

# **A COLLECTION of SONGS FROM THE BRITISH ISLES**

**Traditional songs of  
Scotland, Ireland & England**

**( Arranged by R.McLaughlin 2025 )**







**A Collection Of British Folk Songs**  
**Songs Of Ireland, Scotland and England**

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## Songs Of Ireland, Scotland and England

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*October 2025*

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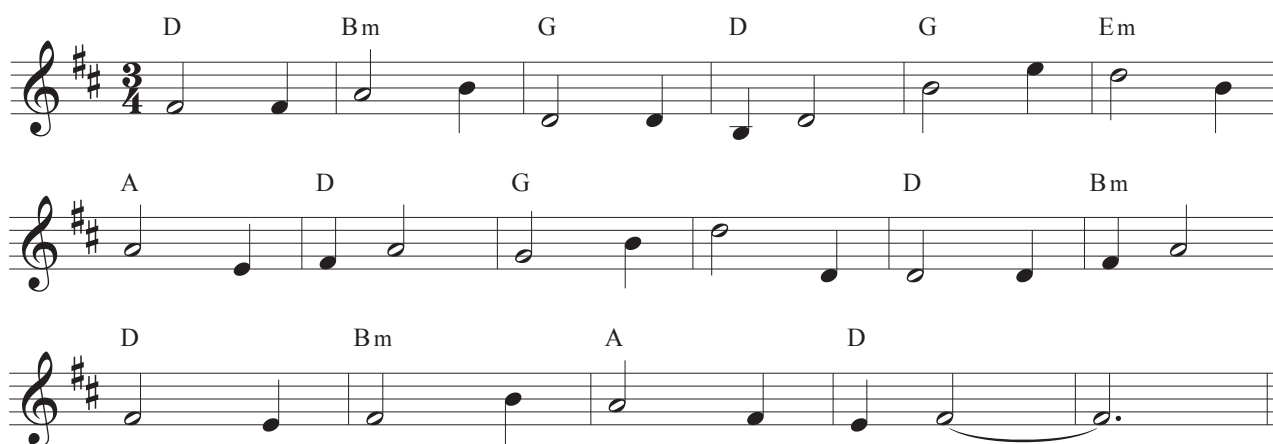
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# AE FOND KISS

*Robert Burns 1791*

Burns wrote 'Ae fond kiss' after his final meeting with Mrs Agnes Maclehose, known to her friends as Nancy, on 27 December 1791 before she departed Edinburgh for Jamaica to be with her estranged husband.



Verse 1:           D       Bm       G       D  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever  
                  G       Em       A       D  
Ae farewell, and then forever  
                  G                   D       Bm  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
                  D       Bm       A       D  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Verse 2;           Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
                  While the star of hope she leaves him?  
                  Me nae cheerful twinkle lights me,  
                  Dark despair around benights me.

Verse 3:           I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:  
                  Nothing could resist my Nancy  
                  But to see her was to love her  
                  Love but her, and love for ever.

Verse 4:           Had we never loved sae kindly,  
                  Had we never loved sae blindly,  
                  Never met - nor never parted -  
                  We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

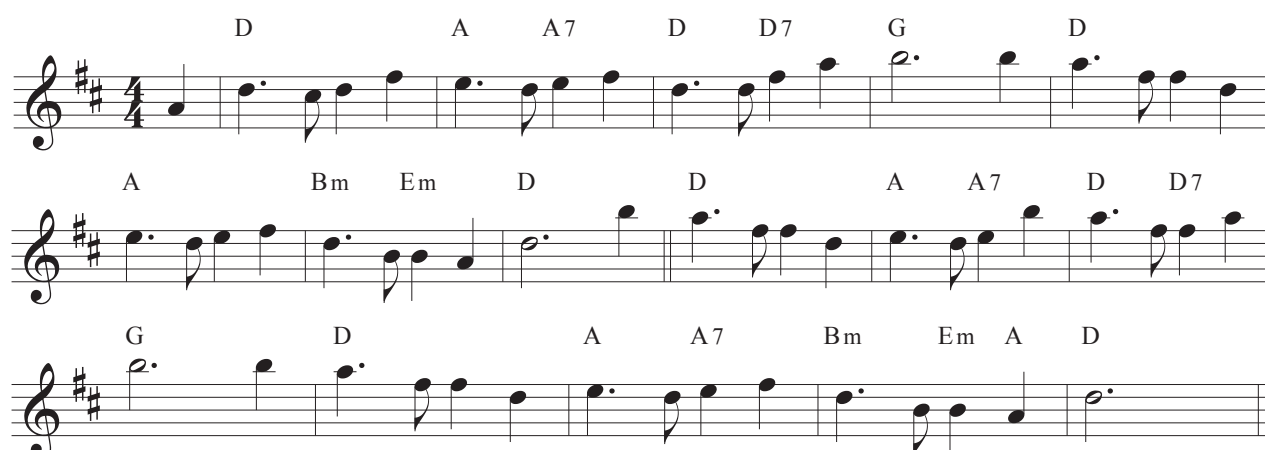
Verse 5:           Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest  
                  Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest  
                  Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
                  Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure

Verse 6:           Ae fond kiss, and then we sever  
                  Ae farewell, alas, for ever  
                  Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
                  Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

# AULD LANG SYNE

Words by Robert Burns (1788)

Tune: Traditional



Verse:           D                   A   A7       D   D7       G  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind  
                  D                   A   A7       Bm   Em   A   D  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne

Chorus:           D    A        A7       D   D7   G  
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,  
                  D           A   A7       Bm   Em   A   D  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet for days of auld lang syne

Verse 2:       And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp! and surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

Verse 3:       We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin auld lang syne.

Verse 4:       We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn, frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd. sin auld lang syne.

Verse 5:       And there's a hand, my trusty fiere! and gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught, for auld lang syne.



# BANKS OF THE NILE

*Traditional English song About the battle of Aboukir Bay (near the mouth of the Nile) in 1798*

*Sung by Sidney Richards, Sandy Denny, A.L. Lloyd, Ewan MacColl, and others*

*Adapted in Australia as 'The Banks Of The Condamine'*



Em D Bm G Bm  
Farewell, my dearest Nancy, farewell I must away.  
D G D Bm  
I hear the drums a-beating and no longer I can stay.  
D G D Bm  
For we're orders out of Portsmouth Town and for many a long mile  
Em G Bm Em Bm  
For to fight the blacks and heathens on the banks of the Nile.

Oh, I'll cut off my curly locks and along with you I'll go  
I'll dress meself in velveteen and go and see Egypt, too.  
I'll fight and bear thy banners well, kind fortune upon thee smile.  
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile.

Oh, your waist it is too slender, love, and your waist it is too small.  
I'm afraid that you won't answer me, if I should on you call  
Your delicate constitution will not stand the unwholesome soil.  
Nor the dark nor the sandy climate on the banks of the Nile.

O Willie, dearest William don't leave me here to mourn,  
You'll make me curse and rue the day for whenever I'd been born.  
For the parting of my own true love and the parting of me life-  
Now stay at home, dear William, and I will be thee wife.

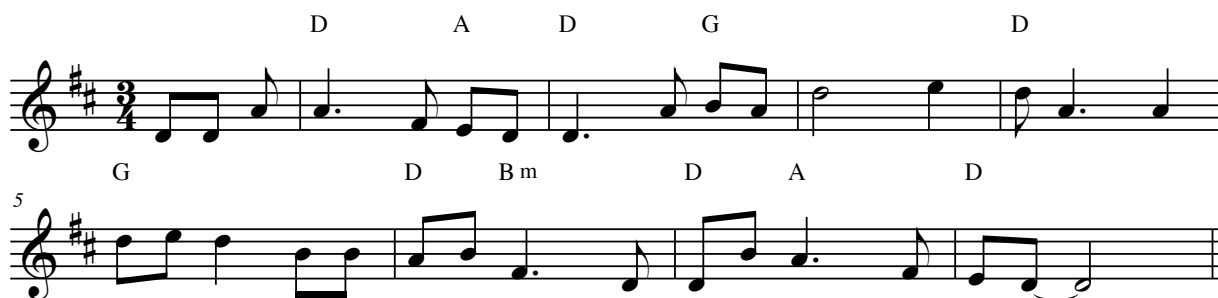
O now the war is over and back I'll then return  
Until my wife and family I've leave behind to mourn.  
We'll call them in around, me boys, and there's no end of toil.  
And no more we'll go a'roving on the banks of the Nile.

My curse upon the war and the hour that it began  
For it has robbed our counterie of many a gallant man  
It took from us our old sweethearts, protectors of our soil  
And their blood does steep the grass that's deep on the banks of the Nile



# BARBARA ALLEN

*Traditional*



D A D G D  
In Scotland I was born and bred though England was my dwelling  
G D Bm D A D  
'Twas there I courted a fair young maid. Her name was Barbara Allen

As it fell under Martinmas time when the green leaves they were falling  
When Sir John Graeme from the west fell in love with Barbara Allen

He sent his servant to the town to the place where she was dwelling  
Saying haste and come to my master dear if your name be Barbara Allen

Well slowly, slowly she got up and slowly she came nigh him  
And all she said when she e're came "Young man I think you're dying"

"Oh dying dear that cannot be when a kiss from you would save me."  
"One kiss from me you never will see not if your heart was breaking.

Do you recall last Friday night while at the tavern drinking  
You gave a toast to all the maids but slighted Barbara Allen"

"Oh go and look by yonder wall and there you'll see a-hanging  
A silver watch and golden chain. 'Twere bought for Barbara Allen

Go, go and look in yonder chair And there you'll see a basin  
And in that basin you'll see blood T'was shed for Barbara Allen."

Well slowly, slowly he turned around a deathly pale befell him  
Adieu, adieu unto you all be kind to Barbara Allen

Well slowly, slowly she went home And the death bells they were tolling  
And as they struck they seemed to say a-parted Barbara Allen

"Oh father, father dig my grave. Dig it both long and narrow  
My true love died for me today I'll die for him tomorrow"

The graves were dug and they were laid two lovers all together  
And from one side there grew a rose and from the other a briar

They grew and grew and grew and grew til they could grow no higher  
And there they formed a true loves knot - the rosy and the briar

# BARRACK STREET

*Traditional*

*As sung by Nic Jones on the album 'Penguin Eggs' (1980)*



Verse 1: You sailors all come lend an ear, come listen to my song;  
A trick of late was played on me and it won't detain you long.  
I come from sea the other day and a girl I chanced to meet,  
"Oh, my friends will be expecting me to a dance in Barrack Street."

Verse 2: I said, “My young fair maid, I cannot dance so well;  
Besides I am to Windsor bound where all my friends do dwell.  
Been to sea the past two years; I’ve saved up thirty pounds.  
My friends will be expecting me this night in Windsor town.”

Verse 3: “Well if you cannot dance, my love, then you shall stand a treat.  
Have a glass or two of brandy and a something for to eat.  
At six o’clock this evening I’ll meet you off the train;  
So don’t forget to give a call when you come to town again.”

Verse 4: At eight o'clock that evening, then the drinking did begin.  
And when we all had drunk our fill the dancing did begin.  
Me and my love danced all around to a merry tune;  
She says, "My dear, let us retire to a chamber alone."

Verse 5: So dancing being over and to bed we did repair  
And there I fell fast asleep, the truth I will declare.  
My darling with my thirty pounds, gold watch and chain had fled;  
Left me here poor Jack alone, stark naked in bed.

Verse 6: So I looked all around me and there's nothing I could spy  
But a woman's shirt and apron all on the bed did lie.  
I wrung my hands and tore my hair, crying, "Oh what shall I do?  
Fare thee well, sweet Windsor town, I'm sure I'll never see you."

- Verse 7: Well, everything being silent and the hour but twelve o'clock;  
I put on the shirt and apron and I steered for Crowman's Wharf.  
The captain says, "Now Jack, I thought you were to Windsor bound.  
You might have got a better suit than that for thirty pound."
- Verse 8: "I might have got a better suit if I'd had got the chance;  
I met a girl in Barrack Street, she took me to a dance.  
I danced my own destruction, now I'm struck from head to feet,  
I swear that I won't go no more down in Barrack Street."
- Verse 9: So all of you young sailor lads a warning take from me:  
Beware of all your company when you go out on a spree.  
And keep clear of Barrack Street or else you'll rue the day:  
In a woman's shirt and apron, oh, they'll bring you out to sea.





# BARNYARDS OF DELGARTY

*Scottish traditional*



Verse 1: As I cam' in by Turra market, Turra market for to fee

I fell in wi' a farmer chiel, the Barnyards of Delgarty

Chorus: A lintin addie toorin addie, lintin addie toorin ee  
Lintin lowrin, Lowrin, lowrin, the Barnyards of Delgarty

Verse 2: He promised me the ae best pail that e'er I set my e'ens upon  
When I gaed to the Barnyards, there was naething there but skin and bone

Verse 3: The auld black horse sat on his rump. The auld white mare lay on her wime;  
And for all that I could 'Hup' and crack, they wouldna rise at yoking time

Verse 4: When I gae to the kirk on Sunday, mony's the bonnie lass I see  
Sitting by her father's side, and winkin' o'er the pews at me

Verse 5: I can drink and no be drunk, I can fecht and no be slain  
I can lie wi' another mans lass and aye be welcome to my ain

Verse 6: Noo my candle is burnt oot, my snotter's fairly on the wane  
Sae fare ye weel ye Barnyards, ye'll never catch me here again

Refers to a hiring fair where workers contract for a year's labor  
Sung by many including: Ewan MacColl (Bothy Ballads and Scottish Popular Song)

# BELFAST MILL

Si Khan (~1970)

Originally 'Aragon Mill' about a Mill in Aragon Georgia, USA. Retitled by the Fureys with some variations in 1982.

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:                   D                                   Bm  
At the East end of town, at the foot of the hill,  
                          A                                   G           D  
There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast Mill.  
                          D                                   Bm  
But there's no smoke at all, coming out of the stack,  
                          A                                   G           D  
for the mill has shut down and it's never coming back.

                          D                                   Bm  
And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind,  
                          A                                   G           D  
As she blows through the town, weave and spin, weave and spin.

Verse 2: There's no children playing, in the dark narrow streets,  
and the loom has shut down, it's so quiet I can't sleep.  
The mill has shut down, t'was the only life I know,  
tell me where will I go now, tell me where will I go.

Verse 3: The mill has shut down, t'was the only life I know,  
Tell me where will I go now, tell me where will I go.  
I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die,  
Tell me where will I go now, my family and I.

# BEESWING

*Richard Thompson (1994)  
Recorded on the album 'Mirror Blue'*

Verse 1:   
 I was 18 when I came to town they called it the summer of love   
 Burnin' babies burnin' flags the hawks against the dove   
 I took a job at the steaming way down on Caltrim Street   
 Fell in love with a laundry girl that was workin' next to me   
 Brown hair zig-zagged around her face and a look of half surprise   
 Like a fox caught in the headlights there was animal in her eyes   
 She said to me can't you see I'm not the factory kind   
 If you don't take me out of here I'll lose my mind

Chorus 1:   
 She was a rare thing fine as a bee's wing   
 So fine a breath of wind might blow her away   
 She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild. She said   
 "So long as theres no price on love I'll stay.   
 You wouldn't want me any other way"



Verse 2: We busked around the market towns fruit picking down in Kent  
We could tinker pots and pans or knives wherever we went  
We were camping down the Gower, the work was mighty good  
She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I thought we should  
  
I said to her "We'll settle down, get a few acres dug  
With a fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug."  
She said "Oh man, you foolish man, that surely sounds like hell.  
You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well."

Chorus 2: She was a rare thing fine as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild. She said  
"So long as theres no price on love I'll stay.  
You wouldn't want me any other way"

Verse 3: We were drinking more in those days. Our tempers reached a pitch  
Like a fool I let her run away when she took the rambling itch.  
Last I heard she was living rough back on the Derby beat.  
A bottle of White Horse in her pocket, a wolfhound at her feet.  
  
They say that she got married once to a man called Romany Brown.  
Even a gypsy caravan was too much like settlin' down.  
They say her rose has faded, rough weather and hard booze.  
Maybe thats the price you pay for the chains that you refuse.

Chorus 3: She was a rare thing fine as a bee's wing  
And I miss her more than ever words can say.  
If I could just taste. All of her wildness now,  
If I could hold her in my arms today  
I wouldn't want her any other way

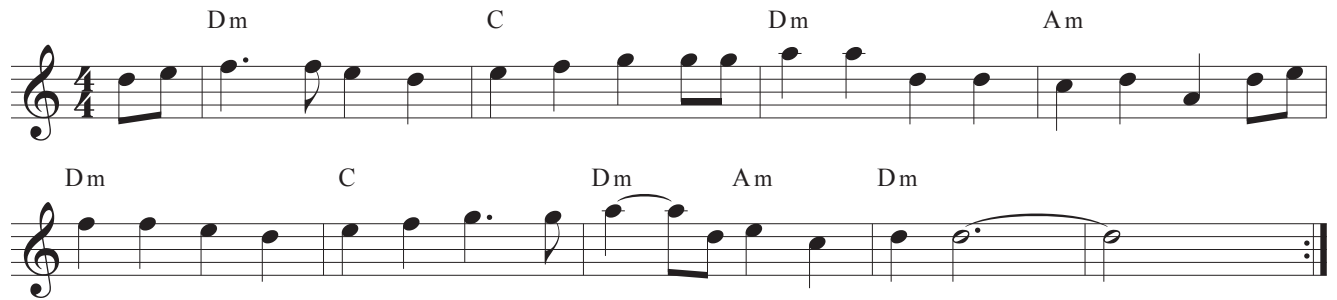
Outro: No, I wouldn't want her any other way



# BLACKLEG MINER

*Traditional English (Northumberland)*

*The song is believed to originate from the miners' lockout of 1844 and refers to the dispute in the north-east coalfield, where miners refused to accept wage reductions, which lasted roughly 20 weeks. The lockout largely collapsed as a result of "blackleg" labour.*



Chorus:      Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am  
It's in the evening, after dark the blackleg miner gangs ta wark  
                 Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am                      Dm  
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt there goes the blackleg miner

Verse 1:      Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am  
He takes his pick and down he goes to hew the coal that lies below  
                 Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am                      Dm  
There's not a woman in this town row would look at a blackleg miner  
                 Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am  
For Deleval is a terrible place they rub wet clay in a blackleg's face  
                 Dm                      C                      Dm                      Am                      Dm  
Around the pits they run a foot race to catch the blackleg miner

Verse 2:      And don't go near the Seghill mine. Across the top they've stretched a line  
To catch the throat and break the spine of the dirty blackleg miner  
Well they take his pick and duds as well and they hurl them down the pit of Hell  
So off you go and fare thee well. You dirty blackleg miner

Verse 3:      So join the union while you may. Don't wait till your dying day  
For that may not be far away. You dirty blackleg miner



# BLOW THE MAN DOWN

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

"The *Syracuse Daily Courier*, July 1867, quoted a lyric from the song, which was said to be used for hauling halyards on a steamship bound from New York to Glasgow."  
From [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blow\\_the\\_Man\\_Down](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blow_the_Man_Down)



D  
As I was a walking down Paradise Street

Bm G A7  
Refrain: "To me way hey blow the man down"

G A G  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.  
A7 D

Refrain: "Give me some time to blow the man down!"

Chorus: *Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down;  
way hey blow the man down  
Blow him right back into Liverpool town  
Give me some time to blow the man down.*

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,  
So I took in all sail and cried, "Way enough now."

I hailed her in English, she answered me clear,  
"I'm from the Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare."

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow  
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go.

But as we were going she said unto me  
There's a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea.

That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound;  
She was very well manned and very well found.

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar  
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.

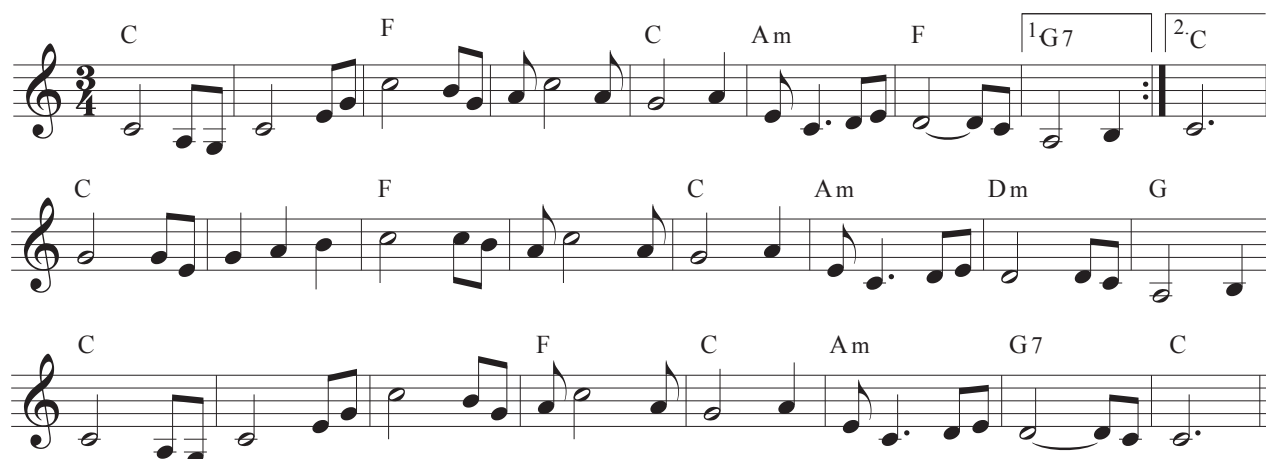
And as soon as that packet was out on the sea,  
'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree.

So I give you fair warning before we belay,  
Don't ever take heed of what pretty girls say.

# BOOLAVOGUE

*Boolavogue is a village in County Wexford, Ireland.*

*Written by Patrick Joseph (P.J.) McCall, 1898 to mark the centenary of the 1798 uprising.*



C F C Am Dm G7  
At Boolavogue, as the sun was setting. O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmalier,  
C F C Am Dm C  
A rebel hand set the heather blazing and brought the neighbours from far and near.  
C F C Am Dm G  
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack, Spurred up the rocks with a warlike cry;  
C F C Am G7 C  
"Arm!" he cried, "For I've come to lead you, For Ireland's freedom we will fight or die."

