

SONGBOOK.THADHUGHES.XYZ

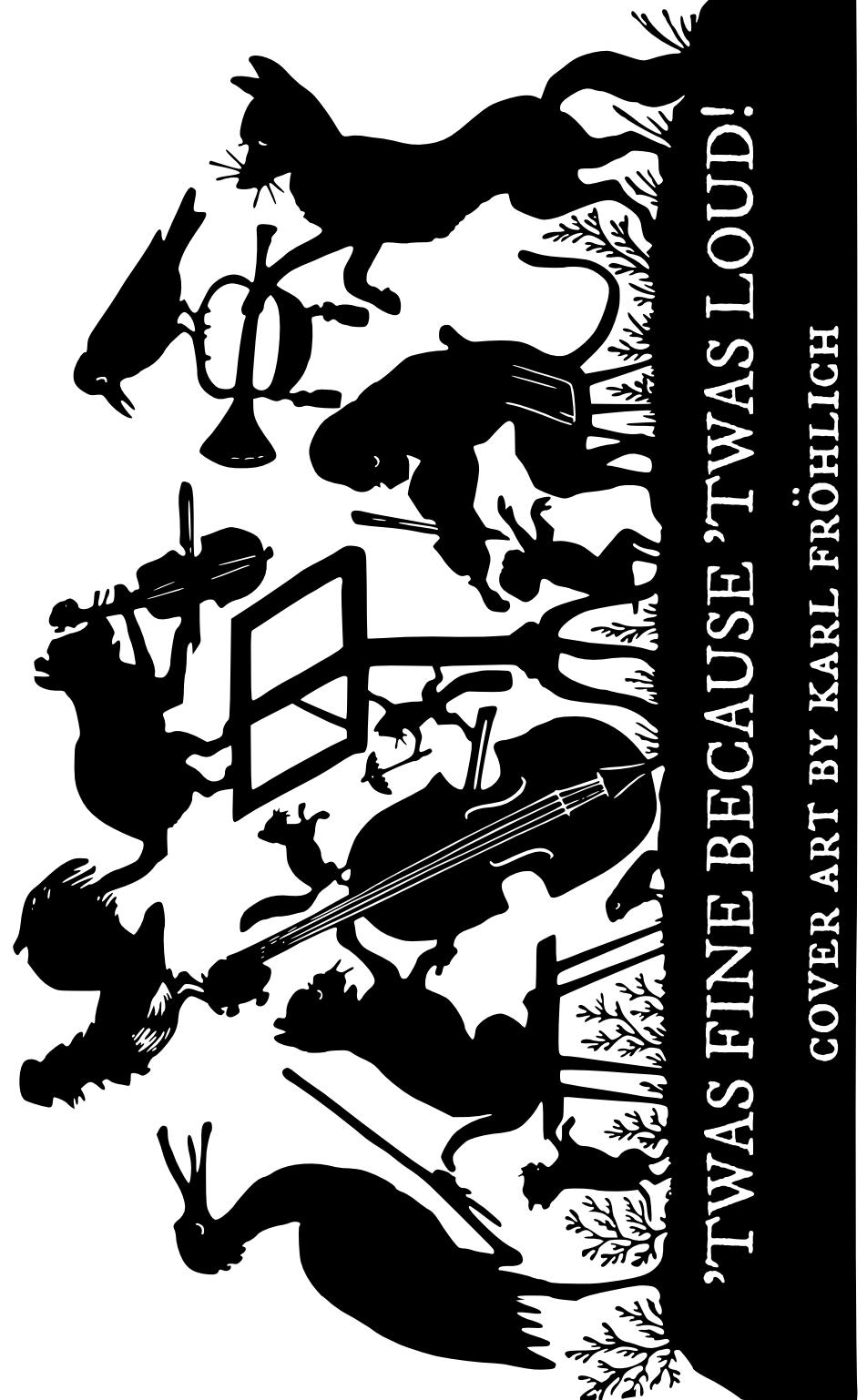
REVISED MARCH 2025

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
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.

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

Oh, the transporting...

The King's highway of holiness,
Save, mighty Lord!
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Save, mighty Lord!

