



*Renaissance
Songs*





Rounds

Hey Ho

Rose

Bird

Herbal

Sands

Come Follow

My Goose

Robin Hood

I Lay with an Old Man

Whenever I Marry

Sing We Merrily

I am Thirst

Summer-is-a-Coming

Haste Thee, Nymph

Hey Ho to the Greenwood





Drinking

Health Unto Her Majesty

Drink Old England Dry

A Drop O' Honey Mead

Martin Said

Bedlam Boys

All for me Grog

What do you do with a Drunken Sailor

Barley Mow

Mingulay Boat Song

Old Maui

Beer, Beer, Beer





Lusty

A Lusty Young Smith

Johnny Be Fair

An Old Man Came Courting Me

The Wager

My Dame, A-Hedging Goes

Country Life

Cuckoo Nest

The Scotsman





Sweet Sorrow

The Ash Grove

Early One Morning

The Turtle Dove

The Gift

Mother & Child Blessing

Come Again, Sweet Love





Seasons

The Keeper
Summer is A-Coming In
The Parting Glass





Rounds





Hey-Ho

Hey-ho, Nobody home.
Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Still, I will be merry...
Hey-ho , Nobody home.

Rose Red

Rose, Rose, Rose Red,
Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy will.
Rose, Rose, Rose White,
Will you be my lover tonight?
I will love thee at thy will, sire.
At thy will.
Ding, dong, ding, dong
Wedding bells on an April morn.
Carve thy name on moss-cover'd stone.
On moss-cover'd stone.

Ah, Poor Bird

Ah, poor bird,
Why art thou
Singing in the shadows,
At this dark hour?





Sands

White sands and grey sands!
Who will buy my white sands?
Who will buy my grey sands?

Come, Follow

Come, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow me.
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow,
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?
To the greenwood, to the green wood,
to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Robin Hood

Robin Hood, Robin Hood," said Little John,
"Come dance before the Queen-a!
In a red petticoat and a green jacket,
A white hose and a green-a!"

Goose

Why shouldn't my goose
Sing as well as thy goose,
When I paid for my goose
Twice as much as thou?





I Lay with an Old Man

I lay with an old man all the night:
I turn-ed to him and he to me.
He could not do so well as he might,
But he would fain, but it would not be.

Whenever I Marry

Whenever I marry, I'll marry a maid,
I'll marry a maid, for widows are willful,
For widows are willful and will be obeyed
Men are deceitful and will ever stray

Sweet Silver Bells

Sweet silver bells upon a slender stalk.
Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.
Oh, don't you wish that you could hear
them ring?
That would only happen when the
fairies sing!





Make New Friends

Make new friends, but keep the old.
One is silver and the other gold.
Circle round that never ends
That's how long I want to be your friend.

Haste Thee, Nymph

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jol-li-ty,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles.
Sports that wrinkled, care de-rides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

Hey Ho, to the Greenwood

Hey ho, to the green wood now let us go.
Sing heave and ho,
And there shall we find both buck and doe.
Sing heave and ho.
The hart and hind and the little pretty roe.
Sing heave and ho.





Sing We Now Merrily

Sing we now merrily, our purses be empty.
Hey ho! Let him take care that lilsts to
spare, For I will not do so.
Who can sign so merry a note
As he that can not change a groat!
Hey ho, trollie lollie, trollie lollie lo!

I am a Thirst

I am a thirst what should I say
Alas I have no money to pay
Fill the pot, Butler, fill, fill
For I will drink with a good will

Summer Is A-coming in

Summer is a-coming in, loudly sing cuckoo,
Groweth seed and bloweth mead and
springeth wood anew, Sing cuckoo
Ewes are bleating after lambs and loweth calf
and cow, **Bullock starteth, buck too, verteth,**
Merry sing cuckoo. Cuckoo, cuckoo, well now
singst thou cuckoo, O, cease thee never now.





Herbal Chorus

Chamomile, sweet sweet chamomile;
chamomile to calm thee,
chamomile to soothe thee, chamomile.

Dandelions in thy tea help you
If you need to pee.

Thyme for courage, Sage for wisdom,
Rosemary for remembrance.

Parsley is break-stones,
break-stones, break-stones.

Comfrey is bone-set,
bone-set, bone-set.

Dandelions thou must seek
if you need to take a leak!

Dill seed water for gassy babies.

Boiled willow bark takes away the pain.

