *A*
 While your blood runs colder."
D
 But that anchor chain's a fether
Bm *A* *G*
 And with it you are tethered to the foam,
Em *A*
 And I wouldn't trade your life for one hour
D
 of home.

Sure I'm stuck here on the seaway
 While you compensate for leeway through the
 trades;
 And you shoot the stars to see the miles you've
 made.
 And you laugh at hearts you've riven,
 But which of these has given us more love of life,
 You, your tropic maids, or me, my wife.

Ah your anchor chain's a fether
 And with it you are tethered to the foam,
 And i wouldn't trade your whole life for just one
 hour of home.

163 *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
dust"
"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
chat"
"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 them if they wanted recruits
For we were the lads who would give them hard
clouts

And bid them look sharp in the morning
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

164 *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!"

165 *And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda*

When I ^G was a ^C young man I ^G carried my ^{Em} pack
 And I lived the free life of a rover
 From the Murrays green basin to the dusty
 outback
 I waltzed my Matilda all over
 Then in ^D nineteen fifteen my ^C country said ^G Son
^D It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's ^C work to
 be done
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a
^{Em} gun
 And they sent me away to the war
 And the band played ^C Waltzing ^G Matilda
 As we sailed away from the quay
 And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the
^{Em} cheers
^G We sailed off to ^D Gallipoli ^G

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?

166 *Faded roses of December*

E
The faded roses of December
A
Are sweeter than the flowers of the spring. *E*
B
I'd rather have a heartache to remember *E*
F#
Than a fickle love that doesn't mean a thing. *B*
E
No matter what it is they say about me,
A
That I'm sad and will give no reason why, *G#7*
A
It's because my faded rose within my heart still *E*
C#m
grows
F# *B* *E*
While the flowers of the springtime fade and die.

Today will soon become tomorrow.
Oh, how I wish my heart could stay behind!
For though I know the past just brings me sorrow,
To love again would only be unkind.
Don't ask me for a heart that I can't give you
Or to live as though the past had never been,
For the vows I make today my dreams would all
betray
And then my faded rose would bloom again.

The faded roses of December
Are sweeter than the flowers of the spring.
I'd rather have a heartache to remember
Than a fickle love that doesn't mean a thing.
No matter what it is they say about me,
That I'm sad and will give no reason why,
It's because my faded rose within my heart still
grows
While the flowers of the springtime fade and die.

167 *Lord Franklin*

C *Am*
It was homeward bound one night on the deep
F *G*
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
C *F* *C*
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
F *G* *C*
Concerning 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

168 *Wild Mountain Thyme*

D *A* *D*
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?

G *D*
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)

169 *Rising of the moon*

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

G Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks *D* *A*
were all a glow *D*

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

G For the pikes must be together by the rising of *D* *A*
the moon *D*

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

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising
of 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)

(Chorus)

D By the rising of the moon, by the rising of *A*
the moon

G For the pikes must be together by the rising *A*
of the moon *D*

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

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

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)

170 *Farewell to Nova Scotia*

(Chorus) ^G Farewell to Nova Scotia, your
sea-bound coast,
^{Em} Let your mountains dark and dreary be
^G When I'm far away, on the ^D briny ocean
tossed,
^{Em} Will you ever heave a ^C sigh or a ^{Em} wish for me?

^G The sun was setting in the West
^{Em} The birds were singing on every tree
^G All of nature seemed ^D inclined to rest
^{Em} But, still, there was no ^C rest ^{Em} 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)

171 *Turning Towards the Morning*

^G
When the deer has bedded down
^C
And the bear has gone to ground
^G
And the northern goose has wandered off
^D
To warmer bay and sound
^G
It's so easy in the cold to feel
^C
The darkness of the year
^G ^D ^C ^G
And the heart is growing lonely for the morning

(Chorus) ^D
Oh, my Joanie, don't you know
^G
That the stars are swingin' slow
And the seas are rollin' easy
^D
As they did so long ago
^G
If i had a thing to give you
^C
I would tell you one more time
^G ^D
That the world is always turning toward the
^C ^G
morning

When October's growin' thin
And November's comin' home
You'll be thinking of the seasons
And the sad things that you've seen
And you hear that old wind walkin'
Hear him singin' high and thin
You could swear he's out there singin' of your sorrow

(Chorus)

So the darkness falls around you
And you hear the north wind blow
And you hear him call your name out
As he walks the bitter snow
That old wind don't mean you trouble,
He don't care or even know
He's just walkin' down the darkness toward the morning

(Chorus)

