

Emma's Song Book



Most of these songs can be found in [this spotify playlist](#) (or scan the QR code), though not necessarily quite the same versions I [Emma] know, or in the same order...

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Songs & Ballads

All Around My Hat

Chorus (after each verse):

All around my hat I will wear the green willow
All around my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day
And if anyone should ask me the reason why I'm wearing it,
It's all for my true love, who is far, far away

Fare thee well, cold winter, and fare thee well, cold frost
Nothing have I gained, but my own true love I've lost
I'll sing and I'll be merry when occasion I do see,
He's a false, deluding young man, let him go, farewell he, and ..

The other night he brought me a fine diamond ring, but he
Thought to have deprive me of a far better thing!
But I being careful, like lovers ought to be,
He's a false, deluding young man, let him go, farewell he, and ...

With a quarter pound of reason, and a half a pound of sense,
A small spring of time, and as much of prudence,
You mix them all together, and you will plainly see
He's a false deluding young man, let him go, farewell he, and ...

Benjamin Bowmaneer

Do you know how the war began?

Benjamin Bowmaneer

Do you know how the war began?

Castors away!

Do you know how the war began?

When England fought to a man

And the proud tailor rode prancing away

Of his shear board he made a horse

For him to ride across

Of his scissors made bridle bits

To keep that horse in his wits

As the tailor rode o'er the lea

He spied a flea on his knee

Of his needle he made a spear

To prick that flea through it's ear

Of his thimble he made a bell

To ring that flea's funeral knell

Was that how the wars began?

When England fought to a man

Blow the Winds

There was a shepherd's son
He kept sheep on the hill
He laid his pipe and his crook aside
And there he slept his fill

Chorus (after each verse):

Blow the winds I-O, I-O
Sing blow the winds I-O

Well he looked east and he looked west
He took another look
And there he spied a lady gay
Was dipping in a brook

She said: "Sir, don't touch my mantle
Come let my clothes alone
I will give you as much bright money
As you can carry home"

"I will not touch your mantle
I'll let your clothes alone
But I'll take you out of the water clear
My dear to be my own"

He mounted her on a milk white steed
Himself upon another
And there they rode along the road
Like sister and like brother

And as they rode along the road
He spied some cocks of hay
"Oh look!" he says, "there's a lovely place
For men and maids to play"

And when they came to her father's house
They rang now at the ring
And who was there but her brother
To let the young girl in

When the gates were opened
This young girl she jumped in
"Oh, look!" she says, "you're a fool without
And I'm a maid within!"

"There is a horse in my father's stable
He stands behind the thorn
He shakes his head above the trough
But dares not pry the corn"

"There is cock in my father's yard
A double comb he bears
He shakes his wings and he crows full loud
But a capon's crest he bears"

"And there is a flower, in my father's garden
It's called the marigold
The fool that will not, when he can
He shall not when he would"

Says the shepherd's son as he doffs his shoes
"My feet they shall run bare
And if I ever meet another girl
I'll have that girl beware"

The Bold Fenian Men

'Tis many long years since I saw the moon beamin'
On strong manly forms, their eyes with hope gleamin'
I'll see them again through all my sad dreamin'

Chorus (after each verse):

Glory-o, Glory-o to the bold Fenian men.

When I was a young girl, their fightin' and drillin'
Awoke through the glenside sounds awesome and thrillin'
They fought for old Ireland, and to die they were willin'

Some died by the glenside, some died with a stranger
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
But they loved their old Ireland and they never feared danger

I passed on my way, Gods be praised that I met her
Be life long or short, I'll never forget her
We may have brave men, but we'll never have better

'Twas down by the glenside I met an old woman
A-plucking young nettles, she n'ere saw me coming
I listened a while to the song she was humming

Can't Catch Me Now

There's blood on the side of the mountain
There's writing all over the wall
Shadows of us are still dancin'
In every room and every hall

There's snow fallin' over the city
You thought that it would wash away
The bitter taste of my fury
And all of the messes you made
Yeah, you think that you got away

But I'm in the trees, I'm in the breeze
My footsteps on the ground
You'll see my face in every place
But you can't catch me now
Through wading grass, the months will pass
You'll feel it all around
I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere
But you can't catch me now
No, you can't catch me now

But you thought I'd never do it
Thought it'd go over my head
I bet you figured I'd pass with the winter
Be somethin' easy to forget
Oh, you think I'm gone 'cause I left

But I'm in the trees, I'm in the breeze
My footsteps on the ground
You'll see my face in every place
But you can't catch me now
Through wading grass, the months will pass
You'll feel it all around
I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere
But you can't catch me now
No, you can't catch me now
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh

You can't, you can't catch me now
I'm comin' like a storm into your town
You can't, you can't catch me now
I'm higher than the hopes that you brought
down
You can't, you can't catch me now
I'm comin' like a storm into your town
You can't, you can't catch me now
I'm higher than the hopes that you brought
down
You can't, you can't catch me now
I'm comin' like a storm into your town
You can't, you can't catch me now
You can't, you can't, you can't

There's blood on the side of the mountain
It's turning a new shade of red
Yeah, sometimes the fire you founded
Don't burn the way you'd expect
Yeah, you thought that this was the end

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty niner,
And his daughter Clementine

Chorus (after each verse):

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling, Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

How I missed her! How I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
Then I forgot my Clementine.

Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Chorus (after each verse):

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be
For tonight we'll merry merry be...
Tomorrow we'll be sober

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the man who drinks small ale and goes to bed quite sober.
Fades as the leaves do fade, that fall off in October.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
She is a very foolish girl, she'll never get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs back for another.
She is a boon to all mankind, and soon she'll be a mother.

Come walk along this leafy lane and don't be so particular.
If the grass is very wet, we'll do it perpendicular.

If I had a pile of bricks I'd build my chimney higher.
That would stop the neighbour's cat, from pissing on my fire.

The Court of King Caractacus

Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by.
All together, now!

The ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by.
Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by.
Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by.

Now the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus.....

Now the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus....

Now the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stitches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus....

Now if you want to take some pictures of the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stitches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus...

...you're too late! Because they've just... passed... by!

The Crow on the Cradle

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn
Now is the time for a child to be born
He'll laugh at the moon and cry for the sun
And if it's a boy he will carry a gun
Sang the crow on the cradle

And if it should be that this baby's a girl
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
And a bomber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle

Your mother and father will sweat and they'll slave
To build you a coffin and dig you a grave
So hush-a-bye little one, never you weep
For we've got a toy that can put you to sleep
Sang the crow on the cradle

Chorus:

The crow on the cradle, the black and the white
Somebody's baby is born for a fight
The crow on the cradle, the white and the black
Somebody's baby is not coming back
Sang the crow on the cradle

Bring me my gun, and I'll shoot that bird dead
That's what your mother and father once said
The crow on the cradle, what can we do?
Now there is a thing that I'll leave up to you
Sang the crow on the cradle

Chorus

Find the cost of freedom buried in the ground.
Mother Earth will comfort you, lay your body down.

Dream the Impossible Dream

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go

To right the un-rightable wrong
To love pure and chaste from afar
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star

Chorus:

This is my quest
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless
No matter how far
To fight for the right
Without question or pause
To be willing to march into Hell
For a heavenly cause

And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest

And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go...

To run where the brave dare not go,
Though the goal be forever too far.
To try, though you're wayworn and weary,
To reach the unreachable star.

Chorus

Early one Morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising
I heard a maiden singing in the valley below

Chorus (after every verse):

"Oh, don't deceive me, oh never leave me,
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you promised to be true."

"Gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've plucked from the garden to bind upon thy brow."

Thus sang the poor maid, her sorrows bewailing
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below.

Erthe Upon Erthe

Middle English

Erthe out of Erthe is wonderly wroghte,
Erthe hase geten one Erthe a dignite of noghte.
Erthe upon Erthe hase sett alle his thoghte,
How that Erthe upon Erthe may be heghe broghte.

Erthe upon Erthe wolde be a kinge,
Bot how Erthe to erthe shall thinkes he no thinge.
When erthe bredes erthe and his rentes home bringe,
Thane shall erthe of erthe have full harde parting.

Chorus (Latin):

Memento, homo, quad cinis es,
Et in cinerem reverentis.

Erthe upon erthe winnes castells and towrres;
Thane sayse erthe unto erthe, 'this es al ourres'.
When erthe upon erthe hase bigged up his barres,
Thane shall erthe for erthe suffere sharpe scowrres.

Chorus

Erthe goes upon erthe as molde upon molde:
He that gose upon erthe, gleterande as golde,
Like erthe never more go to erthe sholde
And yitt shall erthe unto erthe ga rather than he wolde.

Why erthe lures erthe, wondere me thinke,
Or why erthe for erthe sholde other swete or swinke:
For when erthe upon erthe has broughte within brinke,
Thane shall erthe of erthe have a foul stinke.

Chorus x 2

Translation

Earth has been miraculously created out of earth.
Earth has attained a high position on earth out of nothing
Earth has fixed all his thoughts,
On trying to raise earth to heaven on earth.

Earth wants to be an earthly king,
But earth doesn't have a clue how on earth to go about it.
When earth breeds earth and brings his reward home,
Earth will have to bid Earth a tragic farewell.

Remember, o man, that you are ashes,
And into ashes you will return.

Earth conquers castles and towers on earth,
Then says earth to the earth 'All of this belongs to us'.
When earth has built up his defences on earth,
That is when earth will really get his come-uppance from earth.

Earth is piled up on earth like dirt on dirt:
He who swans around the earth, glittering like gold,
As though earth won't really have to return to earth,
Will soon find earth becomes earth again, however he fights it.

I really wonder why earth loves earth,
Or why earth should toil and work for earth's sake:
Because when earth is brought to the earth of his grave,
Earth back in the earth will stink to high heaven.

Everybody Knows

Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
That's how it goes
Everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody wants a box of chocolates
And a long-stem rose
Everybody knows

Everybody knows that you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
Everybody knows that you've been faithful
Oh, give or take a night or two
Everybody knows you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had
to meet
Without your clothes
Everybody knows

Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows, everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows

And everybody knows that it's now or never
Everybody knows that it's me or you
And everybody knows that you live forever
When you've done a line or two
Everybody knows the deal is rotten
Old Black Joe's still picking cotton
For your ribbons and bows
And everybody knows

And everybody knows that the Plague is
coming
Everybody knows that it's moving fast
Everybody knows that the naked man and
woman
Are just a shining artifact of the past
Everybody knows the scene is dead
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed
That will disclose
What everybody knows

And everybody knows that you're in trouble
Everybody knows what you've been through
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart
Before it blows
Everybody knows

Gaudete

Chorus (after each verse):

Gaudete, gaudete Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine gaudete
Gaudete, gaudete Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine gaudete

Tempus ad est gratiae hoc quod optabamus
Carmina laetitiae devote redamus

Deus homo factus est natura mirante
Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante

Ezekelis porta clausa per transitor
Unde lux est orta salus invenitor

Ergo nostro cantio psallat jam in lustro
Benedicat domino salus regi nostro

Translation:

Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is born
Of the Virgin Mary - rejoice!
Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is born
Of the Virgin Mary - rejoice!

The time of grace has come. This that we have desired,
Verses of joy, let us devoutly return.

God has become man, to the wonderment of Nature,
The world has been renewed by the reigning Christ.

The closed gate of Ezechiel is passed through,
Whence the light is born, salvation is found.

Therefore let our gathering now sing in brightness
Let it give praise to the Lord: greeting to our King.

The Goodman

The good man he came home one night
The good man, home came he
There he spied an old saddle horse
Where no horse should there be

It's a cow, it's a cow, cried the good man's wife
A cow, just a cow, can't you see?
Far have I ridden, and much I've seen
But a saddle on a cow there's never been

The good man he came home one night
The good man, home came he
There he spied a powdered wig
Where no wig should there be

It's a hen, it's a hen, cried the good man's wife
A hen, just a hen, can't you see?
Far have I ridden, and much I've seen
But powder on a hen there's never been

The good man he came home one night
The good man, home came he
There he spied a riding coat
Where no coat should there be

It's sheets, just sheets, cried the good man's wife
Sheets, just sheets, can't you see?
Far have I ridden, and much I've seen
But buttons on a sheet there's never been

The good man he came home one night
When the good man home came he
There he spied a handsome man
Where no man should there be

It's the maid, it's the maid, cried the good man's wife
The milking maid, can't you see?
Far have I ridden, and much I've seen
But a beard on a maid there's never been

The good man he came home one night
The good man, home came he
There he spied an old saddle horse
Where no horse should there be

It's a cow, it's a cow, cried the good man's wife
A cow, just a cow, can't you see?
Far have I ridden, and much I've seen
But a saddle on a cow there's never been

Golden Brown

Golden brown, texture like sun.
Lays me down, with my mind she runs.
Throughout the night, no need to fight,
Never a frown with golden brown.

Every time, just like the last.
On a ship, tied to the mast.
To distant lands, takes both my hands,
Never a frown with golden brown.

Golden brown, finer temptress.
Through the ages, she's heading west.
From far away, stays for a day,
Never a frown with golden brown.

The Grenadier and the Lady

As I was a-walking one morning in May
I met a young couple a-making their way
Oh one was a fair made, and her beauty shone clear.
The other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

A-walking and a-talking and a-walking together
A-walking so far that they couldn't tell whither.
So they sat themselves down by the clear crystal stream
For to see where the flowers grow, hear the nightingale sing.

In kisses and compliments he took her around the middle
And out of his knapsack he pulled forth his fiddle
And he played such a fine tune as made the groves ring
"Hark, hark" said the fair maid "how the nightingale sings"

"Oh come" said the soldier, "'tis time to give o'er"
"Oh no" said the fair maid, "We'll have one tune more,
For I do like your music and the tune of your string
And I do like to see the flowers grow, hear the nightingale sing."

"Now come" says the fair maid, "Will you marry me?"
"Oh no!" says the soldier, "that can never be,
For I've got me a wife in my own country,
So fair a woman you never did see."

"I've got me a wife there and children three
Two wives in the army's too many for me.
But if I should return, oh 'twill be in the spring,
I'll show you where the flowers grow, make the nightingale sing."

Hallelujah

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do ya?
It goes like this, the 4th, the 5th,
the minor fall, the major lift
The battle king composing hallelujah.

Chorus (after each verse):

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof.
You saw her bathing on the roof.
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya.
She tied you to a kitchen chair,
She broke your throne and she cut your hair,
And from your lips she drew the hallelujah.

You say I took the name in vein
I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to ya?
There's a blaze of light in every word,
It doesn't matter which you heard,
The holy or the broken hallelujah.

I did my best, it wasn't much,
I couldn't feel so I tried to touch,
I've told the truth and I didn't come to fool ya.
Then even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the lord of song
With nothing on my tongue but hallelujah.

Chorus x 2

Hamster Tree

(To the tune of O Tannenbaum)

Oh woe is me, oh woe is me, I used to have a hamster tree
Oh woe is me, oh woe is me, I used to have a hamster tree
But it was eaten by a newt, and now I have no cuddly fruit
Oh woe is me, oh woe is me, I used to have a Hamster tree

My hamster tree, my hamster tree, it used to quietly squeak at me,
And now it's gone I feel so sad, although the squeaking drove me mad.

I miss them so, I miss them so, the cuddly fruit of long ago
I would detach them from the tree, and let them crawl all over me.

The Hanging Tree

Are you, are you comin' to the tree?
Where they strung up a man, they say, who murdered three
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be
If we met at midnight in the hanging tree

Are you, are you comin' to the tree
Where a dead man called out for his love to flee?
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be
If we met at midnight in the hanging tree

Are you, are you comin' to the tree
Where I told you to run, so we'd both be free?
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be
If we met at midnight in the hanging tree

Are you, are you comin' to the tree
Where necklace of rope, side by side with me?
Strange things did happen here, no stranger would it be
If we met at midnight in the hanging tree

The Herring Song

There once was a man who came from Kinsale

Chorus (after each line): Sing aber o vane, sing aber o linn

And he had a herring, a herring for sale

Sing man of Kinsale, sing herring for sale

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its head?

The finest oven that ever baked bread

Sing herring, sing head, sing oven, sing bread

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its back?

A nice little man and his name it was Jack

Sing herring, sing back, sing man, sing Jack

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its eyes?

The finest dishes that ever held pies

Sing herring, sing eyes, sing dishes, sing pies

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its scales?

The finest ships that ever set sail

Sing herring, sing scales, sing ships, sing sails

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its fins?

The finest cases for needles and pins

Sing herring, sing fins, sing needles and pins

And still I have more of my herring to sing

So what do you think they made of its hair?

The finest rug for the seat of a chair

Sing herring, sing hair, sing rope, sing chair

And now I've no more of my herring to sing

The Highwayman

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon the cloudy seas
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
When the highwayman came riding, riding, riding,
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

A French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle, his pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard,
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by the moonlight, watch for me by the moonlight,
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the way.

He rose upright in his stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight, oh, sweet waves in the moonlight!
He tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

He did not come at the dawning; he did not come at noon,
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching, marching, marching
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window, hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through the casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with its barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" And they kissed her. She heard the dead man say
"Look for me by the moonlight, watch for me by the moonlight
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat and blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness and the hours crawled by like years!
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight, cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers.

Plot-plot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ring clear
Plot-plot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding, riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up straight and still!

Plot in the frosty silence! Plot, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment! She drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight, the musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the west; he did not know she stood
bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it; his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter, the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were the spurs i' the gold noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

Still on a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed upon the cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding, riding, riding,
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door...

House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new bluejeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know I'm one

The Irish Ballad

About a girl I'll sing you a song
Sing rickety tickety tin
About a girl I'll sing you a song
She didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong.
But she did everyone of them in.
Them in
She did every one of them in

One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And they had to make do with gin

Her mother she could never stand
And so a cyanide soup she planned
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand
Her face in a hideous grin

She weighted her brother down with stones
And sent him off to Davy Jones
And all they ever found were some bones
And occassional pieces of skin

She set her sisters hair on fire
And as the smoke and flames grew higher
She danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin

One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up in an Irish stew
And invited the neighbours in

When at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
For to do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin

Just one last thing before I go
There is something I think you ought to know
They had no proof so they let her go
And now she is running an inn

My tragic tale I won't prolong
And if you did not like my song
You've yourself to blame for if it was too long
You should never have let me begin

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye

When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
When goin' the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus (after each verse):

Wi' your guns and drums and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, ye look so queer

Where are the eyes that were so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled
Oh why did ye run from me and the child

It grieved my heart to see you sail
Though from my heart you took leg-bail
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail

Where are the legs with which you run
When first you went to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done

I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Sulloon
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg

They're rolling out the guns again
Searching for strong young Irishmen
But they never will take our sons again

Last Chorus

.....But they never will take our sons again
Johnny I swear it to ye

Jolene

Chorus:

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,
I'm begging of you please don't take my man.
Jolene, Joleen, Jolene, Jolene,
Please don't take him just because you can.

Your beauty is beyond compare
With flaming locks of auburn hair
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green.

Your smile is like a breath of spring
Your voice is soft like summer rain
And I cannot compete with you Jolene.

He talks about you in his sleep
And there's nothing I can do to keep
From cryin', when he calls your name Jolene.

And I can easily understand
How you could easily take my man
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene.

Chorus

You could have your choice of men
But I could never love again
He's the only one for me Jolene.

I had to have this talk with you
My happiness depends on you
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene

Last Chorus

...Please don't take him even though you can

The Knight at Dublin Castle

Oh I remember, I recall
The land so green, the grass so tall
Where once he pledged his love to me,
For a loyal knight was he.

The storms were raging on that night
We awakened from the strangers might
And through those chamber doors he came
“Please come and help your king”

I watched him leave, I watched him go
As through the stormy night he rode
Climbing high on strong and mighty steed
I whispered “Please, come back to me”.

And the faeries cried for me....

It's been 8 months or even more
Since I heard the news, I cry no more
I've seen the vision in my sight
A stranger called the Devil's Knight

I ran down to the ocean side
His horse so still, his eyes so bright
The hills were startled by my cries
The knife cuts deep, I cannot die!

And the sea birds cried for me....

And when our loyal knight came home
He found her dead, he found her cold
And from that day he walked alone
For a loyal knight was he.

Lumberjack Song

I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK
I sleep all night, I work all day
He's a lumberjack and he's OK
He sleeps all night and works all day

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
I go to the lavatory
On Wednesdays I go shopping
And have buttered scones for tea

He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch
He goes to the lavatory
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
And has buttered scones for tea

He's a lumberjack and he's OK
He sleeps all night and works all day

I cut down trees, I skip and jump
I like to press wild flowers
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars

He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps
He likes to press wild flowers
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around in bars...?

He's a lumberjack and he's OK
He sleeps all night and works all day

I cut down trees, I wear high heels
Suspenders and a bra
I wish I were a girlie
Just like my dear papa

He cuts down trees, he wears high heels
Suspenders and a bra?!?

(angry mumbling...)

He's a lumberjack and he's OK
He sleeps all night and works all day

He's a lumberjack and he's OK
He sleeps all night and works all day

Man of la Mancha

Hear me now oh thou bleak and unbearable world,
Thou art base and debauched as can be;
And a knight with his banners all bravely unfurled
Now hurls down his gauntlet to thee!

Don Qixote Chorus:

I am I, Don Quixote, the Lord of La Mancha!
My destiny calls and I go.
And the wild winds of fortune will carry me onward,
Oh whither soever they blow.
Whither soever they blow,
Onward to glory I go!

Sancho Chorus:

I'm Sancho! Yes, I'm Sancho!
I'll follow my master till the end.
I'll tell all the world proudly
I'm his squire! I'm his friend!

Hear me, heathens and wizards and serpents of sin!

All your dastardly doings are past,
For a holy endeavour is now to begin
And virtue shall triumph at last!

Simultaneous:

Don Qixote & Sancho Choruses

Reprise:

Oh the trumpets of glory
Now call me to ride,
Yes, the trumpets are calling to me,
And wherever I ride,
Ever staunch at my side
My squire and my lady shall be!

Don Qixote Chorus

Martha's Harbour

I sit by the Harbour
The sea calls to me
I hide in the water
But I need to breathe

Chorus (after each verse):

You are an ocean wave my love
Crashing at the bow
I am a galley slave my love
If only I could find out the way to sail you
Maybe I'll just stow away

I've been run aground
So sad for a sailor
I felt safe and sound
But I needed the danger

Matty Groves

A holiday, a holiday,
the first one of the year.
Lord Arnold's wife went into the church,
the gospel for to hear.

And when the meeting it was done,
she cast her eyes around,
And there she saw little Matty Groves,
walking in the crowd.

"Come home with me, little Matty Groves,
come home with me tonight.
Come home with me, little Matty Groves,
and sleep with me till light."

"Oh I can't come home, and I won't come home
and sleep with you tonight,
By the rings on your fingers I can tell
you are Lord Arnold's wife."

"What if I am Lord Arnold's wife?
Lord Arnold's not at home.
He is out in the far cornfields,
bringing the yearlings home."

Now a servant who was standing by
and hearing what was said,
He swore Lord Arnold he would know
before the sun had set.

And in his hurry to carry the news,
he bent his breast and ran,
And when he reached the broad mill stream,
he took off his shoes and swam.

Matty Groves, he lay down
and took a little sleep.
When he awoke Lord Arnold was
standing at his feet.

Saying "How do you like my feather bed?
And how do you like my sheets?
How do you like my lady gay
who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Oh it's well I like your feather bed,
and well I like your sheets.
But better I like your lady gay
who lies in my arms asleep."

"Get up, get up," Lord Arnold cried,
"get up as quick as you can!
For I'll never have it said in fair England
that I slew a naked man."

"Oh, I can't get up, and I won't get up,
I won't get up for my life.
For you have two long beaten swords
and I but a pocket-knife."

"Well it's true I have two beaten swords,
and they cut me deep in the purse.
But you shall have the better of them
and I shall have the worse."

"And you will strike the very first blow,
and strike it like a man.
I will strike the very next blow,
and I'll kill you if I can."

So Matty struck the very first blow,
and he hurt Lord Arnold sore.
Lord Arnold struck the very next blow,
and Matty struck no more.

And then Lord Adnold took his wife
and sat her on his knee,
Saying, "Who do you like the best of us now,
Matty Groves or me?"

Then up spoke his own dear wife,
never heard to speak so free.
"I'd rather a kiss from dead Matty's lips
than you and your finery."

Then Lord Arnold he jumped up
and loudly he did bawl,
He struck his wife right through the heart
and pinned her against the wall.

"A grave, a grave!" Lord Arnold cried,
"to put these lovers in.
But bury my lady at the top
for she was of noble kin."

Molly Malone

In Dublin's Fair City
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheel'd her wheel barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!

Chorus (after each verse):

Alive, alive o! Alive, alive o!
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!

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 o!

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 o!

My Husband's Got No Courage in Him

As I walked out on a May morning
To view the fields and the leaves a-springing
I saw two maidens standing by
And one of them her hands was wringing

Chorus (after each verse):

Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o
My husband's got no courage in him
Oh dear-o

All sort of vittals I did provide
All kinds of meats that's fitting for him
With oyster pie and rhubarb too
But nothing will put courage in him

My husband can dance and caper and sing
And do anything that is fitting for him
But he cannot do the thing I want
Because he has no courage in him

My husband's admired wherever he goes
And everyone looks well upon him
With his handsome features and well-shaped leg
But still he's got no courage in him

Every night when I goes to bed
I lie and throw my leg right o'er him
And my hand I clap between his thighs
But I can't put any courage in him

For seven long years I've made his bed
And every night I've lain beside him
And this morning I rose with my maidenhead
For still nothing will put courage in him

I wish my husband he was dead
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him
And then I'd try another one
That's got a bit of courage in him

Over the Hills and Far Away

There's forty shillings on the drum,
For those who volunteer to come,
To 'list and fight the foe today,
Over the hills and far away;

Chorus (after each verse):

O'er the hills and o'er the main,
Through Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
King George commands, and we obey,
Over the hills and far away

When duty calls me I must go,
To 'list and fight another foe,
But part of me will always stay,
Over the hills and far away,

The 'prentice boy, he may refuse,
To wipe his angry master's shoes,
For now he's free to run and play,
Over the hills and far away

Come 'list up boys and you shall see,
We everyone shall captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
Over the hills and far away

So there we shall lead happy lives,
By getting shot of Brats and Wives,
That scold and vex us night and day,
Over the hills and far away

No more from sound of drum retreat,
When Malborough and Galway beat,
The French and Spaniards ev'ry day,
Over the hills and far away

Through smoke and fire and shot and shell,
Unto the very walls of Hell,
We shall stand and we shall stay,
Over the hills and far away,

When evil marches 'cross the land,
I'll neither hold nor stay me hand,
But fight to win a better day,
Over the hills and far away,

If I should fall to fight no more,
As many comrades have before,
Then ask the fife and drum to play,
Over the hills and far away,

So fall in lads, behind the drum,
With colours blazing like the sun,
Along the road to come what may,
Over the hills and far away.

Puff the Magic Dragon

Chorus (after each verse):

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee

Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
And brought him strings, and sealing wax, and other fancy stuff

Chorus x2

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name

Chorus x2

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant strings make way for other toys

One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And Puff, that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane

Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave
So Puff, that mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his cave

Chorus x2

Raggle Taggle Gypsies

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate
They sang so high and they sang so low
And the lady sits in her chamber light
And her heart it melted away like snow

Well they sang so high and they sang so clear
Fast her tears began to flow
So she's laid aside her silken gown
To follow the raggle taggle gypsies

Well she's kicked off her high healed shoes
Made of Spanish leather
And over her shoulders a blanket she's threw
To follow the raggle taggle gypsies

Well it's late at night her lord comes home
Enquiring of his lady
Well the servant girl gave this reply
"She's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies"

So saddle to me my milk white steed
Bridle me my pony
That I might ride to seek my bride
Who's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies

So he's ridden o'er yon high high hill
He's rode through woods and copses
Until he's came to the broad open stream
And there he spied his lady

He said "What makes you leave your houses and land
What makes you leave your bonny?
And what makes you leave your own wedded lord
To go with the raggle taggle gypsies?"

She says "What care I for my goosefeather bed
With the sheets turned down so bravely
For tonight I will sleep in the cold open field
In the arms of my raggle taggle gypsy"

Repeat 1st Verse

Rising of the Moon

Oh come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so
Hush I'll tell if you will listen and his cheeks were all aglow
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon

Chorus (after each verse):

By the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon

(Last line of verse)

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gathering is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me
One more word for signal token, we'll salute the marching tune
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon

Out from many a mudwalled cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning light
Farmers ran along the valley to the Banshees lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! We'll salute the marching tune
And hurrah my boys for freedom, 't'is the rising of the moon

Roots

Now it's been 25 years or more I've roamed this land from shore to shore
From Tyne to Teign, or Severn to Thames, from moor to vale, from peak to fen

I've played in cafés, pubs and bars, I've stood in the street with my own guitar
But I'd be richer than all the rest if I had a pound for each request

For 'Duelling Banjos', 'American Pie', it's enough to make you cry
'Rule Britannia', or 'Swing low...' are they the only songs we English know?

Chorus:

Seed, bark, flower, fruit, they're never gonna grow without their roots.
Branch, stem, shoot, they need roots.

After the speeches, when the cake's been cut, the disco's over and the bar is shut
At christening, birthday, wedding or wake what can we sing 'til the morning breaks?

When the Indians, Asians, Afro-Celts, it's in their blood, below their belt
They're playing and dancing all night long, so what have they got right that we've got wrong?

Chorus

Shanty:

Haul away boys, let them go, out in the wind and the rain and snow
We've lost more than we'll ever know, 'round the rocky shores of England

And a minister said his vision of hell is three folk singers in a pub near Wales
Well, I've got a vision of urban sprawl, it's pubs where no-one ever sings at all

And everyone stares at a great big screen, overpaid soccer stars, prancing teens
Australian soap, American rap, estuary English, baseball caps

And we learn be ashamed before we walk of the way we look, or the way we talk
Without our stories or our songs, how will we know where we come from?

I've lost St. George in the Union Jack, it's my flag too and I want it back!

Chorus

Shanty x 2

The Royal Forester

I am a forester of this land
As ye may plainly see,
It's the mantle of your maidenhead
That I would have from thee.

Chorus (after each verse):
With me roo-run-rority ri-run-rority
right-no-ority-an.

He's taken her by the milk-white hand,
And by the leylan sleeve,
He's lain her down upon her back
And asked no man's leave.

Now since you've lain me down young man
You must take me up again,
And since you've had your will on me,
Come tell to me your name.

Some call me Jim, some call me John,
Begad it's all the same,
But when I'm in the king's high court
Erwilian is my name.

She being a good scholar
She's spelt it o'er again,
Erwilian, that's a Latin word,
But Willy is your name.

Now when he heard his name pronounced,
He mounted his high horse,
She's belted up her petticoat
And followed with all her force.

He rode and she ran
A long summer day,
Until they came by the river
That's commonly called the Tay.

The water it's too deep my love,
I'm afraid you cannot wade,
But afore he'd ridden his horse well in
She was on the other side.

She went up to the king's high door,
She knocked and she went in,
Said one of your chancellor's robbed me,
And he's robbed me right and clean.

Has he robbed you of your mantle,
Has he robbed you of your ring,
No he's robbed me of my maidenhead
And another I can't find.

If he be a married man
Then hanged he shall be,
And if he be a single man
He shall marry thee.

This couple they got married,
They live in Huntley town,
She's the Earl of Airlie's daughter,
And he's the blacksmith's son.

Savage Daughter

I am my mother's savage daughter
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter
I will not cut my hair
I will not lower my voice

Chorus (after each verse):

My mother's child is a savage
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones
In the faces of cats, in the falling of feathers
In the dancing of fire
In the curve of old bones

My mother's child dances in darkness
She sings heathen songs
By the light of the moon
And watches the stars and renames the planets
And dreams she can reach them
With a song and a broom

We are all brought forth out of darkness
Into this world, through blood and through pain
And deep in our bones, the old songs are waking
So sing them with voices if thunder and rain

Final Chorus (x2):

We are our mother's savage daughters
The ones who run barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
We are our mother's savage daughters
We will not cut our hair
We will not lower our voice

Scarborough Fair

Chorus (after each verse):

Are you going to Scarborough fair ?
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She was once a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a Cambric shirt
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Without any seam of fine needlework
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Where water ne'er spring, nor drop of rain fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Oh will you find me an acre of land
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Or never be a true love of mine

Oh will you plough it with a lambs horn
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Or never be a true love of mine

Oh will you reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather
Or never be a true love of mine

And when you have done and finished your work
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Then come to me for your Cambric shirt
And you shall be a true love of mine

She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain When She Comes

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes!

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes!

She'll be coming round the mountain, coming round the mountain,

Coming round the mountain when she comes!

Chorus (after each verse):

Singing aye, aye, yippee - yippee aye...

Singing aye, aye, yippee - yippee aye...

Singing aye, aye, yippee, aye aye yippee,

Aye, aye, yippee - yippee aye...

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas...

She'll be riding 6 white horses...

And we'll all go out to meet her...

She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."
And she laid her hand on me, and this she did say:
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

She stepped away from me, and she moved through the fair.
So fondly I watched her move here and move there.
She made her way homewards, just one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying "No two e're were wed,
But one has a sorrow that never was said."
She smiled as she passed me, with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in.
So softly she entered, her feet made no din.
And she laid her hand on me, and this she did say:
"Oh it will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day..."

Singing out the days

Intro:

Half the front's out there, half-buried
Some of them alive
The rest of us, we freeze and pray for Spring
"Dearest Mother
Fill my lungs till victory or food arrives"
What else can we do out here but sing?

Sixteen years and never been kissed
Singing out the days
Jumped the queue and the waiting list
Singing out the days
Civvy suit's and new recruit's
Clean your rifle, polish your boots
Learn to give the correct salute
Singing out the days

Chorus (after each verse):

Singing singing, singing, singing out the days
We march until we drop
Then we go over the top
Singing, singing out the days

Lice and rats along the trench
Singing out the days
Coffin nails to cover the stench
Singing out the days
For thirty weeks we hold the line
While all the toffs get reassigned
Apart from the war, we're doing fine
Singing out the days

Songs for drowning out the shells
Singing out the days
Songs to prove you're alive and well
Singing out the days
Songs for our humanity in
The face of inhumanity
To demonstrate your sanity
Singing out the days

Sloop John B

We've come on the Sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Went drinking all night, got in a fight
Oh I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

Chorus (after each verse):

So hoist up the John B sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain to sure let me go home
Let me go home, I want to go home
Oh I feel so broke up, I want to go home

Well the first mate he got drunk
And broke in the captains trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sherrif John Sloan why don't you leave me alone
Oh I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The third cook he got the fits
He threw all of my grits
Then he took me and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home, why don't you let me go home
This is the worst ship I've ever been on

The Snow it Melts The Soonest

The snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing
The corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are setting in
And when a young man tells me that my face he'll soon forget
Before we part I'll tell him now, he'll be sure to follow yet.

Oh the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing
The swallow skims without a thought as long as it is spring
But when spring goes and winter blows my love, then you'll be fain
For all your pride to follow me, were it across the stormy main.

Yes the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing
The bee that flew when summer shone in Winter cannot sting
I've seen a young man's (woman's) anger melt between the night and morn
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a young man's (woman's) scorn.

So never say me farewell here, no farewell I'll receive
For you will set me to the style and kiss, and take your leave
And I'll wait here 'till the woodcock comes, and the marlett takes to wing
For the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.

Street Spirit

Rows of houses all bearing down on me
I can feel their blue hands touching me
All these things into position
All these things we'll one day swallow whole

And fade out again
And fade out...

This machine will, will not communicate
These thoughts and the strain I am under
Be a world child, form a circle
Before we all go under

And fade out again
And fade out again

Cracked eggs, dead birds
Scream as they fight for life
I can feel death, can see its beady eyes
All these things into position
All these things we'll one day swallow whole

And fade out again
And fade out again

Immerse your soul in love
Immerse your soul in love

Sugar in the Hold

Well I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Screwing cotton all the day
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below,
Below, below, below

Chorus (after every verse):

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The J.M. White, she's a new boat
Stem to stern she's mighty fine
Beat any boat on the New Orleans line
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The engineer shouts through his trumpet
"Tell the mate we got bad news.
Can't get steam for the fire in the flue"
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The captain's on the quarter deck
Scratchin' 'way at his old neck
And he cries out, "Heave the larboard lead"
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Well I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Screwing cotton all of the day
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below,
Below, below, below

Two Little Boys

Two little boys had two little toys
Each had a wooden horse
Gaily they played each summer's day
Warriors both of course

One little chap then had a mishap
Broke off his horse's head
Wept for his toy then cried with joy
As his young playmate said

Did you think I would leave you crying
When there's room on my horse for two
Climb up here Jack and don't be crying
I can go just as fast with two

When we grow up we'll both be soldiers
And our horses will not be toys
And I wonder if we'll remember
When we were two little boys

Long years had passed, war came so fast
Bravely they marched away
Cannon roared loud, and in the mad crowd
Wounded and dying lay

Up goes a shout, a horse dashes out
Out from the ranks so blue
Gallops away to where Joe lay
Then came a voice he knew

Did you think I would leave you dying
When there's room on my horse for two
Climb up here Joe, we'll soon be flying
I can go just as fast with two

Did you say Joe I'm all a-tremble
Perhaps it's the battle's noise
But I think it's that I remember
When we were two little boys

Do you think I would leave you dying
There's room on my horse for two
Climb up here Joe, we'll soon be flying
Back to the ranks so blue

Can you feel Joe I'm all a tremble
Perhaps it's the battle's noise
But I think it's that I remember
When we were two little boys

The Unquiet Grave

The wind doth howl today my love, and a winter's worth of rain
I never had but one true love, in cold grave she was lain
Oh I adored my sweetest love, as any young man may
So I'll sit and weep upon her grave for twelve-month and a day

Chorus (after each verse):

One true love is eternity for two

Three four nevermore will I see my love true

[repeat last line of preceding verse]

The twelve-month and a day foregone the dead began to speak
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave and will not let me sleep?"
"'Tis I, my love, upon thy grave, who will not let you sleep
For I crave one kiss of your lips and that is all I seek"

"You crave one kiss of my cold lips, but I am one year gone
If you have one kiss of my lips your time will not be long
Let me remind thee, dearest one, a patient heart to keep
For we professed eternal love, that lives though I may sleep"

"There down in yonder garden grove love, where we once did walk
The finest flower that ever was seen has withered to a stalk
The stalk is withered dry, my love, though our hearts shan't decay
So make yourself content, my love 'till god calls you away"

When a Knight Won his Spurs

When a knight won his spurs in the stories of old,
He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold.
With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand,
For god and for valour he rode through the land.

No charger have I and no sword by my side,
Yet still to adventure and battle I ride.
Though back into storyland giants have fled,
And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead.

Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed,
'Gainst the dragons of anger the ogres of greed.
And let me set free with the sword of my youth,
From the castle of darkness the power of truth.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Taken husbands every one

Where have all the young men gone?
Gone to war every one

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards every one

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers every one
When will we ever learn?

Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus (after each verse):

Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

If my true love, she won't have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Wild Rover

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

Chorus (after each verse):

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the rover
No never, no more.

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay,
Such custom as yours I can get any day."

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 spoke you were only in jest!"

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 forgive me as oft times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more!

The Wolf

And you once said, "I wish you dead, you sinner"
I'll never be more than a wolf at your door for dinner
And if I see you 'round like a ghost in my town, you liar
I'll leave with your head, oh, I'll leave you for dead, sire

And you once said, "I wish you dead, you sinner" (sinner)
I'll never be more than a wolf at your door for dinner
And if I see you 'round like a ghost in my town, you liar (liar)
I'll leave with your head, oh, I'll leave you for dead, sire

You were sharp as a knife to get me
You were a wolf in the night to fetch me back
The wishes I've made are too vicious to tell
Everyone knows I am going to Hell

And if it's true
I'll go there with you

And you once said, "I wish you dead, you sinner" (sinner)
I'll never be more than a wolf at your door for dinner
And if I see you 'round like a ghost in my town, you liar (liar)
I'll leave with your head, oh, I'll leave you for dead, sire

I know my way through the night to your door
You know the blood that I'm owed is all yours
The wishes I've made are too vicious to tell
The devil already he knows me so well

And if it's true
I'll go there with you

And you once said, "I wish you dead, you sinner"
I'll never be more than a wolf at your door for dinner
And if I see you 'round like a ghost in my town, you liar
I'll leave with your head, oh, I'll leave you for dead, sire

And you once said, "I wish you dead, you sinner"
I'll never be more than a wolf at your door for dinner
And if I see you 'round like a ghost in my town, you liar
Oh, I'll leave with your head, oh, I'll leave you for dead, sire

Sea Shanties & Drinking Songs

Haul the Bowline

Haul on the bowlin', the good ship's a rowling,
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', the fore and maintop bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', so early in the morning,
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', for Kitty is my darlin'
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', the skipper he's a-growlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', the wind it is a-howlin'
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', the ship she is a-rollin'
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin'...

Haul on the bowlin', the main-topgallant bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Roll the Old Chariot

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
And we'll all hang on behind

Chorus (after each verse):

And we'll 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

Oh, we'd be alright if we make it around the horn
We'd be alright if we make it around the horn
We'd be alright if we make it around the horn
And we'll all hang on behind

Well, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

Well, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

The Wellerman

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 (after each verse):

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 (huh)

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)

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 (huh)

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)

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 (huh)

What shall we do when we leave the Navy?

To the tune of "What shall we do with a drunken sailor"

What shall we do when we leave the Navy?

What shall we do when we leave the Navy?

What shall we do when we leave the Navy?

Early in the morning.

Run like feck to the nearest tavern.

What shall we do when we reach the tavern?

Drink like feck 'til the tavern closes.

What shall we do when the tavern closes?

Run like feck to the nearest whore house.

What shall we do when we reach the whore house?

Hooray and up she rises!

What shall we do nine months later?

Run like feck to the nearest Navy.

Voyaging to Vinalnd

We set the sails and hauled our oars
Heading for the gods alone know where
In the whale's wake we left our shores
Heading for the gods know where.

We steered the winds that Asgard sent
Heading for the gods alone know where
And the waves did rave without relent
Heading for the gods know where.

Chorus:

So heave me heroes, heave and haul
Valhalla hails thee, one and all.

Clash of salt-crests, foamed and flew
Heading for the gods alone know where
Hail and hoar-frost hacked our crew
Heading for the gods know where.

The Albatrosses in the sky
Heading for the gods alone know where
Like Valkeyries where the vanquished lie
Heading for the gods know where.

Chorus

No time to dream of your fond farms
Heading for the gods alone know where
Nor to dwell upon your lady's charms
Heading for the gods know where.

The mighty Midgard-serpent's tail
Heading for the gods alone know where
Did writhe, and rise up like a flail
Heading for the gods know where.

Chorus

The seas turned black as boiling tar
Heading for the gods alone know where
And shadow-shrouds obscured our star
Heading for the gods know where.
Then maggot-mouths munched on our hull

Heading for the gods alone know where
As we drifted in this lurid-lull
Heading for the gods know where.

Chorus

And as if this destiny was planned
Heading for the gods alone know where
Eventually we sighted land
Heading for the gods know where.

Chorus

Rounds & Chants

Hey Ho

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

Rose

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at my will, Sir,
At my will.

Alternative Lyrics:

Rose, Rose, Rose, Red,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
Aye, marry, that thou shalt,
When thou art dead.

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
When shall we meet again?
When the nights are cold and lonely,
We shall meet again.

Isabella

Modern Italian:

Io Isabella danzando ne prati
Verdi della primavera
Girando e girando, cascando e cascand
Nel mondo delle elfi sognando
Mi prendono la mano, mi portano lontano
Mi prendono la mano, mi portano lontano

Translation:

I Isabella dancing
On the spring meadows
Turning and turning, falling and falling
Into the world of the elves dreaming
They take my hand and they take me far away
They take my hand and they take me far away

Miri It Is

Middle English:

Miri it is while summer ilast with fugheles son
Oc nu neheth windes blast and weder strong
Ei, ei! What this nicht is long
And ich with wel michel wrong
Soregh and murn and fast

Translation:

Merry it is while summer lasts with the song of birds
But now draws near the wind's blasts and harsh weather
Alas, alas! How long the night is!
And I, most unjustly
Sorrow and mourn and fast

Mother Earth Carry Me

Chorus (after each verse):

Mother Earth carry me, your child I will always be
Mother Earth carry me, down to the sea

The river is flowing, flowing and growing
The river is flowing, down to the sea

The wind it is blowing, blowing and rolling
The wind it is blowing all through the trees

The Moon she is changing, waxing and waning,
The Moon she is changing, high above me.

The Sun she is turning, turning and burning
The Sun she is yearning, for us to be free.

Mother I Feel You

Mother I feel you under my feet
Mother I hear your heart beat
Mother I feel you under my feet
Mother I hear your heart beat
Hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, ho!
Hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, hey o!
Hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, ho!
Hey ya ey ya, hey ya ey ya, hey o!