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| You are my sunshine | I the other night, dear | As I lay sleeping | 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 only sunshine | I you are my sunshine | My only sunshine | You make me happy | When skies are gray | You make me happy | How much I love you | You never know, dear | My sunshine away |
| My sunshine | I you are my sunshine | As I lay sleeping | I dreamed I held you | In my arms | I when I awoke, dear | I was mistaken | So I hung my head | My sunshine away |
| My sunshine | I the other night, dear | The other night, dear | I dreamed I held you | When I awoke, dear | When I awoke, dear | I was mistaken | So I hung my head | My sunshine away |
| My sunshine | I you are my sunshine | As I lay sleeping | I you make me happy | In my arms | I you make me happy | How much I love you | Please don't take | My sunshine away |

You Are My Sunshine

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| In the highways, in the hedgerows | If He calls me, I will answer | I'll be somewhere workin' |
| In the highways, in the hedgerows | If He calls me, I will answer | I'll be somewhere workin' |
| In the highways, in the hedgerows | If He calls me, I will answer | I'll be somewhere workin' |
| In the highways, in the hedgerows | If He calls me, I will answer | I'll be somewhere workin' |
| In the highways, in the hedgerows | If He calls me, I will answer | I'll be somewhere workin' |

IN THE HIGHWAYS

| | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| I'll fly away | To a home on God's celestial shore | I'll fly away | When I die, Hallelujah, by and by |
| I'll fly away | To a land where joy shall never end | I'll fly away | When I die, Hallelujah, by and by |
| I'll fly away | (where there's no crying, only singing) | I'll fly away | When I die, Hallelujah, by and by |
| I'll fly away, oh, Glory | | I'll fly away | When I die, Hallelujah, by and by |
| I'll fly away | | I'll fly away | When I die, Hallelujah, by and by |

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

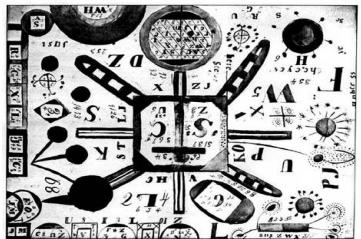
Hope, etc.

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...

Down in the river to pray
Come on sisters lets go down
Let's go down, come on down
O sisters lets go down
We are climbing Jacobs ladder, (x3)
Every round goes higher, higher, (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.
Rise, shine, give God glory, (x3)
Soliders 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
From the depths I cry
Lord, for He comes with mercy
You do not know the day
Keep watch, stay awake
And you do not know the hour
You do not know the day
Won't you keep those lamps trimmed?
Midnights coming in
Keep those lamps trimmed, now
The Lord, for He comes with mercy
My soul waits for more than sentinels
Got no time to waste
The new Jerusalem comes down, (x3)
Adorned with shining grace.
That holy, happy place,
Where God resides,
From the third heaven,
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,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
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 never attain,
Which false apostates never knew.



CONFIDENCE (279)

White (288)

Ye fleeting charms of earth farewell,
Away, my unbeliefing fear;
Fear shall in me no more have place,
My Savior doch not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of His face;
But shall I therefore let Him go,
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!

To lay this body down.
I'm a long time traveling here below,
I'm a long time traveling away from home,
And basely to the tempter Yield?
Farewell, my friends, whose tender care
Has long engag'd my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

I'm a long time traveling here below,
I'm a long time traveling here below,
I'm a long time traveling here below,
I'm a long time traveling here below,

A brighter world on high.
My soul now seeks another home.
Your springs of joy are dry;
Farewell, my friends of earth farewell,

White (288)

NORTFIELD (155)

I'm a long time traveling...

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

Oh how long?
How long, dear Savior,
Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
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 never attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Ant. 5.

S Alve, Re-gí-na, * ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi-ae : Vi-ta,
Mary, we hail thee,, mother and queen compassionate: 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 Jesus the

exsí-li- um osténde. O cle-mens : O pi- a : O
blessed fruit of thy womb. O gen-tle, O ten-der, O...

dulcis * Virgo Ma-rí- a.
gracious Virgin 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 stream 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 from a mile or more
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. The top staff is for soprano or alto voices, the middle staff for tenor or bass voices, and the bottom staff for piano. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano part includes a bass line.

