



# SHENANIGANS SONG BOOK

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## 1 Eileen Oge

Eileen Oge, an' that the darlin's name is  
Through the barony her features they were famous  
If we loved her who is there to blame us  
For wasn't she the Pride of Petravore.  
But her beauty made us all so shy  
Not a man could look her in the eye  
Boys! O boys! Sure that's the reason why  
We're in mournin' for the Pride of Petravore

*Eileen Oge! Me heart is growin' grey  
Ever since the day you wandered far away  
Eileen Oge! There's good fish in the say,  
But there's no one like the Pride of Petravore.*

Friday at the Fair of Ballintubber,  
Eileen met McGrath, the cattle jobber,  
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber,  
For he stole away the Pride of Petravore.  
He never seem'd to see the girl at all,  
Even when she ogle'd him underneath her shawl,  
Lookin' big and masterful, when she was looking  
small,  
Most provokin' for the Pride of Petravore.

So it went as it was in the beginning,  
Eileen Oge was bent upon the winning,  
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning,  
Being courted by the Pride of Petravore.  
Sez he, 'I know a girl that could knock you into fits,'  
At that Eileen nearly lost her wits.  
The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber sits,  
With his arm around the Pride of Petravore.

Boys, oh boys! with fate 'tis hard to grapple,  
Of my eye 'tis Eileen was the apple.  
And now to see her walkin' to the chapel  
Wid the hardest featured man in Petravore.  
And now, me boys, this is all I have to say,  
When you do your courtin' make no display,  
If you want them to run after you just walk the other  
way,  
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petravore.

## 2 I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the bell of Belfast city  
She is counting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old John Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the bell of Belfast city  
She is counting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
She'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma when she goes home  
Let them all come as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

## 2D Courtin' in the Kitchen

Come single belle and beau, to me now pay attention  
And love, I'll plainly show, is the devil's own invention.  
For once I fell in love with a damsel most bewitchin'  
Miss Henrietta Bell, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

*chorus:*

*To my toora loora la, my toora loora laddy  
Ri toora loora la, ri toora loora laddy.*

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer  
Not far from Stephen's Green,  
where Miss Bell for tea would go, sir  
Her manners were so free, she set me heart a-twitchin'  
She invited me to tea, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen.

Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up  
I dressed myself quite gay,  
an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up  
The Captain had no wife, he had gone out a-fishin'  
So we kicked up high life, below-stairs in the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table  
She served me tea and cakes --- I ate while I was able,  
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea,  
till my side had got a stitch in  
And the hours flew quick away,  
while coortin' in the kitchen.

With my arms around her waist, I kissed;  
she hinted marriage  
To the door in dreadful haste  
came Captain Kelly's carriage!  
Her looks told me full well that moment she was wishin'  
That I'd get out to Hell,  
or somewhere far from the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full seven feet or higher  
And over heads and heels, threw me slap into the fire  
My new Repealers coat,  
that I'd bought from Mrs. Stichen  
With a thirty-shilling note,  
went to blazes in the kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds,  
all besmeared with smoke and ashes  
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashes.  
As I lay on the floor, still the water she kept pitchin'  
Till the footman broke the door,  
and marched into the kitchen.

When the Captain came downstairs,  
and seen my situation  
In spite of all my prayers  
I was marched off to the station  
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin'  
And I had to tell the tale of how I got in the kitchen.

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial  
For assault she did indict me, and I was sent for trial.  
She swore I robbed the house,  
in spite of all her screechin'  
And I got six months hard,  
for my coortin' in the kitchen.

## 3 The Dark Island

Away to the west's where I'm longing to be,  
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea,  
Where the sweet purple heather  
blooms fragrant and free,  
On a hilltop high above the Dark Island.

*Chorus:*

*Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,  
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree,  
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me,  
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.*

So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay,  
Where the stream joins the ocean,  
and young children play;  
On the strand of pure silver, I'll welcome each day,  
And I'll roam for ever more the Dark Island.

*Chorus:*

True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light  
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night  
How I yearn for the cries of the seagulls in flight.  
As they circle high above the Dark Island

#### 4 Drovers Dream

One night when travelling sheep, my companions lay asleep  
There was not a star to illuminate the sky  
I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed  
When a very strange procession passed me by  
First there came a kangaroo, with his swag of blankets blue  
A dingo ran beside him for a mate  
They were travelling mighty fast, and they shouted as they passed  
"We'll have to jog along, it's getting late"  
The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain  
To amuse the company with a Highland Fling  
The dear old bandicoot played a tune upon his flute  
And the native bears sat round them in a ring  
The drongo and the crow sang us songs of long ago  
While the frillnecked lizard listened with a smile  
And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear  
Said, "Funniest thing I've heard for quite a while"  
The frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is damp  
Came bounding in and sat upon the stones  
They each unrolled their swags and produced from out their bags  
The violin, the banjo and the bones  
The goanna and the snake, and the adder wide awake  
With the alligator danced "The Soldier's Joy"  
In the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke  
And the magpie sang "The Wild Colonial Boy"  
Some brolgas darted out from the teatree all about  
And performed a set of Lancers very well  
Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue  
To strike up "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell."  
I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows  
But it never crossed my mind I was asleep  
Till the Boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start  
Yelling, "Dreamy, where the hell are all the sheep?"

## 5 Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentleman Irish mighty odd  
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he carried a hod  
Well Tim had a sort of a tipplin way, with the love of the liquor he was born  
And to send him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craytur ev'ry morn

*Chorus:*

*Whack fol the dah now dance to your partner, whack the floor your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake*

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

*Chorus*

Well his friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch  
First they brought in tea and cake, pipes, tobacco and whisky punch  
Then Widow Malone began to cry such a lovely corpse, did you ever see  
Ah Tim mavourneen why did you die?' 'Will ye shut your gob?' said Biddy McGee

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

Well Tim Maloney raised his head when a bottle of whiskey flew at him  
He ducked and, landing on the bed the whiskey scattered over Tim  
Bedad he revives, see how he rises Tim Finnegan rising in the bed  
Saying 'Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, thunderin' jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?'

## 8 Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill  
Down through the valley so shady,  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ahdedo, ahdedodaday,  
Ahdedo, ahdedaay  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.

2. She left her father's castle gates  
She left her own fine lover  
She left her servants and her state  
To follow the gypsy rover.

3. Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
And roamed the valleys all over  
Sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

4. He came at last to a mansion fine,  
Down by the river Claydee  
And there was music and there was wine,  
For the gypsy and his lady.

5. "He is no gypsy, my father" she said  
"But lord of these lands all over,  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
With my whistling gypsy rover."

## 9 Isle of Innisfree

I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer,  
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say.  
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer,  
When all the things he loves are far away.

And precious things are dreams unto an exile,  
They take him o'er the land across the sea,  
Especially when it happens he's an exile,  
From that dear lovely Isle of Innisfree.

*CHORUS*

And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops,  
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be,  
I scarcely feel its' wonder or its laughter  
I'm once again back home in Innisfree.

I wander o'er green hills thro' dreamy valleys,  
And find a peace no other land could know.  
I hear the birds make music fit for angels,  
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.

And then into a humble shack I wander,  
My dear old home and tenderly behold  
The folks I love around the turf fire gathered  
On bended knees their rosary is told.

(new CHORUS)

But dreams don't last, tho' dreams are not forgotten,  
And soon I'm back to stern reality,  
But tho' they paved the footways here with gold dust,  
I still would choose the ISLE OF INNISFREE.