He led us on against the coming soldiers, and the cowardly Yeomen we put to flight;  
'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford showed Booky's Regiment how men could fight.  
Look out for hirelings, King George of England, search ev'ry kingdom where breathes a slave,  
For Father Murphy of the County Wexford mSweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy, and Wexford storming drove out our foes;  
'Twas at Sliabh Coillte our pikes were reeking with the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.  
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis full many a Hessian lay in his gore;  
Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over the green flag floated from shore to shore!

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney, Our heroes vainly stood back to back,  
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy and burned his body upon the rack.  
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy and open heaven to all your men;  
The cause that called you may call tomorrow iun another fight for the Green again.

# (Ye banks & braes of) BONNIE DOON

lyrics by Robert Burns (*The Banks O' Doon* 1791)

Tune: '*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight* by James Miller

First system of musical notation (measures 1-8). The melody is in G major, 3/4 time. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D, G, D, G, Em, C, D.

Second system of musical notation (measures 9-16). The melody continues. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D, G, D, G, Em, D7, G.

Third system of musical notation (measures 17-24). The melody continues. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, Em, C, D.

Fourth system of musical notation (measures 25-32). The melody concludes with a double bar line. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D, G, D, G, Em, D7, G.

G D G D  
Verse 1: Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
G Em C D  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
G D G D  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
G Em D7 G  
And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care!  
G  
You'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
Em C D  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn,  
G D G D  
Ye minds me o' departed joys,  
G Em D7 G  
Departed never to return.

Verse 2: Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
and may fause lover staw my rose,  
But ah! She left the thorn wi' me.

# LOCH LOMOND

## (The Bonnie Banks Of Loch Lomond)

*Traditional Scottish (~1841)*

Verse

C A m D m F C A m F G

6 F E m D m F C F G C Chorus

10 C A m F C A m F G7

14 F E m D m G7 C F G7 C

C A m D m F  
 Verse 1: O wither away my bonnie May  
 C A m F G  
 Sae late an' sae far in the gloamin'  
 F E m D m F  
 The mist gathers grey o'er moorland and brae  
 C F G C  
 O wither sae far are ye roamin'?

C A m F C  
 Chorus: O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low  
 A m F G7  
 I'll be in Scotland afore ye  
 F E m D m G7  
 For me and my true love will never meet again  
 C F G7 C  
 By the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

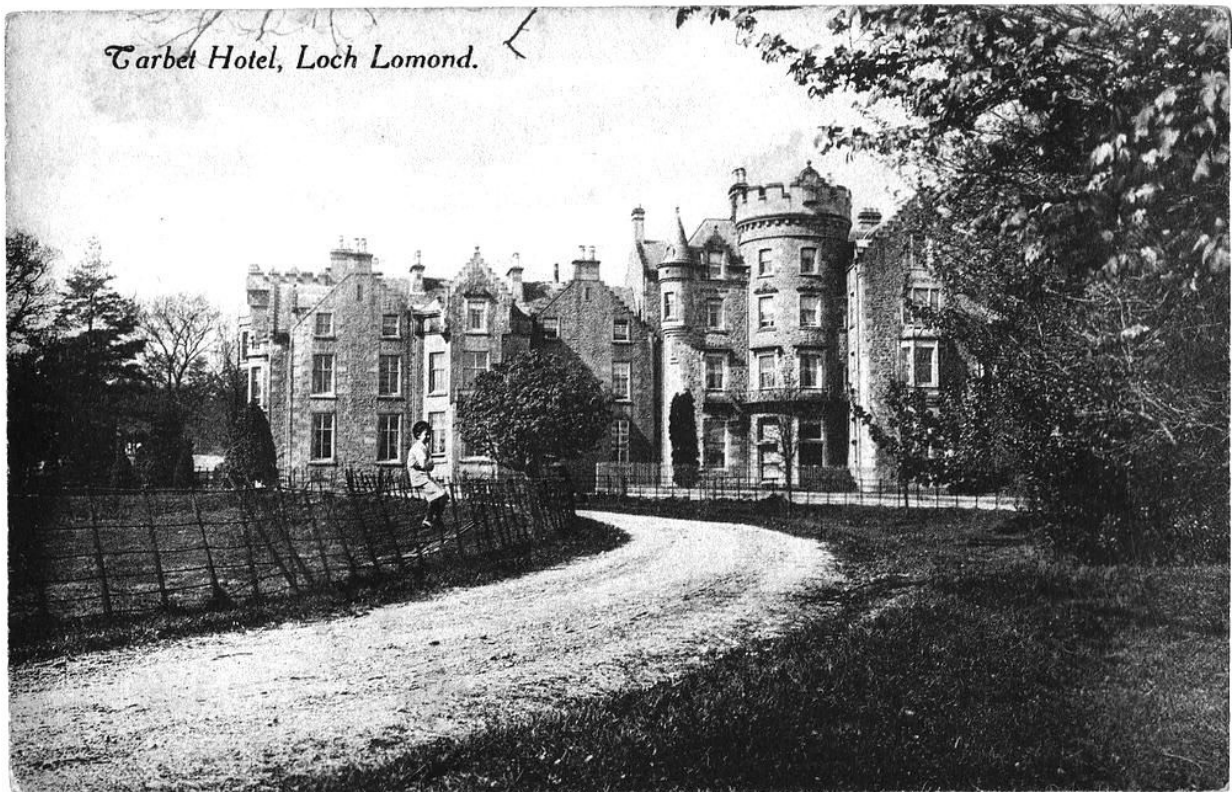
Verse 2: I trusted my ain love last night in the broom  
 My Donald wha' loves me sae dearly  
 For the morrow he will march for Edinburgh toon  
 Tae fecht for his King and Prince Charlie



Verse 3: O well may I weep for yestreen in my sleep  
We stood bride and bridegroom together  
But his arms and his breath were as cold as the death  
And his heart's blood ran red in the heather

Verse 4: As dauntless in battle as tender in love  
He'd yield ne'er a foor toe the foeman  
But never again frae the field o' the slain  
Tae his Moira will he come by Loch Lomond

Verse 5: The thistle may bloom, the King hae his ain  
And fond lovers may meet in the gloamin'  
And me and my true love will yet meet again  
Far above the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond





# BONNIE DUNDEE

*Traditional Scottish (Lyrics; Walter Scott 1825)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It is presented in a clean, black-and-white format, suitable for a digital sheet music application. The score is organized into five horizontal staves, each representing a different instrument or vocal part. The first staff is for the guitar, the second for the piano, and the third for the vocal melody. The fourth and fifth staves are for the guitar and piano accompaniment, respectively. The music is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. Above the staves, chord diagrams are provided for each measure, indicating the chords to be played on the guitar and piano. The chords are labeled as follows: Verse (G, D, G, D), Chorus (A, D, G, D), and Bridge (A7, D, A, D). The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The music is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible. The overall layout is clean and professional, with a focus on the musical notation and chord diagrams.

D    G    D

Verse 1:      Tae the lords o Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke.

A

E'er the Kings crown go down there are crowns to be broke.

D    G    D

So each cavalier who loves honour and me.

A7    D

Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

D    A

Chorus: Come fill up my cup; come fill up my can,

D

Come sad-dle my horses and call out my men.

A7        D        G

Un-hook the West Port and let us gae free

D                      A7              D

For its up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Verse 2: Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street  
The bells tae ring backward and the drums tae are beat  
But the provost douce man says just let it be  
For the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

Verse 3:     There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond forth  
              Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north  
              There are brave downie wassles three thousand times three  
              Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Verse 4:     So awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks  
              Ere I own a userper I'll couch with the fox  
              So tremble false whigs in the mid'st o' yer glee  
              For ye've no seen the last o' my bonnets and me



# BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

*Traditional Scottish (~1830)*

Verse

7

13

19

Chorus

Verse 1:

Em Bm Em D  
The Diamond is a ship, my lads for the Davis Strait we're bound  
Em Bm Em D Em  
The quay it is all garnished with bonnie lasses 'round  
Bm Em D  
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide  
Em Bm Em D Em  
Where the sun it never sets, my lads nor darkness dims the sky

Chorus:

G D Em D Em  
For it's cheer up my lads let your hearts never fail  
Bm Em  
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale

Verse 2:

Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies stand aroon  
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them and the saut tears rinnin' doon  
Don't you weep, my bonnie wee lass, though you be left behind  
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind

Verse 3:

Here's a health to the Resolution likewise the Eliza Swan  
Here's a health to 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 to Peterhead we'll hae sweethearts enoo'

Verse 4:

It will be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame  
Our ship full up with oil, my lads, and money to our name  
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear  
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

# BONNIE WOOD 'O CRAIGIELEA

*Robert Tannahill (1774-1810). The music by Robert Barr (1770-1836)*

Chorus

5

Verse

10

14

Chorus:           D           G  
Thou bonnie wood of Craigielee,  
                  D           A7  
Thou bonnie wood of Craigielee,  
                  D           G  
Near thee I've spent life's early day,  
                  D           A7   D  
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

Verse 1:           D       A7   D   G  
The broom, the brier, the birken bush,  
                  D           A7  
Bloom bonnie on thy flow'ry lea;  
                  D   A7       D   G  
And a' the sweets that ane can wish,  
                  D           A7       D  
Frae Natur's hand are strew'd on thee.

Verse 2:   Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,   The cushat croodles am'rously;  
The mavis down thy bughted glade,       Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Verse 3:   When winter blaws in sleety showr's       Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,       As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.

Verse 4:   Tho' fate should drag me south the line, Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll never mind, That in youth ha'e spent in thee.

*birken=beech, ben=through, cushat croodles=wood-pigeon coos, mavis=thrush  
bughted=hollow, gars=make, compel, skiffs=passes lightly over, laith=reluctant*

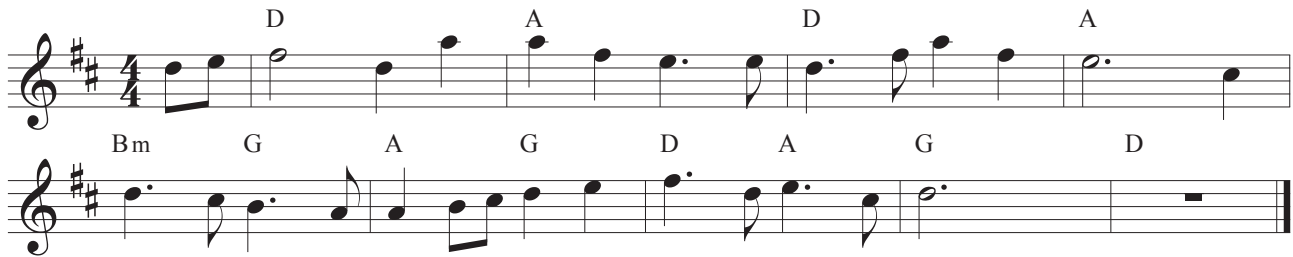
# BRAW SAILING ON THE SEA

*Lyrics taken from 'Bothy Songs and Ballads' 1930  
with melody by Tony Cuffe, singer and guitarist with the band Ossian.*

*Recorded by Ossian on the album 'Dove Across the Water' in 1982*

*Sung by Kate Delaney & Gordon McIntyre on the album 'Caledonia Dreaming' 1993*

*(Braw = good, fine, lovely    Maun = shall, must    Yestreen = last evening, last night)*



Verse 1:                    D                    A  
Oh, there came a letter late yestreen  
                                 D                    A  
Our ship maun sail the morn  
Bm    G            A        G  
"Alas," cried the bonnie lass  
                         D    A        G  
"That ever I was born,"

Chorus:                    D                    A  
And it's braw sailing on the sea  
                                 D                    A  
When wind and weather's fair  
                 Bm    G            A        G  
It's better being in my love's arms  
                         D    A        G        D  
And oh that I were there

Verse 2:    And when he came tae her faither's door  
              At twelve o'clock at noon  
              His lassie being right fearful  
              She wadna let him in

Verse 3:    And he's taen a ring frae his pocket  
              It cost him guineas three  
              Sayin, "Tak ye that, my bonnie lass  
              And aye think weel o me,"

Verse 4:    And she's taen a ring frae her pocket  
              It cost him shillings nine  
              Sayin, "Tak ye that, my bonnie lad  
              For I hae changed my mind,"

Verse 5:    And it's braw drinkin' Glasgow beer  
              It's better drinking wine  
              It's better being in my love's arms  
              Where I've been many's a time

# CALEDONIA

Dougie McLean (1977)

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1: E F#m G#m A9  
I don't know if you can see, The changes that have come over me.  
E F#m G#m A9  
In these last few days I've been afraid, That I might drift away.  
E F#m G#m A9  
I've been telling stories, singing songs, That make me think about where I come from.  
E F#m G#m A9  
That's the reason why I seem so far away today.

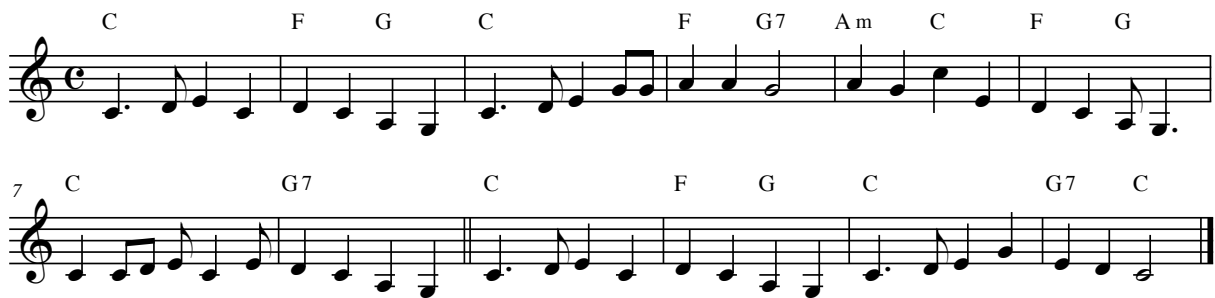
Chorus: E B E6 A  
Let me tell you that I love you, That I think about you all the time.  
E B E  
Caledonia you're calling me, Now I'm going home.  
E B  
But if I should become a stranger,  
E6 A  
Know that it would make me more than sad,  
B E F#m G#m A  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

Verse 2: Now I have moved and kept on moving, Proved the points that I needed proving,  
Lost the friends that I needed losing, Found others on the way.  
I have tried and kept on trying, Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying,  
I have travelled hard, with conscience flying, Somewhere with the wind.

Verse 3: Now I'm sitting here before the fire, The empty room, a forest choir,  
The flames that couldn't get any higher, They've withered now they've gone.  
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear, And I know what I will do tomorrow,  
When hands have shaken, and kisses flown, Then I will disappear.

# CALTON WEAVER

*Scottish traditional (18th Century)*



Verse 1: I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver; I'm a brash, and a roving Blade.  
I have silver in my pouches, and I follow a roving trade.

Chorus: Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,  
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy O'

Verse 2: As I went in to Glasgow City Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell  
I went in and sat down beside her. Seven long years I looked her well

Verse 3: The more I kissed her the more I loved her. The more I kissed her the more she smiled.  
Soon I forgot my mother's teaching, Nancy had me soon beguiled.

Verse 4: I woke early in the mornin' tae slake ma drought it was my need  
I tried to rise but was not able Nancy had me by the heid

Verse 5: "Come, landlady, noo what's the lawin' ? Tell me what there is tae pay."  
"Fifteen shillings is the reck'ning, noo pay me quickly and go away."

Verse 6: I'll gang back to the Calton weaving, I'll surely mak those shuttles fly,  
I'll make more at the Calton weaving than ever I did in a roving way

Verse 7: So come all you weavers; ye Calton weavers. Weavers where e'er ye be.  
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky. She'll ruin you like she ruined me.

Words:

**Pouches:** pockets      **Slake:** quench or satisfy (thirst)      **Drought:** thirst  
**Heid :** head      **Lawin:** bill in an inn      **Noo:** now      **Gang:** go

**(I Love A Lassie)**

*(‘I Love A Lassie’: Henry Lauder 1905; Parody ~1960s)*



C D G7  
Verse 1: I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie She's as pure as the lily in the dell  
C F G7  
She's as sweet as the heather, the bonnie, bloomin' heather  
C G7 C  
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

Verse 2: I love a cookie, a Co-operative cookie, Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;  
If ye spread it wi' some syrup, Ye'll hear the syrup chirrup,  
Mary, ma Scots Bluebell.

Verse 3: I love a sausage, a Co-operative sausage, Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;  
If ye cook it wi' some ingin, Ye can hear the ingin singin',  
Mary, my Scots Bluebell.

Verse 4: I love a potater, a Co-operative potater Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;  
If ye cook it wi' some carrot, Ye'll hear the carrot parrott  
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

Verse 5: I love some breid, some Co-operative breid, Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;  
If ye spread it wi' some butter, Ye'll hear the butter mutter,  
Mary, ma Scots Bluebell.

Verse 6: I love an egg, a Co-operative egg Tho' ye cannae get near it for the smell;  
If ye cook it wi' some bacon ye'll hear the bacon maken  
Mary, my Scots bluebell!

Verse 7: I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie    She's as pure as the lily in the dell  
She's as sweet as the heather, the bonnie bloomin' heather  
Mary, my Scots bluebell!



# CARRICKFERGUS

*Traditional Irish*



C      Dm G      C      Am  
*Verse 1 :* I wish I was in Carrickfergus  
                  Dm G      C F C  
 Only for nights in Ballygran  
                  Dm G      C      Am  
 I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
                  Dm G      C F C  
 The deepest ocean for my love to find  
                  C      G  
 But the sea it is wide and I cannot swim over  
                  C      F      G7  
 And neither have I the wings to fly  
                  Dm G7      C      Am  
 If I could find me a handy boatman  
                  Dm G7      C F C  
 To carry me over, my love and I

*Verse 2 :* My childhood days bring back sad reflections,  
 Of happy times I spent long ago  
 My boyhood friends and my own relations,  
 Have all passed on now like melting snow  
 But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,  
 Soft is the grass I walk, my bed is free  
 Ah! To be back now, in Carrickfergus  
 On that long road down to the sea.

*Verse 3 :* Now in Killkenny it is reported,  
There are marble stones there as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would support her,  
But I'll sing no more now 'til I've had a drink  
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober  
A handsome rover from town to town  
Ah! But I'm sick now, and my days are numbered  
Come all ye young men and lay me down



# COME BY THE HILLS

*Traditional Gaelic (Music: Buachaill On Eirne; Words: Gordon Smith)*



D            G            D            G            D  
 Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
                                  G            D            G            A  
 And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea  
                                  D            G            D            A  
 Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun  
                                  D            G            D            G            D  
 Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song  
 And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long  
 Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune  
 Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

Come by the hills to the land where legend re-mains  
 Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet come a-gain  
 Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won  
 Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day is done

# COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Words Robert Burns (1782)

Tune: the Scottish Minstrel "**Common' Frae The Town**".

Verse 1:       D       A7       D       G       D  
If a body meets a body comin' thro' the rye  
              D       A7       D       G       D  
If a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?

              D       A7       D7       G  
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, ha'e I,  
              D   G       D       G       D   A7   D  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye

Verse 2: If a body meet a body, Comin' frae the town,  
If a body greet a body, Need a body frown?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, ha'e I,  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

Verse 3: Among the train there is a swain I Dearly love mysel':  
But what's his name, or where's his hame I dinna choose to tell.

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane, they say, ha'e I,  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

## COUSIN JACK

*Written by Steve Knightley 1997*

*Cousin jack is a slang term or nickname for a Cornish Man*

*The 'Great Emigration' of the Cornish between around 1815 and the First World War saw a scattering of the Cornish to the new mining frontiers of the world including Australia.*

**Verse**

Em C D Em

**Chorus**

G D Em C

D G D/F# Em D

E♭ D C Em

Verse 1:

	Em	C	D	Em
This land is barren and broken.			Scarred like the face of the moon	
	Bm	C		D
Our tongue is no longer spoken.			These towns all around us face ruin	
Em	C	D		Em
Will there be work in New Brunswick			or will I find gold in the Cape	
	Bm	C		D
If I tunnel way down to Australia			will I ever escape?	

Chorus: G D  
Where there's a mine or a hole in the ground  
Em C  
That's what I'm heading for, that's where I'm bound  
D G D/F# Em D  
So look for me under the lode or inside the vein  
G D  
Where the copper, the clay, the arsenic and tin  
Em C  
Run in your blood and get under your skin  
D G D/F# Em D C Em  
I'm leaving the county behind, I'm not coming back So, follow me down cousin Jack

Verse 2:    The soil is too poor to make Eden.    Granite and sea left no choice  
Though visions of heaven sustained us    when John Wesley gave us a voice  
Did Joseph once come to St Michael's Mount.    Two thousand years pass in a dream  
When you're working your way in the darkness    Deep in the heart of the seam

Verse 3: I dream of a bridge on the Tamar. It opens us up to the east  
And the English live in our houses The Spanish fish in these seas  
Will there be work in New Brunswick Will I find gold in the Cape  
If I tunnel way down to Australia. Oh, will I ever escape?