Hops in thy pillows give thee prophetic dreams.

Rue in thy pillows stays thy talking in thy sleep.

Cinnamon and marjoram,
good for sore muscles.

Borage in this wine makes him
lusty virile and thine.

Mint for digestion and sweet breath.





*Drinking
Songs*





Health unto Her Majesty



Here's a Health unto Her Majesty,
with a fa la la la la la la.
Confusion to her enemies, **with a fa la la la la la.**
And he who will not drink her health, We wish him
neither wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang him-
self! **With a fa la la la la la la.....**
With a fa la la la la la la!

May she live in mirth and jollity,
and pass time in good company.
And he who will not join in glee, must puritan or
papist be, and him we curse with misery!

Let the queen's good health go 'round and
' round
Let her praises loudly sound.
And he who would not have it so, may he be
cursed with a gouty toe, and days of wrath and
nights of woe!

Our goodly Queen is fair of face,
endowed with very female grace.
And every woman in this Shire, who doth not to the
like aspire, may her breast be dun and her hair be
wire!

So now we've raised our tankards high.
We've raised them full and low'rd them dry.
Elizabeth, long may she reign! (God Save The
Queen!) May all here join in this refrain!
And fill our tankards up again!







Drink Old England Dry

Come, me brave boys, as I've told you
before, And drink, me brave boys,
and we'll boldly call for more.
For the Spanish do invade us
and they say that they will try,
They say that they will try to drink old England
dry!
Aye, dry, Aye, dry, me boys, Aye, dry.
They say that they will try to drink old England
dry!

Then up spoke Lord Robert, a man of renown.
He swears he'll be true to his country
and his crown.
For the cannon they shall rattle and the bul-
lets they shall fly, They'll fly before that they
should drink old England dry!
Aye, dry, Aye, dry, me boys, Aye, dry. They
say that they will try to drink old England dry!

Supposin' we should meet with some Spanish
by the way? Ten thousand to one,
we shall show them British play.
With our swords and our cutlasses
we'll fight until we die. We'll die before that
they should drink old England dry!
Aye, dry, Aye, dry, me boys, Aye, dry. They
say that they will try to drink old England dry!





A Drop of Honey Mead



(Liar of the Shire's version of Nelson's Blood)

Oh, a drop of honey mead wouldn't do us
any harm, a drop of honey mead
wouldn't do us any harm, a drop of honey
mead wouldn't do us any harm and we'll
all hang on behind.

Chorus:

Oh, we'll roll the Ol' Ale Cart Along,
Roll the ol' ale cart along,
Roll the ol' ale cart along
and we'll all hang on behind!

A Tankard Full of Ale,
A Bottle Full of Wine,
A Barrel Full of Rum,
A Trencher Full of Meat,
A Fortnight Free of Tax,
A Harvest Load of Wheat,
A Day of Fun at Faire
A Morning Round of Songs
A Rousing Game of Pox
A Handfast with Your Love
A Roll Upon the Hay
A Pleasant Peasant Pile
An End to this song





Martin Said

O Martin said to his man, Chorus: Fie, man, Fie

O Martin said to his man,
Chorus: Who's the fool now?

O Martin said to his man,
Fill thou cup and I the can!

Chorus: Thou has well drunken, man,
Who's the fool now?

I saw a flea heave a tree
Twenty miles out to sea!

I saw a snail drive a nail
From Penzance out to Hale!

I saw the Man in the moon
Clouting on St. Peter's shoon!



I saw a goose wring a hog
And the cat bite the dong!

I saw the hare chase the hound
Fourteen miles above the ground!

I saw a pig in a wig
Dancing a lively private gig!

I saw a sneeze start a breeze
That drove Sir Francis out to sea!

I saw a maid milk a bull,
Every stroke a bucketful!





Bedlam Boys

Chorus: Still I sing, bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny. For they all go bare and
they live by the air, and they want no drink nor
money.

For to see Mad Tom O'Bedlam, Ten thousand
miles I've traveled. Mad Maudlin goes on dirty
toes for to save her shoes from gravel.



I went down to Satan's kitchen for to find me
food one morning'. And there I found souls
pipin' hot all on the spit a-turning'!

My staff has murder'd giants. My bag a long
knife carries for to cut mince pies from
children's thighs and feed them to the fairies!

