

MUSICA VITAE



SONGS FOR FOLK SINGS

REVISED JUNE 2024

SONGBOOK.THADHUGHES.XYZ



'T WAS FINE BECAUSE 'T WAS LOUD!

COVER ART BY KARL FRÖHLICH

SACRED HARP

Sacred Harp singing is a tradition of sacred choral music that originated in New England and was later perpetuated and carried on in the American South. The name is derived from The Sacred Harp, a ubiquitous and historically important tunebook printed in shape notes. The work was first published in 1844 and has reappeared in multiple editions ever since. Sacred Harp music represents one branch of an older tradition of American music that developed over the period 1770 to 1820 from roots in New England, with a significant, related development under the influence of "revival" services around the 1840s. This music was included in, and became profoundly associated with, books using the shape note style of notation popular in America in the 18th and early 19th centuries.

"Sacred Harp ist a capella Heavy Metal," so saith some.

Being four-part in proper form, the music is not included here, but can be improvised/inspired/simplified from the original. The original numbers for the songs are included for reference.

ETERNAL DAY (383)

Oh what of all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host appear
And worship at Thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Oh what hath Jesus bought for me,
Before my ravished eyes?
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there,
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

SOAR AWAY (455)

I want a sober mind,
An all sustaining eye,
To see my God above,
And to the heavens fly.

*I'd soar away above the sky,
I'd fly-y-y-y (and fly)
to see my God above.
I'd fly, fly, fly
to see my God above!*

I want a Godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee my God,
And sees the tempter fly.

I'd soar away above the sky...

O DEATH

Won't you spare me over til another year
Well what is this that I can't see
With ice cold hands takin' hold of me

Well I am death, none can excel / I'll open the door to heaven or hell
Whoa, death someone would pray / Could you wait to call me another day

The children prayed, the preacher preached
Time and mercy is out of your reach
I'll fix your feet til you cant walk / I'll lock your jaw til you cant talk

I'll close your eyes so you can't see / This very hour, come and go with me
I'm death I come to take the soul / Leave the body and leave it cold

To draw up the flesh off of the frame
Dirt and worm both have a claim
O, Death - O, Death

Won't you spare me over til another year
My mother came to my bed / Placed a cold towel upon my head

My head is warm my feet are cold / Death is a-movin upon my soul
Oh, death how you're treatin' me / You've close my eyes so I can't see

Well you're hurtin' my body / You make me cold
You run my life right outta my soul / Oh death please consider my age

Please don't take me at this stage / My wealth is all at your command
If you will move your icy hand / Oh the young, the rich or poor
Hunger like me you know / No wealth, no ruin, no silver no gold
Nothing satisfies me but your soul

O, death
O, death
Wont you spare me over til another year
Wont you spare me over til another year
Wont you spare me over til another year

I'll Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away
I'll fly away, oh, Glory
I'll fly away, oh, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

IN THE HIGHWAYS

In the highways, in the hedges
If He calls me, I will answer
In the highways, in the hedges
If He calls me, I will answer
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord
I'll be somewhere workin'
I'll be somewhere workin'
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine
The other night, dear
As I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you
In my arms
When I awoke, dear
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take
My sunshine away
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are gray
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take
My sunshine away

SWEET PROSPECT (65) SAVE, MIGHTY LORD (70B)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

*Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!*

Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
Save, mighty Lord!
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
Save, mighty Lord!

*Oh, save,
Save mighty Lord,
And send converting power down,
Save, mighty Lord!*

O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
The King's highway of holiness,
Save, mighty Lord!
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Save, mighty Lord!

Oh, the transporting...

Oh, save, save, mighty Lord, and...

What wondrous love is this!
Oh, my soul, oh my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul?

To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing; I will sing;
Who is the great I Am,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous crown
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul.
And when from death I'm free
I'll sing on; I'll sing on;
I'll sing and joyful be,
Throughout eternity
I'll sing on.

GREEN STREET (198)

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Let angels prostrate fall!

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the royal diadem!
And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

...

