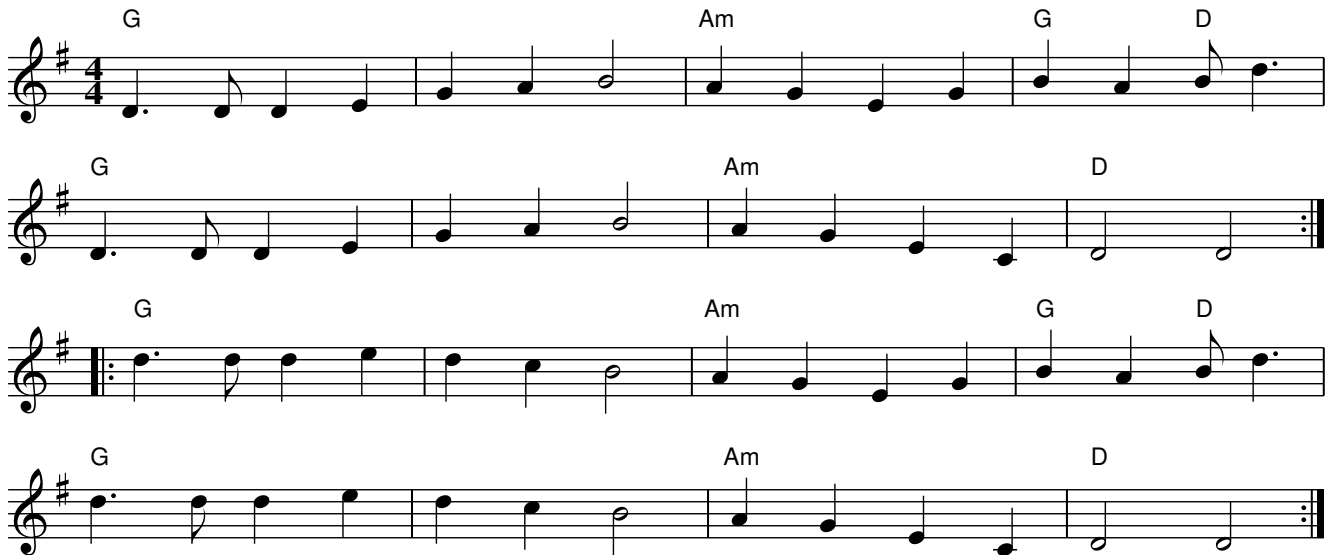


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Mairi's Wedding



Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Mairi's Wedding

Over hill and up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shielings thro the town
All for sake of Mairi

Step we gaily on we go...

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny sairns as weel
That's the toast for Mairi

Step we gaily on we go...

Red her cheeks as rowans are
Eyes as bright as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Mairi

Angeline the Baker



Angeline the baker, age of 43
Fed her sugar candy, but she still won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, just twenty years ago

Her father was a miller, his name was Uncle Sam
I never can forget her, no matter where I am
She said couldn't do hard work, because she was not stout
Baked the biscuits every day and poured the coffee out

Angeline the baker, age of 43
Angeline, I love her so, but she won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

