



Irish and Scottish Songs

adapted for Guitar and Singing

AND

Sea Shanties



Compiled December 2007

Updated March 2009

Table of Contents

Irish and Scottish Songs

Song	Page
1. Black is the Colour	6
2. All for Me Grog	7
3. Drunken Sailor	8
4. Rosin the Beau	10
5. Whiskey in the Jar	11
6. Wild Rover	12
7. Unicorn Song	13
8. Spanish Lady	15
9. Jug of Punch	16
10. Irish Rover	18
11. The Sick Note	19
12. Mull of Kintyre	20
13. Whiskey You're the Devil	21
14. Finnegans Wake	23
15. Bucket of Mountain Dew	24
16. Three Drunken Maidens	25
17. Buxom Lass	26
18. Still Gonna Die	27
19. The Parting Glass	28
20. The Holy Ground	29
21. The Jolly Tinker	30
22. Paddy's Lament	31
23. Irish Volunteer	33
24. The Opinions of Paddy Magee	35
25. The Boy's of the Irish Brigade	36
26. The Green Fields of France	37
27. Health to the Company	39
28. Caledonia	40
29. Black Velvet Band	41
30. Black Velvet Band (alternate version)	42
31. The Minstrel Boy	43
32. Tippin' it up to Nancy	44
33. Kelly the Boy from Killarn	45
34. Awa Whigs Awa	46
35. The Song for Ireland	47
36. The Girl I left Behind	48
37. Star of the County Down	49
38. Wild Mountain Tyme	50
39. Sally Gardens	51
40. Red is the Rose	52
41. A-Rovin	53

42. Yarmouth Town	54
43. Molly Malone	56
44. Some Say the Devil is Dead	57
45. The Lakes of Pontchartrain	58
46. The Leaving of Liverpool	61
47. Lord of the Dance	62
48. Donald Where's Your Trousers	63
49. Midnight on the Water	64
50. Wrecked Again	65
51. Drink it up Men	66
52. Jolly Beggarman	67
53. Arthur McBride	68
54. Arthur McBride (Version 2)	69
55. Plains of Kildare	71
56. Farewell to Nova Scotia	73
57. Big Strong Man	74
58. Dirty Old Town	76
59. Lilly the Pink	77
60. Rare Ol' Times	78
59. Hills of Connemara	79

Table of Contents

Sea Shanties

Song	Page
1. Whiskey is the Life of Man	81
2. Barrett's Privateers	82
3. Pirate Song	83
4. Mingulay Boat Song	84
5. Santiano	85
6. Leave Her Johnny Leave Her	86
7. Leave Her, Johnny Leave Her More Verses – Alternate Versions	87
8. Heave Away / Cape Cod Girls / Bound for Australia	89
9. Heave Away	91
10. Away Rio	92
11. Donkey Riding	94
12. Let the Bullgine Run	95
13. Herzogin Cecile	96
14. Nancy Whiskey	97
15. Sally Ratchet	98
16. Rolling Down to old Maui	99
17. Old Maui Version 2	100
18. Rolling Down to old Mohee	101
19. Rolling Down to Old Maui	102
20. Rolling Home	103
21. Roll the Woodpile Down	104
22. New York Girls	105

This Page Blank

BLACK IS THE COLOUR

(Capo 3rd Fret)

Am **F** **G** **Am**
Black is the colour of my true love's hair.
 F **G** **Am**
 Her lips are like some roses fair
F **G** **Am**
She had the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
 F **G** **Am**
And I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
I wish the day it soon would come
When she and I could be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I ne'er can be
I write her a letter just a few short lines
And suffer death a thousand times

Black is the colour of my true love's hair.
 Her lips are like some roses fair
She had the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon she stands.

All For Me Grog

Chorus (and first verse)

D Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
G **D**
It's all for me beer and tobacco
A7
D For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
G **D**
G **A7** **D**
Far across the western ocean I must wander

2. Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Chorus

3. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

Chorus

4. Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and the mattress is all wore
And the springs are looking out for better whether.

Chorus

5. Well I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since I came ashore with me plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches
And I'll think I'll make a path for way out yonder

Chorus

6. Where is me wench, me noggin' noggin' wench
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her (clap) is all worn out and her (clap) is knocked about
And her (clap) is looking out for better whether.

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

Drunken Sailor

Note that "early" is often pronounced as "earl-eye."

Chords: Em, D

Intro

What shall we do with a drunken sailor, (3x)
Early in the morning?

Chorus

(Wey-hey or Heave-ho) and up she rises, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Verses

Put him in the [longboat](#) 'til he's sober, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Give 'im a dose of salt and water, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him in the [scuppers](#) with a [hosepipe](#) on him, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Heave him by the leg in a [running bowline](#), (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Shave his "blade" with a rusty razor, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him in the longboat and make him bail 'er, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him into bed with the captain's daughter, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Have you ever seen the captain's daughter, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Soak 'im in oil 'till he sprouts flippers, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Tie him to the [taffrail](#) when she's [yardarm](#) under, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Outro

That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Drunken Sailor

Other Versus:

Spray him with whiskey and light him on fire, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Take him and shake him and try to wake him, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Pull out the plug and wet him all over, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Hit 'im on the head with a broken hammer, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Spray him with alcohol and light him on fire, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him in charge of an [Exxon tanker](#), (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

[Keelhaul](#) him, keelhaul him (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Slap him around and call him Suzie, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him in the back of the [paddywagon](#), (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Put him in his bunk with his pants on backwards, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Send him down to Davy Jones locker, (3x)
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Rosin the Beau

words and music Traditional

D
I've traveled all over this world,
Bm
And now to another I go.
D
And I know that good quarters are waiting
G D A D
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
G
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
D Bm
To welcome old Rosin the Beau
D
And I know that good quarters are waiting
G D A D
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

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.

To drink with old Rosin the Beau". (x2)
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky
To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

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

To the memory of Rosin the Beau (x2)
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Beau

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.

And in it put Rosin the Beau. (x2)
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Beau.

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.

The name of old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

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.

Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
And I lift up me glass in his honour.
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Wild Rover

words and music traditional

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

Chorus

D D7 And it's no, nay, never
G D No, nay, never, no more,
G C Will I play the rover
G D G Nay never, no more.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus
Repeat First Verse
Chorus (2x)

The Unicorn Song

words and music Shel Silverstein, new verse Andrew McKee (CAPO on First Fret Key F)

E **B7**
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
E
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
A
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
E **B7** **E**
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn

E **B7**
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
B7 **E**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
A
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
E **B7** **E**
The loveliest of all was the unicorn

The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"
He says, "Hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do
Build me a floating zoo,
and take some of those..."

Green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
Don't you forget My unicorns

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started to fall
He marched the animals two by two
And he called out as they came through
Hey Lord,

I've got green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn
I just can't find no unicorns"

And Noah looked out through the driving rain
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
Oh, them silly unicorns
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is falling
And we just can't wait for no unicorns"

The Unicorn Song

The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
You're never gonna see no unicorns

[New Lyrics]

Now you might think this is the ending to the song,
But I'll have to tell you friends that in fact your wrong
You see, Unicorns are magical, so when the rain started pouring,
They grew themselves some wings and they took to soaring.

You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
But if you're looking for the unicorns, don't be forlorn,
The second star to the right and straight on until morning.

SPANISH LADY

(Capo 2nd Fret – Key: A)

G **Em**
As I went down to Dublin city,
C **D**
At the hour of twelve at night,
G **Em**
Who should I see but a Spanish lady,
C **D**
Washing her feet by candlelight.
G **Em**
First she washed them, then she dried them
G **Em** **D**
Over a fire of amber coal,
G **Em**
In all my life I ne'er did see
C **D**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

G **Em**
Whack fol the toora, toora lady
C **D**
Whack fol the foora loora lay

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.

Chorus

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 knee
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so shy as the Spanish lady.

Chorus

I've wandered north and I've wandered south
Through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around 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. **Chorus**

Jug Of Punch

D
One evening in the month of June
A **D**
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
G
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D **G** **A7** **D**
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
A **D**
too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
G
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D **G** **A7** **D**
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."

What more diversion can a man desire?
Than to sit him down by an alehouse fire
Upon his knee a pretty wench
Aye And upon the table a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Upon his knee a pretty wench
Aye And on the table a jug of punch.

