



# Tunes and Sets

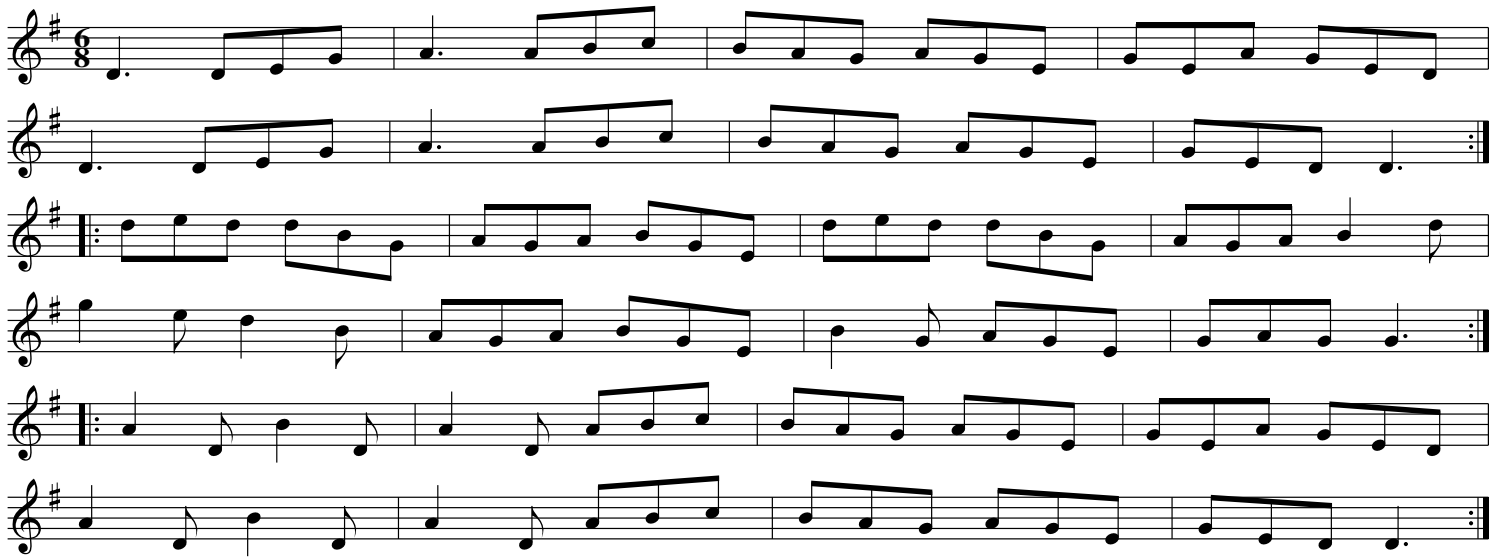
Blarney Pilgrim / Garrett Barry's / Banish Misfortune  
Brenda Stubbert's / Master Crowley's / Tam Lin  
Out on the Ocean / Shandon Bells / Connaughtman's Rambles  
Fred Finn's / Sailing Into Walpole's Marsh  
The Pipe On The Hob #1 / The Pipe On The Hob #2  
Tobin's Favorite / Out on the Ocean / Tripping 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*



## Shandon Bells

*Traditional*



## Connaughtman's Rambles

*Traditional*



## 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*



## Rose in the Heather

*Ask John*



## Ask John

*Ask John*



## Blackthorn Stick Coach Road To Sligo

*Traditional*



# TUNES NOT IN SETS

## Bird in the Bush



## Come Back Paddy Reilly

*Ask John*



Ask John

*Ask John*

The musical score for 'Ask John' is written on two staves in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The first staff contains 10 measures, and the second staff contains 10 measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The notes are as follows:

Staff	Measure	Notes
1	1	F#4, G4
1	2	A4, B4, A4
1	3	G4, F#4, E4
1	4	D4 (half note)
1	5	C4 (half note)
1	6	D4, E4, F#4
1	7	G4, A4, B4
1	8	C5, B4, A4
1	9	G4, F#4, E4
1	10	D4 (half note)
2	1	C4 (half note)
2	2	D4, E4, F#4
2	3	G4, A4, B4
2	4	C5, B4, A4
2	5	G4, F#4, E4
2	6	D4 (half note)
2	7	C4 (half note)
2	8	D4, E4, F#4
2	9	G4, A4, B4
2	10	C5 (half note)

# 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

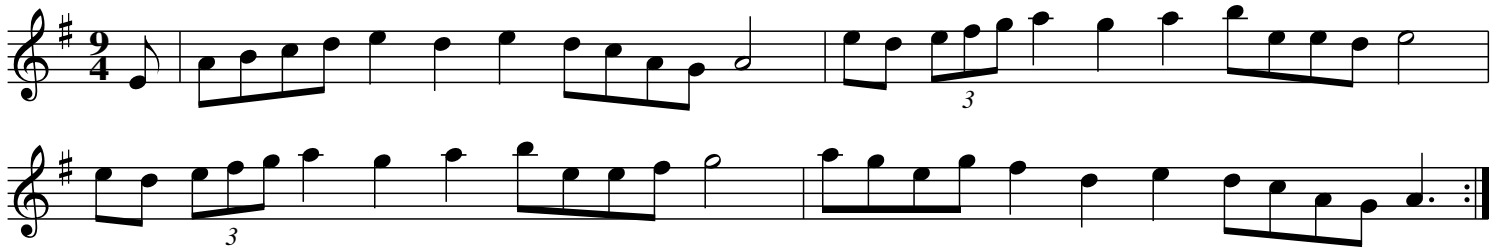
Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest  
And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West

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

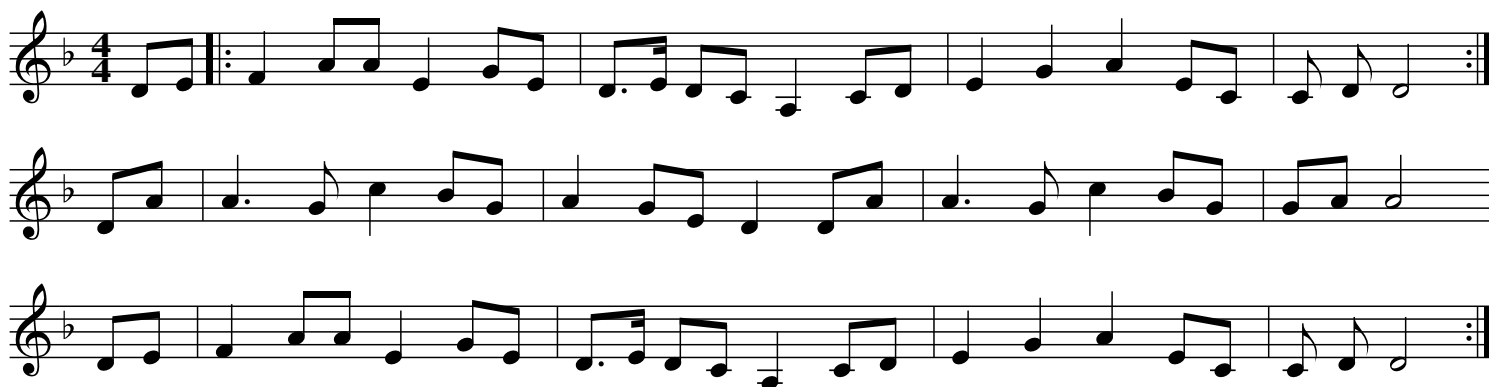
I went into a tavern and there all night I stayed  
The landlady's fair daughter of me was not afraid  
She held me and she kissed me, she took me by the hand  
And shyly told her momma that she loved the peddler man

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