



Tunes and Sets

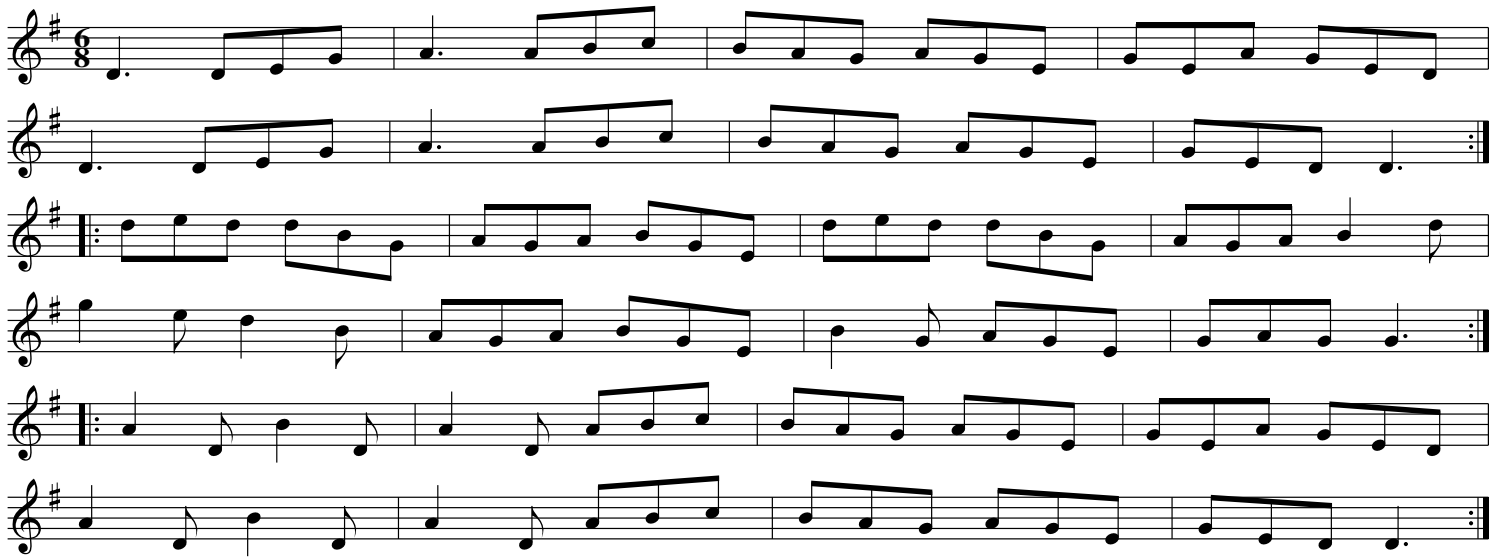
Blarney Pilgrim / Garrett Barry's / Banish Misfortune
Brenda Stubbert's / Master Crowley's / Tam Lin
Out on the Ocean / Shandon Bells / Connaughtman's Rambles
Fred Finn's / Sailing Into Walpole's Marsh
The Pipe On The Hob #1 / The Pipe On The Hob #2
Tobin's Favorite / Out on the Ocean / Tripping up the Stairs
Fifty Cent Piece / Three Little Drummers / When Sick is it Tea You Want?
The Freize Britches
Lucy Farr's / Bill Malley's / Kilnamona
Some Jig that John Played / Some Other Jig that John Played / Blackthorn Stick
Bird in the Bush
Some Waltz that John Played
Some other Waltz that John Played

Songs

Bold McShane
The Blacksmith
Dirty Old Town
Man You Don't Meet Everyday
Paddy West
Roving Peddler
Wings of a Goney
Larry Marr
Barret's Privateers

Blarney Pilgrim

Traditional



Garrett Barry's

Traditional



Banish Misfortune

Traditional



Brenda Stubbert's



Master Crowley's

Traditional



Tam Lin

Davey Arthur



Out on the Ocean

Traditional

Musical score for 'Out on the Ocean' in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score consists of six staves. The first two staves are the melody, with the second staff including first and second endings. The remaining four staves are accompaniment, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Shandon Bells

Traditional

Musical score for 'Shandon Bells' in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the melody, with the second staff including first and second endings. The last two staves are accompaniment, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Connaughtman's Rambles

Traditional

Musical score for 'Connaughtman's Rambles' in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the melody, with the second staff including first and second endings. The last two staves are accompaniment, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Fred Finn's



Sailing Into Walpole's Marsh



The Pipe On The Hob #1



The Pipe On The Hob #2



Tobin's Favorite



Out on the Ocean

Traditional



Tripping up the Stairs

Traditional



Fifty Cent Piece

Traditional



Three Little Drummers

Traditional



When Sick is it Tea You Want?

