

SONGS FROM "HAZZARD'S HUZZAH"
herein presented in order alphabetick.

SONGS FROM "HAZZARD'S HUZZAH"	1
herein presented in order alphabetick.	1
ADMIRAL BENBOW	4
AE FOND KISS.....	5
THE AGINCOURT SONG.....	6
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.....	7
ANNIE LAURIE.....	8
THE ARETHUSA.....	9
BABYLON IS FALLEN	10
BANG UPON THE BIG DRUM	11
THE BAY OF BISCAY.....	11
BEGONE! DULL CARE.....	12
BELIEVE IT FRIEND.....	12
BLACK IS THE COLOUR	13
BLACKLEG MINERS.....	14
BLOOD RED ROSES	15
BLOW YE WINDS WESTERLY	15
BONNIE DUNDEE.....	16
THE BONNIE LASS OF FYVIE-O.....	17
THE BRITISH GRENADIERS	18
BYKER HILL AND WALKER SHORE	18
CAM' YE BY ATHOL?.....	19
CAM' YE OWER FRAE FRANCE.....	20
THE CALTON WEAVER.....	21
CHERRY RIPE.....	21
CHEVY CHASE.....	22
COME LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL	23
COME LASSES AND LADS.....	24
COMING THROUGH THE RYE.....	24
THE CUCKOO'S NEST	25
THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE' EXISEMAN.....	26
DE'IL TAKE THE WAR!	26
DIRTY OLD TOWN.....	27
DONKEY RIDING	27
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN	28
DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.....	28
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.....	29
THE FEMALE DRUMMER	30
FINNEGAN'S WAKE	32
THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.....	33
FLODGARY	33
THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST	34
FLOWER OF SCOTLAND.....	34
GAUDETE.....	35
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME	35
THE GOLDEN VANITY	36
THE GREAT BOOBEE	37
GREENSLEEVES.....	38
HEART OF OAK.....	39
HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE.....	39
HEN WLAD FY NHADAU	40
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY	40
HEY, NOW THE DAY DAWS	41
HIGH BARBARY.....	42
HIGH GERMANY	42
HO BOY! HEY BOY!.....	43

I CARE NOT FOR THESE LADIES	43
I ONCE LOVED A LASS	44
I WILL GO	44
JERUSALEM.....	45
JOHN BARLEYCORN	45
JOHN PEEL.....	46
JOHNNIE COPE.....	46
A JUG OF PUNCH	47
THE KEEPER.....	47
KILLIECRANKIE	48
LAND OF MY FATHERS	49
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	50
LET GOD ARISE (PSALM 68).....	50
LEWIS BRIDAL SONG.....	51
LILLIBURLERO	51
LOCH LOMOND.....	52
LORD OF THE DANCE	52
LORD WILLOUGHBY.....	53
LOVE IS TEASING.....	54
MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG	54
MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN	55
MEN OF HARLECH	55
THE MINSTREL BOY	56
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.....	57
MRS McGRATH	59
MY MISTRESS'S CUNNY.....	60
NEW OYSTERS	60
NEWS FROM HOLLAND'S LEAGER.....	61
NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD	62
THE OAK AND THE ASH.....	62
OCTOBER SONG.....	63
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	64
THE OVER-COURTEOUS KNIGHT	65
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY	66
THE OWL.....	66
PARCEL OF ROGUES	67
PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY.....	67
PLEASE TO SEE THE KING	68
POVERTY KNOCK.....	68
PRINCE RUPERT'S MARCH	69
A QUICK WAY TO BE RID OF A WIFE.....	69
REAL OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.....	69
RED IRON ORE	70
REMEMBER O THOU MAN	71
RODDY M'CORLEY	71
ROSE OF ALLANDALE	72
ROVING.....	73
ROW, DOW, DOW or THE DRUM.....	73
SANTYANNO.....	74
SCARBOROUGH FAIR	75
SCOTS WHA HAE	75
SING WE NOW MERRILY	76
SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.....	76
SPANISH LADIES	77
STAINES MORRIS	77
STRAWBERRY FAIR.....	78
SUMER IS I-CUMEN IN	78
THERE ARE TWA BONNIE MAIDENS.....	79
THERE WAS A SIMPLE MAIDEN.....	79
THERE WAS A WILY LADDE.....	80

THE THREE RAVENS.....	80
TOBACCOE IS LIKE LOVE.....	81
TOM THE TAYLOR.....	81
THE TROOPER WATERING HIS NAG.....	82
TWA CORBIES.....	82
TWANKYDILLO.....	83
WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.....	83
WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.....	83
THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE.....	84
WE'RE A' JOLLY FU'.....	84
WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.....	85
WHAT IS A YOUTH.....	85
WHEN CANNONS ARE ROARING.....	86
WHEN I WAS A TAILOR.....	87
WHEN JONES' ALE WAS NEW.....	87
WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.....	88
WHISKY IN THE JAR.....	90
WHY SOLDIERS WHY?.....	90
WILD ROVER.....	91
WILL SAID TO HIS MAMMY.....	91
WITH YOUR GUNS AND DRUMS.....	92
YE JACOBITES.....	93

ADMIRAL BENBOW

Come all you seamen bold, and draw near,
And draw near.
Come all you seamen bold and draw near;
It's of an Admiral's fame,
Oh, brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought all on the Main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight,
For to fight.
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight;
Brave Benbow he set sail
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his Captains they turned tail
In a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade, "We will run
We will run."
Says Kirby unto Wade, "We will run.
For I value no disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place;
But the enemy I'll face,
Nor his guns, nor his guns."

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French
Fought the French.
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French;
They fought them up and down
Till the blood came trickling down,
Till the blood came trickling down,
Where they lay, where they lay.

Brave Benbow lost his leg by chain-shot,
By chain-shot.
Brave Benbow lost his leg by chain-shot;
Brave Benbow lost his leg,
But all on his stump he'll beg,
Fight on my English lads,
'Tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow,
Cries Benbow.
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow;
"Let a cradle now in haste
On the quarterdeck be placed,
That the enemy I may face,
Till I die, till I die."

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae farewell and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring cries and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy!
Just to see her is to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met- or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be e'er more joy and treasure,
Peace, contentment, love and pleasure.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae farewell and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring cries and groans I'll wage thee.

THE AGINCOURT SONG

Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry;
The God for him wrought marv'lously,
Where-fore England may call and cry

Deo gratias:

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria.

He set a siege, sooth for to say,
To Harfleur town with Royal array;
That town he won, and made a fray,
That France shall rue until Domesday.

Then went our King, with all his host
Through France, for all the Frenchman's boast;
Nor spared for dread of least nor most,
Until he came to Agincourt coast.

Then forsooth that Knight comely,
In Agincourt field he fought manly:
Through grace of God most mighty,
He had both the field and the victory.

Their dukes and earls, lords and barons,
Were ta'en and slain and that well soon:
And some were led into London,
With joy and mirth and great renown.

The gracious God now save our King,
His people and all his well willing:
Give him good life and good ending,
That we with mirth may safely sing.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore;
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonny
Where early falls the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true.
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonny Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonny Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonny Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

THE ARETHUSA

Come all ye jolly Sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould
While English glory I unfold -
Hurrah! for the Arethusa.
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poule straight ahead did lie
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack or a brace did she slack
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff
But they knew not the handful of men, so tough
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France:
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our Captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchman then cried out, hallo!
"Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee"
"No, no", said the Frenchman "That can't be"
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We drove them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand.
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass.
A health to the Captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jolly crew
On board of the Arethusa.

BABYLON IS FALLEN (tune by W.E. Chute 1878)

Hail the day so long expected
Hail the day of long release,
Zion's walls are now erected
And her watchmen publish peace.
Throughout Shiloh's wide dominions
Hear the trumpet loudly roar.

Chorus

*Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.*

All the merchants stand in wonder
What is this has come to pass?
Murmuring like a distant thunder
Crying O alas, alas.
Swell the ranks ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people rich and poor.

Chorus...

Sound the trumpet in Mount Zion
Christ is come a second time,
Ruling with a rod of iron
All who now as foes combine.
Babel's garments we rejected
And our fellowship is sure.

BANG UPON THE BIG DRUM

When first I went a soldier, With pike upon my shoulder,
There wasn't any bolder in the corps boys-oh.
And when I walked abroad, All the pretty girls would wink at me.
The ladies can't resist a jolly soldier.

*Bang upon the big drum! Crash upon the cymbals!
We'll sing as we go marching along boys-oh.
And although on this campaign, There's no whisky or champagne
Still we'll keep our spirits going with a song boys.*

And when we got the route, And for India we set out,
With the girlies flocking round us to the dock boys-oh.
So we gave three hearty cheers, For the pretty little dears,
And we hope that each one gets another soldier.

Then we marched through Khalasan and we met the wild Afghan
And made him at Karazia for to run boys, oh
And we marched into Kabul, and we took the Bala Hisar
And we made them to respect the British Soldier.

And now I'll say goodbye, For I'm feeling rather dry,
And I see a comrade waiting with his song boys-oh.
So here's good luck to all, And promotion soon and better money,
That's the sort of ticket for a soldier.

THE BAY OF BISCAY

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder The rain a deluge show'rs;
The clouds are rent asunder By lightning's vivid pow'rs.
The night both drear and dark. Our poor devoted bark
Till next day there she lay In the Bay of Biscay O!
Till next day there she lay In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dashed up on the billow Our op'ning timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow, None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slippery shrouds Each breathless seaman crowds
As she lay till the day In the Bay of Biscay O!
As she lay till the day In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever, Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever, Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears, We hail her with three cheers
Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Biscay O!
Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Biscay O!

BEGONE! DULL CARE

Begone! dull care,
I prithee, be gone from me,
Begone! dull care,
You and I shall never agree.
Long time hast thou been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill,
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care,
Will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

BELIEVE IT FRIEND

(tune: I Tell Thee, Jack)

Believe it, friend. We care not for ye,
And therefore, Roundhead, I am sorry
To see you play the fool.
Go, get thee packing hence, 'tis fit,
And there be pleased to learn more wit,
Thy Puritan heels to cool.

'Tis not your three score wagons, no,
Nor all those things that make a show,
As if your men were pedlars,
Can us affright, nor Devereux,
Nor Carrill, nor the men with a pox,
That were y-cleped our saddlers.

Nor yet your cannon, six in number,
That fain would make us think of thunder,
Can startle our commanders.
Our officers have served the States
Of Holland, and have broke men's pates,
As I have heard, in Flanders.

You tell us that we robbed the town,
You lie, my friend, it was our own,
We brought the beef and bacon.
The townsmen they will lie a little,
What do you think we'd rob the Spital?
Oh Lord, you are mistaken.

What, will her storm us then? Fall on!
But have a care, my name is Shon,
Here's ready to receive you.
The Welshmen they do swear apace,
They'll die before they lose this place,
And make your hopes deceive you.

BLACK IS THE COLOUR



Black black black is the co- lor of my true love's hair. His lips



are some- thing won- drous fair. The pur- est eyes and the



brav- est hands. I love the ground wher- on he stands.

Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her face is fine and wondrous fair,
The handsomest face and the gentlest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write to you in a few short lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times

I love my love and well she knows
I love the grass whereon she goes.
If she on earth no more I see
My life will quickly fade away

The winter's past and the leaves are green,
Gone are the days that we have seen.
But still I hope that the time will come,
Then you and I will be as one.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some rosy fair
The purest eyes and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands.

BLACKLEG MINERS



Oh ear- ly in the eve- nin', just af- ter dark, The black- leg min- ers creep te wark; Wi' their



mole- skin trou- sers an' dor- ty short, There go the black- leg min- ers!

Oh it's in the evening after dark
The blackleg miners gan to work,
With their moleskin trousers and their dirty shirts
There go the blackleg miners.

They take their picks and down they go
To hew the coal that lies below
And there's not a woman in this town row
Will look at a blackleg miner.

Oh Delavel is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay in a blacklegs face,
And round the pitheaps they run a foot race
To catch the blackleg miners.

Oh divn't gan near the Seghill mine,
Across the way they hang a line
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miners.

They'll take your tools and your duds as well
And throw them down in the pit of hell,
It's down you go and fare you well,
You dirty blackleg miners.

So join the union while you may
And don't wait till your dying day
For that may not be very far away,
You dirty blackleg miners.

