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Barret’s Privateers

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

God damn them all!
I was told we'd sail the seas for American gold, We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier, The last of Barrett's Privateers

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty good men all fishermen who would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags and the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were 91 days to Montego Bay pumping like madmen all the way

On Christmas Eve in the afternoon, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
With maggots in meat and weedmully bread and watery rum we’d be better of dead

And Barret worked us to the bone, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
An American sloop came into view and Barret cried so hard: ”Heave to!”

He came along side to get onboard, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Then the Yankee ship open up broadside and I lost one leg and most of me eye

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

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

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

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs and the Maintruck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my 23rd year, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six long years since we sailed away and I just made Halifax yesterday

And when they brought me home from sea, I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
No work for one legged jack they say and I cursed Barrett on my dying day

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Black Fly

'Twas early in the spring when i decide to go
To work up in the woods in north On-tar-i-o
The unemployment office said they'd send'n me through
To the little Abi-Taffi with the survey crew

The man, Black Toby was the captain of the crew
He said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way
To redirect the water flow around the other way

And the black flies, the little black flies
Always the black fly, no matter where you go
I'll die with the black fly a-picking my bones
In north on-tar-i-o-i-o, in north on-tar-i-o

We survey to the east and we survey to the west
We couldn't make our minds up on how to do it best
Little ab, little ab, what shall i do
I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew

Black fly, black fly everywhere
A'crawlin' in your whiskers and a'crawlin' in your hair
A'swimmin' in the soup and a'swimmin in the tea
The Devil damn this dam and make the flies me be

Black Toby fell swearin' 'cause the work went slow
And the state of our morale was gettin' pretty low
The flies swarmed heavy, it was hard to catch a breath
As you staggered up and down the trail, talkin' to yourself

The cookin' chefs name was blind river Joe
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled it through
'Couse he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum

At last the job was over, Black Toby said, we're through
With the little Abi-Taffi and the survey crew
'Twas a wonderful experience and this i know
I'll never go again to north Ontar-i-o

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Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town

A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

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

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a trapsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye

A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad `cess to the black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear

We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens

For they feed you with strong drink, "me lads", 'til you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

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Bonnie Light Horseman

Well When Boney commanded his army to stand
He leveled his cannon right over the land
And he leveled his cannon his victory to gain
He slew my light horseman in the war coming home

Broken-hearted I'll wander broken-hearted I'll remain
Since my bonny light horseman in the wars he was slain
Broken-hearted I'll wander broken-hearted I'll remain
Since my bonny light horseman in the wars he was slain

And the dove she laments for her mate as she flies
Say were in this wide world is my true love, she cries
Saying where in this wide world is there one too compare
To my bonny light horseman who was slain in the war

And if I were a small bird and had wings to fly
I´d fly to the spot where my true love do lie
And then with my fond wings I'd beat over his grave
And kiss the pale lips that lie cold in the clay

Well When Boney commanded his army to stand
He leveled his cannon right over the land
And he leveled his cannon his victory to gain
He slew my light horseman in the war coming home

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Caledonia

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

Let me tell you that I love you
and I think about you all the time
Caledonia you're calling me
now I'm going home
But if I should become a stranger
you know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

I have moved and I've kept on moving,
proved the points that I needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed losing
found others on the way
I have tried and I've kept on trying,
stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
I ve traveled hard with conscience flying
somewhere in the wind

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

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Cockles & Mussels

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

Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O

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Cúnla

Who is that there that's rapping the door to me?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Cúnla dear, don't come any near me
Cúnla dear, don't come any near me
Cúnla dear, don't come any near me
Maybe I shouldn't, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's tapping the windowpane?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's climbing the stairs to me?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's pulling the blankets down?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's tickling the toes of me?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's tickling the thighs of me?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

Who is that there that's tickling the thing of me?
“Only meself”, says Cúnla

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Dirty Old Town

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

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, Dirty old town

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

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

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

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Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? x3
Early in the morning!

