

Ed's Songbook

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Aikendrum

Traditional



Ken ya who a whig can fight: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Ken ya who a whig can fight: Aikendrum
 He can fight the hero bright: With his heels and armor light
 And the wind of heav'nly might: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Is not Rowley in the right: Aikendrum

Did ya hear of Sunderland: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Did ya hear of Sunderland: Aikendrum
 That man of high command: Who has sworn to clear the land
 He is vanished from our strand: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Or the eel has ta'en the sand: Aikendrum

Donald's running around and 'round: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Donald's running around and 'round: Aikendrum
 But the chief cannot be found: And the Dutchmen they are drowned
 And King Jamie he is crowned: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 But the dogs will get a 'stound: Aikendrum

We have heard of Whigs galore: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 We have heard of Whigs galore: Aikendrum
 We have searched the country o'er: With cannons and claymore
 But still they are before: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 We may seek forever more: : Aikendrum

Ken ya who to gain a Whig: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 Ken ya who to gain a Whig: Aikendrum
 Look jolly blithe and big: Take his ain blest side a prig
 And the poor worm eaten whig: Aikendrum, Aikendrum
 For opposition's sake we will win

Bold McShane

Traditional



My name is McShane from the plains of Kildare
 A farmer I was until the last year
 Till I took a notion oh via promotion
 Went over to England the harvest the shear

Rum toora la rum toora laddie rum toora la musha rum toora lay

I parted with money so blithe and so jolly
 Picked up a stick for a staff in me hand
 And to keep myself cheery for fear I'd get weary
 I sang Paddywhack as I went on my way.

I landed at Dumbarton on a fine summers evening
 Me bundle and staff I held them in me hands
 There were some of them laughing and some of them chaffin'
 More of them trying to stick Paddy away.

I went into a woman to ask her for lodgings
 She said "Me young man, now don't look so dull!
 For I will tell you where you will get lodgings
 With a woman who lives next door to The Black Bull."

So I went to this woman and asked her for lodgings
She instantly showed me to a bed in a room
And I being so tired and worn out from walking
I threw myself down on me bed in the room.

But a lump of a Tinker lay up in the corner
He swore 'pon his soul sure he'd kill all was there
Says I "Me bold Tinker, give over your braggin',
I'm bold McShane from the plains of Kildare!"

But he tried for to hit me a punch in the stomach
I instantly fetched him a one in the throat
And he tumbled heels over his head in the corner
And put all his head in an old rusty pot.

He lay on the floor like a sheep he was bleeding
I swore 'pon my soul sure I'd cut off his life
But I lifted him up and sent down for to Megan
Me and the Tinker we ended the strife.

The Blacksmith

Traditional



A Blacksmith courted me, nine months and better
 He fairly one my heart, wrote me a letter
 With his hammer in his hand he looked quite clever
 And if I was with my love, I'd live forever

But where has my love gone, with his cheeks like roses
 And his good black billycock on, all decked 'round with primroses
 I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine, and burn his beauty
 And if I was with my love, I'd do my duty

Strange news has come to town, strange news is carried
 Strange news flies up and down, that my love is married
 I wish them both much joy, though they can't hear me
 And may God reward him well for the slighting of me

Don't you remember when you lay beside me?
 And you said you'd marry me, and not deny me
 If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you
 So bring your witness love, and I'll not deny you

But witness have I none, save God almighty
 And may he reward you well for the slighting of me
 Her lips grew pale and wan, it made her poor heart to tremble
 To think she'd loved the one, and he proved deceitful

Dirty Old Town

Ewan McColl



I found my love by the gas works croft
 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
 Out springs 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 big sharp axe
 Shining steel tempered in the fire
 I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
 Dirty old town
 Dirty old town

I found 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

Felix the Soldier

Traditional



Well they took away me brouges and they robbed me of my spade
 Put me in the Army and a soldier of me made
 But I could not beat the drum and I could not play the flute
 They put me in the Army and they taught me how to shoot

Well we had a bloody fight after we had gained the wall
 the devil a bit of mercy did the Frenchies show at all
 Well the Indians they were sly and the Frenchies they were coy
 They shot off the left leg of this poor Irish boy

Then they put me on a ship and they sent me home again
 With all the Army's training after battle strife and then
 Well we headed for the down and we landed at the keys
 Me mother came to see me and these words did say to me
 Oh Felix were you drunk, and Felix were you mad
 oh what has become of the fine two legs you had

Well I bid my spade adieu, for I could not dig the bog
 But I can play my fiddle and I can drink my grog
 I've learned to smoke a pipe, and I can fire a gun
 To the devil with the fighting I am glad this war is done