BLOOD RED ROSES

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
And it's mighty drafty around Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down you blood red roses, go down.

You've had your advance and to sea you must go
A-chasin' whales through the frost and the snow.

Oh my old mother, she wrote to me,
My dearest son come home from sea

But 'round Cape Born you've got to go
For that is where them whalefish blow.

Just one more and that'll do,
For we're the gang to kick her through.

BLOW YE WINDS WESTERLY

Come all you bold fishermen, listen to me,
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea.
So blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.

First comes the bluefish a-wagging his tail,
He comes up on deck and yells, "All hands make sail!"

Next come the herrings with their little tails,
They manned sheets and halyards and set all the sails.

Next comes the porpoise with his short snout,
He jumps on the bridge and yells, "Ready about!"

Next comes the swordfish, the scourge of the sea,
The order he gives is, "Helm's a-lee!"

Then comes the mackerel with his striped back,
He flops on the bridge and yells, "Board the main tack!"

Next comes the flounder quite fresh from the ground,
Crying, "Damn your eyes, chucklehead, mind where you sound!"

Along comes the shark with his three rows of teeth,
He flops on the foreyard and takes a snug reef.

Next comes the whale, the largest of all,
Singing out from the bridge, "Haul taut, mainsail, haul!"

Then comes the catfish with his chucklehead,
Out in the main chains for a heave of the lead.

Up jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim,
And with his big net he scoops them all in.

BONNIE DUNDEE

Tae the Lords o' convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"E'er the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.
*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the West Port and let us gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee".*

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

There are hills beyond Pentland and hills beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north,
There are brave dunniwassels, three thousand times three,
Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

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

THE BONNIE LASS OF FYVIE-O

There was a troop of Irish Dragoons
Came marching down through Fyvie-o,
And their captain fell in love with a handsome serving maid
And her name it was called pretty Peggy-o.

There's many a bonnie lass in the Howe of Auchterless,
There's many a bonnie lass in the Gario,
There's many a bonnie Jean in the town of Aberdeen
But the flower of them all lies in Fyvie-o.

Oh come down the stair, pretty Peggy my dear,
Come down the stair pretty Peggy-o,
Come down the stair, bind up your yellow hair,
Give a last farewell to your daddy-o.

What would your mammy think, if she heard the guineas clink
And the fifes play shrill before you-o?
What would your mammy think, if she heard the guineas clink
And kent you had married a soldier-o?

A soldier's wife I never shall be,
A soldier shall never enjoy me-o.
For I never do intend to go to a foreign land,
So I never shall marry a soldier-o.

A soldier's wife you'll never need be
For you'll be the captain's lady-o.
And I'll make the troop to stand with their hats all in their hands
And they'll bow in the presence of my Peggy-o.

It's braw, aye, it's braw, a captain's lady for to be,
It's braw to be a captain's lady-o,
It's braw to rant and roar and to follow at his word
And to march when our colonel he is ready-o.

Mount, cries the colonel, mount, boys, mount,
Oh tarry, says our captain, oh tarry-o,
And do not gang awa' for another day or twa
Till we see if this bonnie lass will marry-o.

It was the early morn when we rode away,
And oh but our captain was sorry-o,
The drums they did beat o'er the bonnie braes of Gight
And the fifes played the Lowlands of Fyvie-o.

Long ere we won into old Meldrum town
It's had we our captain for to carry-o,
And long ere we won into bonnie Aberdeen
It's we had our captain for to bury-o.

Green grows the birch on the bonnie Ythanside
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie-O,
The captain's name was Ned, he died for a serving maid,
He died for the bonnie lass of Fyvie-o.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these:
But of all the world's great heroes there's none that can compare,
With a tow row, row row, row row, row to the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades:
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row, row row, row row, row the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches and wear the looped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years.
With tow row, row row, row row, row for the British Grenadiers.

BYKER HILL AND WALKER SHORE

If I had another penny I would have another gill
I would make the piper play The bonnie lads of Byker Hill.
Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for ever more.
Byker Hill and Walker Shore. Collier lads for ever more.

My Jenny she sits an hour late up, My Jenny she sits an hour late up
My Jenny she sits an hour late up, To give me my pint pot and a cup.

It's down the pits we'll go my laddies And down the pits we'll go my mammies,
We'll try our will and use our skill To cut them ridges down below.

My Jenny she is never near. My Jenny she is never near
And when I called out "Where's my supper"
She orders up another pint of beer.

When first I came down to the pit I had no trousers nor no pit shirt,
Now I've gotten two or three; Byker pit's done well by me.

Hey Jenny come home to your little baby
Hey Jenny come home to your little baby
Hey Jenny come home to your little baby
With a pint of beer all under your arm

The pitman and the keelman trim They drink bumble made from gin,
Then to dance they do begin To the tune of Elsie Marley.

The old coalcutter gets two shillings; The deputy gets half a crown,
The overman gets five and sixpence - That's just for riding up and down.

Geordie Johnson he had a pig, He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
All the way to the Walker pit To the tuine of Elsie Marley

CAM' YE BY ATHOL?

Cam' ye by Athol lad wi' the philabeg?
Doun by the Tummel, or banks or the Garry?
Saw ye the lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
*Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee,
Lang 'last thou lo'ed, and trusted us fairly;
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the hielan' hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.*

I ha's but ae son, my gallant young Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry;
Health to Macdonald, and gallant clan Ronald
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie?

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Doun by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildairlie;
Brave Mckintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them,
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Doun thro' the Lowlands, doun wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, doun wi' them rarely:
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.

CAM' YE OWER FRAE FRANCE

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Cam' ye ower frae France'. It consists of three staves of music in a 3/4 time signature, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: 'Came ye o'er frae France? Came ye down by Lun- non? Saw ye Geor- die whelps?'. The second staff contains: 'And his bon- ny wo- man? Were ye at the place Ca'd the Kit- tle Hoo- sie?'. The third staff contains: 'Saw ye Geor- die's grace Ri- ding on a goo- sie?'.

Cam' ye over frae France, cam ye doon by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps and his bonnie Wumman?
Were ye at the place called the Kittle Hoosie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace ridin' on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man there is little doubt o't
He does a' he can, wha can dae without it?
By there cam' a man linkin like my lordie,
He maun drive a trade at the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad blythely may we niffer,
Gin we get a wab. It mak's little differ.
We maun taint oor plaid, bonnet, belt and swordie.
Has the mailin's braid, but we hae a Geordie.

Jocky's gone tae France, and Montgomery's lady,
There they'll learn tae dance, "Madam are you ready?"
Thay'll be back belyve, belted, brick and lordly,
Brawly may they thrive, tae dance a jig wi' Geordie.

Hey for sandy ben, hey for Cockalorum,
Hey for bobbin' John and his heilan quorum.
Many's the sword and lance swings at heilan hurdie,
How they'll skip and dance, over the bum o' geordie.

THE CALTON WEAVER

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver,
I'm a rash and a roving blade,
I've got siller in my pouches,
I'll gang follow the roving trade.
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy~o.

As I cam' in by Glesca city,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell,
So I gaed in, sat doon beside her,
Seven long years I lo'ed her well.

The mair I kissed her the mair I lo'ed
The mair I kissed her the mair she smiled
And I forgot my mither's teaching,
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

I woke up early in the morning,
To slake my drouth it was my need,
I tried to rise but wasna able,
Nancy had me by the heid.

"C'wa, landlady, whit's the lawin.
Tell me whit there is to pay."
"Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,
Pay me quickly and go away."

As I went by Glesca city,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell;
I gaed in drank four and sixpence,
A't was left was a crooked scale.

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving,
I'll surely make the shuttles fly,
I'll make more at the Calton weaving,
Than ever I did in the roving way.

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,
A' ye weavers where e'er ye be;
Beware of whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

CHERRY RIPE

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy,
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there,
Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
There's the land of Cherry Isle;
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow;
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

CHEVY CHASE

God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did, In Chevy Chase befall.

The stout Earl of Northumberland, A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods, Three summer's days to take;

The ohifest harts in Chevy Chase, To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came, In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word, He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that, Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold, All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need, To aim their shafts aright.

Lord Percy to the quarry went, To view the slaughtered deer.
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised, This day to meet me here:

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come, His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears, All marching in our sight.

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company, Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men you be, That hunt so boldly here!
That, without my consent, do chase, And kill my fallow-deer.

Ere thus I will out-braved be, One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art; Lord Percy, so am I.

Let thou and I the battle try, And set our men aside.
Accurst be he, Earl Percy said, By whom this is denied.

With that, there came an arrow keen, Out of English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these, Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end; Lord Percy sees my fall.

This fight did last from break of day, Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell, The battle scarce was done.

God save our king, and bless this land, With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate, 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

COME LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

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

The man who drinketh small beer And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade That drop off in October.

The man who drinketh strong beer And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jolly fellow.

But he who drinks just what he likes And getteth half seas over,
Will live until he die, perhaps, And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off, And never kiss another.

The maiden who enjoys a kiss and comes back for another,
She's a boon to all mankind and soon to be a mother.

Come into the garden Maud And don't be so particular,
For if the grass is very very wet, We'll do it perpendicular.

If I had a pile of bricks I'd build my chimney higher.
That would stop the neighbour's cat from pissing in the fi-er.

COME LASSES AND LADS.

Come, lasses and lads, get leave or your dads, and away to the maypole hie,
For ev'ry fair has a sweetheart there, and the fiddler's standing by;
For Willy shall dance with Jane, and Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.

"Begin!" says Hal; "O yes!" says Moll, "We'll lead up Packington's Pound."
"Do, do!" says Jess; "No, no!" says Bess, "We'll first have Sellenger's Round!"
Then every lad did take His hat off to his lass
And ev'ry girl did curtsy, curtsy, curtsy on the grass,
And ev'ry girl did curtsy, curtsy, curtsy on the grass.

"You're out!" says Dick; "Not I," says Nick. "'Twas the fiddler played it wrong."
"'Tis true!" says Hugh, and so says Sue, and so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler then began To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

Now they did stay the whole of the day, and tired the fiddler quite
With dance and play, without any pay, from morning unto night
They told the fiddler then They'd pay him for his play,
And each a twopence, twopence, twopence gave him and went away,
And each a twopence, twopence, twopence gave him and went away.

"Goodnight!" says Harry; "Goodnight!" says Mary; "Goodnight!" says Poll to John,
"Goodnight!" says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh, "Goodnight!" says ev'ryone.
Some walked and some did run; some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve, to meet the next holiday,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve, to meet the next holiday.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body Beet a body Comin' frae the toun,
Gin a body greet a body, Need a body froun?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame or what his name I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?

THE CUCKOO'S NEST

As I was a-walking one morning in May
I met a pretty maid and unto her did say
"For love I am inclined and I'll tell you my mind,
That my inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest."
"My darling," says she, "I am innocent and young
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue,
But I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
That your inclination lies in my cuckoo's nest."

Chorus

*Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist,
But give me a girl who will wriggle and will twist,
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.*

"My darling," says he, "if you see it in my eyes,
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised,
For I love you my dear and I'll marry you I swear
If you let me clap my hand on your cuckoo's nest."
"My darling," says she, "I shall do no such thing,
For my mother often told me it was committing sin
For my maidenhead to lose and my sex to be abused,
So have no more to do with my cuckoo's nest."

Chorus.....

"My darling," says he, "it is not committing sin,
And common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest."
"My darling," says she, "I cannot you deny,
For you've surely won my heart with the roving of your eye,
But I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised,
So gently lift your hand in my cuckoo's nest."

Chorus.....

So this couple they got married and soon they went to bed,
And there this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead,
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best,
And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE' EXISEMAN

The de'il cam' fiddlin' through the toon,
And he's danced away wi' the exiseman,
And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoon,
And I wish ye luck wi' your prize man."
*The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa', the de'il's awa' wi' th'exiseman,
He's danced awa', he's danced awa', he's danced awa' wi' th'exiseman.*

We'll mak' oor maut and we'll brew oor drink
We'll sing and dance and rejoice man,
And many braw thanks tae meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' the exiseman.

There's threesome reels, and there's fowersome reels
And there's hornpipes and Strathspeys man,
But aye the best dance ever cam' tae the land
Was the de'il's awa' wi' th'exiseman.

DE'IL TAKE THE WAR!