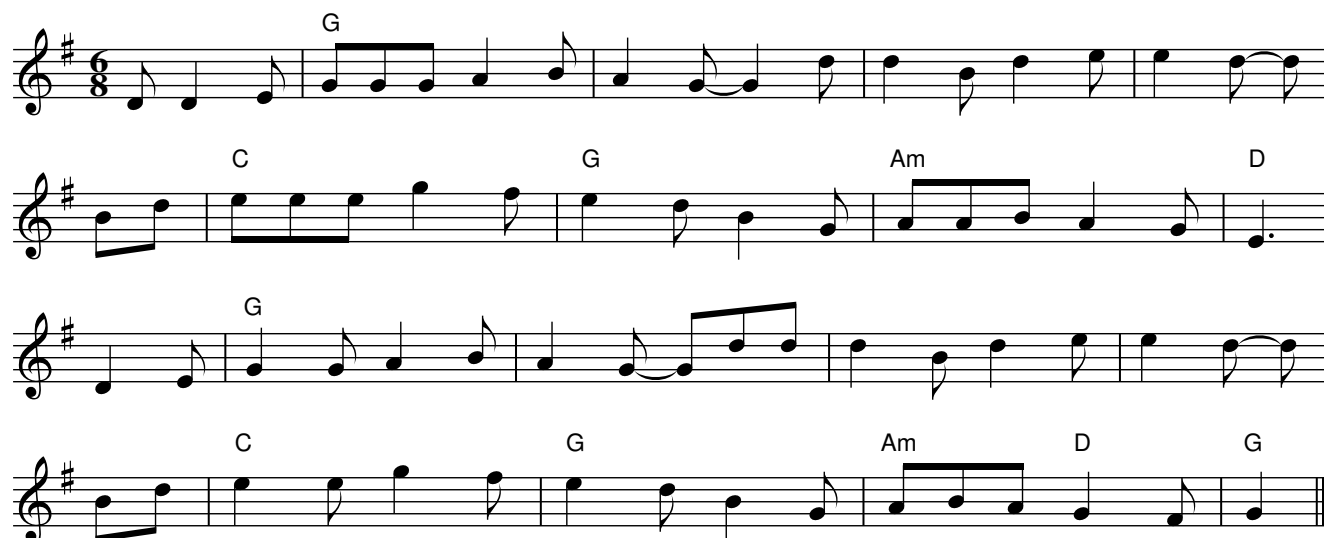
I once bought her a brand new dress, it was neither black nor brown
It was the colour of stormy skies, before the rain comes down
Sixteen horses in my team, the leader he was blind
I dreamed that I was dying, and I saw my Angeline

Angeline the baker, age of 43
The way I always loved her, beats all you've ever seen
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

Angeline is beautiful, Angeline is tall
They say she broke her ankle out a-dancing at the ball
The last time that I saw her, it was at the county fair
Her father ran me almost home and told me to stay there

Angeline the baker, age of 43
Fed her sugar candy, but she still won't marry me
Angeline the baker, Angeline I know
Should have married Angeline, twenty years ago

Ramblin' Rover



Well there's sober men and plenty,
and drunkards barely twenty;
There are men over ninety
that have never yet kissed a girl,
But give me a rambling rover,
from Orkney down to Dover,
We'll roam the country over
and together we'll face the world

There's many that feign enjoyment
from merciless employment
Their ambition was this deployment
from the minute they left the school
And they save and scrape and ponder,
while the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander -
and they're happier as a rule.

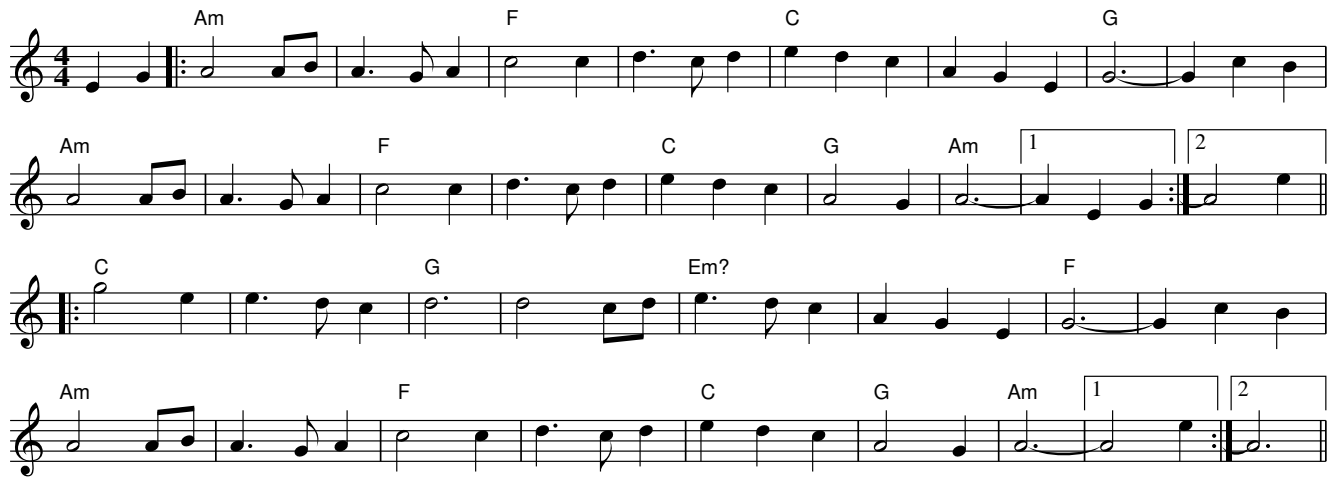
Well there's sober men and plenty...