It's a pity we don't know
What the little flowers know
They can't face the cold November
They can't take the bitter snow
They put their glories all behind them
Bow their heads and let it go
But you know they'll be there shining in the morning

(Chorus)

172 *Sally Gardens*

^G ^D ^C ^G
It was down by the Sally gar—dens
^C ^D ^G
My love and I did meet
^G ^D ^C ^G
She crossed the Sally gar—dens
^C ^D ^G
With little snow—white feet

(Chorus) ^G ^C ^D
She bid me to take life easy
^{Em} ^C ^D ^G
As the leaves grow on the tree
^{Em} ^D ^C ^G
But I was young and fool—ish
^C ^D ^G
And 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)

173 *Orphan Girl*

^CI am an orphan on God's ^Ghighway
But I'll share my ^Ctroubles if you go my ^Fway
I have no ^Cmother, no ^Gfather
No ^Csister, no ^Fbrother
^CI am ^Gan ^Corphan 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

174 *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)

175 *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

176 *Swing low*

(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

177 *Fields of Athenry*

D *G*
By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl
D A
call—ing
D G A
Michael, they have taken you away,
D G
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
D A
So the young might see the morn
Em A D
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

D G D Bm
[Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry
D
Where once we watched the (*Bm) small
A
free birds fly
D G
Our love was on the wing
D A
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]

178 *Scarborough Settler's Lament*

C Away with *F* Canada's *C* muddy *F* creeks
C And Canada's *G* fields of *F* pine;
C Your land of *F* wheat is a *C* goodly *F* land,
C But oh, it is *F* not *G* mine.
Em The heathy *Am* hill, the *C* grassy *G* dale,
Dm The daisy *F* spangled *F* lea,
C The *F* purling *C* burn and the *F* craggy *C* linn,
C Old *G* Scotia's *F* land give *F* me.

How I'd love to hear again
The lark on Tinny's hill,
And see the wee bit gowany
That blooms beside the rill.
Like banished Swiss who views afar
His Alps, with longing e'e,
I gaze upon the morning star
That shines on my country.

No more I'll wend by Eskdale Pen
Or Pentland's craggy cone.
The days shall ne'er return again
Of thirty years that's gone.
But fancy oft at midnight hour
Will steal across the sea;
Yestre'en amidst a pleasant dream
I saw my own country.

Each well-known scene that met my view,
Brought childhood's joys to mind
The blackbird sand on Tushy Linn
The song he sang "Lang Syne."
But like a dream, steals away,
Then morning came.
And I awoke in Canada
Three thousand miles from home

179 *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)

180 *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

181 *Kilkelly, Ireland*

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

182 *Midnight Moonlight*

G
If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in
San Antone *D*
Am *D* *C*
Beg steal or borrow two nickels or a dime and
D
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.

Am *D* *Am* *D*
(Chorus2x) In the moonlight in the midnight
Am *D* *G*
In the moonlight midnight moon—light.

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

183 *El Paso*

D Out in the West Texas town of El Paso *Em*
A7 I fell in love with a Mexican girl *D*
D Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina *Em*
A7 Music would play and Felina would whirl *D*

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

G One night a wild young cowboy came in *C* *G*
Wild as the West Texas wind *D*
D7 Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing
With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved *G*
So in anger *A*

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

184 *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)

185 *Dooley*

^G Dooley was a ^C good old man
^G He lived below the ^D mill
^G Dooley had two daughters and a ^C forty gallon still ^G ^D ^G
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the
spout
Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley
fetchd them out

(Chorus) ^G Dooley, slipping up the holler
^C Dooley, trying to make a dollar
^G Dooley, give me a swaller and I'll ^D pay you
back some day

The revenueurs 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)

186 *Star of the County Down*

Em In Banbridge Town in the *G* County *D* Down
Em One morning last July, *C* *D*
Em From a borean green came a sweet colleen *G* *D*
And she smiled as she passed me by. *Em* *D* *Em*
G She looked so sweet from her two bare feet *D*
To the sheen of her nut brown hair. *Em* *C* *D*
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself *Em* *G* *D*
For to see I was really there. *Em* *D* *Em*

[Chorus] *G* From Bantry Bay up to *D* Derry
Quay and *Em*
From Galway to Dublin Town, *C* *D*
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen *Em* *G* *D*
That I met in the County Down. *Em* *D* *Em*

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
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]

187 *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 lovely 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

188 *French Broad River*

^C
Last morning I did tread the creek
^F
Thinking how my boots do leak
^C
'Twas then that I was fain to speak
^G ^C
To all you Naiads dear.