Let the doctors come with all their art
They'll make no impression upon my heart
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

And if I get drunk, well, me money's me own
And them don't like me they can leave me alone

I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T oo ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Mull of Kintyre

Intro: A A A A

A D A
Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea
D
My desire is always to be here
A
Oh Mull of Kintyre

A (bass:A B C#)
Far have I travelled, and much have I seen
D A
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green
A (bass:A B C#)
Past painted deserts, the sunset's on fire
D E E7 A
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

CHORUS

A A A A
(KEY CHANGE:) D D G G D D G G D D D D

D (bass: D E F#)
Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen
G D
Carry me back to the days I knew then
D
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
G A A7 D
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

D G D
Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea
G
My desire is always to be here
D
Oh Mull of Kintyre

D D A A D D A A

(Return to original key)

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain
Still take me back where my memories remain
Flickering embers grow higher and higher
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

CHORUS

2nd CHORUS (KEY CHANGE)

(Fade out on) D A D A D A

Whisky, You're the Devil

Chorus

G
Whiskey you're the devil
 C **G**
You're leading me astray
C **G** **A7** **D**
Over the hills and mountains and to Americae
 G
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter,
 C
You're spunkier than tae
 G **D G**
Oh, whiskey you're my darlin' drunk or sober

Verses

G
Oh now, brave boys, we're on the march
 D
And off to Portugal and Spain
 C **G**
The drums are beating, banners flying
 A7 **D**
The devil a-home will come tonight
G **D** **G**
Love, fare thee well, with me
G
Tithery eye the doodelum da
 D
Me tithery eye, the doodelum the da
 C **G**
Me rikes fall tour a laddie
 D **G**
Oh there's whiskey in the jar

The French are fighting boldly
Men dying hot and coldly
Gives every man his flask of powder
His farlock on his shoulder
Love, fare thee well with me

Tithery eye the doodelum da
Me tithery eye, the doodelum the da
Me rikes fall tour a laddie
Oh there's wiskey in the jar

Said the mother, Do not wrong me
Don't take my daughter from me
For if you do, I will torment you
And after death a ghost will haunt you
Love, fare thee well with me
Tithery eye the doodelum da
Me tithery eye, the doodelum the da
Me rikes fall tour a laddie
Oh there's wiskey in the jar

Finnegans Wake

Verse 1: **C** Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentleman Irish mighty odd
Am Well he had a tongue both rich and sweet an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
F Ah but Tim had a sort of tipplin way with the love of the liquor he was born
G And to send him on his way each day he'd a drop of the craythur ev'ry morn

C **Ref.:** Whack fol the dah now dance to yer parner around the flure yer trotters shake
Am **F** **G** **C**
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Verse 2: One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull and they carried him home his corpse to wake
Well they rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and they laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head

Ref.:

Verse 3: Well his friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
Well first they brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
Then Widow Malone began to cry 'Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see
Arrah, Tim Mavourneen, why did you die?' 'Will ye hould your gob?' said Molly
McGee

Ref.:

Verse 4: Well Mary O'Connor took up the job 'Biddy' says she 'you're wrong, I'm sure
Well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor
Well civil war did then engage, woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Ref.:

Verse 5: Well Tim Maloney raised his head, when a bottle of whiskey flew at him
He ducked and, landing on the bed, the whiskey scattered over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"

Ref.:

Bucket Of Mountain Dew

Chorus:

Hay da diddle diddle doo, hay da diddle diddle day,
Hay da diddle did doo dal day
Hay da diddle diddle doo, hay da diddle diddle day
Hay da diddle did doo dal day

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near Galway Bay
Come gaugers all from Donegal, from Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the real old Mountain Dew

Chorus:

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still, where the smoke curls up the sky
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell, there's a poitin still close by
Oh it fills the air with a perfume rare and betwixt both me and you
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl or a bucket of Mountain Dew
Chorus:

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote the praises high
Of the sweet poitin from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye
Away with pills, it will cure all ills of the Pagan, Christian or Jew
So take off your coat and grease your throat with the real old Mountain Dew

Chorus:

Still Gonna Die

So your taking better care of your body, becoming more aware of your body, responding to your bodies needs, everything you hear and read about diets, nutrition, and sleeping position, and detoxifying the system and buying machines that they advertise to help you exercise, herbs to revitalize you if your traumatized, soaps that will sanitize, spays to deodorize, liquids to neutralize, acids and pesticides, free weights to maximize your strength and muscle size, shots that will immunize, pills to reenergize you but remember that for all your pain and gain eventually the story ends the same

So you quit smoking but your still gonna die, cut out coking but your still gonna die
Eliminate everything fatty or fried, and you get real healthy but your still gonna die

Stop drinking booze and your still gonna die, stay away from Kool's and son your still gonna die
You can cut out coffee and never get high but your still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die

Your still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die, still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die
You can even give a roller one more try but when the music is over your still gonna die

Put seat belts in your car your still gonna die, cut nicotine and tar your still gonna die

You can exercise that cellulite off of your thigh, get slimmer and trimmer but your still gonna die

Stop kissing and tell your still gonna die, you can eat a lot of oat bran but your still gonna die
You can search for UFO's up in the sky, they might fly you to Mars where your still gonna die

Your still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die, still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die
And all the Reeboks and Nikes and Diggers you buy, you can jog up to heaven and your still gonna die

Drink Ginseng tonic your still gonna die, try high colonics your still gonna die
You can have yourself frozen suspended in time, but when they do thaw you out your still gonna die

You can have safe sex your still gonna die, you can switch to Crest but your still gonna die
You can get rid of stress, get a lot of rest, get an aids test, enroll if Estes
Move out west where it's sunny and dry, and you'll live to be a hundred but your still gonna die

Your still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die, still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die
So you better have some fun before you say bye-bye
Cause your still gonna, still gonna, still gonna still gonna,
Still gonna, still gonna, still gonna die

The Parting Glass

D **G D A D** **A Bm**
Of all the money that ere I had, I spent it in good company.
D **G** **D A D** **A Bm**
And of all the harm that ere I've done, alas was done to none but me.
D **G D A** **Bm**
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I cannot recall.
D **G A D** **Bm D**
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

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

Oh, if I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town that sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosey cheeks and ruby lips, she alone has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

THE JOLLY TINKER

(Capo on 2nd Fret)

G As i went down a shady lane, at a door i chanced to knock

F Have you any pots or kettles, with rusty holes to block

G
Well indeed i have, don't you know i have

To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i have

G The missus came out to the door and she asked me to come in **G**
F Said you're welcome jolly tinker and i hope you've brought your tin

Well indeed i did, don't you know i did
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i did

She took me through the kitchen, and she led me through the hall
And the servants cried "the devil" has he come to block us all.

Well indeed i have, don't you know i have
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i have

She took me up the stairs me lads, to show me what to do
Then she fell on the feather bed, and i fell on it too.

Well indeed i did, don't you know i did
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i did

She then picked up the frying pan, and she began to knock
For to let the servants know me lads, that i was at me work

Well indeed i was, don't you know i was
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i was

She put her hand into her pocket, and she pulled out twenty pounds,
Take this me jolly tinker, and we'll have another round

Well indeed we will, don't you know we will
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed we will

Well i've been a jolly tinker now, for forty years or more
And but such a rusty hole as that i never blocked before

Well indeed i didn't, don't you know i didn't
To me right-forloora-laddie, well indeed i didn't

Paddy's Lament

Em

Oh, it's by the hush, me boys,

D

Bm

I'm sure that's to hold your noise,

Em

Bm

And listen to poor Paddy's lamentation.

Em

D

Bm

I was by hunger pressed and in poverty distressed,

Em

Bm

Em

When I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation.

Then I sold by horse and plow, me little pigs and cow,

And me little farm of land and I parted,

And me sweetheart Biddy Magee I'm afeared I'll never see,

For I left her that morning quite broken-hearted.

Chorus:

Em

D

Bm

Here's you, boys, do take my advice

Em

Bm

To Americay I'd have you not be coming.

Em

There is nothing here but war

D

Bm

where the murdering cannons roar,

Em

Bm

Em

And I wish I was at home in dear old Ireland.

Then meself and a hundred more to Americay sailed o'er,

Our fortune to be making we were thinking.

When we landed in Yankee land, shoved a musket in our hand,

Saying, 'Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln.'

General Meahar to us said, 'If you get shot or lose your head,

Every murdered soul of you will get a pension.'

In the war I lost me leg, all I've now is a wooden peg;

By my soul it is the truth to you I mention.

Chorus

Now I think meself in luck to be fed upon Indian buck
In old Ireland, the country I delight in,
And with the devil I do say, 'Curse Americay,'
For I'm sure I've got enough of their hard fighting.

Chorus

The Irish Volunteer.

D My name is Tim McDonald,
G

D I'm a native of the Isle,
A

D I was born among old Erin's bogs
G

D when I was but a child.
A **D**

G My father fought in " 'Ninety-eight,"
D

A for liberty so dear;
D

G And he fell upon old Vinegar Hill
D

A like an Irish volunteer.
D

D Then raise the harp of Erin, boys,
G

D the flag we all revere--
G

G We'll fight and fall beneath its folds,
D

A like Irish volunteers!
D

Then raise the harp of Erin, boys,
the flag we all revere--
We'll fight and fall beneath its folds,
like Irish volunteers!

When I was driven from my home
by an oppressor's hand,
I cut my sticks and greased my brogues,
and came o'er to this land.
I found a home and many friends,
and some that I love dear;
Be jabbers! I'll stick to them
like bricks and an Irish volunteer.

Then fill your glasses up, my boys,
and drink a hearty cheer,
To the land of our adoption
and the Irish volunteer!

Then fill your glasses up, my boys,
and drink a hearty cheer,
To the land of our adoption
and the Irish volunteer!

Now when the traitors in the south
commenced a warlike raid,
I quickly then laid down my hod,
to the devil went my spade!
To a recruiting-office then I went,
that happened to be near,
And joined the good old "Sixty-ninth,"
like an Irish volunteer.

Then fill the ranks and march away!--
no traitors do we fear;
We'll drive them all to blazes,
says the Irish volunteer.

Then fill the ranks and march away!--
no traitors do we fear;
We'll drive them all to blazes,
says the Irish volunteer.

When the Prince of Wales came over here,
and made a hubbadoo,
Oh, everybody turned out, you know,
in gold and tinsel too;
But then the good old Sixty-ninth
didn't like these lords or peers--
They wouldn't give a damn for kings,
the Irish volunteers!

We love the land of Liberty,
its laws we will revere,
"But the devil take nobility!"
says the Irish volunteer!

We love the land of Liberty,
its laws we will revere,
"But the devil take nobility!"
says the Irish volunteer!

Now if the traitors in the South
should ever cross our roads,
We'll drive them to the devil,
as Saint Patrick did the toads;
We'll give them all short nooses
that come just below the ears,
Made strong and good of Irish hemp
by Irish volunteers.

Then here's to brave McClellan,
whom the army now reveres--
He'll lead us on to victory,
the Irish volunteers.

