

SONGBOOK.THADHUGHES.XYZ

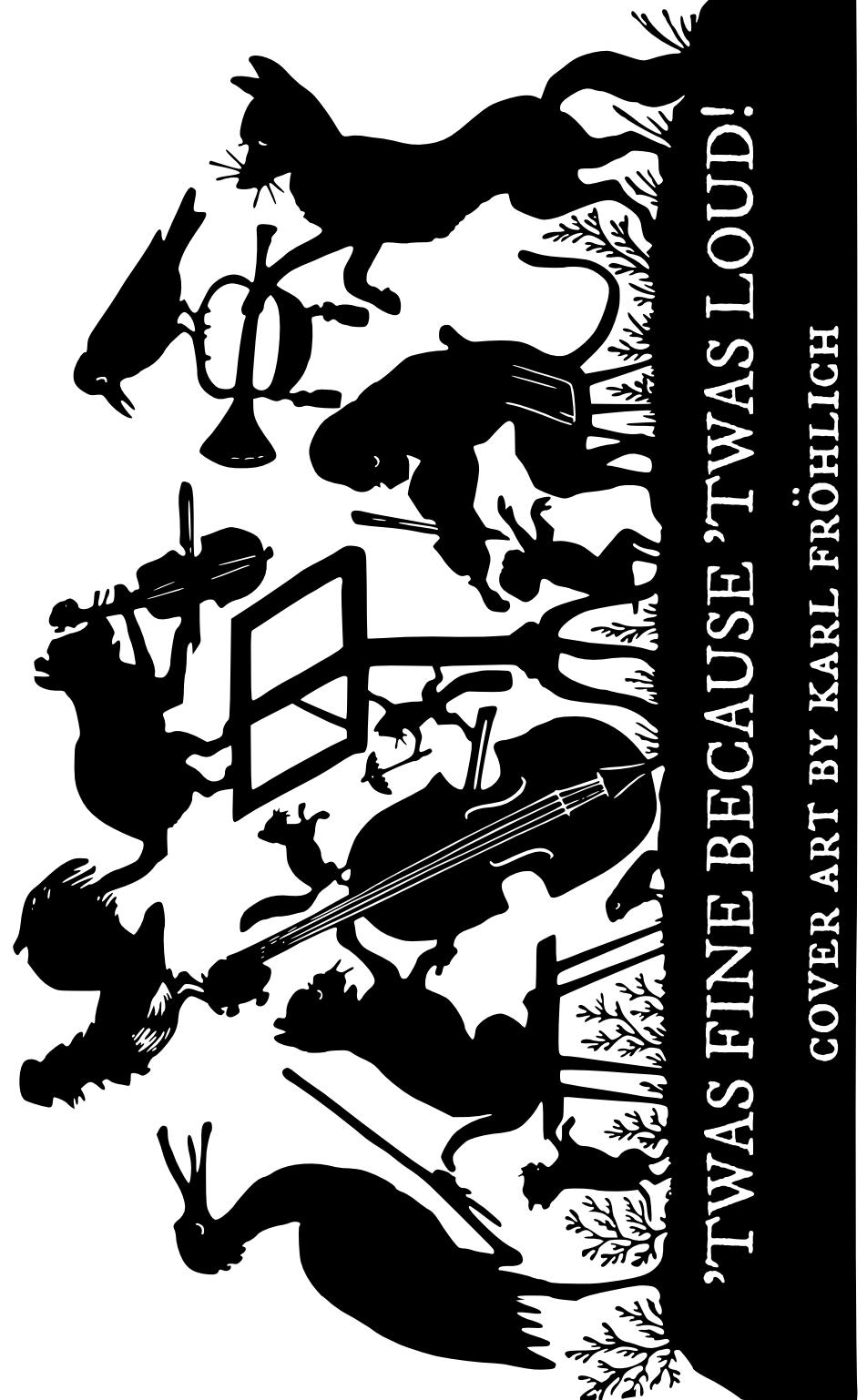
REVISED MARCH 2025

SONGS FOR FOLK SINGS



VITAE

MUSICA



'TWAS FINE BECAUSE 'TWAS 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

And when I'm free  
I'll sing from dearth,  
I'll sing on; I'll sing on;  
I'll sing and joyful be,  
Throughout eternity  
I'll sing on.