The spirits, white as lightnin', shall on me
travels guide me. The stars would shake and
the moon would quake whenever they
espied me.

And when that I'll murderin' the man in the
moon to a powder, his staff I'll break, his dog
I'll shake, and there'll howl no demon louder.

For to see Mad Tom O'Bedlam, Ten thousand
years I've traveled. Mad Maudlin goes on
dirty toes for to save her shoes from gravel.





All For Me Grog

Chorus: Well(1st), And it's all for me grog,
Me bonny, bonny grog.
Its 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.



Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin boots
They've 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
weathers. Chorus

Where is me shirt, me noggin' , noggin' shirt?
They've 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

Well I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to
bed, Since first I came ashore with me plunderr.
For I spent all me dough on the Lassies movin'
slow Far across the western ocean I must
wander. Chorus.

Where is me bed, me noggin' , noggin' bed
They've all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and the sheets are now
all torn And the springs are looking out for
better weather.

Well it's all for me grog, me bonny, bonny grog
Its all for me beer and tobacco I spent all me
loot in a house of ill repute And I think I'll have
to go back there tomorrow.





What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken sailor
What do you do with a drunken sailor
What do you do with a drunken sailor

Chorus : Earl-ie in the morning
Heave Ho up she rises, Heave Ho up she rises,
Heave Ho up she rises, Earl-ie in the morning

Tie him by the leg in a runnin' bowline

Put him in a longboat until he sobers

Keel haul him till he sobers

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Burn his head with a brand of iron

Bung him in a cask and tow him behind her

Lash him to the maintop when a storm winds
blowing



Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flipper



Stew him up in peasecod porridge

Hang him from the rigging out o'er the water

Lock him in a cabin with the captain's
daughter

*Have you seen the captain's daughter. I
don't really think you ought-a. She turn
whiskey into water*





Bring us a Barrel



We don't want to drink our ale from a pin
because their's too little stuff within four and a
half is each measure in full too small for our sup;
not enough for us all


*Chorus: So bring us a barrel and set it up right Bring
us a barrel to last out the night Bring us a barrel, no
matter how high we'll drink it up lads, we'll drink it
dry.*

The poor little firkins, nine gallons in all, though
the ale, it is good, the size is too small For lads
that are drinkers, like you & like I that firkin small
barrel will quickly run dry.

And when I am dying and on my death bed by my
bedside leave a fine full hogshead and if down
below I must go when I de then me & old nick, we
can both drink it dry.

So roll out your puncheon and bring us the butt,
There are the measures before us to put, and pass
your mug round and good ale, it will flow, and
we'll be content for an hour or so.







Health To The Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
And lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the company and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
She smiles on my countenance and sits on me knee
Sure there's no one in Erin as happy as we

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
I hope she's safe landed without any shock
If ever I meet you by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me





Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the pint pot
Good luck to the barley mow
Jolly good to the pint pot
Good luck to the barley mow

Here's the pint pot, half a pint, gill pot,
half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin, and
brown bowl.

Here's good luck, Good luck to the barley
mow.

Quart Pot

Half Gallon

Gallon

Half Barrel

Barrel

The Landlord

The Landlady

The Daughter

The Brewer

The Drayer

The Slavey

The Company (slow)



Beer, Beer, Beer

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer.
A long time ago, way back in history,
When all there was to drink was nothin' but
cups of tea, Along came a man by the name
of Charlie Mops, And he invented a wonder-
ful drink and he made it out of hops.

Chorus:

*He must have been an Admiral, a Sultan or a
King, And to his praises we shall always sing,
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up
with cheer Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man
who invented beer, beer, beer, Tiddley beer,
beer, beer.*

The Green Man Inn, The Blue Boar Inn, the
Hole in the Wall as well, One thing you can be
sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell, So all ye
lucky lads at eleven O'clock ye stop,
For five short seconds, remember Charlie
Mops, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

Chorus:

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it
around with a stick, The kind of lubrication to
make your engine tick, 40 pints of wallop a
day will keep away the quacks, It'd only eight
pence hapenny and one and six in tax,

Chorus:

Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who in-
vented beer, hey beer!

Haul Away Joe

When I was a little lad
so my mother told me
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
That if I did not kiss the girls,
My lips would all grow moldy,
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Chorus

Way, haul away, we're bound for better
weather,
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Now first I met an Irish girl and she was fat and
lazy,
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
And then I met an English girl she damn near
drove me crazy,
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.



