

## **A**

A Nation Once Again  
A-Rovin'  
Alabama  
Alive, Alive, Oh  
All For Me Grog  
Auld Lang Syne  
Auld Triangle  
Away Rio

## **B**

Ballad of St. Annes Reel  
Barrett's Privateers  
Belemina  
Big Sing A-Long  
Black Velvet Band  
Blow The Man Down  
Blow Ye Winds In The Morning  
Boney Was A Warrior  
Bonnie Ship The Diamond  
Bully In The Alley  
Butter Beans  
Bye, Bye, Roseanna

## **C**

Cape Cod Girls  
Captain Kidd, Dying Words  
Crossing The Bar  
Cruel War, The

## **D**

Danny Boy  
Denis Sullivan (The Schooner)  
Dirty Old Town  
Donkey Riding  
Doodle Let Me Go  
Dreadful Life  
Drinkin' Of The Wine  
Drunken Sailor

## **F**

Fall Down Billy O'Shea  
Farewell Shanty  
Farewell To Nova Scotia  
Fiddler's Green  
Fields of Athenry  
Foggy Dew  
Follow Me Up to Carlow

## **G**

Galway Shawl  
General Taylor  
Glendy Burke  
Grace  
Grey Funnel Line  
Gypsy Rover

## **H**

Hard Times (Come Again No More)  
Haul Away Joe  
Haul On The Bowline  
Heiland Laddie  
High Barbaree  
Holy Ground, The  
Home Boys Home  
Home From The Sea

## **I**

I Don't Want To Be An 'Ero  
I'll Tell Me Ma  
Irish Rover  
Isn't It Grand, Boys

## **J**

Jackaroe  
John Kanaka  
Johnny Come Down To Hilo  
Johnson Girls  
Jug O' Punch  
Jump Isabel, Glide Water

## **K**

Keep Hauling

## **L**

Last Shanty, The  
Leave Her Johnny  
Leaving Of Liverpool  
Let The Lower Lights Be Burning  
Life of the Rover, The  
Loch Lomond / Red Is The Rose  
Lowlands, A Dollar & A Half

## **M**

Mermaid, The  
Michael Row The Boat Ashore  
Mingulay Boat Song  
Moonshiner  
My Green Valleys

## **N**

Nancy Whiskey  
New York Girls

## **O**

Old Maui, Rolling Down To

## **P**

Packet Rats Song  
Paddy Doyle's Boots  
Paddy Lay Back  
Paddy Works On The Railway  
Parting Glass, The  
Pay Me My Money Down  
Peggy Gordon  
Portland Town (Packet Rats Version)

## **R**

Red, Red Rose  
Reuben Ranzo  
Roll On Manatee  
Roll The Auld Chariot Along  
Roll The Woodpile Down  
Rolling Home to Caledonia  
Run The Riggin Again (The Fair Maid)

## **S**

Santianna (Lady Pirate Version)  
Santy Anno  
Scotland The Brave  
Shallow Brown  
Shenandoah  
Shoals Of Herring  
Shove It Over  
Skye Boat Song  
Sloop John B  
Some Say The Devil Is Dead  
Sonny's Dream  
South Australia  
Star of The County Down  
Streets Of London

## **T-U-V**

The Water Is Wide  
Unicorn Song, The  
Toora Loora Loo Rah Set

## **W**

Way Down In Dixie  
We'll Rant and Roar / Cortez  
The Wellerman  
Whiskey In The Jar  
Wild Colonial Boy  
Wild Mountain Thyme (aka Go Lassie Go)  
Wild Rover, No Nay Never  
Wreck Of The Nancy Lee

## **Y**

Ye Jacobites By Name

## A NATION ONCE AGAIN

KEY: G  
ED

When Boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen.  
When Greece and Rome who Bravely stood  
three hundred men and three men.  
And then I prayed I might yet see - our fetters rent in twain.  
And Ireland long a province be - A Nation Once Again

### CHORUS

A Nation Once Again,  
A Nation Once Again  
and Ireland long a province be  
a nation once again

And from that time through wildest woe  
that hope has shone a far light.  
Nor could love's brightest glow  
outshine that solemn starlight.  
It seemed to watch above my head  
in forum field and fane,  
it's angels voice sang 'round my bed - A Nation Once Again

### CHORUS

It whispered too that freedom's ark and service high and holy.  
Would be profane by feeling dark  
for passions vane or lowly.  
But freedom comes from God's right hand  
and needs a Godly train.  
And righteous men must make our land - A Nation Once Again

### CHORUS

So as I grew from boy to man - I bent me to that bidding.  
My spirit of each selfish plan - and cruel passion ridding  
for thus, I hoped one day to aid - oh can such hope be vain?  
When my dear country shall be made - A Nation Once Again

### CHORUS

**A-ROVING**KEY: G  
ED

In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
Mark well what I say  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
And she was mistress of her trade  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

***Chorus: A-roving, a-roving  
Since roving's been my ru-i-in  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.***

I took that fair maid for a walk  
Mark well what I say  
I took that fair maid for a walk  
And we had such a loving talk  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**CHORUS:**

I put my arm around her waist  
Mark well what I say  
I put my arm around her waist  
So slim and trim and tightly laced  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**CHORUS:**

I took that maid upon my knee  
Mark well what I say  
I took that maid upon my knee  
Said she, "Give over! Let me be!"  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**CHORUS:**

## ALABAMA

Sh: When the Ala-bama's keel was laid

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: She was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird-

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: She was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: It was in the town of Birkenhead-

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: Down the Mersey ways she sail-ed then

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: She was Liverpool fitted with guns and men-

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: To the Western isles she sail-ed forth

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: To destroy the commerce of the North-

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: To Cherbourg port she went one day

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: To take a share of prize money-

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: Oh, many a sailor met his doom

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: When the Kearsage she hove in view

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: They shot from the forward pivot that day

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: Shot the Alabama's hull away

**Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Sh: Off the three mile limit in '64

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**

Sh: The Alabama sank to the ocean floor

**Ch: Roll Alabama roll**



**ALIVE, ALIVE, OH**  
**~ aka: MOLLY MALONE**

ROUND  
GOODY: A  
GARY: C  
ED: G

In Dublin's fair city,  
Where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
alive, alive, oh!"

**{Chorus}**

**"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh,"**  
**Crying "Cockles and mussels,**  
**alive, alive, oh"**

She was a fishmonger  
But sure 'twas no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
And they each wheel'd their barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels  
Alive, alive oh!"

**Chorus**

She died of a fever,  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end  
of sweet Molly Malone.  
But her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive, oh!"

**Chorus**

## ALL FOR ME GROG

KEY : G

**{Chorus}** And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,  
Now, across the western ocean we must wander.

Gary

Where is me hat, me noggy, noggy hat?

**All gone for beer and tobacco.**

Well the brim is worn out, and the crown is kicked about,  
And me hair is looking out for better weather.

**(Chorus)**

Where is me shirt, me noggy, noggy shirt?

**All gone for beer and tobacco.**

Well, the sleeves are worn out, and the collar's kicked about,  
And me tails is looking out for better weather.

**(Chorus)**

Where are me boots, me noggy, noggy boots?

**All gone for beer and tobacco.**

Well, the soles are worn out, and the heels are kicked about,  
And me toes is looking out for better weather.

**(Chorus)**

Where are me pants, me noggy, noggy pants?

**All gone for beer and tobacco.**

Well, the cuffs are worn out, and the fly is kicked about,  
And me arse is looking out for better weather.

**(Chorus)**

Where ere me wench, me noggy, noggy wench?

**All gone for beer and tobacco.**

Her riggings all wore out, and her bow's been knocked about  
And her stern is looking out for better weather.

**(Chorus)**

I'm sick and stony broke, and I'm parted from me smoke,  
And the sky is looking blacker than the thunder,  
And the tavern keeper, too, for I haven't got a sou.  
That's the way you're treated when you're out and under.

**(Chorus)**

I'm sick to me head, and I haven't been to bed,  
Since first we come ashore with all me plunder.  
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches,  
And, I guess, we'd better push out over yonder.

**(Chorus)**

**AULD LANG SYNE**

By Robert Burns

GOODY  
&  
GARY  
KEY: C

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and to days of auld lang syne?

**{CHORUS}**

For auld lang syne, my jo,  
for auld lang syne,  
we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!  
and gie' a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
for auld lang syne.

**CHORUS**

*(Add'l verses)*

We two have run about the braes  
and pulled the gowans fine.  
But we've wandered many a weary foot,  
since auld lang syne.

**CHORUS**

We two have paddled in the burn  
from morning sun till dine.  
But seas between us braid hae roared  
since auld lang syne.

**CHORUS**

**The AULD TRIANGLE**

KEY: G

A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing  
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell

**ALL: And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

To begin the morning, a screw was bawling  
Get up you bowsie, and clean up your cell

**ALL: And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

The lags were sleeping,  
humpy Gussy was creeping  
As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal

**ALL: And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

Up in the female prison,  
there are seventy five women  
'Tis among them I wish I did dwell

**(ALL 2X)**

**Then the auld triangle,  
could go jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

**AWAY RIO***Traditional - As sung by Captain Jesse Schaffer*

KEY :D

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,

**Away, Rio.**

I'll sing you a song if you'll sing it with me,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

**[Chorus]**

(And it's) **Away, Rio, away, Rio!**

**It's fair ye well my pretty young girls,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!**

We'll man up the capstan and run her around,  
We'll haul up the anchor to this jolly old sound.

**Chorus**

The chain's up and down now the bos'n did say,  
Heave up to the hawsepipe the anchor's aweigh.

**Chorus**

The anchor's aweigh and the sails are all set,  
The gals we are leaving we'll never forget.

**Chorus**

It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,  
And them that are listening - it's goodbye to you

**Chorus**

We've a jolly good ship and a jolly good crew,  
We've a jolly good mate and a good skipper too.

**Chorus**

Our ship went a-sailing out over the bar,  
We've pointed our bow to the great southern stars.

**Chorus**

**BALLAD OF ST. ANNE'S REEL**

Aka: St. Anne's Reel ~ David Mallett

KEY: D  
ED

He was stranded in some tiny town  
on fair Prince Edward Island  
Waiting for a ship to come and find him  
A one horse place, a friendly face,  
some coffee and a tiny trace  
Of fiddlin' in the distance far behind him

A dime across the counter then,  
a shy hello, a brand new friend  
A walk along the street in wintry weather  
A yellow light, an open door,  
a 'Welcome friend, there's room for more'  
And then they're standing there  
inside together

*He said...*

'I've heard that tune before somewhere  
but I can't remember when  
Was it on some other friendly shore,  
did I hear it on the wind  
Was it written on the sky above,  
I think I heard it from someone I love  
But I never heard it sound  
so sweet since then.

(OPTIONAL: INSTRUMENTAL VERSE)

How his feet begin to tap,  
a little boy says 'I'll take your hat'  
He's caught up in the magic of his smile.

Then leaps the heart within him went,  
and off across the floor he sent  
his clumsy body, graceful as a child

'There's magic in the fiddler's arms  
and there's magic in this town  
There's magic in the dancers' feet  
and the way they put them down  
Smiling people everywhere,  
boots and ribbons and locks of hair  
Laughter and old blue suits  
and Easter gowns'

The sailor's gone, the room is bare,  
the old piano's sitting there  
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack  
Some empty chairs, the wooden floor  
that feels the touch of shoes no more  
Waiting for the dancers to come back

And the fiddle's in the closet  
of some daughter of the town  
Strings are broke and the bow is gone,  
and the case is buttoned down.  
But often on December nights,  
when the air is cold and the wind is right,  
there's a melody  
comes passing through this town



# BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

GARY  
C2 G/ Bb

PG 3

Oh, the year was 1778,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

A letter of marque came from the king,  
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

**{Chorus}**

**God damn them all!**

**I was told we'd cruise the seas  
for American gold - we'd fire no guns  
Shed no tears...**

**Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's Privateers.**

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

For twenty brave men all fishermen who  
would make for him the Antelope's crew

**Chorus**

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags  
And the cook in scuppers with the  
staggers and the jags

**Chorus**

On the King's birthday we put to sea,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

We were 91 days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way

**Chorus**

On the 96th day we sailed again,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight

With our cracked four pounders

we made to fight

**Chorus**

The Yankee lay low down with gold,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays

But to catch her took the Antelope

two whole days

**Chorus**

Then at length we stood two cables away,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

Our cracked four pounders made an awful din

But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

**Chorus**

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs

And the Maintruck carried off both me legs

**Chorus**

So here I lay in my 23rd year,

**HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!**

It's been 6 years since we sailed away

And I just made Halifax yesterday

**Chorus**

Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor

Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor

Put the Belemina on the dock

And paint the Belemina black, black, black

**Paint the Belemina black, black, black**

**When she come home she was white.**

Oh de Mystry, oh de Mystry, she used to carry whiskey

Oh de Mystry, oh de Mystry, little boat mighty frisky

Put the Mystry on the dock

And paint the Mystry black, black, black

**Paint the Mystry black, black, black**

**When she come home she was white.**

Oh de N'agwa, oh de N'agwa, she stuck in Key West harbor

Oh de N'agwa, oh de N'agwa, she carry a funny cargo

Put the N'agwa on the dock

And paint the N'agwa black, black, black

**Paint the N'agwa black, black, black**

**When she come home she was white.**

*(\*1<sup>st</sup> two lines quietly)*

**Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor**

**Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor**

**Put the Belemina on the dock**

**And paint the Belemina black, black, black**

**Paint the Belemina black, black, black**

**When she come home she was white.**

## Big Sing a Long

KEY G  
ED

### Molly Malone

In Dublins fair city, where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

(Chorus)

A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

She was a fishmonger, and sure it was no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
They both wheeled their barrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

But I was a rover, and sailed the seas over  
I bid my farewell to sweet Molly Malone  
And as I was a-sailin', the wild winds were wailin'  
Cryin' cockles and mussels alive, a-live, oh

A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

### Wild Rover

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

And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)  
Shall I play the Wild Rover (1 clap)  
No never, no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay"  
Such a custom as yours, I can have any day"

And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)  
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)

**No never, no more**

**I took from my pockets ten sovereigns bright  
The land ladies eyes opened wide with delight  
Said she “ I have whiskey and wines of the best,  
And the words that I spoke were only in jest.**

**And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)  
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)  
No never, no more**

### **Black Velvet Band**

**In a neat little town they call Belfast,  
apprenticed to trade I was bound  
And many's the hour of sweet happiness,  
I spent in that neat little town  
Till sad misfortune came over me,  
which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from me friends and relations,  
betrayed by the black velvet band**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band**

**As I was out walking one evening  
Not meaning to go very far  
I met with a fickle young damsel  
Who was plying her trade at The Bar  
When a watch she took from a customer  
and put it right into my hand  
And the law came and put me in prison  
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band**

**Next morning before a judge and a jury,  
for trial had to appear  
The judge he said “My Fine Fellow,  
The case against you is quite clear  
And seven long years is your sentence,  
You're going to Van Deimon's Land  
Far away from your friends and relations,  
betrayed by the Black Velvet Band**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band**

**So come all ye jolly young fellows,  
I'll have you take warning take by me  
For when you are out on the liquor me lads,  
beware of them pretty colleens  
For they'll feed you with whiskey and porter,  
until you are unable to stand,  
And the very next thing that you know me lads,  
is you've landed in Van Diemen's Land**

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band**

**BLACK VELVET BAND**KEY: G  
ED**{CHORUS}**

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
And many an hour's sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town.

Till bad misfortune came o'er me  
That caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band.

**CHORUS**

Well, I was out strolling one evening  
Not meaning to go very far  
When I met with a pretty young damsel  
Who was selling her trade in the bar.

A watched she pulled from a customer  
And slipped it right into my hand  
On the very first day that I met her,  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

**CHORUS**

Next morning before judge and jury  
For a trial I had to appear  
And the judge, he said, "You young fellow...  
The case against you is quite clear

And seven long years is your sentence....  
You're going to Van Dieman's Land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band."

**CHORUS**

So come all you jolly young fellows  
I'd have you take warning by me  
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,  
Beware of the pretty colleen.

She'll fill you with whiskey and porter  
Until you're not able to stand  
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lad,  
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land

**CHORUS**

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN**

KEY: G

I'm a Flyin' Fish Sailor just home from Hong Kong - *To me!*

**Way Hey Blow the man down**

Just give me some whiskey and I'll sing yez a song

**Gimme some time to blow the man down**

**{CHORUS}**

**Oh, blow the man down, bullies,**

**blow the man down! *To me!***

**Way, hey, blow the man down,**

**Oh, Blow him right over to Liverpool town!**

**Oh, gimme some time**

**to blow the man down.**

Now as I was a rollin' down Paradise Street-

A fat Irish bobby I chanced for to meet-

**Way, Hey, Blow the man down**

He sez, you're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair-

And those floppy red seaboots I see that you wear-

**Gimme some time to blow the man down**

**CHORUS**

Oh mister, oh mister, you do me great wrong-

I'm a Flyin' Fish Sailor just home from Hong Kong-

**Way, Hey, Blow the man down**

You've sailed in some packet that flies the Black Ball-

And you've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all-

**Gimme some time to blow the man down**

**CHORUS**

So I spat in his eye and I stove in his jaw-

Young feller, sez he, you're breaking the law-

**Way, Hey, Blow the man down**

Well they gave me six months in old Liverpool Town-

For booting' and kicking' and blown' him down-

**Gimme some time to blow the man down**

**CHORUS**

So come all you young fellers that follow the sea-

Put your vents on the wind, boys and listen to me-

**Way, Hey, Blow the man down**

Yes come all you young sailors, mark well what I say-

Steer clear of fat policemen you'll find it'll pay-

**Gimme some time to blow the man down**

**CHORUS – 2 X**



**BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING**

KEY: G

'Tis advertised in Boston,  
New York, and Buffalo:  
Five hundred brave Americans  
a-whalin' for to go.

**{Chorus}****Singing Blow ye winds in the morning,****Blow ye winds, high-ho!****Clear away your runnin' gear,****And blow, boys, blow!**

They take you to New Bedford,  
that famous whaling port,  
And give you to some land sharks  
to board and fit you out.

**Chorus**

They tell you of the clipper ships a-going in an' out  
And say you'll take five hundred sperm  
before you're six months out.

**Chorus**

Its now we're out to sea, my boys,  
the winds come on to blow;  
One-half the watch is sick on deck,  
the other half below.

**Chorus**

When our ship is full, my boys,  
and we don't give a damn  
We'll bend on all our stu'nsals  
and sail for Yankeeland.

**Chorus**

When we get home, our ship made fast,  
and we get through our sailing,  
A brimming glass around we'll pass  
and damn this blubber whaling!

**Chorus**

## BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

KEY: D  
Gary

Oh, Boney was a warrior,

**Away-hey-AH!**

A warrior, a terrier,

**Jean Fran-SWAH!**

Oh, Boney fought the Proosh-i-ans, The Oostr-i-ans, the Roosh-i-ans.

Boney marched on Moscow, He lost his army in the snow.

Moscow was a-blazin', He had to turn around again.

Boney went to Elba, And Boney he came back again.

He beat the Prooshians fairly, He beat the English, nearly.

'Twas on the plains of Waterloo, There he got his overthrow.

They took Boney off again, \*Board the "Billy Ruffian".

Boney, he was sent away, Away in Saint Helena.

He went to Saint Helena, He wished he'd never been there.

They put poison in his food, It didn't do him any good.

Boney broke his heart and died, Away in Saint Helena.

For Boney was a Corsican, A rortin', snortin' Corsican.

Boney was a general, A randy, dandy general.

Give her them t'gallant sails, It's a weary way to Baltimore.

*\*Nick-name of HMS Bellerophon, where Napoleon surrendered to the British.*

The Diamond is a ship, me lads,  
for the Davis Straits she's bound,  
And the quay it is all garnish-ed with bonnie lassies round.

Captain Thompson gives the order  
tae sail the ocean wide,  
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky.

**{CHORUS}**

**So it's cheer up, my lads!  
Let your hearts never fail,  
For the bonnie ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishin for the whale!**

Along the quay of Peterhead,  
the lassies stand around,  
Their shawls all pulled about them  
and the salt tears running doon.  
Now don't you weep, my bonnie lass,  
though you be left behind,  
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice  
before we change our mind.

**CHORUS**

Here's health tae the Resolution,  
likewise the Eliza Swan,  
Three cheers tae the Battler of Montrose,  
and the Diamond, ship of fame.

We wear the trousers o' the white  
and the jackets o' the blue,  
When we get back tae Peterhead, we'll ha'e sweethearts enoo.

**CHORUS**

It will be bricht both day and night  
when the Greenland lads come hame,  
Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil, me lads,  
and money tae our name.

We'll make the cradles for tae rock  
and the blankets for tae tear,  
And every lass in Peterhead sing "hushabye, my dear!"

**CHORUS** *to fin.*

**BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

KEY: E  
OISIN

SL: (HEY!) - SO HELP ME BOB,  
I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

**CH: WAY HEY~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

SL: SO HELP ME BOB,  
I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

**CH: BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L**

**{CHORUS}**

**SO HELP ME BOB I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

**WAY HEY ~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

**HELP ME BOB I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

**BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L**

(OH!) SALLY IS THE GAL  
THAT I LOVED DEARLY~

**OOH - WAY HEY ~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

NOW! SALLY IS THE GAL  
THAT I SPLICED NEARLY~

**BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L**

**CHORUS**

WELL, I'LL LEAVE SAL, AND I'LL BE A SAILOR~

**HO! WAY HEY I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY**

I'LL LEAVE SAL

AND SHIP ABOARD A WHALER

**BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L**

**CHORUS 2X**

*American Civil War era tune.*

**{1st verse & CHORUS}**

**Just a bowl of butter beans  
Pass the cornbread if you please  
I don't want no collard greens  
All I want is a bowl of butter beans**

---

Just a piece of country ham  
Pass the butter and the jam  
Pass the biscuits if you please  
And some more o' them  
good ol' butter beans

**CHORUS**

Red eye gravy is all right  
Turnip sandwich a delight  
But my children all still scream  
For another bowl of butter beans

**CHORUS**

Some folks think that cornpone's best  
Some likes grits more than the rest  
But if I was a man of means  
I'd just want them good ol' butter beans

**CHORUS**

When they lay my bones to rest  
Place no roses upon my chest  
Plant no blooming evergreens  
All I want is' a bowl of butter beans

**CHORUS**

**BYE, BYE, ROSEANNA**

KEY: E  
Goody  
and All

**{CHORUS}**

**Bye-bye, bye-bye -- bye-bye, bye-bye,**

**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**

**Bye-bye, bye-bye -- bye-bye, bye-bye,**

**I won't be home tomorrow.**

A dollar a day's a fisherman's pay

**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**

It's easy come, easy go they say

I won't be home tomorrow.

**CHORUS**

The boats are sailing around the bend,

**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**

All loaded down with fishermen

I won't be home tomorrow.

**CHORUS**

We're sailing North, across the bay

**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**

We won't be back for many a day

I won't be home tomorrow.

**CHORUS**

Oh Roseanne, sweet Roseanne

**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**

The Packet Rats, they sail again.

And I won't be home tomorrow.

**CHORUS**

Sh: Cape~ Cod girls don't got no combs

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

Sh: Ah well they comb their hair  
with codfish bones, an' we're

**Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia**

**{Chorus}**

**So ~ heave 'er up! My bully bully boys, now,**

**Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

**Ah well now heave 'er up  
and don't you make a noise**

**and we're ~ bound away for Austray~lia**

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod boys don't have no a' sleds.

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

Sh: They slide down hills on Codfish heads. /// An' we're ~

**Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia**

**Chorus**

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod cats don't a' have no tails,

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! - YIP!**

Sh: They got blown off by a Nor'east gale. /// An' we're ~

**Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia**

**Chorus**

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod dogs don't a' have no bite,

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

Sh: They lost it barkin' at the Cape Cod light. /// An' we're

**Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia**

**Chorus**

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod ladies don't a' have no ~ f'rills,

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

Sh: They're plain an' 'skinny as a Codfish gill. /// An' we're ~

**Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia**

**Final Chorus**

**Ch: So ~ heave 'er up! My bully bully boys, now,**

**Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!**

Sh: Ah well now heave 'er up  
and don't you make a noise. /// and we're ~

**Ch: (slowly) Bound ~ away ~ for ~ Austray~lia**

**CAPT. KIDD (*The Dying Words of*)** KEY: D

O, my name was Capt. Kidd;  
**when I sail'd, when I sail'd,**

O, my name was Capt. Kidd, when I sail'd;  
My name was Capt. Kidd, and God's laws I did forbid,  
and so wickedly I did,

**when I sail'd, when I sail'd.**  
**so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.**

I'd a bible in my hand,  
**when I sail'd, when I sail'd.**

I'd a bible in my hand, when I sail'd;  
I'd a bible in my hand, by my father's great command,  
but I sunk it in the sand,

**when I sail'd, when I sail'd.**  
**I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.**

I spy'd three ships of Spain,  
**as I sail'd, as I sail'd,**

I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd;  
I spy'd three ships of Spain, and I fir'd on them a main,  
'till most of them were slain,

**as I sail'd, as I sail'd.**  
**"Till most of their men were slain, as I sail'd.**

O, I murder's William Moore,  
**as I sail'd, as I sail'd,**

O, I murder's William Moore, as I sail'd,  
I murder's William Moore, and I left him in his gore,  
not many leagues from shore,

**as I sail'd, as I sail'd.**  
**Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.**

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,  
O. Come All ye young and old... see me die  
You're welcome to my gold,  
**For by it I've lost my soul, And must die.**



Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
**When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea,  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.**

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew - from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
**Turns again home, Turns again home,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.**

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell;  
When I embark;  
**When I embark, When I embark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell;  
When I embark.**

For tho' from out our borne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

**2 X When I have crossed the bar,  
When I have crossed the bar,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar**

The CRUEL WAR

KEY: D

The cruel war is raging, poor Johnny has to fight,  
I long to be with him, from morning till night.

I long to be with him, it grieves my heart so,  
Won't you let me go with you?

**No, my love no.**

Tomorrow is Sunday, and Monday is the day  
Your captain calls for you, and you must obey.  
Your captain calls for you, it grieves my heart so,  
Let me go with you?

**No, my love no.**

Your waist is too slender, your fingers are too small,  
Your cheeks are too rosy - to face the cannon ball.

Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves my heart so,  
Let me go with you?

**No, my love no.**

I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,  
I'll pass as your comrade as we march along.  
I'll pass as your comrade, and none will ever know  
Please let me go with you,

**No, my love, no.**

Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny,  
I fear you are unkind,  
I love you far better than all other mankind.  
I love you far better than words can e're express,  
Please let me go with you,

**Yes, my love, yes.**

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside,  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

-----

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

**REPEAT 1<sup>st</sup> Half of Song**

*fin:* Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy  
I Love You So

**(The Schooner) DENNIS SULLIVAN**

(m: The Bigler, w: Paul Kaplan, Sara Pirtle,  
Tom Balding, Pete Seeger & several others.)

Come gather 'round good people, a song we'll sing to you.  
Of the schooner Denis Sullivan - and how we built her true.  
In the city of Milwaukee, way back in eighty-nine  
A few hopeful men and women first volunteered their time

**{CHORUS}**

**Watch 'em, catch 'em, the breezes blow for free.  
Like ideas and hopes they flow through you and you,  
and you and me.  
But if we work together, no matter where we come from  
Who knows what kind of miracles  
there are still yet to come.**

Frank Steeves was a young lawyer  
when he first caught the dream  
He heard about Clearwater cleaning up the Hudson stream.  
Lady Maryland on the Chesapeake and other far and near  
We've got these noble Great Lakes, why can't we do it here?

**CHORUS**

Skilled workers came from all around  
when we sent out the appeal  
The city gave us a downtown pier and there we laid the keel  
With volunteers both young and old, it was a sight to see  
Tourists came and paid cold cash to see them working hard for free

**CHORUS**

We went to see the Menominee to buy six tall white pine  
To make three strong and stately masts to hold the sails and lines  
"We're not allowed to sell them! No that we cannot do  
But if you're out to save the lakes we'll give all six to you.

**CHORUS**

But building this great schooner is not without it's costs  
To troubles with construction, add: a human life was lost  
A full eight years a building, but now it's worth it you'll agree  
We're all proud to see the Denis Sullivan - sailing the Inland sea.

**CHORUS - 2 X**

# **DOODLE LET ME GO**

It's of the merchant's daught-a-ter, way down in Call-A-O

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

And the knocking shop called Madame Ca-ci.

A place where you should go.

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go.**

**{CHORUS}**

**Doodle let me me go, me gal, doodle let me go.**

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go.**

As I was out a-walking, down by the river side,

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

T'was there I saw a yellow girl, a-swimming in the tide,

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

**CHORUS**

She swung her hips, she tripped her feet, she winked her sassy eye

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

She took me back to Madame Ca-ci, to see how I would lie

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

**CHORUS**

She took me in, she gave me gin, she laid me on the floor,

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

She stripped me of me pay me boys, and showed me to the door

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

**CHORUS**

I fell into the street, me boys, without a dime to spare

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

I wore a smile upon my face, that gal she put it there

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

**CHORUS**

One day I'll make that port again, down in Call-A-O

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

I'll set a course to Madame Ca-ci, and take that gal in tow!

**Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!**

**CHORUS - 2 X - fin**

## DIRTY OLD TOWN

GOODY  
GARRY:  
KEY: C  
ED  
KEY: G

**I met my love by the gas works wall**  
**Dreamed a dream by the old canal**  
**I kissed my girl by the factory wall**  
***Dirty old town... Dirty old town***

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
springs a girl from the streets at night  
***Dirty old town... Dirty old town***

I heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
***Dirty old town... Dirty old town***

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
***Dirty old town... Dirty old town***

**I met my love by the gas works wall**  
**Dreamed a dream by the old canal**  
**I kissed my girl by the factory wall**  
***Dirty old town... Dirty old town***

***Dirty old town --- Dirty old town***

**DONKEY RIDING**KEY: Am  
GARY

Wuz you ever in Quebec  
Launchin' timber on the deck?  
Where ye'd break yer bleedin' neck  
Riding on a donkey!

**{Chorus}** Way hay an' away we go,  
Donkey riding, donkey riding!  
Way hay an' away we go,  
Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Timbucktoo  
Where the gals are black an' blue?  
And they waggle their bustles too,  
Riding on a donkey.

**CHORUS**

Wuz you ever in Vallipo  
Where the gals put on a show?  
Waggle an' dance with a roll and go,  
Riding on a donkey.

**CHORUS**

Wuz you ever in Mobile Bay,  
Screwin' cotton all the day?  
A dollar a day is a white man's pay,  
Riding on a donkey.

**CHORUS**

Wuz you ever in London town,  
Where the gals they do come down?  
See the king in a golden crown,  
Riding on a donkey.

**CHORUS**

Wuz you ever off Cape Horn,  
Where the weather's never warm,  
When you wish for the Lord ye'd never bin born?  
Riding on a donkey.

**CHORUS**

**DREADFUL LIFE**

I have sailed across the ocean,  
I have rolled upon the sea  
And this dreadful life  
I'm living is just the life for me

---

When I was just a young man - I left my family  
Set out upon the raging main - to serve Amerikee  
But when the fight was over - I found I needed more  
I signed on board a packet ship  
bound for some distant shore  
I have . . .

**{Chorus}**

**... sailed across the ocean,  
I have rolled upon the sea  
And this dreadful life I'm living  
is just the life for me**

I went down to a native bar -  
when we put out to shore  
Got drinking ale and whiskey -  
till I was good and poor  
When I awoke beside me - laid a girl I didn't know  
Just proves that heathen whiskey - can lay a sailor low  
I have . . . **CHORUS**

It's haul and sail and limey boys,  
it's pushing capstan round  
It is working pumps and windlass  
and praying for the sound  
The sound of a bosun' calling - to take us all below  
And end the pain of everyday - a sailor's come to know  
I have . . . **CHORUS**



As we sailed in the back stream  
at the old New London port  
I heard the music playing  
and the dancing on the wharf  
The people there was happy  
'cos our ship was comin' in  
And friends and their relations  
would not go to sea again  
I have . . . **CHORUS**

When the mighty ocean tells me  
with a piece of broken deck  
That life on land's not half as bad  
as living through a wreck  
So I'll be going home me boys  
to the friends I used to know  
And hoist a jar to every man  
who has the urge to roam  
I have . . .

**... sailed across the ocean,  
I have rolled upon the sea.  
And this dreadful life I USED TO LIVE  
is NOT the life for me.**

**(FINAL Chorus – TWICE ~ Slow down 2nd time)**

**DRINKING OF THE WINE**

*(Words in Parentheses are sung by the SHANTYMAN)*

**CHORUS:**

(Drinkin' of the)

**wine, wine, wine.**

(Drinkin' of the)

**wine, holy wine.**

(You ought o' been)

**there ten thousand years,**

**Drinkin' of the wine.**

(Drink it brothers) **drink it free,**

(Flows from the) **root of a tender tree.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

**Drinking of the wine.**

**{CHORUS}**

(If my mother) **calls for me,**

(You tell her that) **death has summoned me.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

Drinking of the wine.

**CHORUS:**

(If my sister) **calls for me,**

(Tell her to) **meet me at Galilee.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

**Drinking of the wine.**

**CHORUS**

**{CHORUS}** Way hay and up she rises  
Way hay and up she rises  
Way hay and up she rises  
Early in the mornin'

What do ya do with a drunken sailor?

**CHORUS**

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

**CHORUS**

Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

**CHORUS**

Stick him in the scupper with a hosepipe on him

**CHORUS**

Wake him, shake him, then you'll break him

**CHORUS**

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

**CHORUS**

Have you seen the captain's daughter

**CHORUS**

That's what you do with a drunken sailor

**CHORUS**

(There may be additional verses offered)

**FALL DOWN BILLY O'SHEA**

KEY: D

ED

We all got drunk in Dublin City

**Fall down me Billy**

We all got drunk, sure, more's the pity

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

**{Chorus}**

**Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy**

**We're bound away for Americay,**

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

We lay ourselves down on Sir Rogerson's Quay

**Fall down me Billy**

And when we woke up we were out to sea

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

---

We are no sailors Captain Drew

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

And quite unhappy to sail with you

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

**Chorus**

The Captain said, "I've a cure for that.

**Fall down me Billy**

And here for a start is a dose of the cat."

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

---

He sent him up to the topmast yard

**Fall down me Billy**

When he hit the deck, ugh... He took it hard.

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

**Chorus**

We sewed him up in a canvas sail

**Fall down me Billy**

And we lowered him gently o'er the rail

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

---

Over the side and down he goes

**Fall down me Billy**

He's gone to Davy Jones -  
with a stitch through his nose

**Fall down Billy O'Shea**

**Chorus**

Farewell, farewell, farewell me Billy  
I'm bound away for TAMPA BAY,

**Farewell Billy O'Shea**

\*\*\*

## **FAREWELL SHANTY**

*Dick Holdstock and Allan MacLeod*

It is time to go now  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**It's our sailing time**

Get some sail upon her  
**Haul away your halyards**  
**Haul away your halyards**  
**It's our sailing time**

Get her on her course now  
**Haul away your foresheets**  
**Haul away your foresheets**  
**It's our sailing time**

Waves are surging under  
**Haul away down channel**  
**Haul away down channel**  
**On the evening tide**

When my days are over  
**Haul away for Heaven**  
**Haul away for Heaven**  
**God be by my side**

Yes it's time to go now  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**It's our sailing time**

## FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

The sun is setting in the west  
the birds are singing from every tree.

All nature seems inclined to rest  
But still there will be no rest for me.

### **{Chorus}**

**Farewell to Nova Scotia  
and your sea bound coast.  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.  
When I am far away on the  
briney oceans tossed,  
will you ever heave a sigh - or a wish for me.**

I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all.  
and my aged parents - whom I love so dear  
and the bonny bonny lassie that I adore.

### **Chorus**

The drums do beat the wars do alarm  
the captain calls, I must obey.  
farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
for it's early in the morning  
and I'm far far away.

### **Chorus**

I have 3 brothers they are at rest  
their arms are folded on their chest.  
But a briney sailor just like me  
must be tossed and driven – in the deep blue sea.

### **Chorus**

**FIDDLER'S GREEN**KEY: C  
ED

As I walked by the dockside - one evening so rare  
To view the still waters - and take the salt air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song  
'Oh take me away boys, - my time is not long'

**{Chorus}****Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper****No more on the docks I'll be seen****Just tell me old shipmates - I'm taking a trip mates****And I'll see you some day - on Fiddler's Green**

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell  
Where the fishermen go - if they don't go to hell  
Where the weather is fair - and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland - is far, far away

**Chorus**

The skies are always clear - and there's never a gale  
And the fish jump on board - with a flip of their tail  
Where you lie at your leisure - there's no work to do  
And the skipper's below - making tea for the crew

**Chorus**

An' when you're in dock - and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs - and there's lassies there too  
Now the girls are all pretty - and the beer it is free  
And there's bottles of rum - hanging from every tree.

**Chorus**

I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me.  
Just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea  
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

**Chorus**



## FIELDS OF ATHENRY

By a lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young girl calling  
"Michael, they have taken you away,  
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,  
So the young might see the morn.  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

KEY:C  
GOODY

KEY G  
ED

### CHORUS

Low lie the fields of Athenry.  
Where once we watched  
the small free birds fly.  
Our love was on the wing  
We had dreams and songs to sing.  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young man calling  
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.  
Against the famine and the crown,  
I rebelled, they cut me down.  
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

### CHORUS

By a lonely harbor wall,  
she watched the last star fall  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray  
for her love in Botany Bay.  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

### CHORUS

\*\*\*

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
When armed line of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.  
No pipes did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus bell - o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.  
And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through;  
While Brittania's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

O' the night fell black and the rifles' crack  
Made "Perfidious Abion" reel  
'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame  
Did shine o'er the lines of steel.  
By each shining blade a prayer was said  
That to Ireland her sons be true,  
And when morning broke - still the war flag shook  
Out its fold in the foggy dew.  
'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.

But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
Or the fringe of the great North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,  
Their names we'd keep  
where the Fenians sleep  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the solemn bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Watertide  
In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

Ah, back through the glen I rode again  
and my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men  
whom I never shall see more.  
But to and fro in my dreams I go and  
I'd kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when  
you fell in the foggy dew.

**FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW**  
*By Patrick Joseph McCall*

KEY: G  
GARY

Lift MacCahir Og your face - brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place,  
drove you to the Fern.

Grey said victory was sure soon - the firebrand he'd secure;  
Until he met at Glenmalure - with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

**{CHORUS}**

Curse and swear Lord Kildare  
Feagh will do what Feagh will dare  
Now FitzWilliam, have a care - Fallen is your star, low.  
Up with halberd out with sword  
On we'll go for by the Lord  
Feagh MacHugh has given the word,  
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imaile.  
flashing o'er the English Pale.  
See all the children of the Gael - beneath O'Byrne's banners.  
Rooster of the fighting stock  
would you let a Saxon cock - crow out upon an Irish rock  
fly up and teach him manners.

**CHORUS**

From Tassagart to Clonmore,  
there flows a stream of Saxon gore.  
Och, great is Rory Oge O'More - sending the loons to Hades.  
White is sick and Grey is fled - now for Black Fitzwilliam's head  
We'll send it over, dripping red,  
to Queen Liza and the ladies.

**CHORUS**

## The GALWAY SHAWL

KEY: G  
ED  
OR  
GARY

In Oranmore in the County Galway,  
One pleasant evening in the month of May,  
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome  
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

### {CHORUS}

She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,  
No paint or powder, no, none at all.  
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it  
And round her shoulder - was a Galway Shawl.

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,  
'Till her father's cottage came into view.  
Said she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,  
And play to please him "The Foggy Dew."

She sat me down beside the fire  
I could see her father, he was six feet tall.  
And soon her mother had the kettle singing  
All I could think of was the Galway shawl.

### CHORUS

I played "The Blackbird"  
and "The Stack of Barley",  
"Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew"  
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.  
While the tears flowed from her eyes so blue.

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,  
When I hit the road for old Donegal.  
She said 'Goodby, sir, - 'she cried and kissed me  
But my heart remains with the Galway shawl

### CHORUS

## GENERAL TAYLOR

PG 14

General Taylor gained the day

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

Oh, General Taylor gained the day

**Carry him to his burying ground**

**{Chorus}**

**T' me way hey, you Stormy**

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

**T' me way hey, you Stormy**

**Carry him to his burying ground**

----

Oh I wish I was old Stormy's son

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

I'd build a ship ten thousand tons

**Carry him to his burying ground**

----

I'd load her down with ale and rum

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

And every shellback should have some

**Carry him to his burying ground**

----

Oh we dig his grave with a silver spade

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

And his shroud of the softest silk is made

**Carry him to his burying ground**

----

And we lower him down on a golden chain

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

On every link we'll carve his name

**Carry him to his burying ground**

----

General Taylor's dead and gone

**Walk him along, John, carry him along**

General Taylor's dead and gone

**Carry him to his burying ground**

**GLENDY BURKE**  
(Stephen Foster - 1860)

The Glendy Burke is a mighty fast boat  
With a mighty fast captain, too  
He sits up there on the hurricane roof  
And he keeps his eye on the crew.

-----

I can't stay here for they work too hard  
I'm bound to leave this town,  
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back  
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

**{CHORUS}**

**Ho for Lousiana,  
I'm bound to leave this town,  
I'll take my duds - and tote 'em on my back  
When the Glendy Burke comes down.**

The Glendy Burke has a funny old crew  
And they sing the boatman's song;  
They burn the pitch and the pine knot too  
For to shove the boat along.

-----

The smoke goes up and the engine roars  
And the wheel goes round and round,  
So fare you well for I'll take a little ride,  
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

**CHORUS**

I'll work all night in the wind and storm  
I'll work all day in the rain,  
'Til I find myself on the levy-dock  
in New Orleans again.

-----

They make me mow in the hay-field here  
And knock my head with the flail,  
I'll go where they work -  
with the sugar and the cane  
And roll on the cotton bale.

### **CHORUS**

My lady love is as pretty as a pink,  
I'll meet her on the way,  
I'll take her back to the sunny old south,  
And there I'll make her stay.

-----

So don't you fret my honey, dear  
Oh don't you fret Miss Brown;  
I'll take you back 'fore -- the middle of the week  
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

### **CHORUS**



## GRACE

By Sean & Frank O'Meara

KEY: G  
Ed  
or Gary

As we gather in the chapel here - in old Kilmainham Jail  
I think about these past few weeks,  
oh, will they say we've failed.  
From our school days they have told us  
we must yearn for liberty.  
Yet all I want in this dark place  
is to have you here with me.

### {CHORUS}

Oh Grace just hold me in your arms  
and let this moment linger  
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die.  
With all my love I place  
this wedding ring upon your finger  
There won't be time to share our love  
for we must say goodbye.

Now I know it's hard for you my love  
to ever understand...  
The love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land.  
But when the Pádraic called me to his side...  
down in the GPO - I had to leave my own sick bed,  
to him I had to go.

### CHORUS

Now as dawn is breaking,  
my heart is breaking too.  
On this May morn as I walk out  
my thoughts will be of you  
And I'll write some words upon the wall  
so everyone will know  
I love so much that I could see - his blood upon the rose.

### CHORUS

GOODY TAG

## The GREY FUNNEL LINE

*(Cyril Tawney – 1959)*

Don't mind the rain nor the rolling sea  
The weary night never worries me  
But the hardest time in a sailor's day  
Is to watch the sun as it fades away

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

The finest ship that sails the sea  
Is still a prison for the likes of me  
But give me wings like Noah's dove  
I'll fly up harbor to the one I love

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

There was a time my heart was free  
Like a floating spar on the open sea  
But now that spar is washed ashore  
It comes to rest at my true love's door.

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

Every time I gaze behind the screws  
Makes me long for St. Peter's shoes  
I'd walk on down that silver lane  
And take my love in my arms again

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real  
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel  
And with all my heart I would turn her 'round  
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

I'll pass the time like some machine  
Until blue water turns to green  
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

**And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line**

IRISH  
PG 5

## GYPSY ROVER

KEY: C  
GOODY  
And  
Royce

A gypsy rover came over the hill  
Down through the valley so shady.  
He whistled and he sang - 'til the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.

### {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.

She left her father's castle gate.  
She left her own fine lover.  
She left her servants and her state  
To follow her gypsy rover.

### CHORUS

Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
And roamed the valley all over.  
Sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

### CHORUS

He came at last to a mansion fine  
Down by the river Claydee.  
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."

### CHORUS

*(Stephen Foster)*

Let us pause in life's pleasures - and count its many tears,  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;  
There's a song that will linger - forever in our ears;  
Oh Hard times come again no more.

**{Chorus}**

**'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,  
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more  
Many days you have lingered - around my cabin door;  
Oh hard times come again no more.**

While we seek mirth and beauty - and music light and gay,  
There are frail forms fainting at the door.  
Though their voices are silent - their pleading looks will say  
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Chorus**

There's a pale drooping maiden - who toils her life away,  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be merry - 'tis sighing all the day,  
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Chorus**

'Tis a sigh that is wafted - across the troubled wave,  
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured - around the lowly grave  
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Chorus**

*tag: Oh, Hard times, come again, no more.*

When I was a little boy, so me mother told me.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

That if I did not kiss the girls,  
my lips would all grow mouldy.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

**{CHORUS}** **Way haul away, we'll haul away together.**  
**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

King Louis was the king of France before the *revolut-i-on*.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

And then he got his head chopped off, it spoiled his *constitute-i-on*.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**CHORUS**

Once I was in Ireland - a 'digging turf and tatties.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

But now I'm on a Limey ship a'hauling on the braces.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**CHORUS**

Once I had a Yankee girl - but she was fat and lazy.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

But now I got an Irish girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

**CHORUS**

**'Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather.**

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**Way haul away, we'll haul away together.**

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**HAUL ON THE BOWLINE**  
*(Pronounced Bo-Lin (17th Century))*

Haul on the bowline,  
homeward we are going  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline,  
the packet she's a-rolling  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline,  
the Captain is a-growling  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline, so early in the morning  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline, to Bristol we are going  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline, Kitty is my darling  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline,  
Kitty comes from Liverpool  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Haul on the bowline, It's far cry to pay day  
**Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!**

Was you ever in Quebec

**Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Stowing lumber on the deck

**My bonnie Heiland laddie**

**{Chorus}**

**Hey ho and away we go**

**Bonnie Laddie, Hieland laddie**

**Hey ho and away we go**

**My bonnie Heiland laddie**

Were you ever in Call-i-o? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Where the girls are never slow. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

**Chorus**

Were you ever in Baltimore? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Dancing on that sanded floor. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

**Chorus**

Were you ever in Mobile Bay? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Screwing cotton by the day. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

**Chorus**

Were you ever in Dundee? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

There some pretty ships you'll see. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

**Chorus 2X**

## HIGH BARBAREE

There were two lofty ships from - old England came,

**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**

One was the Prince of Luther,  
and the other Prince of Wales,

**Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.**

“Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cries,

**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**

“Look ahead, look astern, - look aweather and alee,

**Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree.”**

There’s nought upon the stern, - there’s nought upon the lee,

**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**

But there’s a lofty ship to windward,  
and she’s sailing fast and free,

**Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.**

“Oh, hail her, Oh, hail her,” our gallant captain cried,

**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**

“Are you a man-o’-war or a privateer,” said he,

**“Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”**

“Oh, I am not a man-o’-war - nor privateer,” said he,

**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**

“But I’m an honest merchant ship - as you can plainly see

**“Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.**

Now back your topsails and - heave our vessel to;

**Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.**

For we have got some letters to be  
carried home by you.

**Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.**



We'll back up our topsails - and heave our vessel to;  
**Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.**  
But only in some harbour - and along the side of you.  
**A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.**

“Oh, I am not a man-o’-war - nor privateer,” said he,  
**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**  
“But I’m a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,  
**“Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.”**

Oh, ’twas broadside to broadside  
a long time we lay,  
**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**  
Until the Prince of Luther  
shot the pirate’s masts away,  
**Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.**

“Oh, quarter, Oh, quarter,” - those pirates then did cry,  
**Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;**  
But the quarter that we gave them,  
we sunk them in the tide,  
**Coming down along the coast of the High Barbaree.**

With cutlass and gun, - O we fought for hours three;  
**Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.**  
The ship it was their coffin -  
and their grave it was the sea.  
**A sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.**

But O! It was a cruel sight,  
and grieved us full sore,  
**Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.**  
To see them all a-drowning -  
as they tried to swim to shore.  
**A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.**

Fare thee well, my own true lover - a thousand times adieu!  
For we're going away from the holy ground  
And the girls we love so true!  
We will sail the salt seas over - and we'll return to shore  
To see again the girls we love - and the holy ground once more!

**{Chorus}**

**(shout) Fine girl you are!**

**You're the girl I do adore!**

**But still I live in hopes to see - The holy ground once more!**

**(shout) Fine girl you are!**

Now when we're out a-sailing - And you are far behind  
Fine letters will I write to you - With the secrets of my mind.  
The secrets of my mind, my girl - You're the girl that I adore  
And still I live in hope to see - the holy ground once more.

**Chorus**

And now the storm is raging - and we are far from shore  
And the good old ship is tossing about  
and the rigging is all tore **(shout/echo- ALL TORE)**  
And the secret of my life, my love - you're the girl I do adore!  
And still I live in hopes to see - the holy ground once more!

**Chorus**

And now the storm is over - and we are safe and well.  
We will go into a public house - and we'll drink and drink like hell!

**(shout/echo- LIKE HELL)**

We will drink strong ale and porter, we'll make the rafters roar!  
And when our money is all spent, we will go to sea once more!

**Chorus**

## HOME BOYS HOME

Oh, well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad,  
a sailin'on the main,  
To gain the goodwill  
of his captain's good name  
He came ashore - one evening for to be,  
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me,  
*for it's:*

### {Chorus}

Home, boys, home...  
Home I'd like to be,  
home for a while in the old Country  
Where the oak and the ash - and the bonny rowan tree  
Are all a growing greener - in the north Country

Well I asked her for a candle - for to light me up to bed,  
And likewise for a handkerchief - to tie around me head,  
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,  
So then I says to her  
now won't you leap in with me too...  
*and it's ...*

### Chorus

Well she jumped into bed - making no alarm,  
Thinking a young sailor lad - could do to her no harm.  
Well I hugged her and I kissed her - the whole night long,  
Till she wished the short night - had been nine years long.  
*and it's...*

### Chorus

Well early next morning - the sailor lad arose,  
And into Mary's apron - threw a handful of gold.  
Saying, Take this me dear - for the mischief that I've done,  
For tonight I fear I've left you - with a daughter or a son...  
*and it's ...*

**Chorus**

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,  
With gold in her pocket - and with silver in her purse,  
And if it be a boy child - he'll wear the jacket blue  
And go climbing up the rigging - like his daddy used to do',  
*and it's ...*

**Chorus**

Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,  
And never let a sailor lad - an inch above your knee,  
For I trusted one and he beguiled me  
He left me with a pair of twins - to dangle on me knee.  
*and it's ...*

**{Chorus}**

Home, boys, home...  
Home I'd like to be,  
home for a while in the old Country  
Where the oak and the ash  
and the bonny rowan tree  
Are all a growing greener - in the north Country

*tag:* And it's Home, Boys, Home (clap clap)

**HOME FROM THE SEA** - Phil Coulter

PG 18

KEY: D

On a cold winters night  
With a storm at its height  
The lifeboat answered the call  
They pitched and they tossed  
Till we thought they were lost  
As we watched from the harbor wall.  
Though the night was pitch black,  
There was no turning back,  
For someone was waiting out there,  
But each volunteer - Had to live with his fear  
As they joined in a silent prayer...

**{CHORUS}**

**AND carry US home, home,  
Home from the sea.  
Angels of mercy, answer our plea,  
And carry us home, home... Home from the sea.  
Carry us safely home from the sea.**

As they battled their way  
Past the mouth of the bay,  
It was blowing like never before.  
As they gallantly fought, Every one of them thought  
Of loved ones back on the shore.  
Then a flicker of light  
And they knew they were right.  
There she was on the crest of a wave.  
She's an old fishing boat  
And she's barely afloat.  
Please God, there are souls we can save...

**{CHORUS}**

**AND carry THEM home, home,  
Home from the sea.**

**Angels of mercy, answer our plea,  
And carry us home, home,  
Home from the sea.**

**Carry us safely home from the sea.**

And back in the town  
In a street that runs down  
To the sea and the harbor wall,  
They had gathered in pairs  
At the foot of the stairs  
To wait for the radio call.  
And just before dawn  
When all hope was gone  
Came a hush and a faraway sound.  
'Twas the coxswain he roared  
All survivors on board  
Thank God and we're homeward bound...

**{CHORUS}**

**AND carry US home, home,  
Home from the sea.**

**Angels of mercy, answer our plea,  
And carry us home, home,  
Home from the sea.**

**Carry us safely home from the sea.**

**Shantyman:** Carry us safely home from the sea.

**I DON'T WANT TO BE An 'ERO**

*Lyrics from Jack Clement 2015*

**I don't want to be an 'ero  
I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around  
Piccadilly underground,  
Livin' off the earnings of a high born lady**

**I don't want a bayonet in me belly,  
I don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I'd rather stay in England,  
in jolly, jolly England,  
And roger all me bloomin' life away.  
Gor Blimey**

**Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the rank and file.  
Call out the royal Territorials  
They face danger with a smile!  
Gor' Blimey**

**Call out the members of the old brigade  
They'll set England free!  
You can call out me mother  
Me sister or me brother  
But for Cripe's sake don't call me.**

PG  
RA 3

## I'll Tell Me Ma

KEY: G  
ED

### CHORUS:

I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair, they stole my comb  
but that's all right till I go home  
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the belle of Belfast City  
She is a-courting, one two three, can you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her  
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell, saying,  
Oh, my true love are you well?  
Out she comes as white as snow;  
rings on her fingers, bells on her toes.  
Old Johnny Murphy says she'll die,  
if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

[Repeat Chorus]

[Instrumental Verse]

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high,  
and the snow come tumbling from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by  
When she gets a lad of her own,  
she won't tell her ma when she comes home  
Let them all come as they will,  
but 'tis Albert Mooney she loves still

[Repeat Chorus] 2X



In the year of our lord  
eighteen hundred and six  
We set sail from the Cove Quay of Cork  
We were sailing away  
with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand City Hall in New York

-----

Well we'd an elegant craft,  
she was rigged 'fore and aft  
And lord how the trade winds drove her  
We had twenty-three masts,  
and she stood several blasts  
And they called her the Irish Rover

-----

Well there was Barney McGee  
from the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
Well there was Johnny McGurk  
who was scared stiff of work  
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone

-----

Well there was Slugger O'Toole  
who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover  
And your man Mick McCann,  
from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

-----

**We had one million bags  
of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of bone  
We had three million bales  
of old nanny goat's tails  
We had four million barrels of stone  
Well we had five million hogs,  
and six million dogs  
And seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million sides  
of a blind horse's hides  
In the hold of the Irish Rover**

**-----**

**We had sailed seven years  
when the measles broke out  
And our ship lost its way in the fog  
But the few remaining lives  
were reduced down to five  
'Twas me-self and the captain's old dog**

**-----**

**Well then the ship struck a rock;  
oh lord, what a shock  
We nearly tumbled over  
Turned nine times around  
and the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.**

Look at the coffin - with golden handles  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**{CHORUS}**

Let's not have a sniffle,  
Let's have a bloody good cry  
And always remember the longer you live,  
The sooner you'll bloody well die

Look at the preacher,  
bloody well sanctified (*or -bloody sanctimonious*)  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the choir boys, bloody castrati  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the widow, bloody great female  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the mourners, bloody great hypocrites  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the flowers, all bloody wilted  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the tombstone, bloody great boulder  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

Look at the whiskey, in buckets and bottles  
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

**CHORUS**

*tag:* And always remember the longer you live,  
The sooner you'll bloody well die

**JACKAROE**

There was a wealthy merchant,  
in London he did dwell  
He had a lovely daughter,  
the truth to you I'll tell

**Oh, the truth to you I'll tell**

She had sweethearts a-plenty  
and men of high degree  
There's none but Jack the sailor,  
her true love e'er could be

**Oh, her true love e'er could be**

Now Jack he's gone a-sailing  
with trouble on his mind  
To leave his native country  
and darling girl behind

**Oh, his darling girl behind.**

She went into a tailor shop  
and dressed in men's array  
And stepped aboard a vessel  
to convey herself away

**Oh, convey herself away.**

"Before you step on board, sir,  
your name I'd like to know"  
She smiled all in her countenance,  
"They call me Jackaroe"

**Oh, they call me Jackaroe.**

"Your waist is light and slender,  
your fingers neat and small  
Your cheeks too red and rosy  
to face the cannonball"

**Oh, to face the cannonball.**

"I know my waist is slender,  
my fingers neat and small  
But t'would not make me tremble  
to see ten thousand fall"

**Oh, to see 10,000 fall.**

The war soon being over,  
they hunted all around  
And among the dead and dying  
her darling boy she found

**Oh, her darling boy she found.**

She picked him up all in her arms  
and carried him to town.  
And sent for a physician  
who quickly healed his wounds

**Oh, who quickly healed his wounds.**

This couple they got married  
so well they did agree  
This couple they got married,  
so why not you and me

**Oh... so why not you and me?**

**JOHN KANAKA**

I thought I heard the old man say

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

Today, today is a holiday

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**{CHORUS} Too lie ay, oh, to lie ay**

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We'll work tomorrow but no work today

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We'll work tomorrow but no work today

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**CHORUS**

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We're bound away at the break of day

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**CHORUS**

We're bound away 'round Cape Horn

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We wish to God we'd never been born

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**CHORUS**

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

Oh haul away and make your pay

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**CHORUS**

And we are Liverpool born and bred

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We're strong in the arm - but we're thick in the head

**John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

**CHORUS**

## JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

Never see the likes since I been born  
Of a big black sailor with his sea boots on

**{Chorus}**

**Johnny come down to Hilo - A poor old man**

**Oh Wake her, oh shake her.**

**Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on.**

**When Johnny comes down to Hilo - A poor old man.**

I love a little gal across the sea  
She's a Badian beauty and she says to me

**Chorus**

Jinni's in the garden pickin' peas  
The hair on her head down to her knees

**Chorus**

My wife she dies in Tennessee  
They sent her jawbone back to me

**Chorus**

I set that jawbone on the fence  
I ain't heard nothin' but the jawbone since.

**Chorus**

So hand me down my riding cane  
I'm off to see my sweetheart Jane

**Chorus**

Of was you ever down in Mobile Bay  
Where they screw cotton on a summer's day

**Chorus**

Did you ever see the old plantation boss  
And the long-tailed filly - and the big black hoss?

**Chorus**

## Johnson Girls

This song originally recorded on the Menhaden fishing boat The Boys of Maryport, Florida in July 1940 by Robert Cook and Robert Cornwall. Pulling or 'hardening up' the nets, is done in silence and the verses sung while the fishermen gather a new grip on the net. Sometimes sung with a 2 bar rest between each line.

RA  
PG3

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

**Walk around, honey walk around**

(\*make a slow drawing up motion - 8 count)

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

**Walk around, honey walk around**

(\*make a slow dropping down motion - 8 count)

They're neat in the waist and have mighty fine legs

**Walk around, honey walk around**

They're neat in the waist and have mighty fine legs

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Great big legs and teeny eyency feet

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Great big legs and teeny eyency feet

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Beefsteak, beefsteak make a little gravy

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Your thing my thing make a little baby

**Walk around, honey walk around**

They got sompum over yonder called jewmaka jam

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Hot as cayenne pepper, but good, Goddam

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

**Walk around, honey walk around**

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

**Walk around, honey walk around**



JUG O' PUNCH

KEY: D  
ED  
OR  
GARY

As I was sittin' with my jug and spoon  
one fine mornin' in the month of June  
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch - and the song he sang  
was the jug o' punch

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

A birdie sat in an ivy bunch,  
and the song he sang was the jug o' punch.

-----  
What more diversion can a man desire  
than be sittin' down by a snug turf fire.

A pretty maid seated on the bench  
and on the table a jug o' punch

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

a pretty maid seated on the bench  
and on the table a jug o' punch

-----  
If I get drunk well the money's me own  
and them don't like it - they can leave me 'lone  
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow  
and I'll be welcome where e're I go

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow  
and I'll be welcome where e're I go

-----  
And when I'm dead and laid in my grave  
no costly tombstone will I crave.

Just bury me in my native peat  
with a jug o' punch at my head and feet

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

just bury me in my native peat  
with a jug o' punch at my head and feet

**JUMP ISABEL, GLIDE WATER**

*(Note: pronounce aunty as 'onty' -- not 'anty')*

Jump Isabel, glide water

**Ho my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel, glide water

**Ho my aunty, ho**

Where you gwine, I says to her

**Ho, my aunty ho**

I answers back, I'm gwine to church

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Well I wash my shirts, I never wrench 'em

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Well I wash my shirts, I never wrench 'em

**Ho, my aunty ho**

We jump in the boat and away we go

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel, slide water

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel, slide water

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel and get there quick

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel, slide water

**Ho, my aunty ho**

Jump Isabel, and get there quick

**Ho, my aunty ho**

**KEEP HAULING**

*Sung by Fisherman's Friends Shanties*

When love just seems so far away  
**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**  
The tide will flood your heart someday  
**Keep haulin', boys**

When your guidin' star's in cloudy skies  
**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**  
You'll find your way to the bright sunrise  
**Keep haulin', boys**

**{Chorus}**

**Keep haulin', ho-ohh-ohh**  
**Rouse and raise your voice**  
**Hold your course and don't let go**  
**Keep haulin', boys**

If you gave your best - and your heart stayed true  
**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**  
There's only one thing left to do  
**Keep haulin', boys**

**Chorus**

If you fought so hard and you lost your hold  
**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**  
Remember fate rewards the bold  
**Keep haulin', boys**

**(2 X - 1<sup>st</sup> time quietly)**

**Keep haulin', ho-ohh-ohh**  
**Rouse and raise your voice**  
**Hold your course and don't let go**  
**Keep haulin', boys.**

**The LAST FAREWELL**

Ronald Webster and Roger Whittaker

There's a ship lies rigged and ready in the harbour  
Tomorrow for old England she sails.  
Far away from your land of endless sunshine  
To my land full of rainy skies and gales.  
And I shall be aboard that ship tomorrow  
Though my heart is full of tears at this farewell

**{CHORUS}**

For you are beautiful  
And I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell

I heard there's a wicked war a blazing  
And the taste of war I know so very well  
Even now I see the foreign flag a raising  
Their guns on fire as we sail into hell  
I have no fear of death; it brings no sorrow  
But how bitter will be this last farewell

**CHORUS**

Though death and darkness  
gather all about me  
And my ship be torn apart upon the seas,  
I shall smell again  
the fragrance of these islands,  
In the heaving waves  
that brought me once to thee.  
And should I return safe home - again to *Ireland*,  
I shall watch the Irish mist  
roll through the dell.

**CHORUS - 2 X**

Well me father often told me - when I was just a lad  
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad  
But now I've joined the navy - I'm aboard a Man-o-War  
And now I've found a sailor - ain't a sailor any more

**{CHORUS}**

**Don't haul on the rope - don't climb up the mast  
If you see a sailing ship - it might be your last  
Just get your civvies ready - for another run ashore  
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore**

Well the killock of our mess - he says we've had it soft  
It wasn't like this in his day - when he was up aloft  
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?  
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

**CHORUS**

Well they gave us an engine - that first went up and down  
Then with more technology - the engine went around  
We know our steam and diesel - but what's a mainyard for?  
A stoker ain't a stoker - with a shovel anymore.

**CHORUS**

Well they gave us Aldiss lamp - so we could do it right  
They gave us a radio, we signaled day and night  
We know our codes and cyphers - but what's a semaphore?  
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore.

**CHORUS**

Two cans of beer a day - and that's your bleeding lot  
Now we get an extra one - because they've stopped the tot.  
So we'll put on our civvy clothes - and find a pub ashore  
A sailor's still a sailor - just like he was before.

**CHORUS – 2 X**

## Leave Her Johnny

KEY: D  
Goody  
Tap  
Ed Start

Oh the times are hard and the wages low

**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

I think it's time for us to go

**And it's time for us to leave her**

**Chorus / ALL: (after each verse)**

**Leave her Johnny, Leave her ... Oh, Leave her Johnny, leave her**

**For the voyage is done and the wind don't blow**

**And it's time for us to leave her**

The cook's a drunk and he likes to booze  
"tween him and the mate, there's little to choose

Our hands were sore and our backs were humped  
Half the seas went through our pump

I hate to sail on this rotten tub  
No grog allowed and rotten grub

Oh I thought I heard the old man say  
Tomorrow ye will get your pay

The wind was foul and the seas ran high  
She shipped it green and none went by

*\*The wind was foul and the seas ran high  
She shipped it green and none went by*

*\*The old man shouts, the pumps stand by  
Oh we can never pump her dry*

Now I thought I heard the old man say  
Just one more pull, and then belay.

**Final Chorus: ALL – 2 X      Softly the first time / Rousing 2<sup>nd</sup> time**

Farewell to you, my own true love - I am sailing far away  
I am bound for California.  
And I know that I'll return some day.

**{Chorus}**

**So fare thee well, my own true love,  
And when I return united we will be  
It's not the leavin' of Liverpool that's grievin' me  
But my darlin' when I think of thee.**

Fare-thee-well, the Prince's Landing Stage,  
River Mersey fare-thee-well.  
I am bound for California - That's a place I know right well.

I have shipped aboard a Yankee clipper ship,  
Davey Crockett is her name,  
And Burgess is the captain of her  
And they say that she's a floating shame.

**Chorus**

I have shipped with Burgess once before  
And I think I know him right well  
If a man is a sailor he can get along,  
And if not he is surely in hell.

**Chorus**

Oh the sun is setting in the harbor, love.  
And I wish I could remain,  
For it will be some long, long time,  
Before I see you again.

**CHORUS 2 X**

**LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING**

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,  
From His lighthouse evermore,  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

**{CHORUS}**

Let the lower lights be burning,  
Send a gleam across the wave;  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

**CHORUS**

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;  
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,  
Trying now to make the harbor,  
In the darkness may be lost.

**CHORUS**

**SHANTYMAN:** Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
you may rescue, you may save.



**The LIFE OF THE ROVER**

Ewen MacColl

KEY: G  
GARY

The old ways are changing,  
you cannot deny,  
The day of the traveller is over.  
There is nowhere to go - and there is nowhere to buy  
Goodbye to the life of the rover.

**{CHORUS}**

Farewell to the tent and the old caravan  
To the tinker, the gypsy, the travelling man,  
Farewell to the life of the rover

Farewell to the songs  
and the travelling tongue  
Farewell to the horse and the bridle.  
The buying, the selling, the old fortune telling  
The knock on the door and the hawking.

**CHORUS**

You've got to move fast - to keep up with the times  
For these days a man cannot dander.  
There's a by-law to say - you must be on your way  
And another to say you can't wander

**CHORUS**

The old ways are passing - and soon they'll be gone  
And I lost the old friends of my younger days.  
So I'll sing the old songs - when the evenings are long  
And I'll drink to the life of the rover

**CHORUS: 2X to *fin.***

**LOCH LOMOND**

KEY: C  
Goody  
and Gary

By yon bonnie banks  
and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
Where me and my true love  
were ever wont to gae,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

**{CHORUS}**

Oh! Ye'll take the high road,  
and I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted - In yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
Where, in purple hue,  
The highland hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

**CHORUS**

The wee birdies sing,  
And the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.  
But the broken heart it kens,  
Nae second spring again,  
Though the waeful may cease  
frae their greeting.

**CHORUS**

Lowlands / A Dollar and a Half a Day

Lowlands, lowlands away my John  
Lowlands away, I heard him say  
My dollar and a half a day

A dollar and a half is a sailor's pay  
**Lowlands, lowlands away my John**  
I thought I heard the old man say  
**A dollar and a half a day**

Five dollars and a half is a hoosier's pay  
**Lowlands, lowlands away my John**  
A dollar and a half is a matlow's pay  
**A dollar and a half a day**

We're bound away for Mobile Bay  
**Lowlands, lowlands away my John**  
I've bound away to Mobile Bay  
**A dollar and a half a day**

Were you ever down in Mobile Bay  
**Lowlands, Lowlands away my John**  
Screwing cotton by the day  
**A dollar and a half a day**

Oh heave her up and away we'll go  
**Lowlands, lowlands away my John**  
Oh heave her up and away we'll go  
**A dollar and a half a day**

I thought I heard my mother say  
**Lowlands, lowlands away my John**  
Come home my son, come home from sea  
**A dollar and a half a day**

Lowlands, lowlands away my John  
Lowlands away, I heard him say  
**My dollar and a half a day**

*Hoosier: a person from Indiana*

*Matlow: referring to a British sailor*

The MermaidKEY: G  
Ed and All

It was Friday morn when we set sail  
And we were not far from the land.  
When our captain, He spied a mermaid so fair,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand

**{Chorus) And the ocean's waves they roar, "THEY ROAR"  
and the stormy winds they blow "THEY BLOW".  
And we poor sailors go skipping on the top  
While the land lubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubber slid down below.**

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
And a fine spoken captain was he, sayin'  
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom  
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

**Chorus**

Then up spoke the First Mate of our gallant ship  
And fine sailing man was he  
Sayin' I've got a wife in St. Pete town  
And tonight boys, a widow she will be.

**Chorus**

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship  
And dirty little brat was she,  
Sayin', I've got friends in Tampa town  
And they don't care a flying flip for me.

**Chorus**

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship  
And a crazy old butcher was he  
I care much more for my pots and my pans  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

**Chorus**

Then three times around spun our gallant ship  
And three times around spun she  
The Curse Of The Mermaid Sunk our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

**Chorus: TAG:**

**While the landlubbers lie down below, below,  
below While the landlubbers lie down below**

Michael row the boat ashore -- **Hallelujah**

Michael row the boat ashore -- **Hallelujah**

Sister help to trim the sails, **Hallelujah**

Sister help to trim the sails, **Hallelujah**

**{CHORUS}**

**Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah**

**Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah**

Jordan's river is deep and wide, **Hallelujah**

I've got a home on the other side, **Hallelujah**

**CHORUS**

The trumpets sound the jubilee, **Hallelujah**

The trumpets sound for you and me, **Hallelujah**

**CHORUS**

Michael's boat is a music boat, **Hallelujah**

Michael's boat is a music boat, **Hallelujah**

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, **Hallelujah**

Chills the body but not the soul, **Hallelujah**

**CHORUS / 2X**

**CHORUS:**

HILL YOU HO BOYS  
LET HER GO BOYS  
BRING HER HEAD ROUND, ALL TOGETHER  
HILL YOU HO BOYS  
LET HER GO BOYS  
SAILING HOME, HOME TO MINGULAY

WHAT CARE WE HOW WHITE THE MINCH IS  
WHAT CARE WE FOR WIND OR WEATHER  
LET HER GO BOYS FOR EVERY INCH IS  
WEARING HOME TO MINGULAY

**CHORUS**

WIVES ARE WAITING ON THE BANK OR  
LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE HEATHER  
PULL HER ROUND BOYS AND WE'LL ANCHOR  
ER THE SUN SETS AT MINGULAY

**CHORUS**

WHEN THE WIND IS WILD WITH SHOUTING  
AND THE WAVES MOUNT EVER HIGHER  
ANXIOUS EYES TURN EVER SEAWARD  
TO SEE US HOME SAFE TO MINGULAY

**CHORUS**

SHIPS RETURN NOW HEAVY LADEN  
MOTHERS HOLDING THEIR BAIRNS A CRYING  
THEY'LL RETURN NOW AS THE SUN SETS  
THEY'LL RETURN TO MINGULAY

**CHORUS TWICE**  
**(SOFTLY FIRST TIME)**

**{Chorus & 1<sup>st</sup> Verse}**

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,  
I'm a long way from home  
And if you don't like me, then leave me alone  
I'll eat when I'm hungry,  
I'll drink when I'm dry  
If the moonshine don't kill me,  
I'll live 'til I die

I've been a moonshiner for many a year  
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
I'll go to some hollow to set up my still  
And I'll make you a gallon for a two dollar bill

**Chorus**

I'll go to some hollow in this coun-ter-ie  
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree  
No woman to follow, and the world is all mine.  
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

**Chorus**

Moonshine, dear moonshine,  
oh how I love thee  
You killed my poor father,  
but dare you try me  
Bless all moonshiners  
and bless all moonshine  
Its breath smells as sweet  
as the dew on the vine

**Chorus**

*tag:* And if the moonshine don't kill me  
I'll live til' I die.

RA  
PG 4

## My Green Valleys

KEY: G  
Goody

The seagulls are calling, and the wind is in the sails,  
And she's fast moving out the sea;  
On a ship bound for St. John's -  
three thousand miles away,  
A human cargo - my comrades and me.

**{CHORUS}**

**Farewell my green valley,  
God keep you the same,  
If in only my mind you'll be;  
I'm sailing dark water to far America,  
Never more my green valley to see.**

It hurts me to think of the things I left behind,  
And the famine has blackened our land;  
And to look now for something that I might never find,  
Is a problem that now is at hand.

**CHORUS**

There's a fever a-raging,  
and the wind has died away,  
And the journey can no longer be;  
And the plague is a shadow that lingers night and day,  
For more thoughts of green valleys I'll see.

**CHORUS 2X**

**SHANTYMAN:** *Never more my green valley to see.*



**NANCY WHISKEY**

aka: Calton Weaver

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver,  
I am a rash and a roving blade.

I've got silver in my pouches  
and I'll then follow the roving trade

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

As I come in by Glasgow City,  
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell  
So I gave in, sat down beside her,  
seven long years I loved her well

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her  
The more I loved her, the more she smiled  
And I forgot my mother's teaching,  
Nancy soon had me beguiled

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

I woke up early in the mornin', to slake my thirst it was my need.  
I tried to rise, but was not able,  
for Nancy had me by the heid

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

I'll gang' back to the Calton weavin',  
I surely make the shuttles fly  
For I'll make more at the Calton weavin',  
than ever I did in the rovin' trade

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,  
and all ye weavers, where e'er you be  
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,  
she'll ruin you as she ruined me

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --**

**Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O**

**NEW YORK GIRLS**  
**(Can't You Dance the Polka)**

As I walked out on South Street, a fair maid I did meet  
Who asked me please, to see her home,  
she lived on Bleeker Street.

I said "My dear young lady, I'm a stranger here in town  
I left my ship just yesterday, from Liverpool was bound

**{CHORUS}**

**Then away you Santy, my dear Annie**

**Oh, you New York girls,**

**Can't you dance the polka**

I took her out to Tiffany's. Spared her no expense.  
I bought her two gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents.

She said "Come with me, dearie, I'll stand you to a treat  
I'll buy you rum and brandy, dear, and tab-nabs for to eat."

**CHORUS**

And when we reached the barroom, boys,  
the drinks was handed round  
That liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round.

When the-drinking it was over, we straight to bed did go  
And little did I ever think she'd prove my overthrow

**CHORUS**

When I came to next morning, I had an aching head  
And there was I, Jack-all-alone, stark naked on the bed.

I looked all around the room, but nothing could I see  
But a lady's shift and apron which now belonged to me

**CHORUS**

Everything was silent, the hour was eight o'clock  
I put my shift and apron on and headed for the dock.

My shipmates seein' me come aboard,  
these words to me did say  
"Well well, old chap, you've lost your cap  
since last you went away."

### **CHORUS**

"Is this the new spring fashion the ladies wear ashore?  
Where is the shop that sells it?  
Have they got any more?"

The Old Man cried, "Why Jack, my boy,  
I'm sure I could have found...  
a better suit than that, by far,  
to buy for eighty pounds."

### **CHORUS**

So come all you bully sailormen,  
take warning when ashore.  
Or else you'll meet some charming girl  
who will lay you on the floor.

Your hard-earned cash will disappear,  
your rig and boots as well.  
For Yankee girls are tougher  
than the other side of hell.

### **CHORUS 2x**

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife...

We whalersmen undergo.

And we don't give a damn when the gale is done...

How hard the winds did blow.

For we're homeward bound... from the Arctic ground

With 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, me boys...**

**Rolling down to Old Maui ~**

**We're homeward bound - from the Arctic ground ...**

**Rolling down to Old Maui.**

Once more we sail with a favourable gale ...

Through the ice and wind and rain.

Them native maids, them tropical glades, ...

We soon shall see again.

Six hellish months have passed away ...

On the cold Kamchatka Sea,

But now we're bound from the Arctic ground

Rolling down to Old Maui.

**Chorus**

Once more we sail with a northerly gale ...

Towards our island home.

Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done ...

And we ain't go far to roam.

Our stuns'l booms is carried away ...  
What care we for that sound?  
A living gale is after us, ...  
Thank God we're homeward bound.

**(Chorus)**

How soft the breeze through the island trees  
Now the ice is far astern.  
Them native maids, them tropical glades ...  
Is a-waiting our return.

Even now their big brown eyes look out ...  
Hoping some fine day to see.  
Our baggy sails runnin' '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.  
Awaking in the arms of a wahine ...  
With a big fat aching head.

**Chorus 2X**

# Packet Rats Song    **Blow the Man Down**

Non Traditional halyard and capstan shanty

## **ALL IN HARMONY**

We're The Packet Rat Shanty's just home from the sea.

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

I'll sing our song if you'll listen to me..

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down**

## **CHORUS**

**Blow the Man down, bullies, blow the Man down!**

**To me! Way, hey, blow the Man down,**

**Blow him right back into Liverpool town**

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down.**

## **ED**

Our ship is a Tub and she's such a hard case

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

On the day she was launched she was named 'The Disgrace'

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down**

**CHORUS**

## **GOODY**

Her sails are all torn and she's loose in the stays

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

To sail forty miles She takes forty days.

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down**

**CHORUS**

## **GARY**

There ain't enough lumber her leaks for to fill

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

In dry dock three weeks and they're pumping her still.

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down**

**CHORUS**

## **OISIN**

The Captain's a drunk, and The First Mate is too.

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

There ain't one sober Man in the whole stinking crew.

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down**

**CHORUS**

**ROYCE**

The Lookout is blind and the Boson's a brute.

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

He'll bid you HELLO with the toe of his boot!

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down. CHORUS**

**ED**

But, we sail tomorrow and truth it be told

**To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down**

Me bunk it is warm, And there's rum in the hold!

**Gimme some time to blow the Man down CHORUS**

**ALL IN HARMONY**

So that is the song of our Packet Rats crew

**To Me! Way Hey Blow The Man Down.**

It's been our great joy for to sing it with you.

**Give me sometime to blow the man down. Chorus**

**TAG: Give me some time to Blow The Man Down**

The cook is a scoundrel, His biscuits are green,  
To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down  
He's the ugliest sea-cook that ever was seen.  
Gimme some time to blow the Man down

His meat is as tough as a sailor's old boot,  
To me! Way Hey Blow the Man down  
And his coffee is brewed from the chimney-stack soot.  
Gimme some time to blow the Man down



**Paddy Doyle's Boots**

*~ Short Drag, for "bunting" a sail when furling.*

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!  
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his BOOTS!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!  
We'll all drink brandy and GIN!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!  
We'll all shave under the CHIN!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!  
We'll all throw dirt at the COOK!**

**\*Sing through twice**

***fin:* To me, way - ay - ay - yah!  
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his BOOTS!**

**PADDY LAY BACK**

'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December  
All of me money it was spent  
Where it went to, lord, I can't remember  
So down to the shipping office I went

**{CHORUS}**

**Paddy Lay Back (*Paddy Lay Back*)**  
**Take up the slack (*Take Up the Slack*)**  
**Take a turn around the capstan**  
**heave a pawl (*Heave A Pawl*)**  
**About ships station boys be handy (*Be Handy*)**  
**We're bound for Valipariso 'round the horn.**

That day there was a great demand for sailors  
For colonies, for Frisco and for France  
So I shipped aboard that Limey barque the Hotspur  
And got paralytic drunk on my advance

**CHORUS**

Now I joined her on a cold December morning  
A-frappin o' me flippers to keep me warm  
With the South cone a-hoisted as a warnin'  
To stand by the comin of a storm

**CHORUS**

Now some of our fellers had been drinkin'  
And I me-self was heave on the booze  
An' I was on my old sea chest a' thinkin'  
I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze

**CHORUS**

Twas on the quarter deck that I first saw 'em  
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before  
For there was a bum and stiff from every quarter  
An' it made me poor old heart feel sick and sore

### **CHORUS**

There was Spaniards' Dutchmen and Rooshians  
An' Johnny Crappos just across from France  
And most of them could speak no word of English  
But answered to the name of month's advance.

### **CHORUS**

*tag:* **About ships station boys be handy  
We're bound for Valpariso 'round the horn.**

**PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY***1850's Railroad / Roud 208*

In eighteen hundred and forty-one,  
My corduroy britches I put on,  
My corduroy britches I put on  
To work upon the railway, the railway,  
I'm weary of the railway—  
poor Paddy works on the railway.

---

In eighteen hundred and forty-two  
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe  
And found m'self a job to do  
Working on the railway

**{CHORUS}**

**I was wearing corduroy britches,  
digging ditches.  
Pulling switches, dodging hitches,  
I was working on the railway.**

In eighteen hundred and forty-three  
I broke my shovel across my knee  
And went to work for the company  
Of the Leeds and Selby Railway.

---

In eighteen hundred and forty-four  
I landed on the Liverpool shore;  
My belly was empty, my hands were sore  
From working on the railway, the railway,  
**I'm weary of the railway—  
poor Paddy works on the railway.**

**Chorus**

In eighteen hundred and forty-five  
When Dan O'Connell, he was alive;  
Dan O'Connell he was alive  
And working on the railway.

---

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
I changed my trade from carrying bricks,  
I changed my trade from carrying bricks  
To working on the railway.

### **Chorus**

When I left Ireland to come here  
To spend my latter days in cheer  
The bosses they all drank strong beer  
While Paddy worked on the Railway

---

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven  
Poor Paddy was thinking  
of going to heaven.  
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven  
To work upon the railway, the railway,

**I'm weary of the railway—  
poor Paddy works on the railway.**

### **Chorus**

Of a' the money that e'er I had, I spent it in good company.  
And a' the harm I've ever done,  
alas it was to none but me.

And a' I've done for want of wit,  
to mem'ry now I can't recall;  
So fill to me the parting glass,  
Good night and joy be with you all

**{CHORUS}**

[So] **Fill to me the parting glass,  
And drink a health - whate'er befalls  
And gently rise and softly call,  
Good night 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  
That sorely has my heart beguiled  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,  
I own she has my heart in thrall'd  
So fill to me the parting glass,  
Good night and joy be to you all

**CHORUS**

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,  
They're sorry for my going away.  
And all my sweethearts that e'er I had,  
They'd wish me one more day to stay.

But since it fell unto my lot,  
That I should rise and you should not,  
I gently rise and softly call,  
Good night and joy be with you all

**CHORUS**

**Good night and joy be with you all.**

Well.... thought I heard the captain say

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

Tomorrow is our sailing day

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

Pay me, (PAY ME)

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

PAY ME OR GO TO JAIL

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

Soon as our boat was clear the bar

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

He knocked me down with a wooden spar

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

CHORUS

SOLO OVER CHORUS

I wish I was the captain's son

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

I'd lay on the deck and drink, good rum

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

CHORUS

SOLO OVER CHORUS

Well, forty days and nights at sea

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

That captain worked every dollar outta me.

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

CHORUS X2

**{1<sup>st</sup> VERSE & CHORUS}**

**Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
Come tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee**

**I'm so in love, I can't deny it  
My heart lies smothered in my breast  
It's not for you to let the world know it  
A troubled mind can know no rest**

----

**I did put my head - to a cask of brandy  
It was my fancy I do declare  
For when I'm drinking I am thinking  
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here**

**CHORUS**

**I wish I was - away in Ingo  
Far across the briny sea  
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean  
Where love nor care ever bother me**

----

**I wish I was - in some lonesome valley  
Where womankind cannot be found  
Where the pretty small birds  
Do change their voices  
And ev'ry moment a diff'rent sound**

**CHORUS**



**PORTLAND TOWN***(Packet Rats version = Tampa Town)***{1<sup>st</sup> VERSE & CHORUS}****I see the light across the bay,****I see the light not far away;****And I hear the music all around,****I'm gettin' closer to Tampa town.**

So, Mother, won't you make my bed,

I see Egmont's light ahead;

I see the light, I'm comin' 'round,

I'm comin' home to Tampa town.

Some years ago, out on my own,

I set a course for parts unknown;

Leaving behind both friend and foe,

Needing to find what I've come to know.

I watched the islands fade away,

And bid farewell to Tampa Bay;

Oh, it's been years and years since then,

My heart has brought me home again.

**CHORUS**

Of all the places I did go, she's still the fairest port I know;

She works the sea and tills the farms,

And holds her children in her arms.

No place could know a prouder past,

Here comes that future full at last;

Here comes that beacon across the sky,

And when I hold my head up high....

**CHORUS***(fin.)****I see the light, I'm comin' 'round,******I'm coming home to Tampa town!***

**RED RED ROSE**

By Robert Burns

My Love is like a red red rose  
That's newly sprung in June.  
Oh my love is like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair thou art my bonnie lass  
so deep in love am I,  
and I will love thee still my dear  
Till all the seas gone dry.

Till all the seas gone dry my dear  
And the rocks melt with the sun.  
And I will Love thee still my love  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well my only love  
and fare thee well a while.  
And I will come again my love  
Though 't'were ten thousand miles.

# REUBEN RANZO

PG 32

Now Pity Reuben Ranzo, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
Poor old Reuben Ranzo, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no sailor, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
He was a New York tailor, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Yes, Ranzo was no sailor, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
But he shipped aboard a Whaler, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

He was so bleedin' dirty, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
That they gave him five and thirty, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

The Skipper's daughter Suzy, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
She begged her dad for mercy, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

She gave him wine and water, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
And a little more than she ought to, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

She taught him navigation, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
For to fit him to his station, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Now He's got his First Mates Papers, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
And he's a terror to the sailors, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

He's known wherever them whale fish blow, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo  
And he's the hardest master on the go, Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

**ROLL ON MANATEE**

© 1986, words and music by Jim Ballew

Roll on, roll on, manatee  
Take my soul with you out to sea  
You can see them near the shore - They keep our rivers clean  
Guardian of our waters - This creature so serene  
Along the shallow shorelines - onto to the crystal springs  
They surely must be numbered - Among our precious things  
ooooh, ooh, oohh

Spanish soldiers in the sun - Roll on, manatee  
Life and death flow on as one - Roll on, manatee

They were here before Menendez - Built old St. Augustine  
And Long before the Indian Nations reigned supreme

Sailors thought them mermaids  
As they watched them nurse their young  
We must preserve this creature, Their song is almost sung  
ooooh, ooh, oohh

I'm standing in the failing light - Roll on, manatee  
Watching they're nocturnal flight - Roll on, manatee

You can see them near the shore - only grasses do they glean  
They're Guardians of our waters - This mammal so serene

Protect our estuaries  
Help save the manatee  
And Like the sacred mangroves  
We'll hand in hand - walk to the sea

Roll on, roll on, Roll on

**ROLL THE AULD CHARIOT**

*(Additional verses may be sung)*

OISIN  
ROUND

**{1<sup>st</sup> VERSE & CHORUS}**

**We're gonna roll the old chariot along,**

**We'll roll the old chariot along**

**We'll roll the old chariot along**

**And we'll all hang on behind.**

A drop of Nelson's blood...  
wouldn't do us any harm

**CHORUS**

A pint of Guinness stout...

**CHORUS**

A plate of oyster stew....

**CHORUS**

An able bodied seaman...

**CHORUS**

Some company in me hammock...

**CHORUS**

A night on the shore...

**CHORUS**

Some silver in me pocket...

**CHORUS**

Singin' at... *(wherever we are singing)*

**CHORUS - 2 X**

**ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN**

KEY : C  
Gary

Way down south where the cocks do crow

**Way down in Florida**

The gals all play the old banjo

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**{CHORUS}**

**Rollin' (rollin') - rollin' (rollin')**

**rollin' the whole world round.**

**That brown gal of mine - down the Georgia line**

**And we'll roll the woodpile down.**

When I was a young man in my prime

**Way down in Florida**

I'd clench them yellow girls two at a time

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**CHORUS**

Well roll 'em high and we'll roll 'em low

**Way down in Florida**

We'll heave 'em up and away we'll go

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**CHORUS**

It's rouse or bust her is the cry

**Way down in Florida**

A black man's wage is never high

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**CHORUS**

One more heave and that'll do

**Way down in Florida**

For we're the bullies to kick her through

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**CHORUS**

**ROLLING HOME TO CALEDONIA**

*The song has its roots in a poem by Scots poet & songwriter,  
Charles Mackay. His journal says it was written "on board the Europa,  
homeward bound on 26 May 1858".*

GOODY  
Key: G

Call all hands to man the capstan - See the cable running clear  
Heave away then with a will boys - To our homeland we will steer

**{CHORUS}**

**Rolling home ... Rolling home ...  
Rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to Caledonia  
Rolling home dear land to thee**

Round Cape Horn one frosty morning - And our sails were full of snow  
Clear your sheets and sway your halyards - Swing her out and let her go

**Chorus**

Up aloft among the rigging - blows a wild and rushing gale  
Like a monsoon in the springtime - filling out each well-known sail

**Chorus**

And the girl you loved so dearly, She'll be constant, kind and true.  
As you press her to your bosom, all your fondest vows renew

**Chorus**

Liverpool's lovely daughters, we have bid a fond adieu  
And we'll ne'er forget the hours, that we fondly spent with you

**Chorus**

Onward eastward, ever eastward - To the rising of the sun  
Homeward ever, ever homeward - To the land where I was born

**Chorus**

Twice five thousand miles behind us  
Twice five thousand miles before  
Now we're passing the old lighthouse  
leading for the city's shore

**[Chorus] 2 X**

**RUN THE RIGGIN' AGAIN**    Aka: **FAIR MAID**

When I was a fair maid about seventeen  
I listed in the Navy for to serve the queen.

I listed in the Navy - a sailor lad to stand  
For to hear the cannons rattle - and the music so grand.

**The music so grand, the music so grand**

**For to hear the cannons rattle**

**and the music so grand**

The officer that listed me - was a tall and handsome man  
He said You'll make a sailor - so come along my man.

My waist been tall and slender - my fingers long and thin

And the very soon they learned me

I soon exceeded them.

**I soon exceeded them, I soon exceeded them**

**And the very soon they learned me**

**I soon exceeded them**

They sent me to my bed - they sent me to my bunk  
To lie with a sailor - I never was afraid.

But taking off me bluecoat shirt - often made me smile  
For to think I was a sailor - and a maiden all the while.

**A maiden all the while, a maiden all the while**

**For to think I was a maiden**

**and a sailor all the while**

They sent me up to London  
for to guard the tower  
And I thought I might be there - til' my very dying hour.



But a lady fell in love with me  
I told her I was a maid  
She went up to the captain - and my secret she betrayed.

**My secret she betrayed, my secret she betrayed**

**She went up to the captain  
and my secret she betrayed**

The captain he came up to me -  
and asked if this was so  
I dare not, I dare not - I dare not say no.

It's a pity we should lose you -  
such a sailor lad you made  
It's a pity we should lose you -  
such a handsome young maid.

**Such a handsome young maid  
such a handsome young maid  
It's a pity we should lose you  
such a handsome young maid**

So fare thee well my captain  
you've been so kind to me  
And likewise my shipmates  
I'm sorry to part with thee.  
But if ever the Navy needs a lad,  
a sailor I'll remain...

I'll put on me cap and feathers  
and I'll run the rigging again.  
**I'll run the rigging again,  
I'll run the rigging again  
I'll put on me cap and feathers  
and I'll run the rigging again**

**SANTIANNA** (*Lady Pirate version*)

The Navy would never have a lass like me

**Away, Santianna**

So I went in search of piracy

**All along the coast of Mexico**

**{CHORUS}**

**So heave her up and away we'll go**

**Away, Santianna.**

**Heave her up and away we'll go**

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

And now we sail the Southern Seas

**Away, Santianna**

And we'll have those lads - down on their knees

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

**CHORUS**

In Mexico I want to be - **Away, Santianna**

With a cask of rum on a drinkin' spree

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

**CHORUS**

When I was a young lass in my prime - **Away, Santianna**

I had them sailor lads two at a time

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

**CHORUS**

But I'd never leave the sea to settle down - **Away, Santianna**

When I can have a man in every town

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

**CHORUS**

The times is hard and the riches low - **Away Santianna**

But we pirate lasses must "row and yo"

**All along the coast of Mexico.**

**CHORUS**

**SANTY ANNO**

*Traditional Folk song-Lomax Collection 1935*

*Lyrics as sung by the Kingston Trio*

We're sailin' 'cross the river from Liverpool

**Heave away, Santy Anno**

Around Cape Horn to 'Frisco Bay

**'Way out in Californio**

**{CHORUS}**

**So, heave her up and away we'll go**

**Heave away, Santy Anno**

**Heave her up and away we'll go**

**'Way out in Californio**

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told

**Heave away, Santy Anno**

Plenty of gold, so I've been told

**'Way out in Californio**

**CHORUS**

Well, back in the days of forty-nine

**Heave away, Santy Anno**

Back in the days of the good old times

**'Way out in Californio**

**CHORUS ~ 2 X**

## SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

By Cliff Hanley Copyright: 1951

KEY: G  
GARY

Hark when the night is falling  
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,  
Loudly and proudly calling - Down thro' the glen.  
There where the hills are sleeping,  
Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
High as the spirits - of the old Highland men.

### **{Chorus}**

**Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud standard gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining rivers,  
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the brave.**

High in the misty Highlands,  
Out by the purple islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat - beneath Scottish skies.  
Wild are the winds to meet you,  
Staunch are the friends that greet you,  
Kind as the love that shines - from fair maidens' eyes.

### **Chorus**

Far off in sunlit places - Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming - for the homeland again.

### **Chorus**

## SHALLOW BROWN

Originally a West Indian pumping shanty.

I am bound away to leave ya

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

I am bound away to leave ya

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

-----

Master gonna sell me

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

Sell me to a yankee.

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

-----

Sell me for a dollar

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

A bright and shiny dollar.

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

-----

Fair thee well my Julianna

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

I'm shipped aboard a whaler

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

-----

I'm shipped aboard a whaler

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

Sail away - St. Georges

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

-----

Bound away to leave ya

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

I am bound away to leave ya

**Shallow, O Shallow Brown**

## **Shenandoah** ~Traditional

“Shenandoah” is an American folk song dating back to the early 19th century and is believed to have originated from French travelers journeying down the Missouri River. It was first known to be printed in the April 1876 issue of *The New Dominion Monthly* in an article titled “Sailor Songs,” by Captain Robert Chamblet Adams. By the 1880s, the song had become popular with sailors and was sung as a sea shanty, or “work song.” As with most traditional songs, there are many variations and verses.

**Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**Shenandoah, I long to hear you.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**Missouri - she’s a mighty river,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**When she rolls down, her topsails shiver.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**I’ll take her ‘cross yon rolling water.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**Tis’ seven years, since last I saw you,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**Tis’ seven years, I long to hold you.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**Farewell, my dear, I’m bound to leave you,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**Oh, Shenandoah, I’ll not deceive you.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Way hey, you rolling river.**

**Shenandoah, I long to hear you.**

**Ah ha, we’re bound away... ‘cross the wide Missouri.**

**The SHOALS OF HERRING***Ewan MacColl & Luke Kelly*

With our nets and gear we're fa-arin'  
On the wild and wa-asteful o-o-cean  
It's there, on the deep,  
that we harvest and reap our bread  
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

---

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day  
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was fa-arin'  
As a cabin boy on a sailin' lugger  
For to go and hunt the shoals of herrin'

---

Oh, the work was hard - and the hours were long  
And the treatment sure - it took some bea-arin'  
There was little kindness - and the kicks were many  
As we hunted for the shoals of herrin'

---

Oh, we fished the Swarte - and the Broken Bank  
I was cook and I'd a quarter-sha-arin'  
And I used to sleep - standin' on me feet  
And I'd dream about the shoals of herrin'

---

We left the Home grounds - in the month of June  
And to Canny Shields we soon was bea-arin'  
With a hundred cran of the silver darlin's  
That we'd taken from the shoals of herrin'

---

You're net rope man now - always on all about sea-fa-arin'  
That's your education - scraps of navigation  
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

---

Now you're up on deck; you're a fisherman  
You can swear and show a manly bea-arin'  
Take your turn on watch with the other fellas  
While you're searchin'  
for the shoals of herrin'

---

In the stormy seas and the living gales  
Just to earn your daily bread you're da-arin'  
From the Dover Straits  
to the Faroe Islands  
As you're followin' the shoals of herrin'

---

Well I earned me keep and I paid me way  
And I earned the gear that I was wea-arin'  
Sailed a million miles,  
caught ten million fishes  
We were sailin' after shoals of herrin'

---

Night and day the seas we're da-arin'  
Come wind or calm or winter gale  
Sweatin' or cold, growin' up,  
growin' old - or dyin'  
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

---

Neither men nor ships we're sparin'  
As we waste the wild crop of the ocean  
Sowin' no seed in the sea  
for tomorrow's need  
We may see no more the shoals of herrin'



**SHOVE IT OVER**

*Procured by Zora Neale Hurston near Lakeland, FL / about 1933*

When I get in Illinois  
I'm gonna spread the news  
about the Florida Boys

GOODY  
KEY:E

**{CHORUS}**

Shove it over, hey, hey, hey  
Oh catch a line there.  
Ahh, shaka, laka, laka, laka,  
laka, laka, UMMPF!  
Can't 'cha move it,  
hey, hey hey  
Oh can't cha' try

Any mo whiskers and he won't shave  
Any mo body lice and he won't bathe

**CHORUS**

Oh the roosters chew tobacco, the hen's dippin' snuff  
The biddy can't do it - but he struts his stuff

**CHORUS**

Here come a woman - walking down the field  
Her mouth exhaustin' like a automobile

**CHORUS**

The captain got a pistol - He try to be bad  
But I'm gonna take it - if he make me mad

**CHORUS**

**SKYE BOAT SONG**

**{1st verse / CHORUS}**

**Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye.**

Loud the winds howl,  
loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

**CHORUS**

Many's the lad, fought on that day  
Well the claymore did wield;  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field.

**CHORUS**

Though the waves leap,  
soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed.  
Watch by your weary head.

**CHORUS**

Burned are their homes - exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men;  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again.

**CHORUS**

## **SLOOP JOHN B. aka: John B Sails**

*\*English poet Richard Le Gallienne transcribed the lyrics while living in the Bahamas, later publishing them in his 1917 novel Pieces of Eight.*

*\*Lee Hays of The Weavers adapted this old folk tune from the Bahamas from a version in poet Carl Sandburg's 1927 songbook The American Songbag.*

PG 39

**We come on the Sloop John B,      GOODY  
my grandfather and me.      KEY: G  
Around Nassau town we did roam.  
Drinking all night, got into a fight.,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

### **{CHORUS}**

**So hoist up the John B's sails,  
see how the main sail set,  
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.  
Let me go home, I want to go home,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

**Well the first mate, he got drunk,  
and broke in the captain's trunk,  
Constable come aboard, take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, won't you leave me alone.  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

### **CHORUS**

**Well the poor cook he got fits,  
threw away all the grits,  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.  
Let me go home, I want to go home,  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.**

**CHORUS: 2x to fin.**

## SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD

KEY: D  
ED or  
GARY  
Bodhran

### {CHORUS}

Some say the devil is dead,  
the devil is dead, the devil is dead,  
Some say the devil is dead and buried in Killarney.  
More say he rose again - more say he rose again,  
more say he rose again - and joined the British army.

Feed the pigs and milk the cow,  
milk the cow, milk the cow,  
Feed the pigs and milk the cow - so early in the morning.

Tuck your leg up, Paddy, dear.  
Paddy, dear, I'm over here!  
Tuck your leg up, Paddy dear - It's time to stop your yawning.

### CHORUS

Katie, she is tall and thin - tall and thin, tall and thin.  
Katie, she is tall and thin - She likes a drop of brandy.  
Drinks it in the bed at night - drinks it in the bed at night,  
drinks it in the bed at night - it makes her nice and randy.

### CHORUS

My man is six foot tall - six foot tall, six foot tall,  
My man is six foot tall - he likes his sugar candy.  
Goes to bed at six o'clock - goes to bed at six o'clock,  
goes to bed at six o'clock - he's lazy, fat and dandy.

### CHORUS

My wife, she has a hairy thing - a hairy thing, a hairy thing.  
My wife, she has a hairy thing - she showed it to me Sunday.  
She bought it in the furrier shop - bought it in the furrier shop,  
bought it in the furrier shop - it's going back on Monday.

### CHORUS

# SONNY'S DREAM

By Ron Hynes

KEY: G

Sonny lives on a farm on a wide open space  
Kick off your shoes son, stay out of the race  
lay down your head by the soft river bed  
Sonny still can remember the words his Mama said

## **{CHORUS}**

**Oh, Sonny don't go away, I am here all alone.  
Your daddy's the sailor - never comes home  
The nights get so long, and the silence goes on  
And I'm feeling so tired, I'm not all that strong**

Sonny works on the land - though he's barely a man  
not much to do, he does just what he can  
Sits by the window in his room by the stairs  
watches the waves gently wash on the pier

## **CHORUS**

And it's a hundred miles to town, Sonny's never been there.  
And he goes to the highway - and stands there and stares.  
And the mail comes at four - and the mailman is old,  
Oh, but he still dreams his dreams - full of silver and gold.

## **CHORUS**

Sonny's dreams can't be real, they're just stories he's read.  
They're just stars in his eyes, they're just dreams in his head.  
And he's hungry inside - for the wide world outside.  
And I know I can't hold him - though I've tried and I've tried.

## **CHORUS**

Many years have passed on - Sonny's old and alone  
His daddy the sailor never came home.  
Sometimes he wonders - what his life would have been,  
but from the grave - Mama still haunts his dreams

## **CHORUS**

# SOUTH AUSTRALIA

*Thought to be sung during the 19th century Australian Gold Rush era.*

PG 39

KEY: C  
GARY

In South Australia I was born

**Heave away, haul away**

South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

**We're bound for South Australia**

**{CHORUS}**

**Haul away your rolling kings**

**Heave away, haul away**

**Haul away, you'll hear me sing**

**We're bound for South Australia**

As I walked out one morning fair - **Heave away, haul away**

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS**

I shook her up & shook her down - **Heave away, haul away**

I shook her round & round the town

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS**

I run her all night an' run her all day - **Heave away, haul away**

I run her until we sailed away

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS**

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind - **Heave away, haul away**

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS**

When we go wallop 'round Cape Horn - **Heave away, haul away**

You'll wish to God you've never been born

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS**

I wish I was in Australia's strand - **Heave away, haul away**

With a glass of whiskey in my hand

**We're bound for South Australia**

**CHORUS 2 X**

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
One morning' last July  
Down a breen green, came a sweet colleen  
And she smiled as she passed me by  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet  
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself  
For to see I was really there

**Chorus:**

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
and from Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,  
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,  
And looked with a feeling rare  
And I says, says I, to a passer-by,  
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
He smiled at me and he says, says he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown  
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
She's the star of the County Down.

**(Chorus)**

At the Harvest Faire, she'll be surely there,  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,  
For a smile from my nut-brown Rose  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
'Till my plough turns rust-coloured brown  
'Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down

**(Chorus)**

## STREETS OF LONDON

By Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man - in the closed-down market  
Kicking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride,  
And held loosely at his side  
yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

ED or  
GARY  
KEY:EM

### **{CHORUS}**

**So how can you tell me you're lonely,  
And say for you that the sun don't shine?  
Let me take you by the hand and  
lead you through the streets of London.  
I'll show you something  
to make you change your mind.**

Capo 3  
Play C

Have you seen the old girl - who walks the streets of London  
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?  
She's no time for talking - she just keeps right on walking  
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

### **Chorus**

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven,  
Same old man is sitting there on his own.  
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,  
Each tea last an hour - then he wanders home alone

### **Chorus**

And have you seen the old man - outside the seaman's mission  
memory fading with - the medal ribbons that he wears.  
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity  
for one more forgotten hero - and a world that doesn't care

### **Chorus**



## **TOORA LOORA LOORA**

*Originally recorded by [Bing Crosby](#), the words are by J.R. Shannon in the 1890s though the melody is thought to be much much older.*

Over in Killarney many years ago,  
Me mother sang a song to me  
in tones so sweet and low.  
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way.  
How I'd give the world to hear her sing  
that song again day.

**Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra,  
hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, that's an Irish lullaby.**

Oft in dreams I wander  
to that auld cot again,  
I feel her arms a-huggin' me  
as when she held me then.  
And I hear her voice a -hummin'  
to me as in days of yore,  
when she used to rock me fast asleep  
outside the cabin door.

**Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra,  
hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, that's an Irish lullaby.**

## Toora Loora Set

**G** (*Goody*) Over in Killarney - - - - Toora Loora Loora  
**ALL:** Toora Loora Loora

---

**G** When Irish Eyes are smiling, sure is like a breath of spring.  
**(2x)** In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing.  
When Irish eyes are happy all the world is bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure it steals your heart away.

---

**C** (*Gary*) I'm looking over a four-leaf clover,  
**1x-voc)** that I overlooked before  
One leaf for sunshine the other for rain,  
one for the little girl that lives down the lane.  
No use explaining the one remaining is for somebody I adore  
I'm looking over a four leaf clover, that I overlooked before.  
**1x-kaz)**

---

**C** Ye cannae shove yer Granny off the bus. // Other Granny...  
*I will if you will, so will I, I will if you will so will I,*  
*I will if you will, I will if you will, I will if you will so will I.*  
**1x-kaz)**

---

**C** My Wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.  
**(2x)** You may search everywhere...  
But none can compare... with my wild Irish Rose.  
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows  
And some day for my sake... she may let me take...  
the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

---

**C** Loch Lomand (*Gary*) / Red is the Rose (*Goody*)

---

**G** ALL: Toora Loora Loora...  
GOODY: *Toora Loora Loora, That's an Irish lullaby.*

# The UNICORN SONG

*Shel Silverstein*

KEY: D  
ED

A long time ago, when the Earth was green  
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen  
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born  
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn.

## **{CHORUS}**

**There was green alligators and long-necked geese**

**Some humpty backed camels**

**and some chimpanzees**

**Some cats and rats and elephants,**

**but sure as you're born**

**The loveliest of all was the unicorn**

The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain  
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"  
He says, "Hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do  
Build me a floating zoo -- and take some of those..."

**Green alligators and long-necked geese**

**Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees**

**Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born**

**Don't you forget My unicorns**

Old Noah was there to answer the call  
He finished up making the ark  
just as the rain started to fall  
He marched the animals two by two  
And he called out as they came through -- "**Hey Lord**"

**I've got green alligators and long-necked geese**

**Some humpty backed camels**

**and some chimpanzees.**

**Some cats and rats and elephants,**

**but Lord, I'm so forlorn - I just can't find no unicorns"**

## The Water Is Wide

PG 40

The water is wide. I cannot cross o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I

KEY: G  
Ed and  
GOODY

There is a ship - and she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not as deep as the love I'm in  
I know not e're I sink or swim

**CHORUS:**    **The water is wide. I can't cross o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I**

Oh, love is gentle and love is kind  
The sweetest flower when first it's new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like morning dew

### **CHORUS**

I leaned my back, against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree.  
But first it bent, and then it broke,  
Just as your love proved false to me.

### **CHORUS**

***fin. And both shall row, my – love – and – I.***

**WAY DOWN IN DIXIE**

Way down in Dixie,  
in Dixie land where I was born  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
in Dixie land I had a gal  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
and her name was Tops'l Nel  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
she done me dirty, she done me wrong,  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
she done me dirty, she done me wrong,  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
she ran off with the Circus clown  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

Way down in Dixie,  
with my marlinspike I done him down  
**Sing a song, roll along, roll...**

**All: Way down in Dixie,  
in Dixieland where I was born  
Sing a song, roll along, roll.**

**WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR***~ For Cortez Fishing Village*KEY: C  
GARY

Oh, I've been a sea-cook  
and I've been a fisherman,  
I can sing, I can dance, I can walk the jib boom.  
I can handle a cast net - and cut a fine figure,  
Whenever I get in a - boat's standing room.

**{CHORUS}**

**We'll rant and we'll roar  
like true Cortez Fishermen,  
We'll rant and we'll roar - on deck and below,  
Until we see bottom  
inside Longboat Channel,  
And... straight up the inside  
to Cortez we'll go.**

I went to a dance one night in Palmetto  
There was plenty of girls there  
as fine as you'd wish.  
There was one pretty maiden - a'chewing tobacco,  
Just like a young kitten a'chewing fresh fish.

**Chorus**

Here's a health to the girls of old Cortez Village,  
A health to the maidens of far-off St. Pete.  
And let you be merry, don't be melancholy,  
I can't marry you'se all or in a pokey I'd be.

**CHORUS - 2 X**

THE WELLERMAN

KEY:  
Capo 2  
AM  
GARY

There once was a ship that put to sea  
The name of the ship was the Billy O' Tea  
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down  
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (*huh*)

**{CHORUS}**      **Soon may the Wellerman come**  
**To bring us sugar and tea and rum**

**One day, when the tonguing is done - We'll take our leave and go.**

She'd not been two weeks from shore  
When down on her a right whale bore  
The captain called all hands and swore  
He'd take that whale in tow

**CHORUS**

Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tail came up and caught her  
All hands to the side - harpooned and fought her  
When she dived down low (*huh*)

**CHORUS**

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The captain's mind was not of greed  
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed  
She took that ship in tow

**CHORUS**

For forty days or even more  
The line went slack then tight once more  
All boats were lost, there were only four  
But still that whale did go (*huh*)

**CHORUS**

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on  
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To encourage the captain, crew and all

**CHORUS: 2 X to fin.**

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

*While the song's exact origins are unknown, a number of its lines and general plot resemble those of a contemporary broadside ballad about Irish highwayman Patrick Fleming who was executed in 1650.*

As I was a goin' over the far Kilgarry mountain  
I met with Colonel Farrell,  
and his money he was counting.

KEY:D  
ED Or  
Gary

I first produced me pistol, and I then produced me rapier  
Saying, stand you, and deliver, for you were a bold deceiver.

**{Chorus}**      **Mush-a ringdom-a-do - dum-a da.**  
                    **Wack fol the daddy-o,**  
                    **wack fol the daddy-o**  
                    **There's whiskey in the jar.**

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.  
I put it in me pocket, and I took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and swore that she never would deceive me.  
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy.

### **CHORUS**

I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber.  
I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was no wonder.  
But Jenny drew me charges, and she filled them up with water.  
Then sent for Colonel Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

### **CHORUS**

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel  
Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise Colonel Farrell  
I first produced me pistol, for she'd stolen away me rapier  
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

### **CHORUS**



They put me in prison with the judge all a-writin'  
for robbing Colonel Farrell up on far Kilgarry Mountain.  
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down  
And bid farewell to gaol, in good ol' Sligo town

### **CHORUS**

If anyone can aid me, 'tis me brother in the army  
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roamin' in Killkenny  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better  
than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.

### **CHORUS**

Next mornin' early at the barracks in Killarney  
My brother took his leave, but he did not tell the army.  
Our horses they were speedy - it's all over but the shoutin'.  
And now we wait for strangers - up on far Kilgarry mountain.

### **CHORUS**

There's some take delight - in the carriages a-rolling  
And others take delight - in the hurling and the bowling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courting pretty fair maids  
in the morning bright and early

### **CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

There was a wild colonial boy Jack Dugan was his name  
He was born and bred in Ireland in a house called Castle Maine  
He was his father's only son his mother's pride and joy  
and dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home  
And to Australia's sunny land he was inclined to roam  
He robbed the rich and he helped the poor,  
He stabbed James MacEvoy  
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy  
One morning on the prairie wild Jack Dugan rode around  
While listening to a mocking bird singing a cheerful song  
Out jumped three troopers fierce and grim Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy  
They all set out to capture him The wild colonial boy

**Chorus**

Surrender now Jack Dugan come You see it's three to one  
Surrender in the Queen's name sir You are a plundering son  
Jack drew two pistols from his side and glared upon Fitzroy  
I'll fight but not surrender cried the wild colonial boy  
He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground  
He fired point blank at Davis too who fell dead at the sound  
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy  
And that is how they captured him the wild colonial boy.

**Repeat Chorus tag**

## WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

*Derived from the poem "The Braes of Balquhiddar"  
by Robert Tannahill.*

KEY: A  
Goody  
and Royce

Oh, the summertime is coming,  
And the leaves are sweetly blooming.  
And the wild mountain thyme  
grows among the blooming Heather...  
Will you go Lassie go.

### **{CHORUS}**

**And we'll all go together  
to pluck wild mountain thyme...  
All around the blooming heather...  
will ye go lassie go.**

I will build my love a bower  
On yon clear and crystal fountain...  
And upon it I shall pile all the flowers of the mountain...  
Will ye go lassie go.

### **CHORUS**

If my true love should leave, I shall surely find *no other*...  
To pluck wild mountain thyme,  
All around the blooming heather...  
Will you go lassie go.

### **CHORUS**

*(INSTRUMENTAL / OPTIONAL)*

I will range through the wilds - And the deep land so dreary  
And return with the spoils - To the bower o' my dearie...  
Will ye go lassie go

### **CHORUS**

*fin:* Will ye go Lassie, will ye go.

**WILD ROVER aka: NO, NAY, NEVER**  
***(HANDCLAPS ACCOMPANY THIS SONG)***

KEY: D  
Ed or Gary

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

**{CHORUS}**

**And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)**  
**No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)**  
**Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)**  
**No never, no more**

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
I told the landlady my money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay"  
Says, "Customer like you, I can have any day"

**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 the words that I told you were only in jest"

**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: 2 X**

# The WRECK OF THE NANCY LEE

*by Arthur LeClerq 1931*

I'll tell you the tale of the Nancy Lee,  
The ship that got shipwrecked at sea  
The bravest man was Captain Brown,  
'Cause he played his ukulele as the ship went down.

## **{Chorus}**

**All the crew was in despair,  
Some rushed here and - some rushed there,  
But the Captain sat in the Captain's chair,  
And he played his ukulele - as the ship went down.**

The Captain said to Seaman Jones:  
"You'd best put on your working clothes  
While you stand and spray your hose  
I can play me ukulele as the ship goes down."

## **Chorus**

The owners signaled to the crew,  
saying:"Do the best that you can do.  
We're only insured for half-a-crown,  
We'll be out of pocket if the ship goes down."

## **Chorus**

The Captain's wife was on board ship,  
And he was very glad of it  
But she could swim and she might not drown  
**So we tied her to the anchor as the ship went down.**

## **Chorus**

The crow's nest fell and killed the crow,  
The starboard watch was two hours slow  
But the Captain sang fal-oh-de-oh-doh  
And he played his ukulele as the ship went down.

## **Chorus**

**(GLUB – GLUB – GLUB)**

## **YE JACOBITE BY NAME**

Words and music Robert Burns

### **{CHORUS & 1<sup>st</sup> VERSE}**

**Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear -- lend an ear**

**Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear.**

**Ye Jacobites by name - your faults I will proclaim**

**Your doctrines I must blame,**

**ye shall hear, ye shall hear...**

**Your doctrines I must blame,**

**ye shall hear.**

KEY AM  
Capo 2  
Goody  
and Gary

What is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law -

What is right and what is wrong by the law.

What is right and what is wrong, - a short sword and a long

A weak arm and a strong - for to draw, for to draw...

A weak arm and a strong for to draw.

### **CHORUS**

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?

What makes heroic strife famed afar?

What makes heroic strife, to whet the assassin's knife,

Or claim a parent's life w' bloody war, bloody war...

Or claim a parent's life w' bloody war

### **CHORUS**

Then let your schemes alone to the state, to the state

Then let your schemes alone to the state.

Then let your schemes alone - adore the rising sun,

And leave a man alone to his fate, to his fate...

And leave a man alone to his fate.

### **CHORUS to fin**

## Big Sing a Long

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
In Dublins fair city, where the girls are so pretty

**G** **Em** **A** **D7**  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

(Chorus)

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh

**G** **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
She was a fishmonger, and sure it was no wonder

**G** **Em** **A** **D7**  
For so were her father and mother before

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
They both wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh

**G** **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
But I was a rover, and sailed the seas over

**G** **Em** **A** **D7**  
I bid my farewell to sweet Molly Malone

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
And as I was a-sailin', the wild winds were wailin'

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Cryin' cockles and mussels alive, a-live, oh

**G** **Em** **Am** **D7**  
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live Oh

**G** **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

**G** **C**  
I've been a wild rover for many a year

**G** **C** **D** **G**  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer

**C**  
Now I'm returning with gold in great store

**G C D G**  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

**CHORUS:**

**D D7**  
And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)

**G C**  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)

**G C**  
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)

**D G**  
No never, no more

**G C**  
I went to an alehouse I used to frequent

**G C D G**  
I told the landlady my money was spent

**C**  
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay"

**G C D G**  
Such a custom as yours, I can have any day"

**D D7**  
And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)

**G C**  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)

**G C**  
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)

**D G**  
No never, no more

**G C**  
I took from my pockets ten sovereigns bright

**G C D G**  
The land ladies eyes opened wide with delight

**C**  
Said she "I have whiskey and wines of the best,

**G C D G**  
And the words that I spoke were only in jest!"

**D D7**  
And it's no, nay, never (4 claps)

**G C**  
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)

**G C**  
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)

**D G**  
No never, no more



**G**  
In a neat little town they call Belfast,  
**G**  
apprenticed to trade I was bound  
**G**  
And many's the hour of sweet happiness,  
**C**  
I spent in that neat little town  
**G**  
Till sad misfortune came over me,  
**G**  
which caused me to stray from the land  
**G**  
Far away from me friends and relations,  
**C**  
betrayed by the black velvet band

**G**  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
**G**  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
**G**  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
**C**  
tied up with a black velvet band

**G**  
As I was out walking one evening  
**G**  
Not meaning to go very far  
**G**  
I met with a fickle young damsel  
**C**  
Who was plying her trade at The Bar  
**G**  
When a watch she took from a customer  
**C**  
and put it right into my hand  
**G**  
And the law came and put me in prison  
**C**  
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

**G**  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
**G**  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
**G**  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,

**C D G**  
tied up with a black velvet band

**G G G D**  
Next morning before a judge and a jury, for trial had to appear  
**G Em C D G**  
The judge he said “My Fine Fellow, The case against you is quite clear  
**G G G**  
And seven long years is your sentence,  
**D**  
You’re going to Van Deimon’s Land  
**G Em C D**  
Far away from your friends and relations,  
**C D G**  
betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

**G G**  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
**G**  
You’d think she was queen of the land  
**G Em**  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
**C D G**  
tied up with a black velvet band

**G G G**  
So come all ye jolly young fellows,  
**D**  
I’ll have you take warning take by me  
**G Em C D G**  
For when you are out on the liquor me lads,  
**C D G**  
beware of them pretty colleens  
**G G**  
For they’ll feed you with whiskey and porter,  
**G D**  
until you are unable to stand,  
**G Em C D**  
And the very next thing that you know me lads,  
**G C G**  
is you’ve landed in Van Diemen’s Land

**G G**  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
**G**  
You’d think she was queen of the land  
**G Em**  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,  
**C D G**  
tied up with a black velvet band

## A-ROVING

**G**  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid, Mark well what do I say,  
**C** **G**  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
**Am** **D7**  
And she was mistress of her trade  
**G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

### **Chorus:**

**C** **G** **Am** **D7**  
*A-roving, a-roving, Since roving's been my ru-i-in*  
**G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**  
*I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.*

**G**  
I took her to Her favorite park, Mark well what I do say,  
**C** **G**  
I took that her to her favorite park,  
**Am** **D7**  
So we could linger in the dark.  
**G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

### **CHORUS:**

**G**  
I put my hand upon her arm, Mark well what I say.  
**C** **G**  
I put me hand upon her arm she said,  
**AM** **D7**  
“Good Sir don’t do me harm!”  
**G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**C G Am D7**  
***A-roving, a-roving, Since roving's been my ru-i-in***  
**G C G D7 G**  
***I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.***

**G**  
put my hand upon her knee, Mark well what I do say,

**C G**  
I put my hand upon her knee

**Am D7**  
Said She, "Dear Sir you're awfully free,

**G C G D7 G**  
***I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.***

### **CHORUS:**

**G**  
I put my hand upon her thigh, Mark well what do I say,

**C G**  
I put my hand upon her thigh and

**Am D7**  
She said, "Sir you're awfully high!"

**G C G D7 G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**C G Am D7**  
***A-roving, a-roving, Since roving's been my ru-i-in***  
**G C G D7 G**  
***I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.***

**G**  
I put my hand up farther still, Mark well what I do say,

**C G**  
I put my hand up further still,

**Am D7**  
She said, "Oh My, that's quite a thrill!"

**G** **C** **G D7 G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**CHORUS:**

**G**  
Three weeks gone my money spent, Mark well what I say.  
**C** **G**  
Three weeks gone my money spent,  
**Am D7**  
so sadly off to sea I went.  
**G C G D7 G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**CHORUS:**

When **G**  
I returned back home from sea, Mark well what I do say,  
**C G**  
When I returned back home from sea,  
**Am D7**  
A Soldier had her on his knee.  
**G C G D7 G**  
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

**C G Am D7**  
***A-roving, a-roving, Since roving's been my ru-i-in***

**G C G D7 G**  
***I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.***

**G C G D7 G**  
**Tag I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.**

## The Mermaid

It was Friday morn when we set sail

And we were not far from the land

When the captain, She spied a mermaid so fair

With a comb and a glass in her hand

### Chorus:

And the ocean's waves they ROAR and the stormy winds they BLOW

And we poor sailors are skipping to the tops

While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below

While the landlubbers lie down below

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship

And a fine sailing woman was she, sayin'

This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom ---GODDY

We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

### Chorus:

And the ocean's waves they roar and the stormy winds they blow

And we poor sailors are skipping on the tops

While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below

While the landlubbers lie down below

<sup>G</sup> Then up spoke the First Mate of our gallant ship  
<sup>C</sup> And fine spoken man was he Sayin'  
<sup>G</sup> I've got a wife in Cortez Town ---- OISIN  
<sup>C</sup> And tonight boys a widow she will be.

Chorus:

<sup>G</sup> And the ocean's waves they roar and the stormy winds they blow  
<sup>G</sup> And we poor sailors are skipping on the tops  
<sup>C</sup> While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
<sup>C</sup> While the landlubbers lie down below

<sup>G</sup> Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship  
<sup>C</sup> And dirty little brat was she, Sayin'  
<sup>G</sup> I've got friends in My Home Town ---- ROYCE  
<sup>C</sup> And they don't care a flying flip for me.

Chorus:

<sup>G</sup> And the ocean's waves they roar and the stormy winds they blow  
<sup>G</sup> And we poor sailors are skipping on the top  
<sup>C</sup> While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
<sup>C</sup> While the landlubbers lie down below

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship  
And a crazy old butcher was he  
I care much more for my kettles and my pots ----GARY  
Than I do for the roaring of the sea

### Chorus:

And the ocean's waves they roar and the stormy winds they blow  
And we poor sailors are skipping on the tops  
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubbers lie down below

Then three times around spun our gallant ship  
And three times around spun she  
The Curse of the Mermaid sunk our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

### Chorus:

And the ocean's waves they roar and the stormy winds they blow  
And we poor sailors are skipping on the tops  
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubbers lie down below



## Billy O'Shea ~

Iain McCarthy 1960s

Key of D

<sup>D</sup>  
We all got drunk in <sup>G</sup>Dublin <sup>D</sup>City

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down me Billy

<sup>D</sup>  
We all got drunk, sure, <sup>G</sup>more's <sup>D</sup>the pity

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down <sup>D</sup>Billy O'Shea

Ch:

<sup>D</sup>  
Fall down, <sup>G</sup>fall down, <sup>D</sup>Fall down <sup>A</sup>me Billy

<sup>D</sup>  
We're bound away for <sup>G</sup>Americay, <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down <sup>D</sup>Billy O'Shea

<sup>D</sup>  
We went to sleep on <sup>G</sup>Sir Rogerson's <sup>D</sup>Quay

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down me Billy

<sup>D</sup>  
And when we woke up we were out to <sup>G</sup>sea <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down <sup>D</sup>Billy O'Shea

Ch:

<sup>D</sup>  
Fall down, <sup>G</sup>fall down, <sup>D</sup>Fall down <sup>A</sup>me Billy

<sup>D</sup>  
We're bound away for <sup>G</sup>Americay, <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down <sup>D</sup>Billy O'Shea

<sup>D</sup>  
We are no sailors <sup>G</sup>Captain <sup>D</sup>Drew

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down me Billy

<sup>D</sup>  
And a quite unhappy to sail with <sup>G</sup>you <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup>  
Fall down <sup>D</sup>Billy O'Shea

Ch:

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy  
**D** **G** **D**  
We're bound away for Americay,  
**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

**D** **G** **D**  
The Captain said, "I've a cure for that.  
**A**  
Fall down me Billy  
**D** **G** **D**  
And here for a start is a dose of the cat."  
**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

Ch:

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy  
**D** **G** **D**  
We're bound away for Americay,  
**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea  
  
**D** **G** **D**  
He sent him up to the topmast yard  
**A**  
Fall down me Billy  
**D** **G** **D**  
When he hit the deck, oh! He took it hard  
**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

Ch:

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy  
**D** **G** **D**  
We're bound away for Americay,  
**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

Ch: *(continued)*

**D** **G** **D**  
We wrapped him up in a canvas sail.

**A**  
Fall down me Billy

**D** **G** **D**  
And we lowered him gently o'er the rail

**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

Ch:

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy

**D** **G** **D**  
We're bound away for Americay,

**A** **D**  
Fall down Billy O'Shea

**D** **G** **D**  
Over the side and down he goes

**A**  
Farewell me Billy

**D** **G** **D**  
To Davy Jones with a stitch through his nose

**A** **D**  
Farewell Billy O'Shea

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Farewell, farewell, farewell me Billy

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
For I am bound for Ameri cay, Farewell Billy O'Shea

Ch:

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy

**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
We're bound away for Americ ay, Fall down Billy O'Shea

# Leaving Of Liverpool

Key of G

Key of D

**D**                      **G**              **D**  
Farewell to you my own true love,  
                                 **A**  
I am going far, far away,  
         **D**                      **G**      **D**  
I am bound for California,  
                                 **A**                      **D**  
And I know that I'll return some day.

(Chorus)

**A**                      **G**              **D**  
So fare thee well my own true love,  
                                 **G**      **D**              **A**  
When I return united we will be,  
                                 **D**                                      **G**              **D**  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
                                 **A**                      **D**  
But my darling when I think of thee.

**D**                                      **G**              **D**  
I have slipped on board a Yankee ship,  
                                 **A**  
Davey Crockett is her name,  
                                 **D**                      **G**              **D**  
And her captain it is Burgees dear,  
                                 **A**                      **D**  
And they say that she's a floating hell.

(Chorus)

**A**                      **G**              **D**  
So fare thee well my own true love,  
                                 **G**      **D**              **A**  
When I return united we will be,  
                                 **D**                                      **G**              **D**  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
                                 **A**                      **D**  
But my darling when I think of thee.

**D** **G** **D**  
I have sailed with Burgess once before,  
**A**  
And I think I know him well,  
**D** **G** **D**  
If a man's a sailor he will get along,  
**A**  
If not then he's sure for hell.

(Chorus)

**A** **G** **D**  
So fare thee well my own true love,  
**G** **D** **A**  
When I return united we will be,  
**D** **G** **D**  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
**A** **D**  
But my darling when I think of thee.

**D** **G** **D**  
Oh the sun is on the harbor love,  
**A**  
And I wish I could remain,  
**D** **G** **D**  
For I know it will be a long, long time,  
**A**  
Before I see you again.

(Chorus)

**A** **G** **D**  
So fare thee well my own true love,  
**G** **D** **A**  
When I return united we will be,  
**D** **G** **D**  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
**A** **D**  
But my darling when I think of thee.

## Star of the County Down

Em G D  
Near Banbridge town, in the County Down

Em D  
One morning' last July

Em G D  
Down a breen green, came a sweet colleen

Em D Em  
And she smiled as she passed me by

G D  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet

Em D  
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair

Em G D  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself

Em D Em  
For to see I was really there

### Chorus:

G D  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
Em D  
and from Galway to Dublin town  
Em G D  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen,  
Em D Em  
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,  
And looked with a feeling rare  
And I says, says I, to a passer-by,  
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
He smiled at me and he says, says he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown  
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
She's the star of the County Down.

(Chorus)

At the Harvest Faire, she'll be surely there,  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,  
For a smile from my nut-brown Rose  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
'Till my plough turns rust-coloured brown  
'Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down

(Chorus)