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

WONDROUS LOVE (159)

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

The King's highway of holiness,  
Save, mighty Lord!  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

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

The way the holy prophet went,  
Save, mighty Lord!  
The road that leads from banishment.  
Save, mighty Lord!

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

Save, mighty Lord!  
He whom I fix my hopes upon.  
Save, mighty Lord!  
Jesus, my all, to heavy 'tis gone.

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

When I was sinking down,  
Sinking down, Sinking down,  
Beneath God's righteous frown,  
Christ laid aside His crown  
For my soul.

For my soul?  
To bear the dreadful curse  
That caused the Lord of bliss  
Oh, my soul, oh my soul!

*Oh, the transporting...*

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

...the transporting transpiration!

And rivers of delight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
That rises to my sight,

Where my possessions lie.  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
And cast a wistful eye,

You are my sunshine	The other night, dear	As I lay sleeping	I dreamed I held you	In my arms	When skies are gray	You'll never know, dear	How much I love you	Please don't take	My sunshine away
you are my sunshine	the other night, dear	as I lay sleeping	I dreamed I held you	in my arms	when skies are gray	You'll never know, dear	How much I love you	Please don't take	My sunshine away
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you are my sunshine	the other night, dear	as I lay sleeping	I dreamed I held you	in my arms	when skies are gray	You'll never know, dear	How much I love you	Please don't take	My sunshine away

# You Are My Sunshine

I'll be somewhere workin' I'll be somewhere workin' I'll be somewhere workin'  
I'll be somewhere workin' I'll be somewhere workin' I'll be somewhere workin'

If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows	If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows
If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows	If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows
If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows	If He calls me, I will answer	In the highways, in the hedgerows

IN THE HIGHWAYS

I'll fly away	Just a few more weary days and then	To a land where joy shall never end	To a home on God's celestial shore	I'll fly away
I'll fly away				I'll fly away
I'll fly away				I'll fly away
I'll fly away				I'll fly away
I'll fly away				I'll fly away

I'll Fly Away

## 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

*Hope, etc.*

## JACOB'S LADDER

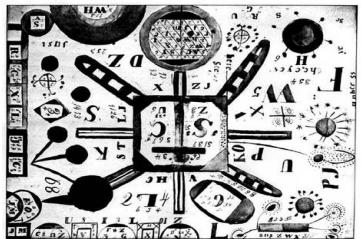
As I went down in the river to pray  
Studying about that good old way  
And who shall wear the robe and crown  
Good Lord, show me the way!

O brothers lets go down...  
O fathers lets go down...  
O mothers lets go down...  
O sinners lets go down...

We are climbing Jacobs 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.

The Lord, for He comes with mercy  
My soul waits for more than sentinels  
Got no time to waste  
Bridgrooms coming soon  
Aint got no time to waste  
Got no time to waste, now  
Midnights coming in  
Keep those lamps trimmed, now  
Won't you keep those lamps trimmed?  
Keep those lamps trimmed, stay awake  
And you do not know the hour  
You do not know the day  
You do not know the day  
Lord, for He comes with mercy  
From the depths I cry  
Got no time to waste  
The Lord, for He comes with mercy  
My soul waits for more than sentinels  
The Lord, for He comes with mercy  
From the depths I cry  
Got no time to waste  
Bridgrooms coming soon  
Aint got no time to waste  
Lord, for He comes with mercy  
From the depths I cry  
You do not know the day  
Keep watch, stay awake  
And you do not know the hour  
You do not know the day  
You do not know the day



Adorned with shining grace.  
The new Jerusalem comes down, (x3)

That holy, happy place,  
Where God resides,

From the third heaven,  
To the earth below,

And bring the promised day.

Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, (x3)

Shall this bright hour delay?

Oh how long?

How long, dear Savior,

Deny thyself, and take thy cross,

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"

With here and there a traveler,

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

And thousands walk together there;

Broad is the road that leads to death

With here and there a traveler,

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

And thousands walk together there;

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With here and there a traveler,

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## NORTHFIELD (155)

I'm a long time traveling...

For better friends above.

Your fond embrace I now exchange

Has long engaged my love;

Farewell, my friends, whose tender care

No, in the strength of Jesus, no!