PLENARY (162)

Hark! from the tomb
a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry,
Ye living men,
come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay
must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise,
the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

Great God! Is this
our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward
to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

SPAN OF LIFE (379)

My span of life will soon be gone
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
Oh, that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs.

Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me.
But Thou my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the Cornerstone.

So comforted and so sustained
With dark events I strove,
And found them rightly understood,
All messengers of love;
With silent and submissive awe,
Adored a chast'ning God,
Revered the terrors of His law,
And humbly kissed the rod.

DESIRE FOR PIETY (76B)

'Tis my desire with God to walk,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.
And with His children pray and talk,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

Cry Amen, pray on
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

WEIGHT OF ETERNAL GLORY

I grew up in Jackson County
In a West Virginia farmhouse
We had many hands a-working
And so many miles to tread
I asked Mama how she's able
To go one day to another
She took up the family Bible
Looked at me, and then she said

***I am suffering under the weight of eternal glory
I find my place in the Good Lord's story
I keep His promises by my bed
Take the hand of the Loving Savior
Guides my way while I still stay here
You can find the same way yourself, dear
If you just let yourself be led***

Found myself down in Nashville
In a place just off of Broadway
Sitting at the bar was a lovely cowgirl
She had a teardrop in her eye
I said, "Lady, do I know you
If I don't, then I think that I'd like to"
She just turned to me with sadness
And said, "Honey, I'm not gonna lie"

Was a late night in December
I was traveling through the canyon
My truck went off the road near the highway
I was barely left alive
The nurse that took my hand said "Mister
The doctors said you are barely stable"
She put the cross into my hand
I looked her in the face, and then I cried

Stop, etc.

DOWN TO THE RIVER TO PRAY

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

O sisters let's go down
Let's go down, come on down
Come on sisters let's go down
Down in the river to pray
O brothers let's go down...
O fathers let's go down...
O mothers let's go down...
O sinners let's go down...

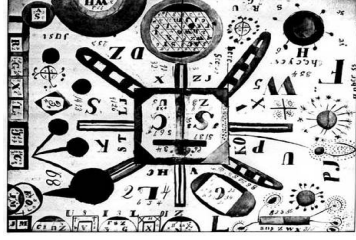
We are climbing Jacob's ladder, (x3)
Children, do you love my Jesus? (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

Ev'ry round goes higher, higher, (x3)
If you love Him, why not serve Him? (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

Rise, shine, give God glory, (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

KEEP YOUR LAMPS TRIMMED

Keep those lamps trimmed, now
Keep those lamps trimmed
Midnight's comin' in
Won't you keep those lamps trimmed?
My soul waits for more than sentinels
The Lord, for He comes with mercy
Got no time to waste, now
Got no time to waste
Bridegroom's coming soon
Ain't got no time to waste
From the depths I cry
Lord, for He comes with mercy



WHITE (288)

Ye fleeting charms of earth farewell,
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks another home.
A brighter world on high.

I'm a long time trav'ling here below,
I'm a long time trav'ling here below,
To lay this body down.

Farewell, my friends, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

I'm a long time trav'ling...

NORTHFIELD (155)

How long, dear Savior,
Oh how long?
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, (x3)
And bring the promised day.

From the third heaven,
where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down, (x3)
Adorned with shining grace.

CONFIDENCE (279)

Away, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of His face;
But shall I therefore let Him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

WINDHAM (38B)

Broad is the road that leads to death
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

SALVE REGINA

Ant.
5.
S

Alve, Re-gí-na, * ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi-ae : Vi-ta,
dulcé-do, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamá-mus, éxsu-
les, fí-li-i Hevae. Ad te suspi-rá-mus, geméntes et flentes
in hac lacrimá-rum valle. E-ia ergo, Advo-cá-ta nostra,
il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-córdes ócu-los ad nos convérte. Et
Je-sum, bene-díctum fructum ventris tu-i, no-bis post hoc
exsí-li-um osténde. O cle-mens : O pi-a : O
dulcis * Virgo Ma-rí-a.

℣. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Génitrix.