De'il take the war, that hurried Willy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn.
They made him captain, sure, to undo me:
Woe is me, he'll ne'er return.
A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run.
Day and night I did invite
To stay safe from the sword and gun:
I used alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall.
And had he my soft arms
Preferred to wars alarms,
By love grown mad, without Man of Gad,
I fear in my fit had granted all!

I washed and patched to make me look provoking,
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode sat cocking,
Which made me show as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flowers did shine.
My love well might think me gay and bonny;
No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee.
But oh! the fatal thought;
To Willy these are naught,
Who rid to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might have plundered me!

DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the gasworks croft,
Dreamed a dream by the old canal,
Kissed my girl by the factory wall.
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Clouds are drifting across the moon,
Cats are prowling on their beat,
Spring's a girl in the street at night.
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

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

We're going to make a good sharp axe,
Shining steel, tempered in the fire,
We'll chop you down like an old dead tree.
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec,
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a King with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

*Hey! Ho! away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding.
Hey! Ho! away we go
Riding on a donkey*

Were you ever off the Horn,
Where it's always fine and warm
And seen the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey?

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay,
Where the folks all shout "Hooray
Here comes John with his three months' pay,"
Riding on a donkey?

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace
To faction an end, to wealth increase!
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found.
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board
We'll sing the joys that both afford.
And he that won't with us comply.

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

Now, come, my brave boys, as I've told you before,
Come drink, my brave boys, and we'll boldly call for more,
For the French they've invaded and they say that they will try,
They say that they will come and drink old England dry.
Aye dry, aye dry my boys, aye dry,
They say that they will come and drink old England dry.

Supposing we should meet with the Russians by the way,
Ten thousand to one we will show them British play,
With our swords and our cutlasses we'll fight until we die,
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.

Then up spake old Churchill of fame and renown,
He swears he'll come true to his country and crown,
For the cannons they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly,
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.

Then it's drink, my brave boys, as I've told you before,
Come drink, my brave boys, till you cannot drink no more,
For those French dogs they may boast but their brags are all my eye,
They say that they will drink old England dry.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers living still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh how our hearts beat loud with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

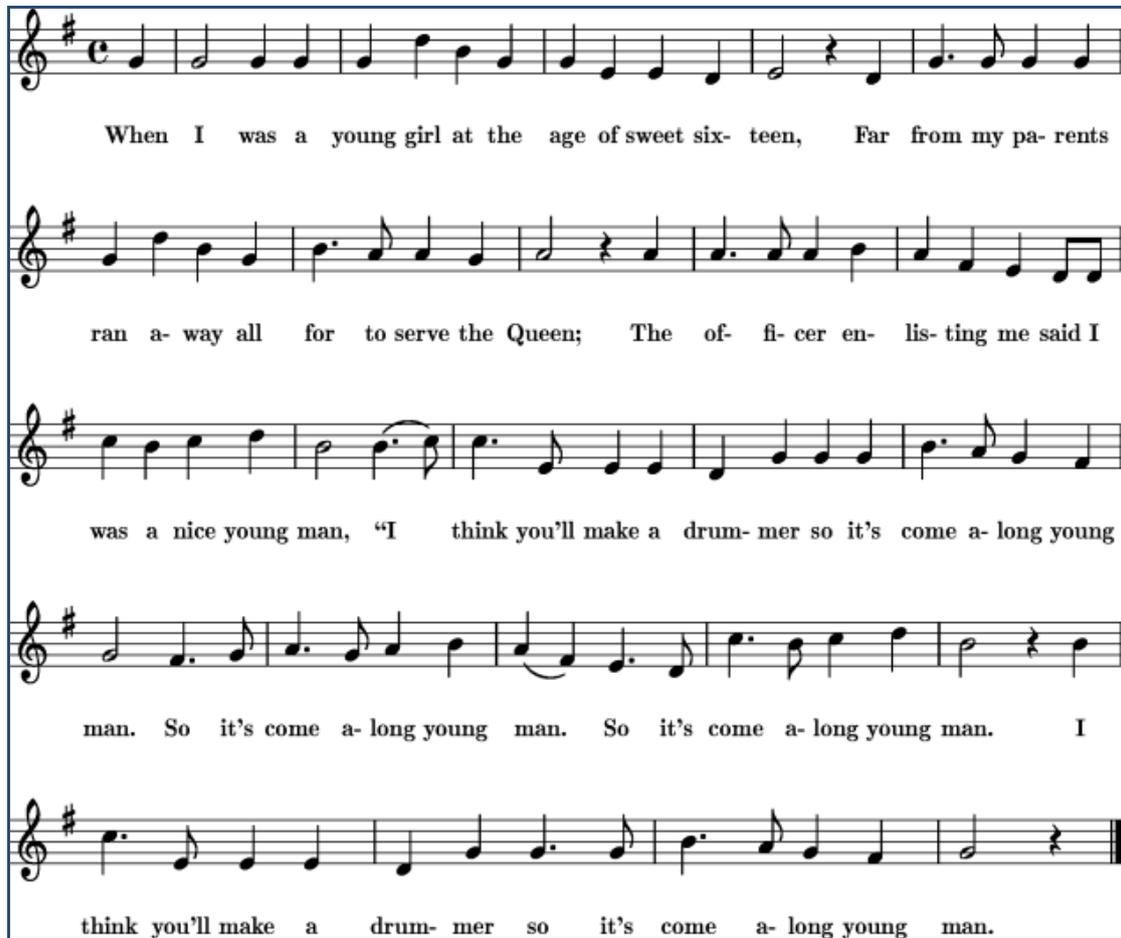
*Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to you till death,
We will be true to you till death.*

Our fathers chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
How great would be our children's faith, If they like them could die for thee.

Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God, England shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life.

THE FEMALE DRUMMER



When I was a young girl at the age of sweet sixteen, Far from my parents
ran away all for to serve the Queen; The officer enlisting me said I
was a nice young man, "I think you'll make a drummer so it's come a long young
man. So it's come a long young man. So it's come a long young man. I
think you'll make a drummer so it's come a long young man.

I was brought up in Yorkshire and when I was sixteen,
I ran away from borne, my boys, and a soldier I became,
With my fine cap and feathers, likewise my rattling drum,
They learned me to play upon the rub-a-dub-a-dum.
*With her fine cap and feathers, likewise her rattling drum,
They learned her to play upon the rub-a-dub-a-dum,
With her gentle waist so slender, her fingers long and small,
She could play upon the rub-a-dub the best of them all.*

I went to be a soldier, in doublet all of blue,
And when they gave to me a drum, I was a drummer too,
To rush into the battle with a broadsword in my hand,
To hear the cannon rattle and the music sound so grand.

It's many the pranks I saw while fighting the King's men,
And proudly I did march, my boys, although I'm but a wench,
And buttoning up my breeches how often have I smiled,
To think I lay with a thousand men and a maiden all the while.

They sent me up to London, to be sentry at the Tower,
 And my secret might be safe until this very day and hour,
 But a lady fell in love with me and she found out I was a maid,
 She went straightway to my officer and my secret she betrayed.

He unbuttoned my blue doublet and he found that it was true,
 "It's a shame," he says, "to lose a pretty drummer-boy like you,"
 So now I must return to my family at home,
 And along with my bold comrades no longer can I roam.

So fare you well my officers, you have been kind to me,
 And fare you well my comrades, you ne'er forgot shall be,
 Should Parliament and Waller, have need of me again,
 I'll don my cap and feathers, and I'll beat the drum again.

FINNEGAN'S WAKE



Tim Fin- ne- gan lived in Walk- in' Street, A gent- le- man I- rish, might- y odd,



He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he car- ried a hod. Now



Tim had a sort of a tip- pl'n way, with a love of the whis- key he was born, To



help him on with his work each day, He'd a "drop of the cray- thur" ev- 'ry morn.



Whack fol the darn O, Dance to your part- ner, Whirl the floor, your trot- ters shake,



Was- n't it the truth I told you, Lot's of fun at Fin- ne- gan's wake!

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
A gentle Irishman mighty odd,
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
You see he'd a sort of the tipplin' way,
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
To help him on with his work each day,
He'd a "drop o' the cray-thur" ev'ry morn.
*Whack fol the da now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.*

One mornin' Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from a ladder, and he broke his skull,
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean ship,
And laid him out upon the bed,
A gallon of whisky at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his heed.

His friends assembled at the Wake,
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay, and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco, and whisky punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?
Arrah hold your gob said Paddy McGhee.

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
Oh Biddy says she, you're wrong I'm sure,
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
Shelelaigh law was all the rage,
And a row, and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
When a noggin of whisky flew at him,
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim.
Tim revives see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whisky around like blazes,
Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead?"

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS

Beside the camp fire's fitful blaze
Amid the forest drear,
I picture in the dying rays,
The home to me so dear;
The lowly cot, the leaping stream,
The spire upon the hill,
I see them as I lie and dream,
My heart is with them still.

To my green Isle my thoughts return
Sweet Erin ever blest,
For thy deep valleys oft I yearn,
Wherein my kindred rest,
The shamrock springs within my heart
When Patrick's day is nigh,
For though from home and friends apart,
To them fond mem'ries fly.

The loving hearts I've left behind
With mine in exile beat,
A joyful welcome sure I'll find
When there some day we meet;
O haste ye weary laggard years,
O speed me o'er the foam,
To greet again, 'mid happy tears,
My native land! my home!

FLODGARY

*Green is Flodgary, blue is the sea,
Born here the lassie tae guide oor Prince free.*

Westward the wild wind, high runs the sea,
Heaving the shallop by Broad Lea Eig Bay.
I have but one love; lass, trim the sail,
Run in behind us, loyalty as well.

Come ye young Ramsay, hold fast the helm,
The Long Ship is heavin' by Loch Scavaig Bay,
Come wi' me lassie turn ye not hame,
Come where the west wind is kind tae its ane.

Pull hard my heroes the eagle tae flee,
Doon by Loch Yuma the Tall Ship runs free,
Flora was taken doon by Portree,
Bound for the tower and maybe tae dee.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST

I've heard them liltin' at oor yowe milkin',
Lasses a' liltin', before dawn o' day;
Noo there's a' moanin', in ilka green loanin';
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts in the mornin' nae blythe lads are scornin',
Lasses are lanely and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin';
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin',
'Bout staoks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

We hae nae mair liltin', at oor yowe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND.

Oh Flower of Scotland,
When will we see your like again?
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen.
*And stood against them,
Proud Edward's army,
And sent him homewards,
Tae think again.*

The hills are bare now,
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now,
Although so dearly held.

Those days are passed now,
And in the past they must remain,
But we can still rise now,
And be the nation again.

GAUDETE

*Gaudete, gaudete, Christus est natus
Ex Maria virginiae, gaudete.*

Tempus ad est gratiae hoc quod optabamus
Carmina laetitiae devote redamus

Deus homo factus est naturam erante
Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante

Ezecheelis porta clausa per transitor
Unde lux est orta sallus invenitor

Ergo nostra contio psallat iam in lustris,
Benedicat domino sallus regi nostro

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, And o'er the moor and valley.
Such grievous thoughts my heart do fill Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the bright and gay, For each but does remind me
How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night; The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light, When first she vowed to love me.
But now I 'm bound for Brighton Camp. Kind heaven, then, to guide me,
And send me safely back again To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair, Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist with carriage chaste, May leave the swans repining.
Ye gods above, oh hear my prayer To my beauteous fair to bind me
And send me safely back again To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more, The dove become a ranger,
The falling waters cease to roar, 'Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we registered above, Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love, The girl I left behind me.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

There was a lofty ship, and she put out to sea,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

She had not been out but two weeks of three
When she was overtaken by a Turkish Revelee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

Then up spake our little cabin boy
Saying' "What will you give me if I will then destroy
If I sink them in the low and lonesome low
If I sink them in the lonesome sea?"

"Oh, the man that them destroys," our captain then replied
"Five thousand pounds and my daughter for his bride
If he sinks them in the low and lonesome low
If he sinks them. in the lonesome sea".

Then the boy smote his breast and down jumped he
He swum till he' came to the Turkish Revelee
As she sailed 'upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

He had a little tool that was made for the use
He bored nine holes in her hull all at once
And he sunk her 'in the low and lonesome low
He sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He swum back to his ship and he beat upon the side
Cried, "Captain, pick me up for I'm wearied with the tide,
I am sinking in the low and lonesome low
I am sinking in the lonesome sea."