# CULLODEN'S HARVEST

*Alastair McDonald*

Chorus

Verse

Chorus:

Em	D	C	Bm
Cold	the	wind	on the moors blow
Em	D	C	Bm
Warm	the	enemy's	fire glows
G	Am	C	Em
Black	the	harvest	of Culloden
C	Bm	C	Em
Pain	and	fear	and death grow

Verse 1:

Em.	D	C	G
'Twas	love	of our	prince drove us on to Drumossie
Em	Bm	C	
But	in	scarcely	the time that it takes me to tell
Em	D	C	G
The	flower	of our	country lay scorched by an army
Em	Bm	C	
As	ruthless	and	red as the embers of hell

Verse 2:

Red Campbell the Fox did the work of the English  
 MacDonald in anger, did no work at all  
 With musket and cannon 'gainst honour and courage  
 The invader's men stood, while our clansmen did fall

Verse 3:

Now mothers and children are left to their weeping  
 With only the memory of father and son  
 Turned out of their homes to make shelter for strangers  
 The blackest of hours on this land has begun

# CURRO CURRO (Carol of Birds)

*Traditional Irish Christmas carol*

*Believed to date back to the 1800s - original author is unknown.*

Verse

C F C F C G

C F C F C

Chorus

F C G C F

C F C G C

C            F            C

Verse 1: Full many a bird did wake and fly

F        C        G

Curoo curoo curoo

C            F            C

Full many a bird did wake and fly

F                                  C

To the manger bed with a wandering cry

Chorus: On Christmas day in the morning  
Curoo curoo curoo curoo Curoo curoo curoo Curoo

Verse 2:    The lark the dove and the red bird came  
                  Curoo curoo curoo  
                  The lark the dove and the red bird came  
                  And they did sing in sweet Jesus' name

Verse 3:    The owl was there with eyes so wide  
                Curoo curoo curoo  
                The owl was there with eyes so wide  
                And he did sit at sweet Mary's side

Verse 4:    The shepherds knelt upon the hay  
              Curoo curoo curoo  
              The shepherds knelt upon the hay  
              And angels sang the night away

# DAINTY DAVIE

*Scottish traditional (17th century)*

(Verse) E A B7 E A

7 E C#m B7 E (Chorus) A F#m E C#m A F#m

13 B7 E A E C#m B7 E

E A  
Verse 1: It was in and through the window broads,  
B7  
And a' the tirlie wirlies o't  
E A  
The sweetest kiss that e'er I got  
E C#m B7 E  
Was from my dainty Davie.

A F#m E C#m  
Chorus: Oh, leeze me on your curly pow  
A F#m B7  
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,  
E A  
Leeze me on your curly pow,  
C#m B7 E  
My aim dear dainty Davie.

Verse 2: It was doon amang my Daddy's pease,  
And underneath the cherry trees;  
O there he kissed me as he pleased,  
For he was mine ain dear Davie.

Verse 3: When he was chased by a dragoon,  
Into my bed he was laid doon,  
I thought him worthy o' his room,  
For he's my dainty Davie.



# DANNY BOY

lyrics by Frederic Weatherly 1910  
Set to the traditional tune 'Londonderry Air' 1913 and first recorded 1915 by Elsie Griffin



Verse 1:                   D       D7                   G  
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
                                  D       Bm                   Em7    A7  
From glen to glen and down the mountain side,  
                                  D       D7                   G  
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying,  
                                  D       Em7   A7   D   G   D  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

                  A7           Bm           G                   D  
But come you back when Summer's in the meadow,  
                  Bm    G                   Em7   A7  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
                  D7    G                   D   Bm  
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,  
                  D           Em7   A7    D  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

Verse 2:           And if you come when all the flowers are dying,  
                  And I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
                  You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
                  And kneel and say an 'Ave' there for me.

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

**DICEY RILEY**

*Traditional Irish*

Chorus: Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup  
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up  
For it's off each morning to the pub  
And then she's in for another little drop  
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Verse 1: Oh she walks along Fitzgibbon street with an independent air  
And then it's down be Summerhill and as the people stare  
She says it's nearly half past one,  
and it's time I had another little one  
Ah the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Verse 2: Long years ago when men were men and fancied May Oblong  
Or lovely Beckie Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong  
One woman put them all to shame,  
just one was worthy of the name  
And the name of the dame was Dicey Reilly

Verse 3: She owns a little sweet shop at the corner of her street,  
Its every evening after school I go to wash her feet  
But she leaves me there to mind the shop  
While she goes out for another little drop  
Oh the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

Verse 4: Oh but time went catching up on her like many a pretty whore  
And it's after you along the street before you're out the door  
Their looks all fade, and the balance weighed  
but out of all that great brigade  
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

# DESTITUTION ROAD

*Alistair Hullett (1978)*

Verse 1: In the year of the sheep and the burning time  
They cut our young men in their prime  
And the old Scots way was a hanging crime For the Gaels of Caledonia  
There's a den for the fox and a hedge for the hare  
And a nest in the trees for the birds in the air  
But in all Scotland there's no place there For the Gaels of Caledonia

Chorus:      And it's no use getting frantic. It's time to hump your load.  
                 D                      G D                      A                      D  
                 Across the wild Atlantic on the destitution road

Verse 2: Well the bailiffs came with a writ and a', the gallant lads of the forty twa'  
They put you out in the cold and the sna'. The Gaels of Caledonia  
And they burned your home and your crops as well  
As you stood and wept in the blackened shell  
Oh the winter's moor was a living hell for the Gaels of Caledonia.

Verse 3: Well the famine and plague it dragged you doon  
As you made your way to Glasgow toon  
And you'd hear o' a ship that was sailing soon for the shores of Nova Scotia  
Then you sold your gear and you paid your fare  
With your head held high though your heart was sair  
and you bid farewell for ever mair to the shores of Caledonia

Verse 4: Well the land was sold and a deal was made . Now an English laird in a tartan plaid  
He struts and he stares while the memories fade of the Gaels of Caledonia  
As he hunts the deer in the lonely glen  
That once was home to a thousand men  
The wind on the moor sings a sad refrain for the Gaels of Caledonia



## DIMMING OF THE DAY

*Richard and Linda Thompson (1975)*

*Recorded on the album 'Our Down Like Silver'*



G D

Verse 1: This old house is falling down around my ears

C G D

I'm drowning in a river of my tears

G D

When all my will is gone, you hold me sway

C G D G

And I need you at the dimming of the day

Chorus 1:

D A  
You pull me like the moon pulls on the tide

D A D G C  
You know just where I keep my better si ...i...i... ide.

Verse 2:    What days have come to keep us far apart?  
              A broken promise or a broken heart  
              Now all the bonnie birds have wheeled away  
              And I need you at the dimming of the day

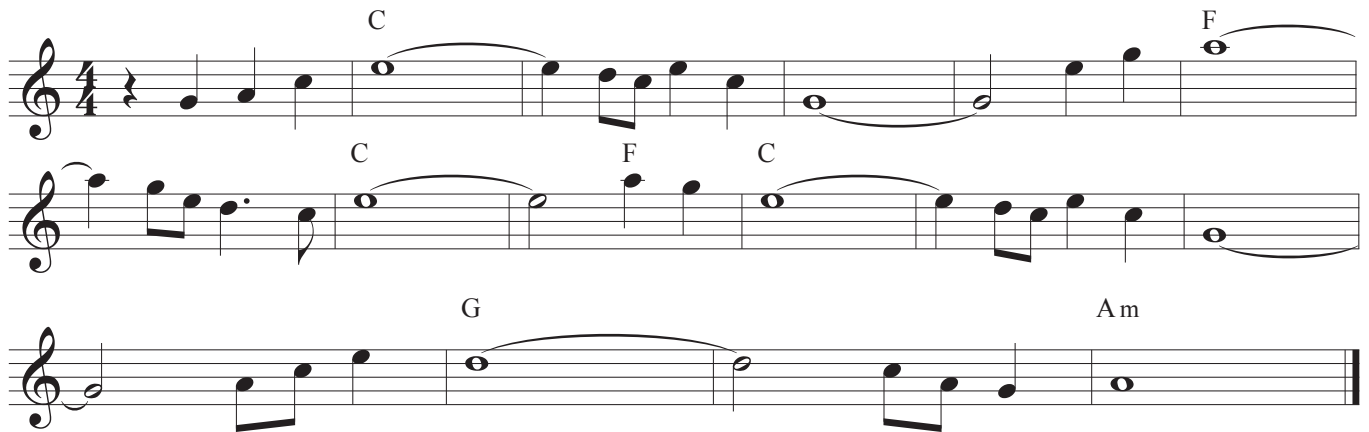
Chorus 2: Come the night you're only what I want  
Come the night you could be my confida. ...a...a.... nte

Verse 3: I see you on the street and in company  
Why don't you come and ease your mind with me  
I'm living for the night we steal away  
And I need you at the dimming of the day      *(no final chorus)*

Outro: Yes, I need you at the dimming of the day.

# DIRTY OLD TOWN

*Ewan MacColl (1949)*



Verse 1: C  
I found my love by the gas works croft  
F C  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal,  
C  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall,  
G Am  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Verse 2: I heard a siren from the docks,  
Saw a train set the night on fire,  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind,  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Verse 3: Clouds are drifting across the moon,  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Springs a girl in the streets at night,  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Verse 4: I'm going to make me a good sharp axe,  
Shining steel, tempered in the fire,  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree,  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

# DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

*A poem by W.B. Yeats published 1889  
Set to music by Herbert Hughs to the traditional air "The Maids of Mourne Shore" in 1909*

G D C G C D G

G D C G C D G

Em Bm C D Em

G D C G C D G

G D C G C D G  
It was down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;  
G D C G C D G  
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
Em Bm C D Em  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
G D C G C D G  
But I, being young and foolish, with her I did not agree.

G D C G C D G  
In a field down by the river my love and I did stand,  
G D C G C D G  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
Em Bm C D Em  
She bid me take love easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
G D C G C D G  
But I was young and foolish, and now I am full of tears.

# FAREWELL NANCY

*Traditional folk song (~1850)*

This ballad appears in Patrick Weston Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (1873 and 1888). It is also known as *William and Nancy's Parting*. According to the [Ballad Index](#) it was printed on [broadsides](#) as early as 1855.

Verse 1:

F	Dm	Am	
Farewell, my lovely Nancy, for it's now I must leave you			
Dm	F	A	
All along the salt sea I am bound for to go			
Dm	Bb	Am	
But let my long absence be no trouble to you			
Dm	F	A	Dm
For I shall return in the spring, as you know			
Dm	F	A	Dm

Verse 2:      Like some pretty little sea boy I will dress and go with you  
                  In the deepest of danger I will stand your friend  
                  In the cold stormy weather when the winds are a-blowin'  
                  My dear, I'll be willing to wait for you then

Verse 3: Well your pretty little hands, they can't handle our tackle  
And your dainty little feet on our top mast can't go  
And the cold stormy weather, love, you can't well endure  
I would have you ashore when the winds, they do blow

Verse 4:      So farewell, my lovely Nancy since it's now I must leave you  
All along the salt sea I am bound for to go  
But as you must be safe, oh, be loyal and constant  
For I shall return in the spring as you know



# FAREWELL TAE TARWATHIE

*Traditional Scottish (~1850)*



G C G  
Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill  
C G  
And the dear land of Crimond, I bid ye fareweell.  
C G  
I'm bound out for Greenland and ready to sail  
C G  
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale.

Adieu to my comrades, for a while we must pairt,  
And likewise the dear lass wha fair won my hairt.  
The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill  
And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel.

Our ship is weel rigged and she's ready to sail,  
The crew they are anxious to follow the whale  
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blaw,  
Where the land and the ocean is covered wi' snaw.

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare,  
No seed-time nor harvest is ever known there.  
And the birds here sing sweetly in mountain and dale  
But there's no bird in Greenland to sing to the whale.

There is no habitation for a man to live there  
And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear.  
And there'll be no temptation to tarry lang there  
Wi' our ship bumper full we will homeward repair.

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill,  
And the dear land of Crimond, I bid thee farewell.  
We're bound out for Greenland and ready to sail  
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale.

# FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Pete St.John 1979

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It consists of five staves of music, each with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff is the guitar part, and the subsequent four staves are the piano part. Chord diagrams are provided for each staff, indicating the chords to be played at specific points in the music. The chords are: D, G, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, D, G, D, Bm, D, A7, D, G, D, and D. The music is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible.

Verse 1:

D                          G                          D        A7

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling,

D                          G                          A7

“Michael they have taken you away,

D                          G                          D                          A7

For you stole Trevellyne’s corn, so your young might see the morn,

D

Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.”

Chorus:

D G D Bm  
Low lie the fields of athenry,

D A7  
where once we watched the small free birds fly,

D G D A7  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing,

D  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Verse 2: By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,  
“Nothing matters Mary when your free,  
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they put me down,  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.”

Verse 3:       By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling,  
                  As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,  
                  For she waits and hopes and prayers, for her love in Botany bay,  
                  It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

# FIDDLER'S GREEN

*John Connolly*

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

	D	G	D	Bm
As I walked by the dockside one evening so rare				
	D	G	G	A7
To view the still waters and take the salt air				
	G		D	
I heard an old fisherman singing this song				
	G	D	A7	
Oh take me away boys, my time is not long				

Chorus:

	D	G	D
Dress me up in my oilskins and jumper			
	G	D	A7
No more on the docks I'll be seen			
	G		D
Just tell my old ship-mates I'm taking a trip, mates			
	A7		D
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green			

Verse 2:

Oh 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

Verse 3:

Where the sky's always clear and there's never a gale  
 Where the fish jump on board with a swish 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

Verse 4:      When you get back in dock and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lasses there too  
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free  
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Verse 5:      Oh I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
And I'll play my old squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me the song



# FLESH AND BLOOD

Shane Howard (1993)  
Also recorded by Mary Black

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
If we leave here today We could be a thousand miles away  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
Take to that road                   See how far it goes

Chorus:                   A                   E                   A                   D  
Oh, walk with me, talk with me Tell me your stories  
                  A                   E                   F#m                   D  
I'll do my very best to understand you  
                  A                   D                   A                   D  
You're flesh and blood, flesh and blood Don't refuse me your love  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
More than words can express                   More than wealth or success

Verse 2:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
And on that great ocean road                   Oh, the country's in our bones  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
All the trouble that you know                   Empties out as you go

Verse 3                   A                   D                   A                   D  
Oh, there's a thousand things to do                   So let's start here with me and you  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
All the pain that you feel All the hurt that seems so real

Verse 4:                   A                   D                   A                   D  
Oh, there's a thousand things to do                   So let's start here with me and you  
                  A                   C#m                   D                   E  
Gonna take a little time Let's see what we can find

Outro:                   A                   E                   A                   D  
Oh, walk with me, talk with me Tell me your stories  
                  A                   E                   F#m                   D                   A  
I'll do my very best to understand you

# FOGGY DEW

*Canon Charles O'Neill (traditional tune Moorlough Shore)*

The song chronicles the Easter Uprising of 1916, and encourages Irishmen to fight for the cause of Ireland, rather than for the British Empire, as so many young men were doing in World War I

Bm A F#m D Bm A Bm Bm

1. 2.

D A Bm D A Bm

A F#m D Bm A Bm

Verse 1:

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,

Their armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;

No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound its loudattoo,

But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew.

Verse 2: Right proudly high o'er Dublin Town they hung out the 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 sons, with their long range guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

Verse 3: O, the night fell black, and the rifles crack made Perfidious Albion reel,  
'Mid the leaden rain, 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 it's folds in the Foggy Dew.

Verse 4: 'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free,  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the shores of the Great North Sea.  
Oh had they died by Pearse's side or had fought with Cathal Brugha,  
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew

Verse 5: But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,  
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year.  
While 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,

Verse 6:      Back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,  
For I parted then with valient men who I never shall see no more;  
But to and from 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.

# FOUR GREEN FIELDS

*Tommy Makem (1967)*

Verse 1:      G   D   G                      C   G  
 What did I have, said the fine old woman  
                  G   D   G                      A7                      D  
 What did I have, this proud old woman did say  
                  G   D7   G                      C   D7  
 I had four green fields, each one was a jewel  
                  G   D7   G                      C                      D7  
 But stangers came and tried to take them from me  
                  G   C   G                      C                      D7  
 I had fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels  
                  C                      G                      D7                      G  
 They fought and died, and that was my grief said she

Verse 2:      Long time ago, said the fine old woman  
 Long time ago, this proud old woman did say  
 There was war and death, plunder-ing and pillage  
 My children starved, by mountain valley and sea  
 And their wail-ing cries, they shook the very heavens  
 and my four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

Verse 3:      What have I now, said the fine old woman  
 What have I now, this proud old woman did say  
 I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage  
 In strangers hands, that tried to take it from me  
 But my sons have sons, as brave as were their fathers  
 My fourth green field will bloom once again said she





# GALWAY GIRL

*Steve Earle (2000)*

Verse 1: Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk. of a day -I-ay-I-ay  
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk. of a fine soft day-i-ay  
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl  
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

Verse 2: We were halfway there when the rain came down. of a day -I-ay-I-ay  
And she asked me up to her flat downtown. of a fine soft day-i-ay  
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl  
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

Inst: *(Galway Girl Reel)*

⋮	D			G		D		
G		D		A		D		⋮
⋮	G			D		A		
G		D		A		D		⋮

Verse 3:    When I woke up I was all alone.    *[followed by melody only]*  
               With a broken heart and a ticket home.    *[followed by melody only]*  
               And I ask you now,    tell me    what would you do  
               If her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
               I've traveled around I've been all over this world  
               Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

Inst: *(Galway Girl Reel)*

# Galway Girl (Reel)

Steve Earle

Musical score for "Galway Girl (Reel)" in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with corresponding chord markings above the notes.

Staff 1: Chords D, G, D. The melody begins with a repeat sign.

Staff 2: Chords G, D, A, D, A. The melody includes a first ending (1. D) and a second ending (2. D).

Staff 3: Chords G, D, A, G, D. The melody includes a repeat sign.

Staff 4: Chords A, D, A. The melody includes a first ending (1. D) and a second ending (2. D).



# GRACE

*Frank and Sean O'Meara (1985)*

*Grace Gifford was an Irish artist and activist in the Irish Republican Movement. She married Joseph Plunkett, an Irish journalist, poet and republican activist, in Kilmainham Jail, a few hours before he was executed for his part as a leader in the 1916 uprising.*

Verse 1: As we gather in the chapel here in old Kilmainham jail  
I think about these past few weeks, oh will they say we 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

D C G

Chorus: Oh Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger

C G D

They take me out at dawn and I will die

C G

With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger

C G Em D G

There won't be time to share our love so we must say goodbye

Verse 2: 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 brave land  
But when Pádraic called me to his side down in the G.P.O.  
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go

Chorus: Oh Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger  
They 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 so we must say goodbye

Verse 3: Now as the dawn is breaking my heart is breaking too  
As I walk out on this May morn my thoughts will be of you  
And I'll write some words upon the wall so everyone will know  
I loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose

Chorus: Oh Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger  
They 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 so we must say goodbye  
  
There won't be time to share our love so we must say goodbye



Grace Gifford

Joseph Plunkett

# HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

*Traditional - Several versions of the song were collected by Cecil Sharp in the early 20th century and published in his 'Folk Songs From Somerset'. This version is based on a recording by Steeleye Span on 'Parcel Of Rogues' 1973.*

*Essentially a song with a series of sexual metaphors and a longing for youthful vigour.*

D G D A  
 D G D G A E A  
 D G A D D G A D

Verse 1:

D G D  
Young women, they run like hares on the mountain

A D G D  
Young women, they run like hares on the mountain

G A E A  
And if I was a young man, I'd soon go a-hunting

D G A D (D G A D)  
With me right fol-ah diddle der-oh, right fol-ah diddle-day

Verse 2:    Young women, they sing like birds in the bushes  
               Young women, they sing like birds in the bushes  
               If I was a young man, I'd go beat them bushes  
               With me right fol-ah diddle der-oh,    right fol-ah diddle-day

Verse 3: Young women, they swim like ducks in the water  
Young women, they swim like ducks in the water  
If I was a young man, I'd soon go swim after  
With me right fol-ah diddle der-oh, right fol-ah diddle-day

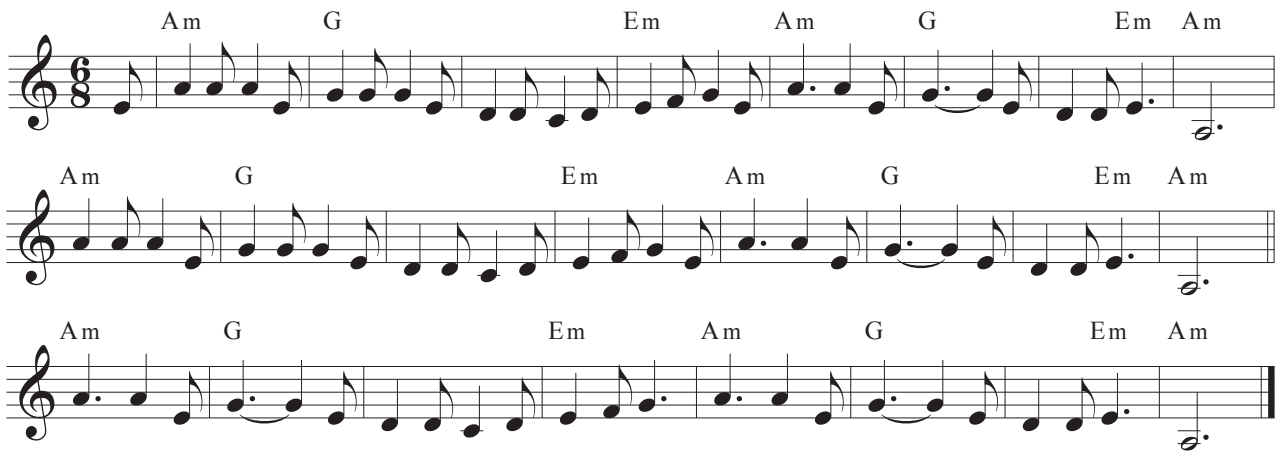
Verse 4:    Young women they bloom like laurel in springtime  
               Young women they bloom like laurel in springtime  
               If I were but a young man I'd soon go and pluck some.  
               With me right fol-ah diddle der-oh,    right fol-ah diddle-day

Verse 5: Young women, they run like hares on the mountain  
Young women, they run like hares on the mountain  
And if I was a young man, I'd soon go a-hunting  
With me right fol-ah diddle der-oh, right fol-ah diddle-day

# HAUL AWAY JOE

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

The first commercial recording was a performance by Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter in the 1940s, however written references exist dating back to 1859.



Verse 1:           Am           G                           Em  
Now when I was a little lad and so me mother told me,  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*  
          Am           G                           Em  
That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all mouldy.  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*

          Am           G                           Em  
Chorus: *Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather.*  
          Am           G                           Em Am  
*Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*

Verse 2: King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.  
And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his constitution

Verse 3: Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.  
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

Verse 4: Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties.  
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces.