Then here's to brave McClellan,
whom the army now reveres--
He'll lead us on to victory,
the Irish volunteers.

Now fill your glasses up, my boys,
a toast come drink with me,
May Erin's Harp and the Starry Flag
united ever be;
May traitors quake, and rebels shake,
and tremble in their fears,
When next they meet the Yankee boys
and Irish volunteers!

God bless the name of Washington!
that name this land reveres;
Success to Meagher and Nugent,
and their Irish volunteers

God bless the name of Washington!
that name this land reveres;
Success to Meagher and Nugent,
and their Irish volunteers

Opinions of Paddy Magee

Key: G Chords: G, C, D (CAPO on third fret = key Bb)

G
I'm Paddy Magee, sir, from Ballinahee, sir,
In an elegant ship I come over the sea;
Father Donahoe sent me, my passage he lent me--
Sure, only for that, I'd a walked all the way!
He talked of America's freedom and glory;
"Begorra," says I, "that's the country for me!"
So, to end a long story, I've now come before ye,
To give the opinions of Paddy Magee.

When Ireland was needing, and famine was feeding,
And thousands were dying for something to ate,
'Twas America's daughters that sent over the waters
The ships that were loaded with corn and wheat:
And Irishmen sure will forever remember,
The vessels that carried the flag of the free;
And the land that befriended, they'll die to defend it,
And that's the opinions of Paddy Magee.

I'm sure none are boulder the musket to shoulder,

Enlisting to learn the soldiering trade--
With Corcoran fighting, in Meagher delighting,
They swell up the ranks of the Irish Brigade.
With Columbia defying the bold British Lion,
The sons of old Ireland forever shall be;
I'll have no intervention, if that's their intention--
And that's the opinions of Paddy Magee.

John Bull, ye old divil, ye'd bether keep civil!
Remember the story of 'Seventy-six,
When Washington glorious he slathered the tories;
Away from Columbia you then cut your sticks.
And if once again you're inclined to be meddling,
There's a city that's called New Orleans, d'ye see,
Where Hickory Jackson he drove off the Saxon--
Now that's the opinions of Paddy Magee.

Though now we're in trouble, it's only a bubble,
We'll soon make the foes of the Union retire;
Foreign knaves that would meddle had better skedaddle,
For them Uncle Sam has a taste of Greek fire!
They'll find if they try it, Columbia's a giant,
And victory perched on the flag of the free;
For the American nation can whale all creation--
And that's the opinions of Paddy Magee.

The Boys of the Irish Brigade

Key: D Chords: D, G, D, A (CAPO on first fret = key Eb)

What for should I sing you of Roman or Greek,
Or the boys we hear tell of in story?
Come match me for fighting, for frolic, or freak,
An Irishman's reign in his glory;
For Ajax, and Hector, and bold Agamemnon,
Were up to the tricks of our trade, O,
But the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

(Break)

What for should I sing you of Helen or Troy,
Or the mischief that came by her flirting?
There's Biddy M'Clinchy the pride of Fermoy,
Twice as much of a Helen, that's certain.
Then for Venus, so famous, or Queen Cleopatra,
Bad luck to the word should be said, O,
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,
The Boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

(Break)

What for should I sing you of classical fun,
Or of games, whether Grecian or Persian?
Sure the Curragh's the place where the knowing one's done,
And Mallow that flogs for diversion.
For fighting, for drinking, for ladies and all,
No time like our times e'er was made, O,
By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

(Short Break)

By the rollicking boys, for war, ladies and noise,
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

(Short Break)

No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
And a whole generation that were butchered and damned.

Chorus

And I can't help but wonder, oh Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they die,
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause
Did they really believe that this war would end wars.
Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing and dying it was all done in vain,
Oh Willie McBride it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

Health to the Company

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

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

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
There's a smile upon her countenance as she sits on my knee
Sure there's no one in in this wide world as happy as we

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

Chords: KEY Dm

verse/chorus:
Dm F C Dm
Dm F F C
Dm F F C
Dm F C Dm

'Caledonia'

Dougie Maclean.
(Capo on 2nd Fret)

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

(Chorus)

C G
Ah but, Let me tell you that I love you,
Am F
That I think about you all the time.
C
Caledonia you're calling me,
G C
And now I'm going home.
C G
But if I should become a stranger,

Am
You know that it would make me more
F
than sad,
G
Caledonia's been everything I've ever
C
had.

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 kissed the girls and left them crying,
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying,
I have travelled hard sometimes with
conscience
flying,
Somewhere in the wind.

(Chorus)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire,
The empty room, a forest choir,
The flames have cooled. don'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, the kisses
flowed,
Then I will disappear.

(Chorus)

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune came over me and caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations me followed the Black Velvet Band

Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far
When I met with a fickle-some damsel she was plying her trade in a bar
When a watch she took from a cutomer and slipped it right into me hand
And the law it came and arrested me bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

This mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to appear
And the judge he says "me young fellow" the case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence you're going to Van Daemons Land
Far away from your friends and relations and follow the Black Velvet Band

So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from me
Whenever you're into the liquor me lads beware of the pretty colleens
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know me lads you've landed in Van Daemon's land

Black Velvet Band

Alternative lyrics (as sung by The Dubliners)

Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hour's sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

(Chorus):

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Comes a tripping along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swan's
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

(Chorus)

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him

By the look in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket
And placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was
Bad luck to the black velvet band

(Chorus)

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man,
your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude,
to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and companions,
betrayed by the black velvet band"

(Chorus)

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads,
beware of them pretty colleens
For they feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah"
'til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is
you've landed in Van Diemens Land

(Chorus)

The Minstrel Boy

(Thomas Moore)

D A D
The minstrel boy to the war has gone.
G D A D
In the ranks of death you will find him.
 A D
His father's sword he has girded on
G D A D
And his wild harp slung behind him.

Bm A G A G A D
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
G A D
"Though all the world betray thee,
 A D
One sword at least thy roads shall guard,
G A D
One faithful heart shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under.
The harp he loved never spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder,

And said, "No chain shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and bravery.
My songs remain for the pure and free.
They shall never sound in slavery."

During the American Civil War, a third verse was added.

The minstrel boy will return one day,
When we hear the news, we will cheer it.
The minstrel boy will return we pray,
Torn in body, perhaps, but not in spirit.
Then may he play his harp in peace,
In a world such as Heaven intended,
For every quarrel of Man must cease,
And every battle shall be ended.

Tipplin' It Up To Nancy / Marrowbones

Oh, there's been a woman in our town, a woman you ought know well
She dearly loved her husband and another man twice as well

CHORUS

**With me right finnickineerio, me tip finnick a wall
With me right finnickineerio, We're tipping it up to Nancy**

She went down to the chemist shop some remedies for to buy,
Have you anything in your chemist shop to make me old man blind?

"Give him eggs and marrowbones and make him suck them all,
Before he has the last one sucked, he won't see you at all."

She gave him eggs and marrowbones and made him suck them all,
Before he had the last one sucked, he couldn't see her at all.

If in this world I cannot see, here I cannot stay.
I'd drown myself; "Come on," says she, "and I'll show you the way"
She led him to the river, she led him to the brim
But sly enough of Martin, it was him that shoved her in.

She swam through the river, she swam through the brine
"Oh Martin, dear Martin. Don't leave me behind."

"Oh Martin, dear Martin. Don't leave me behind."
"Yerra shut up outa that ye silly aul fool, ye know poor Martin is blind"

There's nine in me family and none of them is my own,
I wish that each and every man would come and claim his own.

Kelly the boy from Killarn

What's the news, what's the news O my bold Shelmalier?,
With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?
Say what wind from the south blows his messenger here
With a hymn of the dawn for the free?
"Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of Forth;
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargo man!
For the boys march at morn from the South to the North,
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

"Tell me who is that giant with 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 lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers,
'Mongst our greatest of heroes, a Man! -
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

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 gateways to Ross.
All the Forth men and Bargo men march o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;
But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
And it set by the Slaney's red waves;
And poor Wexford, stript 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!"

Awa, Whigs, awa!

Robert Burns, 1789

(Capo 1st Fret, and alt chords are C=G, F=C or Capo 4th Fret C=A, F=D, G=E)

Chorus:

C

Awa, Whigs, awa!

F

Awa, Whigs, awa!

C

Ye're but a pack o traitor louns,

F

Ye'll do nae guid at all.

C

Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,

F

And bonney bloomed our roses;

C

But Whigs came like a frost in June,

F

And withered all our posies.

Chorus:

C

Our ancient crown has fallen in the dust -

F

Devil blind them with the blowing dust of it,

C

And write their names in his black book,

F

Who gave the Whigs the power of it!

Chorus:

C

Our sad decay in church and state

F

Surpasses my describing.

C

The Whigs came over us for a curse,

F

And we have done with thriving.

Chorus:

C

Grim Vengeance long has taken a nap,

F

But we may see him awaking -

C

Gude help the day when Royal heads

F

Are hunted like a maukin!

Chorus:

Song for Ireland

Walking all the day
Near tall towers where falcons build their nests
Silver-winged they fly
They know the call of freedom in their breasts
Saw Black Head against the sky
Where twisted rocks they run to the sea

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
I stood by your Atlantic Sea
And sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play
Saw one touch the bow
He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay
Stood on Dingle Beach and cast
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass

Talking all the day
With true friends who try to make you stay
Telling jokes and news
Singing songs to pass the time away
Watched the Galway salmon run
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun

Dreaming in the night
I saw a land where no one had to fight
Waking in your dawn
I saw you crying in the morning light
Sleeping where the falcons fly
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

The Girl I Left Behind Me

The dames of France are fond and free
And Flemish lips are willing,
And sof the maids of Italy
While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still, though I bask beneath their smiles
Their charms all fail to bind me;
And my heart goes back to erin's isle
To the girl I left behind me.