I've roamed through all the nations,
to delight in all creation
And I've tried a wee sensation
where the company did prove kind.
When parting was no pleasure,
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that we treasure
for they always are in our mind.

Well there's sober men and plenty...

If you're bent with arthritis,
your bowels have got colitis
You've galloping ballicitus
and you're thinking it's time you died.
If you've been a man of action,
while you're lying there in traction
You may gain some satisfaction
thinking "Jesus, at least I've tried"

The Star Of The County Down



Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
Down a bóithrín green came a sweet cailín
And she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Such a winsome elf, I'm ashamed of myself
For to see I was staring there

From Bantry Bay up to Derry's Quay
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the fair cailín
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched me head
And I looked with a feelin' rare
And I says, says I, to a passer-by
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair"?
Well, he looked at me and he said to me
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the County Down"

From Bantry Bay up ...

She'd soft brown eyes with a look so shy
And a smile like the rose in June
And she sang so sweet what a lovely treat
As she lilted an Irish tune
At the Lammas dance I was in the trance
As she whirled with the lads of the town
And it broke me heart just to be apart
From the star of the County Down

From Bantry Bay..

At the Harvest Fair, she'll be surely there
So I'll dress in me Sunday clothes
With me shoes shone bright and me hat cocked right
For a smile from the nut brown rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
'Til me plough is a rust-colored brown
And a smiling bride by me own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

From Bantry Bay...

Dirty Old Town



I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

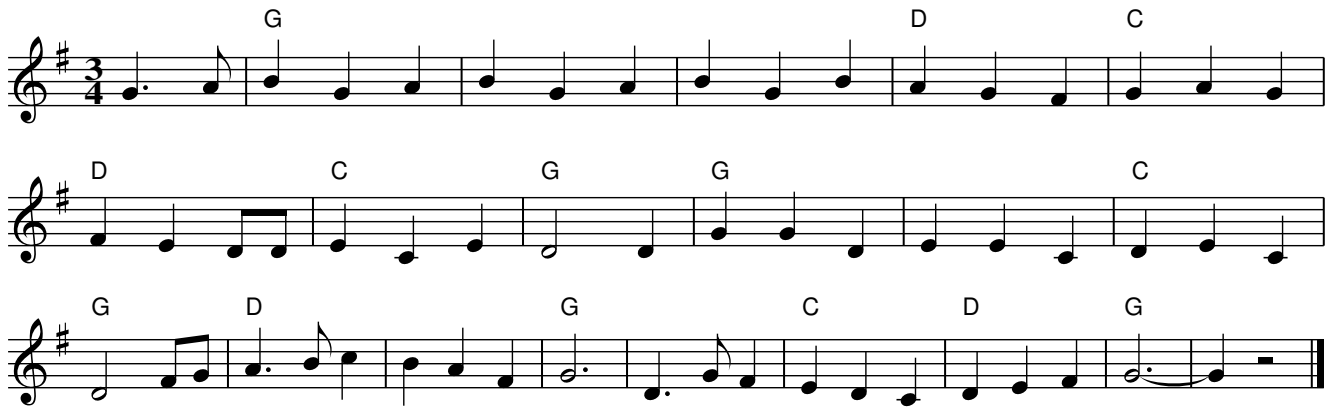
I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Hard Times in Old England



Come all brother tradesmen that travel along;
Oh, pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone.
Long time I have travelled and cannot find none,
And it's,

Chorus: Oh, the hard times of Old England,
In Old England very hard times.