Chorus

Way, haul away, this good ship now is rolling
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Now first I met a squire,
Who tried to start a revolu-ti-on,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
And then he got his head cut off,
it spoiled his consti-tu-ti-on
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Chorus

Oh the cook is in the galley
Making duff so handy
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
And the Captain's in his cabin,
Drinkin' wine and brandy,
(men) Tully!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe





Custy



A Lusty Young Smith

(M) A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing, his
lamer laid by but his forge still a-glow,

(W) When to him a buxom young damsel came
smiling, and asked if to work at her forge he would
go!

Chorus: With a jingle-bang, jingle-bang,
jingle-bang, jingle. With jingle-bang, jingle-
bang, jingle-hi-ho.

(M) " I will said the smith (B) and they went off
together. Away to the young damsel's forge they
did go. They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work
and hot weather. (W) She kindled a fire and she
soon made him blow! (repeat chorus)

(W) Her husband, she said, no good work could
afford her. His strength and his tools were worn out
long ago.

(M) The smith said, " Well mine are in very good
order, and now I am ready my skills for to
show!" (repeat chorus)

(M) Red hot grew his iron as both did desire. And
he was to wise not to strike while 'twas so. (W)
Quoth she, "What I get I get out of the fire, then
prithee, strike hard and redouble the blow!"
(repeat chorus)

(B) Six times did his iron by vigorous heating, grow
soft in the forge in a minute or so. And often was
hardened still beating and beating. But each time
it softened, it hardened more slow!
(repeat chorus)

(M) The smith then would go; (W) quoth the dame
full of sorrow: "Oh what would I give could my
husband do so! Good lad with your hammer
come hither tomorrow, but pray can't you use it
once more, ere you go?" (repeat chorus
switching roles)

Johnny Be Fair

(W) *Oh, Johnny be fair, and Johnny be fine,
and he asked me for to wed. and I would
marry Johnny, but me father up and said, (M)*
"I'm sorry to tell you daughter, what your
mother never knew, but Johnny, he's a son
o' mine, and therefore kin to you!"

2nd verse: Willem

3rd verse: Paddy

(Sad Girls) *Oh there never was a lass so sad
and sorry as I was.*

(Mad Girls) *The lads in town were all me kin
and me father was the cause!*

(Sad Girls) *If things should thus continue, I shall
die a single miss.*

(Mad Girls) *I think I'll go the mother and
complain to her of this!*

"Oh, daughter didn't I teach you to
forgive and to forget? Your father sowed
his wild oats, on that you needn't fret. Your
father may be father to all the lads, but
still. He's not the one that sired you, so
marry whom you will!"



An Old Man Came Courting Me

**An old man came courting me,
Hey do me darling**

**An old man came courting me,
Me bein' young**

**An old man came courting me,
I found him too short for me**

Chorus: Maids when you're young never wed
an old man! He's got no falorum, falearum,
falorum He's got no falorum, falearum, falay!
He's got no falorum, he's lost his ding dorum,
Maids when you're young never wed an old
man!



**When we did go to church
He left me in the lurch**

**When we did go to bed
He lay as if 'twere dead**

**When he did come sup with me
He starting teasing me**

**When he lay fast asleep
I from his side did creep**

Into the arms of a handsome young man!
He's got his falorum, falearum, falorum
He's got his falorum, falearum, falay!
He's got his falorum, I found his ding dorum
Maids when you're young never wed an old
man!





The Wager

My lady and her maid, upon a merry pin,
they made a match at farting, who would
the wager win?

Joan lights three candles then, and sets
them bolt upright. With the first fart, she
blew them out, with the next she gave
them light.

In came my lady then, with all her might
and main, and blew them out and in and
out and in and out again!

My Dame A-Hedging Goes

And when my dame a-hedging goes, she
gets little prick between her toes. A little
prick between, a little prick between, she
gets a little prick between her toes.

And then alas she loudly cries for the
anguish spreads above her thighs. Her
thighs, her thighs, above her thighs, above
her thighs.

And every remedy I can obtain is not
enough to ease her pain. Is not enough, is
not enough to ease her pain, to ease her
pain.

(can be sung in a round)







Country Life

Chorus: I like to rise when the sun she rises,
 earl-eye in the morning'.
 I like to hear them small birds singin'
 merrily upon the branches.
And huzzah for the life of a country lad,
 and to ramble in the new-mown hay!