She says, "My own dear love, come home
My friends are rich and many
Or else with you abroad I'll roam
A soldier stout as any.
If you'll not come nor let me go
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart near broke when I answered, "No."
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling.
And never, as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on.
But were it free, or to be freed
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

Star of the County Down

Near Banbridge town in the County Down one morning last July
Down a Boreen green came a sweet coleen and she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook meself, for to see I was standing there

Chorus:

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

As she onward sped, sure I shook me head and I gazed with a feeling quare
And I says, says I, to a passer-by: Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?
He smiled at me and he says, says he: That's the gem of Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann she's the Star of the County
Down (**Chorus**)

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly and a smile like a rose in June
And you craved each note from her lovely throat as she lilted an I-rish tune
At the pattern dance you'd be held in trance as she tripped thru a jig or a reel
When her eyes she'd roll she would lift your soul and your heart she'd
quickly steal (**Chorus**)

At the harvest fair she'll sure be there, so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right, for a smile from my
Nut-brown rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, though me plough be a rust-y brown
Til a smiling bride by my own fire-side, sits the Star of the County Down
(**Chorus 2X**)

Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake

(D, G, Bm, Em)

Oh, the summertime is coming, And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme, Grows around the bloom' heather.
Will ya go lassie go?

Chorus:

**And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather.
Will ya go lassie go?**

I will build my love a bower, By yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile, All the flowers of the mountain.
Will ya go lassie go?

Chorus:

If my true love, will ne'r go with me, I would surely find another
When the wild mountain thyme, Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ya go lassie go?

Chorus:

Sally Gardens

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

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

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

RED Is the Rose

Chorus:

**Red is the Rose that yonder garden grows
And fair is the lily of the valley
And clear is the water the flows from the Boyne
And my love is fairer than any.**

Come over the hill by bonny Irish Lad
Come over the hill to your darling
You pick the red rose and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love forever.

Chorus

Red is the Rose that yonder garden grows
And fair is the lily of the valley
And clear is the water the flows from the Boyne
And my love is fairer than any.

Chorus

'Twas done by Killarny's green fields that we strayed
The moon and the stars brightly shining
The moon shown it' rays on his golden locks of hair
And he swore he'd be my love forever.

Chorus

Red is the Rose that yonder garden grows
And fair is the lily of the valley
And clear is the water the flows from the Boyne
And my love is fairer than any.

Chorus

A-Roving

Chorus:

**A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid.**

Verses: (Those usually sung these days)

In Amsterdam I met a maid,
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam I met a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade;
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid.

Her eyes are like the stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
A wealth of hair upon her head.

Her face had beauty rare to see,
But she was never true to me.

And the less-known verses:

In Amsterdam I met a maid,
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam I met a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade;
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid.

I met this fair maid after dark,
She took me to her favorite park.

I put my hand upon her knee,
She said, "Young man, you're rather free".

I put my arms about her waist,
She said, "Young man, you're in great haste".

I put my hand upon her breast,
She said, "The wind's veering South-Southwest".

I pushed her o'er upon her back,
'Twas THEN she let me have me whack!

YARMOUTH TOWN

Use a capo on the second fret (if you want key of A)

Intro: G G G G G C G G G G G D G X2

G Em
In Yarmouth town there lived a man
C C/b Am D
Kept a little tavern by the strand
G Em C
And the landlord had a daughter fair
C G Am D
pretty little thing with the golden hair

CHORUS X2

G C
Won't you come down, won't you come down
G D G
Won't you come down to Yarmouth town

One night there came a sailor man
And he asked the daughter for her hand
Oh Why should I marry you she said
I have all I want without being wed

CHORUS X2

But if with me you'd like to linger
I'll tie a piece of string all around my finger
As you walk by, just pull on the string
and I'll come right down and let you in
CHORUS X2

Well, the very next day at closing time
the sailor man goes off to the strand
And as he walks by he pulls on that string
She came right down and let him in
CHORUS X2

Well, he's never seen such a sight before
Cause the string around her finger was all she wore

BREAK: G Em C Am D G Em G Em C Am D
CHORUS X2,

The sailor stayed the whole night through
and early in the morning went back to his crew,
and then he told them about the maiden fair,
the pretty little thing with the golden hair.
CHORUS X2

Well, the news it soon got around
and the very next night in Yarmouth Town
there was fifteen sailors pulling on the string
and she's come down and she's let them all in.
CHORUS X2

So all young men that to Yarmouth go,
if you see a pretty girl with her hair hanging low,
well, all you've got to do is pull on the string,
and she'll come down and she'll let you in.

CHORUS X4

Molly Malone

C **G**
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
C **Em** **Dm** **G**
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
C **G**
She wheeled a wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow
C **Em** **G** **C**
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

C **G**
A-live, a-live, oh, a-live, a-live, oh
C **Em** **G** **C**
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before.
They both wheeled a barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

Chorus:

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 a-live, a-live, oh'

Chorus:

Some Say the Devil is Dead

Some say the devil is dead, I say hardly
Some say the devil is dead, and buried in Killarney
More say he rose again, more say he rose again
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

Feed the pigs and milk the cow, and milk the cow, and milk the cow
Feed the pigs and milk the cow, early in the morning
Cock your leg, oh Paddy dear, Paddy dear I'm over here
Cock your leg, oh Paddy dear, it's time to stop your yawning

Some say the devil is dead, I say hardly
Some say the devil is dead, and buried in Killarney
More say he rose again, more say he rose again
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

Katie she is tall and thin, she's tall and thin, and tall and thin
Katie she is tall and thin, and like 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

Some say the devil is dead, I say hardly
I seen him up in Gus's Bar, drinking with McGinnis
More say he rose again, more say he rose again
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

The wife she has the hairy thing, a hairy thing, a hairy thing
The wife she has the hairy thing, she showed it to me on Sunday
She bought it in the furrier's shop, bought it in the furrier's shop
She bought it in the furriers's shop, it's going back on Monday

Some say the devil is dead, I say hardly
Some say the devil is dead, and buried in Killarney
More say he rose again, more say he rose again
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

My one's over six feet tall, six feet tall, six feet tall
My one's over six feet tall, she likes the sugar candy
Goes to bed at six o'clock, goes to bed at six o'clock
Goes to bed at six o'clock, she's lazy, fat and dandy

Some say the devil is dead, I say hardly
Some say the devil is dead, and buried in Killarney
More say he rose again, more say he rose again
More say he rose again and joined the British Army

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

(Capo 4th fret)

G **Em**
It was on one fine March morning
C **D** **G**
I bid New Orleans adieu.
D **Em** **D**
And I took the road to Jackson town,
Em **C**
me fortune to renew,
G **Em** **D**
I cursed all foreign money,
Em **C**
no credit could I gain,
G **Em**
Which filled me heart with longing for
C **G**
the lakes of Pontchartrain.

G **Em**
I sat on board a railway car,
C **D** **G**
beneath the morning sun,
D **Em** **D**
and I road the roads till evening,
Em **C**
and I laid me down again,
G **Em** **D**
All strangers there no friends to me,
Em **C**
till a dark girl towards me came,
G **Em**
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,
C **G**
by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

G **Em**
I said, "My pretty Creole girl,
C **D** **G**
me money here's no good,
D **Em** **D**
But if it weren't for the alligators,
Em **C**
I would sleep out in the woods".
G **Em** **D**
"You're welcome here kind stranger,

Em **C**

our house is very plain.

But we never turn a stranger out,
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mamie's house,
and treated me right well,
The hair upon her shoulder
in jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty,
I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her would she'd marry me,
she said it could never be,
For she had got another,
and he was off at sea.
She said that she would wait for him
and faithful she would remain.
Waiting for her sailor,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare you well my Bonny ol girl,
I never will see you no more,
I wont forget your kindness

in the cottage by the shore.

G **Em** **D**

at every social gathering

Em **C**

a flowing glass I'll raise,

G **Em**

And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,

C **G**

And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

The Leaving of Liverpool

G C G
Farewell to you, my own true love,

D7
I am going far away.

G C G
I am bound for Cal - i - for - ni - a,

D7 G
But I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus:

D C G
So fare you well my own true love,

D
And when I return, united we will be.

G C G
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

D7 G
But my darling, it's when I think of thee.

I'm off to California
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
And I will send you a letter, love,
When I am homeward bound.

I've shipped on a Yankee clipper ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she is a floating hell.

I'm bound away to leave you,
Goodbye, my love, goodbye.
There ain't but one thing that grieves me,
That's leaving you behind.

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

Lord Of The Dance

G **Em**
I danced in the morning
G **Em**
When the world was begun,
C **D7**
And I danced in the moon

And the stars and the sun,
G **Em**
And I came down from heaven
G **Em**
And I danced on the earth
C **D7** **CG**
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Refrain:

G **Em** **G** **Em**
Dance then wherever you may be,
G **Em** **C** **D7**
I am the Lord of the Dance said He,
G **C** **G**
And I'll lead you all
Am
Wherever you may be,
C **D7**
And I'll lead you all
C **G**
In the dance said He.

2. I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fishermen
For James and John
They came with me

And the dance went on.

(refrain)

3. I danced on the Sabbath
And I cured the lame
The holy people said
It was a shame
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me high
And they left me there
On a Cross to die.

(refrain)

4. I danced on a Friday (slow down)
When the sky turned black
It's hard to dance
With the world on your back
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone
But I am the dance
And I still go on. (Speed up)

(refrain)

5. They cut me down
And I leapt up high
I am the life
That'll never, never die
I'll live in you
If you'll live in me
I am the Lord
of the dance said He.