℟. Ut digni efficiá-mur promissionibus Christi.

WITCHITA LINEMAN

I am a lineman for the county, And I drive the main road
Searchin' in the sun for another overload

I hear you singing in the wire, I can hear you through the whine
And the Wichita lineman - is still on the line

I know I need a small vacation, but it don't look like rain
And if it snows that stretch down south, won't ever stand the strain

And I need you more than want you, and I want you for all time
And the Wichita lineman - is still on the line

FIVE FEET HIGH AND RISING

How high's the water, Mama?

(two) feet high and risin'

How high's the water, Papa?

She said it's (two) feet high and risin'


We can make it to the road in a homemade boat
That's the only thing we got left that'll float
It's already over all the wheat and the oats
Two feet high and risin'

Well, the hives are gone I've lost my bees
The chickens are sleepin' In the willow trees
Cow's in water up past her knees
Three feet high and risin'

Hey, come look through the window pane
The bus is comin', gonna take us to the train
Looks like we'll be blessed with a little more rain
Four feet high and risin'

Well, the rails are washed out north of town
We gotta head for higher ground
We can't come back till the water goes down
Five feet high and risin'
Well, it's five feet high and risin'

CHRIST IS RISEN (APPALACHIAN)



Christ is — ris — en — from the dead, tram-pling down
death by death, and up — on those in the tombs be —



stow — ing — life.



Christ is — ris — en — from the dead, tram-pling down
death by death,



and up — on those in the tombs be — stow — ing — life.



Christ is — ris — en — from the dead, tram-pling down
death by death,



and up — on those in the tombs be — stow — ing — life.

Well, John Henry was a little baby
Sittin' on his daddy's knee
He pick up a hammer and a little piece of steel,
And cried, "Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

Now the captain he said to John Henry,
"I'm gonna bring that steam drill around
I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on these tracks
I'm gonna knock that steel on down, God, God...." (x2)

John Henry told his captain,
"Lord, man ain't nothin' but a man
But efore I let that steam drill beat me down
I'm gonna die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

John Henry driving on the right side
That steam drill driving on the left
Says, "Fore I'll let your steam drill beat me down
I'm gonna hammer myself to death, Lord, Lord, ..." (x2)

Well, captain said to John Henry,
"What is that storm I hear?"
John Henry said, "That ain't no storm Captain
That's just my hammer in the air, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

John Henry said to his shaker
"Shaker, why don't you sing?
'Cause I'm swigin' thirty pounds from my hips on down
Yeah, listen to my cold steel ring, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

John Henry, he hammered in the mountains
His hammer was striking fire
But he worked so hard; it broke his heart
John Henry laid down his hammer and died, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

Well, now John Henry, he had him a woman
By the name of Polly Ann
She walked out to those tracks
Picked up John Henry's hammer
Polly drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

Well every, every Monday morning
When the blue bird he begin to sing
You could hear John Henry from a mile or more
You could hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord...." (x2)

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless king
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save;
his glories now we sing
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified;
no angels in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends their burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the potentate of time,
creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
for thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS!

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus;
His the scepter, His the throne.
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion
thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus out of every nation
has redeemed us by His blood."

Alleluia! Not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now.
Alleluia! He is near us;
faith believes, nor questions how.
Tho' the cloud from sight received Him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"? 7

Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
here on earth our food, our stay.
Alleluia! Here the sinful
flee to You from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, hear our plea
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
You the Lord of lords we own.
Alleluia! Born of Mary,
Earth your footstool, Heaven your throne.
You within the veil have entered,
Robed in flesh our great High Priest,
You on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
Three conductors, 25 sacks of mail
All along the southbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Passing trains that have no name
An' freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

***Good morning, America, how are ya?
Said don't you know me? I'm your native son
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done***

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again
The passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

In 1814 we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

***We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico***

We looked down a river and we seed the British come
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing
Old Hickory said, "We could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eye"
We held our fire 'til we seed their faces well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and gave 'em

Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a 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 cannonballs 'n powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind
Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

*Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
and make our hearts your place of rest;
come with your grace and heav'nly aid,
and fill the hearts which you have made.*

To you, the Counselor, we cry,
to you, the gift of God most high,
the fount of life, the fire of love,
the soul's anointing from above.
Drive far away our wily foe,
and your abiding peace bestow;
with you as our protecting guide,
no evil can with us abide.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
and you, from both, as Three in One
that we your name may ever bless
and in our lives the truth confess.
Your light to ev'ry thought impart,
and shed your love in ev'ry heart;
the weakness of our mortal state
with deathless might invigorate.
the gifts that from the Spirit flow!