Whoa ray and up she rises x3
Early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor x3
Early in the morning!

Put him in a long boat till his sober x3
Early in the morning!

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him x3
Early in the morning!

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter x3
Early in the morning!

Put him in a dress and call him Sally x3
Early in the morning!

Throw him in the tub with the angry lobster x3
Early in the morning!

Make him do the dishes at the “tisdags-fika” x3
Early in the morning!

That's what we do with a drunken sailor x3
Early in the morning!

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Érin Grá Mo Chroí

At the setting of the sun when my daily work was done
I rambled to the seashore for a walk
And I been all alone, I sat down upon a stone
For to view the pretty scenery of New York

Oh then Érin grá mo chroí you're the only land for me
You're the fairest that my eyes did e'er behold
You're the land Saint Patrick blessed
You're the bright star of the west
You're the dear little isle so far away

Twas on a cold dark winters night and the turf fire burning bright
And the snow has fallen on a winters day
And I been all alone, I took off on my one
From the dear little isle so far away

And the day that I did part surly broke my mother's heart
Will I ever see my dear ones anymore?
Not until my bones are laid in a cold and silent grave
In the dear little isle so far away

And The turf will burn bright on the hearts at home tonight
And the snow-flakes will fall fast a winter's day
And Saint Patrick's Day will come, and the shamrock it will be worn
In my own, native land so far away

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Farewell to Whiskey

I'll gang to the ale house and I look for me Jamie
The days far spent and the nights coming on
He's sitting there drinking and he leaves me lamenting
So rise up me Jamie and come while heim

Who's that at the door who is speaking so kindly
It's the voice of me wifey called Jeanie by name
I'm sitting here drinking and I leave her lamenting
So rise up me Jamie and come a'while heim

Ney mind o' the barnies that are a'heim weeping
Ney meal in the barrel to fill there we wames
You're sitting here drinking and you leave them lamenting
So rise up me Jamie and come a'while heim

Farewell to the whiskey that makes me so friskey
Nay mere to the alehouse I'll visit nay mere
Since Jeanie is waiting her poor heart is breaking
So fare-thee-well whiskey and I'm a'while heim

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Farewell, Farewell

Farewell, farewell
to you who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north winds will blow again
The winding road does call

And you will never return to see
Your bruised and beaten sons?
Oh, I would, I would if welcome I were
For they loathe me, everyone

And will you never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be?
And can you never swear a year,
To anyone but me?

No I will never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be
But I'll swear a year to one who lies
Asleep alongside me

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Fiddler’s Green

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

Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

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

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

When you get by on dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Oh where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song

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Foreign Lander

I've been a foreign lander, for seven years or more
Among the brave commanders, where wild beasts howl and roar
I've conquered all my enemies, on land and on the sea
But you my dearest jewel, your beauty has conquered me

I can't build a ship of love, without the wood of tree
A ship will burst asunder, If I prove false to thee
If ever I prove false, love, the elements would moan
The fire would turn to ice, love, and the seas would rage and burn

Have you heard the mourning dove when she's flying from pine to pine
She's mourning for her own love the way I mourn for mine
I lie awake out in the night, I see the shining stars
I wonder if you see them too wherever you are

I've been a foreign lander, for seven years or more
Among the brave commanders, where wild beasts howl and roar
I've conquered all my enemies, on land and on the sea
But you my dearest jewel, your beauty has conquered me
But you my dearest jewel, 'tis you that's conquered me

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General Taylor

Well General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
Well General Taylor he gained the day
Carry him to his bury'n ground

Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
His shroud of the finest silk will be made
Carry him to his bury'n ground

We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
On every inch we'll carve his name
Carry him to his bury'n ground

General Taylor he's all the go
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow
Carry him to his bury'n ground

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone
Carry him to his bury'n ground