But shall I therefore let Him go,

He hides the brightness of His face;

My Savior doth not yet appear;

Fear shall in me no more have place;

Away, my unbeliefing fear;

Ye fleeting charms of earth farewell,

Your springs of joy are dry;

My soul now seeks another home.

A brighter world on high.

Studyng about that good old way

As I went down in the river to pray

Good Lord, show me the way!

And who shall wear the starry crown

Studying about that good old way

Good Lord, show me the way!

And who shall wear the robe and crown

Good Lord, show me the way!

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And who shall wear the robe and crown

Good Lord, show me the way!

Studying about that good old way

Ant. 5.

**S** Alve, Re-gí-na, \* ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi-ae : Vi-ta,  
*Mary, we hail thee, mother and queen com-pa-sion-ate: Mary,*

dulcé-do, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamámus, éxsu-  
*our com-fort, life and hope, we hail thee. To thee we ex-iles, chil-dren*

les, fí-li- i Hevae. Ad te suspi-rámus, geméntes et flentes  
*of eve lift our cry-ing, to thee we are sigh-ing, as mournful and weeping,*

in hac lacrimá-rum valle. E-ia ergo, Advo-cá-ta nostra,  
*we pass through this vale of sor-row. Turn now therefore, O our in-ter -cess -or,*

il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-córdes ócu-los ad nos convérte. Et  
*those thine eyes of pi-ty, and lo-v ing kindness up-on us si -inn -ers. Here*

Je-sum, bene-dictum fructum ventris tu-i, no-bis post hoc  
*after, when our earthly ex-ile shall be end-ed, show us Je -sus*

exsí-li- um osténde. O cle-mens : O pi- a : O  
*the ble-ssed fruit of th-y womb. O gen-tle, O ten-der, O...*

dulcis \* Virgo Ma-rí-a.  
*gracious Vir -gi -in Ma-ry.*

## 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'

The angel of the LORD brought good tidings to Mary, \* and she conceived by the Holy Ghost. Hail Mary, full of grace, the LORD is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Je-sus. \* Hail Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death, Amen. Behold the handmaid of the LORD, \* be it unto me according to thy word. Hail Mary... And the word was made flesh, \* and dwelt among us. Hail Mary... Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, \* that we may be worthy of the promises of Christ. We beseech thee O LORD, pour thy grace into our hearts, that as we have known the Incarnation of thy Son, Jesus Christ, by the message of an angel, so by His Cross and passion we may be brought to the glory of his resurrection, through this same Jesus Christ our LORD, \* Amen.

## THE ANGELUS

Well, John Henry was a little baby  
Sittin' on his daddy's knee  
Now the captain he said to John Henry,  
"I'm gonna bring that steam drill around  
Lord, man ain't nothin' but a man  
But before I let that steam drill beat me down  
I'm gonna die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord... (x2)

John Henry told his captain,  
"I'm gonna bring on the right side  
That stream drill drivin' on the left  
Says, "Fore I'll let your steam drill beat me down  
What is that storm I hear?"  
Well, captain said to John Henry,  
"John Henry said to his shaker  
"Shaker, why don't you sing?  
Cause I'm swingin' thirty pounds from my hips on down  
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  
She walked out to those tracks  
By the name of Polly Ann  
Picked up John Henry's hammer  
When the blue bird he began to sing  
You could hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord... (x2)

**JOHN HENRY**

## 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.

## CHRIST IS RISEN (APPALACHIAN)

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and F major. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff features a basso continuo line with sustained notes. The bottom staff features a basso continuo line with sustained notes. The lyrics are as follows:

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.

## 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

# COME HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST

In 1814 we took a little trip  
Along with Coloneel 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 white ago*  
*We fired once more and they began to runnin'*  
*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 heavy, nly aid,  
and fill the hearts which you have made.  
To you, the gift of God most high,  
and your abiding peace bestow;  
drive far away our wily foe,  
and your abide, 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.  
In you, with graces sevenfold,  
we God's almighty hand behold  
while you with tongues of fire proclaim  
to all the world his holy name.