## 10 Leaving of Liverpool

"Fare Thee Well My Own True Love"

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage  
River Mersey, fare thee well  
I am bound for California  
A place I know right well

Chorus:

So fare thee well, my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that's grieving me  
But my darling when I think of thee

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

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship  
Davy Crockett is her name  
And Burgess is the Captain of her  
And they say she's a floating Hell

I have shipped with Burgess once before  
And I think I know him well  
If a man's a seaman, he can get along  
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street  
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane  
For I think it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again

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

## 10b South Australia

In South Australia I was born Heave Away Haul Away  
In South Australia Round Cape Horn Bound for South  
Australia

CHORUS

Heave away you ruler kings Heave away all the way  
Heave away you'll hear me sing Bound for South Australia

There's one thing there that grieves my mind Heave ...  
It's leaving Nancy Blair behind Bound  
Chorus

I'll tell you the truth and tell you no lie  
I'll love that girl till the day I die

As I was walloping around Cape Horn  
I'd wished to God I'd never been born

And now I'm on a foreign strand  
With a bottle of whisky in my hand

I'll drink one glass to the foreign shore  
And another to the girl that I adore

Fare thee well and fare thee well  
And sweet news to my girl I'll tell

### 10c Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (3x)  
Earleye in the morning!

**chorus:**

*Way hay and up she rises*  
*Way hay and up she rises*  
*(patent blocks o' diff'rent sizes)*  
*Way hay and up she rises*  
*Earleye in the morning*

Put him in a longboat till he's sober

Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.

Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.

Tie him to the tasffrail when she's yardarm under.

Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him.

Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.

Give 'im a dose of salt and water.

Give 'im a taste of the bosun's ropeend.

Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster.

Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts a flipper.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him in the guard room till he gets sober.

### 10c My Love She's But A Lassie Yet

*Chorus:*

*My love, she's but a lassie yet,*  
*My love, she's but a lassie yet!*  
*We'll let her stand a year or twa,*  
*She'll no be half sae saucy yet!*

I rue the day I sought her, O!  
I rue the day I sought her, O!  
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,  
But he may say he has bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet!  
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,  
But here I never missed it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,  
We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't!  
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife -  
He could na preach for thinkin o't!

**11 Little Brown Jug - Joseph Winner 1869**

Me and my wife live all alone  
In a little log hut we call our own;  
She loves gin and I love rum,  
And don't we have a lot of fun!

*Chorus :*  
*Ha, ha, ha, you and me,*  
*Little brown jug, don't I love thee!*  
*Ha, ha, ha, you and me,*  
*Little brown jug, don't I love thee!*

When I go toiling on the farm  
I take the little jug under my arm;  
Place it under a shady tree,  
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

*Chorus:*

'Tis you that makes me friends and foes,  
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes;  
But, seeing you're so near my nose,  
Tip her up and down she goes.

*Chorus:*

If all the folks in Adam's race  
Were gathered together in one place,  
I'd let them go without a tear  
Before I'd part from you, my dear.

*Chorus:*

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,  
I'd dress her in the finest silk;  
Feed her up on oats and hay,  
And milk her twenty times a day.

*Chorus:*

I bought a cow from Farmer Jones,  
And she was nothing but skin and bones;  
I fed her up as fine as silk,  
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

*Chorus:*

And when I die don't bury me at all,  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;  
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet  
And then I know that I will keep.

*Chorus:*

The rose is red, my nose is too,  
The violet's blue and so are you;  
And yet, I guess, before I stop,  
We'd better take another drop.

*Chorus:*

**11c I'll Tell Me Ma**

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the bell of Belfast city  
She is counting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old John Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb  
But that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the bell of Belfast city  
She is counting one, two, three  
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
She'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma when she goes home  
Let them all come as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

### 13 The Moonshiner

've been a moonshiner for many a year  
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer  
I'll go to some hollow and set up my still  
And I'll make you a gallon for a twodollar bill

Chorus...

*I'm a Rambler I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home  
If you don't like me then leave me alone  
I'll eat when I'm hungry I'll drink when I'm dry  
And if the moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die*

Moonshine, dear moonshine oh how I love thee  
You killed my poor father but dare you try me  
Bless all the moonshiners and bless the moonshine  
It's breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

Chorus...

its moonshine for Liza and moonshine for May  
Moonshine for Lulushe'll sing all the day  
Moonshine for my breakfast moonshine for my tea  
Moonshine me hearties it's moonshine for me

### 15c 100 Pipers

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',  
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',  
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw  
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.  
O it's owre the border awa', awa'  
It's owre the border awa', awa',  
We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'  
Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'.

Chorus:

*Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',  
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',  
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw  
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.*

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
Wi' their tartan kilts an' a', an' a',  
Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitt'rin' gear,  
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
Will they a' return oor Heilan' men?  
Second sighted Sandy looked fu' wae.  
An' mithers grat when they march'd away.

Chorus:

Oh! wha' is foremos o' a', o' a',  
Oh wha' is foremost o' a', o' a',  
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah!  
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
His bonnet and feathers he's waving high,  
His prancing steed maist seems to fly,  
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,  
While the pipers play wi' an unco flare.

Chorus:

The Esk was swollen sae red, sae deep,  
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;  
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground  
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,  
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,  
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',  
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Chorus:

On the 18th November 1745, the city of Carlisle, after two days' show of resistance, opened its gates to Bonnie Prince Charlie. On entering the city the Prince was preceded by one hundred pipers. The crossing of the River Esk, referred to in heroic terms, was, on the contrary, accomplished during the retreat from England in the concluding stages of the '45 Rising.

### 16 Mull of Kintyre

Far have I travelled and much have I seen  
dark distant mountains with valleys of green  
past painted deserts the sunset's on fire  
as he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre oh mist rolling in from the sea,  
my desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen;  
carry me back to the days I knew then.  
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir  
to the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

### 17 O'Donnell abu

(The Clan Connell War Song)  
(M.J.McAnn cir. 1843)

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding  
Loudly the warcries arise on the gale  
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding  
To join the thick squadrons on Saimiers green vale!  
On every mountaineer! Stranger to flight or fear!  
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!  
Bonnaught and Gallowglass, throng from each mountain pass!  
Onward for Erin! O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing  
With many a chieftain and warrior clan!  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing  
Neath the Borderers brave from the banks of the Bann!  
Many a heart shall quail under its coat of mail,  
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue  
When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breezes wing  
TyrConnell's dread war cry O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the warwolf is howling  
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling  
And all who would conquer them are banished, or slain!  
On with O'Donnell then! Fight the good fight again!  
Sons of TyrConnell are valiant and true!  
Make the proud Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel!  
Strike! For your Country! O'Donnell abu!

### 18 Scotland the Brave

Hark where the night is falling  
hark hear the pipes a calling  
Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen  
There where the hills are sleeping  
Now feel the blood a leaping  
High as the spirits of the old highland men

Towering in gallant fame  
Scotland my mountain hame  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave  
Land of my high endeavor  
Land of the shining river  
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave

High in the misty mountains  
Out by the purple highlands  
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies  
Wild are the winds to meet you  
Staunch are the friends that greet you  
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens eyes

### 18 b I Love A Lassie

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
If ye saw her ye would fancy her as well.  
I met her In September, popp'd the question in  
November,  
So I'll soon be havin' her a' to mase!'!  
Her faither has consented, so I'm feelin' quite contented  
'Cause I've been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss.  
I sit and weary, weary, when I think about ma deary,  
An' you'll always hear me singing this:

#### **Chorus:**

*I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as the lily in the dell,  
She's as sweet as the heather,  
The bonnie bloomin' heather,  
Mary, ma Scotch Bluebell.'*

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
She can warble like a blackbird in the dell.  
She's an angel ev'ry Sunday, but a jolly lass on Monday;  
She's as modest as her namesake the bluebell.  
She's nice, she's neat, she's tidy,  
And I meet her ev'ry Friday;  
That's a special nicht, you bet, I never miss.  
I'm enchanted, I'm enraptured,  
Since ma heart the darlin' captur'd.  
She's intoxicated me with bliss.