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Hare's Lament

On the first of December one fine winters day
To the hills of Dromena I chanced for to stray
I was feeding on the green grass that grows on yound ground
When my heart was set a beating by the cry of the hounds

With me right tally ho, Hark ye over High ho
Hark ye over cried the huntsman Hark ye over High ho

They hunted me up and they hunted me down
The bold huntsmen all scattered on my trail set the hounds
Over highlands and lowlands and morelands also
Over hedges and ditches like the wind I did go

There was rignwood and rouser they gave me a close brush
But they´ll soon find me hiding t´was in a rush bush
For better or worse now I know I must die
But I´ll do my endeavour, those hounds to deny

Then up stepped the huntsman to end all my strife
Saying let the hare down give her favour for life
Would it not be far better to kil Reynard the fox,
For he stole all your chickens fat hens and game cocks

For now I must die and I know not my crime
For the value of sixpence I near harmed mankind
No I never was brought up to rob or to steal
unless of the robbin of some top of green kale

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I Am Stretched on Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave and I'll lie there forever
If your hands were in mine, I'd be sure they would not sever
My apple tree, my brightness, it's time we were together
For I smell by the Earth and I'm worn by the weather

When my family think that I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning I am stretched at your head
Calling out to the air with tears hot and wild
My grief for the girl that I loved as a child

Do you remember the night when we were lost?
In the shade of the blackthorn and the touch of the frost
Oh, and thanks be to Jesus we did all that was right
And your maidenhead still is your pillar of light

The priests and the friars approach me in dread
For I still know you even though your dead
I still will be your shelter through rain and through storm
For with you in the cold ground I cannot sleep warm

I am stretched on your grave and I'll lie there forever
If your hands were in mine, I'd be sure they would not sever
My apple tree, my brightness, it's time we were together
For I smell by the Earth and I'm worn by the weather

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I Courted a Wee Girl

Well I courted a wee girl for many's the long day
And I slighted all others that came in my way
And well she's rewarded me to the last day
For she's gone to get wed to another
Another, she's gone to get wed to another

And the bride and bride's party to church they did go
And the bride she went foreward she bore the best show
And I followed after with a heart full of woe
For to see my love wed to another
Another, to see my love wed to another

And the bride and bride's party in church they did stand
Gold rings on her finger her love by the hand
And the man she's wed to has houses and land
He may have her since I could'nt gain her
Gain her, he may have her since I could'nt gain her

And the first time I saw her she was all dressed in white
And the more I gazed on her she dazzled my sight
I lifted my cap and I bade her goodnight
Adieu to all false-hearted lovers
Lovers, adieu to all false-hearted lovers

And the next time I saw her she was leaving down meat
I sat down beside her not a bite could I eat
For I thought my love's company far better than meat
For love was the cause of my ruin
Ruin, for love was the cause of my ruin

Oh, dig me a grave and dig it down deep
And strew it all over with the red rose so sweet
And lay me down silent no more for to weep
For love was the cause of my ruin
Ruin, for love was the cause of my ruin

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I Lay Here on Your Land

Edited by Jon Antonsson
Melody: I am stretched on your grave

I lay here on your land and I'll be there forever
If I could hold your hand, I'd be sure they would not sever
My apple tree, my brightness it's time we are together
I feel for the world and I'm worn by the weather

When my family thinks that I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning, I´ll have you in my head
Calling out to the air with tears hot and wild
My joy for the girl that I loved as a child

Do you remember the night we were lost?
In the shade of the blackthorn and the touch of the frost
Oh, thanks be to thee for memories so bright
And your maidenhead still is our pillar of light

The priest approach me when I lay here on your land
For I still know you, even though I miss your hand
But I will still be your shelter through storm
For with you on the earth I will sleep warm

We lay here on your land and we´ll be there forever
We now can hold our hands, and we´re sure they will not sever
Our apple tree, our brightness, now we are together
We feel for the world and we´re warm by the weather

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I’m a Rover

I must away now, I cannot tarry
This morning's tempest I have to cross
I well be guided without a stumble
Into the arms that I love the most

I'm a rover, seldom sober
I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
How to gain my love's company

At last he came to his true love's dwelling
He sat on down there upon a stone
And through her window he whispered softly
"Is my true lover within at home?"