(refrain)

Donald Where's your Trousers (Troosers)

verse/chorus:

Am

G

Am

G

Am-G-Am-G-Am-Am

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
All the lassies shout as I walk by,
"Donald, Where's Your Trousers?"

Chorus

**Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I go
All the lassies say, "Hello!
Donald, where's your trousers?"**

A lassie took me to a ball
And It was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I may fall
Because I nae had on trousers

Chorus

{ Slowly spoken }

***Now I went down to London town
To have some fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
{ sexy spoken with effect }
"Donald, where's your trousers?"***

Chorus

To where the kilt is mighty lite
It is not wrong I know its right
The Islanders would get a fright
"If they saw me in my trousers"

Chorus

The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a highland man,
"But I don't where the trousers?"

Midnight on the Water

Midnight On The Water

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a D major chord. The second staff includes a first ending bracket with a C major chord and a second ending with a D major chord and a triplet. The third staff features a D major chord. The fourth staff has E minor chords. The fifth staff has G major and D major chords. The sixth staff has D major, G major, and A major chords.

Rhythm: waltz

**There are times when I am blue thinking of you and me
At midnight on the water and how it used to be.
The stars among the trees in some old memories I know
At midnight on the water not so long ago.**

**Though they're gone like floating dreams,
The scenes were there as in a mirror
Made by the moon upon the water,
And our love was never stronger.
But the picture was broken by the waves we left behind,
At midnight on the water once upon a time.**

**There are times when I am blue thinking of you and me
At midnight on the water and how it used to be.
In the stillness of the lake where these thoughts take me again,
At midnight on the water, do you remember when?**

**Though they're gone like floating dreams,
The scenes were there as in a mirror
Made by the moon upon the water,
And our love was never stronger.
But the picture was broken by the waves we left behind,
At midnight on the water once upon a time.**

Wrecked Again

(Capo 3rd Fret)

G **Am**
Oh, No! I'm wrecked again
G **Am** **D**
Take me away from the pain and the suffering,
G **Am**
Oh, No! I'm wrecked again,
G **D** **C** **D**
And I'll go to the pub no more

C **G**
I had one drink, then only one more,
D **G** **C**
I finished with three, and then I had four,
G **Am** **C**
There's no point in lying, I've had it, I'm dying,
G **D** **C**
I really don't care any more (he doesn't care any more)

Chorus

I can't stand up, my head is too sore,
I'd like to lie down, but I'd fall off the floor,
I'm sweating and cold and I'm ill and I'm old,
And I'd go, but I can't find the door (he can't find the door)

Chorus

(Sung/Spoken Softly)

C **G**
Did I have a good time?
C **G**
Was the killer the whisky, the beer or the wine?
C **G**
Did I step out of line?
C **G**
Yes I stepped out of line
C **D**
I must have been out of my mind

Chorus

Good bye cruel world, ring the last bell,
One evening in Heaven, next morning in Hell,
I'm spinning round bravely, there's nothing can save me
Adieu, Goodbye fare the well

Chorus

Drink it up men

C F C

At the pub at the crossroads there's whiskey and beer

C G7 C

There's brandy, strong cognac that's aging for years

C G7 C

But for killing the thirst and for easing the gout

C F C

There's nothing at all beats a pint of good stout

C G7 C

Drink it up men it's long after ten

At the pub on the crossroads I first went astray
There I drank enough drink for to fill Galway Bay
Going up in the morning I wore out me shoes
Going up to the cross for the best of good booze
Drink it up men it's long after ten

Some folk's o'er the water think bitter is fine
And others the swear by the juice of the vine
But there's nothing that's squeezed from the grape or the hop
Like the black liquidation with the froth on the top
Drink it up men it's long after ten

I've travelled in England, I've travelled in France
At the sound of good music I'll sing or I'll dance
So hear me then mister and pour me one more
If I can't drink it up, then throw me out the door
Drink it up men it's long after ten

It's Guinness's porter that has me this way
For it's sweeter than buttermilk and stronger than tea
And when in the morning I feel kind a rough
Me curse on lord Iveagh who brews the damn stuff
C G7 C
Drink it up men it's long after ten
C G7 C
Drink it up men it's long after ten

Jolly Beggar

D G A7
It's ah the Jolly beggar man came tripping over the plains
D G D A7
He came up to a farmer's door some lodging for to gain
D G A7
Well the farmer's daughter she came down and viewed him cheek to chin
D G D A7
She says he's a handsome man I pray you take him in

Chorus:

D
We'll go no more a-rovin
G A7
A-rovin in the night
D G
We'll go no more a-rovin
D A7
Let the moon shine so bright
D
We'll go no more a-rovin

He would not lie within the barn nor yet within the byre
But he would in the corner lie down by the kitchen fire
And so the beggar's bed was made of good clean sheets and hay
And down beside the kitchen fire the jolly beggar lay.

Chorus

Well the farmers daughter she came down to bolt the kitchen door
And there she saw the beggar standing naked on the floor
He took the daughter in his arms and to the bed he ran
Kind sir she says go easy now you'll waken our good man

Chorus

She lie as still as any mouse as if she had been dead
The beggar he jumped in with her, he stole her maidenhead

Chorus

Oh sir you are no beggar man you are some gentleman
For you have stole my maidenhead and I am quite undone
I am no lord, I am no squire of beggars I be one
And beggars they be robbers all, so you are quite undone

Chorus

She took the bed in both her hands and threw it at the wall
Said go you with it you beggar man me maidenhead and all

Chorus

Chorus

Instrumental One Verse, One Chorus

Arthur McBride

Version 1

G C G Am C
I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride, he and I took a stroll down by the
seaside
G C G Am C D
A-seeking good fortune and what might betide, 'twas just as the day was a-dawning
G C G Am C
And then after resting we both took a tramp, we met seargent Harper and corporal
Cramp
G D G
Besides the wee drummer who beat up for camp with his rowdy-dow-dow in the morning

He says 'My young fellows, if you will enlist, a Guinee you quickly will have in your
fist
Besides a Crown for to kick up the dust and drink the King's health in the morning'
Had we been such fools as to take the advance the wee bitter morning we had run to
chance
For you'd think it no scruple to send us to France where we would be killed in the
morning

He says 'My young fellows, if I hear but one word, I instantly now will out with my
sword
And into your bodies as strength will afford, so now, my gay devils, take warning'
But Arthur and I we took in the odds, we gave them no chance to lunge out their
swords
Our whacking shillelaghs came over their heads and paid them right smart in the
morning

As for the wee drummer we rifled his pouch and we made a football of his rowdy-dow-
dow
And into the ocean to rock and to row and bade him a tedious returning
As for the old rapier that hung by his side we flung it as far as we could in the
tide
To the devil I bid you says Arthur McBride to temper your steel in the morning

ARTHUR MCBRIDE

Version 2

G
Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride,
C G Am C
As we went a'walkin down by the seaside
G C G
we met Sergeant Harper and Corporal Cramp,
Am C D
The day being Christmas mornin'
G C G
"Good mornin, good mornin'" the Sergeant did cry,
Am C
"And The same to ye gentlemen", we did reply
G
Intending no harm, we just meant to pass by
D G
The day being pleasant and charming

Says he, "my young fellows if you will enlist
It's 10 guineas in gold I will slip in your fist
I'll throw in a crown for to kick up the dust
And drink the king's health in the morning.
For a soldier he leads a very fine life
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife
While other poor fellows have sorrow and strife
And sup on thin gruel in the mornin' "

Says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of yer clothes
for you only lend out them, now as I suppose
And dare not change them one might if ye dare
For you know you'd be flogged in the mornin'
And we have no desire to take yer advance
For all of the dangers we'd not take the chance
And you'd have no scruples and send us to France
Where you know we'd be shot in the mornin' "

"Oh, no" says the Sergeant, "if I hear one more word
I quickly right now will draw out me sword
And into your bodies as strength will afford
So now, me young devils, take warning".
But Arthur and I we counted the odds
And we scarce give them chance for to launch out their blades
With our trusty shillelaghs we bashed in their heads
And paid them right smart in the morning.

And the rusty old rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
"Now take that, ye devils," cried Arthur McBride
"And temper your steel in the morning".
And the little young drummer, we flattened his pouch
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow

Kicked it into the ocean for to rock and to roll
And bade it a devious returning.

Oh, Me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride,
As we went a walkin down by the seaside
A-seeking good fortune and what might betide,
It being on Christmas mornin'

Plains of Kildare

Words and Music by Andy Irvine

Come all you bold sportsmen and listen to my story
It's about noble Stewball that gallant racing pony
Arthur Marble was the man that first brought Stewball here
For to run with Miss Griesel on the Plains of Kildare.
O the fame of his actions we've heard of before
But now he is challenged by young Mrs. Gore
For to run with Miss Griesel that handsome grey mare
For ten thousand gold guineas on the Plains of Kildare.

And the cattle they were brought out with saddle whip and bridle
And the gentlemen did shout at the sight of the gallant riders
And in viewing the cattle just as they came there
O they all laid their money on the Monaghan grey mare.

And the order it was given and away they did fly
Stewball like an arrow the grey mare passed by
And if you had've been there for to see them going round
You'd've thought to your heart their feet ne'er touched the ground.

And when at last they came to half way round the course
Stewball and his rider began to discourse
Says Stewball to the rider "Can you tell to me
How far is that grey mare this moment from me."

Says the rider to Stewball "You run in great style
You're ahead of the grey mare almost half a mile
And if you keep your running I vow and I swear
That you never will be beaten by the Monaghan grey mare."

