

UBES Songbook

Prototype 0.3

2019 - 2020

Acknowledgements

Special thanks to Alice Denning for collecting these songs - She did the hard work to make this happen.
Thanks to Charlie Harding for an initial formatting pass and help with proofreading.

Contents

Music	1
Bones in the Ocean	2
Santiana	3
Loch Lomond	4
Beeswing	5
Leave her Johnny leave her	6
Northwest Passage	7
The Mingulay Boat Song	8
The Skye Boat Song	9
Wild Mountain Thyme	10
The Wild Rover	11
Caledonia	12
Rocky Road to Dublin	13
Whiskey in the jar	15
Retirement Song	16
The Parting Glass	17
Spanish Ladies	18
Seven Drunken Nights	19
Barrett's Privateers	21
The Rattlin' Bog	23
Flower of Scotland	25
The Irish Pub Song	26
On the Banks of the Roses	27
For Auld Lang Syne	28
A Health to the Company	29

Music

TODO

Bones in the Ocean

Oh, I bid farewell to the port and the land
And I paddle away from brave England's white sands
To search for my long ago forgotten friends
To search for the place I hear all sailors' end
As the souls of the dead fill the space of my mind
I'll search without sleeping 'till peace I can find
I fear not the weather, I fear not the sea
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?
When their bones in the ocean forever will be

Plot a course thro' the night to a place I once knew
To a place where my hope died along with my crew
So I swallow my grief and face life's final test
To find promise of peace and the solace of rest
As the songs of the dead fill the space of my ears
Their laughter like children, their beckoning cheers
My heart longs to join them, sing songs of the sea
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?
When their bones in the ocean forever will be

When at last before my ghostly shipmates I stand
I shed a small tear for my home upon land
Though their eyes speak of depths filled with struggle and strife
Their smiles below say I don't owe them my life
As the souls of the dead fill the space of my eyes
And my boat listed over and tried to capsize.
I'm this far from drowning, this far from the sea,
I remember the living do they think of me?
When my bones in the ocean forever will be.

Now that I'm staring down at the darkest abyss
I'm not sure what I want but I don't think it's this
As my comrades call to stand fast and forge on
I make sail for the dawn 'till the darkness has gone
As the souls of the dead live for'er in my mind
As I live all the years that they left me behind
I'll stay on the shore but still gaze at the sea
I remember the fallen and they think of me
For our souls in the ocean together will be.
I remember the fallen and they think of me,
For our souls in the ocean together will be

Santiana

Oh Santiana gained the day
Away Santiana
Now pulled the yan up the west they say
Along the plains of Mexico

Chorus:

Well heave her up and away we'll go
Away Santiana
Heave her up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
Away Santiana
And an old salty Yank for a captain too
Along the plains of Mexico

(Chorus)

Santiana fought for gold
Away Santiana
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow
Along the plains of Mexico

(Chorus)

Twass on the field of Molly-Del-Rey
Away Santiana
Well both his legs got blown away
Along the plains of Mexico

(Chorus)

It was a fierce and bitter strife
Away Santiana
The general Taylor took his life
Along the plains of Mexico

(Chorus)

Santiana now we mourn
Away Santiana
We left him buried off Cape Horn
Along the plains of Mexico

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
In the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus:

O ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
Where me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted, in by yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, deep in purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

(Chorus)

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine waters lie sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring again,
Though the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

(Chorus)

Beeswing

I was 18 when I came to town they called it the summer of love
Burning babies burning flags the hawks against the doves
I took a job at the steaming way down on Caltrim St,
Fell in love with a laundry girl that was workin' next to me.
Brown hair zig zagged across her face and a look of half surprise,
Like a fox caught in the headlights there was animal in her eyes,
She said to me can't you see I'm not the factory kind,
If you don't take me out of here I'll surely lose my mind

Chorus:

She was a rare thing fine as a bee's wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild (she said)
So long as there's no price on love I'll stay
You wouldn't want me any other way.

We busked around the market towns fruit pickin' down in Kent
We could tinker pots and pans or knives wherever we went.
We were campin down the Gower one time, the work was mighty good.
She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I thought we should.
I said to her we'll settle down, get a few acres dug,
A fire burning in the hearth and babbies on the rug.
She said Oh man you foolish man that surely sounds like hell,
You might be lord of half the world, You'll not own me as well

(Chorus)

We were drinking more in those days our tempers reached a pitch
Like a fool I let her run away when she took the rambling itch.
Last I heard she was living rough back on the Derby beat
A bottle of White Horse in her pocket, a Wolfhound at her feet

They say that she got married once to a man called Romany Brown
Even a gypsy caravan was too much like settlin' down
They say her rose has faded, rough weather and hard booze,
Maybe thats the price you pay for the chains that you refuse