Verse 5: Once I had a German girl but she was fat and lazy.  
But now I got a Yankee girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

Verse 6: Way haul away, rock and roll me over  
Way haul away, well roll me in the clover.

Verse 7: Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'  
Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'

# HARVEST OF THE MOON

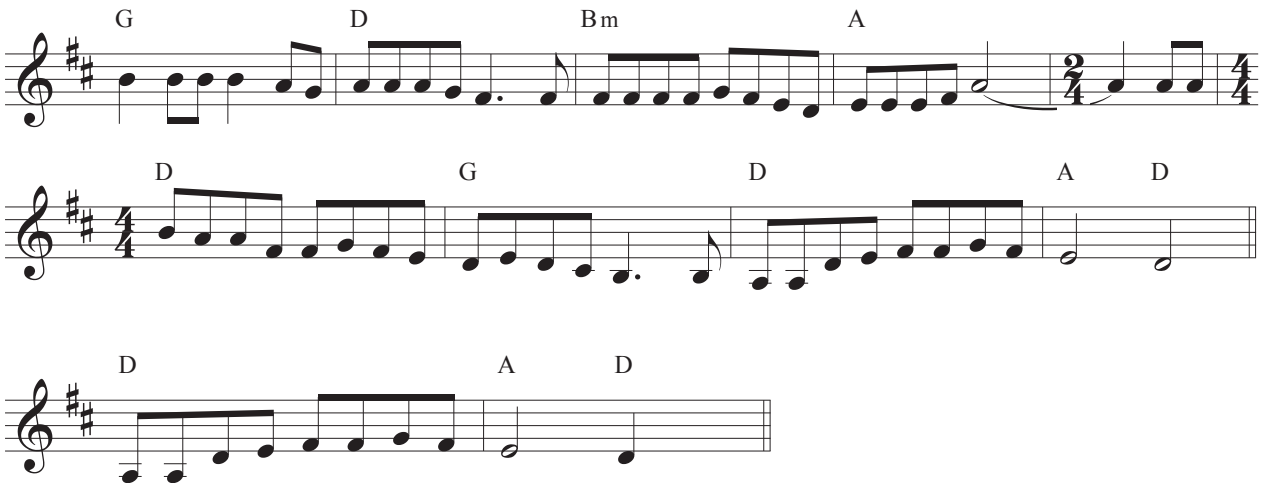
Peter Knight

(Steeleye Span - from album 'Time' 1966)

## Verses



## Chorus



D G

Verse 1 All the husbands and their wives we were dancing for our lives

D A

All to the tune of Elsie Marley

D G

Instead of gathering up our differences and throwing them in the air

D A D

And giving them to the wind that shakes the barley

Verse 2     And the children they were watching every girl and every boy  
As we danced to the tune of Elsie Marley  
But they'd heard another tune from the harvest of the moon  
that rides upon the wind that shakes the barley

Verse 3     Then Bridget she declared that she was not prepared to watch us  
Dance to the tune of Elsie Marley  
She said I'll sing you all a song and you'll want to sing along  
If you listen to the wind that shakes the barley

G D

Chorus: And the song that she sang could be heard from miles around

Bm A

The air was full of harmony you should've heard the sound

D G

As we gathered up our differences and threw them in the air

D A D A D

And gave them to the wind that shakes the barley

Inst

Verse 4: All the husbands and their wives we were dancing for our lives  
All to the tune of Elsie Marley  
Until we gathered up our differences and threw them in the air  
And gave them to the wind that shakes the barley

Verse 5:      Then all of us declared that we were not prepared  
                    To dance our lives away with Elsie Marley  
                    For we heard another tune from the harvest of the moon  
                    That rides upon the wind that shakes the barley

Chorus:     And the song that we sang could be heard for miles around  
               The air was full of harmony you should've heard the sound  
               As we gathered up our differences and threw them in the air  
               And gave them to the wind that shakes the barley





# HIGHLAND MARY

*Words by Robert Burns (1792)*

*Tune: Katherine Ogie (~1680)*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the guitar part, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is the vocal part, also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third and fourth staves are additional musical parts, likely for guitar or piano, continuing the melody and harmony. Chords are indicated by letters (Em, D, Bm, G) above the staves. The lyrics "The sound of silence" are written below the vocal staff, with the word "silence" appearing twice. The overall mood is contemplative and melancholic, characteristic of the song.

Verse 1:

Em D Bm  
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around. The castle o' Montgomery,  
Em Bm Em  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your waters never drumlie!  
G Bm D  
There simmer first unfauld her robes, And there the langest tarry;  
Em G Em Bm Em  
For there I took the last Fareweel O' my sweet Highland Mary.

Verse 2:   How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk! How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
              As underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
              The golden hours, on angel wings, Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
              For dear to me, as light and life, Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Verse 3:    Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again, We tore oursel's asunder;  
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost, That nipt my flower sae early! –  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary!

Verse 4: O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust, That heart that lo'ed me dearly –  
But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary!

*One of three works dedicated to Mary Campbell, with whom Burns was in love in the 1780s. It speaks of Burns's affection for the lady, his melancholy at her death and his continued memory of her.*

# HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY

*Written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk & John Barnet*

*The arrangement is based on recording by Chloë & Jason Roweth,  
who learnt the song from the singing of Carrie Milliner*

Verse 1:      G   Asus   D   G   D   G   D   E7   A  
                  I wandered many a night in June. Along the banks of Clyde,  
                  D   Bm/F#   G   A   D  
                  Beneath a bright and bonnie moon, with Mary by my side;  
                  G   Asus   D   G   D   G   D   E7   A  
                  A summer was she to my eye, and to my heart a joy,  
                  D   Bm/F#   G   A   D   G   A   D  
                  And well she loved to roam with me, her Highland Minstrel Boy,

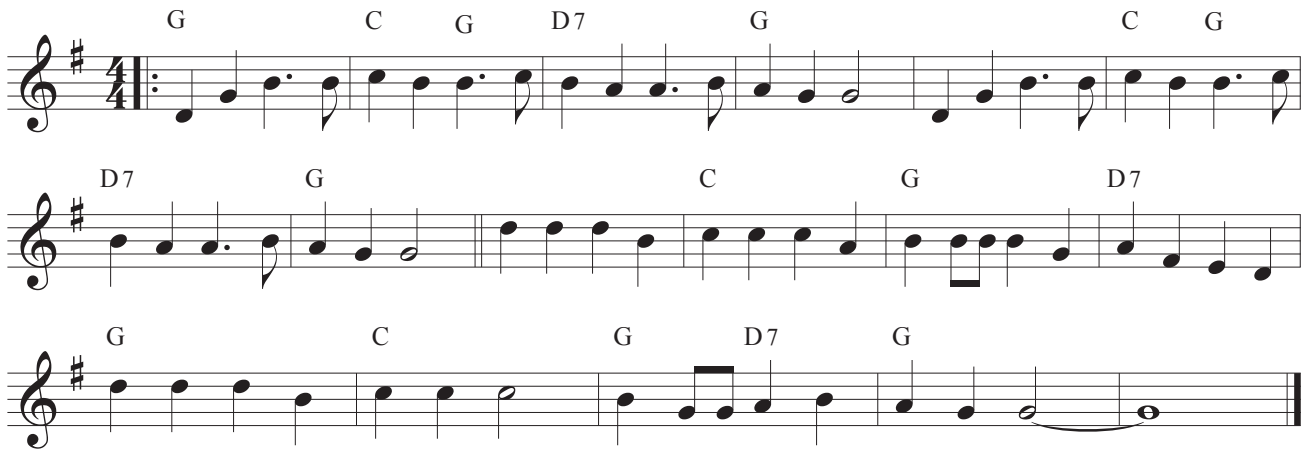
Verse 2: Her presence could on every star new brilliancy confer,  
 I thought the flowers sweeter by far, when they were seen with her;  
 Her brow was calm as sleeping sea, her glance was full of joy ;  
 And oh! her heart was true to me, her Highland Minstrel Boy.

Verse 3: I play'd for ladies fair and gay in many a Southern hall;  
 But there was one far, far away, a world above them all;  
 And though many a weary year has fled, I think with mournful joy,  
 Upon the time when Mary wed Her Highland Minstrel Boy.

*Published in 'The Scottish Minstrel;  
 Containing a selection of the most popular songs of Scotland  
 as sung by Wilson Templeman &c 1850'*

# I'LL TELL ME MA

*Traditional Irish Folk Song*



Chorus: I'll tell me ma when I get home, the boys won't leave the girls alone,  
They pulled me hair, they stole me comb but that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome, she is pretty she's the Belle of Belfast city,  
She is a courtin' a one two three, Please won't you tell me who is she?

Verse 1:

G		D7		G
Albert Mooney says he loves her,		all the boys are fightin' for her,		
G		D7		G
Knock at the door, ring at the bell,		and "Oh, me true love, are you well?"		
G	C	G		D7
Out she comes, white as snow,		rings on her fingers,		bells on her toes
G	C	G	D7	G
Old John Murray says she'll die,		if she doesn't get a fella with the roving eye.		

Chorus: I'll tell me ma when I get home. ....

instrumental: *I'll Tell Me Ma*

G

Verse 2: Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,

D                      G

and the snow comes a tumblin' from the sky,

G                      D                      G

She's as sweet as an apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by,

G                      C                      G                      D

When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home.

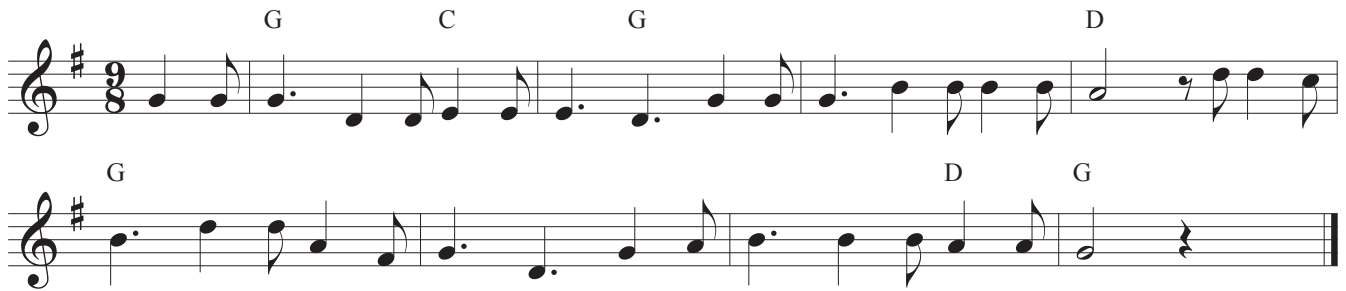
G                      C                      G        D        G

Let them all come as they will, It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus: I'll tell me ma when I get home. ....

# I'M A ROVER, SELDOM SOBER

*Traditional Irish/Scottish*



Chorus:           G           C           G                           D  
I'm a rover and seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree,  
                          G   D    G  
It's when I'm drinking I'm always thinking how to gain my love's company.

Verse 1:    Though the night be as dark as dungeon, not a star to be seen above,  
              I will be guided without a stumble into the arms of my own true love.

Verse 2:    He stepped up to her bedroom window, Kneeling gently upon a stone,  
              He whispered through her bedroom window, "Darling dear, do you lie alone?"

Verse 3:    She raised her head on her snow-white pillow, Wi' her arms around her breast,  
              Says, "Who is that at my bedroom window disturbing me at my long night's rest?"

Verse 4:    Says I, "True love, it's thy true lover. Open the door and let me in,  
              For I am come on a long journey more than near drenched to the skin."

Verse 5:    She opened the door with the greatest pleasure. She opened the door and let him in:  
              They both shook hands and embraced each other till the morning they lay as one.

Verse 6:    The cocks were crowing, the birds were whistling, the streams ran free about the brae,  
              But remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie and the farmer I must obey.

Verse 7:    Now, my love, I must go and leave thee to climb the hills they are far above,  
              But I will climb them, the greatest pleasure since I been in the arms o' my love.

# IRISH ROVER

## Traditional Irish Folk

Verse 1:

G C  
On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six

G D  
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork

G C  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

G D G  
For the Grand City Hall in New York

G D  
'Twas a wonderful craft. She was rigged fore and aft

G D  
And oh, how the wild wind drove her

G C  
She stood several blasts. She had twenty seven masts

G D G  
And they called her the Irish Rover

Verse 2: We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  
We had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs And six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover

Verse 3: There was old Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were flustered and bet  
With his smart witty talk he was cock of the walk  
And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance  
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

Verse 4: There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGirk who was scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

Verse 5: For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and day  
That he longs for the shore and a charming young whore  
Who will melt all his troubles away  
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout  
For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid  
An old salt from the Irish Rover

Verse 6: We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock. Oh Lord what a shock.  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of The Irish Rover

# I WANT TO SEE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS TONIGHT

*Richard and Linda Thompson (1974)*

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves of music in 4/4 time. The notes are written in treble clef. Above the staves, the following chords are indicated: C, Bb, F, C, G, C, C, Bb, F, C, C, G/B, F/A, G, C. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests.

Verse 1: C Bb F C  
I'm so tired of working everyday  
G C  
Now the Weekend's come I'm gonna throw my troubles away  
C Bb F C  
If you've got the cab fare mister you'll do alright.  
C G/B F/A G C  
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Chorus: F  
Meet me at the station don't be late  
G Dm G  
I need to spend some money and it just won't wait  
F Em Dm C  
Take me to the dance and hold me tight  
C G/B F/A G C  
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Verse 2: There's crazy people running all over town  
There's a silver band just marching up and down  
And the big boys are all spoiling for a fight  
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Verse 3: A couple of drunken nights rolling on the floor  
Is just the kind of mess that I'm looking for.  
I'm gonna dream 'till Monday comes in sight  
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Outro: Take me to the dance and hold me tight  
I want to see the bright lights tonight

# JOCK STEWART

*Traditional Scottish/Irish Folk Song*



Verse 1:       D           A           D           G  
Me name is Jock Stewart I'm a canny gaun man,  
              D           A           D           A  
And a rambling young fellow I have been,

              D           A           D           G  
Chorus: So be easy and free when your drinking with me,  
              D           A           D           A  
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

Verse 2: I have acres of land, I have men at command,  
I have always a shilling to spare,

Verse 3: So come fill up your glasses, with brandy or wine,  
And whatever the cost I will pay,

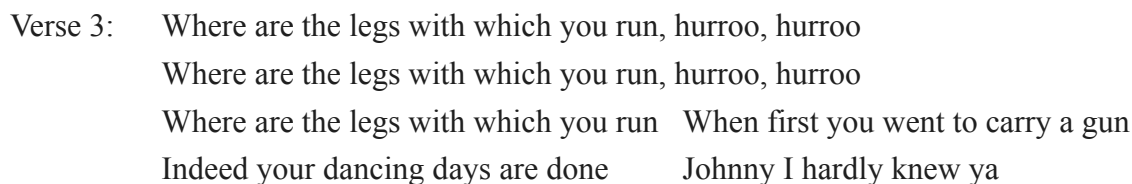
Verse 4: Well I took out my gun and my dog for a shoot  
Down by the banks of the Tay,

Verse 5: I'm a piper by trade and a roving young blade  
And many a tune I do play

Verse 6: Let us catch well the hours and the minutes that fly  
And we'll share them together this day



*First published 1867, lyrics credited to English singer Joseph B. Geoghegan.  
It shares the same tune as the American Civil war song 'Johnny comes marching Home' published 1863.  
Both tunes are credited as 'Traditional'*



Verse 4: You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg, hurroo, hurroo  
You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg, hurroo, hurroo  
You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg      You're a spineless, boneless, chickenless egg  
You'll have to be put with the bowl to beg      Johnny I hardly knew ya

Verse 5: I'm happy for to see ya home, hurroo, hurroo  
I'm happy for to see ya home, hurroo, hurroo  
I'm happy for to see ya home      All from the island of Saloam;  
So low in flesh, so high in bone      Johnny I hardly knew ya

Verse 6: How sad it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo,  
How sad it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo  
How sad it is to see you so,      And I think of you now as an object of woe,  
But your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau.      Johnny, I hardly knew ya.



# JOLLY WAGGONER

*Traditional English*



C    G    C

Verse 1: When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go

G    C

Well, it filled my poor old parents' hearts with sorrow, grief, and woe

F                      C                      F                      G

And many are the hardships that since I've undergone.

Chorus: Sing whoa my lads, sing whoa, drive on my lads, drive on  
Who wouldn't be for all the world a jolly waggoner.

Verse 2:    When it's pelting down with rain, my lads, I get wetted to the skin  
              But I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn  
              And I sit down a-drinking with the landlord and his kin.

Verse 3: Well, things is greatly altered now and waggons few are seen  
The world's turned topsy-turvy, lads, and things is run by steam  
And the whole world passes before me just like a morning dream.

Verse 4:   Aye, things is greatly altered now but then what can we do  
              The folks in power all take no heed to the likes of me and you  
              It's hardship for us workmen, lads, and a fortune for the few.

Verse 5: Well, Martinmas is coming, lads, what pleasures we shall see  
Like chaff before the wind, my lads, we'll make our money flee  
And every lad shall take his lass and he'll have her on his knee.



# KELLY OF KILLANNE

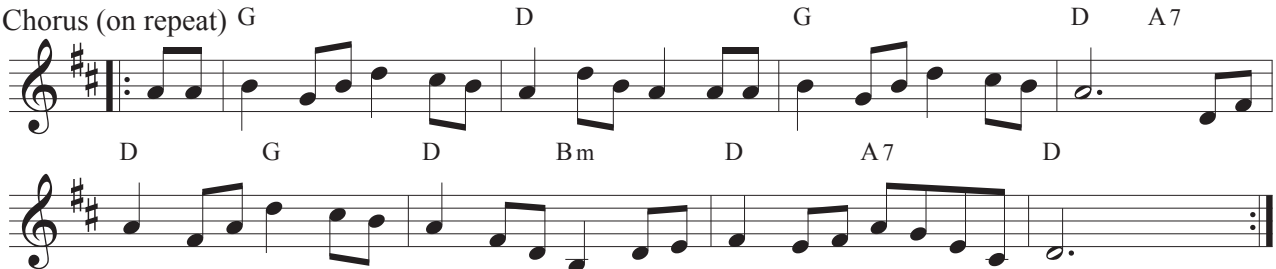
*Patrick Joseph McCall (1861–1919)*

*John Kelly lived in the town of Killanne in County Wexford in Ireland, and was a United Irish leader who fought in the Irish Rebellion of 1798*

Verse



Chorus (on repeat) G



Verse 1:                   D                   G                   D                   Bm  
What's the news, what's the news oh my bold Shelmalier  
                                  D                   A7                   D  
With your long barrelled guns from the sea  
                                  D                   G                   D                   Bm  
Say what wind from the south brings a messenger here  
                                  D                   A7                   D  
With the hymn of the dawn for the free  
                                  G                                   D  
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth  
                                  G                                   A7  
Goodly news shall you hear Bargy man  
                                  D                   G                   D                   Bm  
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north  
                                  D                   A7                   D  
Led by Kelly the boy from Killanne

Chorus:                   G                                   D  
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth  
                                  G                                   A7  
Goodly news shall you hear Bargy man  
                                  D                   G                   D                   Bm  
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north  
                                  D                   A7                   D  
Led by Kelly the boy from Killanne

Verse 2:   Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair  
          He who rides at the head of your band  
          Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare  
          And he looks like a king in command  
          Ah my boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers  
          'Mongst our greatest of hero's a man  
          Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers  
          For John Kelly the boy from Killanne



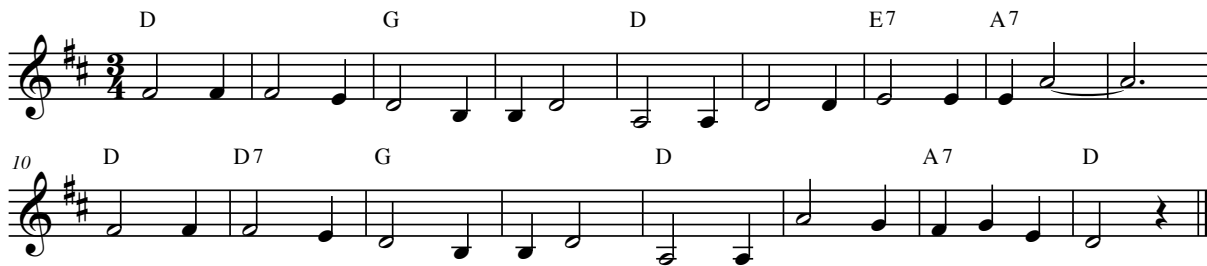
Verse 3: Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won  
And tomorrow the Barrow we will cross  
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun  
That will batter the gateway to Ross  
All the Forth men and Bargy men will march o'er the heath  
With brave Harvey to lead in the van  
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death  
Will be Kelly the boy from Killanne

Verse 4: But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross  
As it set by the Slaney's red waves  
And poor Wexford stripped naked, hung high on a cross  
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves  
Glory-o, glory-o to her brave sons who died  
For the cause of long down-trodden man  
Glory-o to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride  
Dauntless Kelly the boy from Killanne



# LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE

*Traditional Scottish*



Chorus :      D                  G  
*Lassie wi' the yellow coatie*  
                  D                  E7          A7  
*Would ye wed a Moorland Jockie*  
                  D          D7          G  
*Lassie wi' the yellow coatie*  
                  D                  A7          D  
*Would ye busk and gang wi' me*

Verse 1 :      D                  G                  D                  E7          A7  
*I hae milk and meal in plenty. I hae cakes and kale fu' dainty*  
                  D          D7          G                  D                  A7          D  
*I've a but and ben for genty but I want a wife like ye*

Verse 2 :      *Wi' me lassie and my doggie, o'er the lea and through the boggie*  
*Nane on Earth would be sae vogie or as blythe as we might be*

Verse 3:      *Tho my mallen be but small, little gold I hae to show*  
*I've a heart without a flaw and I'd gie it all tae thee*

Verse 4 :      *Haste ye lassie tae my bosom, while the roses are in blossom*  
*Time is precious dinna lose it. Flowers will fade and so will ye*

final chorus: *Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, Ah! tak pity on your jockie*  
*Lassie wi' the yellow coatie. I'm in haste and sae should ye.*

*jockie - a Scottish country lad; busk- get dressed; kale - cabbage or brassica soup;*  
*but and ben - a two-room house; fu' genty- very neat, tasteful;*  
*vogie- delighted, glad; blythe - joyous, cheerful;*  
*mailen - a farm holding, property.; gowd - gold or wealth;*

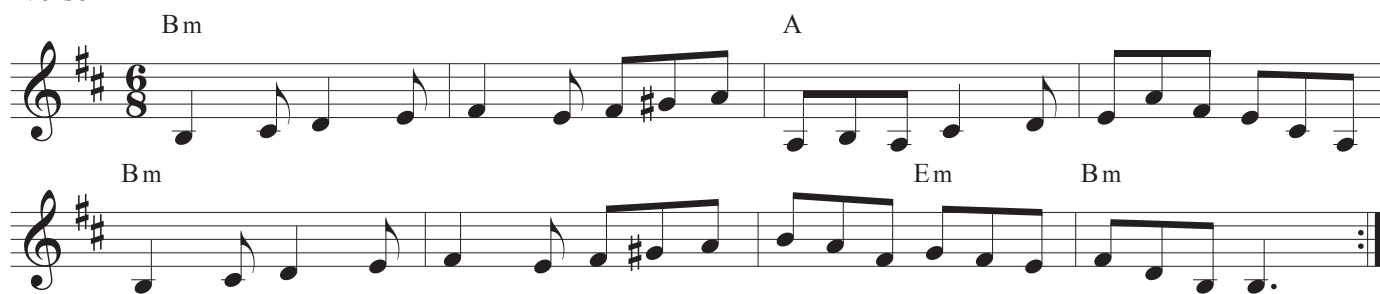




# LANIGAN'S BALL

*As sung by Christy Moore*

## Verse



## Chorus



Bm A  
In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan battered away 'til he hadn't a pound.  
Bm Em. Bm  
His father died and made him a man again, left him a farm and ten acres of ground.  
Bm A.  
Myself to be sure got free invitation, for all the boys and girls I might ask,  
Bm Em. Bm  
And in no time at all both friends and relations were dancing like bees around a sweet cask.