The last winning post, Stewball passed it quite handy
Horse and rider both called for sherry wine and brandy
And they drank up a health to the noble grey mare
For she emptied their pockets on the Plains of Kildare.

Farewell to Nova Scotia

Chorus:

(Em) G Em
Fare-well to Nova Scotia the sea-bound coast. Let your mount - ains dark and drear-y be
(Em) G D Em
And when I am far a-way on the briny ocean toss, Will you ev-er heave a sigh or a wish for me

(Em) G Em
The sun was set-ting in the west. And the birds they sang in ev-'ry tree
G D Em
All nature sang and climbed to rest. But a-las there was no rest for me
(CHORUS)

G Em
I quiv-ered and left my nat-ive home. I quiv-ered to leave my com-rades all
Em G D Em
And my poor a-ged par-ents I love so much, And the bon-nie, bon-nie lass that I a - dore
(CHORUS)

(Em) G Em
The drums do beat and the war's through the land, And the captain's call we must o - bey
(Em) G D Em
So fare-well, fare-well to my Nova Scotia home, For its early in the morning and I must a-way
(CHORUS)

(Em) G Em
I have three brothers now they're at rest. Their hands are fold-ed a-cross their breasts
(Em) G D Em
And the poor simple sailor just like me Must be stowed and left on the deep blue sea
(CHORUS)

Big Strong Man (My Brother Sylveste)

words and music Traditional

Have you heard about the big strong man?
He lived in a caravan.
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?
Oh, Lord what a hell of a fight.
You can take all of the heavyweights you've got.
We've got a lad that can beat the whole lot.
He used to ring bells in the belfry,
Now he's gonna fight Jack Demspey.

Chorus:

**That was my brother Sylvest' (What's he got?)
A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the west; he knows no rest.
Think of a man, hells' fire, don't push, just shove,
Plenty of room for you and me.
He's got an arm like a leg (a ladies' leg!)
And a punch that would sink a battleship (big ship!)
It takes all of the Army and the Navy to put the wind up Sylvest'.**

Now, he thought he'd take a trip to Italy.
He thought that he'd go by sea.
He dove off the harbor in New York,
And swam like a great big shark.
He saw the Lusitania in distress.
He put the Lusitania on his chest.
He drank all of the water in the sea,
And he walked all the way to Italy.

Chorus

He thought he take a trip to old Japan.
They turned out a big brass band.
You can take all of the instruments you've got,
We got a lad that can play the whole lot.
And the old church bells will ring (Hells bells!)
The old church choir will sing (Hells fire!)
They all turned out to say farewell to my big brother Sylvest'.

Chorus

KEY G

verse:

G G G G

G G G D

D D D D7

D7 D7 G G (repeat)

chorus:

G G G G

G G G D

D D D D7

D7 D7 G G

G...

G G G G

G G G D

D D D D7

D7 D7 G G

Dirty Old Town

Em G
I met my love by the gas works wall
G7 C G
Dreamed a dream By the old canal
C Em G
Kissed my girl by the fac-t'ry wall
G D Am Em
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town

I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train Set the night on fire
Smelled the spring In the smoky wind
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town

Clouds are drift-ing Across the moon
Cats are prowling On their beat
Spring's a girl In the street at night
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town

I'm going to make 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

(Repeat first verse)

Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town
Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town

Lillie the Pink

Chorus:

G7 C G
We'll drink and drink and drink To Lillie the Pink, the Pink, the Pink

G7 C
The savior of the Human race

G G7 C
She invented Medicinal Compound T'was efficacious in every case

C G G7 C
Now here's a story, a little bit gory A little bit happy, a little bit sad

C G G7 C
Of Lillie the Pink and Medicinal Compound And how it drove her to the bad

C G G7 C
Well Ebenezer thought he was Caesar So they put him in a home

C G G7 C
Then they gave him Medicinal Compound Now he's Emperor of Rome

Chorus

C G G7 C
Paddy Klinger, the opera singer Could break a glass with his voice t'was said

C G G7 C
Rubbed his tonsils with Medicinal Compound Now they break glasses o'er his head

C G G7 C
Tinny Hammer, had a terrible stammer He could hardly say a word

C G G7 C
And so they gave him Medicinal Compound and now he's seen and never heard

Chorus

C G G7 C
Uncle Paul, he was very small, he was the shortest man in town

C G G7 C
Rubbed his body with Medicinal Compound Now he weighs only half a pound

C G G7 C
Lillie died and went to Heaven All the church bells, they did ring

C G G7 C
She took her own Medicinal Compound Hark the Herald Angels sing!

Chorus X2

Rare Oul' Times (Peter Saint John, Saint Music)

C F C Am F
Raised on songs and stories, the heroes of reknown
C Em F C G G7
The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin Town
C F C Am F
That hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes
C Em F C G7 C
That once was Dublin City in the rare ould times

F C Am F
Ring a ring a rosy - as the light declines
C Em F C G7 C
I remember Dublin City - in the rare ould times

Well, me name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that 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

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please
A rogue and a 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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

The Hills of Connemara

^D
Gather up the pots and the old tin can,
^G ^D
the mash, the corn, the barley and the bran. ^A
^D ^G ^D
Run like the devil from the excise man,
^A ^D
keep the smoke from risin, Barney.

Keep your eyes well peeled today,
the excise man is on his way,
searching for the mountain tay
in the Hills of Connemara.

CHORUS

Swing to the left and swing to the right,
the excise man will dance all night,
drinking up the tay till the broad daylight,
In the Hills of Connemara.

CHORUS

A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,
a bottle for poor old Father John,
to help the poor old man along,
in the Hills of Connemara.

CHORUS

Stand your ground, it is too late,
the excise man is at the gate.
Glory be to God, he's drinking it nate,
in the hills of Connemara.
CHORUS (2x)

SEA SHANTIES

Whiskey Is The Life Of Man

(Crew sings in Bold)

Oh whiskey is the life of man
Always was since the world began

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below

Now whiskey made me pawn me clothes
And whiskey gave me a broken nose

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below

Now whiskey is the life of man
Whiskey from an old tin can

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below

I thought I heard the first mate say
I treats me crew in a decent way

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below

A glass of whiskey all around
And a bottle full for the shanty man

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below
UP SHE FLYS!

Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers

Oh, the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque come from the king
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

Chorus (Crew Sings):

God damn them all!

**I was told we'd cruise the seas for American
gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers**

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town...

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew
Ch:

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers
and jags
Ch:

On the King's birthday we put to sea

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
Ch:

On the 96th day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight
Ch:

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole
days
Ch:

Then at length we stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
Ch:

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs
Ch:

So here I lay in my 23rd year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday
Ch:

Pirate Song

C G C F
I'm a sailing man and I don't give a damn
C G C
'Bout the wind or the wave or the weather
For life is rich on a pirate ship
So long as there's plenty of treasure

Chorus:

C F
So haul away lads, haul away
C G
The devil take us all to an early grave
C F C G
I'll live my life in my own way
C G(F) C
By the sword and the cannon's thunder

I left for sea at the age thirteen
Me head all full of adventure
But the captain's lash fell across my back
And I swore I'd kill that bastard

So late one night when the moon was bright
I found him as he lay sleeping
And then as a joke I cut his throat
And fed the son of a whore to the fishies

So if mayhaps you cross my path
You've one chance to surrender
And if you don't I'll cut your throat
And feed you to the fishies

Mingulay Boat Song

1. Chorus:

Heel y'ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round into the weather
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

2. What care we tho', white the Minch is
What care we for, the wind the weather?
Bring her round boys, for every inch is
Wearing homeward to Mingulay!

3. Chorus

4. Far behind us, the hills of quillan
Soon before us, the hills of heather.
Any you know boys, the candles glow boys
In the windows of Mingulay!

5. Chorus

6. Wives are waiting on the bank, boys,
Looking seaward from the heather.
Bring her 'round boys, and then we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay!

7. Chorus

KEY CHANGE (higher):

8. Chorus
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Santiano

Santiano gained a day!
Away, Santiano!
Santiano gained a day!
All on the plains of Mexico!

Chorus
Mexico, oh Mexico
Away, Santiano!
Mexico is a place I know
All on the plains of Mexico!

Them yellow-skin gals I do adore
With their sparklin' eyes, and their coal black hair

Chorus
Why do them yellow gals love me so?
Because I don't tell 'em all I know

Chorus
Nassau girls ain't got no combs
They comb their hair with a kipper's backbone

Chorus
When I was young and in my prime
I'd knock those scouse girls two at a time

Chorus
The skipper likes whiskey, the mate likes rum
The crew likes both but we can't get none

Chorus
Times is hard, and the wages low
It's time for us to roll and go

Chorus

Leave Her, Johnny Leave Her

Oh the work was hard and the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And now at last ashore well go
And its time for us to leave her

Chorus:

Oh Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't
blow
And its time for us to leave her

Oh rotten meat and weevly bread
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh Pump or Drown the old man said
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The sails are furled and the anchor is stowed
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And no more around Cape Horn well go
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
You can go ashore and spend your pay
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The rats have left, and we the crew
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And it's time, by Christ, that we did, too
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

Ch:

The winds were foul and the work was hard....
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
From the Liverpool dock to the London yard....
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

I hate to sail on this rotten tub
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
No grog allowed and rotten grub
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The skipper was bad but the mate was worse
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Hed blow you down with a spike and a curse
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The mate was a bucko an the old man a Turk
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The boatswain was a beggar with the middle
name o work
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The cooks a drunk, he likes to booze
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Tween him and the mate theres little to choose
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

The old man swears and the mate swears, too
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The crew all swear and so would you
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
You can go ashore and spend your pay
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

Well make her fast and stow our gear
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The gals are a-waiting on the pier
And its time for us to leave her

Ch:

More Verses:

Leave Her, Johnny Leave Her More Verses – Alternate Versions

Oh, I thought I heard the Ol' Man say,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
Tomorrow ye will get your pay,
An it's time for us to leave her!