Praise we the Father and the Son  
and Holy Spirit, with them One,  
and shed your love in ev'ry heart;  
Your light to ev'ry thought impart,  
with weakness of our mortal state  
and may the Son on us bestow  
the gifts that from the Spirit flow;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Eternal are Your mercies, Lord.  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
External truth attends Your word.  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Your praises will sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
From all that dwelt beneath the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise every land, by every tongue.

# DOXOLOGY

*We fired our cannon 'till the barrel melted down*  
*So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round*  
*We filled his head with cannibal's n powder'd his behind*  
*And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind*  
*They ran so fast that the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go*  
*Yea, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles*  
*On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico*

Then we opened up our squirrel guns and gave 'em  
We held our fire 'till we see'd their faces well  
If we didn't fire our muskets 'till we looked 'em in the eye"  
Old Hickory said, "We could take 'em by surprise

Then we stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring  
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum  
We looked down a river and we see'd the British come

They ran so fast that the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
Yea, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

*We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'*  
*There wasn't as many as there was a white ago*  
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We looked down a river and we see'd the British come

## 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  
Ventrис 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 iniurias 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 iniuriatibus 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

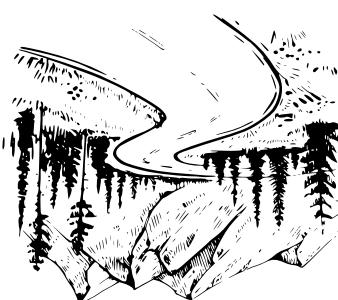
*And it's a whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry  
If I don't get rye whiskey, well, I think I will die*

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

Gaudete

# O Sons & Daughters

<i>Gaudete!</i>	Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing, Sons and daughthers of the King, Alleluia!
<i>Gaudete!</i>	That Easter morn at break of day, The faithful women went their way to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
<i>Gaudete!</i>	Deus homo factus est Mundus renovatus est A Christo regnante. Alleluia!
<i>Gaudete!</i>	When Thomas first the tidings heard That some had seen the risen Lord, He doubted the disciples' word. Alleluia!
<i>Gaudete!</i>	At night the apostles met in fear; Among them came their Master dear And said, "My peace be with you here." Alleluia!
<i>Gaudete...</i>	Salus invenerit. Clausa pertransiit, Unde lux est orta Ergo nostra contio Psalat iam in Iustro; Benedicat Domino: Salus Regi nostro.
<i>Gaudete...</i>	No longer Thomas then denied; He saw the feet, the hands, the side. "You are my Lord and God!" he cried. Alleluia!
<i>Gaudete...</i>	"My pierced side, O Thomas, see, And look upon my hands, my feet; More faithless but believing be."
<i>Gaudete...</i>	"No longer Thomas then denied;
<i>Gaudete...</i>	How blest are they who have not seen And yet whose faith has constant been, Alleluia!



Almost heaven, West Virginia  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, growing 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

# 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

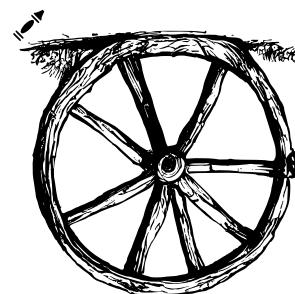
There was 40 feet between them when they stopped to make their play  
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today  
Texas Red had not cleared leather 'fore a bullet fairly ripped  
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

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.

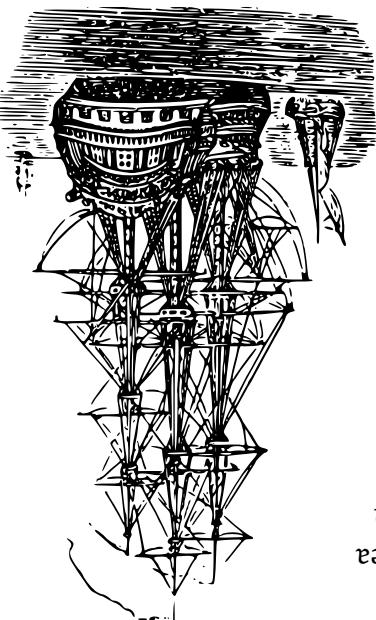
*Wagon Wheel*



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

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

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 ain't a-turbin' back to livin' that old life no more  
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke  
To Johnson City, Tennessee  
But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap  
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long talk  
And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free  
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one  
And I gotta get a move on before the sun



# WELLERMAN

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

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

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The Captain's mind was not on greed  
But he belonged to the whalers who creed  
She took that ship in tow (Huh!)