"No! I will not pick you up" the captain then replied
"I will shoot you I will drown you I will sink you in the tide
I will sink you in the low and lonesome low
I will sink you in the lonesome sea."

"If it was not for the love that I bear for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them;
I would sink you in the low and lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."

Then the boy bowed his head and down sunk he
Farewell, farewell to the Golden Vanity
As she sails upon the low and lonesome low
As she sails upon the lonesome sea.

THE GREAT BOOBBE

My friends if you will understand my fortunes
What they are,
I once had cattle, house and land but now
am never near,
My father left a good estate as I may
Tell to thee,
I was cozened of all I had,
Like a great boobee.
I was cozened of all I had,
Like a great boobee.

I went to school with a good intent
And for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play
And in it never did look,
Full seven years or very nigh, as I may
Tell to thee,
I could hardly say my Christ cross row,
Like a great boobee.
I could hardly say my Christ cross row,
Like a great boobee.

My father then in all the haste did set
Me to the plow,
And for to lash the horse about, indeed
I knew not how,
My father took his whip in hand and
Soundly lashed me,
He called me fool and country clown,
And a great boobee.
He called me fool and country clown,
And a great boobee.

But I have learned so much wit shall
Shorten all my cares,
If I can but a licence get to play
Before the bears.
'Twill be a gallant place indeed as I
May tell to thee,
Then who dares call me fool or ass, or
A great boobee.
Then who dares call me fool or ass, or
A great boobee.

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long, Delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand, To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land, Yqur love and goodwill for to have.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head, That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed, Which cost my purse well favourably.

I bought the petticoats of the best, The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest, And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy purse and eke, thy gay gilt knives, Thy pincase gallant to the eye:
No better wore the burgess' wives, And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy gown was of the grassy green, The sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen, And yet thou wouldst not love me.

My gayest gelding I gave thee, To ride wherever liked thee.
No lady ever was so brave And yet thou wouldst not love me.

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

For every morning when thou rose, I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high, That thou my constancy may see,
And that yet once before I die, Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell adieu; God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true, Come once again and love me.

HEART OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;
To honour we call you, as free men, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships! Jolly tars our men!
We are always ready! Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stav:
They never see us but they wish us away.
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But, should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea.
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be free;"
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE

He who would valiant be, 'gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy, follow the master.
There's no discouragement, shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent, to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound, his strength the more is.
No foe shall stay his might, though he with giants fight
He will make good his right, to be a pilgrim.

Since Lord thou dost defend us with thy spirit,
We know we at the end shall life inherit,
Then fancies flee away, I'll fear not what men say
I'll labour night and day, to be a pilgrim.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

(for English, see "Land of my Fathers")

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad
Dros rhyddid collasant ei gwaed.
Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm Gwlad;
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff ban,
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff ban.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd,
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si,
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae heniath y Cymru mor fyw ag erioed:
Ni luddiwyd yr Awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto his majesty,
With a tow row row,
Confusion to his enemies
With a tow row row.
And he that will not drink his health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth
Nor yet a rope to hang himself
With a tow row row row row.

HEY, NOW THE DAY DAWS

(apparently to the same tune as "Scots wha hae")

Hey, **now** the day daws,
The **jolly** cok craws,
Now **shrouds** the shaws,
Throw **na**ture anone.
The **thissel** cok cryis,
On **lovers** wha lyis,
Now **skailis** the skyis,
The **night** is near gone.

All gallant knights,
Don for the day's fight,
The breast plate so bright,
To battle their foes.
The valiant steed prances,
And with spirit dances,
Daylight advances,
The night is near gone.

Brave men in field,
Their stout weapons wield,
With shining bright shields,
Like Titans enthroned.
Strong spears in rests,
Across chargers crests,
Are broken on breasts,
The night is near gone.

So hard are the hits,
Some stagger, some sit,
And some this life quit,
On the ground while they groan.
Horsemen so gay,
On chargers that play,
With swords make fray,
The night is near gone.

HIGH BARBARY

There were two lofty ships from old England came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
One was the Prince of Luther, and the other Prince of Wales,
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbary.

'A-loft there, a-loft!' our jolly boatswain cried,
Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather, look a-lee,

'There's naught upon the stern, there is naught upon the lee'
'But there's a lofty ship to windward, a-sailing fast and free'

'I'm not a man-o-war, nor a privateer,' said he,
'But I am a salt-sea pirate, a-looking for my prey'.

Oh, 'Twas to broadside a long time we lay,
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's masts away,

'Oh, mercy, oh mercy' those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
But the mercy that we gave them- we sunk them in the sea,
Down along the coast of High Barbary.

HIGH GERMANY

O Polly love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must be a-marching at the beating of the drum;
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

O Harry love, O Harry you hearken what I say,
My feet are all too tender I cannot march away;
Besides my dearest Harry, tho' man and wife we be,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?

A horse I'll buy you dapple grey and on it you shall ride,
And all my hearts delight will be a-trotting at your side;
We'll ride o'er moor and mountain high, and breathe the air so free,
And jauntily we'll ride along in High Germany.

O no my love it may not be, I cannot with you ride,
For I have hear my children dear, at home I must abide;
But all my thoughts and many pray'rs shall be the while with thee,
As thou dost fight Old England's wars in High Germany.

O cursed are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise;
They pressed my Harry from me as all my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

HO BOY! HEY BOY!

Ho boy! Hey boy! Come, come away boy!
And bring me my longing desire:
A lass that is neat, and can well do the feat
When lusty young blood is on fire!

Let her body be tall, And her waist be small,
And her age not above eighteen:
Let her care for no bed, but here let spread
Her mantle upon the Green.

Let her face be fair, And her breasts be bare,
And a voice let her have that can warble;
Let her belly be soft - but, to mount me aloft,
Let her bounding buttocks be marble!

Let her have a cherry lip, Where I nectar may sip,
Let her eyes be as black as a sloe;
Dangling locks I do love, so that those hang above
Are the same with what grows below.

Oh, such a bonny lass, May bring wonders to pass,
And make me grow younger & younger:
And when'er we do part, she'll be mad at the heart
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

I CARE NOT FOR THESE LADIES

I care not for these ladies
That must be wooed and praised,
Give me kind Amarillis,
The wanton countrey maide.
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own
*Who when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth let go,
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say no.*

If I love Amarillis
She gives me fruit and flowers,
But if we love these ladies
We must give them golden showers,
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the nutbrowne lass.

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought,
Give me a bower of willowes,
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis
With milk and honie fed.

I ONCE LOVED A LASS

I once loved a lass - I loved her sae weel
I hated all others who spoke of her ill.
But now she's rewarded me well for my love
For she's gone tae be wed tae another.

I saw my love To the church go
The bridegroom and bridemaids they made a fine show
And I followed on with my heart full of woe
She's gone tae be wed tae another.

I saw my love Sit doon to dine
As I sat doon beside her I poured oot the wine,
I drank to the lassie that should have been mine
Even though she'd been wed tae another.

The men o' the forest They asked o' me
How many strawberries grow in the salt sea?
I answered them all wi' a tear in my e'e
How many ships sail in the forest?

Dig me a grave Dig it sae deep
And cover me over with flowers sae sweet
And I will lie doon and I'll tak a lang sleep
And maybe in time I'll forget her.

I WILL GO

I will go, I will go, When the fighting is over,
To the land o' McLeod, That I left tae be a soldier,
I will go, I will go, When the fighting is over,
To the land o' McLeod, That I left tae be a soldier, I will go, I will go.

When the King's son came along, He called us a' together,
Saying "Brave Hieland men, Will ye fight for my father?"

*I will go, I will go.
I will go, I will go, When the fighting is over,
To the land o' McLeod, That I left tae be a soldier,
I will go, I will go.*

I've a buckle on my belt, A sword in my scabbard,
A red coat on my back, And a shilling in my pocket,

When they put us all on board, The lasses were singing,
But the tears came tae their eyes, When the bells started ringing,

When we landed on the shore, And saw the foreign heather,
We knew that some would fall, And would stay there for ever,

When we came back to the glen, The winter was turning,
Our goods lay in the snow, And our houses were burning

Repeat chorus

JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient times Walk upon England's mountain's green?
And was the holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold! Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

There were three men come from the west Thejr fortune for to try.
And these three men made a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn should die....John (repeat)
Fol-lol-lol~it's a lovely day,
Fol-lol-lol-lol-lol~layo,
Fol-lol-la, Fol-lol-la, it's a lovely day,
Sing fol-lol-lol~layo.

They laid him in three furrows deep, Laid clods upon his head.
Then these three men made a solemn vow,
John Barleycorn was dead....John (repeat)

They let him lie for a very long time, Till the rain from heaven did fall
Then little Sir John sprang up his head,
And he did amaze them all....And (repeat)

They let him stand till the midsummer day, Till he looked both pale and wan.
Then little Sir John he grew a long beard,
And so became a man,...And (repeat)

They have hired men with scythe so sharp, To cut him off at the knee,
They rolled and tied him around the waist
They served him barb'rously....They (repeat)

They have hired men with crab tree sticks To cut him skin from bone,
And the miller he has served him worse than that
For he's ground him between two stones, For (repeat)

They have wheeled him here, they have wheeled him there,
They have wheeled him to a barn,
And they have served him worse than that,
They have bunged him in a vat....They (repeat)

They have worked their will on John Barleycorn, But he lived to tell the tale,
For they pour him out of an old brown jug
And they called him home brewed ale....And (repeat)

JOHN PEEL

D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D' ye ken John Peel, when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
*For the sound or his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds, which he oft times led,
Peel's "View halloo" would awaken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.*

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far away,
We ne'er shall hear his voice in the morning.

JOHNNIE COPE

Cope sent a challenge free Dunbar, "Charlie meet me if ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war, If you'll meet me in the morning".
*Hey! Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet, Or are your drums a-beating yet;
If ye were wauking I would wait, To gan to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie looked the letter upon, He drew his sword the scabbard from;
"Come follow me my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning".

Now Johnnie, be as guid's your word, "Come let us try baith fire and sword;
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae it's nest i' the morning".

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this, He thought it widna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness, To flee awa i' the morning.

Fye, Johnnie, now git up and rin, The highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin, For twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came, They spier'd at him, where's a' your
men?
"The de'il confound me gin I ken, For I left them a' i' the morning".

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate, To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
An' leave yer men in sic a strait, See early i' the morning.

"I' faith," quoth Johnnie, "I got a fleg, Wi' their lang claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again. De'il break my legs, Sae I wish ye a good morning".

A JUG OF PUNCH

One pleasant evening in the month of June,
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon,
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch, And the song he sang was "A Jug of Punch"..
Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu, Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu,
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch, And the song he sang was "A Jug of Punch".

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to sit himself down by a snug turf fire,
Upon his knee a pretty wench, And on the table a jug of punch.
Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu, Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu,
Upon his knee a pretty wench, 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.
Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu, Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu,
Even a cripple forgets his hunch, When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

And if I get drunk, well my money's my own,
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.
I'll tune my fiddle and resin my bow, And I'll be welcome, wherever I go
Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu, Tur-a-lu-a-lu, tur-a-lu-a-lu,
I'll tune my fiddle and resin my bow, And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

THE KEEPER

The keeper did a-hunting go, Under his arm he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe Among the leaves so green-o.
Jackie boy - master? Sing ye well? - Very well.
Hey down, ho down, Derry, derry down
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe he shot at he missed, The second doe he trimmed. and kissed,
The third ran away where nobody wist Among the leaves so green-o.

The next doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper fetched her back with his hook,
What he done to her you can go and look Among the leaves so green-o.

The next doe she did cross the hollow, And where she went he soon did follow,
What he done today, he will do again tomorrow Among the leaves so green-o.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain, The keeper fetched her back again,
He tickled her in a very merry vein Among the leaves so green-o.

The last doe was a fallow doe, As great with young as she could go,
She looked so big that he had to let her go Among the leaves so green-o.

LAND OF MY FATHERS

The land of my fathers, how fair is thy fame,
Entwin'd are proud mem'ries about thy dear name,
The lays of thy minstrels, thy warriors' renown,
Give honour and grace to thy crown.

*Wales, Wales, sweet are thy hills and thy vales,
Thy speech, thy song, to thee belong,
O may they live for ever in Wales.*

The Lords of great Snowdon in brave days of yore,
For thee fought for freedom by Mona's green shore,
Their courage undaunted inspires all our lays,
Our harps e'er resound to their praise.