There were lashings of punch and wine for the ladies, potatoes & cakes & bacon & tea,  
Nolans, Dolans, Paddy O'Grady courting the girls and dancing away.  
Songs they went 'round as plenty as water, "The harp that once sounded in Tara's old hall,"  
"Sweet Nelly Gray" and "The Rat Catcher's Daughter," all singing together at Lanigan's Ball.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas all 'round the room in a whirligig jig  
Julia and I, we banished their nonsense went out on the floor for a reel and a jig.  
Now the girls all got mad at me for they thought the ceiling would fall.  
For I spent six months at Brooks' Academy learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

Bm                      A                      Bm                      F#m  
 Chorus: Six long months I spent up in Dublin, Six long months to learn nothing at all,  
 Bm                      A                      Bm              Em              Bm  
 Six long months I spent up in Dublin, Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.  
 Bm    A  
 She stepped out and I stepped in again, I stepped out and she stepped in again,  
 Bm    Em.              Bm  
 She stepped out and I stepped in again, Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

Boys were merry, the girls all hearty dancing around in couples and groups,  
 An accident happened, Terrance McCarthy put his foot through miss Finnerty's hoops.  
 Poor creature fainted and cried, ``Holy murder,`` called for her brothers and gathered them all.  
 Carmody swore that he'd go no further 'til he had revenge at Lanigan's Ball.

Instrumental      (*Chorus chords*)

Boy, oh boy, 'twas then there were ructions, myself got a kick from big Phelim McHugh.  
 I soon replied to his introduction and kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.  
 Casey, the piper, was near being strangled. squeezed by his pipes, bellows, chanters and all.  
 The girls, and boys all ended entangled and that put an end to Lanigan's Ball.

Chorus: Six long months I spent up in Dublin, Six long months to learn nothing at all,  
 Six long months I spent up in Dublin, Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.  
 She stepped out and I stepped in again, I stepped out and she stepped in again,  
 She stepped out and I stepped in again, Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.



# LEAVE HER JOHNNY

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

This shanty was traditionally sung when the ship was at port after it had docked and during final pumping of the ship dry because of leakage of water into the holds of the wooden ships during the voyage.

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:           C  
I thought I heard the Old Man say:  
                  G7                   C  
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her."  
                  F           C           G7       C  
It's a long long time til the next pay day,  
                                  G7       C  
And it's time for us to leave her.

Chorus:           G                   C  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
                  F                   C  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
                  F           C           G7       C  
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow  
                                  G7       C  
And it's time for us to leave her.

Verse 2:           Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high.  
                  Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
                  She shipped it green and none went by.  
                  And it's time for us to leave her.

Verse 3:           I hate to sail on this rotten tub.  
                  Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
                  No grog allowed and rotten grub.  
                  And it's time for us to leave her.

- Verse 4: Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate was worse.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,  
He'd blow you down with a spike and a curse,  
And it's time for us to leave her.
- Verse 5: We swear by rote for want of more.  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
But now we're through so we'll go on shore.  
And it's time for us to leave her.
- Verse 6: Oh pull you lubbers or you'll get no pay.  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her,  
Oh pull you lubbers and then belay,  
And it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 7: We were made to pump all night an' day,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
An' we half-dead had beggar-all to say.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 8: We'll leave her tight an' we'll leave her trim,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
We'll heave the hungry barstard in.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 9: Oh, leave her, Johnny, an' we'll work no more,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
Of pump or drown we've had full store.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 10: Leave her, Johnny, an' we'll leave her with a grin,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
There's many a worser we've sailed in.  
An it's time for us to leave her!
- Verse 11: The sails is furled an' our work is done,  
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!  
And now ashore we'll have our bit o' fun.  
An it's time for us to leave her!

# LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

*Irish/English traditional (~1885)*



Verse 1:       C                   F       C  
Farewell to Princes Landing Stage,  
                  Am       G7  
River Mersey, fare thee well,  
              C           F    C  
I am bound for Californ-i-a,  
              G7         C  
A place I know right well.

Chorus:       G7                   F       C  
So fare thee well my own true love,  
                                  G7  
When I return united we will be,  
              C                           F       C  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
                                  G7       C  
But my darling when I think of thee.

Verse 2: I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship  
Davey Crockett is her name,  
And Burgees is the captain of her,  
And they say that she's a floating shame.

Verse 3: I have sailed with Burgess once before,  
And I think I know him well,  
If a man's a sailor he will get along,  
If not then he's sure for hell.

Verse 4: Oh the sun is in the harbour love,  
And I wish I could remain,  
For I know it will be a long, long time,  
Before I see you again.

# LET HER GO DOWN

*Peter Knight (Steeleye Span - 1980)*

Verse 1:                   D                   G                   A                   G                   D  
Sometime in October, we sailed from England's shore  
                                  A                   D                   A                   D                   G                   A                   D  
When we sailed into a raging storm like I've never, ever seen before  
                                  G   A   D                   D7                   G  
And all of the crew, they were brave men but the captain, he was braver  
                                  A                   D                   A                   D   G  
He said, "Never mind the ship, me boys, there's none of us here can save her"

Chorus:                                   D                   A                   G                                   D                   A                   G  
"Let her go down.                   Swim for your lives  
  D                   Em                   A  
Swim for your children, swim for your wives  
  D                   A                   G                                   D                   A                   G  
But let her go down                   Let her go down"

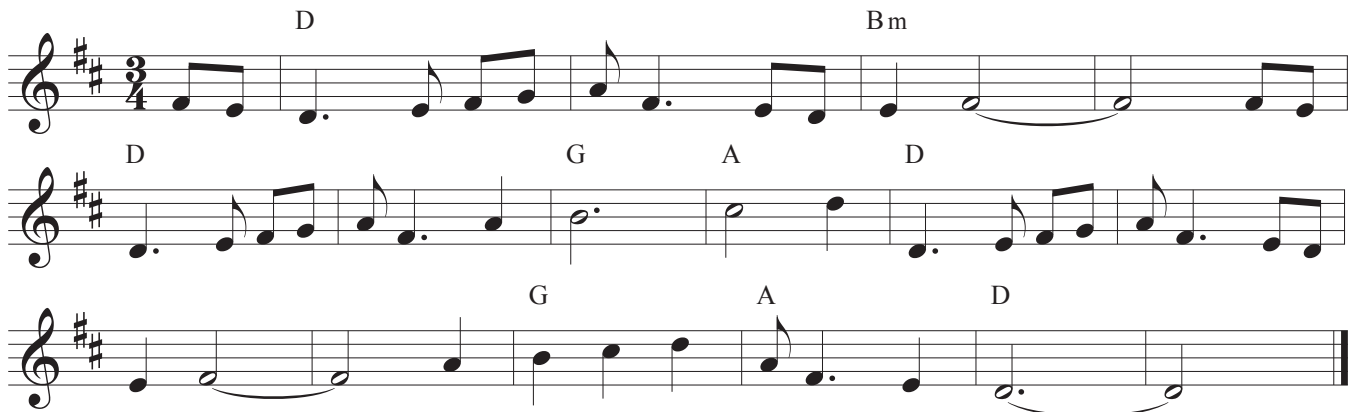
Verse 2: Lost in the open ocean, there were some of the crew and me  
While the captain steered our wounded ship to the bottom of an angry sea  
And with his dying breath we all heard him say "Just the fortunes of a sailor"  
And he said: "Never mind the ship, me boys  
There's none of us here can save her"

Verse 3: I wondered if my shipmates had been lost in that rolling sea  
So I called their names out one by one but there was no one else around but me  
And as that ship went down in the fading light I knew we could have saved her  
The captain lied when the captain cried  
"There's none of us here can save her"

# LEEZIE LINDSAY

*Scottish Folk song*

*Robert Burns "collected" the tune, and included the first four lines of the original ballad (now the chorus below) and it was published in the Scots Musical Museum of 1796. A complete version was published in Jamieson's Popular Ballads in 1806. There have been many recorded variations of this song since then. It tells the tale of young Donald MacDonald, heir of Kingcausie, who goes to Edinburgh to find a bride, Popular tradition identifies Leezie Lindsay as a daughter of Lindsay of Edzell.*



DBm

Chorus: Will ye gang tae the heilands, Leezie Lindsay,

G

Will ye gang tae the heilands wi' me

ADBm

Will ye gang tae the heilands, Leezie Lindsay

GAD

My bride and my darling tae be.

DBm

Verse 1: Tae gang tae the heilands wi' you sir,

G

would bring the saut tear tae my e'e

ADBm

Aye at leaving the green glens and woodlands

GAD

and streams o' my ain country

Verse 2: I'll show you the home of the red deer,  
on mountains where waves the tall pine  
And as far as the bound of the red deer,  
ilk moorland and mountain is mine ..... *Chorus*

Verse 3: Tae gang tae the hielands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that would be,  
For I cannot the road that I'm goin,  
Nor can I the lad I'm goin' wi'.

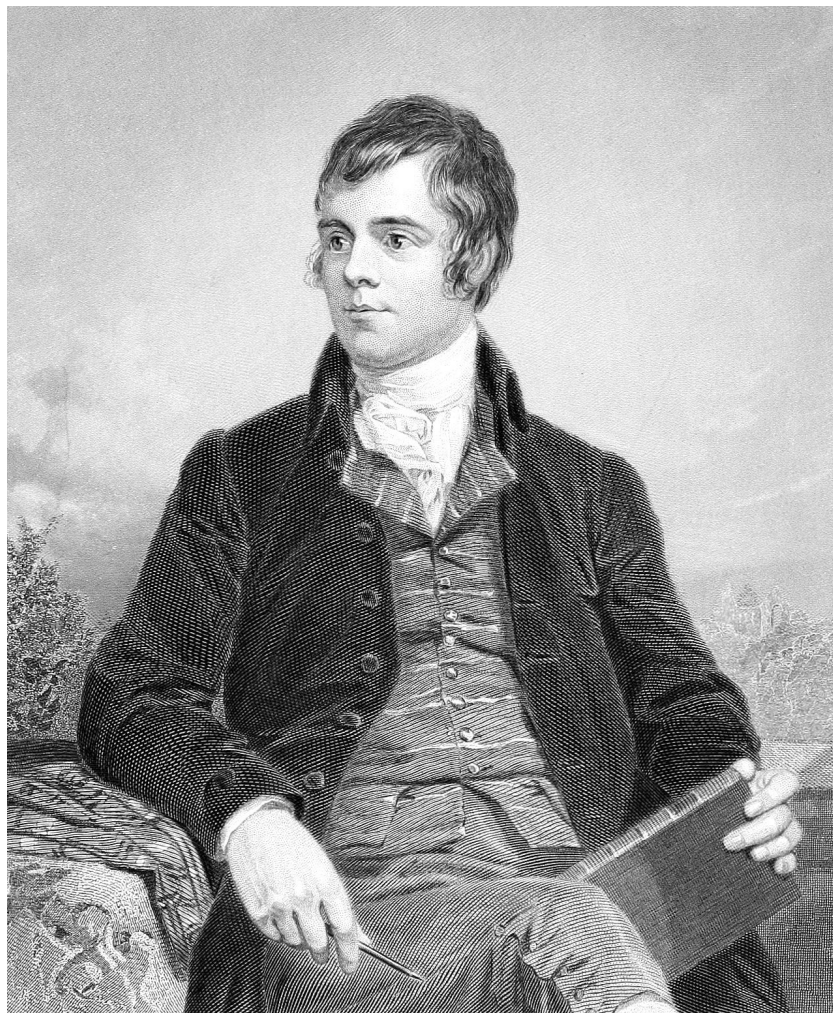


Verse 4: A thousand claymores I can muster,  
ilk blade and its bearer the same  
And when round their cheiftain they rally,  
the gallant McDonald is my name. .... *Chorus*

Verse 5: There's dancing and joy in the heilands,  
there's piping and gladness and glee.  
For McDonald has brought hame Leezie Lindsay,  
his bride and his darlin' to be. .... *Chorus*

Glossary: gang - go; heilands - highlands; wi' - with; tae - to; dinna - do not, don't; saut - salt;  
e'e - eye; ain - own; ken - know; claymore - broad sword; ilk - each; hame - home.

**Robert Burns** (also known as Rabbie Burns)  
25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796





# THE LISH YOUNG BUY-A-BROOM

*Traditional folk song from north England.*

"This Cumberland song is an amalgamation of three versions collected by Geoff Woods of Leeds between 1945-1967." from Tim Hart / Maddy Prior recording 'Folk Songs Of Old England'

Verse

Chorus

Verse 1:

As I was a-traveling in the North Country,  
Down by Kirby Stephen I happened for to be  
As I was a-walking up and down the street  
A pretty little buy-a-broom I chanced for to meet

Chorus:

And she was right, I was tight, everybody has their way  
It was the lish young buy-a-broom that led me astray

Verse 2:      She kindly then invited me to go along the way  
                  ``Yes" was the answer to her that I did say  
                  There was me with my music walking down the street  
                  And her with her tambourine was beating hands and feet

Verse 3: I treated her to whisky and I treated her to beer  
I kissed her and I cuddled her and I called her my dear.  
She treated me to brandy she treated me to rum  
And she says me fine young fellow you can play my little drum.

Verse 4:       Straightway for Kendal we steered, her and I  
                     Over yon white mountain, the weather it was dry  
                     We each had a bottle filled up to the top  
                     And whenever we were feeling dry, we took a little drop

Verse 5: With night a-coming on, good lodgings we did find  
 Eatables of all sorts and plenty of good wine  
 Good bed and blankets just for we two  
 And I rolled her in his arms, my boys, and wouldn't you do, to?

Verse 6: Then early the next morning we rose to go away  
 I called to the landlord to see what was to pay  
 Fourteen and sixpence, just for you two  
 And a fiver on the table oh my darling then she threw

Verse 7: Now the reason that we parted, I now will let you hear  
 She started off for Germany right early the next year  
 And me not being willing to cross the raging sea  
 Here's a health to my buy-a-broom, wherever she may be



# THE LITTLE BEGGARMAN

*Irish Folk Song*

Verse 1:

I am a little beggarman, a beggin' I have been,  
For three score and more in this little Isle of Green,  
And up to the Liffey and down to Tessague.  
And I'm known by the name of the Bold Johnnie Dhu.  
Of all the trades that's goin'. sure a - beggin' is the best.  
For when a man is tired he can sit down and rest.  
He begs for his dinner, he has nothin' else to do.  
Only cut around the corner with his old rigadoo.

Verse 2: I slept in the barn, down at Caurabawn  
A wet night came on and I slept 'till the dawn  
With holes in the roof and the rain coming through  
And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo  
When who did I waken but the woman of the house  
With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse  
She began to frighten and I said "Aarah, boo  
Don't be afraid m'am it's only Johnny Dhu"

Verse 3: I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day  
"Good morning little flaxy-haired girl" I did say  
"Good morning little beggarman, a how do you do  
With your rags and you tags and your old rig-a-doo"  
I'll buy a pair of leggings, a collar and a tie  
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by  
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them blue  
And an old fashioned lady I will make her too

Verse 4: Over the road with my pack on my back  
Over the fields with my great heavy sack  
With holes in my shoes and my toes peeping through  
Singing skinny-me-rink a doodle o and old Johnny Dhu  
I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night  
The fire's all raked and out goes the light  
So now you've heard the story of my old rig-a-doo  
It's good-bye and God be with you says old Johnny Dhu



# LORD OF THE DANCE

*Lyrics: Sidney Carter (1963)*

*Tune: 'Simple Gifts' by Joseph Baker (1848)*



Verse:

G Em  
I danced in the morning when the world was begun.  
D7  
I danced in the Moon and the Stars and the Sun.  
G Em  
I came down from Heaven and I danced on Earth..  
D7 G  
At Bethlehem I made my birth.

I danced for the scribes and the Pharisees.  
But they wouldn't dance and they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for fishermen, for James and John.  
They came with me and the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame.  
The holy people thought it was a shame.  
They cut and they stripped and they hung me high.  
And they left me there on a cross to die.

Chorus:

G Em  
Dance, dance, wherever you may be..  
G D7  
I am the Lord of the dance, said He.  
G Em  
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be..  
D7 G  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said He!

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black.  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.  
They buried my body, but I'd gone.  
But I am the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down but I leapt up high.  
I am the Light that will never, never die.  
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me.  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.

# DAVY DAVY KNICK KNACK

*Traditional reel*



# MAIRI'S WEDDING

*Traditional Scottish*



Chorus :           G                           C                           D7  
*Step we gaily on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe*  
                   G                           C                           D7  
*Arm in arm and row on row all for Mairi's wedding*

Verse 1:           G  
*Over hills and up and down*  
                   C                           D7  
*Myrtle green and bracken brown*  
                   G  
*Past the sheilings through the town*  
                   C                           D7  
*All for the sake of Mairi*

Verse 2:           Red her cheeks as Rowan's are. Bright her eyes as any star  
                   Fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi

Verse 3:           Plenty herring , plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her kreen  
                   Plenty bonnie bairns as well that's the toast for Mairi

# MAGGIE MAY

*traditional*



Verse 1: Come gather 'round you sailor boys and listen to my tale  
 And when I'm through I've sure you'll pity me  
 For I was a goddamn fool in the port of Liverpool  
 The first time that I came home from sea.  
 I was paid off at the hove of a ship from Sydney cove  
 Two pound ten a week it was my pay  
 And I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in  
 By a pretty girl they all called Maggie May.

Chorus : Oh Maggie, Maggie May they have taken you away  
 To slave upon that cold Van Diemen's shore  
 You robbed so many sailors and you dosed so many whalers  
 You'll never cruise down Lime St. any more

Verse 2: It was a damned unlucky day when I first met Maggie May  
 She was cruising up and down old Canning Place  
 And she had a figure fine, like the warship of the line  
 And me being a sailor I gave chase.  
 Well next morning I awoke stiff and sore and stony broke  
 No trousers coat or waistcoat could I find.  
 And the landlady said "Sir, I can tell you where the are  
 They're down in Stanley's Hock Shop number nine."

Verse 3: To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street  
To him I went to him I told my tale  
But he asked as if in doubt “Does your Mother know you’re out?”  
But he agreed the lady ought to be in jail.  
So to that hock shop I applied but no trousers there I spied  
And the coppers came and took the girl away  
And the jury guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder  
And paid her passage off to Botany Bay.





# MINGULAY BOAT SONG

(Scottish Folk Song) Sir Hugh S. Robertson 1938.