She raised her head then fell off her pillow
She raised the blanket from off her breast
And through her window she whispered softly
"Who is disturbing me from my night's rest?"

Get up, get up, now, it's your true lover
Get up, get up, now and let me in
For I am weary of my long journey
And I am wet right into the skin

She raised her head then fell off her pillow
She raised the set and she let him in
And they were locked in each other's arms
Until the long night was past and gone

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Jock Stewart

My name is Jock Stewart
And I'm a canny young lad
And a rovin' young fellow I´ll be

So be easy and free when you´re drinkin with me
I'm a man you don't met every day

I'm a piper by trade
I'm a rovin' young blade
And it´s a many´s a tune I do play

Oh, its often I´ve sat
with both bottle and friends
It´s not a man could ever ask for more

It does catch well the years
and I'm a former lad flying
Let us share the so will, before we dying´

So come fill up your glasses
With rum and with wine
And whatever the price, I will pay it all

My name is Jock Stewart
And I'm a canny old man
And a rovin' young fellow I´ve been

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Knickers of Corduroy

I'm a decent, married woman, my name is Mrs. Magee
I'm a native of this County Down convenient to Donaghadee
I had a faithful husband oh whom I liked so fine
But now he's gone and left me, and I'm nearly out of my mind

He wears a pair of laceless shoes, knickers of corduroy
He's a swallowtail coat and waistcoat, he's only got one eye
His hair and whiskers both are black, he wears a castor hat
And can anyone kindly tell me, have they seen my darling Pat?

Oh the morning that we parted the tears rolled in his eye
Saying, "Biddy dear, I'm going away my fortune for to try
They say the harvest is pretty good in Scotland this year
So Biddy dear, I'll send you the price of a pint, don't you be feared"

Oh if I can find a postbox as soon as I arrive
You may expect a letter as sure as I'm alive
But my Pat's away three months today and he's left me in a stew
Since I lost my darling husband, oh what am I to

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Lakes of Pontchartrain

‘Twas on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu
And I took the road to Jackson town, my fortune to renew
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain
Which filled my heart with longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain

I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the morning sun
I road the roads till evening and I laid me down again
All strangers there no friends to me till a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with a creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

I said, me pretty creole girl my money here is no good
But if it weren't for the alligators I'd sleep out in the woods
You're welcome here kind stranger our house is very plain
But we never turn a stranger out on the banks of Pontchartrain

She took me into her mommy's house and treated me quite well
The hair upon her shoulder in jet black ringlets fell
To try to paint her beauty I'm sure t’would be in vain
So handsome was my creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me she said it could never be
For she had got another and he was far at sea
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain
Till he returned for his creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare thee well my bonny ol’ girl I ne'er may see you no more
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness In the cottage by the shore
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll raise
And I'll drink a health to my creole girl and the lakes of Pontchartrain

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Leave Her, Johnny

Oh the times was hard and the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
And it's time for us to leave her

I thought I heard the Old Man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
You can go ashore and take your pay
And it's time for us to leave her

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The winds was bad and the gales was strong
And it's time for us to leave her

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And heave the hungry packet in
And it's time for us to leave her

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
For there's many a worse we've ever sailed in
And it's time for us to leave her

And now it's time to say goodbye
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the old pier head's a-drawing nigh
And it's time for us to leave her

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Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

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

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring again
Though the woeful may cease from their grieving

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

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Lonely Irish Maid

As I roved out one morning fair bright and early as I strayed
It being in the merry month of May as the birds sang on each tree
The sun it shone so merrily and billowing with pride
Where primroses and daisies there down by Blackwaterside

