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Rounds

Come, Follow

Come, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow me.
Wither shall I follow, follow, follow,
wither shall I follow, follow thee?
To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Haste Thee Nymph

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youth-ful jol-li-ty.
Quips and cranks and wan-ton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreath-ed smiles.
Sport that wrin-kled care de-rides,
And laught-er hold-ing both his sides.

He That Will An Ale House Keep

- 1.He that will an alehouse keep must have three things in store: a
- 2.chamber and a feather bed, a chimney and a hey nonny, nonny,
- 3.hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny no, hey nonny no, nonny nonny no.

Hey Ho To The Greenwood

- 1.Hey ho to the greenwood now
- 2.Let us go. Sing heave and ho. And
- 3.there shall we find both buck and doe. Sing heave
- 4.and ho. The hart, the hind and the little, pre
- 5.ty roe. Sing heave and ho.

I Lay With an Old Man

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

My Dame A Lame , Tame Crane

1. My Dame hath a lame, tame crane
2. my dame hath a crane that is lame
3. Good, gentle Jane, let my dame's lame tame
4. crane feed and come home again

My Goose

Why shouldn't my goose
sing as well as thy goose
when I paid for my goose
twice as much as thou?

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 horse and a green-a.

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.

Trilogy

First Part: The Men

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

Second Part: For the Altos

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.

Third Part: For the Sapranos

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

Well Rung Tom

1. Well rung Tom, boy, well rung, Tom,
2. ding dong, cuckoo well rung Tom, The
3. owl and the cuckoo, the fool and the song
4. well sung, cuckoo, well rung, Tom.

Western Wind

(words: anonymous, music by Grant A. Colburn)

Western wind, when wilt thou blow?
The small rain down can rain.
Oh that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again.

Whenever I Marry

1. When ever I marry, I'll marry a maid,
2. I'll marry a maid for widows are willful
3. For widows are willful and will be obeyed

White Sands

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

Drinking Songs

All For Me Grog

CHORUS

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly 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 weather.

CHORUS

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly 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.

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 plunder,
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,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
Well I lent it to a whore and the sheets are now all tore,
And the springs are looking out for better weather.

CHORUS

Well it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog,
It's 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.

Another Irish Drinking Song

Gather 'round, ye lads and lasses, set ye for a while
And harken to me mournful tale about the Emerald Isle
Let's all raise our glasses high to friends and family gone
An life our voices in another Irish drinking song

Consumption took me mother and me father got the pox
Me brother drank the whiskey 'til he wound up in a box
Me other brother in the Troubles met with his demise
Me sister has forever closed her smiling Irish eyes

CHORUS

Now everybody's died
So until our tears are dried
We'll drink and drink and drink and drink
And then we'll drink some more
We'll dance and sing and fight
Until the morning light
Then we'll throw up, pass out, wake up and then go drinking once again

Kenny was killed in Kilkenny and Claire, she did in Clare
Tip from Tipperary died out in the Derry air
Shannon jumped into the River Shannon back in June
Ernie fell into the Erne, and Tom is in the Toome

"Cleanliness is godliness," me Uncle Pat would sing
He broke his neck a'slippin' on a bar of Irish Spring
O'Grady, he was 80, though his bride was just a pup
He died upon the honeymoon when she got his Irish up

Joe Murphy fought with Reilly near the fliffs of old Doneen
He took out his shillelagh and he stabbed him in the spleen
Crazy Uncle Mike believed he was a leprechaun
In fact he's just a leper, and his arms and legs are gone

When Timmy Johnson broke his neck, it was a cryin' shame
He wasn't really Irish, but he went to Notre Dame
McNamara crossed the street and by a bus was hit

But he was just a Scotsman, so nobody gave a s-Ach!

Chorus

Me drunken Uncle Brendan tried to drive home from the bar
The road rose up to meet him when he fell out of his car
Irony was what befell me Great Grand-Uncle Sam
He choked upon the very last potato in the land

Conor lived in Ulster town, he used to smuggle arms
Until the British killed him and cut off his lucky charms
And dear old Father Flanagan, who left the Lord's employ
Drunk on sacramental wine, beneath the altar boy

Someday soon I'll leave this world of pain and toil and sin
The Lord will take me by the hand to join all of me kin
Me only wish is, when the Savior comes for me and you...
He kills the cast of *Riverdance* and Michael Flatley too
CHORUS

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 wonderful 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!

Bring Us A Barrel

(Keith Marsden)

We don't want to drink our Ale from a pin
Because there's too little stuff within.
Four and a half is each measure in full,
Too small for our sup; not enough for us all,

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 and 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 die,
Then me and 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,

Derby Ram

As I went down to Derby
All on a market day
I spied the biggest ram sir
That ever was fed on hay
And it's true me lads, it's true me lads
I never was known to lie
And if you'd have been to darby
You'd seen it the same as I
The horns on this ram sir
They reached up to the moon
And a little boy went up in January
And he didn't come back till June
The tail on this ram sir
It reached down into hell
And the devil grabbed a hand of it
And rang the fire bell
The nose of this ram sir
It covered half the town
And every time that ram sneezed
It knocked another house down
It took all the men in darby
To carry away its bones
It took all the women in darby
To roll away its stones
The man that fed this ram sir
He must've been very rich
And the singer of this song sir
He's a lying sonofa...

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!

Chorus

Aye! dr-y!,
Aye! dry me boys aye, dry!
They say that they will try and 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 cannons they will rattle, and the bullets they will fly
They'll fly before that they should drink old England dry!

Chorus

Suppose'n we shall meet with some Spanish by the way,
Ten thousand to one we will 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!

Chorus

We'll die before that they should drink old England dry

A Drop O' Honey Mead

This song starts out slow and pick up speed with each verse.

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.

1. 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.

2. A tankard full of ale
3. A bottle full of wine

4. A barrel full of rum
5. A fortnight free of tax
6. A harvest load of wheat
7. A day of fun at faire
8. An opening parade
9. A morning round of song
10. A rousing game of pox
11. A game of rounders too!
12. A handfast with your love
13. A roll upon the hay
14. A pleasant peasant pile

A Drop of Nelson's Blood

This song has the same tune as the previous.
The same rules apply with the speed.
The words how ever are not the same,
though some of the verses are.

