



UBES Songbook

Prototype 0.4

2019 – 2020

Foreword

Acknowledgements

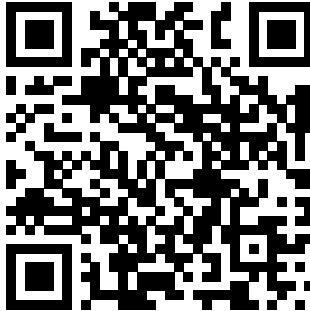
Special thanks to Alice Denning for collecting these songs – she did the hard work to make this happen.

Special thanks to Charlie Harding for large amounts of work editing and typesetting the songs.

Music

Playlists for the songbook, for various streaming services. The QR codes are clickable if you have the pdf.

Spotify



YouTube



Contents

Bones in the Ocean	1
Santiana	2
Loch Lomond	3
Beeswing	4
Leave her, Johnny	5
Northwest Passage	6
The Mingulay Boat Song	7
The Skye Boat Song	8
Wild Mountain Thyme (Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go?)	9
The Wild Rover	10
Caledonia	11
Whiskey in the Jar	12
Rocky Road to Dublin	13
Retirement Song	15
The Parting Glass	16
Seven Drunken Nights	17
Barrett's Privateers	19
The Rattlin' Bog	21
Spanish Ladies	23
Flower of Scotland	24
The Irish Pub Song	25
On the Banks of the Roses	26
For Auld Lang Syne	27
A Health to the Company	28
Crossing the Bar	29

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 through 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 fore'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.

Oh Santiana gained the day!
Away Santiana!
Napoleon of 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

'Twas on the field of Molley-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 e'er 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 yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where, deep in the 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 the waters lie sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Though the waeful may cease frae their grieving.

Chorus

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 Cauldrum Street,
 Fell in love with a laundry girl that was workin' next to me.

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)
 She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay,
 And you wouldn't want me any other way."

Brown hair zig-zag around her face, and a look of half-surprise
 Like a fox caught in the headlights, there was animal in her eyes.
 She said, "Young man, oh 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

We busked around the market towns and picked fruit down in Kent.
 And we could tinker pots and pans and knives wherever we went.
 I said to her we'll settle down, get a few acres dug,
 A fire burning in the hearth and babies 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 was camping down the Gower one time, The work was pretty good
 She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost, and I thought maybe we should;
 We was drinking more in those days, and tempers reached a pitch,
 And like a fool I let her run with the rambling itch.

Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough back on the Derby beat,
 White Horse in her hip pocket, and a wolfhound at her feet,
 And they say she even married once, a man named Romany Brown,
 But even a gypsy caravan was too much settling down.
 And they say her flower is faded now, hard weather and hard booze,
 But maybe that's just the price you pay for the chains 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

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

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:

Heave 'er ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Swing her head round, into the weather.
Heave 'er ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.
What care we though, white the Minch is?
What care we, boys, for windy weather?
When we know that every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Chorus

Wives are waiting, by the pierhead,
Gazing seaward, from the heather,
Bring ahead 'round, boys, then we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

Ships return now, heavy laden,
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'.
They'll return, yet, when the sun sets,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus × 2

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 winds 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 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

Wild Mountain Thyme (Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go?)

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

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 any 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 × 2

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.

I have moved 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.
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

As I was a goin' over the far-famed Kerry Mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell, 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 dum-a do dum-a da; (4 claps)

Whack for the daddy-o; (2 claps)

Whack for the daddy-o;

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 took it home 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, all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 'twas no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter:

Chorus

'Twas early in the mornin' before I rose to travel;
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell.
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier;
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

If anyone can aid me, 'tis my brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny,
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny!

Chorus × 2

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June, when from my home I started,
 Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted.
 Saluted Father dear, kissed my darling mother,
 Drank a pint of beer, my grief and tears to smother;
 Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
 Cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghosts and goblins;
 Brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs,
 Frightenin' all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin,
 One, two, three, four, five!

Chorus:

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
 And all the way to Dublin, whack, follol le-rah!

In Mullingar, that night, I rested, limbs so weary.
 Started by daylight, my spirits bright and airy;
 Took a drop of pure, keep me heart from sinking;
 That's the Paddy's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking,
 To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while,
 At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
 An' asked me was I hired, wages I required,
 'Til I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin,
 One, two, three, four, five!

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 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 after the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin,
 One, two, three, four, five!

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 jigs,
 Danced some hearty rigs, the water round me bubbling;
 When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead
 Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin,
 One, two, three, four, five!

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,
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a-hobblin'.
With a loud "hurray!" they joined in the affray,
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin,
One, two, three, four, five!

Chorus × 2

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 any more,
 I won't obey the ocean's 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 crow's 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 gunnin',
 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 Felixstowe
 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!

Chorus × 2

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!

Chorus:

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!"

Chorus

Good night and joy be to you all!

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?"
Aye, 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 travelled, 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?"
Aye, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool,
Still you cannot see:
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me!
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled, 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?"
Aye, 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 travelled, a hundred miles or more,
 But tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before!

And I went home on Thursday night,
 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?"
Aye, 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 travelled, 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?"
Aye, 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 travelled, 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.

Chorus:

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.

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 the scuppers with the staggers and 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

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.

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

So here I lay in my 23rd year.
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
It's been 6 years since we sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday.

Chorus

The 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 × 4

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 very soon that we'll see you again!

Chorus:

We'll 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, our soundings to see;
 We rounded and sounded, got forty five fathoms,
 Then we squared our main yard and up channel steered we.

Chorus

The first land we sighted was callèd 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;
 Then it's stand by your stoppers, steer clear your shank-painters,
 Haul up your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Chorus

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
 and let every man drink up a full glass;
 We'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy,
 singing here's a good health to each true-hearted lass!

Chorus

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 you're 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 × 2

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 'twill 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.

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

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

When I put out to sea,
When I put out to sea,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Turns again home,
Turns again home,
That which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

When I embark,
When I embark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

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