I'd scarcely gone but half a mile when there by change I spied
Two lovers talking as they walked down by Blackwaterside
And as he held her in his arms to her these words did say
When I am in Amerikay, I'll be true to my Irish maid

When you go to Amerikay those Yankees girls you'll find
And you'll have sweethearts of your own more pleasing to your mind
Do not forget the promises or the vows you made to me
Oh, stay at home, love, do not roam from your only Irish maid

'Tis many's a foolish youth, she said has gone to some foreign shore
Leaving his own true love behind oh, ne'er to see no more
It's in crossing the Atlantic foam sometimes our graves our made
Oh, stay at home, love, do not roam from your only Irish maid

These two young hearts together so fondly did embrace
Like dew upon the honey drops the tears run down her face
There's not a day while your away I'll visit still this place
Until you do return again to your lonely Irish maid

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Mary and the Soldier

Come all you lads of high renown, that will hear of a fair young maiden
And she roved out on a summer's day, for to view the soldier's parading
They march so bold and they look so gay, the colors fine and the bands did play
And it caused young Mary for to say, I'll wed you me gallant soldier

She viewed the soldiers on parade, and as they stood at their leisure
And Mary to herself did say, At last I find my treasure
But oh, how cruel me parents must be, to banish my darling away from me
Well I'll leave them all and I'll go with thee, me bold and undaunted soldier

Oh Mary dear, your parents' love, I pray don't be unruly
For when you're in a foreign land, believe you rue it surely
Perhaps in battle I might fall, from a shot from an angry cannonball
And you're so far from your daddy's hall, be advised by a gallant soldier

Oh I have fifty guineas in right gold, likewise a hearth that's burning
And I'd leave them all and I'd go with you, me bold undaunted soldier
So don't say no but let me go, and I will face the daring foe
And we'll march together to and fro, and I'll wed you me gallant soldier

And when he saw her loyalty, and Mary so true-heart-ed
He said; Me darling, married we'll be and nothing but death will part us
And when we're in a foreign land, I'll guard you, darling, with my right hand
In hopes that God might stand a friend, With Mary and her gallant soldier

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McPherson's Lament

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strang
Farewell, farewell said he
McPhersons' time will not be lang
On yonder gallows tree

So rantily and so wantonly
And so dauntily ga'ed he
He played a tune and he danced aroon
Belaw da gallows tree

Some came here tae see me die
And some tae hear my fiddle
But afore that I will pairt frae her
I'll brake heer doon da middle

He took his fiddle and baith his haunds
And cracked it oer a stane
Sayed nae other haunds shall play on thee
When I am did an gane

His release was coming at the brig o' Banff
Tae set McPherson free
But they pit his haunds a quarter tae fawr
And hang'd him fram da tree

O little did mi mither think
When first she cradled me
That I would turn a rovin' boy
And die on da gallows tree

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Mountain Dew

Hai didl ai yum, Ai didl ai yum, Ai doai didl ai yey
Hai didl ai yum, Ai didl ai yum, Ai doai didl ai yey

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
Just give me enough of the fine old stuff that's made near Galway Bay
The policemen from old Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a little 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 clearly tell there's poitin brewin' nearby
It fills the air with a perfume rare but betwixt both me and you
When home we go we can take a bowl or a bucket of the Mountain Dew

Now learned men who use a pen have wrote your praises high
That sweet poitin from Ireland green distilled from wheat and rye
Put away your pills, it'll cure all ills, be Christian, Pagan or Jew
Take off your coat and grease your throat with a bucket of the Mountain Dew

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

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Never Tire of the Road

I was just a small time country boy when I left that dusty town
Route 66 to the Westward when I hopped an old freight down
California, here I come! By the side door pulling and my sunburnt thumb
They called us okees, low down bums and The police on us frowned

Never tire of the Road! Never tire of the rolling wheels
Never tire of the ways of the world, way out yonder is calling me
And the dark road leads me onward, and the highway is my code
And that lonesome voice that I heard in my head said "Never tire of the road"