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Eternal are Your mercies, Lord.
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Your praise will sound from shore to shore,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
'Til suns shall rise and set no more.
From all that dwell beneath the skies,
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Let our Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

SONG OF KINGS

Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus
Intende exaudi
orationem meam

Converte nos Deus
Averte iram Tuam
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus

Beata Maria
Salve Regina Mea

Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus
Intende exaudi
orationem meam

Paratum cor meum
Cantabo psalmum dicam
Afferte honorem
Domino maiestatis

Converte nos Deus
O salutaris noster
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus noster

Laudate Rex noster
Angeli Archangeli
Afferte honorem
Domino maiestatis

Laudemus, Oremus
Gloria, Alleluia

Venite, Videte
Rex noster, Alleluia
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus noster

AVE MARIA

Ave Maria
Gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Ave, ave dominus
Dominus tecum
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus
Et benedictus fructus ventris
Ventris tuae, Jesus.
Ave Maria

Ave Maria
Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Ora pro nobis
Ora, ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Ave Maria...

DE PROFUNDIS

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine;
Domine, exaudi vocem meam
Fiant aures tuæ intendentes
In vocem deprecationis meæ
Si iniquitates observaveris
Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?
Quia apud te propitiatio est;
Et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine
Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus:
Speravit anima mea in Domino
A custodia matutina usque ad noctem
Speret Israël in Domino
Quia apud Dominum misericordia
Et copiosa apud eum redemptio
Et ipse redimet Israël
Ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus

SIXTEEN TONS

Some people say a man is made outta mud
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

***You load 16 tons, what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store***

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded 16 tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul"

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion
Can't no high toned woman make me walk the line

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



RYE WHISKEY

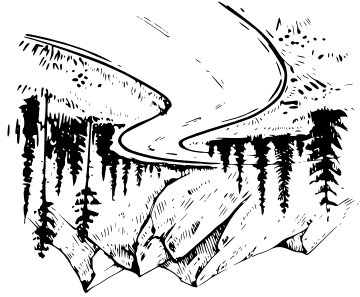
Jack o' Diamond, Jack o' Diamond, I know you of old
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold
It's a whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all

***And it's a whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry
If I don't get rye whiskey, well, I think I will die***

It's a beefsteak when I'm hungry, Rye whiskey when I'm dry
Greenbacks when I'm hard up, and Heaven when I die
I'll a-go up around the holl-er and I'll build me a still
I'll sell you a gallon for a five dollar bill

COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze



Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, 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

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour, she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin'
That I should've been home yesterday, yesterday

I'M JUST AN OLD CHUNK OF COAL

Hey, I'm just an old chunk of coal
But I'm gonna be a diamond some day
I'm gonna grow and glow 'til I'm so blue pure perfect
I'm gonna put a smile on everybody's face

I'm gonna kneel and pray every day
Lest I should become vain along the way
I'm just an old chunk of coal now, Lord
But I'm gonna be a diamond some day

I'm gonna learn the best way to walk
I'm gonna search and find a better way to talk
I'm gonna spit and polish my old rough-edged self
'Til I get rid of every single flaw

I'm gonna be the world's best friend
I'm gonna go 'round shaking everybody's hand
Hey, I'm gonna be the cotton pickin' rage of the age
I'm gonna be a diamond some day

21

O SONS & DAUGHTERS

O sons and daughters of the King,
whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
today the grave has lost its sting.
Alleluia!