(Chorus) Well I'll ^Cswim the french broad
 river
^F
And become a little thinner
 ^C
When I lay me down to dinner
^G
At Dixie's house to dine.
 ^C
Well I'll order in the brandy
^F
And wine and summer shandy
 ^C
A stronger braver man I'll be
^G
For thee and me and mine.

A year ago today I sprung
From stone to rock aye every one
Amid the river wash and run
With my sweat-heart near.
The river-rocks did hold their fire
And with them my true love's desire
And Johnny if you'll be my squire
I'll take you as my dear.

(Chorus)

But Janus meant to bind the lees
With a tether of ice about the knees
And when the river walk did freeze
My true love to me sang.
Last year I drank you down so wild
When you were cordial as a child
A tasty draft of bitter-and-mild
The glass it loudly rang.

(Chorus)

Had I the cocky red-breast song
To whistle Dixie all night long
For all the world that's suffered wrong
And all you naiads dear.

189 *Riding With Private Malone*

^G
I was just out of the service thumbin' through
the classifieds
^C
When an ad that said old Chevy somehow caught
my eye
^G
The lady didn't know the year or even if it ran
^C ^D ^G
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

^G ^D ^C ^D
My name is Private Andrew Malone
^G ^D ^C ^D
If you're reading this then I didn't make it home
^G ^D ^C
But for every dream that's shattered another one
^D
comes true
^C ^D
This car was once a dream of mine, now it
belongs to you
^G ^D ^C
And though you may take her and make her your
^D
own
^G ^D ^C ^D ^G
You'll always be riding with 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....

190 *Wild Birds*

Lights flicker on in a town 'neath the mountain
Where night first comes down like a patch of
black satin
And the road seems too long between Casper and
Jackson
When you're tired of traveling alone.

**(Chorus) Blackthorn and cottonwood drink
up the Muddy,*
Just buckwheat and sky between Cheyenne
and Cody
Like a maplewing sown under red leaves
blown down
It's time to be going back home.**

You cross the Wind River on your way to Big
Timber;
The people are friendly, the aspen is amber.
Folks sing all the choruses they can remember,
And you sleep in a room of your own.

(Chorus)

And all by the roadside the wild birds fly
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.
...Thank Heaven for wild birds.

They're all dressed up in feathers with colors
outrageous;
They soar from this earthly-bound kingdom of
cages
On delicate wings, so small and courageous.
It's time to be going back home.

(Chorus)

You can see the rain coming for miles down the
prairie
Like a great herd of antelope, running like fury,
And you stop at a diner outside Canyon Ferry
For coffee and a taste of the town.

(Chorus)

And all by the roadside the wild birds fly
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.
...Thank Heaven for wild birds.

191 *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

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!

**(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
said
By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed

192 *The Green Fields Of France*

^D Oh how do you ^{Bm} do, young ^G Willy Mc—^A Bride
 Do you mind if I sit here down by your ^G
^D grave—side
 And rest for a while in the warm summer ^{Bm} sun ^G ^A
 I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done ^G ^D
 And I see by your ^{Bm} gravestone you were only ^G
^{Em} nine—teen
 When you joined the great ^A fallen in 19—16 ^G ^A
 Well I hope you died ^D quick ^{Bm}
 And I hope you died ^G clean ^{Em}
 Or Willy McBride, was is it ^A slow and ^G ^D obscene

(Chorus) ^A Did they beat the drums slowly
 Did they ^G play the fife ^D lowly
 Did they ^A sound the death march as they
^G lowered you down ^A
 Did the ^G band play the last post and ^D chorus
 Did the ^{Bm} pipes play the flowers of the ^G
^A ^D for—est

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)

193 *The Unicorn*

C *Dm*
A long time ago, when the earth was still green
G
And there were more kinds of animals than
C
you've ever seen
C *Dm*
They'd run around free while the earth was being
born
G *Dm G C*
But the loveliest of all was the uni - corn

**(Chorus) There was 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
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

194 *Fox on the Run*

(Chorus) ^GShe ^Dwalks through the corn
^{Am}leading ^Cdown to the river
^{Am}Her hair ^Dshone like gold in the ^Chot morning
^Gsun
^GShe took all the ^Dlove that a ^{Am}poor boy could
^Cgive her
^{Am}And left ^Dme to die like a ^Cfox on the ^Grun
^CLike a fox, like a fox, like a fox, like a fox,
^Gon the run

^CEverybody ^Gknows, the ^Dreason for the ^Gfall
^CWhen woman tempted man down in paradise's
^Dhall
^CThis woman tempted me, and took me for a ride
^CLike the lonely ^Gfox, I need a place to ^Dhide