#### Chorus

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
I could sit and let her tease me for a week:  
For the way she keeps behavin', well, I never pay for  
shavin'  
'Cause she rubs ma whiskers clean off with her cheek.  
And underneath ma bonnet,  
Where the hair was, there's none on it,  
For the way she pats ma head has made me bald.  
I ken she means no harm,  
For she'll keep me nice and warm.  
On the frosty nights sae very cauld.

#### Chorus

### 18 c Will Ye No Come Back Again

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',  
Safely owre the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break i' twa,  
Should he no' come back again.

#### *Chorus:*

*Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?*

Mony a traitor 'mange the isles  
Brak the band o' nature's laws;  
Mony a traitor wi' his wiles,  
Sought to wear his life awa'.

#### Chorus:

Many a gallant sodger gaught,  
Mony a gallant chief did fa,  
Death itself were dearly bought,  
A' for Scotland's king and law.

#### Chorus:

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,  
Unto the evening sinking down,  
Or merl that makes the wood to ring,  
To me they hae nae other sound.

#### Chorus:

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,  
Lilting wildly up the glen;  
And aye the o'erworld o' he sang,  
"Will he no' come back again?"

#### Chorus:

## 19 Marie's Wedding

*Chorus:*

*Step we gaily on we go,*

*Heel and heel*

*And toe for toe,*

*Arm and arm*

*And row and row,*

*All for Marie's wedding.*

Over hillways, up and down,  
Myrtle green and bracken brown,  
Past the sheilings through the town  
All for the sake of Marie.

Chorus

Red her cheeks as Rowan's are,  
Bright her eyes as any star.  
Fairest of them all by far,  
Is our darlin' Marie.

Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
Plenty peat to fill her kreen.  
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,  
That's the toast for Marie.

## 20 Waltzing Matilda

Oh there once was a swagman camped in a billabong  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree  
And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling  
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

*Chorus*

*Who'll come a waltzing Matilda my darling*

*Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me*

*Waltzing Matilda and leading a water bag*

*Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me*

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

Down came the squatter a riding on his thoroughbred  
Down came the troopers one two three  
Whose is that jumbuck you've got in the tucker bag  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

But the swagman he up and  
he jumped into the water hole  
Drowning himself by the coolibah tree  
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the billabong  
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

### 23 South Wind [An Ghaoth Aneas]

The wind from the south brings soft rain  
That makes all the green grasses grow  
Brings life to the lakes and the streams  
And abundance of fruit to the trees

Far to the north I once lived  
And that is where you will blow  
Carry the scents of this land  
To my kin in my far away home

[Loose translation: Brian Maddison 2008]

### 24 Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the salt water and take the sea air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song  
Won't you take ma away boys me time is not long

chorus

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 some day in Fiddler's Green

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

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through  
Ther's pubs and ther's clubs and ther's lassies there too  
When the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free  
And ther's bottles of rum growing from 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 squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

### 26 Little Fish

There's a song in my heart for the one I love best,  
And her picture is tattooed all over my chest,

**Chorus:**

*Yea ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry,  
Yea ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.*

There are fish in the sea, there is no doubt about it,  
Just as good as the ones that have ever come out of it,

Little fish, when he's caught, he fights like a bull whale,  
As he threshes the water with his long narrow tail.

The ship's under way and the weather is fine,  
The captain's on the bridge hanging out other lines,

The crew are asleep, and the ocean's at rest,  
And I'm singing this song to the one I love best.

### 27 Kitty of Coleraine

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,  
When she saw him she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.  
Oh! What shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,  
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.  
'Twas the pride of my dairy, Oh, Barney McCleary,  
You're sent as a plague on the girls of Coleraine.

He sat down beside her and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
A kiss then he gave her, and before he did leave her,  
She vowed for such pleasure, she'd break it again.  
'Twas haymaking season, I can't tell the reason,  
Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The divil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

### 27b Four Green Fields

"What did I have?", said the fine old woman  
"What did I have?", this proud old woman did say  
"I had four green fields, each one was a jewel  
But strangers came and tried to take them from me  
I had fine, strong sons, they fought to save my jewels  
They fought and died and that was my grief", said she

"Long time ago", said the fine old woman  
"Long time ago", this proud old woman did say  
"There was war and death, plundering and pillage  
My children starved by mountain, valley and sea  
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens  
My four green fields ran red with their blood", said she

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

### 27c Love is Pleasing

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish I was a youth again  
But a youth again I can never be  
Till apples grow on an ivy tree

I left me father, I left me mother  
I left all my sisters and brothers too  
I left all my friends and my own religion  
I left them all for to follow you

And love is pleasin' and love is teasin'  
And love is a pleasure when first it's new  
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder  
And it fades away like the morning dew

And the sweetest apple is the soonest rotten  
And the hottest love is the soonest cold  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
But my own true love I will ne'er more behold

For love and porter makes a young man older  
And love and whiskey makes him old and grey  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
And now I am bound for Americay

Oh, love is pleasin' and love is teasin'  
And love is a pleasure when first it's new  
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder  
And it fades away like the morning dew

### 27d Nell Flaherty's Drake

Oh my name it is Nell and the truth for to tell  
I come from Cootehill which I'll never deny  
I had a fine drake and I'd die for his sake  
That me grandmother left me and she goin' to die  
The dear little fellow his legs they were yellow  
He could fly like a swallow or swim like a hake  
Till some dirty savage to grease his white cabbage  
Most wantonly murdered me beautiful drake

Now his neck it was green almost fit to be seen  
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree  
His body was white, and it would you delight  
He was plump, fat, and heavy and brisk as a bee  
He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty  
pound  
And the universe round I would roam for his sake  
Bad luck to the robber be he drunk or sober  
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig  
May each hair in his wig be well trashed with the flail  
My his door never latch, may his roof have no thatch  
May his turkeys not hatch, may the rats eat his meal  
May every old fairy from Cork to Dun Laoghaire  
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake  
That the eel and the trout they may dine on the snout  
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt  
May a ghost ever haunt him the dead of the night  
May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh  
May his coat fly away like an old paper kite  
That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease  
May the piercin' March breeze make him shiver and  
shake  
May a lump of the stick raise the bumps fast and quick  
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

Well the only good news that I have to infuse  
Is that old Paddy Hughes and young Anthony Blake  
Also Johnny Dwyer and Corney Maguire  
They each have a grandson of my darlin' drake  
May treasure have dozens of nephews and cousins  
And one I must get or me heart it will break  
For to set me mind easy or else I'll run crazy  
So ends the whole song of Nell Flaherty's drake

### 28 Mountains of Mourne

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

I believe that when writing a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed.  
Well if you believe me, when asked to a ball,  
They don't wear a top to their dresses at all.  
Oh, I've seen them myself, and you couldn't in truth  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.  
Don't be starting them fashions now Mary Macree  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus  
I never knew him, though he means to know us;  
And though by the Saxon we once were oppressed,  
Still I cheered God forgive me I cheered with the rest.  
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,  
We'll be much better friends than we've been hereofore.  
When we've got all we want we're as quiet as can be,  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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

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

**27b The Rose of Tralee** - William Pembroke Mulchinock

The pale moon was rising above the green mountains,  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,  
When I strayed with my love by the pure crystal  
fountain,  
That stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.  
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading,  
And Mary all smiling was listening to me.  
The moon through the valley her pale rays was  
shedding,  
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.  
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

In the far fields of India 'mid war's dreadful thunders,  
Her voice was solace and comfort to me.  
But the chill hand of death has now rent us asunder,  
I'm lonely tonight for the Rose of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.  
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

**30 Raglan Road**

On Raglan Road of an autumn day  
I saw her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave  
a snare that I might one day rue.  
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way  
and I said let grief be a fallen leaf  
at the dawning of the day.