That Easter morn at break of day,
the faithful women went their way
to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

An angel clad in white they see,
who sat and spoke unto the three,
"Your Lord has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard
that some had seen the risen Lord,
he doubted the disciples' word.
Lord, have mercy!

At night the apostles met in fear,
among them came their Master dear
and said, "My peace be with you here."
Alleluia!

"My pierced side, O Thomas, see,
and look upon my hands, my feet;
not faithless but believing be."
Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
he saw the feet, the hands, the side.
"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.
Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen
and yet whose faith has constant been,
for they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

10

GAUDETE

*Gaudete, gaudete!
Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine,
gaudete!*

Tempus adest gratiae
Hoc quod optabamus,
Carmina laetitiae
Devote reddamus.

Gaudete...
Deus homo factus est
Naturā mirante,
Mundus renovatus est
A Christo regnante.

Gaudete...
Ezechielis porta
Clausa pertansitur,
Unde lux est orta
Salus invenitur.

Gaudete...
Ergo nostra cōtiō
Psallat iam in lūstrō;
Benedicat Dominō:
Salus Regi nostrō.

Gaudete...

SEA SHANTIES

A sea shanty, chantey, or chanty is a genre of traditional folk song that was once commonly sung as a work song to accompany rhythmical labor aboard large merchant sailing vessels.

EARLY IN THE MORNING

What do we do with a drunken sailor? (x3)
Early in the morning?

Way hay and up she rises (x3)
Early in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...
Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober...
Stick him in the scupper with a hosepipe on him...
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter...
That's what we do with a drunken sailor...
Early in the morning!

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT

Oh, we'd be alright,
if the wind was in our sails (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind...

And we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along! (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, we'd be alright
if we make it round The Horn...
Well a nice wash below
wouldn't do us any harm...
Well a drop of Nelson's Blood
wouldn't do us any harm...
Well a night on the town
wouldn't do us any harm...

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE

Haul on the bowline,
homeward we are going

***Haul on the bowlin',
the bowlin' haul!***

Haul on the bowline,
before she start a-rolling

Haul on the bowline,
the Captain is a-growling

Haul on the bowline,
so early in the morning

Haul on the bowline,
to Bristol we are going

Haul on the bowline,
Kitty is my darling

Haul on the bowline,
Kitty comes from Liverpool

Haul on the bowline,
It's far cry to pay day

BIG IRON

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
Hardly spoke to folks around him, didn't have too much to say
No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip
For the stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip

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

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 24
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and 19 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

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead
20 men had tried to take him, 20 men had made a slip
21 would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly, it was time for them to meet
It was 20 past 11 when they walked out in the street
Folks were watching from the windows, everybody held their breath
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death

There was 40 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

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

COUNTRY, etc.

WAGON WHEEL

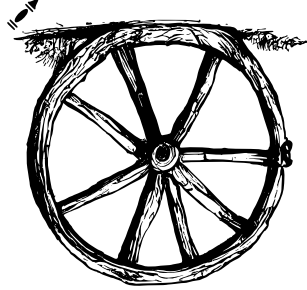
Headin' down south to the land of the pines
 I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
 Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights
 I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
 Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
 And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

*So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel
 Rock me mama any way you feel*

Hey... mama rock me

*Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
 Rock me mama like a southbound train*

Hey... mama rock me



Runnin' from the cold up in New England
 I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
 My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
 Oh, north country winters keep a-gettin' me down
 Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town
 But I aint a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
 But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap

To Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on before the sun

I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one
 And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

WELLERMAN

There once was a ship that put to sea
 And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
 The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
 Blow, me bully boys, blow (Hah!)

Soon may the Wellerman come

To bring us sugar and tea and rum

One day, when the tonguein' is done

We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore
 When down on her, a right whale bore
 The captain called all hands and swore
 He'd take that whale in tow (Hah!)