Chorus

We'll pour a glass of wine, to fortify our soul
 We'll talk about the world and friends we used to
 know
 I see a string of girls, who'll put me on the floor
 The game is nearly over and the hounds are at
 my door

195 *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)

*Well you (A)heard the ballad of
Jesse James how he robbed
that Glendale train*

But that don't compare to the do-or-dare of the
(E)famous Barrow Gang

They're ^Acrooks and killers the ^{A7}papers say and
^Dsociety drags 'em down ^{D7}

Calls 'em ^Alow-life scum no better than mud and
^Ethey run 'em right out of town. ^D

And I said hey pretty honey of mine ride along
with me ^A
We'll shoot the night just to stay a-right
^ETill we climb up the hanging tree

So when you leave your house shut the garden
gate ^A ^{A7}
Tell your mother and your father not to stay up
late ^D ^{D7}
We're gonna fight for our freedom right down to
the day we die. ^A ^E

Well it was gas-filling stations convenience stores
to those home-spun county banks
We took 'em all both great and small steering
clear of the cell block tanks
You can feel the freedom of the open road
blowing smoke rings out of your hair
But you'll never find a feeling that's more alive
than throwing lead through the gravelly air.

And I said hey pretty honey of mine what are you
gonna do
'Cause there's a gas-can man with a rifle in his
hand
Gonna blow you to Waterloo
She said I told you twice and I'll say it again
I'm not a cooped-up chicken or a huckleberry
hen.
Gonna fight for my freedom right down to the
day we die.

It was roundabout the spring of '34 we were
skirting state border lines
Oklahoma, Mississippi, Creole Country, Kansas
City, Dallas, and the Great Divide
But in the gun-light's gleam I could see in her
eyes as she stood in the barn door-way
Saying Clyde I know it's a coal-black road gonna
send you to Judgment Day.

And I said hey pretty honey of mine tell me and
tell me true
If you could take it all back would you walk the
right track
And obey them boys in blue
She said I walk a road paved with regret
But the Law don't forgive and it'll never forget
We're gonna fight for our freedom right down to
the day we die.

I know we're not that smart or desperate love the
law it always wins
We've been shot before but we can't ignore that
death is the wages of sin
Some day we'll ride to the end of the trail and
they'll bury us side by side
For your ma there'll be grief, for the law relief,
but it's death for Bonnie and Clyde.

And I said hey pretty honey of mine life can lend
you a bitter taste
When the whole world's view of the gutter and
you has got you feeling like a human waste
We're not the people that they think see
And we've payed our debts to society.
We're gonna fight for our freedom right down to
the day we die.

197 *The Black Velvet Band*

D
In a neat little town they called Belfast
A
Apprentice to trade I was bound
D *Bm*
And many an hour sweet happiness
G *A* *D*
Have I spent in that neat little town
D
As sad misfortune came over me
A
Which caused me to stray from the land
D *Bm*
Far away from me friends and relations
G *A* *D*
Betrayed by the black velvet band

D
Her eyes they shown like diamonds
A
I thought her the queen of the land (And she
was!)
D *Bm*
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
G *A* *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)

198 *Tom Dooley (Doc Watson)*

^G Hang your head, Tom ^C Dooley,
Hang your head and cry;
^D You killed poor Laurie Foster, ^G
And you know you're bound to die.
^C You left her by the roadside
Where you begged to be excused;
^D You left her by the roadside, ^G
Then you hid her clothes and shoes.

(Chorus) ^G Hang your head, Tom ^C Dooley,
Hang your head and cry;
^D You killed poor Laurie Foster, ^G
And you know you're bound to die.

You took her on the hillside
For to make her your wife;
You took her on the hillside,
And ther you took her life.

You dug the grave four feet long
And you dug it three feet deep;
You rolled the cold clay over her
And tromped it with your feet.

(Chorus)

"Trouble, oh it's trouble
A-rollin' through my breast;
As long as I'm a-livin', boys,
They ain't a-gonna let me rest.

I know they're gonna hang me,
Tomorrow I'll be dead,
Though I never even harmed a hair
On poor little Laurie's head."

(Chorus)

"In this world and one more
Then reckon where I'll be;
If is wasn't for Sheriff Grayson,
I'd be in Tennessee.

You can take down my old violin
And play it all you please.
For at this time tomorrow, boys,
It'll be of no use to me."

(Chorus)

"At this time tomorrow
Where do you reckon I'll be?
Away down yonder in the holler
Hangin' on a white oak tree.

(Chorus)

199 *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)