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
I miss her more than ever words can say
If I could just taste all of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today...
I wouldn't want her any other way

Leave her Johnny leave her

I thought I heard the Old Man say:
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her."
Tomorrow you will get your pay
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus:

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
She shipped it green and none went by
And it's time for us to leave her

(Chorus)

I hate to sail on this rotten tub
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
No grog allowed and rotten grub
And it's time for us to leave her

(Chorus)

We swear by rote for want of more
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
But now we're through so we'll go on shore
And it's time for us to leave her

(Chorus)

Northwest Passage

Chorus:

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

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

(Chorus)

Three centuries thereafter
I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso
Where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me
Then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer
Driving hard across the plain

(Chorus)

And through the night, behind the wheel
The mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie,
David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts
And did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

(Chorus)

How then am I so different
From the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life
I threw it all away
To seek a Northwest Passage
At the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again

(Chorus)

The Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus:

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round to the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we though white the Minch is
What care we boys the wind and weather
When we know that, every inch is
Closer homeward to Mingulay

(Chorus)

Wives are waiting by the pierhead
Gazing seaward from the heather
Heave ahead round and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round to the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

The Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Loud the wind howls
Loud the waves roar
Thunderclaps rend the air
Baffled our foes
Stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare

(Chorus)

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore did wield
When the night came
Silently lain
Dead on Colloden field

(Chorus)

Though the waves heave
Soft will ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep
Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head

(Chorus)

Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

Chorus:

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon cool crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers o' the mountain
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

(Chorus)

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy
And return wi' their spoils
Tae the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

(Chorus)

If my true love she'll not come
Then I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

(Chorus)

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus:

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No, never no more

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay"
"Such a custom as yours I can have every day"

(Chorus)

I then took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best"
And the words that you told me were only in jest

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Caledonia

I don't know if you can see
the changes that have come over me
In these last few days I've been afraid
that I might drift away
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs
that make me think about where I come from
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today

Chorus:

Oh and let me tell you that I love you
and I think about you all the time
Caledonia, you're calling me and now I'm going home
If I should become a stranger
you know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

Oh and I have moved on and I've kept on moving
proved the points that I needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed losing
found others on the way
Oh and I have tried and I've kept on trying
stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
I have travelled hard, with my conscience flying,
somewhere with the wind

(Chorus)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire
the empty room, the forest choir
The flames that couldn't get any higher
they've withered now they've gone
But I'm steady thinking, my way is clear
and I know what I will do tomorrow
When the hands have shaken and the kisses flowed
then I will disappear

(Chorus)

Rocky Road to Dublin

While in the merry month of May, now from me home I started
Left, the girls of Tuam were nearly broken-hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus:

One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack, follol de-dah

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 shrinking
That's the Paddy's cure whene'er he's on for drinking
To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
They asked me was I hired and wages I required to lay
Was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

(Chorus)

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
It 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
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs
I played 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)

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
Galway boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'
With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the affray
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

(Chorus)

Whiskey in the jar

It's as I was going over the Cork and Kerry Mountains
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
sayin', "stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver:

Chorus:

mush a ring a ma dor um dah (4 claps)
whack for the daddy Oh (2 claps)
whack for the daddy Oh
there's whiskey in the jar (yell "HEY" with a simultaneous clap)

I counted up my money and it made a pretty penny
I took that money home and I gave it to my Jenny
she promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me
but the devil take the women for they never can be easy

(Chorus)

I went into my chamber for to take a little slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
but Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water
and sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

(Chorus)

It was early in the mornin' before I rose to travel
surrounded by the footmen and likewise Captain Farrel
I went for my old pistol for they'd stolen my old rapier
but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

(Chorus)

If anyone can save me it's my brother in the army
I think that he is stationed in Cork or in Killarney
and if he would be here we'd be rovin' in Kilkenny
I know he'd treat be better than my darlin' sportin' Jenny

(Chorus)

Retirement Song

I've been roaming all my life, and now I've found a lady wife, I'm staying right here.
Oh, I won't go sailing anymore, I won't obey the oceans call, I'm staying right here.

Chorus:

I'll be a man of the land, I'll be a man of the trees, I'll be a man, wherever my woman
will be.
I won't be any captains mate, I won't be servant of the seas;
'Cause this pretty little woman is all I need.

At 14 I was Cabin boy, to fearsome Captain Buckleroy, I'm staying right here.
When I was sick he ordered cat-a-nine, until I said that I felt fine, I'm staying right here,

(Chorus)

At 20 I manned that crows nest and captain said "I was the best", I'm staying right
here,
but I nearly lost my eyes to god, just looking out for old cape cod, I'm staying right here.