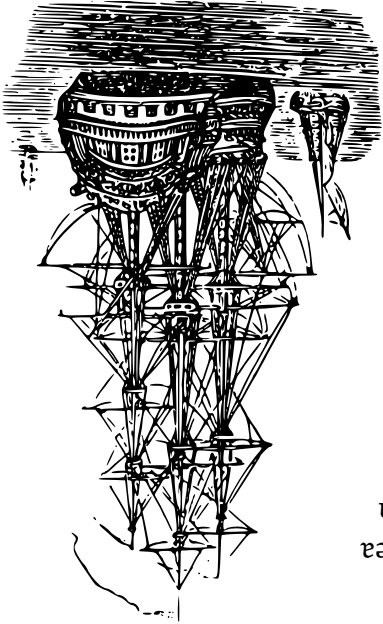
Before the boat had hit the water
 The whale's tail came up and caught her
 All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
 When she dived down below (Huh!)

No line was cut, no whale was freed

The Captain's mind was not on greed
 But he belonged to the whalerman's creed
 She took that ship in tow (Huh!)

For forty days, or even more
 The line went slack, then tight once more
 All boats were lost, there were only four
 But still that whale did go

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
 The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
 The Wellerman makes his a regular call
 To encourage the Captain, crew, and all



GALWAY GIRL

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
Of a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown
Of a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone
With a broken heart and a ticket home
And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
I've traveled around I've been all over this world
Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

AULD LANG SYNE

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

We two have run about the slopes
and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
since auld lang syne.

***For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.***

And surely you will fill your cup!
And surely I'll fill mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream
from morning sun till dine
But seas between us broad have roared
since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend
And give me a hand o' thine
And we'll take a right goodwill draught
for auld lang syne

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

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

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Shed a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers /
with the staggers and jags

On the King's birthday, we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety-sixth 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

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

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 main truck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

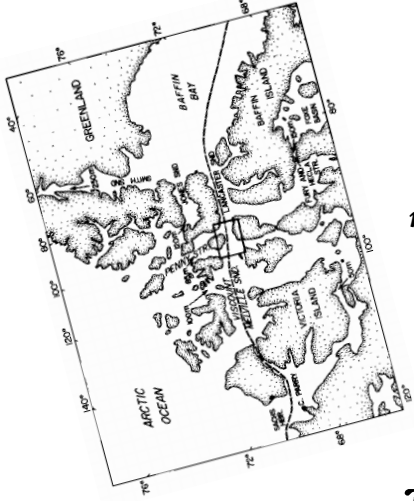
I'll tell my ma when I get home,
 The boys won't leave the girls alone
 They pull my hair and stole my comb
 But that's all right till I go home
*She is handsome, she is pretty,
 She is the Belle of Belfast city
 She is a courtin' one, two, three,
 Please won't you tell me who is she?*

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
 All the boys are fightin' for her
 Knock at the door and ring at the bell,
 Saying oh my true love, are you well?
 Out she comes as white as snow,
 Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
 Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die
 If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

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

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

*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
 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

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

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

irish song

ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS?

Look at the coffin with golden handles..	... preacher, bloody sanctimonious..
	... choir boys, bloody castrati..
<i>Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?</i>	... widow, bloody great female..
<i>Let's not have a sniffle,</i>	... mourners, bloody great hypocrites..
<i>Let's have a bloody good cry</i>	... flowers, all bloody wilted..
<i>And always remember the longer you live,</i>	... tombstone, bloody great boulder..
<i>The sooner you'll bloody well die!</i>	... whiskey, in buckets and bottles..

RATTLIN' BOG

O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o
O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree
With the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb
With the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Repeat, adding a line each time:

Now on that limb there was a **branch**, a rare branch, a rattlin' branch...
Now on that branch there was a **twig**, a rare twig, a rattlin' twig...
Now on that twig there was a **nest**, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest...
Now in that nest there was an **egg**, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg...
Now in that egg there was a **bird**, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird...
Now on that bird there was a **feather**, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather...
Now on that feather there was a **flea**, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea...

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier.
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,



musha ring dumma do damma da
whack for the daddy 'ol
whack for the daddy 'ol
there's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

I went into my chamber, all 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.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for 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.

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving,
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early