California to the New York islands, me and my guitar
We played in manys a hobo jungle, and manys a skid row bar
Standing out in the wind and the rain, that lonesome whistle is a sweet refrain
When I´m waiting for an old freight train that carries an empty car

Don´t let them fool you or take you by surprise
The dirty smell of the politician, the man with the greed in his eyes
One big union, that's our plan! And the IWW is our only man
The flames of discontent we'll fan for a cause that never dies

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O’ Sullivan’s John

O'Sullivan’s John to the road you've gone
Far away from your native home
You've gone with the tinker's daughter
Far along the road to roam
O'Sullivan’s John you won't stick it long
Till your belly will soon get slack
As you roam the road with a mighty load
And a tool box on your back

I met Katie Coffey with her neat baby
Behind on her back strapped on
She'd an old ash plant in her hand
For to drive her donkey on
Enquiring at every farmer’s house,as
Along the road she passed
And it's where would she get an
Old pot to mend,or where would she get an ass

There's a hairy ass there in the County Clare
In a place they call Spancel-Hill
Where my brother James got a wrap of a haimes
And poor Paddy they tried to kill
They loaded him up on an ass and cart
While Kate and big Mary looked on
Ah,bad luck to the day that I went away
To join with the tinker’s band

O'Sullivan’s John to the road you've gone
Far away from your native home
You've gone with the tinker's daughter
Far along the road to roam
O'Sullivan’s John you won't stick it long
Till your belly will soon get slack
As you roam the road with a mighty load
And a tool box on your back

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Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I had, I have spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done, alas, it was to none but me
And all that I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be to you all

If I had money enough to spend, and leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair made in this town, that surely has me heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has me heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be to you all

Of all the comrades there I had, they are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts there I had, they'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into my lot, that I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call, good night and joy be to you all

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Ramblin Irishman

I am a ramblin Irishman, In ulster I was born in
And many´s the happy hours I spent on the banks of sweet Loch Erin
But to be poor I could not endure like others of my station
to Amarikay I sailed away and left this Irish nation

Right tant-tänderna, tant-tänderna,
Right tant-tänder noor and the nandy

The night before I sailed away I spent it with my darling
From three o clock in the afternoon till the break of day next morning
But when that we were going to part we lay´d in each others arms
And you may be sure, very sure It wounded both are charums

The very first night I slept on board I dreamt about my Nancy
I dreamt I held her in my arms and well she pleased my fancy
But when I woke up from my sleep and I found my bosom empty
Well you may be sure, very sure that I lay discontented

When we arrived at the other side we were both stout and healthy
We cast our anchor in the bay going down to Philadelphi
And let every lad link with his lass, blue Jacket and white trousers
And let every lass link with her lad, blue petticoats and white flounces

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Rattlin' Bog

Oh, Ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O
Way, Ho the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O

Now in the hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree
A tree in the hole and a hole in the bog, in the bog down in the valley-O

- Limb
- Branch
- Twig
- Nest
- Bird
- Egg
- Chick
- Feather
- Flea
- Germ

The germ on the flea and the flea on the feather and the feather on the chick and the chick in the egg and the egg in the bird and the bird in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog, in the bog down in the valley-O!

Oh, Ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O
Way, Ho the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O

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Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow-white feet
She bid me take life easy as the leaves grow on the tree
But I being young and foolish with her would not agree

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

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears

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The Pride of Sweet Clogheen

Mary Bowels the noble lass, she played a heroes part
When cruel tyrants tried to crush a generous Irish heart
Never yet was known a lady, nor likewise near a queen
Who would match the deeds of Mary bowels, The pride of Sweet Clogheen

And its hands up Hands up Mary Bowels you'll hear the children sing
All along the streets of poker town as she rides through sweet Clogheen