No more on thy ramparts is heard through the night
The trumpets' loud summons to haste to the fight,
The contest is over, yet proud my heart thrills
When I gaze on thy vict'ry crown'd hills.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem!
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden, lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

LET GOD ARISE (PSALM 68)

(5 verses of 37 - Thos. Sternhold's version)

Let God arise, and then his foes
Will turn themselves to flight;
His enemies for fear shall run,
And scatter out of sight.

And as wax melts before the fire,
And wind blows smoke away,
So, in the presence of the Lord,
The wicked shall decay.

But righteous men before the Lord
Shall heartily rejoice.
They shall be glad and merry all,
And cheerful in their voice.

Sing praise, sing praise unto the Lord,
Who rideth on the sky;
Extol the great Jehovah's name,
And Him still magnify.

O God, thy holiness and pow'r
Is dread for evermore;
The God of Israel gives us strength,
Therefore His Name adore.

LEWIS BRIDAL SONG

*Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Marie's wedding.*

Over the hill ways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the shielings through the town
All for sake of Marie.

Red of cheeks as rowans are
Bright her eyes as any star,
Fairest o' them all by far
Is our darling Marie.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Peat to fill a muckle creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as weel,
That's our toast for Marie.

LILLIBURLERO

Ho, brother Teague, dost hear the decree? *Lilliburlero, bullen a la.*
That we shall have a new deputy. *Lilliburlero, bullen a la.*
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, Lilliburlero, bullen a la.

Ho, by my soul it is the Talbot, And he will cut all the English throat.

Though by my soul the English do prate,
The law's on their side and Christ knows what.

But if dispense do come from the Pope,
We'll hang Magna Carta and them on a rope.

And the good Talbot is made a Lord, And he with brave lads is coming abroad.

Who all in France have taken a swear, That they will have no Protestant Heir.

Oh, but why does he stay behind? Ho, by my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.

Now Tyrconnel is coming ashore, And we shall have commissions galore.

And he that will not go to Mass, Shall turn out and look like an ass.

Now, now the heretics all go down,
By Christ and St Patrick the nation's our own.

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
That we should be ruled by an ass and a dog.

Now the old prophecy has come to pass, Talbot's a dog, Tyrconnel's the ass.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie brae,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever want to gae,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
*Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*

'Twas there we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Loch Lomond,
Where all purple-hued, the Hieland hills we viewed
And the moon coming out in her glory.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the heart when it breaks, nae joy in summer takes
Though the waefu' may cease frae their greeting.

LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.
*Dance, then, wherever you may be, I am the Lord or the Dance, said he.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe And the pharisee,
But they wouldn't dance And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fisherman, For James and John
They came with me And the dance went on.

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

I danced on a Friday When the sky turned black
It's hard to dance With the devil on your back.
They buried my body And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance And I still go on.

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.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

The fifteen day of July, with glittering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders, was foughten in the field:
The most courageous Officers were English Captains three;
But the boldest man in battle, was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris, a valiant man was he,
The other Captain Turner, that from field would never flee:
With fifteen hundred fighting men, alas there was no more,
They fought with forty thousand then, upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble Pike men, and look you round about,
And shoot you right you Bow men, and we will keep them out:
You Musquet and Calliver men; do you prove true to me,
He be the foremost man in fight, says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy they fiercely did assail:
And fought it out most valiantly, not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell, most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men view, this fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew, that they could fight no more:
And then upon dead horses, full savourly they eat,
And drunk the puddle water, for no better could they get.

When they had fed so freely, they kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly for the favour they had found:
And bearing up their Colours, the fight they did renew,
And turning t'ward the Spaniard, five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel pointes Arrows and bullets thick did flye,
Then did our Valiant Soldiers charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver, they thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General, "Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all, If that we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby with courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground, for all the De'ils in hell."

And then the fearful enemy, was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously, and rout their forces quite:
And at last they gave a shout, which echoed through the sky,
"God and St George for England," the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England, with all the speed might be.
And told unto our gracious Queen, of this same victory:
O this is brave Lord Willoughby, my love hath ever won,
Of all the Lords of honour 'tis he great deeds hath done.

For Souldiers that were maimed, and wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a Pension, of eighteen pence a day:
Besides all costs and charges, she quit and set them free,
And this she did for the sake, of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage noble English men, and never be dismayed,
If that we but one to ten, we will not be afraid
To fight with forraign Enemies, and set our Country free.
And thus did end this bloody bout Of brave Lord Willoughby.

LOVE IS TEASING

Oh love is teasing when love is pleasing,
And love is a treasure when first it's new.
But as it grows older then love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew.

I left my father, I left my mother
I left my sisters and brothers too
I left my friends and my kind relations,
I left them all for the love of you.

Oh turn around love, your wheel of fortune.
Oh turn around love and smile on me.
For surely there must be a place of torment.
For that young girl who deceived me.

So lads, beware of your false true lovers,
And never mind what the young girls say.
They're like the stars on a summer's morning;
You think they're near but they're far away.

MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

An old man came courting me, *Hey do me darrity;*
An old man came courting me, *Me being young;*
An old man came courting me, He did propose to me;
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.
For he's got no faloorum, fal-iddle faloorum,
He's got no faloorum, fal-iddle fal-ay;
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum,
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When we sat down to tea
He started teasing me;

When we went up to bed
He lay as if were dead;

When he was fast asleep
I from his side did creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man.
Now he's got faloorum, fal-iddle, faloorum,
Now he's got faloorum, fal-iddle, fal-ay;
Now he's got faloorum, he's got her ding-dooruin,
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

Martin said to his man, *fie, man fie*
Martin said to his man *who's the fool now*
Martin said to his man fill thou the cup and I the can.
Thou hast well drunken man; Who's the fool now.

I saw a sheep shearing corn ~ and a cuckold blow his horn

I saw a maid milk a bull ~ at every stroke a bucket full.

I saw the mouse chase the cat ~ and the cheese eat the rat.

I saw the man in the moon ~ clouting up Saint Peter's shoon.

I saw the hare chase the hound ~ forty miles above the ground.

I saw a flea heave a tree ~ twenty leagues across the sea.

Martin said to his man, *fie, man fie*
Martin said to his man, *who's the fool now*
Martin said to his man, fill thou the cup and I the can.
Thou hast well drunken man; *Who's the fool now*

MEN OF HARLECH

Hark! I hear the foe advancing, Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing, Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech lie ye dreaming? See ye not their falchions gleaming?
While their pennants gaily streaming Flutter in the breeze.
From the rocks abounding
Let the war cry sounding,
Summon all at Freedom's call;
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory,
See your banner famed in story,
Wave these burning words before thee,
"Welshman scorns to yield".

Mid the fray see dead and dying, Friend and foe together lying,
All around the gun shot flying, Scatters sudden death.
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing, Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying With their parting breath.
See they're in disorder!
Comrades keep close order!
Ever shall they rue the day,
They ventured 'cross our border.
Now the Saxons flee before us,
Vict'ry's banner floateth o'er us.
Raise the loud exulting chorus
"Cymru wins the field".

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he had girded on.
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song", said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under.
The harp he loved never spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder,
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery".

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday,
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride.
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be,
The star of the goodly company.
Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran and her friends began,
Each tower to search and each nook to scan,
And young Lovel cried, "Oh where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain till a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly but found her not,
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovel appeared the children cried,
See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride.
Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate, in sportive jest
She hid from her Lord, in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there, in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

The mis- tle- toe hung on the cas- tle hall, The hol- ly branch shone on the
old oak wall, The ba- ron's re- tai- ners were blithe and gay, kee- ping their Christ- mas
ho- li- day. The ba- ron be- held with a fa- ther's pride, his beau- ti- ful
daugh- ter, young Lo- vell's bride, And she with her bright eyes seemed to be The
star of that good- ly com- pa- ny. Oh, the mis- tle- toe bough; Oh the mis- tle- toe bough.

Oh Miss- us Mc- Grath, the ser- geant said, Would you like to make a sol- dier out of
your son, Ted? With a scar- let coat and a big cocked hat, Sure Miss- us Mc- Grath would- n't
you like that? With your too- ri- ay, Fol- the- did- dle day, Too- ri- you- ri- too- ri= ay.

MRS McGRATH

"Oh Mrs. McGrath!" the sergeant said,
"Would you like to make a soldier of your son, Ted,
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat?
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"
With your too-ria-aa, fol-the-did-dle-sa, Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore,
For the space of seven long years or more,
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay,
"Here's my son, Ted, wisha clear the way".

"Oh, Captain dear, tell me where have you been?
Have you been on the Mediterr-aa-i-een?
And have you any news of my son, Ted,
Is the poor boy living or is he dead?"

Then up comes Ted, without any legs,
And in their place he has two wooden pegs,
She kissed him a dozen times or two,
Saying "Glory be to heaven, lor it can't be you".

"Oh were you drunk or were you blind, That you left your two fine legs behind.
Or was it walking on the sea, Wore your two fine legs from their knees away?"

"Oh, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind, When I left me two legs behind.
For a cannon-ball on the fifth of May, Shot me two fine legs from me knee away".

"Oh then, Teddy, me boy", the widow cried,
"Yer two fine legs were yer mammy's pride,
Them two wooden stumps won't do at all,
Why didn't yer run away from the big cannon-ball?"

All foreign wars I do proclaim Between Don John and the King of Spain,
And by heavens I'll make them rue the time
That they swept the legs from a child of mine.

Oh, then if I had you back again I'd ne'er let you go to fight the King of Spain.
For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be,
Than the King of France and his whole navee.

MY MISTRESS'S CUNNY

My mistress is a hive of bees in yonder flowery garden:
To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.
As under the bee-hive lieth the wax, and under the wax is honey,
So under her waist her belly is placed - and under that, her cunny.

My mistress is a mine of gold - would that it were her pleasure
To let me dig within her mould and roll among her treasure!
As under the moss the mould doth lie, and under the mould is money,
So under her waist her belly is placed - and under that, her cunny.

My mistress is a morn of May, which drops of dew down stilleth:
Where'er she goes to sport and play, the dew down sweetly trilleth.
As under the sun the mist doth lie, so under the mist it is sunny,
So under her waist her belly is placed - and under that, her cunny.

My mistress is a pleasant spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet,
That doth refresh each withered thing lies trodden under feet.
Her belly is both white and soft, and downy as any bunny,
That many gallants wish full oft to play but with her cunny.

My mistress hath the magic sprays - of late she takes such wondrous pain
That she can pleasing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.
Such power hath my tripping doe, my little pretty bunny,
That many would their lives forego, to play but with her cunny.

NEW OYSTERS.

New oysters, new oysters, new oysters, new!
Have you any wood to cleave?
Have you any wood to cleave?
Have you any wood to cleave?
What kitchen stuff have you maids?
What kitchen stuff have you maids?
What kitchen stuff have you maids?
New oysters etc.....

New oysters, new oysters, new Walefleet oysters!
At a groat a peck, at a groat a peck.
Each oyster worth two pence.
Fetch us bread and wine that we may eat.
Let us lose no time with such good meat.
A banquet for a prince.
New oysters etc.....

NEWS FROM HOLLAND'S LEAGER

- Tune: When Cannons are Roaring.

You that desire news, list' to my story
Some it will cause to muse, some will be sorry;
From many quarters have gallants resorted,
Of Holland's Leager the fame heard reported.
*Yes it is certain, in truth it is spoken
That Holland's Leager up lately is broken.*

The flaunting Spaniard and boon Cavillera
The bragging Dutchman, though't cost him a'dear-a;
Walloun and Switzer, both Jews, Turks and Neager,
Scots, Danes and French have been at Holland's Leager.

Though many sought to invade the strong island,
And stratagems devised by sea and land,
Bulwarks and batteries and other fences,
Daily maintained the island's expenses.

Blow for blow, shot for shot, still they returned;
But sliding cowards she ever disdained;
Those that gave onset, they put her so valiant,
She durst in battle join with any gallant.

But since the Leager broke, there's a new order
For those that used to frequent-a this border;
That none shall thither come to work a violence,
Great and small, high and low, all must keep silence.

Yet youngsters, arm yourselves, here comes new anthem;
They have a refuge found that can defend them;
Drums, pikes and musketeers there doth attend you,
Fit for this company, gold and rich treasure.