Provisions you buy at the shop, it is true,
But, if you've no money, there's none there for you.
So, what's a poor man and his family to do?
And it's,

[Chorus]

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,
They will answer you there with a shake and a nod;
So, that's enough to make a man turn out and rob.
And it's,

[Chorus]

You will see the poor tradesman a-walking the street
From morning till night, for employment to seek,
And scarcely they've got any shoes to their feet.
And it's,

[Chorus]

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war;
Been fighting for their Queen and their country, 'tis sure
Come home to be starved, better stayed where they were.
And it's,

[Chorus]

And now to conclude and to finish my song,
Let us hope that these hard times they will not last long;
I hope soon to have occasion to alter my song.
And it's,
Oh, the good times of Old England,
In Old En-ge-land jolly good times.

Rattlin' Bog

The Rose Tree

The leaves are so green

repeat forever

I'm not putting words for this, that would be cheating, just get good ig

The Moonshiner



I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me, Well, leave me alone
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry
And if moonshine don't kill me, I'll live til I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
I'll go to some hol-low and set up my still
And I'll make you a gallon for a two dollar bill.

W: I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler...

I'll go to some grocery, I'll drink with my friends
No body to follow me to see what I spend
God bless those pretty women, I wish they was mine
Their breath is as sweet as the dew on the vine.

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler...

Well its cornbread when I'm hungry, corn liquor when I'm dry
And its greenbacks when I'm hard up and religion when I die
The world's but a bottle and life's but a dram
When the bottle is empty, it ain't worth a damn.

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler...

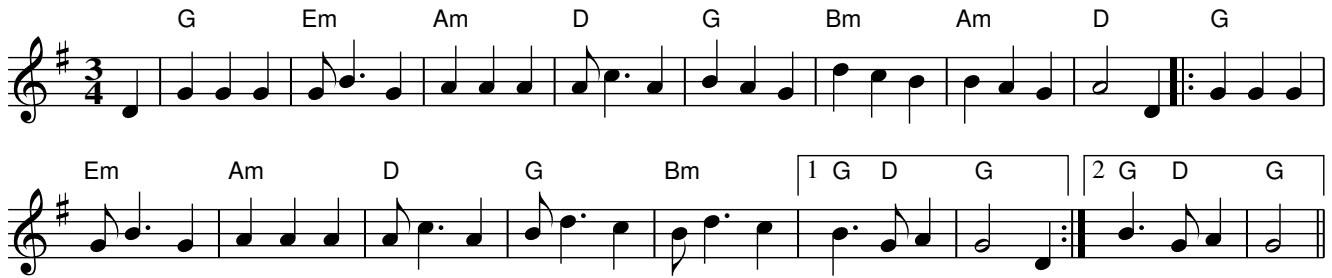
I'll go to some hollow in this country,
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree,
No woman to follow, the world is all mine,
And I love none so dear as I love the moonshine.

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler...

Ah moonshine, dear moonshine, how I love thee,
W: You killed my old father, dare you try me?
Bless all moonshiners, bless all moonsnine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler...

Molly Malone (Cockles And Mussels)



In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh..

But I was a rover
And I sailed the seas over
So I said goodbye to my Molly Malone
And as I was sailing
The winds, they were wailing
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh..

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh..

Bring Us in Real Ale



Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no grain.

But bring us in real ale, real ale,
And bring us in real ale.
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in real ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there are many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at once.

But bring us in real ale...

Bring us in no mutton, for that is seldom lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they are seldom clean.

But bring us in real ale...

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and bring us nothing else.

But bring us in real ale...

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mire.

But bring us in real ale...