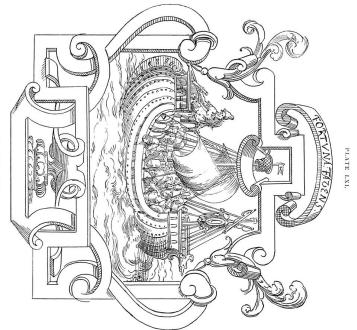
Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tail came up and caught her  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When she divided down below (Huh!)

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!)

Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the longuin is done  
We'll take our leave and go

There once was a ship 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!)

WELLERMAN



## BARRET'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

A letter of marque came from the king  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

*Condemn them all, I was told  
Wed 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*

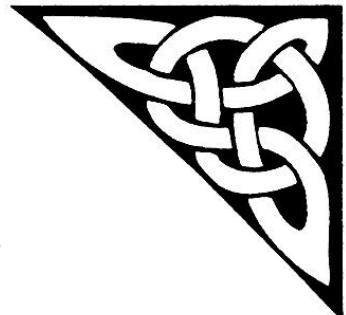
Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who  
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
She'd 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

## THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

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



**Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry**

By a lonely prison wall  
I heard a young man calling  
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free  
Against the famine and the crown  
I rebelled, they cut me down  
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall  
She watched the last star falling  
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky  
For she lived in hope and pray  
For her love in Botany Bay  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

## MARIE'S WEDDING

**Step we gaily, on we go  
Heel for heel and toe for toe  
Arm in arm and row on row  
All for Marie's wedding**

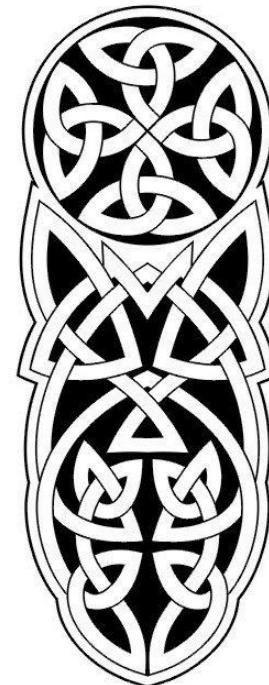
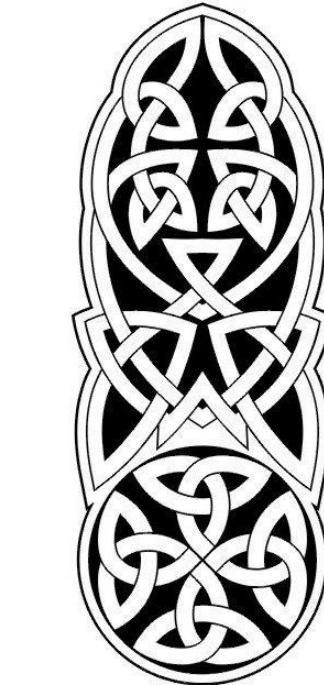
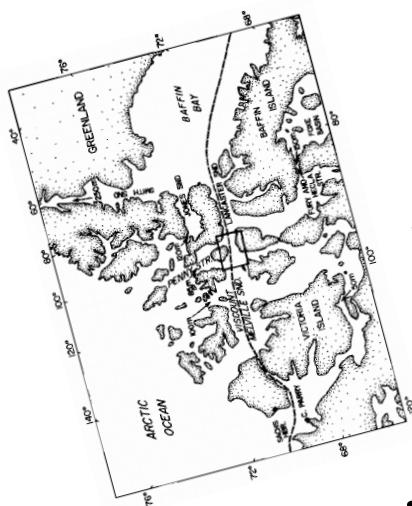
Red her cheeks as rowans are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far  
Is our darling Marie

Over hillways up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings through the town  
All for sake of Marie

Oh plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat to fill her creel  
Plenty bonny bairns as well  
That's the toast for Marie

## NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Ah, for just one time  
I would take the Northwest Passage  
To find the hand of Franklin  
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea  
Through one warm line  
Tracing one wild and savage  
And make a land so wild and savage  
Westward from the Davis Strait  
This three routes 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  
In the footsteps of brave Kelsos  
Where his "sea of flowers" began  
Watching cities rise before me  
Then behind me sink again  
This latest explorer  
Driving hard across the plain  
And through the night, behind the wheel  
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



The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed  
Calleed mesself a fool, I could no longer stand it  
Blood began to boil, remper I was losing  
Poor old Eriis isle they began abusing  
"Hurrah me soul" says I, me shilleagh I let fly  
Some Galway boys were high and saw I was a hobbie in  
With a loud "Hurray!" joined in the affray  
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

On the rocky road to Dublin  
Our better far instead  
When off Holyhead meself was dead  
Danced some hearty jigs, played some funny rings  
Down among the pigs, played some funny rings  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy  
The Captain at me roar'd, said that no room had he  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing  
From there I got away, me spirits never failing  
WASN'T much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin  
Enduring for the rogue, said me Connought boggan  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin  
Somehing crossed me mind, when I looked behind  
Bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality  
Well then I took a stroll, all among the quay  
To be soon depriued a view of that fine city  
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
Till I was nearly tried of the rocky road to Dublin  
Am asked if I was hire, wages I required  
At me curious style, twould set your heart a bubblin  
That's the Paddy's curse whenever he's on drinkin  
Kepp me hear from sinkin  
Took a drop of the pure  
Started by dayight me spirits bright and airy  
In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary  
And all the way to Dublin, whack fol lo le rahi!  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
One two three four five

Frightenin all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin  
A brand new pair of rrogues, ratlin or the bogs  
Cut a stot blackhorn to banish ghosts and goblins  
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born  
Drank a pint of beer, me gret and tears to smother  
Satirred Father dear, kissed me darling mother  
Left the grils of Tuam nearly broken hearted  
In the merry month of June from me home I started  
The Rocky Road to Dublin

# IRISH SONG

## ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS?

Look at the coffin with golden handles..

*Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?*

*Let's not have a sniffle,*

*Let's have a bloody good cry*

*And always remember the longer you live,*

*The sooner you'll bloody well die!*

...preacher, bloody sanctimonious..  
...choir boys, bloody castrati..  
...widow, bloody great female..  
...mourners, bloody great hypocrites..  
...flowers, all bloody wilted..  
...tombstone, bloody great boulder..  
...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...

## MATHEY GROVES

Oh holy day, oh holy day  
The first day of the year  
Little Mathey Groves to church did go  
Some holy words to hear,  
(hear, some holy words to hear)

He spied some women dressed in black  
As they came into view  
Lord Daniel's wife was gaily clad  
The flower of the few...

She stepped up to little Mathey Groves  
Her eyes cast on the ground  
"Oh please oh please come with me stay  
As you pass through this town"...

"I cannot stay, I will not stay  
I fear 'twill cost my life  
For I can see by your finger-rings  
That you are Lord Daniel's wife"...

"Lord Daniel's in some distant land  
He's left me for to roam  
He's taken all his merry men  
And I am quite alone..."

Oh please oh please come with me stay  
I'll hide you out of sight  
I'll pleasure you beyond compare  
And sleep with you all night"...

Her little footy-page was a-standing by  
Was hearing every word was said  
He said, "before the sun goes down  
Lord Daniel'll know what's said"...

He ran along the king's highway  
He swam against the tide  
And before the sun went down  
He's standing at Daniel's side...

"What news, what news, my little footy-page  
What news do you bring to me?  
My castle burned, my tenants wronged,  
My wife with a baby?"...

"No harm has come to your house or lands  
While you have been away  
But little Mathey Groves is a-huggin and a-kissin  
On your fair lady gay"...

"If what you say is not the truth  
As I take it to be  
I'll build a scaffold tower so high  
And hang-ed you will be"...

"If what I say is not the truth  
And false as false can be  
You need not build a scaffold tower,  
Just hang me from a tree"...

He gathered all his merry men  
And bid them with him go  
But warned them not to speak a word  
And not a horn to blow...

But all among his merry men  
Was one who'd wish no ill  
He popped his horn up to his mouth  
And he blew both loud and shrill...

"Oh what is this" cried little Mathey Groves  
As he sat up in bed  
"I fear it is your husband's men  
And I will soon be dead"...