Chorus

Oh, we'll roll the ol' chariot along,
Roll the ol' chariot along,
Roll the ol' chariot along,
And we'll all hang on behind.

1. Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood,
Wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood,
Wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood,
Wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

2. A tankard full of ale
3. A bottle full of wine
4. A little keg of gin
5. A barrel full of rum
6. A shot of Irish rye
7. A plate of Irish stew

8. A night upon the shore
9. A roll upon the hay
10. A treasure chest of gold
11. A drop of Nelson's blood

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

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 la.
And he who will not drink her health,
we wish him neither wit nor wealth,
nor yet a rope to hang himself,
with a fa la la lalalalalala
with a fa la la la-la la la.

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

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

Our goodly queen is fair of face,
with a fa la la la-la la la.
Endowed with every female grace,
with a fa la la la-la la la.
And every woman in this shire,
Who doth not to the like aspire,
May her breast be dun and her hair be wire!
with a fa la la lalalalalala
with a fa la la la-la la la.

So now we've raised our tankards high,
with a fa la la la-la la la.
We've raised them full and low'ed them dry,

with a fa la la la-la la la.
Elizabeth, long may she reign!
(God save the Queen!)
may all here join in this refrain!
And fill our tankards up again.
with a fa la la lalalalala
with a fa la la la-la la la.

Martin Said To His Man

O Martin said to his man,
fie, man, fie
O Martin said to his man
who's the fool now?
O Martin said to his man,
fill thou the cup and I the can!
Thou has well drunken, man
who's the fool man.

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 a goose wring a hog
And the cat bite the dog!

I saw a hare chase a hound

Fourteen miles above the ground!

I saw a pig in a wig
Dancing a lively pirate jig!

I saw a sneeze start a breeze
That blew Sir Francis from the seas!

I saw a maid milk a bull
Every stroke a bucketful!
(Repeat first verse)

Parting Glass

Fo'c'sle Song
Irish Traditional

Of all the money ere I had, I spent it in good company,
And all the harm I've ever done, alas was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall
So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town who sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I alone she has my heart in thrall
So fill me to the porting glass goodnight and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts ere I had , they wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot that I should go and you should not,
I'll gently rise and softly call, goodnight and joy be with you all.

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
Er-lie in the mornin'

Chorus

Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Er-lie in the mornin'

2. Keel haul him till he sober

Chorus

3. Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Chorus

4. Hang him from the riggin' out o'er the water

Chorus

5. Burn his head with a brand of iron

Chorus

6. Tie him in a bag with a skunk and a monkey

Chorus

7. Lock him in the cabin with Captain's daughter

Chorus

8. Have you seen the Captain's daughter

I don't really think you ought-a

She turns whisky into water

Er-lie in the mornin'

Chorus

Whiskey in the Jar (Gilgarry Mountain)

Traditional

As I was a going over Gillgarry Mountain,
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.
First I drew me pistol and then I drew me rapier,
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver.

cho: Well shirigim duraham da
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling' Jenny.
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
To dream of gold and girls and of course it was no wonder.
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water,
Called on colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

Next morning early before I rose to travel,
There came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
but a prisoner I was taken I couldn't shoot the water.

They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

I'd like to find me brother the one that's in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney,
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting Jenny.

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling,
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
Courting pretty maids in the mourning oh so early.

Weillia Wallia

C

There was an old woman what lived in the woods

F C

Wiellia wiellia wallia

G

There was an old woman what lived in the woods

G7 C

Down by the river Sallia

She had a babby six months old

She had a penknife three foot long

She stuck the penknife in the babby's head

The more she stabbed it, the more it bled

Three big knocks come knocking at the door

Two policemen and the hang man

Are you the woman what killed the child?

Are you the woman what killed the child?

I am the woman what killed the child.

They pulled the rope and she was hung

And that was the end of the woman in the woods

And that was the end of the babby too.

The moral of our story is

Don't stick knives in babby's heads

Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

deidle lie dum dye, deidle lie dum dye

Lie dum dye de die dum dye

deidle lie dum dye, deidle lie dye

Lie dum deidle diedle lie dum die

dm

There were three old gypsies a come to the door

am

Downstairs ran our lady oh

F gm

one sang high and the other sang low

dm am dm

the other sang the bonny bonny Biscay-o

She took off her silk Finnish gown

and put on hose of leather-o

and the ragged, ragged rags about our door

she's off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

It was late last night when our squire come home

inquiring for his lady-o

and the servants said on every hand

she's off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

so fetch for me my milk white steed

go and fetch my pony-o

for I must ride and seek my bride

who's off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

-

well he rode east and he rode west

he rode through the woods and copses-o

until he came to a wide open field

and there he spied his lady-o

what makes you leave your house and lands
what makes you leave your money-o
what makes you leave your new wedded lord
to be off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o?
what care I for my house and my lands
what care I for my money-o
what care I for my new wedded lord
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

-

last night you slept in a goose feather bed
with the sheets turned down so bravely-o
tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field
in the arms of a wraggle taggle gypsies-o
what care I for my goose feather bed
with the sheets turned down so bravely-o
I'd rather have a kiss from the old gypsy's lips
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

Sea and Pirate Songs

The Black Ball Line

I served me time on the Black Ball line (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
On the Black Ball line I served me time (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

The Black Ball Line is good and true (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
The Black Ball Line for me and you. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

I'm a gunnar on the Black Ball Line (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
My twenty-four pounders all in line. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

With eighteen guns we turned about (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
With one broadside we put her down. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

We robbed her blind as she went down (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
Now it's back to port and back to town. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

Eighteen knots with the wind about (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
Stand by your lanyards for and aft. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

I'll take a trip to Liverpool (Don)
To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o (All)
Liverpool, that damn cesspool. (Don)
Hurrah for the Black Ball line! (All)

Blow The Man Down

Come all you young fellows that follows the sea
To me way, hay, blow the man down!
Now please pay attention and listen to me
Give me some time to blow the man down

I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong Kong
If you give me some whisky, I'll sing you a song

On a trim Black Ball liner, I first served me time
On a trim Black ball liner, I wasted me prime

When a trim Black Ball liner's preparing for sea
You'd split your sides laughing, such sights you would see

Well, there's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all
They're all shipped for sailors on board the Black Ball

When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock
The boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock

Now when the big liner is clear of the land
Our bos'un he roars out the word of command

"Come quickly lay aft to the break of the poop
Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot!"

"Pay attention to orders, now you one and all
For see high above you there flies the Black Ball"

"'Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl
For Kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball!"

Congo River

Was you never down the Congo River,
Blow, boys, blow;
Where the fever makes the white man shiver,
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

Yonder comes a Yankee packet
Blow, boys, blow;
She fires her guns, don't you hear the racket
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

Oh, how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, boys, blow;
Why, her masts and yards, they shine like silver
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

Oh, what do you think the crew eats for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh, a monkey's arse and a sandfly's liver
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

And who do you think is the skipper of her?
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh, a blackjack slave, the bowery runner
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

And what do you think they get for supper?
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh, a punch in the mouth and a roll in the skuppers
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

(Repeat 1st verse)

Fifteen Men on A Dead Man's Chest

Chorus

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum,
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum.

Well, the Captain lay with his in gore,
The scullions axe his throat had tore,
And the mate was stab-bed six times four,
And there they lay god damn their eyes,
Staring up top paradise,
Their souls had just gone counter-wise,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum.

Chorus

T'was a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead,
Or a gaping hole in a battered head,
And the deck was thick with rotting red,
And there they lay while soggy skies,
Dripped down in their upturned eyes,
In murk sunset and foul sunrise,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum.

Chorus

Was comely maid on a bunker cot,
With a dirk slit through her bossom spot,
And the lace was dried with purplish rot,
Oh, was she a wench or was she a jade,
Or was she just some shuttering maid,

She dared the knife but took the blade,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum.

Chorus

So we wrapped them up in a mainsail tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawsers bite,
And we heaved them o'er and out of sight,
With a yo, ho, ho, and a fair ye well,
Was a sudden plunge and sudden swell,
Ten fathoms on the road to hell,
Yo, ho, ho, in a bottle of rum.

Get Up Jack! John Sit Down

Ships may come, and ships may go
As long as the seas do roll
Each sailor lad, likewise his dad
They love that flowing bowl
Alas, ashore he does adore one that's plump and round...

Chorus

But when your money's all gone
It's the same old song
Get up Jack, John sit sown
Come along, come along now me jolly brave boys
There's lots more grog in the jar
We'll plow the briny ocean with the jolly rovin' tar

When Jack's ashore it's plain he'll steer
For some old boarding house
He's welcomed in with rum and gin
Likewise with port and stout
He'll lend and spend and never offend, till lies drunk on the ground...

Chorus

And now he'll sail on board some ship
To India or Japan
In Asia there, the ladies fair
All love the sailor man
He'll go a shore all in a tear, and buy some girl a gown....

Chorus

Jack is old and weather beat
Too old to roust about
He'll make his way to some grog shop
'Till the bells call him out
He'll Raise his eyes right up to the sky, saying boys we're homeward
bound...

Chorus x2

The Handsome Cabin Boy

It's of a pretty female as you will understand
Her mind was set on rambling into a foreign land
She dressed herself in man's attire and boldly did appear
And she engaged with a captain to serve him for a year.

The captain's lady being on board, she seemed in great joy
To think that the captain had engaged such a handsome cabin boy
And many's the time she cuddled and kissed, and she would have
liked to toy
But 'twas the captain found out the secret of the handsome cabin
boy

Her cheeks they were like roses, her hair was all a-curl
The sailors often smiled and said, he looks just like a girl
But eating the captain's biscuit, well, her color it did destroy
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell, the handsome cabin boy.

As through the Bay of Biscay our gallant ship did plough
One night among the sailors there came an awful row
They tumbled from their hammocks for their rest it did destroy
They complained about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy

It's doctor, dearest doctor, the cabin boy did cry
My time has come, I am undone, surely I must die
The doctor ran with all his might, a-smiling at the fun
For to think a cabin boy could have a daughter or a son

Now when the sailors heard the joke, they all began to stare
The child belongs to none of us, they solemnly did swear
And the lady to the captain said "My dear I wish you joy
For it was either you or I betrayed the handsome cabin boy."

Come all of you bold fellows and we'll drink success to trade
And likewise to the cabin boy who was neither man nor maid
And if the wars should rise again, us sailors to destroy
Well, here's hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin
boy.

Haul Away Joe

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

Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

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

Way, haul away, this good ship now is rolling
Tell me!
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.

Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Oh the cook is in the galley
Making duff so handy
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way, haul away, this good ship now is rolling
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

And the Captain's in his cabin,
Drinkin' wine and brandy,
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.
Way, haul away, this good ship now is rolling
Tell me!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus

"Heal ya ho boys, let her go boys
Bring her head 'round into the weather
"Heal 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.

Chorus

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
'Er the sun sets on Mingulay

Chorus X2

"Bring her head round, now all together"

Mrs. McGraw (McGrath)

Mrs. McGraw," the captain said,
"would you like to make a pirate
out of your son, Ted?
With a scarlet cloak and a great cocked hat,
Mrs. McGraw wouldn't you like that?"

With me too-rye-ay
Foddle-diddle-day
With me toorye oorye oorye-ay
With me toorye-ay
Foddle diddle day
Me toorye oorye oorye-ay

Mrs. McGraw lived on the seashore
for the length of seven long years or more
When a great big ship sailed into the bay
"It's my son Ted with his legs away."

Then up comes Ted without any legs
And in their place are two wooden pegs
She kissed him a dozen times or two
Saying "My son Ted is it really you?"

"O were you drunk or were you blind
when you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it walking on the sea
That cut your legs from the knees away?"

"I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
When I left my two fine legs behind.
But a cannon ball on the fifth of May
Cut my two fine legs from the knees away."

"All foreign war, I do proclaim
Between Don John and the King of Spain
But by jaze I'll make them rue the time
They stole the legs from a son of mine."

Old Maui or Rolling Down To 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 find sound
On a good ship taut and free,
And we don't give 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 then arctic 'round
Rolling down to old Maui.

Once 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 out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales

Rolling down to old Maui.

Chorus

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With the 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

A Pirate's Life For Me (key of F)

Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me.
We pilage, we plunder, we rifle and loot,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.
We kidnap and ravage and don't give a hoot,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.

Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me.
We extort and pilfer we filch and sack,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.
Maraud and embezzle and even high-jack,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.

Yo ho, yo ho, a pirates life for me.
We kindle and char and inflame and ignite,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.
We burn up the city we're really a fright,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.

Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me.
We're rascals and scoundrels we're villains and knaves,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho.
We're devils and black sheep, we're really bad eggs,
Drink up me hearties, yo ho,
Yo ho, yo ho, a pirates life for me.

The Royal Oak

As we was sailing all on the salt seas,
We hadn't sailed months past but two or three,
Not before we saw ten sail of Turks,
All men-o'-war full as big as we.

"Pull down your colours, you English dogs!
Pull down your colours, do not refuse.
Oh, pull down your colours, you English dogs
Or else your precious life you'll lose!"

Our captain being a valiant man,
And a well-bespoken young man were he:
"Oh, it never shall be said that we died like dogs,
But we will fight them most manfully!"

"Go up, you lofty cabin boys,
And mount the mainmast topsail high,
For to spread abroad to King George's fleet
That we'll run the risk or else we'll die!"

The fight begun 'bout six in the morning,
And on to the setting of the sun.
Oh, and at the rising of the next morning,
Out of ten ships we couldn't see but one.

Oh, three we sank and three we burned,
And three we caused to run away,
And one we brought into Portsmouth harbour,
For to let them know we had won the day.

If anyone then should enquire
Or want to know our captain's name,
Oh, Captain Wellfounder's our chief commander
But the Royal Oak is our ship by name.

Shiver My Timbers

Shiver my timbers, shiver my soul
Yo oh heave ho
There are men whose hearts as as black as coal
Yo oh heave ho
And they sailed their ship cross the ocean blue
A blood-thirsty captain and a cut-throat crew
It's as dark a tale as was ever told
Of the lust for treasure and the love of gold
Shiver my timbers, shiver my sides
Yo oh heave ho
There are hungers as strong as the wind and tides
Yo oh heave ho
And those buccaneers drowned their sins in rum
The devil himself would have to call them scum
Every man aboard would have killed his mate
For a bag of guineas or a piece of eight
A piece of eight
A piece of eight
Five, six, seven, eight
Hulla wacka ulla wacka something not right
Many wicked icky things gonna happen tonight
Hulla wacka ulla wacka sailor man beware
When de money in the ground dere's murder in de air
Murder in de air
One more time now
Shiver my timbers, shiver my bones
Yo oh heave ho
There are secrets that sleep with old Davy Jones
Yo oh heave ho
When the mainsail's set and the anchor's weighed
There's no turning back from any course that's laid
And when greed and villainy sail the sea
You can bet your boots there'll be treachery
Shiver my timbers, shiver my sails
Dead men tell no tales

South Australia

In South Australia I was born!	One person
Heave away! Haul away!	All
South Australia round Cape Horn!	Same person
We're bound for South Australia!	All

Heave away, you rolling king, Heave away! Haul away! All the way you'll hear me sing We're bound for South Australia!	All
--	-----

As I walked out one morning fair, It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair.	Person Two
---	------------

I shook her up, I shook her down, I shook her round and round the town.	Person three
--	--------------

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind,
It's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

And as you wallop round Cape Horn,
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born!

Up the coast to Vallipo,
Northward on to Callao.

It's back again to Liverpool,
I spent me pay like a bloody fool!

I'm Liverpool born and Liverpool bred,
Long in the arm and thick in the head.

Oh, rock and roll me over boys,
Let's get this damn job over boys.

Waiting For The day

The worst old brig that ever did weigh,
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day.

Chorus

And we're waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Till we get our pay.

She was built in Roman time,
Held together with bits of twine.

Chorus

Skipper's half Dutch and the mate's a Jew,
The crew are fourteen men to few.

Chorus

Nothin' in the galley-nothin' in the hold,
But the skipper's turned in with a bag of gold.

Chorus

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak,
Hear her poor old timber's creak.

Chorus

We bailed our way round Lowestoft Ness,
When the wind backed round to west-sou'-west.

Chorus

Through the Cockle to Comer Cliff,
Steerin' like a wagon with a wheel adrift.

Chorus

Into the Humber and up the town,
Bail you blighters-bail or drown.

Chorus

Her tar was shot by a Keadby crew,
Her bottom was rotten and it went right through.

Chorus

(last line) That we get our pay.

Westering Home

Traditional

Chorus:

Westering home with a song in the air
Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there
Pride of me heart my own love [**or:** Isle of heart, my own one]

Tell me a tale of the orient gay
Tell me of riches that come from Cathay
Ah but it's grand to be waken at day
And find oneself nearer to Isla

Chorus

Where are the folks like the folks of the west
Canty and couthy and kindly, our best
There I would hie me and there I would rest
At hame wi' my ain folks in Is la

Chorus

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay
Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way
And bring back my fortune to Isla

Chorus

The Wild Rover

CHORUS: And it's no, nay, never! (clap, clap, clap, clap)

No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No, never no more

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

CHORUS

I went to an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay!
'Tis a custom like yours I can have anyday!"

CHORUS

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
And I'll take you upstairs and I'll show you the rest!"

CHORUS

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they caress me as oft times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more

CHORUS (2X)

Lusty Songs

The Chandler's Wife

A man walked into a chandler's shop
some candles for to buy
But when he got into the shop
nobody did he spy
So he turned upon his heel
and toward the door he sped
'Til he heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)
right above his head
Oh, he heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)
right above his head

Well, this young man was a bold young man
so up the stairs he sped
And very surprised was he to find
the chandler's wife in bed
And with her was another man
of very considerable size
And they were having a (knock, knock, knock)
right before his eyes
Yes, they were having a (knock, knock, knock)
right before his eyes
When the fun was over and done
and the lady raised her head
Very surprised was she to find
the man beside her bed
If you will keep my secret, sir
if you would be so kind

I'll let you come up for some (knock, knock, knock)
whenever you're inclined
Yes, I'll let you come up for some (knock, knock, knock)
whenever you're inclined
So all you married men take heed
if ever you come to town
If you must leave your woman at home
be sure to tie her down
Or if you would be kind to her
just sit her on the floor
And give her so much of that (knock, knock, knock)
she won't need any more
Yes, give her so much of that (knock, knock, knock)
she won't need any more

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 surprise,
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 surprised,
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 sin,
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 pleasing 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 maidenhead,
In a small country cottage they increase and their best,
And he often claps his hand upon her cuckoo's nest.

A Clean Song

There was a young sailor
Who looked through the glass,
And spied a fair mermaid
With scales on her island

Where seagulls
Fly over their nests
She combed the long hair
That hung over her shoulders

And caused her
To tickle and itch.
The sailor cried out
"There's a beautiful mermaid,"

A-sitting out
There on the rocks,
The crew came around
A-grabbing their glasses

And crowded four deep
To the rail,
All eager to share
In this fine piece of news.

Which the captain soon
Heard from the watch.
He tied down the wheel
And he reached for his crackers

And cheese which
He kept near the door.
In case he might someday
Encounter a mermaid.

He knew he must

Use all his wits
Crying "Throw out a line.
We'll lasso her flippers."

And then we will
Certainly find
If mermaids are better
Before or be brave

My good fellows."
The captain then said.
"With fortune we'll break
Through her mermaiden head-

ing to starboard
They tacked with dispatch.
And caught that fair mermaid
Just under her elbows

And hustled her
Down below decks,
And each took a turn
At her feminine setting

Her free at the end
Of the farce,
She splashed in the waves,
Falling flat on her after

A while one man
Noticed some scabs,

Soon they broke out with the pox
And the scratching

With fury,
Cursing with spleen,
This song may be dull
But it's certainly clean.

The Dowie Dens Of Yarrow

There was a lady in the North,
I ne'er could find her marrow;
She was courted by nine gentlemen,
And a ploughboy lad from Yarrow.

These nine sat drinking at their wine,
Sat drinking at wine at Yarrow;
They made a vow amongst themselves
To fight with him on Yarrow.

She washed his face, she combed his hair,
As oft she'd done before o
Gave him a brand down by his side
To fight for her on Yarrow.

As he walked up yon high, high hill,
And down the glen so narrow
Nine armed men lay waiting him
Upon the braes of Yarrow

'Twas three he wounded, three withdrew,
And three he killed on Yarrow,
Till her brother, Tom, came in behind
And pierced his body through.

As she walked up yon high, high hill,
And down the glen so narrow,
'Twas there she saw her true love John,
Lying cold and dead on Yarrow.

She washed his face, she combed his hair,
As she had done before o
And she kissed the blood from off his wounds,
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

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."

Itches In Me Britches

I was born of Geordy parents one day when I was young
That's how the Geordy language became my native tongue
That I was a pretty baby, my mother she would vow
The girls all ran to kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well when I was only six months old, the girls would handle me
They'd clutch me to their bosoms and they'd bounce me on their knees
They would rock me in the cradle and if I made a row
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

At sixteen months as fine a lad as ever could be seen
The girls all liked to follow me right down to the green
They'd make a chain of buttercups and drop it on my brow
Then they'd roll me in the clover, well I wish they'd do it now
Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well the Eastern girls would go with me to swim when it was mild
Down to the river we would go and splash about a while
They'd throw the water over me, duck me like a cow
Then they'd rub me nice all over, Oh, I wish they'd do it now
Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well its awful lonely for a lad to live a single life
I think I'll go down to the dance tonight and find meself a wife
Oh I have got six brindled pigs, likewise one fat sow
There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll love me now
Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Lusty Young Smith

(men) A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing
his hammer laid by but his forge still a-glow,
(women) When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,
and asked if to work at her forge he would go!

Chorus:(women-every verse but the last one)

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

(men) "I will" said the smith (both) and they went off together
Away to the damsel's forge they did go,
They stripped to go to it, "twas hot work and hot weather"
(women) She kindled a fire and she soon made him blow.

Chorus:

(women) Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her,
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago,
(men) The smith said "well mine are in very good order,
and now I am ready my skills for to show!"

Chorus:

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

Chorus

(both) 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?

Chorus

(men) The smith then would go; (women)
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?”

The Maid Of Amsterdam

CHORUS: I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

In Amsterdam there lived a maid, mark you well what I say
In Amsterdam there lived a maid and she was mistress of her trade

CHORUS

I took this maid out for a walk, mark you well what I say
I took this maid out for a walk and we had such a lovely talk

CHORUS

Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown, mark you well what I say
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown, her hair in ringlets
hanging down

CHORUS

I took her out and spent my pay, mark you well what I say
I took her out and spent my pay, and then this maiden just faded away

CHORUS (2X)

The Maid Of Tottingham

All: As he came down from Tottingham
Upon a market day
'Twas there he spied a bonny lass
Her clothing was so gay
Her journey was to London
With buttermilk and whey
And they both jogged on together, my boys,
Sing fal di diddle I ay

MEN: God speed fair maid, say I to her
You are well overtook
All: At that she cast her head aside
And gave to him a look
That was as full of lechery
As letters in a book
And they both jogged on together, my boys,
Sing fal di diddle I ay.

And as they walked along the road
Together side by side
This pretty maid of Tottingham
Her garter came untied
Men: For fear that she might lose it
Look out sweetheart, I cried
Your garter's coming down my love
All: Sing fal di diddle I ay

Women: Oh now you've been so venturesome
So venturesome and free

Oh now you've been so venturesome
Will you tie it up for me?
Men: Oh yes, oh yes, if you will come
To the undergrove with me
All: So they both jogged on together, my boys,
Sing fal di diddle I ay

He took her to the undergrove
Among the grass so green
The fair maid spread her legs so wide
That he fell in between
Such tying of a garter
You have but seldom seen
And they both jogged on together, my boys,
Sing fal did diddle I ay

Women: Oh now you've had your will of me
Pray tell to me your name
Likewise your occupation
From where and whence you came
Men: My name is Johnny the Rover
From Dublin town I came
And I live alongside the Ups and Downs
All: Sing fal di diddle I ay

All: So when she came to Tottingham
Her butter was not sold
By losing of her maidenhead
Which made her blood run cold
Women: He's gone, he's gone, he's gone
He's not the lad for me

For he lives alongside the Ups and Downs
All: Sing fal di diddle I ay

My Thing Is My Own

CHORUS:

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Yet other young lassies may do what they will
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Yet other young lassies may do what they will
(last time) Until I be married say men what they will

I, a tender young maid, have been courted by many
Of all sorts and trades as ever was any
A spruce haberdasher first spake me fair
But I would have nothing to do with small ware

CHORUS

A sweet scented courtier did give me a kiss
And promised me mountains if I would be his
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true
Some courtiers promise much more than they do

CHORUS

A master of music came with an intent
To give me a lesson on my instrument
I thanked him for nothing, but bid him be gone
For my little fiddle should not be played on

CHORUS

A usurer came with abundance of cash
But I had no mind to come under his lash
He proffered me jewels and a great store of gold

But I would not mortgage my little freehold

CHORUS

A blunt lieutenant surprised my placket

And fiercely began to rifle and sack it

I mustered my spirits up and became bold

And forced my lieutenant to quit his stronghold

CHORUS

A fine dapper tailor, a yard in his hand,

Did proffer his service to be at command

He talked of a slit I had above knee

But I'll have not tailors to stitch it for me

CHORUS

Now here I reckon a hundred or more

Besides all the gamesters recited before

That made their addresses in hopes of snap

But as young as I was, I understood trap

CHORUS

None Is Bigger Than Mine

I:

Three Old Whores of Tuttingham

were drinking the cherry wine,

when one of them says to the other old whores,

"None is bigger than mine!"

CHORUS:

Oooooooooo, Shake the sheets me hearties,

water the deck with brine,

Take to the oars, ye lousy whores!

None is bigger than mine!

II:

"Yer a liar," says the first old whore,
"mine's as big as the sea!
the ships sail in, and the ships sail out,
and never do bother to me!"

III:

"Yer a liar," says the second whore,
"mine's as big as the air,
the ships sail in and the ships sail out,
and never disturb a hair!"

IV:

"Yer a liar," says the third old whore,
"mine's as big as the moon!
the ships sail in on the first of the year,
and never come out till June!"

V: (slower)

Says the first old whore to the other old whores,
"I'd blush to be sooo smaaaaaall! Fore...."
(faster) "Many a ship's that sailed right in,
and never come out at all!"

An Old Man Came Courting Me

(For the Women)

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,

He did propose to me

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 falroum, 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 he did come sup with me

He started teasing me

When we did go to bed

He lay as if twere dead

When he lay fast asleep

Hey do me darling!

When he lay fast asleep

Me bein' young

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 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.

Young Rambleaway

All: As he was a-going to Derrydown Fair,
With his fine scarlet coat and everything rare,
Enough to entice all the maidens that day,
When they set there eyes on young Rambleaway, Rambleaway,
When they set there eyes on young Rambleaway.

Men: The very first steps I took in to the fair,
I saw pretty Nancy a-combing her hair,
I gave her a wink and she rolled her black eyes,
Thinks I to myself, I'll be there by and by, all: there by and by,
He thought to himself, he'd be there by and by.

As he was a-walking that night in the dark,
He took his bright Nancy to be his sweetheart,
She smiled in his face and these words she did say,
WOMEN: Are you the young man they call Rambleaway,
ALL:Rambleaway, Are you the young man they call Rambleaway?

MEN: I said pretty Nancy don't smile in my face,
For I don't intend to stay long in this place,
So I gave her three doubles and a fair length to spare,
I told her I'd ramble, I didn't know where,
ALL: didn't know where, He told her he'd ramble, he didn't know where.

ALL: When twenty four weeks they were over and past,
This pretty fair maiden did sicken at last.
Her gown wouldn't meet nor her apron strings stay,
And all for the love of young Rambleaway, Rambleaway,
And all for the love of young Rambleaway.

So come pretty maidens wherever you be,
With courting young fellows don't make yourselves free,
For if you should do so you'll rue the sad day,
When you met with the likes of young Rambleaway, Rambleaway,
When you met with the likes of young Rambleaway.

Ballads

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 grove, 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

Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and the flowers dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bid.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say and "Ave" for me

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I simply sleep in peace until you come to to me.

Greensleeves

(poss. Henry VIII of England, 1500's.)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady greensleeves.

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
Now I remain in a world apart
But my heart remains in captivity.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waded life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
but still thou hadst it readily.
Thy music still to play and sing;
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
that thou my constancy mayst see,

And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.
Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

Early One Morning

(English, Traditional)

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 bower,
Where you vowed to be true,
chorus:

Thus sang the poor maiden,
Her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid,
In the valley below.

chorus: (slowly)

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, daisies, 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 know these two are married, and happy they may be
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 I know my love loves me.

The Turtle Dove

Fare you well my dear, I must be gone
And leave you for awhile.
If I roam away, I'll come back again
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

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 never 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.

Oh 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.

Miscellaneous

Bedlam Boys

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand miles I traveled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel.

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 or money.

I went down to Satan's kitchen
For to get me food one morning
And there I got souls piping hot
All on the spit a-turning

My staff has murdered 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 lightening
Would on me travels guide me
The stars would shake and the moon would quake
Whenever they espied me

And when that I'll be murdering
The Man in the Moon to the powder
His staff I'll break, his dog I'll shake
And there'll howl no demon louder

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I have traveled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel

The Birthday Dirge

tune: "Volga Boatmen"

(Most of these lyrics were compiled by Gabriel Helou)

Happy Birthday! <thud!> Happy Birthday! <thud!>

1. Now you've aged another year

Now you know that Death is near

Happy Birthday! <thud!> Happy Birthday! <thud!>

1a. So you've aged another year

Now you know that Death is near

2. Children dying far and near

They say that cancer's caused by bheer

2a. Children dying everywhere

Women crying in despair

3. Death, destruction, and despair

People dying everywhere

3a. Doom and gloom and dark despair

People dying everywhere!

3b. Doom, destruction, and despair

Grief and sorrow fill the air

3c. Doom, destruction, and despair

People dying everywhere

3d. Death and gloom and black despair

People dying everywhere

3e. Pain destruction and despair

People dying everywhere

4. Typhoid, plague and polio

Coffins lined up in a row

5. Now that you're the age you are

Your demise cannot be far

5a. Now you are the age you are
Your demise cannot be far

5b. When you've reached the age you are
Your demise cannot be far

Other Common Verses:

6. Black Death has just struck your town
You yourself feel quite run-down

6a. Pestilence has struck your town
You yourself feel quite run-down

7. Birthdays come but once a year
Marking time as Death draws near

8. Long ago your hair turned grey
Now it's falling out, they say

8a. Soon your hair will all turn grey
Then fall out (or so they say)

The Viking/Barbarian Verses:

9. Burn the castle and storm the keep
Kill the women, but save the sheep

9a. Hear the women wail and weep
Kill them all, but spare the sheep

9b. May the women wail and weep
kill them all, but save the sheep

10. Burn, then rape by firelight
Add _romance_ to life tonight

11. Indigestion's what you get
From the enemies you 'et

12. May the candles on your cake
Burn like cities in your wake.

12a. May the cities in your wake
Burn like candles on your cake,

13. May the children in the street
Be your barbequeing meat

13a. We love children, yes we do
Baked or broiled or in a stew

14. May your deeds with sheep and yaks
Equal those with sword and axe

14a. May your deeds with sword and axe
Equal those with sheep and yaks

15. They stole your sword, your gold, your house
Took your sheep but not your spouse

16. This one lesson you must learn
First you pillage, then you burn

17. While you eat your birthday stew
We will loot the town for you,

The SCA Verses:

18. We brought linen, white as cloud
Now we'll sit and sew your shroud

19. You're a period cook, its true
Ask the beetles in the stew

20. Your servants steal, your wife's untrue
Your children plot to murder you

Other Verses:

21. Fear and gloom and darkness but

No one found out you-know-what

21a. Just be glad the friends you've got
Haven't found out you-know-what

22. I'm a leper, can't you see
Have a birthday kiss from me

23. It's your birthday never fear
You'll be dead this time next year

24. Now another year has passed
Don't look now they're gaining fast!

24a. So far Death you have bypassed
Don't look back, he's gaining fast

25. Now you've lived another year
Age to you is like stale beer

26. Now your jail-bait days are done
Let's go out and have some fun

27. See the wrinkles on your face
Like the pattern of fine lace

28. Were I sitting in your shoes
I'd go out and sing the blues

29. So you're 29 again
Don't tell lies to your good friend

29a. Tho you're turning 29
Age to you is like fine wine

30. You must marry very soon
Baby's due the next full moon

31. When you've reached this age you know
That the mind is first to go

31a. At your age most folks go blind
You've kept your sight, but lost your mind.

Country Life

Traditional

Chorus:

Oh, I like to rise when the sun she rises, early in the mornin'
And I like to hear them small birds singin', merrily upon the laeland,
It's "Hurrah" for the life of a country lad,
And a ramble in the new- mown hay!

In Spring we sow and at harvest mow,
And that's how the seasons 'round us go,
But for all good times just choose thy maid,
And go ramblin' in the new-mown hay!

(Chorus)

In Winter when blue skies are gray,
We hedge and we ditch our time away,
But in Summer when the sun it shines so gay,
We'll go ramblin' in the new-mown hay!

(Chorus)

Oh, Nancy is my darlin' gay,
She blooms like a flower every day,
But I like her best in the month of May,
When we're rollin in the new-mown hay! (Hey!) (Chorus)

Five Constipated Men

There were five, five, constipated men
In the Bible, in the Bible
There five, five, constipated men
In the five books of Moses

The first, first, constipated man
Was Cain, he wasn't Abel
The first, first, constipated man
Was Cain, he wasn't Abel
CHORUS

The second, second constipated man
Was Balaam, he couldn't move his ass
The second, second constipated man
Was Balaam, he couldn't move his ass
CHORUS

The third, third, constipated man
Was Moses, he took two tablets
The third, third, constipated man
Was Moses, he took two tablets
CHORUS

The fourth, fourth, constipated man
Was Solomon, he sat for forty years
The fourth, fourth, constipated man
Was Solomon, he sat for forty years
CHORUS

The fifth, fifth constipated man
Was Samson, he brought the house down
The fifth, fifth constipated man
Was Samson, he brought the house down
CHORUS

(actually, there were six:
The sixth, sixth constipated man
Was Titus. His name speaks for itself)

John Barleycorn

There were three men come out from the west,
There fortunes were to try,
And these three men made a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn must die,
They plowed, they sowed, they harrowed in,
Thrown clots upon his head,
And these three men made a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn was dead.
Then they let him lie for a very long time,
Till the rain from heaven did fall,
Then little sir John sprang up his head
And soon amazed them all,
They let him stand till mid-summer,
Till he looked both pale and wan,
And little sir John, he grew a beard,
And so became a man.
They hir-ed men with scy-thes sharp,
To cut him off at knee,
They rolled and tied him by the waist
And served him barbarously,
They hi-red men with sharp pitchforks,
Who pricked him to the heart,
And the loader, he served him worse than that
For he bound him to the cart.
They wheeled him around and around the field,
Till they came upon a barn,
And there they made a solemn vow
Of poor John Barleycorn,
They hi-red men with crabtree sticks,

To cut him skin from bone,
And the miller, he served him worse than that,
For he ground him between two stones.
His little sire John in a nut brown bowl
And brandy in a glass,
And little sir John in the nut brown bowl,
Proved stronger man at last,
And the huntsman, he can't hunt the fox
Nor so loudly blow his horn,
And the singer, he can't sing his ballads and songs'
Without a little John Barleycorn.

The Keeper

The keeper would a-hunting go,
And under his arm he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at the merry little doe
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus (men) first part, (women) second part

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!*

(all) Derry, derry down, among the leaves so green-o.
The first doe he shot at 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 fetcher 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 fetcher her back with his crook,
Where she is now you must go look,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus

The sixth doe she ran o'er the plain,
But he with his hound did turn her again,
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus

The seventh doe did run to the east,
The unfortunate keeper lost the beast,
Now she is part of a poacher's feast,
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus

The eighth doe served upon a plate,
To grace our feast she reigned in state,
Now give thanks for all you ate,
Among the leaves so green-o.

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 everything'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)

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell but the foeman's steel
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved never spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Pay Me My Money Down

Traditional

Pay Me, you Owe me, Pay me my money now
You've got to pay me or walk the plank, Pay me my money down
You owe me, you owe me, pay me my money down
You've got to pay me Winston Waters, Pay me my money down.

If I'd a known the boss was blind
Pay me my money down
I wouldn't'a gone to work 'til half past nine
Pay me my money down

Pay Me, you Owe me, Pay me my money now
You've got to pay me or walk the plank, Pay me my money down
You owe me, you owe me, pay me my money down
You've got to pay me Winston Waters, Pay me my money down.

I thought I heard the old man say;
Pay me my money down
Go to shore spend all your pay.
Pay me my money down

Pay Me, you Owe me, Pay me my money now
You've got to pay me or walk the plank, Pay me my money down
You owe me, you owe me, pay me my money down
You've got to pay me Winston Waters, Pay me my money down.

I thought I heard the men below;
Pay me my money down
You don't pay me and the ship don't go.
Pay me my money down

Pay Me, you Owe me, Pay me my money now
You've got to pay me or walk the plank, Pay me my money down
You owe me, you owe me, pay me my money down
You've got to pay me Winston Waters, Pay me my money down.

I need my pay to go to shore;
Pay me my money down
I'll drink my whiskey and get a whore.
Pay me my money down

Pay Me, you Owe me, Pay me my money now
You've got to pay me or walk the plank, Pay me my money down
You owe me, you owe me, pay me my money down
You've got to pay me Winston Waters, Pay me my money down.

Spancil Hill

Last night as I lay dreaming,
of pleasant days gone by.
Me mind was bent on ramblin'
to Ireland I did fly.

I stepped on board a vision,
and followed with my will...
'Till next I came to anchor,
At the cross near Spancil Hill.

Delighted by the novelty
Enachanted by the scene
Where in my early boyhood,
where oft times I had been

I thought I heard a murmur
I think I hear it still...
It's a little stream of water,
that flows down Spancil Hill.
It been the 23rd Of June,
The day before the faire
When Ireland's sons and daughters
and crowds assembled there.

The young, the old, the brave and bold
Their duties to full-fill
At the parish church of Clooney
'Bout a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbors,
to hear what they might say.
The old ones they're all dead and gone...
The young ones turing gray.

I met the tailor, Quiggley..
He's as bold as ever still
For he used to make my britches,
When I lived at Spancil Hill
I paid a flying visit to

My first and only love.
She's fair as any lily,
And gentle as a dove

She threw her arms around me
Saying "Johnny, I love ya still!"
She's Meg, the Farmer's Daughter
And the pride of Spencil Hill

I dreamt I stooped and kissed her
as in the days of yore.
She said Johnny you're only joking
as many times before!
The cock crewed in the morning,
he crewed both loud and shrill.
I woke without my own true love,
many miles from Spencil Hill.

The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
There were three ravens sat on a tree
With a down
There were three ravens sat on a tree
They were as black as they might be
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

One of them said to his mate
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
One of them said to his mate
With a down
One of them said to his mate
Where shall we our breakfast take
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

Down in yonder green
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
Down in yonder green

With a down
Down in yonder green
There lies a knight slain under his shield
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

His hawks they fly so eagerly
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
His hawks they fly so eagerly
With a down
His hawks they fly so eagerly
There is no fowl dare come him ni'
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

His hounds they lie down at his feet
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
His hounds they lie down at his feet
With a down
His hounds they lie down at his feet
So well do they their master keep
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

Down there comes a fallow doe
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
Down there comes a fallow doe
With a down
Down there comes a fallow doe
As great with child as she might go
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

She lifted up his bloody head
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
She lifted up his bloody head
With a down
She lifted up his bloody head
And licked his wounds that were so red
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

She got him up upon her back
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
She got him up upon her back
With a down

She got him up upon her back
And carried him to an earthen lack
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

God grant every gentleman
Down-a-down, hey down, hey down
God grant every gentleman
With a down
God grant every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds and such a leman
With a down, derry-derry, derry down-down

New Songs

Twiddles

By Janie Meneely

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 their thumbs
until their men come home?
Well there's other things to twiddle
when a lass is on her own.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There's often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There's other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.

I remember Nelly,
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 went sailing ou
another ship sailed in.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There's often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There's other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.

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 burning, love,”
those were the words he spoke.
So she found herself another man
to keep the fire stoked.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There’s often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There’s other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.

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 man under it
could use a little air.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There’s often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There’s other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.

Oh, you hear a lot of stories
‘Bout men the sailors and their sport.
About how how every sailor
has a girl in port
But if you had added two and two
you’d figure out right quick
That it’s just because the lassie’s
have a lad on every ship.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There's often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There's other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.

And, it twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
twiddley ai dee ay
There's often times a man will leave you
broken with dismay
And, its twiddley ai dee aidee ai,
There's other things to twiddle
when your man is gone away.