So, bravely march away, gallants in clusters,
Arrive at Bewdley where they keep their musters;
Though certain horses were left, be not daunted,
All for your pleasure's there, as Holland vaunted.

So, If my news in this song may content you,
Buy it and try it and never repent you;
For recreation, in love, I have penned it,
Trusting no creature I have here offended.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world rejoices,
Who from our mother's arms Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God Through all life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns With Them in highest Heaven,
The one Eternal God, Whom earth and Heaven adore
For thus it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

THE OAK AND THE ASH

A North Country maid up to London had stray' d
Although with her nature it did not agree,
She wept and she sigh'd and she bitterly cried,
"I wish once again in the North I could be."
*Oh! The oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my country.*

While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

Of parks they may talk, where 'tis fashion to walk
I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight,
But naught have I seen like the Westmoreland green
Where all of us danc'd from the morning till night.

No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed must be North Country bred,
And carry me back to my North Country home.

OCTOBER SONG.

I'll sing you my October song
There is no song before it,
The words and tune are not my own
My joy and sorrow bore it.

Beside the sea the brambly briar
In the still of evening,
Birds fly out from behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving.

The fallen leaves a-jewel the ground
They know the art of dying,
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In scarlet shadows lying.

When hunger calls my weary footsteps home
The morning follows after,
I swim the seas within my mind
The pine trees laugh green laughter.

I met a man whose name was Time;
He said I must be going,
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing.

Sometimes I could murder Time
When my heart is aching
But mostly I just like to stroll along
The path that he is taking.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.*

At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish.
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye faithfull,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud and honour,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.

THE OVER-COURTEOUS KNIGHT

Yonder comes a courteous knight Lustily raking over the hay.
He was well `ware of a bonny lass As she came wandering over the way:
Then she sang Down a down, hey down derry,
Then she sang Down a down, hey down derry.

Jove speed you, fair lady, he said, Amongst the leaves that be so green:
If I were a king, and wore a crown, Full soon, fair lady should thou be a queen!

Also, Jove save you, fair lady, Among the roses that be so red:
If I have not my will of you, Full soon, fair lady, shall I be dead!

Then he looked east, then he looked west,
He looked north, so did he south:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the devil's mouth.

If you will carry me gentle sir,
A maid unto my father's hall,
Then you shall have your will of me
Under purple and under pall.

He set her upon a steed,
And himself upon another,
And all the day he rode by her
As though they had been sister and brother.

When she came to her father's hall
It was well walled round about,
She rode in at the wicker-gate
And shut the four-eared fool without.

You had me, quoth she, abroad in the field
Among the corn, amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of me -
For, in good faith, sir, I ne'er said nay!

You had me also amid the field
Among the rushes that were so brown,
Where you might had your will of me -
But you had not the face to lay me down!

He pulled out his nut-brown sword
And wiped the rust off with his sleeve,
And said: Jove's curse come to his heart
That any woman would believe!

When you have your own true-love
A mile or twain out of the town,
Spare not for her gay clothing -
But lay her body flat on the ground!

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

Hark how the drums beat up again
For all true soldier gentlemen
Then let us list and march I say
Over the hills and far away
*Over the hills and o'er the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey
While over the hills and far away*

All gentlemen that have a mind
To serve a queen that's good and kind
Come list and enter into pay
Then over the hills and far away.

The prentice Tom he may refuse
To wipe his angry Master's shoes
For if he free to sing and play
Would over the hills and far away.

No more from sounds of drums retreat
Whiles Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spanish ev'ry day
When over the hills and far away

We shall then lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold us both on day and night
So over the hills and far away.

THE OWL

Of all the brave birds that ever I see
The owl is the fairest in her degree,
For all day long she sits in a tree
And when night comes away flies she.

To whit, to whoo, to whit, to whoo
This song is well sung I'll make you a vow
And he is a knave that drinketh now.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave you that jolly red nose.
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves
That's what gave me this jolly red nose.

PARCEL OF ROGUES

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins tae the Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins t' th' ocean,
To mark whaur England's province stands
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY

Pastyme with good companye I love and shall untyll I dye:
Gruche who lust but none denye, So God be plesyd thus leve wyll I.
For my pastance, Hunt syng and dance, My hart is sett:
All goodly sport, For my comfort, Who schall me let.

Youth must have sum daliance Off good or yll sum pastance:
Company me thynkes then best, All thoughts and fancys to detest:
For idillness, Is chef mastres Of vices all:
Then who can say But myrth and play Is best of all.

Company with honeste, Is vertu from vices to flee:
Company is good and ill But evry man hath hys fre wyll:
The best ensew, The worst eschew, My mynde schal be:
Vertu to use, Vice to refuse Thus shall I use me.

PLEASE TO SEE THE KING.

Joy, health, love and peace Be all here in this place
By your leave we will sing Concerning our King.

Our King is well dressed In silks of the best
In ribbons so rare No King can compare.

We have travelled many miles Over hedges and stiles
In search of our King Unto you we bring.

We have powder and shot To conquer the lot
We have cannon and ball To conquer them all.

POVERTY KNOCK.

*Poverty poverty knock, my loom is a-saying all day.
Poverty poverty knock gaffer's too skinny to pay.
Poverty poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock.
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle
Go poverty poverty knock.*

Up every morning at five, I wonder that we keep alive,
Tired and yawning in the cold morning,
It's back to the dreary old drive.

Oh dear, we're going to be late, gaffer is stood at the gate.
We're out of pocket, our wages they're docket.
We'll have to buy grub on the slate.

And when our wages they'll bring, we're often short of a string.
While we are fratching with gaffer for snatching,
We know to his brass he will cling.

We've got to wet our own yarn, by dipping it into the tarn.
It's wet and soggy and makes us feel groggy,
And there's mice in that dirty old barn.

Oh dear, my poor head it sings, I should have woven three strings.
But threads are breaking and my back is aching,
Oh dear, I wish I had wings.

Sometimes a shuttle flies out and gives some poor woman a clout.
There she lies bleeding but nobody's heeding,
Who's going to carry her out?

Tuner should tackle my loom but he'd rather sit on his bum.
He's far too busy a-courting our Lizzie,
And I cannot get him to come.

Lizzie is so easy led, I think that he takes her to bed
She always was skinny, now look at her pinny,
It's just about time they was wed.

PRINCE RUPERT'S MARCH

For. Charles our King. And Rupert bold
We pledge our swords our song
No Waller Fairfaks noll can hold
Allegiance like we bring.

Bellona Mars can never boast
Such laurels as the Crown
We Rupert's men shall drink a toast
To send this crumb well down.

A QUICK WAY TO BE RID OF A WIFE

I had a wife and got no good of her Here is how I got rid of her:
Took her out and chopped the head of her Early in the morning.

Seeing as how there was no evidence For the sheriff or his reverence
They had to call it an act of providence Early in the morning.

So if you've a wife and get no good of her Here is how to easy get rid of her:
Take her out and chop the head of her Early in the morning.

REAL OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Let grass grow, and waters flow,
In a free and easy way,
But give me enough of the fine old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay.
Oh, peelers all, from Donegal.
Galway and Antrim too -
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the real old mountain dew.

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still
Where the smoke curls up to the sky.
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell
That there's whisky brewing nearby.
For it fills the air with odour rare,
And betwixt both me and you,
When home you roll you can take a bowl
Or a bucket of the mountain dew.

Now learned men who use the pen
Who've wrote your' praises high,
This sweet 'pocheen' (potion) from Ireland's green
Distilled from wheat and rye.
Throw away your pills - it'll cure all ills
Of pagan or Christian, Jew.
Take off your coat and free your throat
With the real old mountain dew.

RED IRON ORE

Come all ye bold sailors that follow the lakes,
On an iron ore vessel your living to make,
I shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore
Bound away to Escanaba for that red iron ore.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

In the month of September on the seventeenth day,
Two dollars and a quarter was all they would pay,
And on Monday morning a trip we did take,
On a ship named the Roberts sailing out in the lake.

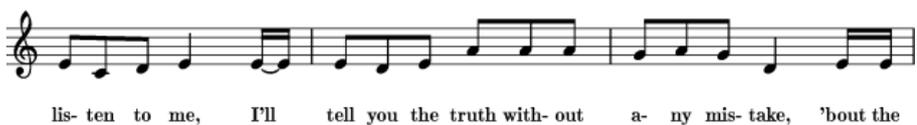
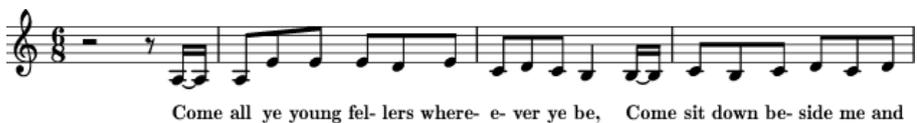
The packet she howled across the mouth of Green Bay,
And before her cut water she threw the white spray,
She rounded out San Point and her anchor let go,
We furled in the canvas and the watch went below.

Next morning we hove alongside the Exile,
We soon made her fast to that iron ore pile,
They lowered the shutes which soon started to roar,
They're fillin' the ship with that red iron ore.

Some sailors took shovels and others took spades,
And some took to sluicing, each man to his trade,
We looked like red devils, our backs they got sore,
We cursed Escanaba and that red iron ore.

The dust got so thick you could scarce see your nose,
It got in your eyes and it got in your clothes,
We loaded the Roberts till she couldn't hold more,
Right up to the gunnels with that red iron ore.

We sailed her to Cleveland, made fast stem and stern,
And with our companions we'll spin a big yarn,
Here's a health to the Roberts, she's strong and she's true,
Here's a health to the bold boys who make up her crew.



REMEMBER O THOU MAN

Remember O thou man, *O thou man, O thou man,*
Remember O thou man, Thy time is spent,
Remember O thou man, How thou art dead and gone,
And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall ~ From heaven to hell
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all
In hell perpetual there for to dwell

Remember Gods goodnesse ~ and his promis made,
Remember Gods goodnesse, how he sent his son soubtlesse
Our sinnes to redresse, be not affraid

In Bethlem he was borne ~ for mankind sake,
In Bethlem he was borne, for us that were forlorne,
And therefore took no scorne, our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God always, ~ Most joyfully,
Give thanks to God always For this our happy day,
Let all men sing and say,
Holy, holy.

RODDY M'CORLEY

Oh, see that fleet foot host of men, Who speed with faces wan
From farmstead and from fisher's cot Along the banks of Bann.
They come with vengeance in their eyes, Too late, too late are they
As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die On the Bridge of Toome today.

Oh Ireland, mother Ireland! You love them still the best
The fearless brave that fighting fell Upon your hapless breast.
Oh but never a one of all your dead More bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate On the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, Smiling proud and young;
About the hemp-rope on his neck The golden ringlets hung.
There is never a tear in his blue eyes, Both glad and bright are they -
As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die On the Bridge of Toome today.

When he last stepped up that street His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array A stalwart earnest band!
For Antrim town! for Antrim town! He led them to the fray -
And young Roddy M'Corley goes to die On the Bridge of Toome today.

Because he loved the mother land Because he loved the green,
He goes to meet a martyr's fate With a proud and a joyous beam.
True to the last, true to the last He treads the upward way.
And young Reddy M'Corley goes to die On the Bridge of Toome today.

ROSE OF ALLANDALE

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea
When Mary left her hielan cot
And wandered forth with me.
Though flowers decked the mountainside
And fragrance filled the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allandale.

'Twas the rose of Allandale
'Twas the rose of Allandale,
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allandale.

Where e'er I wandered east or west
Though fate began to laur,
A solace still was she to me
In sorrows lonely hour.
When tempest lashed our gallant bark
And winters shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm
The rose of Allandale.

'Twas the rose of Allandale
'Twas the rose of Allandale,
One maiden form withstood the storm
The rose of Allandale.

And when my fevered lips were parched
On Afric's burning sand,
She whispered hopes of happiness
And tales of distant lands.
My life has been a wilderness
And blessed by fortunes gales,
Had fate not linked my love to hers
The rose of Allandale.

'Twas the rose of Allandale
'Twas the rose of Allandale,
Had fate not linked my love to hers
The rose of Allandale.

ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid. *Bless you young maiden*
In Amsterdam there lived a maid, *Mark well what I do say*
In Amsterdam there lived a maid And she was the mistress of her trade.
We'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.
A roving, A roving, since roving's been my ruin
We'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I met this fair maid after dark ~ She took me to her favourite park.

I put my arm around her waist ~ Said she, young man you're in great haste.

I put my hand upon her knee ~ Said she young man you're rather free.

The cheeks of her arse were as tight as a drum ~
The lips of her mouth were as red as plum.

Her skin was as white and as creamy as milk ~
The hair of her legs was as soft as silk.

I put my hand upon her thigh ~ She said, young man you're rather high.

I pushed her over on her back ~ And then she let me have a wack.

In three weeks time I was sadly bent ~ Then of to sea I sadly went.

Then back to the Liverpool docks ~ Saltpetre showed in by boots and socks.

Now when I got back from the sea ~ A soldier had her dancing on his knee

ROW, DOW, DOW or THE DRUM

Great Caesar once renowned in fame
For a mighty arm and a laurelled brow,
With his "Veni, vidi, vici" came,
And conquered the world with his row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, dow, row, dow, dow,
And conquered the world with his row, dow, dow

And Marlborough when he took the field,
The historians will tell you how
At Blemheim and at Oudenarde,
Great victories won with his row, dow, dow

When Wellington met Bonaparte,
'Twas just the same I will avow:
Until at last at Waterloo
The Frenchman ran from his row, dow, dow

If when invaders dare to come
Upon our shores, should fate allow,
In freedom's cause we'll beat the drum
And they'd all fly at its row, dow, dow

SANTYANNO

We're sailing down the river from Liverpool,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
Around Cape Horn to Frisco Bay,
All on the plains or Mexico.
*So heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away, Santy Anno;
Heave her up and away we'll go,
All on the plains of Mexico.*

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
A down-East Yankee for her captain, too
All on the plains of Mexico.

There's plenty of gold so I've been told
Heave away, Santy Anno,
There's plenty of gold so I've been told
Way out West to California-o.

Back in the days of forty-nine,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
Those are the days of the good old times,
All on the plains of Mexico.

When Zachary Taylor gained the day,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
He made poor Santy run away,
All on the plains of Mexico.

General Scott and Taylor too,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
Made poor Santy meet his Waterloo,
All on the plains of Mexico.

When I leave the ship, I will settle sown,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
And marry a girl named Sally Brown,
All on the plains of Mexico.

Santy Anno was a good old man,
Heave away, Santy Anno,
Till he got into war with your Uncle Sam,
All on the plains of Mexico.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
For she was once a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Without a seam or needlework,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Where ne'er stream ran, nor drop of rain fell,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to hang it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Which ne'er bore blossom since Adam was born,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find us an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
Between the salt water and the sea sand,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with sickle or leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce hath aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed, Or to Victorie!
Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power, Chains and slaverie.

Wha wad be a traitor knave? Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains, By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! Let us do or dee!

SING WE NOW MERRILY

Sing we now merrily,
Our purses be empty,
Hey ho!
Let him take care
That lists to spare
For I will not do so:
Who can sing so merry a note
As he that cannot change a groat!
Hey ho!
Trollie lollie, trollie lollie lo!

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand! A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand what Cornish lads can do.
And have they fix'd where and when? And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why!
A good sword and a trusty hand! A merry hearts and true!
King James's men shall understand what Cornish men can do.

Out spake their captain brave and bold, a merry sight was he:
"If London Tow'r were Michael's hold, we'll set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land, the Severn is not stay,
With on and all, and hand in hand, and who shall bid us nay?"

"And when we come to London Wall, a pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all, here's men as good as you".
Trelawny he's in keep and hold, Trelawny he may die:
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold will know the reason why!"

SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
We hope in a short time to see you again.
We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all along the salt sea
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to with the wind from south west
We hove our ship to for deep soundings to take
With 45 fathoms and a white sandy bottom
We spread our main yard and up channel did make.

The first land we sighted it was called the Dodman
Next Ramhead off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight,
We sailed up to Beachy, past Fairlight and Dover
Then we hove our ship to by the South Foreland light.

Now let ev'ry man drink of his full Bumper
Now let ev'ry man drink of his full glass
We'll sing and be jolly and drown melancholy
And here's to the health of each true hearted lass

STAINES MORRIS

Come ye young men, come along,
With your music, dance and song.
Bring your lassies in your hand,
For 'tis that which love commands
Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday
Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday.

Here each batchelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse
Nor repay with coy disdain
Love that should be loved again

When you thus have spent your time
'Till the day be passed its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight.

STRAWBERRY FAIR

As I was going to Strawberry fair,
Singjng, .singing buttercups and daisies,
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Fol-de-dee !

Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, ri-fol, tol-de-rid-dle-li-do,
Ri-fol, ri-fol, tol-de-rid-dle-dee.

"Kind sir, pray pick of my basket" she said
My cherries ripe or my roses red,
My strawberries sweet I can of them spare
As I go on to Strawberry fair.

Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Your roses wither and never stay,
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair.

I want to purchase a generous heart,
A tongue that is neither nimble nor tart
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare,
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair.

The price I offer my sweet maid,
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
So come make over to me your ware,
In church today at Strawberry Fair.

SUMER IS I-CUMEN IN

Summer is a-coming in, Loudly sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springs the wood a-new.
Sing, cuckoo!
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Low'th after calf th'cow,
Bullock sterteth,
Buck-e verteth,
Merry sing, cuckoo!
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo,
Well singest thou, cuckoo!
Nor cease thou never now.
Summer is a-coming in,
Loudly sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springs the wood a-new.
Sing, cuckoo!

THERE ARE TWA BONNIE MAIDENS

There are twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens,
Cam' owre the Minch, and cam' owre the main,
Wi' the wind for their way, and the corrie for their hame,
And they are dearly welcome to Skye once again.
Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,
For the night it is dark and the red coat is gone
And ye are dearly welcome to Skye once again.

There is Flora my honey, sae dear and sae bonnie,
And ane that's sae tall, and sae handsome withal;
Put the one for my king, and the other for my queen,
And they are dearly welcome to Skye once again.
Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,
For the Lady Macoulain she dwelleth her lane
And she'll welcome you dearly to Skye once again.

There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,
My ain bonnie maidens my twa bonnie maidens,
Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock,
And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye once again.
Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie. maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,
Mair sound shall ye sleep as ye rock on the deep,
And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye once again.

THERE WAS A SIMPLE MAIDEN

There was a simple maiden, Long ago, yes, long ago,
Whose heart with grief was laden. Pray how came it so?
She thought upon the knight who dwelt Within the castle yonder,
Keen was the pain she felt As on him she would ponder,
Keen was the pain she felt As on him she would ponder.

Then did she die of grieving? No, no., no, it was not so.
Now yonder she is living Old enough I trow.
The knight observed her downcast eye, And learned the cause of sorrow,
"Maiden no longer sigh, I'll marry thee tomorrow,
Maiden no longer sigh ,I'll marry thee tomorrow."

In manner she was homely You must know, yes, you must know
But oh! her face was comely, Very long ago
And though she was of lowly birth And owned no golden treasure,
He thought her simple worth A dowry past all measure
He thought her simple worth A dowry past all measure.

THERE WAS A WILY LADDE.

There was a wily ladde met with a bonny lasse,
Much pretie sport they had but I wot not what it was,
Hee wooed her for a kisse, she plainely said him no1
I pray quoth hee, nay nay quoth shee, I pray you let me goe.

Full many lovely terms did passe in merrie glee,
He col'd her in his armes and daunc't her on his knee,
And faine he would have paide such debts as he did owe,
I pray quoth hee, nay nay quoth shee, I pray you let me goe.

Sweete be you not so nice to gratifie a friend,
If kissing be a vice, my sute is at an end.
Noe noe it is the rule to learne a man to woe,
I pray quoth hee nay nay quoth shee, I pray you let me goe.

For Cupid hath an eye to play a lovers part,
And swift his arrowes flie to leavell at the hart,
Thy beauty was my bane that brought me to his bowe,
I pray quoth hee, nay nay quoth shee, I pray you let me go..

Good Sir alas you feed your fancie with conceit.
Sweete sweete how should we speede if lovers could not speke.
I speke but what I wish, the spirit wils me so,
I pray quoth hee, nay nay quoth shee, I pray you let me go.

With that shee swore an Oath, and loth she was to breke it,
And so to plesse them both, he gave and she did take it,
There was no labour lost, true amitie to show,
Adew quoth hee, nay stay quoth she, Let's kisse before you go.

THE THREE RAVENS

There were three ravens sat on a tree, *Down a downe, hay downe, hay downe.*
They were as black as they might be, *With a downe derrie, derrie downe.*

The one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Downe in yonder green field,
There lies a Knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feete,
So well they can their Master keep.

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might goe.

She lift up his blaudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere even-song time.

TOBACCOE IS LIKE LOVE

Tobaccoe, tobaccoe Sing sweetly for tobaccoe.
Tobaccos is like love, O love it, For you see I will prove it.

Love maketh leane the fatte mens tumor, So doth tobaccoe,
Love still dries uppe the wanton humor, So doth tobaccoe,

Love makes men sayle from shore to shore, So doth tobaccoe,
'Tis fond love often makes men poor, So doth tobaccoe,

Love makes men scorn at coward feares, So doth tobaccoe,
Love often sets men by the eares, So doth tobaccoe.

Tobaccoe, tobaccoe Sing sweetly for tobacco.
Tobaccoe is like love, O love it, For you see I have provde it.

TOM THE TAYLOR

(To be sung in three parts).

Tom making a Mantua for a Lass of Pleasure,
pull'd out, pull'd out his long and lawful measure.

But quickly found tho' woundly streight lac'd Sir,
nine inches would not half surround her waist Sir.

Three inches more at length brisk Tom advances,
yet all too short to reach her swinging Ranches.

THE TROOPER WATERING HIS NAG

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
She had good beer and ale for to sell:
Ho, ho! Had she so? Had she so? Had she so?

She had a daughter, her name was Siss,
She kept her at home for to welcome her guests:

There came a trooper riding by,
He called for drink most plentifully:

When one pot was out, he called for another,
He kissed the daughter before the mother:

And when night came on, to bed they went,
It was with the mother's own consent:

Quoth she: What is this, so stiff and warm?
'Tis Ball, my nag! He will do you no harm!

But what is this, hangs under his chin?
'Tis the bag he puts his provender in!

Quoth he: What is this? Quoth she: 'Tis a well,
Where Ball your nag may drink his fill!

But what if my nag should chance to slip in?
Then catch hold of the grass that grows on the brim!

But what if the grass should chance to fail?
Shove him in by the head: Pull him out by the tail!

TWA CORBIES

As I was walking a' alane, I heard twa corbies makin' main
The teen untae the tither say oh, Where shall we gang and dine the day oh,
Where shall we gang and dine the day.

In ahint you auld fail dyke, I wot there lies a new slain knight
Naebody kens that he lies there oh, But his hawk an' hound an' his lady fair oh

His hound is tae the huntin' gane, His hawk tae fetch the wild fowl hame
His lady's ta'en anither mate, oh, So we can hae oor denner sweet oh,

Ye'll sit on his white breist bane, I'll pike oot his bonny blue een,
Wi' a lock o' his yalla hair oh, We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare, oh,

There's many an ane for him make main But nane shall ken whaur he is gane,
O'er his white banes when they are bare oh,
The wind shall blaw for ever mair oh,
The wind shall blaw for ever mair.

TWANKYDILLO

Here's health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows;
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall;
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, Twankytillo, Twankytillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,
A roaring pair of bag-pipes made of the green willow.

If a gentleman calls his horse for to shoe,
He makes no denial of one pot or two,
For it makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, Twankytillo, Twankytillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,
And he that loves strong beer is a hearty good fellow.

Here's a health to King Charlie and also his queen,
And to all the royal little ones where e'er they are seen,
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, Twankytillo, Twankytillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.
A roaring pair of bag-pipes made of the green willow.

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

We be soldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous en pree,
Lately come forth of the low country,
With never a penny of mony.
Pa la la lantido dilly.

Here good fellow I drink to thee,
To all good fellowes where ever they may be

And he that will not pledge me this,
Payes for the shot what ever it is,

Charge it againe boy, charge it again
As long as there is any inke in my pen

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

Wee be three poore Mariners, newly come from the seas,
We live our lives in jeopardy whiles others live a ease:
Shall we goe daunce the round?
And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for these martiall men, that doe our states disdaine:
But we care for those Marchant men, Which doe our states maintaine.
To them we daunce this round, a round, a round:
To them we daunce this round:
And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on this ground.

THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE

There was a wee Cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety, Nackety, noo, noo, noo,
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willy Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
Alane, quo' Rushity, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
For the spoiling o' her comely hue,

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
For the shamin' o' her gentle kin,

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
For the spoiling o' her gowden ring,

The Cooper has gane to his woo' pack,
And he's laid a sheep's skin on his wife's back,

It's I'll no thrash ye for your gentle kin,
But I will thrash my ain sheep's skin,

Oh I will bake, and I will brew,
And nae mair think o' my comely hue,

Oh I will card, and I will spin,
And nae mair think o' my gentle kin

Oh I will wash, and I will wring,
And nae mair think o' my gowden ring,

Moral
A' ye wha ha'e gotten a gentle wife,
Just you send for the wee Cooper o' Fife,

WE'RE A' JOLLY FU'

Saw a loose chase a moose, wha's fu, Wha's fu'?
Saw a loose chase a moose, Roond the riggin in a hoose,
And we're a' bun' drunk, Jolly fu'!

Saw an eel chase the deil, Roond and roond a tattie field.

Saw a snail chase a whale, Roond about a parritch pail.

Saw a bug chase a dog, Up and down the old wife's leg.

Saw a puggie chase a cuddie, Roond about a lassie's bubbie.

Saw a flea runnin' free, Up and doon a stream of pee.

Saw a knife chase a wife, And cut the man a muckle slice.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE

*Wha wadna fecht for Charlie, Wha wadna draw the sword,
Wha wadna up and rally, At the Royal Prince's word?*

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes repelled,
Think on loyal Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud usurper quelled.

See the northern clans advancing, See Glengarry and Lochiel,
See the brandished broadsword glancing, Highland hearts as true as steel.

Now the Prince has raised his banner, Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish Lion rallies, Let us fight for Prince and Laws.

WHAT IS A YOUTH

What is a youth? Impetuous fire.
What is a maid? Ice and desire.
The world wags on.
A rose will bloom, it then will fade,
So does a youth, so does the fairest maid.

Comes a time when one sweet smile,
Has its season for a while,
Then love's in love with me.

Some may think only to marry,
Others will tease and tarry,
Mine is the very best parry,
Cupid he rules us all.

Caper the caper, sing me the song,
Death will come soon to hush us along
Sweeter than honey and bitter as gall,
Love is a pastime that never will fall,
Sweeter than honey and bitter as gall,
Cupid he rules us all.

A rose will bloom, it then will fade,
So does a youth, so does the fairest maid.

WHEN CANNONS ARE ROARING

Soldiers with swords in hands
To the walls coming,
Horsemen about the streets,
Riding and running.
Sentinels on the walls,
Arm arm, a-crying
Petards against the ports
Wild fire a-flying.

Chorus

*When cannons are roaring
And bullets are flying
He that would honour win
Must not fear dying..*

Captains in open fields,
On their foes rushing,
Gentlemen second them,
With their pikes pushing.
Engineers in the trench,
Earth, earth uprearing,
Gunpowder in the mines,
Pagans upblowing.

Chorus.

Trumpets on turrets high,
These are a-sounding.
Drums beating out aloud,
Echoes resounding.
Alarm bells in each place,
They are a~ringing.
Women with stones in laps,
To the walls bringing.

Chorus.. .

Portcullis in the ports..
They are down-letting,
Burgers come flocking by,
Too their hands setting.
Ladders against the walls,
They are uprearing,
Women great timber logs
To the walls bearing.

Chorus

WHEN I WAS A TAILOR

When I was a tailor,
A tailor, a tailor,
When I was a tailor,
A tailor was I.
*It was this way, and that way,
And this way, and that way,
When I was a tailor,
A tailor was I.*

WHEN JONES' ALE WAS NEW

There once three jolly young fellows,
With lungs like blacksmith's bellows,
Came over the hill together
To have a jolly good spree.
And they plant themselves down upon the ground
And each one swore they spend a pound
And they had glasses all around;
When Jones' ale was new me boys! When Jones' ale was new.
*And they called for more pots more pints and more glasses
And didn't they all get tight as asses,
And O, what fun they had with lasses:
When Jones' ale was new me boys! When Jones' ale was new.*

Now the first to come in was a tinker
Good Lord he was no drinker
Good Lord he was no drinker,
To join the jolly old crew.
And he said, "Any pots or kettles to settle
Me tonges are made of the finest metal.
Good Lord how his tonges did rattle.
When Jones' ale was New me boys! When Jones' ale was new.

Now the next to come in was a mason,
With his hammer and chisel to face them.
With his hammer and chisel to face them,
To join the jolly old crew.
And his hammer against the brick wall
And swore that churches and chapels would fall,
And that would give work to masons all.
When Jones' ale was new me boys! When Jones' ale was new.

Now the last to come in was a barber,
Who swore he came from Scarborough,
Re swore he came from Scarborough,
To join the jolly old crew.
And he flung his old razor against the brick wall
He swore that babes would shave all,
And that would give work to barbers all.
When Jones' ale was new me boys! When Jones' ale was new.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN

What Booker can prognosticate concerning King or Kingdom's fate;
I think myself to be as wise, as he that most looks in the Skies;
My skill goes beyond the depth of the Pond, or River in the greatest rain;
By these which I can tell, that all things will be well -
when the King comes home in peace again.

There is no Astrologer, then I say, can search more deep in this than I,
To give you a reason from the Stars, what causeth peace, or civil Wars:
The man in the Moon, may wear out his shoone, in running after Charles his
Wain,
But all to no end, for the times they will mend - when the King comes home in
peace again.

Though for a time you may see White-Hall, with cob-webs hanging over the
wall,
Instead of silk, and silver brave, as formerly it used to have:
In every Roome, the sweet perfume, delightful for that Princely train,
The which you shall see when the time it shall be - that the King comes home
in peace again.

Full forty years the Royal Crown, hath been his Fathers and his own,
And I am sure there's none but he hath right to that sovereignty:
Then who better may the Scepter to sway, than he that hath such luck right to
reign:
The hopes of your peace, for the war will then cease - when the King comes
home in peace again.

Till then upon Ararat's hill, my hopes shall cast her Anchor still;
Until I see some peaceful Dove, bring home the branch, which I do love;
Still will I wait till the waters abate. which most disturbs my troubled brain,
For I'll never rejoyce, till I hear that voice - that the King comes home in peace
again.

Oxford and Cambridge shall agree, crowned with honour and dignitee,
Learned men shall then take place, and bad men silenced with disgrace:
They shall know it then to be a shameful strain, that hath so long disturbed their
brain.
For I can surely tell, that all things shall go well - when the King comes home in
peace again.

Church Government shall settled be, and then I hope we shall agree;
Without their help whose high-brain zeal, have long disturbed our Common-
weal:
Greed out of date, and Coblers that do prate, of Wars that still disturb'd their
brain,
The which you shall see when the time it shall be - that the King comes home
in peace again.

Tho many men are much in debt, and many Shops are to be let;
A golden time is drawing near, men shal take Shops to hold their Ware:
And then all our Trade shal flourish alamode, the which ere long we shal obtain:
By the which I can tell, all things will be well - when the King comes home in
peace again.

"Maidens shal enjoy their Mates, and honest men their lost estates,
Women shal have what they do lacke, their husbands who are coming back.
When the Wars have an end, then I and my friend, all Subjects freedom shal
obtain,
By the which I can tell, all things will be well - when we enjoy sweet peace
again.

Though people now walk in great fear, amongst the Countrye every where,
Theeves shal then tremble at the Law, And justice shal keep them in awe:
The frenches shal flee with their treacherie, and the King's foes ashamed
remain,
The which you shal see, when the time it shal be - that the King comes home
in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be, that all the world may plainly see,
How they do labour still for peace, that now these bloody Wars may cease:
For they will gladly spend their lives, to defend the King in all his right to reign,
So then I can tell all things will be well - when we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come, then farewell Musket Pike and Drum,
The Lamb shal with the Lyon feed, which were a happy time indeed;
O let us pray, we may see the day, that peace may govern in his name,
For then I can tell all things will be well - when the King comes home in peace
again.

GOD SAVE THE KING, AMEN

WHISKY IN THE JAR

As I was going over yon Kilgary mountain,
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol then rattled forth my rapier,
Saying stand and deliver, for I am the bold receiver.
Mush a ree dum-a-doo-dum-dar waeh fall mi daddio,
There's whisky in the jar.

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

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber,
To dream of golden jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
That Kelly took my pistols and she filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrell to make handy for the slaughter.

I woke up early next morning twixt six and seven
With guards around my bed in their numbers odd and even
I flew for my pistols, but alas I was mistaken,
I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

They threw me into jail without no judge or writing
For robbing Captain Farrell up on yon Kilgary mountain.
but they didn't take my fists so I knocked the jailer down
And bid a glad farewell to that jail in Salem town.

Now some takes delight in the carriages a-rolling,
And some takes delight in the hurly and the bowling,
Now me I takes my delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty maids in the morning bright and early.

WHY SOLDIERS WHY?

How stands the glass around? For shame, ye take no care, me boys!
How stands the glass around? Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound. The colours they are flying boys,
To fight, kill or wound, may we still be found
Content with our hard fare my boys On the cold, cold ground.

Why soldiers, why? Should we be melancholy boys?
Why, soldiers why? Whose business tis to die.
What sighing fie. Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys!
Tis he, you or I, cold, hot, wet or dry
We're always bound to follow boys, And scorn to fly

Tis but in vain, (I mean not to upbraid you boys).
Tis but in vain, For soldiers to complain.
Should next complain. Send us to him who made us boys.
We're free from pain, but should we remain,
A bottle and kind lady Cures all again.

WILD ROVER

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

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

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

I took out of my pocket ten guineas so bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She says, "Here is whisky and wine of the best,
And the words that I spoke, sure were only in jest!"

I'll go back to my parents and confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And when they have done so as oftentimes before
I never will play the wild rover no more.

WILL SAID TO HIS MAMMY

Will said to his mammy, That hee would go woe,
Faine would he wed but he was not who.
Soft a while lammy Stay, and yet abide.
Hee like a fools as he was replied:
In faith I'll have a wife, a wife, a wife.
*O what a life I do leade, For a wife in my bedde,
I may not tell you,
O there to have a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis smart to my hart, Tis racke to my backe And to my belly.*

Scarcely was he wedded, Full a fortnight space,
But that he was in heavie case.
Largely was headed, I may not tell you.
O there to have a wife, a wife, a wife.

All you that are batchelors, Be learned by crying Will,
When you well to remaine so still
Better for to tarry, And alone to lie,
Than like a foole with a foole to order
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife.

WITH YOUR GUNS AND DRUMS

While going the road to sweet Athy, Huroo, huroo.
While going the road to sweet Athy, Huroo, huroo.
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns, Huroo, huroo
With you guns and drums and drums and guns, Huroo, huroo.
With your guns and drums and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
My darling dear you looked so queer,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Sulloon,
So high in the cheeks so low in the bone,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
When you my poor heart first beguiled.
Why did you skeddaddle from me and the child?
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are the legs with which you run,
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

You hav'na arm and you hav'na leg,
You're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg,
You'll have to be pout to a bowl to beg,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

They're rolling out the guns again,
To fight in Germany, France and Spain,
But they'll never take my sons again,
Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

YE JACOBITES.

*Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear.
Ye Jacobites by name yer faults I will proclaim,
Yer doctrines I maun blame, you will hear, you will hear,
Yer doctrines I maun blame, I maun blame.*

What is right, what is wrong, by the law, by the law,
What is right, what is wrong by the law.
What is right, what is wrong, the weak airm and the strong,
The short sword and the long for to draw, for to draw,
The short sword and the long for to draw

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar
What makes heroic strife, famed afar,
What makes heroic strife, tae whet the assassin's knife
And haunt a parent's life, wi' bloody war, bloody war
And haunt a person's life, wi' bloody war.

So let yer schemes alone in the state, in the state,
Let yer schemes alone in the state,
So let yer schemes alone, adore the Rising Sun,
And leave a man undone tae his fate, tae his fate,
And leave a man undone tae his fate.