

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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## 1 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.

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## 2 The Ring of Fire

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

(Chorus) *D* *G*  
I fell into a burning ring of fire  
*D*  
I went down, down, down  
*G*  
And the flames went higher  
And it burns, burns, burns  
*C* *G*  
The ring of fire  
*D* *G*  
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)

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### 3 Country Roads

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

*G* *D*  
Country roads, take me home  
*Em* *C*  
To the place I be—long  
*G*  
West Virginia  
*D* *C*  
Mountain mamma, take me 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* *D* *G*  
I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls  
me

*C* *D*  
Radio reminds me of my home far away

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

*D*  
That I should have been home yesterday,  
yesterday

(Refrain 2x)

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

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### 4 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

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

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

She left her father's castle gate  
She left her own fond lover, left her servants  
And estate

To follow the gypsy rover

(Chorus)

Her father saddled his fastest steed  
Roamed these valleys all over  
Sought his daughter at break neck speed  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover

(Chorus)

he came at last to a mansion fine  
Down by the river Claydee  
And there was music and there was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady

(Chorus)

"He is no gypsy, my father", she said  
But Lord of these lands all over  
And I will stay till my dying day  
With the whistlin' gypsy rover

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## 5 *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)**

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## 6 *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)

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## 7 *By The Mark*

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

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

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## 8 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup>Ho, ro, the <sup>C</sup>rattlin' bog  
The <sup>G</sup>bog down in the <sup>D</sup>valley-o  
<sup>G</sup>Ho, ro, the <sup>C</sup>rattlin' bog  
The <sup>G</sup>bog down in the <sup>D</sup>valley-o <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
In that bog there was a tree  
A rare tree, a <sup>D</sup>rattlin' tree  
<sup>G</sup>  
The tree in the bog  
In the bog down in the <sup>D</sup>valley-o <sup>G</sup>

(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)

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## 9 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 *D* had the  
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  
*A* that's makin' such a *D* fuss  
*D* We gotta sink the Bismarck cause the *A* world  
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  
*D* her down

The Hood found the Bismarck on that fatal day  
The Bismarck started firin' fifteen miles away  
"We gotta sink the Bismarck" was the battle  
sound  
But when the smoke had cleared away, the  
mighty Hood went down

For six long days and weary nights they tried to  
find her trail  
Churchill told the people "put every ship a-sail  
'Cause somewhere on that ocean I know she's  
gotta be  
We gotta sink the Bismarck to the bottom of the sea"

(Chorus)

The fog was gone the seventh day and they saw  
the mornin' sun  
Ten hours away from homeland the Bismarck  
made its run  
The admiral of the British fleet said "turn those  
bows around  
We found that German battleship and we're  
gonna cut her down"

The British guns were aimed and the shells were  
comin' fast  
The first shell hit the Bismarck, they knew she  
couldn't last  
That mighty German battleship is just a memory  
"Sink the Bismarck" was the battle cry that  
shook the seven seas

We found that German battleship been makin'  
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

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## 10 *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)

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## 11 *Cavan Girl*

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

The Autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees  
will soon be bare  
Each red-coat leaf around me seems the colour of  
her hair  
My gaze retreats, defies my feet, and once again I  
sigh  
As the broken pool of sky reminds the colour of  
her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, where  
she can be found  
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in  
Cavan Town  
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer  
of her smile  
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk  
to me a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward,  
Killeshandra bound  
To work the week 'til I return to court in Cavan  
Town  
When asked if she would be my bride, at least  
she'd not say no  
So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and  
back to her, I'll go

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## 12 Paradise

*D* When I was a child my *G* family would travel  
Down to *D* Western Kentucky where my parents *A*  
*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' (Chorus)  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

### (Chorus)

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## 13 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)

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## 14 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

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

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## 15 *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)

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## 16 *Annie Laurie*

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

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## 17 *El Paso*

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

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* Wild as the West Texas wind  
*D* Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing  
*G* With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved  
*A* So in anger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden  
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore  
My challenge was answered in less than a  
heartbeat  
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the  
floor

Just for a moment I stood there in silence  
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done  
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood  
there  
I had but one chance and that was to run

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

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless  
Everything's gone in life; nothing is left  
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden  
My love is stronger than my fear of death

I saddled up and away I did go  
Riding alone in the dark  
Maybe tomorrow, a bullet may find me  
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my  
heart  
And at last here I  
Am on the hill overlooking El Paso  
I can see Rosa's cantina below  
My love is strong and it pushes me onward  
Down off the hill to Felina I go

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

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

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

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

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## 18 *Folsom Prison Blues*

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

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## 19 *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.

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## 20 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

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## 21 All Through the Night

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

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

Angels watching ever 'round thee, all through the  
night  
In thy slumbers close surround thee, all through  
the night  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and dale in slumber steeping  
I, my loved one, watch am keeping, all through  
the night.

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## 22 *Amazing Grace*

*D* *D7* *G* *D*  
Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me! *A*  
*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.

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## 23 *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 man 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)**

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## 24 *And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda*

When I <sup>G</sup> was a <sup>C</sup> young man I <sup>G</sup> carried my <sup>Em</sup> 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 <sup>D</sup> nineteen fifteen my <sup>C</sup> country said <sup>G</sup> Son  
<sup>D</sup> It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's <sup>C</sup> work to  
 be done  
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a  
<sup>Em</sup> gun  
 And they sent me away to the war  
 And the band played <sup>C</sup> Waltzing <sup>G</sup> Matilda  
 As we sailed away from the quay  
<sup>C</sup> And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>Em</sup> cheers  
<sup>G</sup> We sailed off to <sup>D</sup> Gallipoli <sup>G</sup>

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?

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## 25 *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

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## 26 *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?

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## 27 *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

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## 28 *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)

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## 29 *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!

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## 30 *The Wild Rover*

<sup>G</sup>I've been a wild rover for many's the <sup>C</sup>year  
and I've <sup>G</sup>spent all my <sup>D</sup>money on whiskey and <sup>G</sup>beer.  
<sup>G</sup>But now I'm returning with gold in great <sup>C</sup>store  
and I <sup>G</sup>never will <sup>D</sup>play the wild rover <sup>G</sup>no more

(Chorus) And it's <sup>D</sup>no, <sup>D7</sup>nay, never,  
<sup>G</sup>no, <sup>C</sup>nay, never, <sup>C</sup>no more  
<sup>G</sup>will I <sup>C</sup>play the wild rover  
<sup>G</sup>no, <sup>D</sup>never, <sup>G</sup>no more

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've  
done,  
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And when they've caressed me as oft' times before  
then I never will play the wild rover no more

(Chorus)

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## 31 *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

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## 32 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

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## 33 The Crawdad Song

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

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

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

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## 34 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* A doleful damsel I *D* *Em* *Bm* 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* The enemy nearly *Bm* slew ye

*G* Oh my darling dear, *D* *Em* *Bm* 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)

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**35** *Hills of Connemara*

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

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)

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**36** *I'll Fly Away*

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

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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.

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## 38 Whiskey in the Jar

*D* As I was going over the *Bm*  
mountains

*G* I met with captain Farrell and his money he was *D*  
*A* counting.

*D* I first produced my pistol, and then produced my *Bm* (Chorus)  
rapier.

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

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

*D* whack for the daddy 'ol

*G* whack for the daddy 'ol

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

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

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)

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)

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**39** *One More Dollar*

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

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

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**40** *The Blackest Crow*

<sup>G</sup> As time draws near my <sup>C</sup> dearest dear when you  
<sup>Am</sup> and I must part  
<sup>G</sup> How little you know of the grief and woe in my  
<sup>Am</sup> poor aching heart  
<sup>C</sup> Tis but I'd suffer for your sake, believe me dear  
<sup>C</sup> it's true  
<sup>G</sup> I wish that you were <sup>C</sup> staying here or I was going  
<sup>Am</sup> with you

I wish my breast were made of glass wherein you  
might behold  
Upon my heart your name lies wrote in letters  
made of gold  
In letters made of gold my love, believe me when  
I 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

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## 41 *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)**

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## 42 *Red is the rose*

*D Bm Em G A*  
Comeover 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)**

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## 43 *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."