The work wuz hard an' the voyage wuz long,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
The sea was high an' the gales wuz strong.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
She shipped it green an' none went by.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The grub was bad an' the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
But now once more ashore we'll go.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Oh, our Old Man he don't set no sail,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol.
An it's time for us to leave her!

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
With all night in an' plenty o' ale.
An it's time for us to leave her!

She's poverty stricken a' parish-rigged,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
The bloomin' crowd is fever-stricked.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Oh, sing that we boys will never be
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
In a hungry bitch the likes o' she.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The mate was a bucko an' the Old Man a
Turk,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
The bosun wuz a beggar with the middle

name o' Work.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The Old Man swears an' the mate swears too,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
The crew all swears and so would you.
An it's time for us to leave her!

It's growl yer may an' go yer must,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
It matters not whether yer last or fust.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The winds wuz foul, all work, no pay [play]
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
To Liverpool Docks from 'Frisco Bay.
An it's time for us to leave her!

The ship won't steer, nor stay, nor wear,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear.
An it's time for us to leave her!

She will not wear, nor steer, nor stay,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
Her sails an' gear all carried away.
An it's time for us to leave her!

We wuz 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!

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!

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!

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!

The sails is furled an' our work is done,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
An now ashore we'll have our bit o' fun.
An it's time for us to leave her!

We'll make her fast an' stow our gear,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
The gals are a-waitin' on the pier.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, ye can leave her like a
man,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, oh, leave her while yer
can.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Now I thought I heard the Old Man say,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
One more good heave an' then belay.

An it's time for us to leave her!

Other verses:

A rantin' mate an' a bully skipper too,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
On a leakin' ship an' a rotten, harping crew.
An it's time for us to leave her!

We're all of us old an' we're weak n' sad,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
Since we first joined this ruddy wooden-clad
[iron-clad].
An it's time for us to leave her!

Mahogany beef an' weevils in our bread,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
We wisht old Crackerhash Joe wuz dead.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Oh, Capen, now ye are gonna lose yer crew,
Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!
We've had enough of the ship, the grub an
you.
An it's time for us to leave her!

Heave Away / Cape Cod Girls / Bound for Australia

Cape Cod girls don't-a have no combs...
Haul away, haul away
Well they comb their hair with a codfish bones...
And we're bound away for Australia

Chorus:

**So heave her up my bully bully boys, now
Haul away, haul away (yip!)
Well heave her up and don't you make a noise
And we're bound away for Australia**

Cape Cod boys don't-a have no sleds
Haul away, haul away
Well they slide down a hill on a codfish heads
And we're bound away for Australia

Ch:

Cape Cod cats don't-a have no tails
Haul away, haul away
Well they got blown off in a nor-east gale
And we're bound away for Australia

Ch:

Cape Cod dogs don't-a have no bite
Haul away, haul away
Well they lost it barking at the Cape Cod light
And we're bound away for Australia

Ch:

Well Cape Cod ladies don't give no thrills
Haul away, haul away
They're plain and skinny as a codfish gills
And we're bound away for Australia

(Softly)

**So heave her up my bully bully boys, now
Haul away, haul away (yip!)**

(normal volume)

**Well heave her up and don't you make a noise
And we're bound away for Australia**

Heave Away / Cape Cod Girls / Bound for Australia

More Verses:

Cape Cod doctors got no pills
Haul away, haul away
They give their patients codfish gills
And we're bound away for Australia

Ch:

Cape Cod moms don't bake no pies
Haul away, haul away
They feed their children codfish eyes
And we're bound away for Australia

Ch:

[alternate chours version]

**Heave away me bonny bonny boys
Heave away, heave away
Heave away and don't you make a noise
For we're bound for Australia**

Heave Away

(Chords Version)

[G] There's some that's [Am] bound for [C] New York Town
And other's is bound for [G] France
Heave [D] away me [G] Johnnies,
Heave [D] away [G]

And [C] some is bound for the [G] Bengal bay
To [Am] teach them whales a [G] dance
And away me Johnnie [C] boys
We're [G] all [D] bound to [G] go

Our pilot is a-waiting for
The turning of the tide
Heave away me johnnies,
Heave away

And one more pull and we're bound away
With a good and westerly wind
And away me Johnnie boys
We're all bound away

Farewell to you dear Kingston gals
Farewell to St. Andrew's Dock
Heave away me Johnnies,
Heave away

If ever we should come back again
We'll make your cradles rock
And away me Johnnie boys
We're all bound away

There's some that's bound for New York Town
And other's is bound for France
Heave away me Johnnies,
Heave away

And some is bound for the Bengal bay
To teach them whales a dance
And away me Johnnie boys
We're all bound to go

Away Rio

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

Away, a Rio!

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

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

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

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

We'll all man the capstan, and walk her around,

Away, a Rio!

And haul up the anchor to this jolly sound,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio

And haul up the anchor to this jolly sound,

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now, the anchor is weighed, and the sails they
are set,

Away, a Rio!

Them pretty young girls we can never forget,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

Them pretty young girls we can never forget,

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now we'll take her nose out over the bar

Away, a Rio!

And point her bow for the southern star

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

And point her bow for the southern star

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

We've a jolly good ship, and a jolly good crew,

Away, a Rio!

A brass knuckled mate, and a rough skipper, too,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

A brass knuckled mate, and a rough skipper, too,

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now were carrying black sheep, molasses and
rum

Away, a Rio!

To sell them all before winter is come

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

To sell them all before winter is come

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Farewell to the girls we've known in this town

Away, a Rio!

We've left yous enough for to buy a silk gown

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

We've left yous enough for to buy a silk gown

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now farewell to Nancy and farewell to Sue

Away, a Rio!

And you's that is listening...farewell to you

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

And you's that is listening...farewell to you

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

More Verses:

Come heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh,

Away, a Rio!

It's got a firm grip, so heave steady, I say,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!

Away, a Rio!

It's got a firm grip, so heave steady, I say,

And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Heave with a will, and heave long and strong,
Away, a Rio!
Sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
Sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song,
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Heave only one pawl, then 'vast heaving, belay!
Away, a Rio!
Heave steady, because we say farewell to-day,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
Heave steady, because we say farewell to-day,
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

The chain's up and down, now the bosun did say,
Away, a Rio!
Heave up to the hawse-pipe, the anchor's aweigh,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
Heave up to the hawse-pipe, the anchor's aweigh,
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

We'll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
Away, a Rio!
And you who are listening, good-bye to you,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
And you who are listening, good-bye to you,
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

O say, were you ever in Rio Grande?
Away, a Rio!
It's there that the river runs down golden strand;
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
It's there that the river runs down golden strand;
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
Away, a Rio!
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay.
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now fill up your glasses and sing fare you well,
Away, a Rio!
To all the young lasses who love you so well,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
To all the young lasses who love you so well,
And we're bound for the Rio Grand!

Now you Bowery ladies we'd have you to know
Away, a Rio!
We're bound to the south'ard, O Lord, let us go!
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
We're bound to the south'ard, O Lord, let us go!
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum
Away, a Rio!
And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has
come
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Singing way, O-Rio!
Away, a Rio!
And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has
come
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,

Donkey Riding

Was you ever in Quebec
Launchin' timber from the deck?
Where ya break yer bleedin' neck
Ridin' on a donkey!

Chorus:

**Way hey and away we'll go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we'll go
Ridin' on a donkey.**

Was you ever in Timbucktoo
Where the gals are black and blue
And they wiggle their bustles too
Ridin' on a donkey
Ch:

Was you ever in Valipo
Where the gals put on a show
And they dance with a Roll-an-Go
Ridin'on a donkey
Ch:

Was you ever in Mobile Bay
Screwing cotton all the day
A dollar a day is a white man's pay
Ridin'on a donkey
Ch:

Was you ever in London-town

Where the gals they do come down
And the King wears a golden crown
Riding on a donkey
Ch:

Was you ever in Miramichi
Where ye tie up to a tree,
An' the girls sit on yer knee?
Ridin'on a donkey
Ch:

Was you ever in Frisco Bay
Where the girls all shout, "Hooray!"
Here comes stan with three months pay"
Riding on a donkey.
Ch:

Was you ever 'round Cape Horn
Where the weather's never warm?
You wished to God you'd never been born
Ridin' on a donkey.
Ch:

Was you ever in Providence
Where it all seems to make sense
That is, until you commence
Riding on a donkey
Ch:

Ch:

Let The Bullgine Run

Em] Oh the smartest clipper [G] you can [Am] find
[G] Heave away, [D] haul away
Is the [Em] Margot Evans of the [G] Blue Cross [Am] Line
[G] So clear away the [D] track and let the [Em] bullgine run!

[Em] Tell me, are you most done?
[G] Heave away, [Am] haul away
[Em] With Liza Lee all [G] on my [Am] knee,
[G] So clear away the [D] track and let the [Em] bullgine run!