Go to Sea Once More

Traditional



At once I landed in Liverpool, I went upon a spree
 Me money at last, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be
 And when me money was all gone, 'twas then that I wanted more
 But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
 But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more

I spent the night with Angelie, too drunk to roll in bed
 Me watch new, and me money too, in the morning with them she'd fled
 And as I wandered the streets of town, oh how them whores did roar
 Why there goes Jack Sprat, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
 Why there goes Jack Sprat, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more

As I went walking down London road, I met with rapper Brown
 I asked him if he'd take me in, he looked at me with a frown
 He said last time you was paid off, with me you've chalked no score
 But I'll give yas a chance, and I'll take your advance, and I'll send you to sea once more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But I'll give yas a chance, and I'll take your advance, and I'll send you to sea once more

He shipped me aboards of a whaling barque, that was bound for them arctic seas
Where there's ice and snow, and them cold winds blow, why Jamakee rum would freeze
And hardest to bear, I'd no hard weather gear, for I'd spent all me money ashore
Why 'twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea no more.

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
Why 'twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea no more.

Some days we was catching whales me boys and some days we was catching none
With a twenty foot oar in your hand you roll the whole day long
And when them shades of night come you rest on your weary oar
Why your back is so weak, that you never would seek a berth at sea once more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
Why your back is so weak, that you never would seek a berth at sea once more

So come all you hard weather sailing men, and listen to me song
When you get back from them long trips, I'll have you not go wrong
Take my advice, drink no strong drink, and go sleeping with no whore
But get married instead, and have all night in, and go to sea no more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But get married instead, and have all night in, and go to sea no more

Man You Don't Meet Everyday

Traditional



Arranged mandolin part



My name is Jock Stewart, I'm a crafty young boy
 And a roving young fellow I have been
 So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
 I'm a man you don't meet everyday

I have acres of land, I have men I command
 I have always a shilling to spare
 So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
 I'm a man you don't meet everyday

So fill up your glasses with brandy and wine
Whatever it costs I will pay
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet everyday

I went out with my dog, and with him I did shoot
All down in the county kildare
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet everyday

So fill up your glasses with brandy and wine
Whatever it costs I will pay
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet everyday

Paddy West

Traditional



As I went walking down London road, I come to Paddy West's house
 He give me a plate of American hash, and calls it Liverpool scouse
 He said there's a ship that's wanting hands, and on her you must sign
 The mate's a bastard, the bosun's worse, but she will suit you fine

Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
 And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

After I finished the plate me boys, the wind began to blow
 He sent me up to the attic, the mail royal for to stow
 But when I get up to the attic, no main royal could I find
 So I turned around to the window and I furled the window blind

Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
 And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

Paddy he piped - All hands on deck, their stations for to man -
 His wife, she stood in the doorway, with a bucket in her hand
 Paddy he cried - Now let her rip - and she flung the water our way
 Saying - Clew up yer 'fore t'gansls boys, she's takin' in the spray -

Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

Since your headed away to the south me boys, to Frisco you are bound
Paddy he called for a length of rope and layed on the ground
He had us step over and back again and he says to me -that's fine-
And if ever they ask was you ever at sea, you can say you've crossed the line

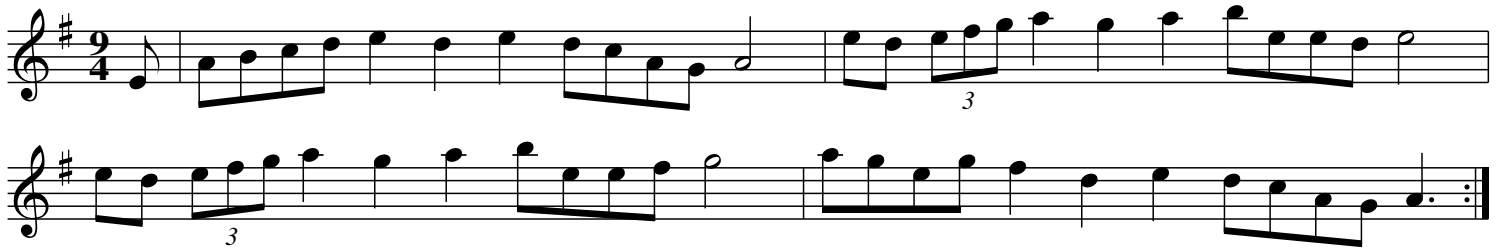
Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

There's only one thing left that you must do before you sail away
Walk around the table, where the bullocks horn does lay
And if ever they ask, was you ever at sea, you can say ten times 'round the Horn
And be' Jesus that you was a sailorman since the day that you was born