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## 44 *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)**

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**45** *Skye Boat Song*

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

*Bm* Loud the winds howl, *Em* loud the waves roar,  
*D* Thunderclaps *Bm* rend the air; *G*  
*Bm* Baffled, our foes stand by the shore, *Em*  
*D* Follow they will *Bm* not dare. *G* *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.

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**46** *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)

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## 47 *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

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## 48 *Rambles of Spring*

<sup>C</sup> There's a piercing wintry breeze  
<sup>F</sup> Blowing through the budding trees  
<sup>C</sup> And I button up my coat to keep me <sup>G</sup> warm  
<sup>C</sup> But the days are on the mend  
<sup>F</sup> And I'm on the road again  
<sup>C</sup> With my fiddle <sup>G</sup> snuggled close <sup>C</sup> beneath my arm

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

I'm as happy as a king  
 When I catch a breath of spring  
 And the grass is turning green as winter ends  
 And the geese are on the wing  
 And the thrushes start to sing  
 And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

(Chorus)

I have friends in every town  
 As I wander up and down  
 Making music at the markets and the fairs  
 Through the donkeys and the creels  
 And the farmers making deals  
 And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares

(Chorus)

Here's a health to one and all  
 To the big and to the small  
 To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends  
 And when I return again  
 May our foes have turned to friends  
 And may peace and joy be with you until then

(Chorus)

## 49 *Fiddler's Green*

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

(Chorus) <sup>D</sup> Wrap me <sup>A</sup> up in me <sup>D</sup> oilskin and  
<sup>D</sup> Jumper  
<sup>G</sup> No more on the <sup>D</sup> docks I'll be <sup>A</sup> seen  
<sup>G</sup> Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a <sup>D</sup> trip  
<sup>A</sup> mates  
<sup>A7</sup> And I'll see you someday on <sup>D</sup> Fiddlers <sup>D</sup> 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)



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**50** *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)**

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**51** *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

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## 52 Jock Stewart

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

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## 53 Dooley

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

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

The revenuers came for him a slipping through  
the woods  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his  
goods  
Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come  
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton

(Chorus)

I remember very well the day old Dooley died  
The women folk looked sorry and the men stood  
'round and cried  
Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all  
alone  
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone

(Chorus)

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**54** *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.

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## 55 *The Lakes of Pontchartrain*

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

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.

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## 56 *Ramblin' Rover*

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

There's many that feign enjoyment  
From merciless employment  
Their ambition was this deployment  
From the minute they left the school  
And they save and scrape and ponder  
While the rest go out and squander  
See the world and rove and wander  
And are happier as a rule

### (Chorus)

I've roamed through all the nations  
In delight of all creations  
And enjoyed a wee sensation  
Where the company, it was kind  
And when partin' was no pleasure  
I've drunk another measure  
To the good friends that we treasure  
For they always are in our mind

### (Chorus)

If you're bent wi' 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."

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**57** 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.

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**58** Roseville Fair

*C* *F* *C*  
Oh, the night was clear and the stars were shinin'  
*G* *C*  
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 *F* night, to the  
*C* *G*  
fiddle and the banjo  
*F* *G* *C*  
And their driftin' tunes seemed to fill the air  
so long ago, but I still remember ...  
when we fell in love, at the Roseville Fair

Now, we courted well, and we courted dearly  
And we'd rock for hours on the front porch chair  
Then a year went by ... from the time that I met  
you

When I made you mine, at the Roseville Fair

(Chorus)

So here's a song for all of the lovers  
and here's a tune that you can share  
May you dance all night to the fiddle and the  
banjo  
Oh, the way we did at the Roseville Fair

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## 59 *Barret's Privateers*

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

(Chorus) Oh damn them all!  
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American  
gold  
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears  
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier (Chorus)  
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

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

(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)

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)

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

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

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)

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## 60 *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)

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## 61 New York Girls

As I<sup>G</sup> walked down the C Broadway one evening in<sup>G</sup>  
D July  
I met a maid who asked my trade – A sailor lad<sup>G D</sup>  
G says 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

(Chorus) And away<sup>G C</sup> Santy – My dear<sup>G D</sup> Annie  
G O you<sup>C</sup> New York girls, can't you dance the<sup>G D</sup>  
G polka

Says she – You lime-juice sailor, now see me  
home you may  
But when we reached her cottage door, she unto  
me did say  
She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut  
short behind  
And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails  
in the Blackball Line

(Chorus)

He's homeward bound this evening, and with me<sup>(Chorus)</sup>  
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<sup>(Chorus)</sup>  
docks did steer.  
I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and  
beer

(Chorus)

I joined a yankee slug boat, we're set to sail next  
morn,  
Don't ever mess with women boys, you're safer  
round cape horn!

(Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so....

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## 62 My son John (Cannonball)

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

(Chorus) Em Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye<sup>G/D</sup>  
G Whack fo' the diddle To me<sup>G D</sup> hoo rum rye<sup>Em</sup>

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

---

**63** *Marie's Wedding*

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

Over hillways, up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the sheilings through the town  
All for the sake of marie

(Refrain)  
Red her cheeks as rowan's are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far  
Is our darlin' marie

(Refrain)  
Plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat to fill her kreel  
Plenty bonnie bairns as well  
That's the toast for Marie  
(Refrain 2x)

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**64** *Loch Tay Boat Song*

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

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

---



## 65 Down the Road

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

(Chorus)

## 66 Don't Go For The One

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

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

*G*  
 (Chorus) The one, the one, don't go for the  
 one  
*C* Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one  
*G* The one, the one, don't go for the one  
*C* Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one *G*

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

Harvey looked at his watch, shrieked out with  
 fright

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

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

As he tore down the road and up to his gate

(Chorus)

Well he opened the gate and he ran down the  
 path  
 But he knew he was in for the dragon's wrath  
 But he tripped and he fell and up in the air  
 Went the bag with the snails flying everywhere  
 Hearing the noise she kicked open the door  
 The snails and Harvey were spread 'cross the floor  
 'You're three hours late, ' she screamed, loud as  
 she could  
 'What's your excuse, this had better be good.'  
 Well he looks down at the snails  
 And with a confident air  
 He says, 'five more feet lads, we're nearly there.'  
 (Chorus 2x)

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## 67 *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

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## 68 *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."

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## 69 *Take 'Em Away*

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup>Take 'em away, <sup>C</sup>take 'em away,  
Lord  
<sup>G</sup>Take away these chains from me <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>My heart is broken 'cause my <sup>C</sup>spirit's not  
free  
<sup>G</sup>Lord take away these <sup>D</sup>chains from <sup>G</sup>me

Some birds' feathers are too bright to be caged  
I know I'm not that colorful but a bird just the  
same  
Open up your gate now, let me put down my load  
So I can feel at ease and go back to my home

(Chorus)

Sun beatin' down, my legs can't seem to 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

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**70** *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)**

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**71** *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

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## 72 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O <sup>G</sup>Tell me ma when I <sup>C</sup>go <sup>G</sup>home  
The <sup>D</sup>boys won't leave the <sup>G</sup>girls alone  
They <sup>G</sup>pull my hair, they <sup>C</sup>stole my <sup>G</sup>comb  
But <sup>D</sup>that's all right till I <sup>G</sup>go home  
She is handsome, <sup>C</sup>she is pretty  
<sup>G</sup>She is the belle of <sup>D</sup>Belfast city  
<sup>G</sup>She is a-courting <sup>C</sup>one two three  
<sup>G</sup>Pray, would you <sup>D</sup>tell me <sup>G</sup>who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
Knock at the door and they ring that bell  
Oh my true love, are you well  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Jenny Murray says she will die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye  
(Refrain)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come toppling from the sky  
She's as sweet as apple pie  
And she'll get her own lad by and by  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma till she comes home  
Let them all come as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still  
(Refrain)

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## 73 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*  
*G* end of the bed  
*C* 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*  
*G* 'death'  
*Am* So, Confession – is that the reason that you came *F* *C*  
*Am* Get it off my chest before I check out of the *F*  
*G* game  
*Am* Since you mention it, well there's thirteen things *F*  
*C* I'll name  
*Dm* Thirteen crosses high above the cold Missouri *F* *G*  
*C* waters

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

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## 74 *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]

## 75 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!

(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!

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)

## 76 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



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**77** Molly Malone

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

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**78** Farewell to Nova Scotia

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

<sup>G</sup>  
The sun was setting in the West  
<sup>Em</sup>  
The birds were singing on every tree  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
All of nature seemed inclined to rest  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
But, still, there was no rest for me.

(Chorus)  
I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my poor old aged parents whom I love so  
dear  
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore.

(Chorus)  
The drums do beat and the wars they alarm  
Our captain calls; we must obey  
Farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charm  
For it's early in the morning I am bound far away

(Chorus)  
I have two brothers and they are at rest.  
Their hands are folded on their chest.  
But a poor, simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and turned on the deep, blue sea.

(Chorus)

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**79** *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)

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**80** *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

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# 81 Mary Ellen Carter

<sup>G</sup> She went down last October in a <sup>C</sup> pouring <sup>D</sup> driving  
<sup>G</sup> rain  
<sup>C</sup>  
 The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he  
<sup>D</sup>  
 felt no pain  
<sup>G</sup>  
 Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 her mortal blow  
<sup>C</sup>  
 And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low <sup>D</sup> 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) <sup>Am/C</sup> Rise <sup>G</sup> again, rise <sup>Em</sup> again!  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Let her name not be lost to the knowledge  
<sup>D</sup>  
 of men  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Those who loved her best and were with her  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 'til the end  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 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!

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

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## 83 *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?

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**84** *Lord Franklin*

*C*  
It was homeward bound one night on *Am* the deep  
*F*  
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep *G*  
*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

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**85** *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.

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## 86 *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 Brittania's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
But their lonely graves are by 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!

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Oh my name it is Sam <sup>G</sup>Hall chimney <sup>D</sup>sweep,  
chimney <sup>A</sup>sweep

Oh my name it is Sam <sup>G</sup>Hall chimney <sup>D</sup>sweep

Oh my name it is Sam <sup>G</sup>Hall and I've <sup>D</sup>robbed both  
great <sup>A</sup>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

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



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## 88 *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)

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## 89 *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)**

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## 90 *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

---

## 91 *Riding With Private Malone*

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

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

---

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

I have seen him in the watch-fires  
 Of a hundred circling camps  
 They have builded him an altar  
 In the evening dews and damps  
 I have read his righteous sentence  
 By the dim and flaring lamps

His day is marching on

(Chorus)

I have read a fiery gospel  
 Writ in burnish'd rows of steel  
 As ye deal with my contemptors  
 So with you my grace shall deal  
 Let the hero, born of woman  
 Crush the serpent with his heel

Since my God is marching on

(Chorus)

He has sounded forth the trumpet  
 That shall never call retreat  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men  
 Before His judgment-seat  
 Oh, be swift, my soul  
 To answer him be jubilant, my feet

Our God is marching on

(Chorus)

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

## 94

$$Em$$

Once upon a time there was a tavern  
*E7* *Am*  
 Where we used to raise a glass or two

Remember how we'd laugh away the *Em* hours

*F#* *B7*  
And dream of all the great things we would do

(Chorus) Those were the *Em* days

We thought they'd *Am* never end

We'd sing and ***D*** dance ***D7*** forever and a ***G*** day

We'd live the ***Am*** life we choose

***Em***  
We'd fight and never lose

**B7**  
For we were young and sure to have our

**Am**  
way

La la **Em** la la la

La la la **Am** la la la

La-la-la-la-la *D D7 G*

La ***Am***    la ***Em***    la ***B7 Em***

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

---

**95** *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*  
*D* the moon

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*  
*D* of the moon

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)

As I<sup>G</sup> was sitting by the fire  
 Eating spuds and drinking porter<sup>D</sup>  
 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



## 97 *The Green Fields Of France*

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

(Chorus) <sup>A</sup> Did they beat the drums slowly  
<sup>G</sup> Did they play the fife <sup>D</sup> lowly  
<sup>A</sup> Did they sound the death march as they  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> lowered you down  
<sup>G</sup> Did the band play the last post and <sup>D</sup> chorus  
<sup>Bm</sup> Did the pipes play the flowers of the <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> 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)

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**98** *Sixteen Tons*

*Am*                      *G*      *F*                      *E*  
Some people say a man is made outta mud  
*Am*                      *G*                      *F*                      *E*  
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood  
*Am*                      *G*                      *F*                      *E*  
Muscle and blood and skin and bone  
*Am*                      *E*                      *Am*  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

(Chorus) You load sixteen tons what do you  
get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
St Peter don't call me cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the company store  
I owe my soul I owe my soul to the company  
store

Well I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't  
shine  
I picked up my shovel I walked to the mine  
I loaded sixteen tons of Number 9 coal  
The straw boss said well bless my soul

(Chorus)

Well I was born one morning it was drizzlin' rain  
Fighting and trouble that's my middle name  
I was raised in the woods by an old mama lion  
Ain't no high toned woman make me walk the line

(Chorus)

If you see me comin' better step aside  
A lotta men didn't a lotta men died  
One fist of iron the other one steel  
If the right one don't get you then the left one will

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**99** *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

*G*                      *C*                      *D*  
(Chorus) 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)

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**100** *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!

---

**101** *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

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(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)

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## 102 Blacks and Tans

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

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

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.

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## 103 Castle of Dromore

<sup>G</sup> The October winds <sup>C</sup>lament  
<sup>G</sup> around the castle of <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> Dromore  
Yet peace is in <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> her lofty halls  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> My loving treasure store

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> Though Autumn leaves may droop and die  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> a bud of spring are you

(Chorus) sing <sup>Am</sup>hush-a-by  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>loo,la-lo,la lan  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>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

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## 104 *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

---

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

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)

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## 106 Sweet Baby James

*D* *A* *G* *F#m*  
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.

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**107** *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

108 *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!

110 *The Irish Rover*



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**111** *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*

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

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

I said to the undertaker  
Undertaker please drive slow  
For this lady you are carrying  
Lord I hate to see her go

**(Chorus)**

Oh, I followed close behind her  
Tried to hold up and be brave  
But I could not hide my sorrow  
When they laid her in the grave

**(Chorus)**

I went back home, the home was lonesome  
Since my mother, she was gone  
All my brothers and sisters crying  
What a home so sad and alone

**(Chorus)**

We sang songs of childhood  
Hymns of faith that made us strong  
Ones that mother maybelle taught us  
Hear the angels sing along

**(Chorus)**

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**112** *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)**

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## 113 *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

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**114** *A Little Bit More*

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

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup> A little bit more a <sup>C</sup> little bit more  
<sup>G</sup> Not very much just a <sup>C</sup> little bit <sup>D</sup> more,  
<sup>G</sup> A little bit more a <sup>C</sup> little bit more  
<sup>G</sup> Not very much just a <sup>D</sup> little bit <sup>G</sup> 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,  
Hopeing to get in for a little bit more.

(Chorus)

I met a girl called Mary Rose  
I said young girl can I kiss your nose,  
She said I met your likes before  
All you want is a little bit more.

(Chorus)

And when your days are nearly done  
Before you cross that rubicon  
The doctor says your time is done,  
And you pray to the Lord for a little bit more.

(Chorus)

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**115** *Ha'nacker Mill*  
Hillaire Belloc

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.

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## 116 *The Unicorn*

*C*  
A long time ago, when the *Dm* 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

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## 117 *Rare Old Mountain Dew*

*D* Let grasses grow and *G* waters flow in a *D* free and  
*A* easy way  
*D* But give me enough of the *G* rare old stuff that's  
*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 *G* take a sip  
*D* Of the *A* rare old *D* Mountain Dew

(Chorus) **Fi di-diddly-idle-um,  
diddly-doodle-idle-um,  
diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh  
Fi di-diddly-idle-um,  
diddly-doodle-idle-um,  
diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh**

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still  
Where the smoke curls up to the sky  
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell  
That there's poitin' brewin' nearby  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare  
And betwixt both me and you  
As home we stroll, we can take a bowl  
Or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

(Chorus)

Now learned men who use the pen  
Have sung the praises high  
Of the rare poitin' from Ireland green  
Distilled from wheat and rye  
Put away with your pills, it'll cure all ills  
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew  
So take off your coat and grease your throat  
With the dear old Mountain Dew

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## 118 *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

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## 119 *Fields of Athenry*

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

[Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry  
 Where once we watched the (\*Bm) small  
 free birds fly  
 Our love was on the wing  
 We had dreams and songs to sing  
 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]

## 120 *Leaving of Liverpool*

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

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

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,  
 Davy Crockett is her name,  
 And Burgess is the Captain of her,  
 And they say that she's a floating hell

(Chorus)

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,  
 And I wish that I could remain,  
 For I know that it will be a long, long time,  
 Before I see you again

(Chorus)



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## 123 *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

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## 124 *Dublin Blues*

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

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

I am just a poor boy, mmm  
Work's my middle name  
If money was a reason  
Well, I would not be the same  
I'll stand up and be counted, mmm  
I'll face up to the truth  
I'll walk away from trouble  
But I can't walk away from you

(Chorus)

I have been to Fort Worth, mmm  
And I have been to Spain  
And I have been too proud  
To come in out of the rain  
And I have seen the David, mmm  
I've seen the Mona Lisa too  
And I have heard Doc Watson  
Play Columbus Stockade Blues

(Chorus)

Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm  
In the Chili Parlor Bar  
Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas  
And not carin' where you are

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**125** *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!

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## 126 *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

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## 127 *Bonnie George Campbell*

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

Saddled and booted and bridled rode he,  
A plume tae his helmet, a sword at his knee.  
But toom came his saddle and bluidy tae see,  
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Doon cam' his auld mither greetin' fu' sair,  
Oot cam' his bonnie wife rivin' her hair.  
"My meadows lie green and by corn is unshorn,  
My barn it tae build and my baby's unborn."

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

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**128** *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)

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**129** *Auld Lang Syne*

<sup>C</sup> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
<sup>Am</sup> And never brought to mind  
<sup>C</sup> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> And auld lang syne!

(Chorus) <sup>C</sup> For auld lang syne, my dear  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> For auld lang syne,  
<sup>C</sup> We'll take a cup o' <sup>G</sup> kindness yet  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> 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.

(Chorus)

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!

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## 130 *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)

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## 131 *The Fox*

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

He ran till he came to the farmer's pen  
The ducks and the geese were kept therein  
He said "a couple of you are gonna grease my  
chin,  
Before I leave this town "  
Said a couple of you are gonna grease my chin,  
before i leave this town-o

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

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

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

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

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## 132 *Midnight Moonlight*

*G* If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in  
San Antone *D*  
*Am* 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.

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

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

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## 133 *Loch Lomond*

*D* By yon bonnie banks *Bm*  
And by yon *Em* bonnie braes *G* *A*  
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) *D* Oh! ye'll take the high road and *Bm*  
*Em* I'll take the low road *G* *A*  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye; *D* *Bm* *G* *A*  
But me and my true love *G* *Fm*  
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)

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## 134 *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.

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## 135 *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]

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## 136 *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

---



# 137 *Courtin in the Kitchen*

(Chorus)

*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* Kitchen<sup>7</sup>

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

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)

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

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)

(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

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)

(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

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)

---

## 138 *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.

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## 139 *Three Score and Ten*

<sup>G</sup>  
Methinks I see a host of craft  
<sup>C</sup>  
Spreading their sails alee  
<sup>D</sup>  
Down the Humber they do glide  
<sup>G</sup>  
All bound for the Northern Sea  
<sup>D</sup>  
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

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)

---

(Chorus) And it's <sup>G</sup>three score and ten  
Boys and men were <sup>C</sup>lost from Grimsby <sup>G</sup>town  
<sup>D</sup>  
From Yarmouth down to <sup>G</sup>Scarboro  
<sup>D</sup>  
Many hundreds more were drowned  
<sup>G</sup>  
Our herring craft, our trawlers  
<sup>C</sup>  
Our fishing smacks, as well  
<sup>G</sup>  
They <sup>D</sup>long did fight that bitter night  
<sup>G</sup>  
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)

---

## 140 *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'  
On down the Mississippi to the *D* *G* 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.

---

<sup>G</sup>  
The one I loved the best,  
<sup>A</sup>  
I have to say is the sweet Sally Rose. <sup>D</sup>  
With her long brown hair, and grace beyond  
compare  
Why I love her only God knows.

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

Well is her beauty true, or is her innocence too?  
Indeed it's to the like I had never seen.  
But she shall be respected, I'll give more than's  
expected,  
And treat her as my very own queen.