On Grafton Street in November  
we tripped lightly along the lay  
of a deep ravine where can be seen  
the worth of passions play.  
The queen of hearts still making tarts  
and I not making hay.  
Oh, I love too much and by such,  
by such is happiness thrown away.  
I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign  
Known to the artists who have known  
the true Gods of sound and stone.  
And words and tint I did not stint,  
I gave her poems to say.  
With her own name there and  
her own dark hair like clouds over the fields of May.

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

### 31 Scarborough Fair

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt;  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Without no seams nor needle work,  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

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

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

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

### 34 The Star Of The County Down

Near to Banbridge Town in the County Down  
One morning in July  
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen  
And she smiled as she passed me by  
Oh she looked so neat from her two white feet  
To the sheen of her nut brown hair  
Sure the coaxing elf I'd to shake myself  
To make sure I was standing there  
Oh from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And from Galway to Dublin Town  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped I shook my head  
And I gazed with a feeling queer  
And I said says I to a passer by  
Who's the maid with the nut brown hair  
Oh he smiled at me and with pride says he  
That's the gem of Ireland's crowns  
he's young Rosie McCann  
from the banks of the Bann  
She's the star of the County Down  
Chorus.....

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly  
And a smile like the rose in June  
And you hung on each note from her lilywhite throat  
As she lilted an Irish tune  
At the pattern dance you were held in a trance  
As she tripped through a reel or jig  
And when her eyes she'd roll  
She'd coax upon my soul  
A spud from a hungry pig

Chorus.....  
I've travelled a bit but never was hit  
Since my roving career began  
But fair and square I surrendered thee  
To the charm of young Rosie McCann  
With a heart to let and no tenant yet  
Did I meet with shawl or gown  
But in she went and I asked no rent  
From the star of the County Down  
Chorus.....

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludhering lies  
On the heart of the nut brown rose  
No pipe I smoke no horse I'll yoke  
Though my plough with rust turns brown  
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down

**34b Minstrel Boy** Thomas Moor

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you will find him;  
His father's sword he hath girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him;  
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,  
"Tho' 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 that proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

The Minstrel Boy will return we pray  
When we hear the news, we all will cheer it,  
The minstrel boy will return one day,  
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.  
Then may he play on his harp in peace,  
In a world such as Heaven intended,  
For all the bitterness of man must cease,  
And ev'ry battle must be ended.

**35 Skye Boat Song**

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

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunder clouds rend the air;  
Baffled our foe's stand on the shore  
Follow they will not dare

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

**40 When the Saints go Marching In**

Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh when the saints go marching in.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the saints go marching in.

Oh, when the sun begins to shine,  
Oh when the sun begins to shine.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the sun begins to shine.

Oh, when the band begins to play,  
Oh when the the band begins to play.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the band begins to play.

Oh, when the saints go marching in,  
Oh when the saints go marching in.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the saints go marching in.

Oh, when the sun begins to shine,  
Oh when the sun begins to shine.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the sun begins to shine.

Oh, when the band begins to play,  
Oh when the the band begins to play.  
Oh, I want to be in that number  
when the band begins to play.

**41 Ash Grove**

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly tis speaking,  
the harp wind through it playing has language for me.  
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking  
a host of kind faces is gazing on me.  
The friends of my childhood again are before me,  
each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.  
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,  
the ash grove, the ash grove again alone is my home.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander  
when twilight is fading I pensively rove.  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing  
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing  
the ash grove, the ash grove that sheltered my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,  
old countryside measures steal soft on my ears;  
I only remember the past and its brightness,  
the dear ones I mourn for again gather here.  
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,  
and wistfully searching the leafy green dome,  
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,  
the ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home..

#### 42 The Rising of the Lark

See, O see the breaking day,  
How the dew drop decks the thorn,  
Hov'ring low the skylarks lay,  
Long preluding meets the morn,  
Hark! the liquid notes awake anew,  
Rising sweeter with the rising dew,  
Rising sweeter with the rising dew.

Come, my love, and drink the sound,  
Ere the dazzling sun appears;  
While the drooping flow'ret round  
Bends with nature's early tears,  
Poising, as she mounts with humid wings,  
Still above her lowly nest she sings,  
O'er her lowly nest she sings.

Now the dappled clouds among,  
Sweet and clear ascends the lay;  
Come before the plummy throng,  
Wake to hail the king of day!  
Warbling louder still, she mounts alone,  
Near and nearer to his amber throne.  
Nearer to his amber throne.

See the blazing gates unfold,  
See his radiant head appear!  
Through yon op'ning clouds of gold  
Still the less'ning note we hear.  
Sinking softly with the sinking strain  
See her seek her lowly nest again,  
See her seek her nest again.

#### 43 South Australia

In South Australia I was born Heave Away Haul Away  
In South Australia Round Cape Horn Bound for South  
Australia

#### CHORUS

Heave away you ruler kings Heave away all the way  
Heave away you'll hear me sing Bound for South  
Australia

There's one thing there that grieves my mind Heave ...  
It's leaving Nancy Blair behind Bound  
Chorus

I'll tell you the truth and tell you no lie  
I'll love that girl till the day I die

As I was walloping around Cape Horn  
I'd wished to God I'd never been born

And now I'm on a foreign strand  
With a bottle of whisky in my hand

I'll drink one glass to the foreign shore  
And another to the girl that I adore

Fare thee well and fare thee well  
And sweet news to my girl I'll tell

#### 44 Ryebuck Shearer

I come from the South and my name is Field,  
And when my shears are properly steeled,  
A hundred and odd I have very often peeled,  
And of course I'm a Ryebuck Shearer.

#### CHORUS:

If I don't shear a tally, before I go,  
My shears and my stone in the river I'll throw,  
I'll never open Sawbees to take another blow,  
And prove I'm a Ryebuck shearer.

There's a bloke on the board, I heard him say,  
That I couldn't shear a hundred sheep a day,  
But some fine day I'll show him the way,  
And prove I'm a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

Oh, I'll make a splash, but I won't say when,  
I'll hop of my arse and into the pen,  
While the ringer's shearing five, I'll shear ten,  
And prove I' a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

There's a bloke on board, or so I've heard,  
With a face just like a buffalo turd,  
If you think that's bad, well, you should see his bird,  
And of course he's a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

There's a bloke on the board and he's got yellow skin,  
A very long nose and he shaves on the chin,  
And a voice like a billy-goat pissing in a tin,  
And of course he's a Ryebuck shearer.

#### 48 Blow Away the Morning Dew

There was a farmer's son,  
Kept sheep all on the hill;  
And he walk'd out one May morning  
To see what he could kill.

#### Chorus

*And sing blow away the morning dew  
The dew, and the dew.  
Blow away the morning dew,  
How sweet the winds do blow.*

He looked high, he looked low,  
He cast an under look;  
And there he saw a fair pretty maid  
Beside the wat'ry brook.

#### Chorus

Cast over me my mantle fair  
And pin it o'er my gown;  
And, if you will, take hold my hand,  
And I will be your own.

#### Chorus

If you come down to my father's house  
Which is walled all around,  
And, you shall have a kiss from me  
And twenty thousand pound.

#### Chorus

He mounted on a milk white steed  
And she upon another;  
And then they rode along the lane  
Like sister and like brother.