"Oh lie back down, my little Mathey Groves  
And keep my back from cold  
'tis nothing but my father's men  
Calling their sheep to fold"...

Little Mathey Groves he lay back down  
And soon fell off to sleep  
When he woke up Lord Daniel was  
A-standing at his bed feet...

Saying, "How do you like my snow-white pillow,  
And how do you like my sheet?  
And how do you like my pretty little woman  
That's a-laying in your arms asleep?"...

"Very well do I like your snow-white pillow  
Very well do I like your sheet,  
Much better do I like this pretty little woman  
That's a-laying in my arms asleep"...

"Get up, get up, my little Mathey Groves  
And go put on your clothes  
In England it shall never be said  
That I killed a naked man"...

"I can't get up, I won't get up  
If fear 'twill cost my life  
For you have got two bitter swords  
And I ain't got a knife"...

"It's true I've got two bitter swords  
They cost me deep in the purse  
But you shall have the best of these  
And I will take the worst"...

The first stroke that little Mathey made  
It hurt Lord Daniel sore  
The next stroke that Lord Daniel made  
Little Mathey hit the floor...

"Come here, come here my pretty little wife  
And set upon my knee  
And tell me which you like the best,  
Little Mathey Groves or me"...

She looked up in Lord Daniel's face  
She saw his jutting chin  
Said, "I wouldn't trade little Mathey Groves  
For you and all your kin"...

He took her by the lily-white hand  
He led her to the hall  
He took out his sword and he chopped off her head  
And he kicked it against the wall...

"Go dig a grave both wide and deep  
To bury these two in  
Just kick little Mathey over the side  
But lower my sweet wife in"...

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

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

*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 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 Farrer 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 Farrer.  
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 Killeney,  
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin' sportling Jenny  
Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving,  
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking.



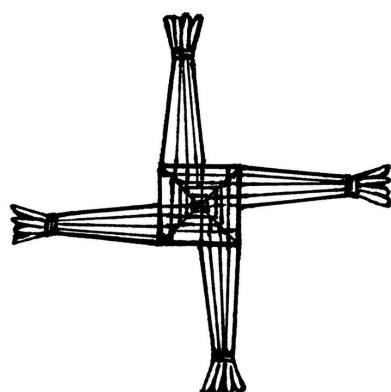
*Oh, the summer time is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather*

*Will ye go lassie, go?  
Where wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
I would surely find another*

*Will ye go lassie, go?  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Near you pure crystal fountain  
I will build my love a bower*

*Will ye go lassie, go?  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
And we'll all go together*

**WILD YE GO,  
LASSIE, GO,**



*Shillelagh law was all the rage  
It was woman to woman and man to man  
Then the war did soon engage  
And left her sprawling on the floor  
O Biddy, says she "you're wrong I'm sure"  
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job  
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee  
Tim Mauroon why did you die?"  
Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry  
First they brought in rye and cake  
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch  
His friends assembled at the wake  
And a barrel of porter at his head  
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet  
And laid him out upon the bed  
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet  
And they carried him home his corpse to wake  
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake  
One morning Tim was rather full*

*lots of fun at Finnegan's wake  
wasn't it the truth I tell you  
we'll the floor your trotters shake  
whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner  
He'd a drop of the crayther every morn  
And to help him on with his work each day  
With the love of the tipplin' way  
You see he'd a sort of the tipplin' way  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd  
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street*

**FINNEGAN'S WAKE**

*Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blades  
Tim revives, see how he rises  
The liquor scattered over Tim  
It missed and falling on the bed  
Then Mickey Malone raised his head  
And a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
It was a row and a ruction soon began  
Shillelagh law was all the rage  
It was the war did soon engage  
And left her a belt in the gob  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
"O Biddy," says she "you're wrong I'm sure"  
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job  
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee  
Tim Mauroon why did you die?"  
Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?  
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## I'LL TELL ME MA

*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

## 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

**And it's no, nay, never! No, nay never no more..  
will I play the wild rover, no never no more!**

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay  
such a custom as yours I can have any day

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright  
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
she said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best  
and the words that you told me were only in jest'

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



## 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?

**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 run about the slopes  
and picked the daisies fine;  
But we've wandered many a weary foot  
since 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