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,
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.
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 weaknesses might invigorate;
and may the Son on us bestow
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,
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 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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

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

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
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing
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
If we didn't fire our muskets 'till we looked em in the eye"
Old Hickory said, "We could take 'em by surprise
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

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"
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

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

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

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

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
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

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

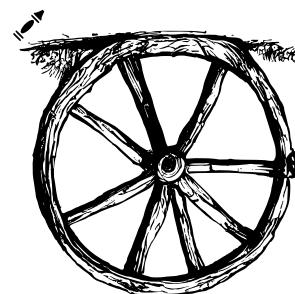
There was 40 feet between them when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today
Texas Red had not cleared leather 'fore a bullet fairly ripped
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

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.

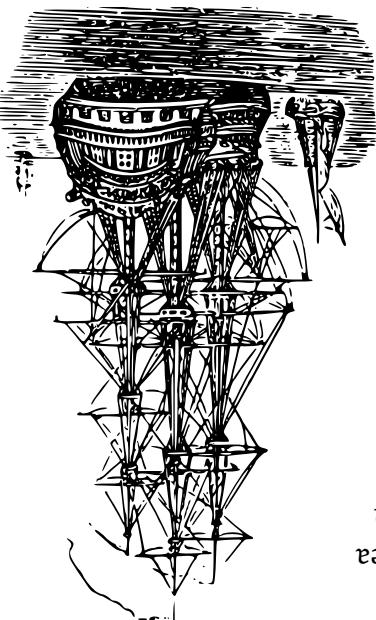
Wagon Wheel



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!)

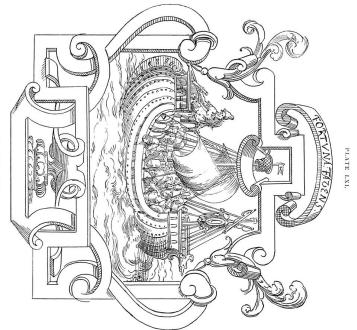
Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she divided down below (Huh!)

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

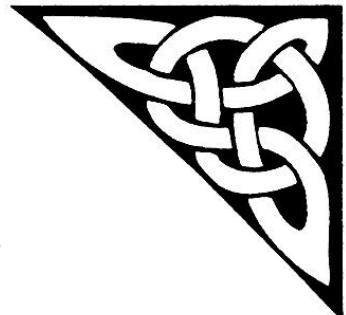
Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

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**

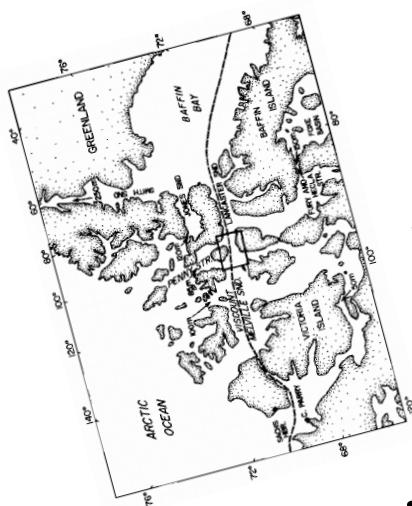
Red her cheeks as rowans are
Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Marie

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 tardiest 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 rigs, played some funny rigs
Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs
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 rest'd 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 blacknor to banish ghosts and goblins
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Drank a pint of beer, me griet and tears to smother
Satirred Father dear, kissed me darlin' 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 Farral 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 Farral to be ready for the slaughter.
It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,

I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farral.
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.



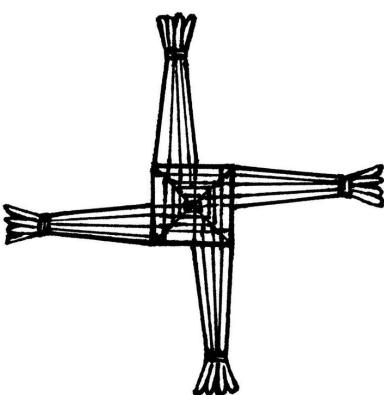
*Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather*

*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
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His head felt heavy, which made him shake
One morning Tim was rather full*

*Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"
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
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His head felt heavy, which made him shake
One morning Tim was rather full*

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