#### Chorus

As they were riding on alone,  
They saw some pooks of hay.  
O is not this a very pretty place  
For girls and boys to play?

#### Chorus

But when they came to her father's gate,  
So nimble she popped in:  
And said: There is a fool without  
And here's a maid within.

#### Chorus

We have a flower in our garden,  
We call it Marigold:  
And if you will not when you may,  
You shall not when you wolde.

### 50 The Water is Wide (O Waly, Waly)

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
O go and get me some little boat,  
To carry o'er my true love and I.

A-down in the meadows the other day  
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay  
A-gath'ring flowers, both red and blue,  
I little thought what love could do.

I put my hand into one soft bush,  
Thinking the sweetest flow'r to find.  
I prick'd my finger to the bone  
And left the sweetest flow'r alone.

I lean'd my back up against some oak,  
Thinking it was a trusty tree.  
But first he bended then he broke,  
So did my love prove false to me.

Where love is planted, O there it grows,  
It buds and blossoms like some rose;  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell,  
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

Must I be bound, O and she go free!  
Must I love one thing that does not love me!  
Why should I act such a childish part,  
And love a girl that will break my heart.

There is a ship sailing on the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as in love I am;  
I care not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love is charming when it is true;  
As it grows older it groweth colder  
And fades away like the morning dew.

*Alternate end:*

The water is wide, I cannot get over,  
There's no true love, at least not for me,  
My love was untrue but I can't complain,  
Some day I hope to love again.

### 53 The Spinning Wheel

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning  
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting  
Crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting

Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring  
Spins the wheel, rings the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing

Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping  
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping  
Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing  
'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying

What's the noise I hear at the window I wonder?  
'Tis the little birds chirping, the hollybush under  
What makes you shoving and moving your stool on  
And singing all wrong the old song of the "Coolin"?

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love  
And he whispers with face bent, I'm waiting for you love  
Get up from the stool, through the lattice step lightly  
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers  
Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother  
Puts her foot on the stool spins the wheel with the other

Lazily, easily, now swings the wheel round  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover

Slower and slower... and slower the wheel swings  
Lower... and lower... and lower the reel rings  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving

### 56 Westering Home

Westering home and a song in the air  
Light in the eye and its good by to care  
Laughter o love and a welcoming there  
Isle of my heart my own land

Tell me a tale of the Orient gay  
Tell me of riches that come from Cathay  
Ah but it's grand to be waken at day  
And find oneself nearer to Islay

And it's westering home with a song in the air  
Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care  
Laughter and love are a welcoming there  
Pride of my heart my own love

Where are the folks like the folks of the west  
Canty and couthy and kindly, our best  
There I would hie me and there I would rest  
At home with my own folks in Islay

And it's westering home with a song in the air  
Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care  
Laughter and love are a welcoming there  
Pride of my heart my own love

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

And it's westering home with a song in the air  
Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care  
Laughter and love are a welcoming there  
Pride of my heart my own love

### 58 Kalinka (Little Snowball Bush)

Chorus  
Kalinka, kalinka, kalinka of mine  
In the garden grows a berry like sweet sherry wine

Verse  
Under the pine tree, under the green tree,  
There I'll lay me down to sleep.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
There I'll lay me down to sleep.

Chorus

Little pine tree, thou evergreen tree  
With your rustling do not wake me.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
With your rustling do not wake me.

Chorus

Oh, my darling, lovely maiden,  
Won't you promise to be mine.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
Won't you promise to be mine.

Chorus

### 59 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 were ever won't to gae  
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

O' 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 o' loch Lomond

Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,  
On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond,  
Where in deep purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,  
And the moon coming oot in the gloaming.

&c

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,  
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,  
Though the waefu' may cease fae their greeting

### 59b Comin Through The Rye

Should a body meet a body  
comin' through the rye  
Should a body meet a body  
nae a body cry

Every lassie ha'e a laddie  
nae they say \_ have I  
when all the lassies smile at me  
when comin' thro' the rye

Max Welton's braes are bonnie  
Where early falls the dew  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true.

Gave me her promise true  
That ne'er forgot shall be  
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

### 61 Will Ye Go, Lassie? (Wild Mountain Thyme)

Oh the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

Chorus

And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a tower  
Near yon' pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will build  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

If my true love she were gone  
I would surely find another  
Where wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

## 62 Flower of Scotland

O flower of Scotland  
When will we see  
Your like again  
That fought and died for  
Your wee bit hill and glen  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now  
And autumn leaves lie  
Thick and still  
O'er land that is lost now  
Which those so dearly held  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.

Those days are passed now  
And in the past  
They must remain  
But we can still rise now  
And be the nation again  
And stand against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again..

## 63 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 were ever won't to gae  
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

O' 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 o' loch Lomond

Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,  
On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond,  
Where in deep purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,  
And the moon coming oot in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,  
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,  
Though the waefu' may cease fae their greeting

## 64 A Scottish Soldier

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier  
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder  
He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.  
He'd seen the glory and told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds nefarious  
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying  
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.  
Because these green hills are not highland hills  
Or the island hills, the're not my land's hills  
And fair as these green foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home.

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling  
And he will fade away, in that far land.  
He called his piper, his trusty piper  
And bade him sound a lay... a pibroch sad to play  
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.

And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more  
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.  
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now  
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

**66 Kalinka (Little Snowball Bush)**

Chotus  
Kalinka, kalinka, kalinka of mine  
In the garden grows a berry like sweet  
sherry wine

Verse  
Under the pine tree, under the green  
tree,  
There I'll lay me down to sleep.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
There I'll lay me down to sleep.

Chorus  
Little pine tree, thou evergreen tree  
With your rustling do not wake me.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
With your rustling do not wake me.

Chorus  
Oh, my darling, lovely maiden,  
Won't you promise to be mine.  
Ay liuli, liuli, ay, liuli  
Won't you promise to be mine.

Chorus  
**67 Dear Old Donegal**

It seems like only yesterday  
I sailed from out of Cork.  
A wanderer from old Erin's isle,  
I landed in New York.  
There wasn't a soul to greet me there,  
A stranger on your shore,  
But Irish luck was with me here,  
And riches came galore.  
And now that I'm going back again  
To dear old Erin's isle,  
My friends will meet me on the pier  
And greet me with a smile.  
Their faces, sure, I've almost forgot,  
I've been so long away,  
But me mother will introduce them all  
And this to me will say

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me boy,  
And here's your sister, Kate.  
And sure there's the girl you used to swing  
Down by the garden gate.  
Shake hands with all your neighbours,  
And kiss the colleens all  
You're as welcome as the flowers in May  
To dear old Donnegal.

They'll line the roads for miles and miles  
They'll come from near and far.  
And they'll give a party when I go home,  
With Irish jaunty cars.  
The spirits'll flow and we'll be gay,  
We'll fill your hearts with joy.  
And the piper will play an Irish reel  
To greet the Yankee boy.  
We'll dance and sing the whole night long,  
Such fun as never was seen.  
The lads'll be decked in corduroy,  
The colleens wearin' green.  
There'll be thousands there that I never saw,  
I've been so long away,  
But me mother will introduce them all  
And this to me will say:

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike .....

Meet Branigan, Fannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McCuffy, Malachy, Mahone,  
Rafferty, Lafferty, Donnelly, Connelly,  
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowney, Malone,  
Madigan, Cadigan, Lanihan, Flanihan,  
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Hoolihan, Flynn,  
Shanihan, Manihan, Fogarty, Hogarty,  
Kelly, O'Kelly, McGuinness, McGuinn.

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike .....