**(Chorus)**

Sally Rose had to go miles and miles away.  
Oh how I wish that she could have stayed.  
But she's across the open sea, far away from me.  
Still I hope that she will hear me say:

**(Chorus)**

And the prettiest girl out west,  
The one I loved the best,  
I'll have to say is that sweet Sally Rose

---

## 142 *Turning Towards the Morning*

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

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

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)

---

## 143 *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!

---

**144** *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* (Chorus)  
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 (Chorus)  
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 (Chorus)  
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 (Chorus)

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. (Chorus)

---

**145** *Aragon Mill*

(Chorus) *D* And the only tune I hear  
Is the sound of the wind  
*A*  
As it blows through the town  
*G* *D*  
Weave and spin, weave and spin

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

But there's no smoke at all coming out of the  
stack  
The mill has shut down and it ain't a-coming back

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?

There's no children at all in the narrow empty  
street  
The mill has closed down; it's so quiet I can't sleep

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?

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**146** *Orphan Girl*

<sup>C</sup>I am an orphan on God's <sup>G</sup>highway  
But I'll share my <sup>C</sup>troubles if you go my <sup>F</sup>way  
I have no <sup>C</sup>mother, no <sup>G</sup>father  
No <sup>C</sup>sister, no <sup>F</sup>brother  
<sup>C</sup>I am an <sup>G</sup>orphan <sup>C</sup>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

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**147** *Miss Ohio*

<sup>F</sup>Oh me oh my <sup>C</sup>oh  
<sup>G</sup>Look at Miss <sup>Am</sup>Ohio  
She's a <sup>F</sup>running around with her <sup>C</sup>rag-top <sup>G</sup>down  
She says <sup>F</sup>I wanna do right but not right now <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

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

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**148** *Star of the County Down*

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

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

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]

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**149** *Way Downtown*

(Refrain) *F* Way downtown just foolin' around *C*  
*G* Took me to the jail *C*  
*F* It's oh me and it's oh my *C*  
*G* No one to go my bail *C*

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)

---

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.

---

**151** *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*  
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.

---

# 152 All For Me Grog

(Chorus)

(Chorus) And it's <sup>G</sup>all for me grog, me <sup>C</sup>jolly  
<sup>G</sup>jolly grog  
<sup>D7</sup>All for me beer and tobacco  
<sup>G</sup>Well I've spent all me tin with the lassies <sup>C</sup>drinking  
<sup>G</sup>Gin  
<sup>D</sup>Far across the western ocean I must (D7-G) wander

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed  
 Since first I came ashore with me plunder  
 I've seen centipedes and snakes  
 And my head is full off aches  
 And I'll have to make a path for way out yonder

(Chorus)

Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots  
 They're all sold for beer and tobacco  
 You see the sole's were gettin' thin  
 And the uppers were letting in  
 And the heels are looking out for better weather

(Chorus)

Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt  
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
 You see the sleeves they got worn out  
 And the collar was turned about  
 And the tail is looking out for better weather

(Chorus)

Where is me wife me noggin' noggin' wife  
 She's all sold for beer and tobacco  
 You see her front it got worn out  
 And her tail been kicked about  
 And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather

(Chorus)

Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed  
 It's all sold for beer and tobacco  
 You see I sold it to the girls  
 And the springs they got all twirls  
 And the sheets they're looking out for better weather

# 153 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)

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## 154 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 Till I bring them a pint of the Johnny Jump Up  
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

## 155 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

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**156** *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

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**157** *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)

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**158** *Dark Old Waters*

<sup>G</sup>  
Don't be thinking of me,  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>D</sup>  
All away and alone,  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>D</sup>  
On the rolling old sea,  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>G</sup>  
On the foreign ground,  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>D</sup>  
For I laid your keel and that's dandy for me  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>C</sup>      <sup>C</sup>      <sup>G</sup>  
On the dark old waters, all alone.  
<sup>C</sup>      <sup>D</sup>      <sup>C</sup>      <sup>G</sup>  
Where 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      Lord I hate to see her go

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?      When they laid her in the grave  
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?

And how stand the stars in the whispering dawn? What a home so sad and alone  
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

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**159** *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*

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

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

I said to the undertaker  
Undertaker please drive slow  
For this lady you are carrying

(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

(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)

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## 160 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

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## 161 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)

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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)

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## 162 *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)**

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