Put on your dungaree jacket, and walk up looking your best
And tell 'em that you're an old sailorman since the day that you was born
Put on your dungaree jacket, and walk up looking your best
And tell 'em that you're an old sailorman since the day that you was born

Roving Peddler

Traditional



I am a jolly peddler and I've roamed this country 'round
 Until I took a notion to view some other ground
 With my pack upon my shoulder and my cudgel in my hand
 I went into New Hampshire to view that happy land

I went into New Hampshire and the girls all jumped for joy
 Said one girl to another "There's that handsome peddler boy"
 They invited me to dine with them, they took me by the hand
 The toast they gave primarily, Success to the peddler man

I went into New Hampshire where the girls they are so neat
 They're kind in every feature, their kisses are so sweet
 There's handsome Jane and Molly and fair young Betsy, too
 Along with one of these fair maids I'll roam the country through

I went into New Hampshire and there among the maids
 With my bold conversation they seemed but not afraid
 While such fine things I sold to them they came to understand
 The humor and good nature of the handsome peddler man

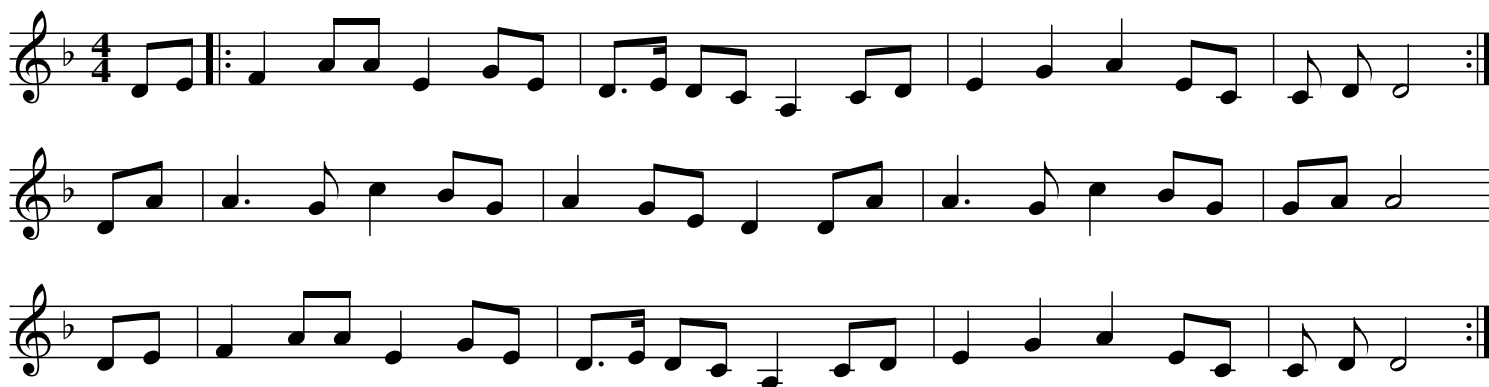
I went into a tavern and there all night I stayed
 The landlady's fair daughter of me was not afraid
 She held me and she kissed me, she took me by the hand
 And shyly told her mamma that she loved the peddler man

But early the next morning as I was going away
 The landlady's fair daughter these words to me did say
 "How can you be so cruel and treat me so unkind
 And go onece more a roaming and to leave me here behind"

But I'll leave off my peddling and I'll take to me a wife
 For with this handsome fair maid I'd gladly spend my life
 I'll embrace her late and early and do the best I can
 To make her bless the day she wed the handsome peddler man

Wings of a Goney

Traditional



Oh if I had the wings of a goney boys I'd spread 'em and fly home
 I'd leave all of Greenland's icy shores, for the right whale here is none
 Oh the weather's rough and the winds do blow, and there's little comfort here
 I'd rather be snug in a Deptford pub a-drinking a strong beer

Oh a man must be mad or wanting money bad to go venture catching whales
 For he may be drowned when the fish turns around or his head smashed in by its' tail
 They world seems grand to a young greenhand, and his heart is high when he goes
 In a very short burst he'd as soon as hear a curse as the cry of "There she blows"

All hands on deck, now for God's sake, move quickly if you can
 Oh he stumbles on deck, so dizzy and so sick, for his life he don't give a damn
 High overhead the great flukes spread, and the mate gives the whale the iron
 And soon the blood, in purple flood, from his spout all comes a-flyin'

Oh these trials we bare for neigh on four years, till our flyin' jib points to home
 We're supposed for our toil to get a bonus on the oil, and an equal share of the bone
 So we go to the agent to settle for our debt, and it's there we have cause to repent
 For we've slaved away four years of our lives, and we've earned about three pounds, ten