**68 Lord of the Dance** (Sydney Carter)

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
I danced in the moon, the stars and the sun  
I danced down from Heaven and I danced on Earth  
At Bethlehem I had my birth

Dance, then, wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of 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  
They would not dance; they would not follow me  
So 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  
They holy people said it was a shame  
So they whipped, they stripped, they hung me high  
And they left me on the cross to die

I danced on a Friday, when the sky turned black  
Its hard to dance with the Devil on your back  
Oh they buried my body, they thought I'd gone  
But I and the dance still go on

They cut me down, but I lept on high  
I am the light that will never, never die  
But I'll live in you if you'll live in Me  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he

**69 Bunch of Thyme**

Come all you maidens young and fair  
All you that are blooming in your prime  
Always beware and keep your garden fair  
Let no man steal away your thyme  
For thyme it is a precious thing  
And thyme brings all things to my mind  
Thyme with all it flavours along with all its joys  
Thyme brings all things to my mind

Once she had a bunch of thyme  
She thought it never would decay  
Then came a lusty sailor  
Who chanced to pass her way  
He stole her bunch of thyme away  
The sailor gave to her a rose  
A rose that never would decay  
He gave it to her to be reminded  
Of when he stole her thyme away

repeat verse 1

And thyme brings all things  
To an end

## 70 Dixie

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old times there are not forgotten  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
In Dixie Land where I was born in  
Early on one frosty mornin'  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
To live and die in Dixie  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old Missus marry Will, the weaver,  
William was a gay deceiver  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
But when he put his arm around her  
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver  
But that did not seem to grieve her  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
Old Missus acted the foolish part  
And died for a man that broke her heart  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

## 70b Way Down Upon The Swanee

Way down upon the Swanee River,  
Far, far away  
That's where my heart is turning ever  
That's where the old folks stay  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam  
Still longing for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home  
Chorus:  
All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam  
Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary  
Far from the old folks at home

All 'round the little farm I wandered,  
When I was young  
Then many happy days I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung  
When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
There let me live and die  
Chorus:

One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove  
When shall I see the bees a humming,  
All 'round the comb  
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,  
Down by my good old home  
Chorus:

**70c Oh! Susanna**

I came from Alabama  
With my banjo on my knee,  
I'm goin' to Louisiana  
My true love for to see;  
It rained all night the day I left,  
The weather it was dry;  
The sun so hot I froze to death;  
Susanna, don't you cry.

O, Susanna,  
O, don't you cry for me,  
I've come from Alabama  
With my banjo on my knee.  
O, Susanna,  
O, don't you cry for me,  
'Cause I'm goin' to Louisiana,  
My true love for to see.

I had a dream the other night  
When ev'rything was still;  
I thought I saw Susanna  
A-comin' down the hill;  
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,  
The tear was in her eye;  
Says I, I'm comin' from the south,  
Susanna, don't you cry.

O, Susanna,  
O, don't you cry for me,  
.....

I soon will be in New Orleans,  
And then I'll look around,  
And when I find Susanna  
I'll fall upon the ground.  
And if I do not find her,  
Then I will surely die,  
And when I'm dead and buried,  
Susanna, don't you cry.

O, Susanna,  
O, don't you cry for me,  
.....

**72 Tulips From Amsterdam**

When it's Spring again I'll bring again  
Tulips from Amsterdam  
With a heart that's true I'll give to you  
Tulips from Amsterdam  
I can't wait until the day you fill  
These eager arms of mine  
Like the windmill keeps on turning  
That's how my heart keeps on yearning  
For the day I know we can share these  
Tulips from Amsterdam

When it's Spring again I'll bring again  
Tulips from Amsterdam  
With a heart that's true I'll give to you  
Tulips from Amsterdam  
I can't wait until the day you fill  
These eager arms of mine  
Like the windmill keeps on turning  
That's how my heart keeps on yearning  
For the day I know we can share these  
Tulips from Amsterdam

Share these tulips from Amsterdam

### 73 Forty Shades Of Green

I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea  
From the fishing boats at Dingle  
To the shores of Dona'dee  
I miss the River Shannon and folks at Skibereen  
The Moorlands and the Meadows  
And their forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl in Tipperary town  
And most of all I miss her lips  
As soft as eiderdown  
Again I want to see and do  
The things I've done and seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as shalimar  
And there's forty shades of green

(break)

I wish that I could spend an hour  
At Dublin's churning surf  
I'd love to watch the farmers  
Drain the bog and spade the turf  
To see again the thatching  
Of the straw the women glean  
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see  
The forty shades of green

Chorus & ends  
Where the breeze is sweet as shalimar  
And there's forty shades of green

### 74 a The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

I've just got here, through Paris, from the sunny  
southern shore;  
I to Monte Carlo went, just to raise my winter's rent.  
Dame Fortune smiled upon me as she'd never done  
before,  
And I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.  
Yes, I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.  
As I walk along the Bois Boolong  
With an independent air  
You can hear the girls declare  
"He must be a Millionaire."  
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,  
You can see them wink the other eye  
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

I stay indoors till after lunch, and then my daily walk  
To the great Triumphal Arch  
is one grand triumphal march,  
Observed by each observer with the keenness of a hawk,  
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch -  
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.

As I walk along the Bois Boolong  
With an independent air  
You can hear the girls declare  
"He must be a Millionaire."  
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,  
You can see them wink the other eye  
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

I patronised the tables at the Monte Carlo hell  
Till they hadn't got a sou for a Christian or a Jew;  
So I quickly went to Paris  
for the charms of mad'moiselle,  
Who's the loadstone of my heart - what can I do,  
When with twenty tongues  
she swears that she'll be true?

As I walk along the Bois Boolong  
With an independent air  
You can hear the girls declare  
"He must be a Millionaire."  
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,  
You can see them wink the other eye  
At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

Written and Composed by Fred Gilbert in 1892. Sung by Charles Coburn.

**74 a John Brown's body  
Battle Hymn of the Republic**

John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave  
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave  
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave  
His soul goes marching on

*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*His soul is marching on*

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true  
He frightened old Virginia till she trembled  
    through and through  
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew  
His soul is marching on

**Chorus:**

His soul is marching on  
John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
But his soul is marching on!

**Chorus:**

The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down  
The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down  
The stars above in Heaven are looking kindly down  
On the grave of old John Brown

*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!*  
*His soul is marching on*

**74b K-K-K-Katy**

*K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,  
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;  
When the m-m-m-moon shines,  
Over the cowshed,  
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.  
K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,  
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;  
When the m-m-m-moon shines,  
Over the cowshed,  
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.*

Jimmy was a soldier brave and bold,  
Katy was a maid with hair of gold,  
Like an act of fate,  
Kate was standing at the gate,  
Watching all the boys on dress parade.  
Jimmy with the girls was just a gawk,  
Stuttered ev'ry time he tried to talk,  
Still that night at eight,  
He was there at Katy's gate,  
Stuttering to her this love sick cry.

**Chorus:**

No one ever looked so nice and neat,  
No one could be just as cute and sweet,  
That's what Jimmy thought,  
When the wedding ring he bought,  
Now he's off to France the foe to meet.  
Jimmy thought he'd like to take a chance,  
See if he could make the Kaiser dance,  
Stepping to a tune,  
All about the silv'ry moon,  
This is what they hear in far off France.

**Chorus:**

### 74b Marching Through Georgia

Bring the good ol' Bugle boys! We'll sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,  
Sing it like we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia

*Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free,  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia.*

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful  
sound,  
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found,  
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful  
tears,  
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for  
years;  
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in  
cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never make the  
coast!"  
So the saucy rebels said and 'twas a handsome boast  
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the Host  
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,  
Sixty miles of latitude, three hundred to the main;  
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain  
While we were marching through Georgia.