Goodnight Irene

D E A Em A D A

D D7 G E A A7 D

A D E A Em A D

A D D7 G E A A7 D

Irene, goodnight
Irene, goodnight
Goodnight, Irene
Goodnight, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

Last Saturday night I got married
Me and my wife settled down
Now, me and my wife are parted
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown

Irene, goodnight
Irene, goodnight
Goodnight, Irene
Goodnight, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in town
Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump into the river and drown

Irene, goodnight
Irene, goodnight
Goodnight, Irene
Goodnight, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

Stop ramblin', stop your gamblin'
Stop staying out late at night
Go home to your wife and family
Stay there by your fireside, bright

Irene, goodnight
Irene, goodnight
Goodnight, Irene
Goodnight, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

The Bonny Ship The Diamond



The Diamond is a ship, me lads, for the Davis Strait we're bound
The quay it is all garnished with bonnie lasses 'round
Captain Thompson gives the orders to sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets, me lads, nor darkness dims the sky

For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale
For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale

Along the quay of Peterhead, the lasses stand around
Wi' their shawls all pulled around
Their necks and the salt tears runnin' down
Well don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you'll be left behind
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind

For it's cheer up me lads...

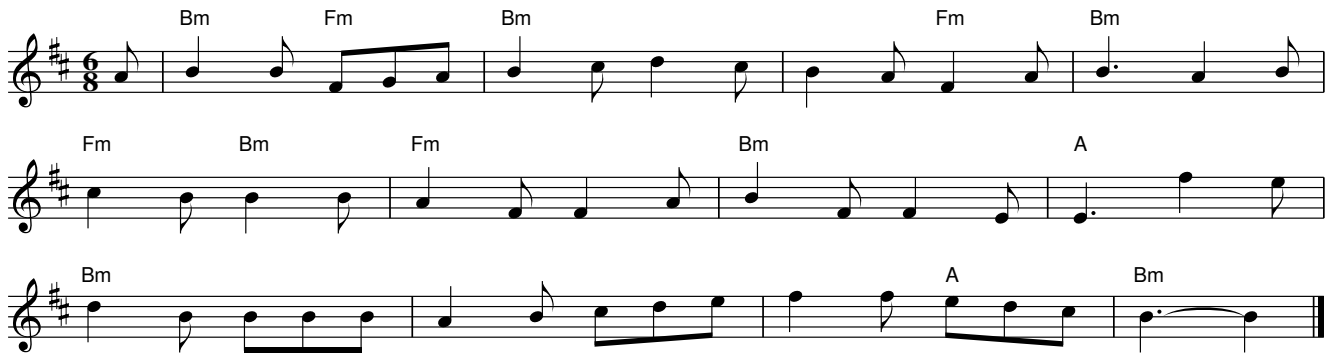
Here's a health to the Resolution (Hey), likewise the Eliza Swan
Three cheers to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame
We wear the trousers of the white and the jackets of the blue
When we get back to Peterhead, we'll have sweethearts anew

For it's cheer up me lads...

It will be bright both day and night when Greenland lads come hame
Our ship full up with oil, my lads, and money to our name
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing: "Hushabye, my dear"

For it's cheer up me lads...

The Royal Forester



1. I am a forester of this land
As you may plainly see,
It's the mantle of your maidenhead
That I would have from thee.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
2. He's taken her by the milk-white hand
And by the leylan sleeve,
He's lain her down upon her back
And asked no man's leave.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
3. Now since you've lain me down young man,
You must take me up again,
And since you've had your wills of me,
Come tell to me your name.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
4. Some call me Jim, some call me John,
Begad it's all the same,
But when I'm in the king's high court
Erwilian is my name.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
5. She being a good scholar,
She's spelt it o'er again,
Erwilian, that's a Latin word,
But Willy is your name.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
6. Now when he heard his name pronounced,
He mounted his high horse.
She's belted up her petticoat
And followed with all her force.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
7. He rode and she ran
A long summer day,
Until they came by the river
That's commonly called the Tay.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
8. The water, it's too deep, my love,
I'm afraid you cannot wade.
But afore he'd ridden his horse well in
She was on the other side.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
9. She went up to the king's high door,
She knocked and she went in,
Said, One of your chancellor's robbed me
And he's robbed me right and clean.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
10. Has he robbed you of your mantle?
Has he robbed you of your ring?
No, he's robbed me of my maidenhead
And another I can't find.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
11. If he be a married man
Then hanged he shall be,
And if he be a single man
He shall marry thee?
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an
12. This couple they got married,
They live in Huntley town.
She's the Earl of Airlie's daughter,
And he's the blacksmith's son.
With me ru-ron-rority ri-no-ro-rity
ri-no-ro-rity-an