(Chorus)

At 25 no man alive could match my skills for gun'en, I'm staying right here,
But the Captain he got drunk one night and sank the blasted cannon, I'm staying right
here,

(Chorus)

Captain died at 28 and by then I was his first mate, I'm staying right here
Oh they tried to give me his command but I was hungry for the land, I'm staying right
here,

(Chorus)

Stepped ashore at Felix stow and made for Bristol by the road, I'm staying right here,
well I fell in love, when, first, I saw, her, Avon county's finest daughter, and now she's
got me staying right here,
hoo-hey!

(Chorus)

I'll be a man of the land, I'll be a man of the trees, I'll be a man, wherever my woman
will be.
I won't be any captains mate, I won't be servant of the seas;
'Cause this pretty, little, woman, is, all, I, need.

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 to you all

So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befalls
Then gently rise and softly call
"Good night and joy be to 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 to you all"

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 to you all"

So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befalls
Then gently rise and softly call
"Good night and joy be to you all"
Good night and joy be to you all

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
But we hope in a short time to see you again

Chorus:

We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make

(Chorus)

The first land we sighted was calléd the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light

(Chorus)

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

(Chorus)

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper
And let ev'ry man drink off his full bowl;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy
And here's to the health of each true-hearted soul

(Chorus)

Seven Drunken Nights

Oh, as I went home on Monday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her
"Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door,
Where my old horse should be?"
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her
"Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be?"
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a woolen blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be
Well, I called my wife and I said to her
"Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be?"
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before

And I went home on Thursday nigh
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her
"Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be?"
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
They're two lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

And as I came home on Friday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed
Where my old head should be
Well, I called my wife and I said to her
"Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed
Where my old head should be?"
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before

Barrett'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've ever seen
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

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 the scuppers with the staggers and jags
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

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
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

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
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Now 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
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

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
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Main truck carried off both me legs
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

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
God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

The Rattlin' Bog

Chorus:

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o

In that bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree
The tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that tree there was a limb
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
The limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that limb there was a branch
A rare branch, a rattlin' branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that branch there was a twig
A rare twig, a rattlin' twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that twig there was a nest
A rare nest, a rattlin' nest
The nest on the twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And in that nest there was an egg
A rare egg, a rattlin' egg
The egg in the nest
The nest on the twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb, the limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that egg there was a bird
A rare bird, a rattlin' bird
The bird on the egg
The egg in the nest
The nest on the twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that bird there was a feather
A rare feather, a rattlin' feather
The feather on the bird
The bird on the egg
The egg in the nest
The nest on the twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that feather there was a flea
A rare flea, a rattlin' flea
The flea in the feather
The feather on the bird
The bird on the egg
The egg in the nest
The nest on the twig
The twig on the branch
The branch on the limb
The limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Flower of Scotland

O flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

The Irish Pub Song

Well, you're walkin' through a city street, you could be in Peru
And you hear a distant calling and you know it's meant for you
Then you drop what you were doing and you join the merry mob
And before you know just where you are, you're in an Irish pub

Chorus:

They've got one in Honolulu, they've got one in Moscow too
They got four of them in Sydney and a couple in Kathmandu
So whether you sing or pull a pint you'll always have a job
'Cause where ever you go around the world you'll find an Irish pub

Now that design is fairly simple and it usually works the same,
You'll have 'Razor Houghton' scoring in the Ireland - England game
And you know your in an Irish pub the minute you're in the door,
For a couple of boys with bodhrans will be murdering Christy Moore

(Chorus)

Now the owner is Norwegian and the manager comes from Cork
And the lad that's holding up the bar says 'Only Eejits Work'
He was born and bred in Bolton but his mammy's from Kildare
And he's going to make his fortune soon and move to County Clare

(Chorus)

Now it's time for me to go, I have to catch me train
So I'll leave ye sitting at the bar and face the wind and rain
For I'll have that pint you owe me, if I'm not gone on the dry
When we meet next week in Frankford in the fields of Athenry

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

On the Banks of the Roses

Chorus:

On the Banks of the Roses me love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle for to play me love a tune
And in the middle of the tune-o she sighed and she said
Oro Johnny, lovely Johnny don't ya leave me

When I was a young boy I heard me father say
That he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay
Sooner than be married to any runaway
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

(Chorus)

And then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can take a bottle or can leave it alone
And if her daddy doesn't like it he can keep his daughter at home
And young Johnny will go rovin' with some other

(Chorus)

And when I get married t'will be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And me and me true love we'll sit and sport and play
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

(Chorus)

For Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

A 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

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

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

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

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