### 75 Click Go the Shears

*Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,  
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,  
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,  
And he curses the old snagger with the bare-bellied joe.*

Out on the board the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied yoe,  
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go.

In the middle of the floor in his cane bottomed chair  
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,  
He notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,  
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The colonial experience man, he is there of course,  
With his shiny legging's on, just got off his horse,  
Gazes all around him like a real connoisseur,  
Scented soap and brilliantine and smelling like a whore.

The tar-boy is there waiting in demand  
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,  
Spies one old sheep with a cut upon its back  
Hears what he's waiting for it's "Tar here Jack"

Now the shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques,  
So roll up your swags and it's off down the trace,  
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,  
And everyone that comes along it's 'Have a drink on  
me.'

There we leave him standing shouting for all hands,  
Whilst all around him every 'shouter' stands,  
His eye is on the keg which now is lowering fast,  
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to Hell at last.

### 76b Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong  
Under the shade of a coolabah tree  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled  
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?

**Chorus:**

*Waltzing Matilda Waltzing Matilda  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled  
'You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda with me'*

Down come a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
Up jumped a swagman and grabbed him in glee  
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me".

Up rode the Squatter a riding his thoroughbred  
Up rode the Trooper - one, two, three  
"Where's that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?",  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me".

But the swagman he up and jumped in the water hole  
Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree,  
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the Billabong,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

### 76c Ten green bottles

Ten green bottles  
Hanging on the wall  
Ten green bottles  
Hanging on the wall  
And if one green bottle  
Should accidentally fall  
There'll be nine green bottles  
Hanging on the wall

Nine green bottles  
Hanging on the wall  
Nine green bottles  
Hanging on the wall  
And if one green bottle  
Should accidentally fall  
There'll be eight green bottles  
Hanging on the wall

Eight green bottles  
....

Seven green bottles  
....

Six green bottles  
....

Five green bottles  
....

Four green bottles  
....

Three green bottles  
....

Two green bottles  
....

One green bottle  
....  
Hanging on the wall

No green bottles  
....  
Hanging on the wall

## 77 Botany Bay

Farewell to old England forever  
Farewell to my rum culls as well  
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey  
Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing Tooral lioral liaddity  
Singing Tooral lioral liay  
Singing Tooral lioral liaddity  
And we're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is our commander  
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew  
There's the first and the second class passengers  
Knows what we poor convicts go through

Taint leaving old England we cares about  
Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows  
But because all we light fingered gentry  
Hops around with a log on our toes

These seven long years I've been serving now  
And seven long more have to stay  
All for bashing a bloke down our alley  
And taking his ticker away

Oh had I the wings of a turtle dove  
I'd soar on my pinions so high  
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love  
And in her sweet presence I'd die

Now all my young Dookies and Dutchesses  
Take warning from what I've to say  
Mind all is your own as you toucheses  
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

## 77b The Lasses Who Danced

### Chorus:

*And when they dance, their dresses spin round,  
They travel so light that they ne'er touch the ground,  
And the smile on their faces will win every crowd,  
The lasses who danced 'till the morning.*

I've travelled about, yes I've been all around,  
From Perth in the west, to old Sydney town,  
And it warms up my heart every time I look down,  
At the lasses who danced 'till the morning.

I play for the gentry, I've played for them all,  
From a small country gig to a debutantes ball,  
And it's one thing that joins them, the big and the small,  
It's the lasses who danced 'till the morning.

At the end of the dance the folk leave the floor,  
Their feet must be tired, so tender and sore,  
But who are the ones who call out for more,  
It's the lasses who danced 'till the morning.

So long may I travel, and far may I roam,  
From Darwin to Hobart, a long way from home,  
And I'll stare at the people who I'll never know,  
And the lasses who danced 'till the morning.

And as they dance, men turn them around,  
Lads all dressed up for a night on the town,  
In their waistcoats and moleskins, It's a smile and a  
bow,  
To the lasses who danced 'till the morning.

### 77c The Springtime It Brings on the Shearing

Oh, the springtime it brings on the shearing,  
And it's then that you'll see them in droves,  
To the west country stations all steering,  
A-seeking a job off the coves.

**Chorus:**

*With my ragged old swag on my shoulder  
And a billy quart-pot in my hand,  
I tell you we'll astonish the new chums  
To see how we travel the land.*

You may talk of your mighty exploring,  
Of Landsborough, McKinley, and King;  
But I feel it should only be boring  
On such frivolous subjects to sing.

For discovering mountains and rivers  
There's one for a gallon I'd back,  
Who'll beat all your Stuarts to shivers:  
It's the man on the wallaby track.

From Billabone, Murray, and Loddon  
To far Tatiara and back  
The hills and the plains are well trodden  
By the men on the wallaby track.

Oh, and after the shearing is over  
And the wool season's all at an end,  
It is then that you'll see those flash shearers  
Making johnny-cakes round in the bend.

### 77d Brisbane ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Brisbane ladies  
Farewell and adieu, you maids of Toowong  
We've sold all our cattle and we have to get a movin'  
But we hope we shall see you again before long.

**Chorus:**

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers  
We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push  
Until we return to the Augathella station  
Oh, it's flamin' dry goin' through the old Queensland bush.*

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot,  
Caboolture, then Kilcoy, and Collington's Hut,  
We'll pull up at the stone house, Bob Williamson's paddock,  
And early next morning we cross the Blackbutt.

**Chorus:**

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,  
It's there we shall make our next camp for the day  
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lads,  
And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

**Chorus:**

**Then** on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township  
Where the out-of-work station-hands shit in the dust,  
Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor  
Oh, I wouldn't go near there, but I flaming well must!

**Chorus:**

The girls of Toomancie they look so entrancing  
Like bawling young heifers they're out for their fun  
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing  
To the rackets old banjo of Bob Anderson.

**Chorus:**

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,  
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to them all  
And when we've got back to the Augathella Station,  
We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call.

### 78 Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry

Farewell to cold winter, summer's come at last  
Nothing have I gained but my true love I have lost  
I'll sing and I'll be happy like the birds upon the tree  
For since he deceived me I care no more for he

**Chorus:**

*Let him go, let him tarry, let him sink or let him swim  
He doesn't care for me nor I don't care for him  
He can go and get another that I hope he will enjoy  
For I am going to marry a far nicer boy*

He wrote me a letter saying he was very bad  
I sent him back an answer saying I was awful glad  
He wrote to me another saying he was well and strong  
But I care no more about him than the ground he walks upon

Let him go, let him tarry, let him sink or let him swim  
He doesn't care for me nor I don't care for him  
He can go and get another that I hope he will enjoy  
For I am going to marry a far nicer boy

Some of his friends had a good kind wish for me  
Others of his friends they could hang me on a tree  
But soon I'll let them see my love, and soon I'll let them know  
That I can get a new sweetheart on any grounds I go

Let him go, let him tarry, let him sink or let him swim  
He doesn't care for me nor I don't care for him  
He can go and get another that I hope he will enjoy  
For I am going to marry a far nicer boy

He can go to his old mother now and set her mind at ease  
I hear she is an old, old woman, very hard to please  
It's slighting me and talking ill is what she's always done  
Because that I was courting her great big ugly son

Let him go, let him tarry, let him sink or let him swim  
He doesn't care for me nor I don't care for him  
He can go and get another that I hope he will enjoy  
For I am going to marry a far nicer boy

### 78b It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came  
An Irish lad one day,  
All the streets were paved with gold,  
So everyone was gay!  
Singing songs of Piccadilly,  
Strand, and Leicester Square,  
'Til Paddy got excited and  
He shouted to them there:

**Chorus:**

*It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.*

Paddy wrote a letter  
To his Irish Molly O',  
Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
Write and let me know!  
If I make mistakes in "spelling",  
Molly dear", said he,  
"Remember it's the pen, that's bad,  
Don't lay the blame on me".