Traditional



The Freize Britches

Traditional



Lucy Farr's

Traditional



Bill Malley's

Traditional



Kilnamona

Traditional



Ask John

Ask John



Ask John

Ask John



Blackthorn Stick Coach Road To Sligo

Traditional



TUNES NOT IN SETS

Bird in the Bush



Ask John

Ask John



Ask John

Ask John

The musical score for 'Ask John' is written on two staves in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody, also ending with a double bar line. The notes are as follows:

Staff	Measure	Notes
1	1	F#4, G#4
	2	A4, B4
	3	C5, B4
	4	A4, G#4
	5	F#4, E4
	6	D4, C4
	7	B3, A3
2	8	G#3, F#3
	9	E3, D3
	10	C3, B2
	11	A2, G#2
	12	F#2, E2
	13	D2, C2
	14	B1, A1

SONGS

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

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

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

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

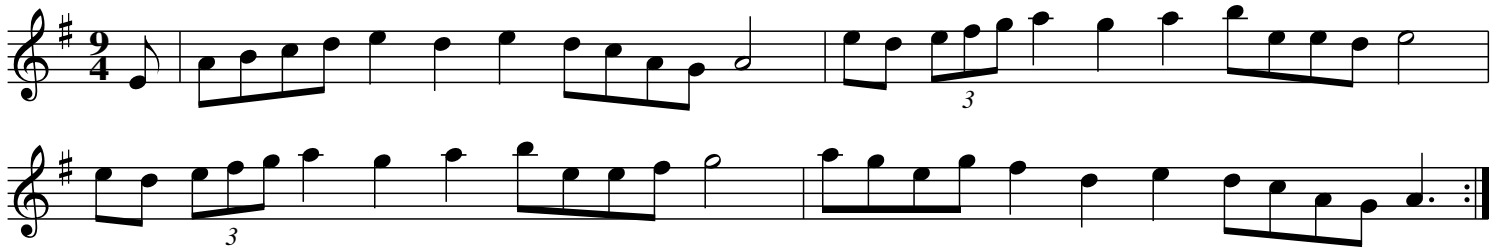
Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

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

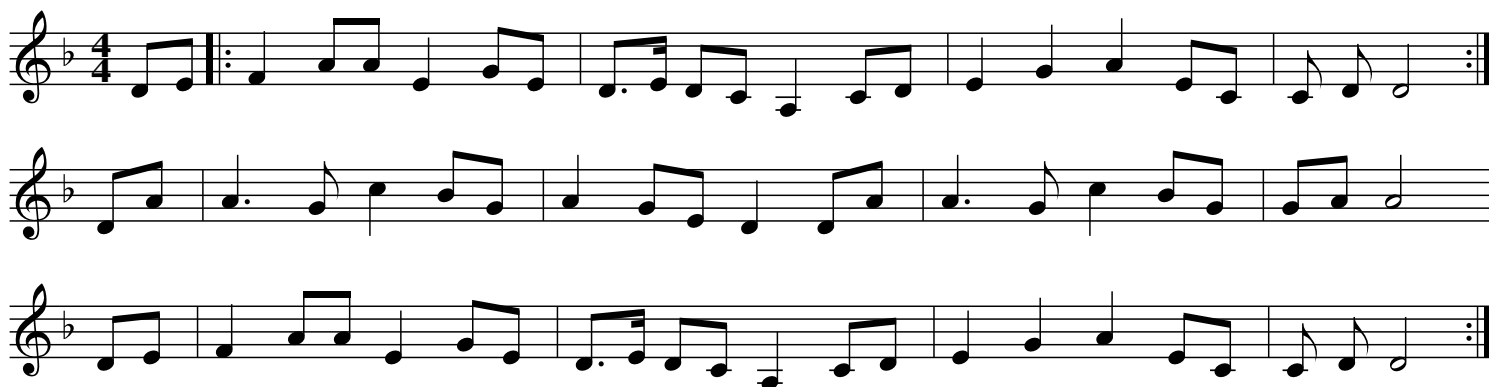
I went into a tavern and there all night I stayed
The landlady's fair daughter of me was not afraid
She held me and she kissed me, she took me by the hand
And shyly told her momma that she loved the peddler man

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

Larry Marr

Traditional



In Frisco town there lived a man whose name was Larry Marr
And in the days of the Cape Horn trade, Oh he used his big stone jar

In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands low
In the old Virginia lowlands, low

In Larry's place, down on the coast where lived old Larry Marr
The Missus and Larry would prime the beer, in the old five gallon jar

Now a hell ship she be short of hands, of full red-blooded tars
The Missus and Larry would prime the beer, in the old five gallon jar

Shellbacks and farmers just the same, strolled into Larry Marr's
And sailed away, around Cape Horn, helped by the five gallon jar

In Frisco town their names is know, and in the Cape Horn bars
And the stuff they sell out to old Jack, in the old five gallon jar

From the Barbary coast stay clear me boys, and from old Larry Marr's
Or else damn soon Shanghai'd you'll be, by the old five gallon jar

Shanghai'd away on a skys'l ship around Cape Horn so far
Goodbye to all the boys and girl, and to Larry's five gallon jar

Barrett's Privateers

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight / How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a letter of mark came from the king / To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

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

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town /
For twenty brave men, all fisherman who / Would make for him the Antelope's crew

Oh, the Antelope sloop was a sickening sight /
She'd a list to port and sails in rags / And a cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

On the king's birthday we put to sea /
It was ninety one days to Montego Bay / We were pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety sixth day we sailed again /
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight / With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

Oh, the Yankee lay low down with gold /
She was broad and fat and loose in stays / But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

At length we stood two cables away /
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din / But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

Oh, the Antelope shook and pitched on her side /
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs / And the main truck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my twenty third year /
Well it's been six years since I sailed away / And I just made Halifax yesterday