With Blackened stick she sketched and drew upon her prison wall
But true as steel to gallant friends she would not talk at all
They took her to the bride well and then to Sundays well
But freedom song bloomed in her breast, and never would she tell

I pray to heaven that every maid like Mary would be true
To comrades brave to Ireland cause to God and Riosin Dubh
then we would boast a patriot Host, from whence to pick a queen
Who would match the deeds of Mary Bowels, the pride of sweet Clogheen

A heart that swelled with pride and joy, and longed for Ireland cause
And with the volunteers she pledges to scuttle England's laws
She tried to hide a Lewis gun, and she´s scarcely seventeen
While bullets flew around her path, the pride of sweet Clogheen

Mary Bowels the noble lass, she rode up Blarney lane,
astride her mare no one would dare, to she to her disdain
Hands up Hands up Mary bowels you hear the children say
She was a freedom fighter, they heard thier parents say

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Tippin’ it up to Nancy

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

Witherme right finnickinerio, metipp finnickawall
Witherme right finnickinerio, tippin´ it up to Nancy

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

Well, give him eggs and marry-bones and make him suck them all
And before he has the last one sucked, he won't see you at all

So she gave him eggs and marry-bones and made him suck them all
And before he had the last one sucked, he couldn't see her at all

If in this world I cannot see, here I cannot stay
I'd rather go and drown myself, Come on says she I'll show you the way

She led him to the river, she led him to the brim
But sly enough of Martin, it was he that shoved her in

She swam through the river, she swam through the brim
"Oh Martin, dear Martin. Don't leave me behind."
Well, shut up about that you silly old fool, you know poor Martin is blind
Witherme right finnickinerio, tippin´ it up to Nancy

I have nine in me family and none of them is my own,
I wish that each and everyone would come and claim their own

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Two Sisters

There were two sisters side by side, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
There were two sisters side by side, the boy´s were bound for me
There were two sisters side by side, the eldest for young johnny cried
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring, the boy´s were bound for me
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring, he never bought the eldest a single thing
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

As they were walking by the stony brim, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
As they were walking by the stony brim, the boy´s were bound for me
As they were walking by the stony brim, the eldest pushed the youngest in
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

Sister, oh sister give me your hand, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
Sister, oh sister give me your hand, the boy´s were bound for me
Oh, sister i will not give you my hand, for I will have johnny and all his land
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

So, Away she sank and away she swam, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
Away she sank and away she swam, the boy´s were bound for me
And away she sank and away she swam, ´till she came to the miller's dam
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

The miller he took her gay gold ring, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
The miller he took her gay gold ring, the boy´s were bound for me
The miller he took her gay gold ring, and then he pushed her in again
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

The miller he was hanged on the mountain head, sing aye dumb, sing aye day
The miller he was hanged on the mountain head, the boy´s were bound for me
The miller he was hanged on the mountain head, the eldest sister was boiled in lead
I'll be true on to my love If he'll be true to me

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Uncle Rat

Uncle Rat went out to ride, Kitty alone, Kitty alone
Uncle Rat went out to ride, Kitty alone and aye
Uncle Rat went out to ride, sword and buckle by his side
To Mecax macaree duck in a dill, Kitty alone and aye

Lady Mouse will you marry me? Kitty alone, Kitty alone
Lady Mouse will you marry me? Kitty alone and aye
Lady Mouse will you marry me? “Ask my Uncle Rat” says she
To Mecax macaree duck in a dill, Kitty alone and aye

Uncle Rat will I marry Lady Mouse? Kitty alone, Kitty alone
Uncle Rat will I marry Lady Mouse? Kitty alone and aye
Uncle Rat, will I marry Lady Mouse? Yes, kind sir, and half my house
To Mecax macaree duck in a dill, Kitty alone and aye

Lady Mouse where will the wedding be? Kitty alone, Kitty alone
Lady Mouse where will the wedding be? Kitty alone and aye
Lady Mouse, where will the wedding be? “Ask my Uncle Rat,” says she
To Mecax macaree duck in a dill, Kitty alone and aye