In the spring we sow, at the harvest mow,
 and work as the season 'round they go,
 but of all the times if choose I may, '
Twould be rambling' in the new-mown hay.

In winter when the skies are grey,
 we hedge and we ditch our times away.
But in the summer when the sun shines gay,
 we go ramblin' in the new-mown hay.

Oh, Nancy is me darling' gay
and she blooms like the flowers every day. But
I lover her best in the month of May When
 we're ramblin' in the new-mown hay.



Twiddles

When the boats all get to sailing and the men are off and gone...what about the women who are up and left alone? Do you think they sit and twiddle thumbs until their men come home? Well there's other things to twiddle when a lass is on her own.



Chorus: *And, it's twiddley ai dee ai dee ai, twiddley ai dee ay
There's often time a man will leave you broken with dismay and
it's twiddley ai dee ai dee ai, twiddley ai dee ay there's other
things to twiddle when your man is gone away*

I remember Nell, she was young and she was gay. She won the heart of Captain Dick until he sailed away. He left her high and dry with just a kiss upon the chin But as his ship went sailing out another ship sailed in. Chorus

Now Winston's got a lady she's as fair as any maid But Winston went a voyaging, a sailor man by trade. "Keep the fires buring , love, " those were the words he spoke. So she found herself another man to keep the fire stoked. Chorus

Now Petey's lady kissed him when he knocked upon her door. She was glad to see him as she'd ever been before. He left her sleeping in her bed but she didn't care Coz she knew the poor man under it could use a little air. Chorus

Oh you hear a lot of stories 'bout the sailors and their sport. About how every sailor has a girl in every port. But if you'd added two & two you'd figure out right quick that it's just because the lassies have a lad on every ship. Chorus 2x



The Gypsy Rover

Chorus

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

And he won the heart of a lady.

A gypsy rover came over the hill

into the valley so shady.

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

and he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus...

She left her father's castle gate.

She left her own true lover.

She left her servants and her estate

to follow her gypsy rover.

Chorus...

Her father mounted his fastest steed

and searched the valley all over.

He sought his daughter at great speed

and the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Chorus...

At last he came to a mansion fine

down by the river glady.

And there was music and there was wine

for the gypsy and his lady.



Chorus...

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried

"but Lord of these lands all over.

And I shall stay 'til my dying day

with my whistlin' gypsy rover."



The Scotsman

Well, a Scotsman clad in kilt let the bar one evenin' fair,
And one could tell by how he walked that he drunk more than his share,
He fumbled around until he could no longer keep his feet,
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Chorus

Ring ding diddle diddle lidee lo,
Ring di diddle li lo,
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young lovely girls just happened by,
One says to the other with a twinkle in her eyes,
See yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built,
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

Chorus

Was nothin' more that God had graced him with upon his birth.
They marveled for a moment, then one said, we must be gone,
Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along,
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow,
Around the bonny star the Scott's kilt did-a lift and show.

Chorus

Around the bonny star the Scott's kilt did-a lift and show.
The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled t'wards a tree,
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and he gawks at what he sees,
And in a startled voice he says to what before his eyes,
Ah, lad I don't know where ya been, but I see ya won first prize.

Chorus

Ah, lad I don't know where ya been, but I see ya won first prize.



The Cuckoo's Nest

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say,
I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined,
And my inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest.



Me darling, says she, I am innocent and
young,
I scarcely can believe your false deluding
tongue,
Yet I see it in your eyes, and it fills me with sur-
prise,
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest.

Chorus

Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist,
Ah, but give me a girl who will wiggle and will
twist,
At the bottom of the belly lies a cuckoo's
next.

Me darling, says me, if you see it in me eyes,
Then think of it as fondness and do not be sur-
prised,
I love you, me dear, and I'll marry you, I
swear,
If you'll let me clap me hand upon your
cuckoo's nest.

Me darling, says she, I can do no such thing,
Me mother often told me it was committing





Me maidenhead to loose and me sex to be
abused,
So I'll thank you not to think upon me
cuckoo's nest.

Chorus

Me darling, says me, it is not committing sin,
For common sense should tell you it is a pleas-
ing thing,
For you're brought into this world to increase
and do your best,
And to help a man to Heaven in your
cuckoo's nest.

Me darling, says she, I cannot you deny,
You've surely won me heart by the roving of
your eye,
And I see it in your eyes that your courage is
surprised,
So gently lift your hand into me cuckoo's nest.