O the Margot Evans of the Blue Cross Line,
Heave away, haul away
She's never a day behind her time
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

Tell me, are you most done?
Heave away, haul away
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

Oh, when I come home across the sea,
Heave away, haul away
It's Liza, will you marry me?
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

Tell me, are you most done?
Heave away, haul away
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

Oh the smartest clipper you can find
Heave away, haul away
Is the Margot Evans of the Blue Cross Line
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

Herzogin Cecile

(Ken Stephens)

Sailing down the Baltic, where the wreck mark buoys all peal,
She's the mighty sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile
Cruisin' in the Channel, where the steamers never yield
She's the mighty sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile

(chorus)

Herzogin Cecile, Herzogin Cecile
She's the mighty sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile

Beatin' down the Biscay where the crew they get no meals
She's the mighty sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile
Rolling in the doldrums where the slightest wind she'll feel
She's the mighty sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile

(chorus)

Roarin' in the forties, where the braces sing like steel
Tackin' in the Tasman Sea, where the winds upon her steal
Runnin' east below the Horn where the mighty sperm whales squeal
Off Tierra Del Fuego, where the albatrosses wheel

(chorus)

Comin' down from Labrador with a load of pine and deal
Cruising Caribbean calms, where the flying fish appeal
Now she's Falmouth bound for orders, where her passage time's reveal'd
A shipload strainin' in her hold, the pull again she'll feel

(chorus)

She's run upon the Bobtail, in the mist, a test of steel
She's hard aground in Sawmile Cove, the rocks have broken her keel

(chorus)

Nancy Whiskey

O, seven long years have I have been weaving
A weaving me a new suit of clothes
And so when I saved me a little money
I took a ramble as you may suppose.

Chorus

*O whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-o.*

As I was going up fair London city
Young Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell
So I thought it proper to call and see her
For seven long years I had loved her well

I stepped up boldly, knocked at her window
And asked her pardon for being so free,
She said: Young man, you are kindly welcome
Come in, sit down and keep me company

And when I woke all in the morning
I found myself on some strange bed
I tried to dress but I was not able
For Nancy Whisky had me by the head

I boldly call-ed for the waitress
And what's the reckoning I have to pay?
Thirty shillings and a sixpence

Come pay it down and go your way

I put my hand all in my pocket
And I paid it down in ready coin
And when I'd paid out all her reckoning
It brought my store down to one half-crown

As I went down fair London city
I chanced to meet with a gentlemen
Along with him I spent two and tuppence
Which brought me down to one four-pence

All I've left now is that one four-pence
The very last of my precious store
I'll go back and see my Nancy
Then I'll go home and work for more

Then I'll go back unto my weaving
And there I'll work for seven long years
And if I live for another seven
I'll go back any find my Nancy dear

So come all you weavers now take a warning
When you leave off working at the loom
For of all the girls in London city
Young Nancy Whisky will prove your ruin.

Sally Ratchet

Used in tightening braces or raising yards.
(**Bold is the crew chorus**)

Oh, little Sally Ratchet, **(Haul 'em away!)**
She pawned my brand new jacket; **(Haul 'em away!)**
Sold the ticket. **(Haul 'em away!)**

Little Nelly Riddle, **(Haul 'em away!)**
She broke my brand new fiddle; **(Haul 'em away!)**
Has a hole right up the middle. **(Haul 'em away!)**
With a hally-ya-ya, **(Haul 'em away!)**
And a heighdy-ya-ya. **(Haul 'em away!)**

Oh, little flubbin' Anna, [Chorus continues as above]
She slipped on a banana,

And now she can't play the piyana. **[He said it, not me]**
With a ... [Refrain repeated after each following verse]
And a ...

Oh, little Milly Skinner,
She says she's a beginner,
But she prefers it to her dinner.

And little Kimmy Larson,
She's married to the Parson,
Because they had a little barson.

Little Penny Taylor
Swore she'd never touch a sailor:
She got harpooned by a whaler!

And little Nessie Tucket,
She washes in a bucket.
She's a whore, but she don't look it.

Let's get out me fighting cocks now, **(Haul 'em away!)**
Let's get up and split them blocks now, **(Haul 'em away!)**
And it's huff boys, and puff boys, **(Haul 'em away!)**
And now that'll be enough, boys -- **(HAUL 'EM AWAY!)**

Rolling Down to Old Maui

It's a damned tough life, full of toil and strife
 We whalermen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the gale
 has stopped
 How hard the wind did blow.
We're homeward bound! 'Tis a grand old
 sound
 On a good ship taut and free,
And we don't give a damn when we drink
 our rum
 With the girls on old Maui.

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

We'll heave the lead where old
 Diamondhead
 Looms up on old Wahoo.
Our mast and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.
The horrid tiles of the sea-cut ice

That deck the Arctic Sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for old Maui.

Chorus

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

Chorus

And now we sail with a favoring gale
 Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
 And we ain't got far to roam.
Our stuns'l booms are carried away
 What care we for that sound?
 A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound!

Chorus

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

Chorus

Old Maui – Version 2

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalemens undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the day
is done
How hard the winds did blow.
For we're homeward bound from the
Arctic ground
With a good ship, taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink
our rum
With the girls of Old Maui.
Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain.
Them native maids, them tropical glades,
We soon shall see again.
Six hellish months have passed away
One the cold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic
ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.
Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain't go far to roam.
Our stuns'l bones is carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound.
Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
ground

Rolling down to Old Maui.

How soft the breeze through the island
trees,
Now the ice is far astern.
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is a-waiting our return.
Even now their soft brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales
Rolling down to Old Maui.
Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Rolling Down to Old Mohee

Once more we are waft by the Northern gales
 Bounding over the main,
 And now the hills of the tropic isles
 We soon shall see again.
Five sluggish moons have waxed and waned
 Since from the shore sailed we,
 Now we are bound from the Arctic ground
 Rolling down to old Mohee.
Now we are bound from the Arctic ground
 Rolling down to old Mohee.

 Through many a blow of frost and snow
 And bitter squalls of hail,
Our spars were bent and our canvas rent
 As we braved the northern gale.
 The horrid isles of ice cut tiles
 That deck the Arctic sea,
 Are many, many leagues astern
 As we sail to old Mohee.

 Through many a gale of snow and hail
 Our good ship bore away
And in the midst of the moonbeam's kiss
 We slept in St. Lawrence Bay.
 And many a day we whiled away
 In the bold Kamchatka Sea
And we'll think of that as we laugh and chat
 With the girls of old Mohee.

 An ample share of toil and care
 We whalemens undergo;
 But when it's over, what care we
 How the bitter blast may blow.
We are homeward bound, that joyful sound,
 And yet it may not be,
But we'll think of that as we laugh and chat
 With the girls of old Mohee.

Rolling Down to Old Maui (Traditional)

B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7
 It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife, We whale-men un-der go. And we
 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em D7 G
 don't give a damn when the gale is done How hard the wind did blow. We're home-ward bound, 'tis a
 D Em B7 Em B7
 grand old sound on a good ship taut and free; And we don't give a damn when we
 Em B7 Em B7 Em D7 G D
 drink our rum With the girls of old Mau-i! Rol-ling down to old Mau-i, me boys, Rol-ling
 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7
 down to old Mau-i, We're home-ward bound from the Arc-tic ground, Rol-ling down to old Mau-
 Em
 -i!

It's a damned tough life, full of toil and strife, We whalemens undergo.
 And we don't give a damn when the gale is done, How hard the wind did blow.
 We're homeward bound! 'Tis a grand old sound, On a good ship taut and free,
 And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum With the girls on old Maui.

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

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

And now we sail with a favoring gale, Towards our island home.
 Our mainmast sprung, our work is done, And we ain't got far to roam.
 Our stuns'l booms are carried away, What care we for that sound?
 A living gale is after us, Thank God we're homeward bound!

And now we're anchored in the bay, With the Kanakas all around
 With chants and soft aloha oes, They greet us homeward bound.
 And now ashore we'll have good fun, We'll paint them beaches red
 And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum, and find a nice soft bed.

Rolling Home

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable running clear
Heave away and with a will, boys
For new England we will steer

Chorus

**Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to old New England
Rolling home dear land to thee**

Fare you well, you Spanish maidens
It is time to say adieu
Happy times we've spent together
Happy times we've spent with you

Chorus

"Round Cape Horn one frosty morning
And our sails were full of snow
Clear your sheets and sway your halyards
Swing her out and let her go

Chorus

Up aloft amid the rigging
Blows a wild and rushing gale
Like a monsoon in the springtime
Filling out each well known sail

Chorus

And the waves we leave behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow
There's a hearty welcome waiting
In the land to which you go

Chorus

Many thousand miles behind us
Many thousand miles before
Ocean lifts her winds to bring us
To that well remembered shore

Chorus

Roll The Woodpile Down

Way down south where the cocks do crow
'Way down in Florida
The gals all dance to the old banjo
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

**Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown girl o' mine's down the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down!**

When I was a young man in me prime
'Way down in Florida
I'd take them yaller gals two at a time.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low
'Way down in Florida
We'll heave him up and away we'll go.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry
'Way down in Florida
A sailor's wage is never high.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

O Curly goes on the old ran-tan
'Way down in Florida
O Curly's just a down-east man.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

O one more heave and that will do
'Way down in Florida
We're the bullies for to kick 'er through.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

New York Girls (Can You Dance The Polka)

G C D G
As I went down to Broadway one evening last July

G C D7 G
I met a lass, she asked me trade. A sailor lad says I

G C D G C D7 G
And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

To Tiffany's I took her I did not mind expense
I bought her a pair of earrings, they cost me fifteen cents

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

She said, My fine new sailor, Now take me home you may
But when we reached her door step she this to me did say,
My flashman he's a Yankee with his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails on the Black Bow line

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

He's homeward bound this evening and with me he will stay
So get a move on sailor boy, get cracking on your way

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

I kissed her hard and proper before her flashman came
Saying, Fare thee well me Bow'ry girl, I know your little game

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

I wrapped me glad rags round me and off to the docks did steer
I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and beer

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka

I joined a Yankee whaler and sailed away next morn
Don't mess around with women lads, you're safer round Cape Horn

And a-way shan-ty my Dear An-nie O, You New York girls, Can you dance the Polka