Rosin The Beau

Traditional (England)

I've travel -ed all ov -er this world, — And now to a -no -ther I go. And I
 know that good quar -ters are wai -ting To wel -come old Ro -sin the Beau.
 To wel -come old Ro -sin the Beau. — To wel -come old Ro -sin the Beau. I
 know that good quar -ters are wai -ting To wel -come old Ro -sin the Beau.

When I m dead and laid out on the counter
 A voice you will hear from below,
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau.

To drink with old Rosin the Beau". (x2)
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
 And stack them all up in a row
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau

To the memory of Rosin the Beau (x2)
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
 And let them all stagger and go
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau.

And in it put Rosin the Beau. (x2)
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Then get ye a couple of bottles.
 Put one at me head and me toe.
 With a diamond ring scratch upon em
 The name of old Rosin the Beau.

The name of old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
 With a diamond ring scratch upon em
 The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel that old tyrant approaching,
 That cruel remorseless old foe,
 And I lift up me glass in his honour.
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
 And I lift up me glass in his honour.
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Beer is Great

The Longest Johns
arr. by Jupiter

Beer is great, beer is grand, I long to hold one in my hand With
frost - y head and am ber hue, not much that i would -n't do For a
pint of ale or smok - ey stout, beer goes in, joy comes out!
Beer is great, beer is swell, I'd throw my mother in a wish - ing well so
Grab a cask and yank the shive more; drink 'em up til clos - ing time!
I could wish for one pint more; Quaff the drink I do a - dore!
Keep your wine It's not for me, keep your rum, I have no need, for
Ci - der gin and vod - ka no! Whis - key's good but don't add coke,
Beer is a wel - - come sight to see
Ale is a won - - drous ma - - ster stroke!
The world has de - - clined the tan - - kard and
stein, and flocked to the flutes and the shots Our
fa - - thers would cry and ex - - claim, "Oh god, why?!" We a -
- ban - doned the Rein - heits - ge - bot When the sky, it turns
black, and the land, it is parched, and your

Fm Cm
 life be - comes wea - thered and dull, We
 A \flat E \flat
 march to the drum of the cask, butt and
 E \flat F7 B \flat
 tun For there's plen - ty of gla - sses to fill! 'Cause
 E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat
 Beer is grand, beer is ace, watch me stick one in my face
 A \flat B \flat
 Gob - let, glass or plas - tic cup, I don't rea - lly give a...
 E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat
 Beer is good, if I may, help your hang - ups melt a - way
 A \flat B \flat E \flat
 Mark my words and mark them well, Beer us great, yes, beer is swell!

All for Me Grog

Traditional

Chorus: All for me grog, _____ me jol - - ly, jol - - ly grog, _____ It's
all for me beer and to - bac - co, _____ For I
spent all me tin on the lass - ies drink - ing gin. Far a -
- cross the wes - - tern o - - cean I must wan - - der.

Chorus:

(Well it's) All for me grog, me jolly jolly grog

It's all for me beer and tobacco

For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin

Far across the western ocean I must wander.

1. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather. (Chorus)
2. Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather. (Chorus)
3. Where is me wife, me noggin', noggin' wife?
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her front it got worn out, and her tail end knocked about
And her arse is looking out for better weather. (Chorus)
4. Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a miss and now the sheets have gone all swiss
And the springs are hanging out for better whether. (Chorus)
5. I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander. (Chorus)