Chorus

This couple they got married and soon they
went to bed,
And so this pretty fair maid she lost her maid-
enhead,
In a small country cottage they increase and
their best,
And he often claps his hand upon her
cuckoo's nest.





*Sweet
Sorrow*





The Ash Grove

The ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis
speaking, the harp, through it playing, has
language for me. When over it's branches the
sunlight is breaking, a host of kind faces is
gazing on me.

The friends of my childhood again are before
me each step wakes a mem'ry as freely I
roam with soft whispers laden, it's leaves rustle
o'er me . The ash, the ash grove alone is my
home.



My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
old countryside measures steal soft on my ear.
I only remember the past and it's brightness
the dear ones I mourn for again gather here.

From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to
meet me. I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy
dome. And others are there looking
downward to greet me, the ash grove, the
ash grove alone is my home.

Descant:

*Laughter over, step loses light ,
old countryside measures steal on my ear.
I remember past all so bright
The dear ones I mourn for again are here*

*From ev'ry nook press forward to me
I lift up my eyes to yon leafy dome
And others look down to me
The ash grove, the ash grove alone my home.*





I Love My Love

Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing
Her chains she rattled with her hands and thus
replied she: I love my love because I know my love
loves me.



Oh cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me
Yet I love his parents since they're his although they
ruined me: I love my love because I know, my love
loves me.



With straw I weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine
With roses, lilies, daises, I'll mix the eglantine
And present it to my love when he returns from sea,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Just as she sat there weeping, her love he came on
land, And hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight
out of hand. He flew into her snow white arms and
thus replied he: I love my love because I know my
love loves me.

She said: My love don't frighten me, are you my love
or no? oh, yes my dearest Nancy, I am your love also.
I am returned to make amends for all your injury: I
love my love because I know my love loves me.

So now these two are married, and happy they
maybe like turtle doves together in love and unity
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got
loves at sea: I love my love because my love loves
me.





Mingulay Boat Song

CHORUS

'Heel ya ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head 'round into the weather
'Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailin' homeward to Mingulay



What care we how white the Minch is
What care we boys, for wind or weather
Bring her round, boys, every inch is
Wearin' nearer to Mingulay

Wives are waiting on the banks or
Looking seaward across the heather
Bring her round boys, and we'll anchor
'Er the sun sets on Mingulay

CHORUS

We are waiting by the harbor
We've been waiting since break of day
We are waiting by the harbor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

CHORUS 2x (now all together) on last
*(2nd time 3 part round = First Males basses, then
women, then remainder of men.)*







Old Maui

It's a rough tough life of toil and strife
We whale-men undergo.
And we don't give a damn
when the gales are strong
How hard the winds do blow.
We are homeward bound!
'Tis a damn fine sound
On a good ship taut and free,
And we don't give a damn
when we drink our rum
With the girls of old Maui

CHORUS

Rolling down to old Maui, my boys,
Rolling down to old Maui.
We're homeward bound from the arctic
'round
Rolling down to old Maui.

One more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and sleet and rain.
Them coconut fronds in them tropic lands
Oh, we soon shall see again.
Six hellish months have passed away
In the cold Kamchatka sea,
And now we're bound from the arctic 'round,
Rolling down to old Maui. **CHORUS**





We'll heave the lead where old
Diamondhead
Looms up on Oahu
Our mast and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.
The horrid ice of the sea-cut tiles
That deck the Arctic Sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for old Maui. **CHORUS**

How soft the breeze of the tropic seas
Now the ice is far astern,
And them native maids in them island leis
Are awaiting our return.
Even now their big black eyes look
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sail running 'fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui. **CHORUS**

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha oes
They greet us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun
We'll paint them beaches red
Awaken in the arms of a native maid
With a big fat aching head. **CHORUS x2**





Early One Morning

Early one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

Chorus: Oh don't deceive me,
oh never leave me.
How could you use a poor maiden so.

Remember the vows that you made to
your Mary,
Remember the Bow'r where you vowed to
be true. (chorus)

Thus sang the poor maiden,
her sorrows bewailing,
thus sang the poor maiden in the valley
below. (chorus)





The Turtle Dove

Fare you well my dear I must be gone and
leave you for a while. If I roam away I'll
come back again, though I roam ten
thousand mile, my dear, though I roam ten
thousand mile.