Uncle Rat where will the wedding be? Kitty alone, Kitty alone
Uncle Rat where will the wedding be? Kitty alone and aye
Uncle Rat, where will the wedding be? “Up in the top of a holly tree”
To Mecax macaree duck in a dill, Kitty alone and aye

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Welcome Poor Paddy Home

I am a true born Irishman
And I'll never deny what I am
I was born in sweet Tipperary town
Three thousand miles away

Hurray me boys hurray
No more do I wish for to roam
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home

The girls they are gay and frisky
They'd take you by the hand
Saying, Jimmy mo chree, will you come with me?
To welcome the stranger home

In came the foreign nation
And scattered all over our land
The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and sow
Came into the stranger's hands

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle
And England can boast of the rose
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
Where the dear little shamrock grows

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Whiskey in the Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive 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
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

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Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie Go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie Go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon cool crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go Lassie Go?
I will range through the wilds
And the deep glenn so dreamy
And return with their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go Lassie Go?

If my true love she'll not come
Then I'll surely find a friend
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie Go?

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Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer
And 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 ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they caress (forgive) me as ofttimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more

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William Taylor

William Taylor was a brisk young sailor full of heart and full of play
Till his mind he did uncover to a youthful lady gay
Four and twenty British sailors met him on the king's highway
As he went for to be married pressed he was and sent away

Folleredi-dam, dem a deira diddero, Folleredi-dam, dem a deira dei
Folleredi-dam, dem a deira diddero, Folleredi-dam, dem a deira dei

Sailor's clothing she put on and she went on board on a man-o-war
Her pretty little fingers long and slender they were smeared with pitch and tar
On the ship there was a battle she amongst the rest did fight
The wind blew off her silver buttons breasts were bared all snowy white

When the captain did discover he said Fair maid, what brought you here
Sir, I'm seeking William Taylor pressed he was by you last year
If you rise up in the morning early at the break of day
There you'll find young William Taylor walking with his lady gay

She rose early in the morning early at the break of day
There she spied young William Taylor walking with his lady gay
She procured a pair of pistols on the ground where she did stand
There she shot bold William Taylor and the lady at his right hand

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Ye Mariners All

Ye mariners all, as ye pass by
Come in and drink if you are dry
Come spend, me lads, your money brisk
And pop your nose in a jug of this

Ye mariners all, you've half a crown
You're welcome here, so do sit down
Come spend, me lads, your money brisk
And pop your nose in a jug of this

Ye tipplers all, as you pass by
Come in and drink if you are dry
Come in and drink, think not amiss
And pop your nose in a jug of this

O now I'm old and can scarcely crawl
Have a long gray beard and a head that's bald
Crown my desire, fulfill my bliss
A pretty girl and a jug of this

And when I'm in my grave and dead
And all my sorrows are past and fled
Transform me then into a fish
And let me swim in a jug of this

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Ye Ramblin Boys of Pleasure

Ye rambling boys of pleasure, Give ear on to these lines I write
Although I am a rover, In rambling I take great delight
I placed my mind on a handsome girl, and often times she does me slight
My mind will is never easy except when my true love is in my sight

Down by yon flowery garden, Where me and my true love do meet
I took her in my arums, and on to her gave kisses sweet
She bad me take love easy, Just as the leaves fall from the trees
But I been young and foolish with my own true love did not agree

And the second time I met my love, I thought that her heart was surely mine
But as the season changes, my darling girl has changed her mind
Gold is the root of evil, although it bares a glissling hue
Causes there's many' s the lad and lass to part, though their hearts like mine be e'er so true

And I wish I was in Belfast town, and my true love along with me
And money in my pocket, to keep us in good company
Liquor to be plenty, a flowin' glass on every side
Hard fortune would ne'er daunt me, for I am young and the world is wide

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