The tune is thought to be part of an old Gaelic song, "Òran na Comhachaig"

Chorus

9

17

25 Verse

33

41

Chorus:      B7.      E  
 Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;  
                  B7                      A.  
 Bring her round, now all together.  
 B7      E  
 Hill ya ho, boys; let her go boys,  
                  B7.                      A.      E  
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Verse 1:      B7.              E  
 What care we though, white the Minch is?  
                  B7                      A  
 What care we for wind or weather?  
 B7.      E  
 Let her go boys! Ev'ry inch is  
                  B7                      A      E  
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Verse 2:      Wives are waiting by the pier head  
 Or looking seaward from the heather;  
 Pull her round boys! Then you'll anchor.  
 'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Verse 3:      Ships return now, heavy laden  
 Mothers holding bairns a-crying  
 They'll return though when the sun sets  
 They'll return to Mingulay

# MOLLY MALONE

## (Cockles & Mussels)

*Traditional Irish (~ 1870s)*



Verse 1:           G           Em           Am           D7  
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
                  G           Em           Am           D7  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
                  G                   Em                   Am                   D7  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, through streets broad and narrow,  
                  G           Em           G   D7   G  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

                  G           Em           Am           D7  
Chorus: "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",  
                  G           Em           G   D7   G  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

Verse 2: She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before,  
And they each wheeled their barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Verse 3: She died of a fever, And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

# THE MOONSHINER

*US / Irish Folk Song ~ 1927*



- Verse 1:                   G                                   C                   Am  
I've been a moonshiner for many's a year,  
                                  D                                   D7                   G  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
                                  G7                   C                   Am  
I'll go to some hollow, and set up my still,  
                                  D7   G  
And I'll make you one gallon for a two dollar bill,
- Chorus:                   G                                   C                   Am  
I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home  
                                  D                                   D7                   G  
And if you don't like me then leave me alone  
                                  G7                   C                   Am  
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry  
                                  D7   G  
And if the moonshine don't kill me I'll live 'till I die
- Verse 2:                   I'll go to some hollow in this country  
Ten gallons of wash and I'll go on a spree  
No woman to follow and the world is all mine  
I love none so well as I love the moonshine
- Verse 3:                   Moonshine dear moonshine oh how I love thee  
You killed my poor father but dare you kill me  
Bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine  
For their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine
- Verse 4:                   There's moonshine for Molly and Moonshine for May  
Moonshine for Tom and he'll sing all the day  
Moonshine for me breakfast, moonshine for me tea  
Moonshine oh me hearties! Its moonshine for me
- Verse 5:                   If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck  
I'd swim to the bottom and drink my way up  
But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't a duck  
So I'll stick to wild women and trust in my luck

# MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED , RED ROSE

Scottish Traditional ~ 1797

Words by Robert Burns



A E F#m D Bm E  
*Verse 1 :* My love is like a red , red rose that's newly sprung in June  
 A E F#m D E A  
 My love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune

A E D A D Bm E  
*Chorus :* As fair thou art my bonnie lass , sae deep in love am I  
 A F#m D A D E A  
 And I will love you still my dear 'til all the seas gang dry

*Verse 2 :* 'Til all the seas gang dry my dear and rocks melt wi' the sun  
 Oh I will love you still my dear while sands of life shall run

*Verse 3 :* So fare ye well my ain true love so fare ye well awhile  
 And I will come again my dear though it were ten thousand miles

*Verse 4 :* 'Til all the seas gang dry my dear 'til all the seas gang dry  
 Oh I will love you still my dear 'til all the seas gang dry

# MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

Lyrics: Percy French (1854-1920)

Music: Traditional - 'Carrig Donn'



Verse 1:       G           G7           C           A7  
Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight  
              D7                           C           G  
With people here working by day and by night  
                          G7           C           A7  
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat  
              D7                           G   C   G  
But there' gangs of them digging for gold in the streets  
              D7                           G   Em  
At least when I asked them that's what I was told  
          G           Em           A7           D  
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold  
          G           G7           C           A7  
But for all that I found there I might as well be  
              D7                           C           G  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Verse 2: I believe that when writing a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed  
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball  
Faith, they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.  
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in trath  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath  
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Verse 3: You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course  
Well, now he is here at the head of the force  
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand  
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand  
And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone  
While the whole population of London looked on  
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me  
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

Verse 4: There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind  
With beautiful shapes nature never designed  
And lovely complexions all roses and cream  
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same  
That if at those roses you venture to sip  
The colours might all come away on your lip  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

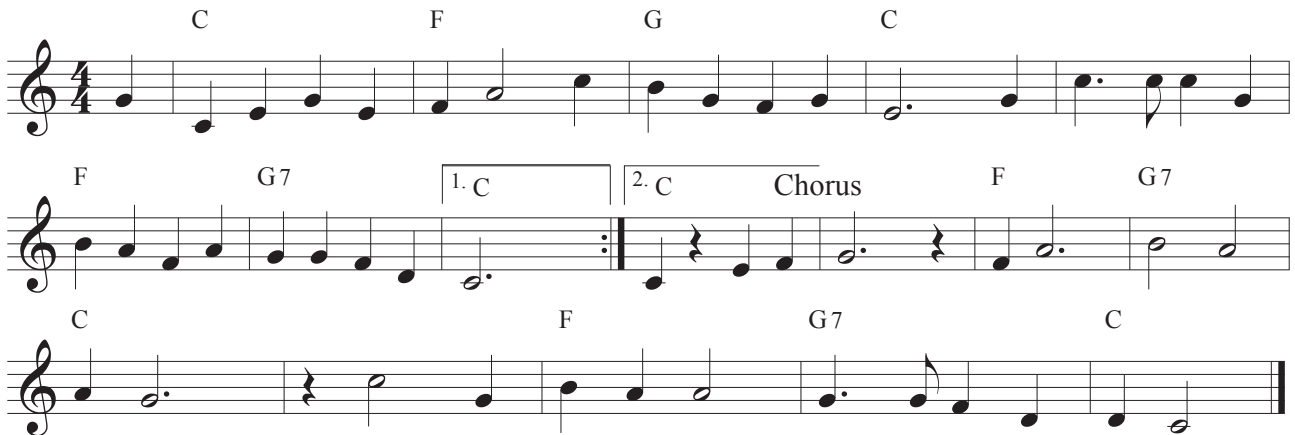


# NEW YORK GIRLS

## (Can't You Dance The Polka)

*Traditional Sea Shanty*

A cautionary tale of a sailor being tricked by a pretty girl, who ends up spending all of his money and, in this case, robbing him.



Verse 1:      C                      F                      G                      C  
 As I walked down to New York town a fair maid I did meet;  
    F                      G7                      C  
 She asked me back to see her place, she lived on Barrack Street.  
    C                      F                      G                      C  
 And when we got to Barrack Street we stopped at forty-four,  
    F                      G7                      C  
 Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door.

Chorus:      C              F      G7      C  
 And away, Santy, my dear Annie,  
                                  F                      G7                      C  
 Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

Verse 2:      And when we got inside the house the drinks were passed around;  
 The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round.  
 And then we had another drink before we sat to eat;  
 The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep.

Verse 3:      When I awoke next morning I had an aching head;  
 There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in my bed.  
 My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone;  
 There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in that room.

Verse 4:      On looking round that little room there's nothing I could see,  
 But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me.  
 With a barrel for a suit of clothes down Cherry Street forlorn,  
 Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn.

Verse 5:      So sailor lads take warning when you land on New York shore,  
 You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore.

# ONLY OUR RIVERS RUN FREE

*Mickey MacConnell,*

*An Irish musician from Bellanaleck near Enniskillen in County Fermanagh*

*Written in 1965*



Verse 1:

C	G	C
When apples still grow in November,		
F	C	G
When blossoms still bloom on each tree,		
F	C	
When leaves are still green in December,		
G	Am	
It's then that our land will be free.		
F	C	
I wander her hills and valleys,		
F	Em	
And still through my sorrow I see,		
F	C	
A land that has never known freedom,		
G	Am	
And only her rivers run free.		

Verse 2:

I drink to the death of her manhood  
Those men who'd rather have died  
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage  
To bring back their rights were denied.  
Oh, where are you now when we need you,  
What burns where the flame used to be  
Are you gone like the snow of last winter  
Will only our rivers run free?

Verse 3:

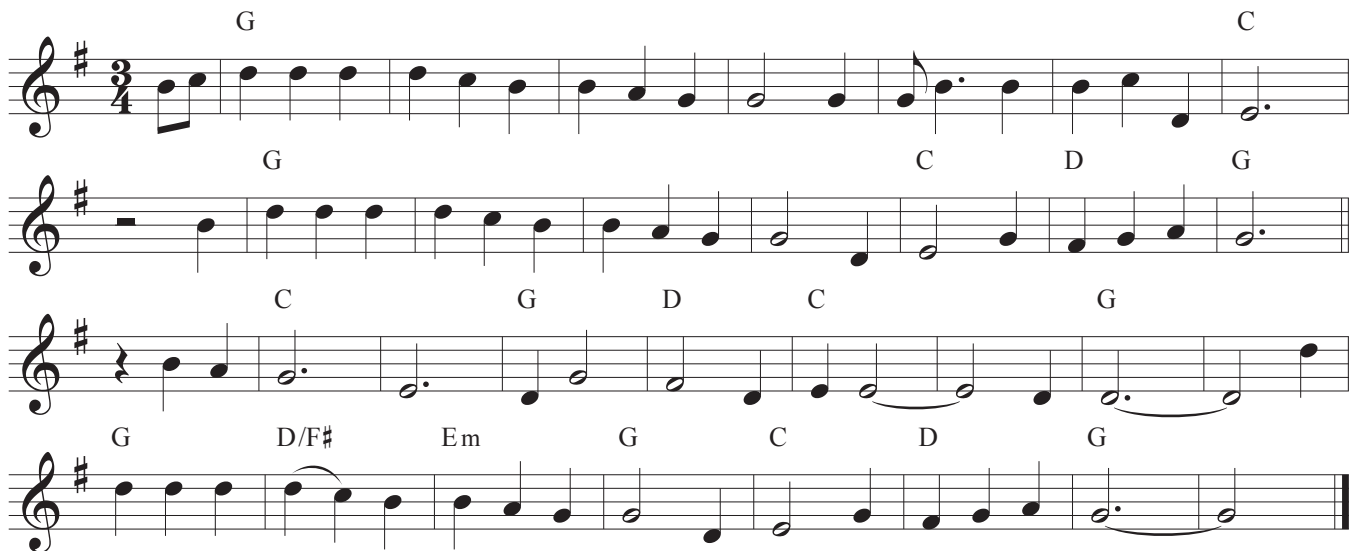
How sweet is life, but we're crying  
How mellow the wine, but we're dry.  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying  
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.  
What good is in youth when it's ageing?  
What joy is in eyes that can't see?  
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers  
And only our rivers run free.



# POOR DITCHING BOY

*Richard Thompson (1972)*

*Recorded on his debut album 'Henry The Human Fly'*



Verse 1:      G  
Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad  
                                 C  
A river too weary to flood  
                 G  
The storm and the wind cut through to my skin  
                 C      D      G  
But she cut through to my blood

Chorus:      C      G      D  
With her scheming , idle ways  
                 C      G  
she left me for nought.  
                 G      D/F#      Em      D  
The storm and the wind cut through to my skin  
                 C      D      G  
but she cut through to my blood.

Verse 2: I was looking for trouble to tangle my line  
When trouble came looking for me  
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground  
I was sinking to fast to run free

Verse 3: I would not be asking I would not be seen  
Begging on a mountain or hill  
But I'm ready and blind with my hands tied behind  
And neither a mind nor a will

Verse 4: It's bitter the need for the poor ditching boy  
He'll always believe what they say  
They'll tell him it's hard to be honest and true  
Does he mind if he doesn't get paid

# RAGLAN ROAD

(Dawning Of The Day)

Words: Patrick Kavanagh  
tune : 'Dawning of The Day'



Verse 1:       D                               G     D     G     D  
On Raglan Road on an autumn day, I saw her first and knew  
          G                               D                               Bm     A  
That her dark hair would weave a snare, that I might one day rue  
          G                               D                               Bm     A  
I saw the danger and I passed, along the enchanted way,  
          D                               G                               D     G     D  
and I said: 'Let grief, be a fallen leaf' at the dawning of the day'

Verse 2:   On Grafton Street in November, we tripped lightly along the ledge  
          Of a deep ravine, where can be seen, the worth of passion's pledge  
          The Queen of Hearts, still making tarts, and I not making hay  
          Oh, I loved too much and by such, by such is happiness thrown away

Verse 3:   I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her the secret signs that's known  
          to the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone  
          And word and tint, without stint, I gave her poems to say  
          With her own name there, and her own dark hair, like clouds over fields of May

Verse 4:   On a quiet street, where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now  
          Away from me so hurriedly, my reason must allow  
          That I had loved, not as I should, a creature made of clay  
          When the angel woos the clay, he'd lose, his wings at the dawn of day

# RAMBLES OF SPRING

*Tommy Make*

The image displays four staves of musical notation for guitar, arranged vertically. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The notation consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. Above the staves, a series of chords are indicated: G, C, G, D7, G, C, D7, G, D7, G. The chords are placed above the staves in a way that suggests they are to be played in sequence across the four staves. The first staff contains the first four chords (G, C, G, D7), the second staff contains the next four (G, C, D7, G), the third staff contains the next four (G, C, D7, G), and the fourth staff contains the final four (G, D7, G, and a final G chord at the end of the staff).

Verse 1:

G C G

There's a piercing wintry breeze blowing through the budding trees  
D7

And I button up my coat to keep me warm

G C G

But the days are on the mend and I'm on the road again  
D7 G

With my fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

Chorus:

G C D7  
I've a fine, felt hat and a strong pair of brogues

G D7  
I have rosin in my pocket for me bow

G C D7  
O my fiddle strings are new and I've learned a tune or two

G D7 G  
So, I'm well prepared to ramble and must go

Verse 2: I'm as happy as a king when I catch a breath of spring  
And the grass is turning green as winter ends  
And the geese are on the wing and the thrushes start to sing  
And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

Verse 3: I have friends in every town as I ramble up and down  
Making music at the markets and the fairs  
Through the donkeys and the creels and the farmers making deals  
And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares

Verse 4:    Here's a health to one and all to the big and to the small  
              To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends  
              And when I return again may our foes have turned to friends  
              And may peace and joy be with you until then

# RAMBLING ROVER

Andy M Stewart (1952 – 2015)



D  
Chorus : Oh there's sober men in plenty and drunkards barely twenty  
G D E7 Bm A  
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl  
D  
But gie me a ramblin' rover fae Orkney down to Dover  
G D A7 D  
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

Verse 1 : Well I've roamed throughout the nation delight in all creation  
And enjoyed the wee sensation when the company did prove kind  
And when parting was no pleasure I've drunk another measure  
To the good friends that we treasure for they're always in your mind

Verse 2 : There's many that feign enjoyment of merciless employment  
Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school  
They save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander  
See the world in roving wonder but they're happier as a rule

Verse 3 : If you're bent with arthritis and your bowels have got colitis  
You've galloping bollockitis and you're thinking it's time you died  
If you've been a man of action and you're lying there in traction  
You'll get some satisfaction thinking Christ at least I tried

# RAMBLING SAILOR

(Young Johnson)

*Traditional folk song from England.*



Verse 1: I am a sailor stout and bold, and oft I've sailed the ocean  
I've travelled the country far and near for honour and promotion.  
My shipmates all, I'll bid you adieu I may no longer go along with you.  
I will travel the country through and through, and they call me the rambling sailor.

Verse 2: And if you want to know my name, my name it is Young Johnson.  
I've got a commission from the King to court all girls is handsome.  
With my false heart and flattering tongue I'll court them all both old and young;  
I'll court them all but I marry none and they call me the rambling sailor.

Verse 3: Well first I come to Plymouth town and there were lasses many.  
I boldly stepped unto a one to court her for her money.  
Says I, "My dear, be of good cheer, I will not leave you, do not fear.  
I'll travel the country far and near and they call me the rambling sailor."

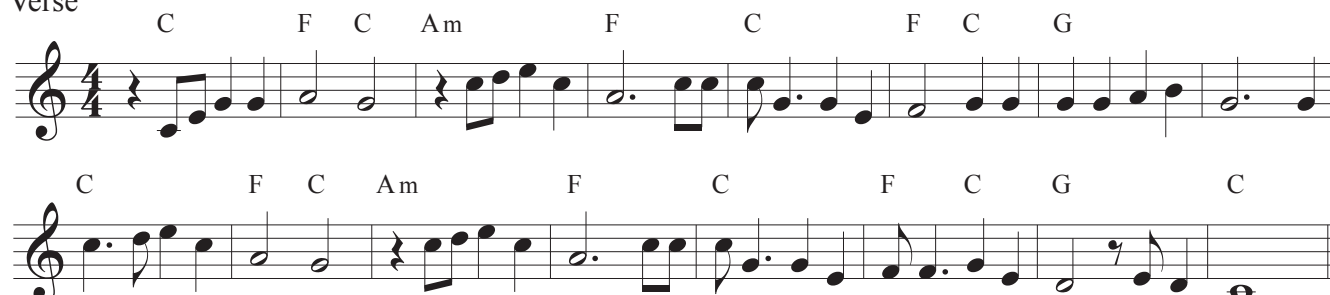
Verse 4: And then I come to Plymouth town and there were lasses many.  
I boldly stepped unto one to court her for her beauty.  
I says, "My gal, what do you choose? here's ale and a wine and a rum punch too.  
Besides a pair of silks I ensure if you travel with the rambling sailor."

Verse 5: And then I rose up with the dawn just as the day was peeping.  
On tiptoe down the stairs I went and I left my love a-sleeping.  
And if she waits until I come she may lie there till the day of the doom;  
I'll court some other girl in their room and they call me the rambling sailor.

# (Dublin In The ) RARE OLD TIMES

Pete St. John

Verse



Chorus



Verse 1:                   C                   F C   Am                   F  
Raised on songs and stories, Heroes of reknown  
                          C                   F C   G                   G7  
The passing tales and glories That once was Dublin town  
                          C                   F C   Am                   F  
The hallowed halls and houses. The haunting children's rhymes  
                          C                   F   C   G   C  
That once was part of Dublin In the rare old times

Chorus:                   C                   F C   Am                   F  
Ring a ring a rosie. As the light declines  
                          C                   F   C   G   C  
I remember Dublin City in the rare old times

Verse 2:                   My name it is Sean Dempsey as Dublin as could be  
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that's ceased to be  
By trade I was a Cooper lost out to redundancy  
Like my house that fell to progress my trade's a memory

Verse 3:                   I courted Peggy Diagam As pretty as you please  
A gentle child of Mary from the rebel liberties  
I lost her to a student chap with skin as black as coal  
When he took her off to Birmingham. she took away my soul

Verse 4:                   The years have made me bitter. The gargle dims me brain  
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing and nothing stays the same  
The Pillar and the Met have gone The Royal long since pulled down  
As the great and unyielding concrete makes a city of my town

Verse 5:                   Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey. I can no longer stay  
And watch the new glass cages that spring up along the quay  
My mind's too full of memories. too old to hear new chimes  
I'm a part of what was Dublin In the rare old times

# RED IS THE ROSE

*Irish Folk Song*  
(As sung by Tommy Makem)



Chorus :      D      Bm      Em      G      A  
Red is the rose by yonder garden grows  
                D      Bm      G      A  
And fair is the lily of the valley  
G      F#m      Em      G      A  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
                D      G      A      D  
But my love is fairer than any.

Verse 1:      D      Bm      Em      G      A  
Come over the hills my bonnie Irish lass  
                D      Bm      G      A  
Come over the hills to your darling  
G      F#m      Em      G      A  
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow  
                D      G      A      D  
And I'll be your true love for ever.

Verse 2:      'T was down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed  
And the moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair,  
And she swore she'd be my love for ever.

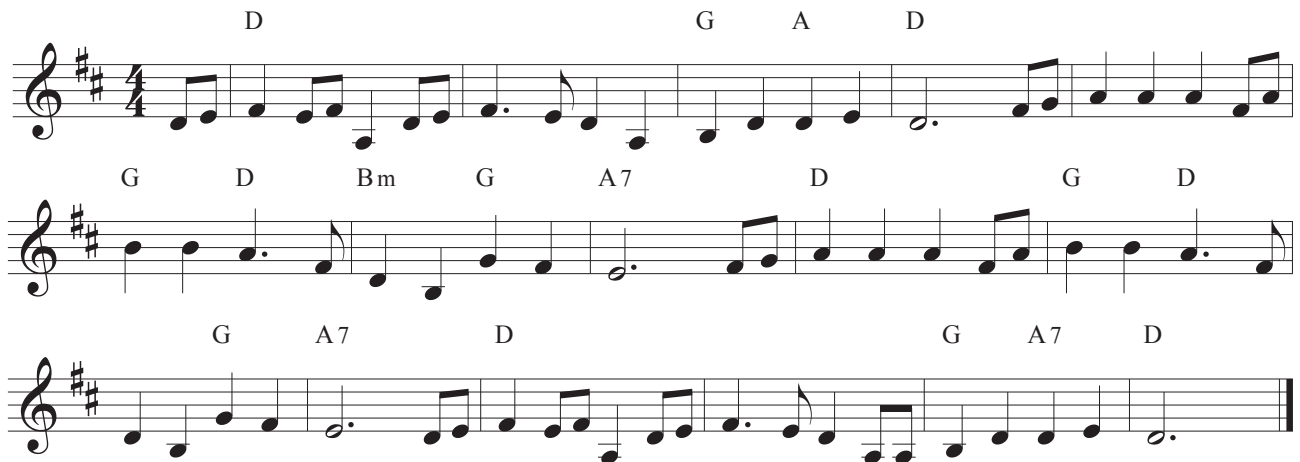
Verse 3:      It's not for the parting of my sister Kate  
It's not for the grief of my mother  
It is all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass  
That my heart is breaking for ever.

# RODDY McCORLEY

*Ethna Carbery (1890s)*

*McCorley was an Irish Nationalist and despite a lack of contemporary evidence of McCorley's actual involvement in the 1798 United Irishmen rebellion at the battle of Antrim, he became a major legendary figure due to the poem written by Ethna Carbery over 100 years after his death.*

*After the rebellion he was arrested, tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged "near the Bridge of Toome"*



Verse 1:

D		G	A	D			
Oh,	See the host of fleet foot men who sped with faces wan						
		G	D	Bm	G	A7	
From farmstead and from fishers cot, along the banks of Bann							
	D		G	D	Bm	G	A7
They come with vengeance in their eyes , too late, too late are they							
	D				G	A	D
For young Roddy McCorley comes to die on the bridge of Toome Today							

Verse 2:    When last this narrow street he trod, his shining pike in hand  
                  Behind him marched in grim array, an earnest stalwart band  
                  For Antrim Town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray  
                  Now young Roddy McCorley comes to die on the bridge of Toome Today

Verse 3:   Up the narrow streets he steps, he's smiling proud and young  
              About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung  
              There was never a tear in his clear blue eyes, both sad and bright are they  
              As young Roddy McCorley comes to die on the bridge of Toome Today

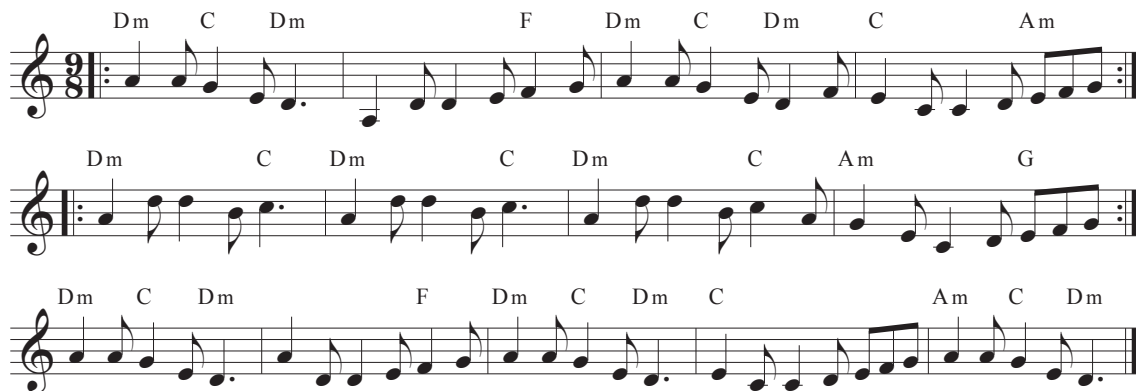
Verse 4:    Because he loved the Motherland, because he loved the Green  
He goes to meet the martyr's fate with proud and joyous mien  
True to the last, true to the last he treads the upward way  
And young Roddy McCorley comes to die on the bridge of Toome Today



# THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

*Irish Folk Song (19th C)*

*Music: Traditional; Words by D.K. Gavan*



Verse 1:

	Dm	C	Dm		F
While in the merry month of May from me home I started,					
Dm	C	Dm	C		Am
Left the girls of Tuam so sad and broken hearted,					
Dm	C	Dm			F
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,					
Dm	C	Dm	C		Am
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,					
Dm		C	Dm		C
Off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,					
Dm			C	Am	G
Cut a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins;					
Dm		C	Dm		C
Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs					
Dm		C	Am		G
Fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.					

Chorus: Dm C Dm  
One, two, three four, five,  
Dm F Dm C Dm  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
C Am C Dm  
All the way to Dublin, whack foll ol li dah !

Verse 2: In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early,  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking;  
Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking.  
See the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'  
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,  
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin:

- Verse 3:        In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
                    To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.  
                    So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;  
                    Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.  
                    Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,  
                    No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'  
                    Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue  
                    Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.
- Verse4:        From there I got away, me spirits never falling,  
                    Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.  
                    The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he;  
                    When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.  
                    Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs,  
                    Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling;  
                    When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead,  
                    Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin.
- Verse 5:        Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,  
                    Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.  
                    Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;  
                    Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.  
                    "Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly.  
                    Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in,  
                    With a load "hurray !" joined in the affray.  
                    We quitely cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

# ROSE OF ALLENDALE

*English Traditional*

*(words written by Charles Jeffreys and the music by Sidney Nelson in the 1830s)*

Verse

G                      C                      G                                      D-D7

Verse 1: Oh, the sky was clear, The morn was fair, no breath came over the sea

G                      C                      G                                      D                      G

When Mary left her highland home and wandered forth with me

G                      C                      D                      G                                      D-D7

Though flowers decked the mountainside and fragrance filled the vale

G                      C                      G                      G                      D                      G

By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allendale

G                      C                      Am                      Em                      D

Chorus: Sweet Rose of Allendale Sweet Rose of Allendale

G                      C                      G                      G                      D                      G

By far the sweetest flower there Was the Rose of Allendale

Verse 2: Where e'er I wandered to east or west though fate began to lour  
 A solace still was she to me in sorrow's lonely hour  
 When tempests wrecked my lonely boat and rent her shivering sail  
 One maiden's form withstood the storm, the Rose of Allendale

Chorus: Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale  
 One maiden's form withstood the storm, Twas the Rose of Allendale

Verse 3: And when my fevered lips were parched on Africa's burning sands  
She whispered hopes of happiness and tales of distant lands  
My life had been a wilderness unblessed by fortune's gale  
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, the Rose of Allendale

Chorus : Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale  
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, Sweet Rose of Allendale

*Allendale is a small market town in south Northumberland, England, serving the wider Allendale valley. It lies approximately 14 kilometres (9 miles) south west of Hexham. The song first appeared in Blake's Young Flutist's Magazine in 1833*



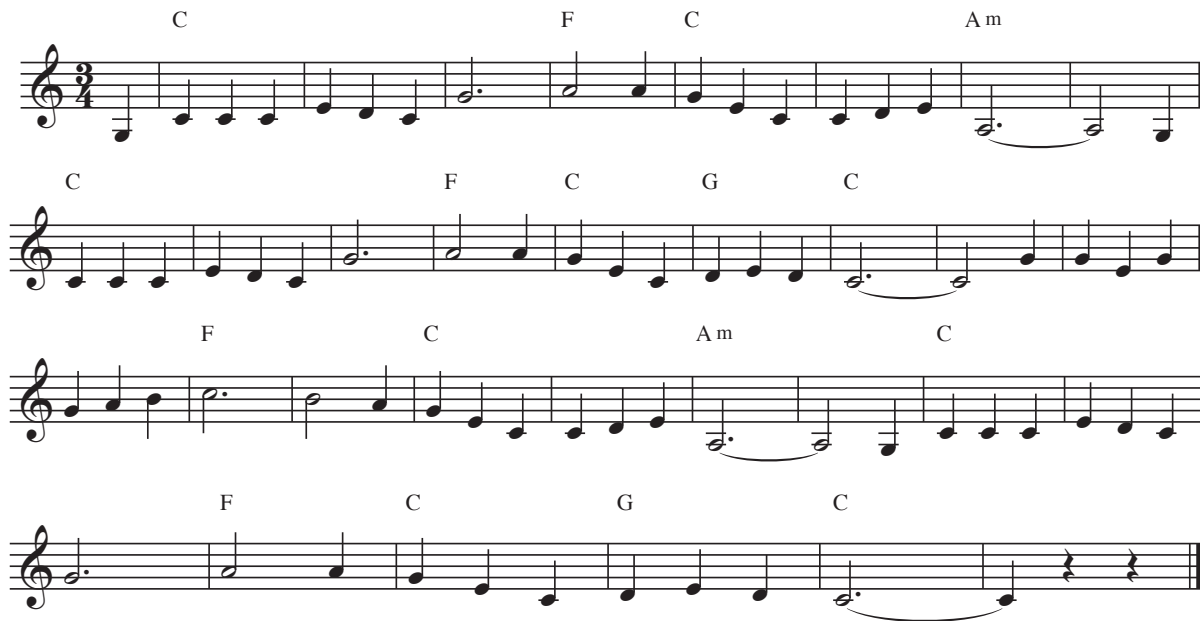
THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

New York: THOMAS BIRCH.  
Published at 35 Canal Street, W. & A. S. 1837.

# ROSIN THE BEAU

## (Rosin The Bow)

*Traditional Irish*



Verse 1:                   C                                   F       C                   Am  
I've traveled all over this world, And now to another I go.  
                                  C                                   F       C                   G       C  
And I know that good quarters are waiting To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:                   C                                   F       C                   Am  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau. To welcome old Rosin the Beau  
                                  C                                   F       C                   G       C  
And I know that good quarters are waiting To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

Verse 2:                   When I'm dead and laid out on the counter A voice you will hear from below,  
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky To drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:                   To drink with old Rosin the Beau. Etc.

Verse 3:                   Then get a half dozen stout fellows And stack them all up in a row  
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles To the memory of Rosin the Beau

Chorus:                   To the memory of Rosin the Beau. Etc.

Verse 4:                   Then get a half dozen stout fellows And let them all stagger and go  
And dig a great hole in the meadow And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:                   And in it put Rosin the Beau. Etc

Verse 5:                   Then get ye a couple of bottles. Put one at me head and me toe.  
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em The name of old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:                   The name of old Rosin the Beau. Etc

Verse 6:                   I feel that old tyrant approaching, That cruel remorseless old foe,  
And I lift up me glass in his honour. Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Chorus:                   Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.. Etc

# SAILOR'S FAREWELL

(Padstow Farewell or The Leaving Shanty)

*Traditional Cornish Sea Shanty*



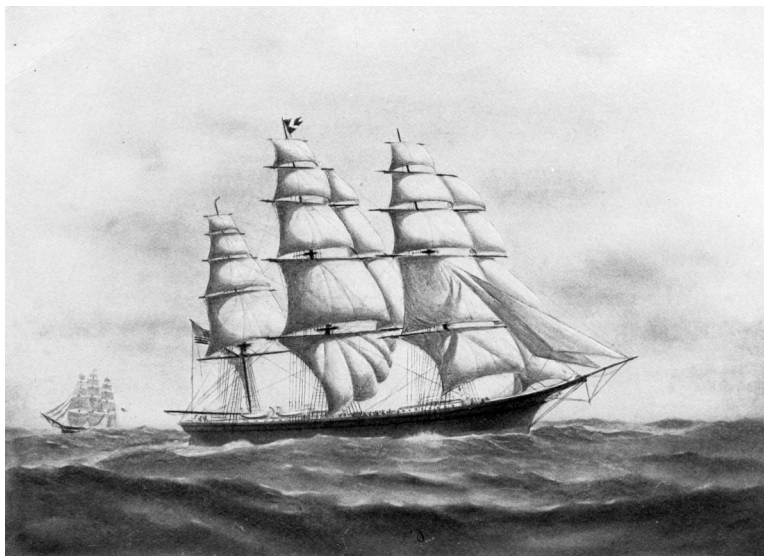
Chorus: *It is time to go now, Haul away your anchor,*  
*Haul away your anchor, 'Tis our sailing time.*

Verse 1: *Get some sail upon her, Haul away your halyards,*  
*Haul away your halyards. 'Tis our sailing time.*

Verse 2: *Get her on her course now, Haul away your foresheets*  
*Haul away your foresheets, 'Tis our sailing time.*

Verse 3: *Waves are surging under, Haul away down Channel,*  
*Haul away down Channel, 'Tis our sailing time.*

Verse 4: *When your sailing's over, Haul away for Heaven,*  
*Haul away for Heaven, God be by your side.*



# SEVEN NIGHTS DRUNK

*Irish song*

*(A version was recorded by Dubliners 1967)*

Verse 1: As I went home on a Monday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
 I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be.  
 I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
 Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?"  
 "Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
 That's a lovely cow that me mother sent to me."  
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
 But a saddle on a milking cow, I never saw before.

Verse 2: As I went home on a Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
 I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be.  
 I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
 Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be?"  
 "Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
 That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me."  
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
 But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.

Verse 3: As I went home on a Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.  
I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be?"  
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure, I never saw before.

Verse 4: As I came home on a Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be.  
I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be?"  
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
They're two geranium flowerpots me mother sent to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But laces on a flower pot I never saw before.

Verse 5: As I came home on a Friday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a head upon the bed where me old head should be.  
I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be?"  
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But ginger whiskers on baby, sure, I never saw before.

Verse 6: As I came home on a Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I spied two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be.  
I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
Whose hands are these upon your breasts where my old hands should be?"  
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
'Tis nothing but a night gown me mother gave to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But fingernails on a night gown sure, I never saw before.

Verse 7: Now when I came home on a Sunday night a little after three,  
I saw a man running out the door with his pants about his knee.  
I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who was that man running out the door with his pants about his knee?"  
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
'Twas just the tax collector the Queen has sent to me."  
Well, it's many a night I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But an Englishman that could last 'til three I never saw before.



# SHANTYMAN

*Modern Sea Shanty (Key D)*

*Bob Watson: The Shanty Crew's 1989 recording, 'Stand To Yer Ground'*

A modern song written in the form of old sea shanties. The shantyman (or chantey man) is the sailor who sings the main line of a sea shanty, with others singing the response or chorus.



D	A7	D	A7	D
Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear,			And away, get away, you shantyman.	
D	G	D	A7	D
Ain't seen a halyard in many's a year,			An' they got no use for a shantyman.	
D	A7	D	A7	D
Slick new fittings are all your style,			And away, get away, you shantyman.	
D	G	D	A7	D
All very clever, but it just ain't right;			An' they got no use for a shantyman.	

D	G	D	A7
Shantyman, oh, shantyman, Who's got a berth for a shantyman?			
D	G	D	A7
Sing you a song of a world gone wrong, When they got no use for a shantyman.			

Levers to jerk and buttons to press.	And away, get away, you shantyman.
And real live sailors they need them less;	An' they got no use for a shantyman.
A floating computer dressed like a ship	And away, get away, you shantyman.
Skippered & crewed by a micro chip.	An' they got no use for a shantyman.

Soon they'll be sailing by remote control,	And away, get away, you shantyman.
An' that'll be pleasing to the owners' souls;	An' they got no use for a shantyman.
They'll send their ships from dock to dock,	And away, get away, you shantyman.
All sat upon their arses in an office block.	An' they got no use for a shantyman.

New-fangled gear's no use to you	And away, get away, you shantyman.
When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses blew;	An' they got no use for a shantyman.
Then's the time for to curse the day	And away, get away, you shantyman.
You sent your shantyman away.	An' they got no use for a shantyman. <sup>13</sup>

A sailor's life it once was hard,  
Laid out aloft on a tops'l yard;  
Now it don't matter if the winds blow high;  
You can take force ten with your feet still dry.

Old-time ways are forgotten and gone,  
For no-one listens to a shantyman's song.  
Things no longer as they used to be;  
It's the knacker's yard for the likes of me.

Listen at night and you might hear  
A ghostly sound on the quiet air;  
Is it a ghost from the distant past,  
Or just a breeze in the radar mast?

*And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.  
And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.*

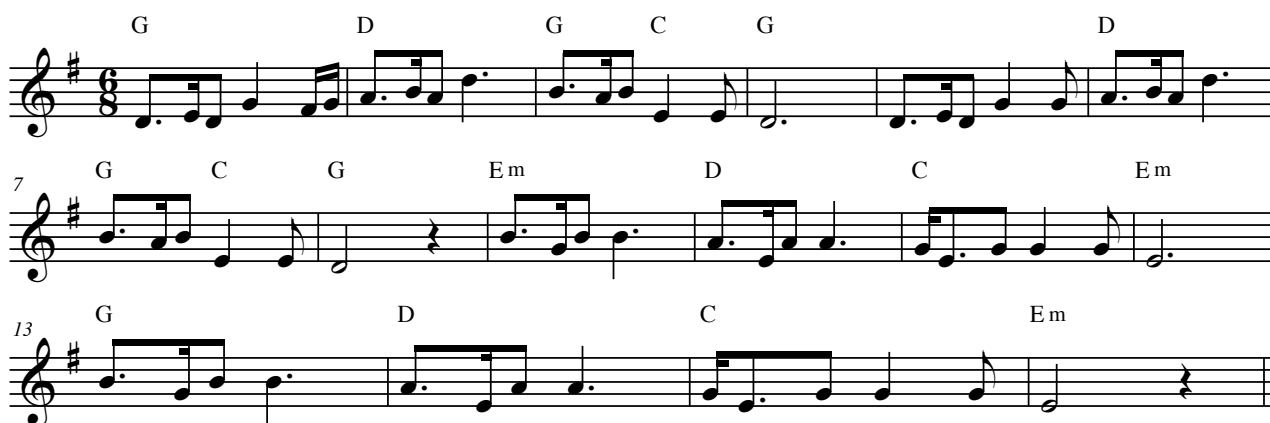
*And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.  
And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.*

*And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.  
And away, get away, you shantyman.  
An' they got no use for a shantyman.*



# SKYE BOAT SONG

*Traditional Scottish (~1880)*



Chorus :      G                                  D  
Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
                 G                  C                  G  
Onward, the sailors cry  
                 G                                  D  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
                 G                  C                  G  
Over the sea to skye

Verse 1 :      Em                                  Am  
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
                 Em                          C                  Em  
Thunder clouds rend the air;  
                 Em                                  Am  
Baffled our foe's stand on the shore  
                 Em                  C                  Em          D  
Follow they will not dare

Verse 2 :    Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep  
                 Ocean's a royal bed  
                 Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
                 Watch by your weary head

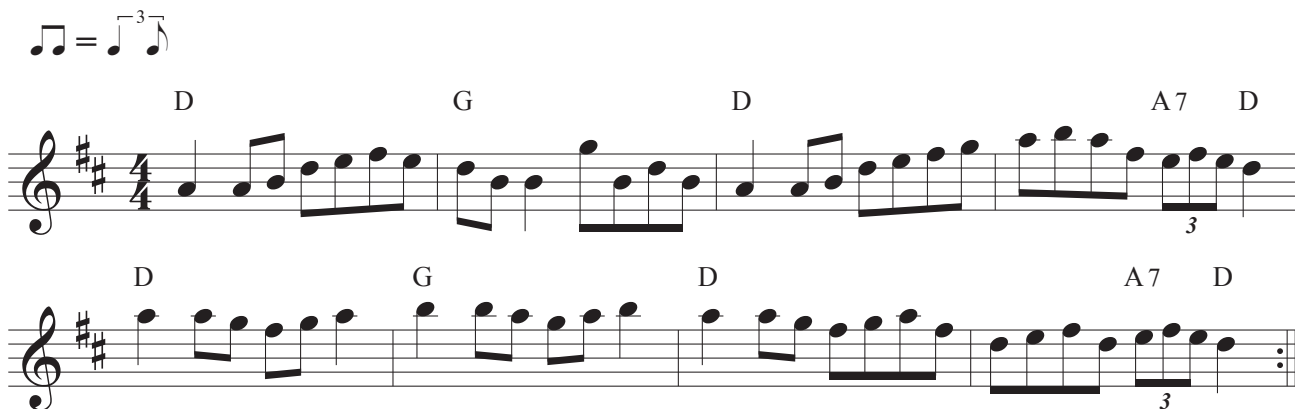
Verse 3:    Many's the lad fought on that day  
                 Well the claymore could wield  
                 When the night came, silently lay  
                 Dead on Culloden's field

Verse 4:    Burned are our homes, exile and death  
                 Scatter the loyal men  
                 Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,  
                 Charlie will come again.

Charles Edward Stewart was defeated by the Duke of Cumberland on Culloden Moor in 1746. Bonnie Prince Charlie, aided by Flora McDonald, escaped to the Isle of Skye and was later taken by a French vessel to Morlaix on the coast of Bretagne

# SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD

*Irish song*  
*(by Derek Warfield - The Wolfe Tones)*



Chorus: D G  
Some say the Devil is dead, Devil is dead, the Devil is dead  
D A7 D  
Some say the Devil is dead and buried in Killarney  
D G  
More say he rose again, more say he rose again  
D A7 D  
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

Verse 1:    Feed the pigs and milk the cow, milk the cow, milk the cow  
               Feed the pigs and milk the cow and early in the morning  
               Cock your leg up Paddy dear, Paddy dear I'm over here  
               Cock your leg up Paddy dear it's time to stop your yawnin'

Verse 2:     Katie she is tall and thin, tall 'n thin, tall 'n thin  
                  Katie she is tall and thin and likes her drops of Brandy  
                  Drinks it in the bed each night, drinks it in the bed each night  
                  Drinks it in the bed each night, it makes her nice and randy

Verse 3:    My man is six foot tall, six foot tall, he's six foot tall  
                  My man is six foot tall and likes his sugar candy  
                  Goes to bed at 6 o'clock, goes to bed at 6 o'clock  
                  Goes to bed at 6 o'clock he's lazy fat and bandy

Verse 4: My wife she has the hairy thing, hairy thing, a hairy thing  
The wife she has a hairy thing she showed to me on Sunday  
She bought it in a furrier shop, a furrier shop, a furrier shop

# SKYSCRAPER WEAN

## (Jeely Piece Song)

Adam MacNaughton



Verse 1:

	D	A7
I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,		
	D	
But I'm no gaun oot to play ony mair,		
G		D
Since we moved to Castlemilk, I'm wasting away,		
	A7	D
'Cause I'm getting wan meal less every day.		

Chorus: O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,  
Seven-hundred hungry weans'll testify to that,  
If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,  
The odds against it reaching earth and ninety-nine to wan.

Verse 2:      On the first day my maw flung out a daud o' Hovis broon.  
                  It came skyting oot the winda and went up insteid o' doon,  
                  Noo every twenty-seven hoors it comes back intae sight,  
                  'Cause ma piece went intae orbit and became a satellite.

Verse 3:        One the second day my maw flung me a piece oot wance again.  
                      It went and hit the pilot in a fast, low-flying plane.  
                      He scraped it off his goggles, shouting through the intercom:  
                      'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!'

Verse 4:      One the third day my maw thought she would try another throw.  
                  The Salvation Army band was staunin' doon below.  
                  'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the piece they should have played,  
                  But the oompah-man was playing a piece an' marmalade.

Verse 5: We've wrote away tae Oxfam to try and get some aid,  
And a' the weans in Castlemilk have formed a "Piece" brigade;  
We're going to march to George's Square, demanding civil rights,  
Like 'Nae mair hooses over piece-throwing height!'

## **Glossary**

Wean	Child
Pieces	Sandwiches
Jeely	Jam
Breid	Bread
Flair	Floor
Gaun	Going
Ony mair	Any more
Daud	lump or chunk of something
Hovis	A brand of bread
Clydeside Red	A political militant movement in glasgow in early 20th C
Staunin'	Standing
Doon	Down
Hoose	House
Oor	Our
Oot	Out

# SOUND THE PIBROCH

Agnes Maxwell MacLeod (1783–1879)

The phrase “tha tighin fodham” is Scots Gaelic, pronounced ‘ha cheen fo-um’, It means "It is my wish". The Battle of Colloden , April 16th 1746, lasted 45 minutes and the clans led by Prince Charles Edward Stewart, ‘Bonnie Prince Charlie’ armed with the double edged broad swords, *the claymores*, were wiped out by the British who had superior military equipment.

The pipers led the clans into battle and those left after the battle played the Pibrochs - a lament for the passing.

*Verse*

*Chorus*

Verse 1:      D                      G              D  
 Sound the pibroch loud and high  
                  D                                      G              D  
 Frae John o' Groats tae the Isle o' Skye  
                  D                                      G  
 Let every clan their slogan cry  
                  D                      A              D  
 Rise and follow Charlie

Chorus:      D  
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
 (*Ha cheen fo-um , fo-um, fo-um,*)  
                  A  
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
                  D                      F#m              G  
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
                  D                      A              D  
 Rise and follow Charlie

Verse 2:      See that small devoted band  
 By dark Loch Shiel they've made their stand  
 And bravely vowed wi' heart and hand  
 To rise and follow Charlie

Verse 3:      From every hill and every glen  
 Are gatherin' fast the loyal men  
 They grasp their dirks and shout again  
 Hurrah for Royal Charlie

Verse 4: On dark Culloden's field of gore  
Hark they shout Claymore, Claymore  
They bravely fight what can they more  
Than die for Royal Charlie

Verse 5: Now on the barren heath they lie  
Their Funeral Dirge the eagle's cry  
Mountain breezes o'er them sigh  
Wha' fought and died for Charlie

Verse 6: No more we'll see such deeds again  
Deserted is each Highland glen  
And lonely cairns are o'er the men  
Who fought and died for Charlie

Verse 7: Sound the pibroch loud and high  
Frae John o' Groats tae the Isle o' Skye  
Let every clan their slogan cry  
Rise and follow Charlie





# SPANCIL HILL

Traditional Irish Folk Ballad.  
Michael Considine (1850–73)

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree" in 3/4 time. The score is written on four staves, each containing a melody line. The chords indicated above the staves are Dm, C, F, and Dm. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final measure ending in a double bar line and repeat dots. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

Dm                      C                      Dm

Verse : Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
F                      C  
Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly  
Dm                      F                      C  
I stepped on board a vision, and I followed with a will  
Dm                      C                      Dm  
'Til next I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill

Verse 2: It being on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came, their duty to fulfill  
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill

Verse 3: I went to see me neighbours, to see what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning gray  
But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still  
Ah, he used to mend me britches when I lived in Spancil Hill

Verse 4: I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
She's as white as any lily, gentle as a dove  
And she threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny, I love you still"  
As she's Nell the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spencil Hill

Verse 5: I dreamed I held and kissed her as in the days of yore  
Ah Johnny, you're only jokin', as many's the time before  
Then the cock, he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill  
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill

# SPANISH LADY

## Traditional Irish

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. The score is written for guitar and bass. The guitar part is in the treble clef, and the bass part is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various guitar chords (G, C, D7, Em) and a bass line. The guitar part features a repeating melodic motif in the first system, followed by a more complex arrangement in the second system. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment, with a prominent bass line in the third system. The score concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

Verse 1: G C G D7  
As I went down through Dublin City at the hour of twelve at night  
G C G D7  
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her feet by candlelight  
G Em G D7  
First she washed them, then she dried them over a fire of amber coals  
G Em C G D7  
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as that lady

*Chorus:*

G	C	G	D7				
Whack for the tooralooraladdy,	whack for the tooralooralay						
G	C	G	D7	G	Em	G	Em
Whack for the tooralooraladdy,	whack for the tooralooralay						

Verse 2: As I came back through Dublin City at the hour of half past eight  
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady brushing her hair in the broad daylight,  
First she tossed it, then she brushed it on her lap was a silver comb  
In all my life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.

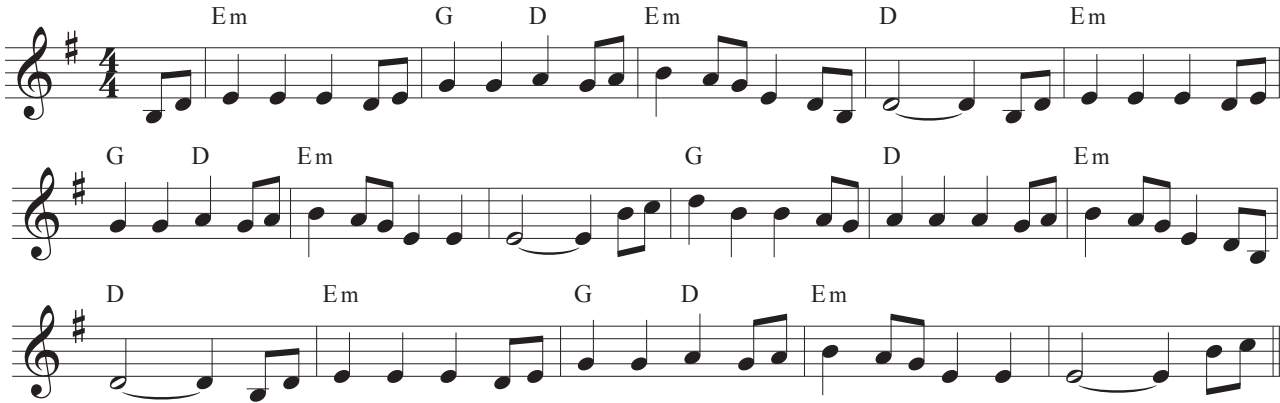
Verse 3: As I went back through Dublin City as the sun began to set  
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady catching a moth in a golden net,  
When she saw me, then she fled me lifting her petticoat over her knees  
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

Verse 4: I've wandered north and I've wandered south through Stonybatter and Patrick's close  
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond, and back by Napper Tandy's house  
Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals,  
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.

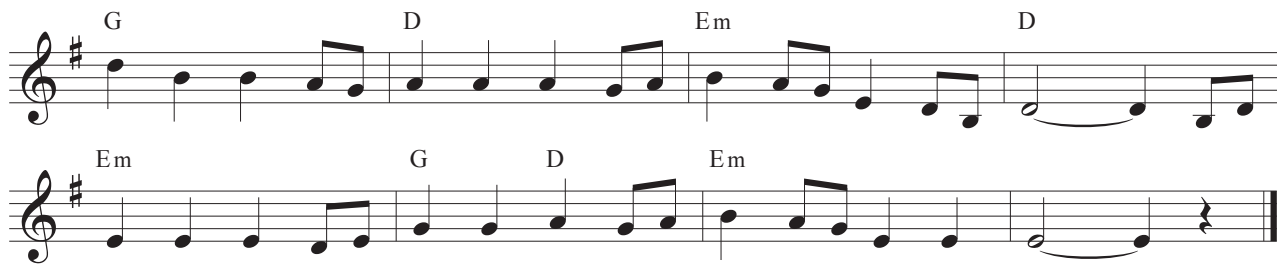
# STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

*Cathal MacGarvey (1866–1927)*

verse



Chorus



Verse 1:           Em                           G   D           Em           D  
In Bambridge Town in the County Down one morning last July  
                  Em                           G   D           Em           D           Em  
From a bóithrín green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by  
                  G                           D                           Em                           D  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut brown hair  
                  Em                           G   D           Em           D           Em  
Such a coaxing elf sure I shook myself for to see I was really there

Chorus           G                           D                           Em                           D  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin town  
                  Em                           G   D           Em           D           Em  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down

Verse 2:   As she onward sped , sure I scratched my head and I looked with a feeling rare  
          And I says says I to a passer by who's the girl with the nut brown hair  
          He smiled at me and he says says he "That's the gem of Ireland's crown ,  
          It's Rose McCann from the banks of the Bann , she's the star of the County Down"

Verse 3:   I've traveled a bit but was never smit since my roving career began.  
          But fair and square, I surrendered there to the charms of Rose McCann.  
          I'd a heart to let, and no tenant yet had I met in a shawl or gown.  
          But in she went, and I asked no rent from the Star of the County Down.

Verse 4:   At the harvest fair 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 form my nut brown Rose  
          No pipe I'll smoke no horse I'll yoke til my plough turns a rust coloured brown  
          Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down

# STEAL AWAY

*Phil Coulter*

*First recorded by The Furey Brothers and Davy Arthur - 1983*

(verse)

(chorus)

Chorus:      C      G                  C                  F      Dm   G  
 Steal away lets steal away,   no reason left to stay  
                  C      G                  C                  F      G      C  
 For me and you lets start a new   and darling steal away

Verse 1:                  C      G                  C  
 Let's steal away and chase our dreams  
                  F                  Dm   G  
 And hope they'll never find us  
                  C      G                  C  
 The dreary days, the empty nights  
                  F                  G      C  
 We'll leave them all behind us

Verse 2:   We'll leave behind the city streets  
 The gloom, the desolation  
 The rain, the cold, the growing old  
 O God, it's a hard old station

Verse 3:   We'll leave with just our memories  
 And make them see beginning  
 We have to chose to win or lose  
 Since time has passed away

# THE TOWN OF BALLYBAY

*Irish Folk Song*

*Ballybay is a town in County Monaghan, Ireland*



Verse 1: In the town of Ballybay, there was a lassie dwelling  
I knew her very well and her story's worth the telling  
Her father kept a still and he was a good distiller  
But when she took to the drinkin', sure the devil wouldn't fill her

Chorus:      C                      Am              C                      G7  
With me Ring-a-ding-a-dum, me ring-a-ding-a-daddy  
                 C                      Am              G                      C  
Me Ring-a-ding-a-dum, whack fol the daddy o

Verse 2: She had a wooden leg that was hollow down the middle  
She used to tie a string on it and play it like a fiddle  
She fiddled in the hall and she fiddled in the alleyway  
She didn't give a damn, for she had to fiddle anyway

Verse 3: She said she couldn't dance, unless she had her wellies on  
But when she had it on, she could dance as well as anyone  
She wouldn't go to bed, unless she had her shimmy on  
But when she had it on, she would go as quick as anyone

Verse 4: She had lovers by the score, every Tom and Dick and Harry  
She was courted night and day, but still she wouldn't marry  
But then she fell in love with a fellow with a stammer  
When he tried to run away, well she hit him with a hammer

Verse 5: She had children up the stairs, she had children by the byre  
And another ten or twelve, sitting roaring by the fire  
She fed them on potatoes and on soup she made with nettles  
And lumps of hairy bacon that she boiled up in the kettle

Verse 6: She led a sheltered life, eating porridge and black pudding  
And she terrorised her man, until he died quite sudden  
And when her husband died, well she wasn't very sorry  
She rolled him in a bag and she threw him in a quarry



# THE WARK O' THE WEAVERS

*Scottish Traditional*

*David Shaw of Forfar (1776 – 1856)*

Verse

9

Chorus

17

25

G C G

Verse 1: We're a met thegither here tae sit an tae craic

D7

Wi oor glesses in oor hands, an oor wark upon oor back

G C G

For there's no a trade amang them a' can either mend or mak

D7 G

Gin it wasna for the wark o the weavers.

G D Em Bm

Chorus: If it wasna for the weavers, what wad they do?

C G C G D7

They wadna hae claith made oot o oor woo,

G C G

They wadna hae a coat neither black nor blue

D7 G

Gin it wasna for the wark o the weavers

Verse 2: There's some folk independent o ither tradesmen's wark,  
 For women need nae barber an dykers need nae clerk  
 But there's no ane o them but needs a coat an a sark  
 Na, they canna want the wark o the weavers

Verse 3: There's smiths an there's wrights an there's mason chiels an a'  
 There's doctors an there's meenisters an them that live by law  
 An oor freens that bide oot ower the sea in Sooth America  
 An they a' need the wark o the weavers

Verse 4: Oor sodgers an oor sailors, od, we mak them a' bauld,  
 For gin they hadna claes, faith, they couldna fecht for cauld,  
 The high an low, the rich an puir – a'body young an auld,  
 They a' need the wark o the weavers

Verse 5: So the weavin is a trade that never can fail  
 Sae lang's we need ae cloot tae haud anither hale,  
 Sae let us a' be merry ower a bicker o guid ale,  
 An drink tae the health o the weavers.

**Word meanings:**

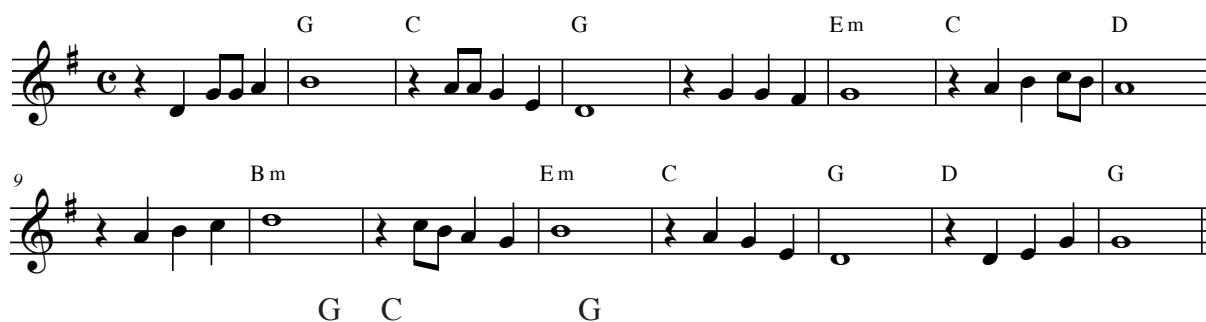
Craic: a term for news, gossip, fun,  
 Ae: one  
 Bauld: bold  
 Bicker: wooden beaker  
 Chiels: chaps, boys  
 Cloot: cloth  
 Fecht: fight  
 Gin: if  
 Hale: whole

Haud: keep  
 Od: exclamation, polite version of 'God'.  
 Puir: poor  
 Sark: shirt  
 Thegither : together  
 Want: do without  
 Wark: work  
 Woo : wool  
 Wrights: carpenters



# THE WATER IS WIDE

*Scottish Traditional*



Verse 1: The water is wide, I cannot get o'er.  
Neither do I have wings to fly.  
Build me a boat that can carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

Verse 2: A ship there is and she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not so deep as the love I'm in  
I know not if I sink or swim

Verse 3: I leaned my back up against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
So did my love prove false to me

Verse 4: Oh love be handsome and love be kind  
Gay as a jewel when first it's new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the morning dew

Verse 5: Must I go bound while you go free  
Must I love a man who doesn't love me  
Must I be born with so little art  
As to love a man who'll break my heart

Verse 6: The water is wide and I can't cross over  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Build me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row my love and I

# WESTERING HOME

*Scottish - Hugh Robertson (1920's)*

Chorus

6

Verse

11

G  
Chorus: Westering home and a song in the air  
C G C D  
Light in the eye and its goodbye to care  
G  
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there  
D C G  
Isle of my heart, my own one

G D  
Verse 1: Tell me a tale of the Orient gay  
G C D  
Speak o' riches and joys o' Cathay  
G D  
Ah but it's grand to be waken ilk day  
G D C G  
And find oneself nearer to Islay

Verse 2: Where are the folks like the folk o' the west?  
Canty and couthy and kindly, our best  
There I would hie me and there I would rest  
At hame wi' my own folk in Islay

Verse 3: Now I'm at home and at home I do lay  
Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay  
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way  
And bring back my fortune to Islay

Words:

**Ilk:** each. **Canty:** neat or trim. **Couthy:** homely, simple, unpretentious. **Hie:** hurry

# WHATEVER YOU SAY, SAY NOTHING

*Irish song*  
(by Colum Sands 1980)

Chorus: D A7 D  
 Whatever you say, say nothing when you talk about you know what  
 E7 A7  
 For if you know who should hear you, you know what you'd get  
 G D  
 For they'd take you off to you know where for you wouldn't know how long  
 D A7 D  
 So for you know who's sake don't let anyone hear you singing this song

Verse 1;    Now you all know what I'm speaking of, when I mention you know what  
And I fear it's very dangerous, to even mention that  
For the other it is always near, although you may not see  
But if anyone asks who told you that, please don't mention me

Verse 2:    And you all know who I'm speaking of, when I mention you know who  
                 And if you know who could hear me, you know what he'd do  
                 So if you don't see me around, you'll know why I'm away  
                 But if anyone asks you where I've gone, here's what you must say

Verse 3: Well that's enough about so and so, not to mention such and such  
I'd better end my song now, sure I've already said too much  
For the less you say, the less you hear, and the less you'll go astray  
And the less you think, the less you do, and the more you'll hear them say

# WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

## (Will Ye Go, Lassie Go?)

*Francis McPeake*

*Scottish Traditional song based on "The Braes of Balquhither" by Robert Tannahill( 1774-1810 )*

Verse

D                      G    D                      G                      D

Verse 1: Oh the summer time is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming

G   D                      Bm                      Em                      G                      D   G    D

And the wild mountain thyme grows around the purple heather. Will ye go, lassie go?

G    D                      G    D                      Bm

Chorus : And we'll all go together to pluck wild mountain thyme

Em                      G                      D   G    D

All around the bloomin' heather. Will ye go, lassie go?

Verse 2: I will build my love a bower by yon crystal flowing fountain

And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain. Will ye go, lassie go?

Verse 3: I will build my love a shelter on yon high mountain green

And my love shall be the fairest that the summer sun has seen. will ye go, lassie go?

Verse 4: If my true love will not go I can surely find another

Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the purple heather. will ye go, lassie go?

# WHISKEY IN THE JAR

*Irish traditional*

Verse

C A m F

7 C A m C A m

13 F C A m Chorus G

19 C F C G C

C A m  
Verse 1: As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,  
F C A m  
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',  
C A m  
I first produced my pistol, and I than produced my rapier,  
F C A m  
Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

G C  
Chorus: Musha ring-um doo dum da, whack for the daddy ol',  
F C G C  
Whack for the daddy ol', there's whiskey in the jar.

Verse 2: I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny,  
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,  
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

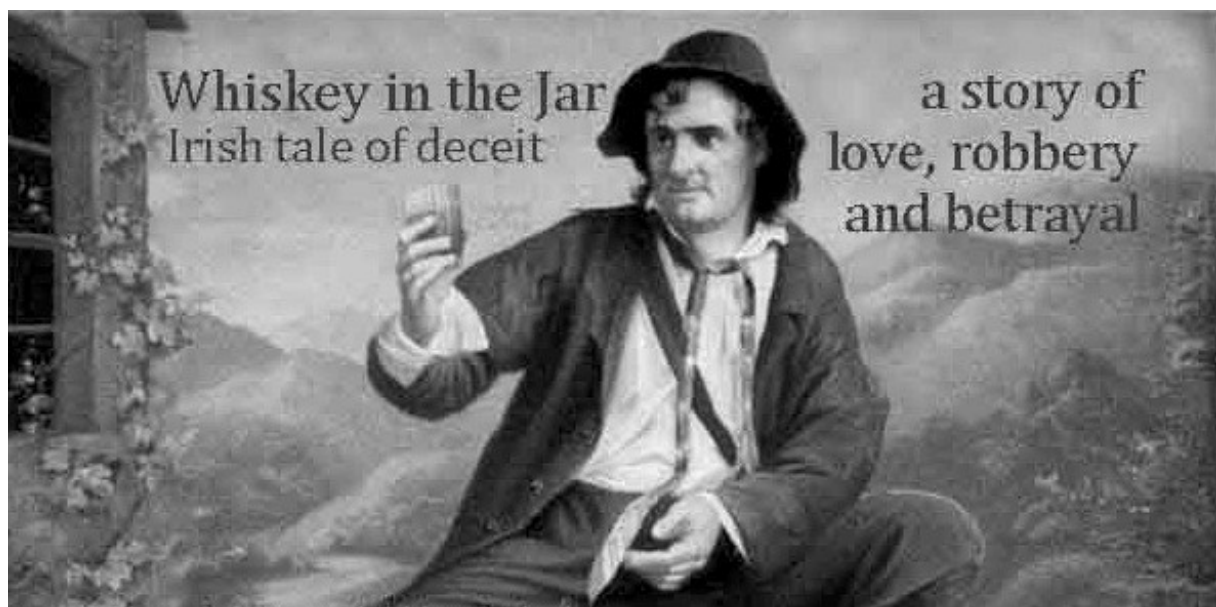
Verse 3: I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

Verse 4: 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,  
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Verse 5: Now 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

Verse 6: Now some men like the fishing and some men like fowling  
And some men like to hear the cannonball a-roaring  
Me, I like sleeping, especially in my Molly's chamber  
But here I am in prison. Here I am with a ball and chain yeah,

Verse 7: If anyone can aid me 'tis my 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 roving in Kilkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a-sporting Jenny.



# WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN

*Traditional Scottish folk tune; Lyrics by Lady Carolina Nairne  
(1766 - 1845 ).*



Verse 1: C F C  
Bonnie Charlie's noo awa  
C G  
Safely o'er the friendly main;  
C F C  
He'rts will almost break in twa,  
C G C  
Should he no come back again.

Chorus: C  
Will ye no' come back again ?  
F C G  
Will ye no' come back again ?  
C F C  
Better lo'ed ye canna be;  
G C  
Will ye no' come back again?

Verse 2: Ye trusted in your Hielan men,  
They trusted you dear Charlie!  
They kent your hiding in the glen,  
Death and exile braving.

Verse 3: English bribes were a' in vain  
Tho puir and puirer we mun be;  
Siller canna buy the heart  
That aye beats warm for thine an thee.

Verse 4: We watched thee in the gloamin hour;  
We watched thee in the mornin grey;  
Though thirty thousand pounds they gie,  
Oh, there is nane that would betray!

Verse 5: Sweet's the laverock's note an lang,  
Liltin wildly up the glen;  
But aye to me he sings a sang,  
"Will ye no come back again?"

# YE JACOBITES BY NAME

*Scottish Traditional ~ 1797*

*Words by Robert Burns*

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Above the melody, guitar chords are indicated: Em, G, D, Em, Bm in the first line; Em, G, D, Em, Bm in the second line; and Em, D, Em, Bm, Em in the third line. The music begins with a single eighth note on G4, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes, and concludes with a half note on G4.

Em                      G                      D

Chorus: Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear

Em                  Bm                  Em

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear

G                      D

Ye Jacobites by name Your faults I will proclaim

Em                  Bm                  Em                  D

Your doctrines I maun blame, you will hear, you will hear

Em                  Bm                  Emn

Your doctrines I maun blame, you will hear

Verse 1:    What is right, what is wrong, by the law, by the law  
               What is right, and what is wrong, by the law  
               What is right, what is wrong    The weak arm and the strong  
               The short sword and the long, for to draw, for to draw  
               The short sword and the long, for to draw

Verse 2:    What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar  
               What makes heroic strife, famed afar  
               What makes heroic strife      To whet th' assassin's knife  
               And haunt a Parent's life, wi' bloody war, wi' bloody War  
               And haunt a parent's life, wi' bloody war

Verse 3:    So let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state  
               Let your schemes alone, in the state  
               Let your schemes alone Adore the rising sun  
               And leave a man undone to his fate, to his fate  
               And leave a man undone to his fate