So fair thou art my bonny lass so deep in
love am I But I never will prove false to the
bonny lass I love till the stars fall from the
sky my dear till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry my dear, nor the
rocks ever melt with the sun. But I never will
prove false to the bonny lass I love till all
these things be done my dear, till all these
things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove, he
doth sit on yonder high tree, a making a
moan for the loss of his love, as I will do for
thee, my dear, as I will do for thee.





The Gift



(Original by Rusty)

Oh, once there was a fisherman who
sailed upon the sea. He left behind his own
true love
A-waiting there for he who sailed upon the
sea.

The waves did crash, the wind did moan,
and still our sailor strove for home
while there upon the shining sand
called his true love to guide her man.

Oh, come ye back, mine own true love,
I'm waiting here for thee.
My heart would break if the sea did take
mine own true love from me
as he sailed upon the sea.

So if your love a seaman be
who sails the ocean blue,
just sing this song the whole day long
to bring him back to you,
for then your love be true.





Mother & Child Blessing

(Original by Rusty)

Circles in cycles, cycles encircled.
Heaven protect her unborn babe.

Salt blinds the demons, Iron blinds the fairies.
God grant a good man 'neath the sheep
shoulder blade.

Willow for birth-ease, daisies for innocence,
Chamomile for patience in a changing world.



Sage for his wisdom, Thyme for his courage,
Bluebells for constancy for your child.



Borage for gladness, Rue for repentance,
Dill to protect him from all harm.

Circles in cycles, cycles encircled.
Mother embrace him in your arms.

Spring before summer, Summer before
autumn.
Harvest is followed by wintertime.

From sowing to reaping, the seasons we're
keeping.
God bless all children of thine and mine.







Come Again, Sweet Love

Come again! Sweet love doth now invite, thy
graces that refrain to do me due delight.

- (S) To see , to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die..
with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
- (A) To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die...to
die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.
- (T) To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to
die with thee again , with thee again in
sweetest sympathy.
- (B) To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to
die with thee a gain in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! That I may cease to mourn ,
thro' thy unkind disdain; for now left and
forlorn.

- (S) I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die.. in endless
pain and endless misery.
 - (A) I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die.. I die in
endless pain and endless misery
 - (T) I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in
deadly pain, in endless pain and endless
misery.
 - (B) I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in
deadly pain and endless misery.
- 
- 



Seasons





The Keeper

The keeper would a-hunting go,
and under his arm he carried a bow
all for the shoot at the merry little doe
among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus:



Jackie boy! Master?
Sing ye well? Very well!
Hey down! Ho down!

(all) Derry , derry down among the leaves
so green-o. To me hey down, down! To me
hoe down, down! Hey down! Ho down! (a)
Derry, derry down among the leaves so
green-o.

The first doe he shot he missed , the
second doe he trimmed and kissed , the
third doe went where nobody whist
among the leaves so green-o. (chorus)

The fourth doe she did cross the plain the
keeper fetched her back again where she
is now she may remain among the leaves
so green-o. (chorus)

The fifth doe she did cross the brook the
keeper fetched her back with his crook
where she is now she may remain among
the leaves so green-o. (chorus)



Mary Mack

Oh, I know a little lass and her name is Mary Mack, Make no mistake, she's the one I'm going to take, There's a lot of fellows who'd get upon her track, But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early.

Chorus

Mary Mack's mother's making Mary Mack marry me, My mother's making me marry Mary Mack, I'm going to marry Mary to get Mary to take care of me, We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mack, Yump, dump, diddle di dil, diddle di dil dum.

Well, this little lass, she's got a lot of cash, she's got a lot of brass, and her father thinks I'm class, I'd be a silly ass, if I let this matter pass, Her father thinks I suit her very fairly. Chorus Oh, Mary and her mother go an awful lot together, You can never see just one, one without the other, A lot of fellows wonder if its Mary or her mother, Or both of them together that I'm courting.

Chorus



Oh, the wedding is on Wednesday and every-
thing's arranged, Her name will soon be
changed to mine, unless her mind is
changed, I'm making the arrangements, and
I'm just about deranged, For marriage is a
major undertaking.

Chorus

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than
a fair,
There's going to be a coach and pair for
every couple there,
We'll dine upon the finest fare I'm sure to get
my share,
If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken.

Chorus (last line repeated twice)