**Chorus:**

Molly wrote a neat reply  
To Irish Paddy O',  
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants  
To marry me, and so  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly,  
Or you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly,  
Hoping you're the same!"

**Chorus:**

### 78c Bridget O'Flynn

Bridget O'Flynn, young lady, was that you sneakin' in?  
Now look at the state of your Sunday clothes  
Look at your shoes and your new silk hose  
Why, you've been doin' the rhumba I suppose

Bridget O'Flynn, say your prayers  
You'll need them when your father comes downstairs

Bridget O'Flynn, where have you been?  
This is a nice time for you to come in  
The boyfriend took you for a ride  
And did the car break down  
Or maybe you ran out of gas  
About ten miles from town  
Did you walk home, look at your shoes, ain't it a sin  
Faith, your story and your shoes are mighty thin

I'm telling you now just what to do  
If you have any friends that own a canoe  
Don't go near the water Bridgy darlin'  
"Bridget O'Flynn!" "What is It Ma?"  
When you go out again you'll not go far  
Faith and last night you went far enough  
You and your paint and your powder  
Puff, just wait until your father does his stuff  
Bridget O'Flynn, I'd just like to bet  
That you can tell me who owns this cigarette

Bridget O'Flynn, say your prayers  
You'll need them when your father comes downstairs

Bridget O'Flynn, where have you been  
This is a nice time for you to come in  
You went to see the big parade?  
The big parade, me eye  
Sure no parade could ever take that long in passin' by  
Bridget O'Flynn, tell me the truth, thie is your chance  
There was nothing wrong, you just went to a dance  
Just keep away from the dancin' hall  
There's nobody there worth while at all  
That's where I met your father, Bridgy darlin'

### 80 Island In The Sun

This is my island in the sun  
Where my people has toiled since time begun  
I may sail on many a sea  
Her shores will always be home to me

Chorus:

**Oh, island in the sun  
Willed to me by my father's hand  
All my days I will sing in praise  
Of your forest, waters, your shining sand**

As morning breaks, the heaven's on high  
I lift my heavy load to the sky  
Sun comes down with a burning glow  
Mingles my sweat with the earth below

Chorus:

I see woman on bended knees  
Cutting cane for her family  
I see man at the waterside  
Casting nets at the surging tide

Chorus:

I pray the day will never come  
When I can't awake to the sound of drum  
Never let me miss carnival  
With calypso songs philosophical

Chorus:

### 80c Jamaica Farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay  
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top  
I took a trip on a sailing ship  
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

**Chorus:**

*But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way  
Won't be back for many a day  
My heart is down, my head is turning around  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town*

Sounds of laughter everywhere  
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro  
I must declare that my heart is there  
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

**Chorus:**

Down at the market you can hear  
Ladies cry out while on their head they bear  
Ackie rice and salt fish is nice  
And the rum is good any time of year

### 80d Mary Ann

**Chorus:**

*All day, all night, Mary Ann  
Down by the seaside siftin' sand  
Even little children love Mary Ann  
Down by the seaside siftin' sand.*

Mary Ann, Oh, Mary Ann  
Oh, won't you marry me?  
We can have a bamboo hut  
With brandy in the tea  
Leave your fat old mama home  
She never will say yes  
If your mama don't know now  
She can guess (it's in the mail now!)

**Chorus:**

When she walks along the shore  
People pause to greet  
White birds fly around her  
Little fish come to her feet  
In her heart is love  
But I'm the only mortal man  
Who's allowed to kiss  
My Mary Ann(Everybody!)

**Chorus:**

And when we marry, we will have  
A time you never saw  
I will be so happy  
I will kiss my mother-in-law (Phooey!)  
Children by the dozen  
In and out the bamboo hut  
One for every palm tree  
And cocunut (Don't rush me!)

**Chorus:**

## 82 Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I'm sae weary, fullo' care!

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,  
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn  
Ye mind me of departed joys,  
Departed, never to return.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine:  
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause Luver staw the rose  
But left the thorn wi' me.

## 82b Will Ye Go, Lassie? (Wild Mountain Thyme)

Oh the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

Chorus

And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a tower  
Near yon' pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will build  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

If my true love she were gone  
I would surely find another  
Where wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

## 82c South Wind [An Ghaoth Aneas]

The wind from the south brings soft rain  
That makes all the green grasses grow  
Brings life to the lakes and the streams  
And abundance of fruit to the trees

Far to the north I once lived  
And that is where you will blow  
Carry the scents of this land  
To my kin in my far away home

[Loose translation: Brian Maddison 2008]

### 83a Love is Pleasing

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish I was a youth again  
But a youth again I can never be  
Till apples grow on an ivy tree

I left me father, I left me mother  
I left all my sisters and brothers too  
I left all my friends and my own religion  
I left them all for to follow you

And love is pleasin' and love is teasin'  
And love is a pleasure when first it's new  
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder  
And it fades away like the morning dew

And the sweetest apple is the soonest rotten  
And the hottest love is the soonest cold  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
But my own true love I will ne'er more behold

For love and porter makes a young man older  
And love and whiskey makes him old and grey  
And what can't be cured love must be endured love  
And now I am bound for Americay

Oh, love is pleasin' and love is teasin'  
And love is a pleasure when first it's new  
But as it grows older sure the love grows colder  
And it fades away like the morning dew

### 83b Nell Flaherty's Drake

Oh my name it is Nell and the truth for to tell  
I come from Cootehill which I'll never deny  
I had a fine drake and I'd die for his sake  
That me grandmother left me and she goin' to die  
The dear little fellow his legs they were yellow  
He could fly like a swallow or swim like a hake  
Till some dirty savage to grease his white cabbage  
Most wantonly murdered me beautiful drake

Now his neck it was green almost fit to be seen  
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree  
His body was white, and it would you delight  
He was plump, fat, and heavy and brisk as a bee  
He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound  
And the universe round I would roam for his sake  
Bad luck to the robber be he drunk or sober  
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig  
May each hair in his wig be well trashed with the flail  
My his door never latch, may his roof have no thatch  
May his turkeys not hatch, may the rats eat his meal  
May every old fairy from Cork to Dun Laoghaire  
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake  
That the eel and the trout they may dine on the snout  
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt  
May a ghost ever haunt him the dead of the night  
May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh  
May his coat fly away like an old paper kite  
That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease  
May the piercin' March breeze make him shiver and shake  
May a lump of the stick raise the bumps fast and quick  
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

Well the only good news that I have to infuse  
Is that old Paddy Hughes and young Anthony Blake  
Also Johnny Dwyer and Corney Maguire  
They each have a grandson of my darlin' drake  
May treasure have dozens of nephews and cousins  
And one I must get or me heart it will break  
For to set me mind easy or else I'll run crazy  
So ends the whole song of Nell Flaherty's drake

### 84 I walk the line

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine  
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.  
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds  
Because you're mine,  
I walk the line

I find it very, very easy to be true  
I find myself alone when each day is through  
Yes, I'll admit I'm a fool for you  
Because you're mine,  
I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light  
I keep you on my mind both day and night  
And happiness I've known proves that it's right  
Because you're mine,  
I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side  
You give me cause for love that I can't hide  
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide  
Because you're mine,  
I walk the line

### The Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl callin'  
"Michael they have taken you away  
For you stole Trevelyn's corn  
So the young might see the morn  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay"

Chorus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling  
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free  
Against the famine and the Crown I rebelled, they cut me down  
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star falling  
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky  
For she'll live in hope and pray  
For her love in Botany Bay  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry