



# **Genna's Favourite Songs**



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# Across the Western Plains

*John Thompson ver.*

And it's all for me grog my jolly jolly grog

All for me beer and tobacco

Well I spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin

Now across the Western plains I must wander

I'm stiff stoney broke and I've parted with me moke

And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder

And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou

That's the way you're treated when you're down and under

I'm sick in the head for I haven't been to bed

Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder

I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of aches and shakes

So I'd better make a push out over yonder

Repentance brings reproof, so I sadly pad the hoof

All day I see the mirage of the trees  
But it will all have to end, when I reach the river bend  
And listen to the sighing of the breeze.

So hang that jolly grog, that hopeless shanty prog  
All your beer that's loaded with tobacco  
Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the peg right in  
And I'll settle down once more for to yakka

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# **Anderson's Coast**

*Nancy Kerr and James Fagan*

Now Bass Strait roars like some great millrace

**And where are you, my Annie?**

And the same moon shines on this lonely place

As shone one day on my Annie's face.

**But Annie dear, don't wait for me.**

**I fear I shall not return to thee.**

**There's naught to do but endure my fate,**

**And watch the moon, the lonely moon,**

**Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.**

We stole a vessel and all her gear

And where are you, my Annie?

And from Van Diemen's we north did steer

Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

A mile inland our path was laid  
And where are you, my Annie?  
We found a government stockade  
Long abandoned but stoutly made

And somewhere west Port Melbourne lies  
And where are you, my Annie?  
Through swamps infested with snakes and flies.  
The fool who walks there, he surely dies.

We hail no ships, though the time it drags.  
And where are you, my Annie?  
Our chain-gang walk and our government rags.  
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags.

We fled the lash and the chafing chain.  
And where are you, my Annie?  
We fled hard labour and brutal pain,  
And here we are and here remain.

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## **Away to the South'ard**

Oh, the wind is free, an' we're bound for the sea,

**Heave away cheeri-lye o-ho!**

Oh, the lassies are wavin' to you an' to me,

**As off to the South'ard we'll go-o,**

**As off to the South'ard we'll go!**

**Sing, me lads, cheeri-lye,**

**Heave, me lads, cheeri-lye,**

**Heave away cheeri-lye o!**

**For the gold that we prize an' for sunnier skies,**

**Away to the south'ard we'll go!**

And they're cryin', "Come back, my dear John an' dear Jack,

For there's water at front an' there's no door at back."

Well that John he is true to his Sal and his Sue

As long as they can keep him both in his view

The gals to the south'ard are bully an' fine,  
When we gits to Melbourne we'll have a good time.

We'll soon be a-driving her out to the docks,  
It's where all the young pretty boys come in their frocks

Then it's one to the other them flash girls do say,  
"Just wait till he's back with his forty-month's pay."  
We'll roust her up bully, the wind's drawing free,  
Let's get on that gladrags and drive her to sea.

We'll heave her up, bullies, an' run her away,  
We'll soon be a-headin' out on a long lay.

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# **The Banks of the Brisbane River**

*John Thompson*

The Turrbal people saw her born

**The banks of the Brisbane river**

Their memories, they still live on

**The banks of the Brisbane river**

The dreaming days they may be gone

But long may the dreaming continue on

We live the dreams and sing the songs

**On The banks of the Brisbane river**

A storm blew Finnegan and Parsons North

Mr Thompson never made it ashore

To the Illawarra they were bound

But on Moreton Island they ran aground

They laboured north until they found

Lord Brisbane sent John Oxley north

He anchored the Mermaid just offshore  
Though they thought him long since dead  
Finnegan met them at the heads  
The natives had kept the convict fed

Named for the governor of New South Wales  
1823 saw white mans sails  
Thousands of settlers to her were bound  
She soon became young Queensland's town  
Federation heard the cheers resound by

The bridges they stretch from side to side  
The mighty Story bridge was Queensland's pride  
The shipyards they are long since gone  
The iron wood wharves have been torn down  
The banks have burst through the streets of the town

She saw our rise, She'll see our fall  
Her gentle waters will outlive is all  
Long may her gentle waters run

Past the mangrove mud and past the town  
That gave us our lives and gave her a name

The mighty serpent flows to this day  
Through a great glass town she winds her way  
From Stanley's heights in the great divide  
Damned at Wivenhoe then onto the tide  
When the city cats purr  
She's our joy and pride



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# **Barrett's Privateers**

*Stan Rogers*

Oh the year was 1778

**How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now**

A letter of marque came from the king

To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

**God damn them all**

**I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold**

**We'd fire no guns, shed no tears**

**Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,**

**The last of Barrett's Privateers**

Oh Elcid Barrett cried the town

For twenty brave men all fishermen who

Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening site

She'd list to the port and her sails in rags  
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea  
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again  
When a great big Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold  
She was broad and fat and loose in stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length she stood two cables away  
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs  
And the main truck carried off both me legs

Now here I lay in my twenty-third year  
It's been six years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday

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# **Becalmed**

*Robin Beanland, Sea of Thieves*

Our ship she dreams  
Of wind in her sails  
Of wind in her sails unfurled

And shining as  
We cross the sea  
We cross the sea for home

Then we'll all raise our voices  
A song in our hearts  
And set our eyes on distant shores  
With wind in our sails again

There'll be cheering and calling  
No more squabbling and brawling  
When we have the wind in our sails

When we have our feet on the ground

We'll spread our good fortune around

There'll be feasting and pleasure

No more rationing and measure

When we have the wind in our sails

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# **The Black Ball Line**

*Jolly Rogers*

I served me time on the Black Ball line

**To me way-aye-aye, hurray-ah**

On the Black Ball line I served my time

**Hurrah for the Black Ball Line**

The Black Ball Lin is good and true

The Black Ball Line for me and you

I am a gunne on the black ball line

My twenty-four pounder's all in line

With eighteen guns we turned about

With one broadside we put 'er down

We robbedff her blind as she went down

Now it's back to port and back to town

Eighteen knots with the wind about

Stand by yer lanyards fore and aft

Oh take a trip to Liverpool

Liverpool that damned cesspool

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## **The Black Velvet Band**

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
And many an hour o' sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town

'Til bad misfortune came o'er me  
That caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from me friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band

**Her eyes they shown like diamonds**  
**You'd think she was queen of the land**  
**And her hair hung over her shoulder**  
**Tied up with a black velvet band**

Well I went out strolling one evening  
Not meaning to go very far

When I met with a fickle some damsel  
She was plyin' her trade in the bar

When a watch she took from a customer  
And slipped it right into my hand  
Then in came the law and arrested me  
Bad luck to her black velvet band

Next morning before judge and jury  
For trial I had to appear  
Then the judge he says me young fellow  
The case against you is quite clear

And seven long years is your sentence  
You're goin' to Van Dieman's land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band

So come all ye jolly young fellows  
I'll have you take warnin' from me

Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads

Beware of the pretty colleens

For they'll fill you with whisky and porter

'Til you're unable to stand

And the very next thing that you know, me lads

You've landed in Van Dieman's land

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## **Bones in the Ocean**

Oh, I bid farewell to the port and the land  
And I paddle away from brave England's white sands  
To search for my long ago forgotten friends  
To search for the place I hear all sailors end

**As the souls of the dead fill the space of my mind  
I'll search without sleeping 'til peace I can find  
I fear not the weather, I fear not the sea  
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?  
When their bones in the ocean forever will be**

Plot a course to the night, to a place I once knew  
To a place where my hope died along with my crew  
So I swallow my grief and face life's final test  
To find promise of peace and the solace of rest

**As the souls of the dead fill the space of my ears**

**Their laughter like children, their beckoning cheers**

**My heart longs to join them, sing songs of the sea**

**I remember the fallen, do they think of me?**

**When their bones in the ocean forever will be**

When at last before my ghostly shipmates I stand

I shed a small tear for my home upon land

Though their eyes speak of deaths filled with struggle and strife

Their smiles below say I don't owe them my life

**As the souls of the dead fill the space of my eyes**

**And my boat listed over and tried to capsize**

**I'm this far from drowning, this far from the sea**

**I remember the living, do they think of me?**

**When my bones in the ocean forever will be**

Now that I'm staring down at the darkest abyss

I'm not sure what I want, but I don't think it's this

As my comrades call to stand fast and forge on

I make sail for the dawn 'til the darkness has gone



**As the souls of the dead live fore'er in my mind**

**As I live all the years that they left me behind**

**I'll stay on the shore but still gaze at the sea**

**I remember the fallen and they think of me**

**For our souls in the ocean together will be**

**I remember the fallen and they think of me**

**for our souls in the ocean together will be**

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## **Bury Me Beneath The Willow**

**Oh, bury me beneath the willow**

**Under the weeping willow tree**

**So she will know where I am sleeping**

**And perhaps she'll weep for me**

My heart is sad I am lonely

For the only one I love

When shall I see her oh no never

'Til we meet in heaven above

She told me that she dearly loved me

How could I believe it untrue

Until the angels softly whispered

She will prove untrue to you

Tomorrow was to be our wedding

God oh God where can she be

She's out a-courtin' with another

And no longer cares for me

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# **The Captain's Daughter**

*The Longest Johns*

When I was just a lad of twelve, I joined a skipper's crew,  
To sail about the ocean wide, in search of treasures new  
But failed to batten down a hatch, I let in scores of water  
And that's when bo's'n introduced me to the captain's daughter

**Oh! The captain's daughter, she's a sight!**

**She'll keep you up in the dead of night**

**She'll make you weep 'till your eyes turn sore**

**Like many other men before**

The captain was an older man, not known for changing\* tack

He'd bring his daughter out for any ordinary Jack

She'll make your skin shift colours faster than a signal flag

So don't be caught adrift and let the cat out of the bag

Well, out across the pond one day we heard the crow's nest call

And down the mast came crashing, being struck by cannonball  
The captain stood there laughing, bid us stand to our last breath  
But we'd rather face his daughter than a terrifying death

So onwards, to demise, she floats while we all beat to quarters  
"Abandon ship!" the first mate cried and jumped into the water  
"Belay that!" cried the captain, "I did not give those orders!  
Fish out that dog from in the drink and fetch him to my  
daughter!"

Though years ago I'm still reminded of those awful days  
My wife reminds me of the lash in oh so many ways  
But between the two of them I know which brings more pain  
I'd rather bring my back to bear than see my wife again!

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# Charlie Mops

*Jolly Rogers*

A long time ago, way back in history

When all there was to drink was nothin but cups of tea

Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops

And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

**He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king**

**And to his praises we shall always sing**

**Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!**

**Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer  
beer**

**Tiddly beer beer beer**

The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well

One thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell

So all ye lads a lasses at eleven O'clock ye stop

For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops 1 2 3 4 5

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick  
The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick  
40 pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks  
Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax, 1 2 3 4 5

**The Lord bless Charlie Mops! Hey Beer!**

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## **Chicken on a Raft**

The skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin,

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

I don't mind knocking, but I ain't a-going in!

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

Jimmy's laughing like a drain,

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

Been lookin' at my comic cuts again,

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

**Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,**

**Oh, what a terrible sight to see,**

**Dabtoes forward and the dustmen aft,**

**Sittin' there a-pickin' at a chicken on a raft!**

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

**Hey-ho, chicken on a raft!**

**Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!**

**Hey-ho, chicken on a raft!**

They gave me the middle and the forenoon too,  
Now I'm pullin' in a whaler's crew.  
There's a seagull wheelin' overhead,  
Oh to be floatin' in a feather bed!

Well, I had a little girl in Donny B  
And did she make a fool of me.  
Her heart 'twas like a pusser's shower,  
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour!

So we kissed goodbye on the midnight bus  
But she didn't cry and she didn't fuss.  
So am I the man what she loves best  
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

An Amazon girl lived in Dumfries,  
She only had her kids in twos and threes;  
And her sister lives in Maryhill,  
She says she won't but I think she will!

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# Clasped to the Pig

*Fourwinds*

Oh backwards and forwards I am reeling in tight  
And it was some spree that I'd been at last night  
I've been to McCarthy's with Patsy O'Maher  
And we drank the black bottle from under the bar  
And we drank and we drank boys we banished all care  
And we gave not a thought to foul weather nor fair  
And now on the floor I am curled up in a heap  
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

**For I'm clasped to a pig in a loving embrace  
And the hairs of his curly tail are tickling my face  
There's no use in telling me sober to keep  
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep**

Oh well over my head in the days that are gone  
Well gaily I flurried my knotty black thorn

And if I but only had it tonight  
Well maybe I would not be offered a fight  
Oh and if Pat Murphy I chances to meet  
It's an elegant ruckshee that we'll have in the street  
And he'll soon be glad in his ott holt to creep  
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

Oh drop down by the pig here and share his embrace  
And let my red whiskers lie close to your face  
This créatúir won't hurt you he'll do you no harm  
Drop down here Biddy and keep my back warm  
And squeeze up beside me as you've oft done before  
I'll sing you to sleep with the sounds of my snore  
The rats and the mice all around us will creep  
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

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## **Crossing the Bar**

Sunset and evening star

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea

**When I put out to sea**

**When I put out to sea**

**And may there be no moaning of the bar**

**When I put out to sea**

But such a tide as moving seems asleep

Too full for sound and foam

That which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home

**Turns again home**

**Turns again home**

**That which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home**

Twilight and evening bell

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark

**When I embark**

**When I embark**

**And may there be no sadness of farewell**

**When I embark**

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar

**When I have crost the bar**

**When I have crost the bar**

**I hope to see my Pilot face to face**

**When I have crost the bar**

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**I hope to see my Pilot face to face**

**When I have crost the bar**

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# **Dance Up The Sun**

*Cloudstreet*

Dance up the sun on a fine may morning

Dance up the sun to call in the spring

Dance away the dark while the new day is dawning

All is new when we dance and we sing

**The Bells will ring when the morris men come**

**We call in the spring and dance up the sun**

**The Bells will ring when the morris men come**

**We call in the spring and dance up the sun**

Gather in the Dark, recall the winter

Celebrate the tales that the old ones bring

The music rises with the first light's gleaming

The dawn will break, and the bell will ring

Form the lines and turn together

Hear the clash of the staff as we shout and we sing  
the tunes all sound to the tatty coats flying  
We call up the light as the day comes in

Ancient ways with the seasons turning  
the passing yuears see the dance go on  
we sing the past as we dance to the future  
we celebrate the year with the Dawn of the Sun

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# Danny Boy

*Frederic Weatherly*

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

And when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be  
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me

And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

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# Derby Ram

*Janice Birns & Jon Doran*

As I was going to Derby upon a Christmas day

It was there I met the finest ram that ever was fed on hay

Well, he had four feet to walk, sir, he had four feet to stand

And every foot that he did have, it covered a mile of land

**And indeed, my lads, it's true, I never was known to lie**

**And if you'd been in Derby, you'd seen the same as I**

Now, the horns that grew on this ram's head, they reached up to the moon

And a boy went up in April and he didn't get down till June

Now, the horns that grew on this ram's head, they grew so mighty wide

That a coach and six could go betwixt with a footmen by the side

Now this old ram, he had a tail, it reached right down to hell

And every time he wagged it, it rang the old church bell

And the butcher that killed this ram, sir, was up to knees in blood  
And four in twenty butcher boys were drowned all in the flood  
And the flood, it run for forty miles, I'm sure it run no more  
It turned the biggest water wheel that ever was turned before

Now, all the kids in Derby come begging for his lice  
To kick about in Derby town, for they were a football-size  
And if you don't believe me and think it all a lie  
Well, you go down to Derby town and you'll see the same as I

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# **Do You Hear The People Sing?**

*Les Miserables*

**Do you hear the people sing?**

**Singing a song of angry men?**

**It is the music of a people**

**Who will not be slaves again!**

**When the beating of your heart**

**Echoes the beating of the drums**

**There is a life about to start**

**When tomorrow comes!**

Will you join in our crusade?

Who will be strong and stand with me?

Beyond the barricade

Is there a world you long to see?

Then join in the fight

That will give you the right to be free!

Will you give all you can give  
So that our banner may advance  
Some will fall and some will live  
Will you stand up and take your chance?  
The blood of the martyrs  
Will water the meadows of France!

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## **Excursion Around the Bay**

Well it was on this monday morning and the day be calm and fine

A harbour grace excursion with the boys who had the time

And just before the sailor took the gangway from the pier

I saw some fellow haul me wife aboard as a volunteer

**Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife cry**

**Oh me, oh my, I think I'm gonna die!**

**Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife say,**

**"I wish I'd never taken this excursion around the bay"**

We had fourteen hundred souls aboard, oh what a splendid sight!

Left stong and regimental to make our spirits bright

And meself being in the double, when a funny things they'd say

They choke themselves from laughing when they'd see us in the bay

Me wife she got no better, she turned a sickly green  
I fed her cake and candy, fat pork and kerosene  
Castor Oil and sugar of candy, I rubbed pure oil on her face  
And I said she'll be a dandy when we reaches Harbour Grace!

My wife she got no better, my wife me darling dear  
The screeches from her trollear could hear in Carbonear  
I tried every place in Harbour Grace, Tried every store and shop,  
To get her something for a cure or take her to the hop

She died below the brandy's as we were coming back  
We buried her in the ocean, wrapped up in a Union Jack  
So now I am a single man, in search of a pretty face  
And the woman that says she'll have me, I'm off for Harbour  
Grace!

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# **Farewell to Nova Scotia**

**Farewell to Nova Scotia**

**And your sea bound coast**

**Let your mountains dark and dreary be**

**When I am far away on the**

**Briney oceans tossed**

**Will you ever heave a sigh**

**Or a wish for me**

The sun is setting in the west

The birds are singing from every tree

All nature seems inclined to rest

But still there will be no rest for me

I grieve to leave my native land

I grieve to leave my comrades all

And my aged parents whom I love so dear

And the bonny bonny lassie that I do adore

The drums do beat the wars do alarm  
The captain calls, I must obey  
Farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
For it's early in the morning and I'm far far away

I have three brothers they are at rest  
Their arms are folded on their chest  
But a briney sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and driven in the deep blue sea

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## **Farewell to the Gold**

Shotover river, your gold it is waning

It's weeks since the colour I've seen

But it's no use just sitting and Lady Luck blaming

So I'll pack up and make the break clean

**Farewell to the gold that never I found**

**Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound**

**For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming**

**Down in the dark, deep underground**

It's nearly two years since I left my old mother

For adventure and gold by the pound

With Jimmy the prospector - he was another

For the hills of Otago was bound

We worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over

Old Jimmy Williams and me

But they were panning good dirt on the winding Shotover  
So we headed down there just to see

We sluiced and we cradled for day after day  
Making hardly enough to get by  
Til a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away  
During six stormy days in July

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## **Fiddler's Green**

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

**Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumpers,  
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 on Fiddler's Green.**

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

Where there's always a breeze and there's never a gale,  
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.

Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,  
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

When you get back on docks and the long trip is through,  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.  
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,  
And there'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 on 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.

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## **Fish in the Sea**

Come all you young sailor men, listen to me  
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea

**And it's windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys**  
**When the wind blows, we're all together, boys**  
**Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow**  
**Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes**

Up jumps the cod with his chuckle head  
Runs on up forward and throws out the lead

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail  
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail

Up jumps the herring the king of the sea  
Says, "Now I'm the captain an' you'll follow me"

And then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth  
Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!"

Up jumps the whale, the largest of all  
"If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall"

Up jumps the herring, the king of the sea  
"Now I'm the captain and you'll follow me"

Up Jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim  
Throws out his net and scoops them all in.

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## The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I  
Their Armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by  
No pipes did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town  
Hung they out the flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurryin' through  
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew

Oh the night fell black, and the rifles' crack  
Made perfidious Albion reel  
In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame  
Did shine o'er the lines of steel  
By each shining blade a prayer was said,  
That to Ireland her sons be true  
But when morning broke, still the war flag shook  
Out its folds in the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go,  
That "small nations might be free"  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
Or on the fringe of the great North Sea  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their graves we will keep where the Fenians sleep,  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew

Oh the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell

Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the spring time of the year  
While the world did gaze, in deep amaze,  
At those fearless men, but few,  
Who bore the fight that the freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew

As back through the glen I rode again  
And my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men  
Whom I never shall see more  
But to and fro in my dreams I go  
And I kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.

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# Follow the Heron

*Karine Polwart*

The back of the winter is broken  
And light lingers long by the door  
And the seeds of the summer have spoken  
In gowans that bloom on the shore

**By night and day we'll sport and we'll play  
And delight as the dawn dances over the bay  
Sleep blows the breath of the morning away  
And we follow the heron home**

In darkness we cradled our sorrow  
And stoked all our fires with fear  
Now these bones that lie empty and hollow  
Are ready for gladness to cheer

So long may you sing of the salmon

And the snow-scented sounds of your home

While the north wind delivers its sermon

Of ice and salt water and stone

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# **Four Hours**

*The Longest Johns*

Come me boys and heave with me  
Let's get off this cursed sea  
Let's be home to lovers and wives  
And leave behind these four hour lives

**Four hours**

**Workin' on the swell**

**Four hours**

**Sloggin' in the rain**

**Four hours**

**Workin' to the bell**

**Then four hours**

**'Til it starts again**

Come me boys and heave with me  
The wind's my friend and my enemy



It carries me home, but it must be tamed

Everything lost or everything gained

Come me boys and heave with me

Got scabrous hands and bloody knees

But when the bell tolls, I'll go below

My hands will callous, and my strength will grow

Come me boys and heave away

Soaked and heavy heaving under the spray

Will I ever shed this salt on my brow?

Better the dust from under my plow

When I'm back in Bristol town

I'll buy my love a silken gown

We'll lie in each others arms and rest

Until that bell sounds in my chest

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## The Fox

Oh, the fox went out on a chilly night  
And he prayed for the moon to give him light  
For he'd many a mile to go that night  
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o  
He'd many a mile to go that night  
before he reached the town-o

He ran 'til he came to the farmer's pen  
The ducks and the geese were kept therein  
He said, "A couple of you are gonna grease my chin"  
Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o  
A couple of you are going to grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck  
And he threw a duck across his back  
And he didn't mind the quack, quack, quack

And the legs all danglin' down-o, down-o, down-o

He didn't mind the quack, quack

And the legs all danglin', down-o

Well, the old gray women jumped out of bed

She ran through the window, and she popped out her head

Cried, "John, John the great goose is gone

And the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o

John, John the great goose is gone,

and the fox is on the town-o"

He ran 'til he came back to his den

And there were the little ones eight, nine, ten

Singin', "Daddy, daddy, better go back again

For it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o

Daddy, daddy, go back again

For it must be a mighty fine town-o"

The fox and his wife, without any strife

They cut up that goose with a fork and a knife

They never had such a supper in their life

And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o

They never had such a supper in their life

And the little ones chewed on the bones-o

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## **The Galway Shawl**

At Oranmore in the county Galway

One pleasant evening in the month's of May

I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome

Her beauty fairly took my breath away

**She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds**

**No paint nor powder, no none at all**

**But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it**

**And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl**

We kept on walking she kept on talking

'Till her fathers cottage came in to view

Said she, 'Come in sir', and meet my father

And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the hearthstone

I could see her father he was six feet tall

And soon her mother, had the kettle singing

All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'

'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'

She sang each note like an Irish linnet

And tears welled in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early, all in the morning

I hit the road for old Donegal

Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me

But my heart remain with the Galway shawl

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# **The Green Fields of France**

*Eric Bogle*

Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride?

Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?

And rest for a while in the warm summer sun

I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done

I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen

When you joined the great fallen in 1916

I hope you died well and I hope you died clean

Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

**Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?**

**Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down?**

**Did the band play The Last Post in chorus?**

**Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?**

Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind

In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?

Although, you died back in 1916  
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Enclosed in forever behind a glass pane  
In an old photograph, torn, battered and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France  
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies  
dance  
The trenches have vanished from under the plough  
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

I can't help wonder, young Willie McBride,  
Do those who lie here know why they died?  
And did you believe when you answered the cause



Did you really believe that this war would end wars?

Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain

The killing and dying, were all done in vain

For young Willie McBride, it all happened again

And again, and again, and again, and again

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# **The Green Man**

*John Thompson*

**The Green Man's a traveller, a reveller, unraveller  
Of dreams and of fancies, from first to the last.  
Older than all men, living in all things  
Son, father and sage, Long live the Green Man!**

First light of first morning saw the Green Man there waiting  
He saw the creation and joined in the dance  
All creatures grew 'round him, he grew with them singing  
The first song of all, sing of the Green Man

Quietly watching and waiting and learning  
The storms are his fury, the lightning his laugh  
The first leaf of spring, is his beauty and glory  
His stillness his power, in the trees is his path.

There are fewer trees now, but the man is not sleeping

'Though our ruin brings sorrow to time's oldest heart  
In our souls we may find him and remember his wisdom  
And rekindle the flame; once again make a start.

Older than all men, living in all things  
Son, father and sage, Long live the Green Man!

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## **Hallelujah**

I heard there was a secret chord  
That David played and it pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care for music, do you?  
Well it goes like this the fourth, the fifth  
The minor fall and the major lift  
The baffled king composing hallelujah

**Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah ....**

Well, your faith was strong but you needed proof  
You saw her bathing on the roof  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you  
She tied you to her kitchen chair  
And from your lips she drew the hallelujah

Baby, I've been here before  
I've seen this room and I've walked this floor

I used to live alone before I knew you  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch  
But love is not a victory march  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

Well, there was a time when you let me know  
What's really going on below  
But now you never show that to me do you  
But remember when I moved in you  
And the holy dove was moving too  
And every breath we drew was hallelujah

Well, maybe there's a God above  
But all I've ever learned from love  
Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you  
It's not a cry that you hear at night  
It's not somebody who's seen the light  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

**Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u ....**

**Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u ....**

**Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah ....**

**Halleluuuuuuujah**

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## **Hard Times Come Again No More**

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears

While we all sup sorrow with the poor

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears

Oh, hard times, come again no more

**'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary**

**Hard times, hard times, come again no more**

**Many days you have lingered around my cabin door**

**Oh, hard times, come again no more**

While we seek mirth and beauty and music, light and gay

There are frail forms fainting at the door

Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say

Oh, hard times, come again no more

There's a pale weeping maiden who toils her life away

With a worn heart whose better days are o'er

Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day

Oh, hard times come again no more

Oh, hard times, come again no more

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## **Haul Away Joe**

When I was just a little lad, or so me Mammi told me

**'way Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe**

That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would grow all mouldy

**'way Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe**

**Away! Haul away, we'll haul away together**

**'way Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe**

**Away! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather**

**'way Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe**

Oh Louis was the king of France before the Revolut-i-on

Then he got his head chopped off & it spoiled his constitut-i-on

Ya call yourself a "Second Mate", ya cann'e tie a bowline

You can't even stand up straight when the packet, she's a-rollin'

Well now can't ya see... the black clouds a-gatherin'

Well now can't ya see... the storm clouds a-risin'

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## **Here's a health to the company**

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine

Come lift up your voices all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

## **Here's a health to the company and one to my lass**

**Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass**

**Let us drink and be merry all grief to refrain**

**For we may or might never all meet here again**

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well

For her style and her beauty, sure none can excel

There's a smile on her countenance as she sits on my knee

There's no man in this wide world as happy as me

Our ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock

I wish her safe landing, without any shock

If ever I should meet you by land or by sea  
I will always remember your kindness to me

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# Hey Rain

*Bill Scott*

Hey rain, rain comin' down

On the cane, on the roofs of the town.

**Hey rain, hey rain**

There's rain on me hands and rain on me face,

Oh muddy old Innisfail, you're a muddy wet place,

**Hey rain, hey rain.**

**And there's rain in me beer and rain in me grub,**

**And they've just fitted anchors to the Garradunga pub,**

**Hey rain, hey rain.**

There's a Johnstone River crocodile livin' in me frig'

And a bloody great tree snapped the Jubilee Bridge

And the monsoon sky has sprung a leak

From Flyin' Fish Point to the Millstream Creek,

A bloke from the west nigh died of fright

When he saw the river rise thirty feet last night

It's the worst wet season we've ever had,

And I'd swim down to Tully, but it's just as bloody bad

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# Homeless Beaver

*Cloudstreet*

In '48 in Idaho

For houses the animals had to go

They turned for help to man named Elmo

Fish and Game Employee!

**What shall we do with a homeless beaver**

**What shall we do with a homeless beaver**

**What shall we do with a homeless beaver**

**Throw him from an airplane**

Beavers they move way to slow

From Payette Lake they had to go

Their leader was called Geronimo

He was fine and brave and furry

Elmo Heter was the man

Elmo had a cunning plan

"I will do what noone else can,

Transplant all the beavers!"

The beavers their demise were facin'

They had to get to Chamberlin Basin

Against the clock Elmo was racin'

"We must save the beavers!"

He thought of parachutes, we don't know why

To take the beavers through the sky

A dumb idea, but worth a try

A load of airborne beavers!

Elmo put them into boxes

Boxes with automatic lockses

That opened when they hit the rockses

Freedom for the beavers!

The beavers live there to this day



They tell their tales, they have their say

It is to Elmo whom they pray

The Sky God of the beavers!

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## **I'll Fly Away**

Some bright morning when this life is over

**I'll fly away**

To a home on God's celestial shore

**I'll fly away**

**I'll fly away, oh, Glory**

**I'll fly away (in the mornin')**

**When I die, Hallelujah, by and by**

**I'll fly away**

Just a few more weary days and then

To a land where joy shall never end

When the shadows of this life have gone

Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet

No more cold iron shackles on my feet

Just a few more weary days and then

To a land where joys will never end

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## **John Kanaka**

I heard, I heard the old man say

**John kanaka-naka too-ri-ay**

Today, today is a holiday

**John kanaka-naka too-ri-ay**

**Too-ri-ay, oh, too-ri-ay**

**John kanaka-naka too-ri-ay**

We're bound away for Frisco Bay

We're bound away at the break of day

I thought I heard the bos'n say

We'll work tomorrow; no work today

It's rotten meat and weevily bread

In six months' time, you'll wish you were dead

When we arrive in Mobile Bay

We'll tear the sheets and spend our pay

The skipper says before we're through

You'll curse your mother for having you

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## **Johnny Come Down to Hilo**

Well I never seen the like since I been born,  
A railroad navvy with his sea boots on

**When Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man**

**Oh, wake 'er, oh, shake 'er**

**Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on**

**When Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man**

I met a little gal across the sea

She's a Boston beauty and she says to me

Who's been here since I've been gone?

A pretty little gal with a josey on

Well, my wife died in Tennessee

And they sent her jawbone back to me

Well, shake 'er bullies, helm's a-lee

She'll get washed out with a big green sea

Well I never seen the like since I been born

A railroad navvy with his sea boots on

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## **Johnny I hardly knew ya**

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

While goin' the road to sweet Athy,

A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye,

A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Johnny I hardly knew ya.

**With your guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo,  
hurroo**

**With your guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo,  
hurroo**

**With your guns and drums and drums and guns,**

**The enemy nearly slew ya**

**Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer**

**Johnny I hardly knew ya.**

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Where are the eyes that looked so mild,



When my poor heart you first beguiled  
Why did ye skidaddle from me and the child  
Johnny, I hardly knew ya.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a leg,  
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg  
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg  
Johnny I hardly knew ya.

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

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## **Leave her, Johnny**

Oh the times was hard and the wages low

**Leave her, Johnny, leave her**

And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

**And it's time for us to leave her**

**Leave her, Johnny, leave her**

**Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her**

**For the voyage is done and the winds do blow**

**And it's time for us to leave her**

I thought I heard the Old Man say

You can go ashore and take your pay

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long

The winds was bad and the gales was strong

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim

And heave the hungry packet in

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin

For there's many a worser we've sailed in

And now it's time to say goodbye

For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh

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# **The Longest Time**

*Billy Joel*

**Oh, oh, oh**

**For the longest time**

**Oh, oh, oh**

**For the longest**

If you said goodbye to me tonight

There would still be music left to write

What else could I do

I'm so inspired by you

That hasn't happened for the longest time

Once I thought my innocence was gone

Now I know that happiness goes on

That's where you found me

When you put your arms around me

I haven't been there for the longest time

I'm that voice you're hearing in the hall  
And the greatest miracle of all  
Is how I need you  
And how you needed me too  
That hasn't happened for the longest time

Maybe this won't last very long  
But you feel so right  
And I could be wrong  
Maybe I've been hoping too hard  
But I've gone this far  
And it's more than I hoped for

Who knows how much further we'll go on  
Maybe I'll be sorry when you're gone  
I'll take my chances  
I forgot how nice romance is  
I haven't been there for the longest time

I had second thoughts at the start  
I said to myself  
Hold on to your heart  
Now I know the woman that you are  
You're wonderful so far  
And it's more than I hoped for

I don't care what consequence it brings  
I have been a fool for lesser things  
I want you so bad  
I think you ought to know that  
I intend to hold you for the longest time

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# **Lowlands Away**

*Nils Brown*

I dreamed a dream the other night.

**Lowlands, lowlands away me John.**

My love she came, dressed all in white.

**Lowlands away.**

I Dreamed my love came in my sleep.

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.

She came to me at my bedside.

All dressed in white, like some fair bride.

And bravely in her bosom fair.

Her red, red rose, my love did wear.

She made no sound, no word she said.

And then i knew my love was dead.

Then I awoke to hear the cry.

Oh watch on deck. Oh watch, ahoy.

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# **Magpie**

**One's for sorrow, two's for joy**

**Three's for a girl and four's for a boy**

**Five's for silver, six for gold**

**Seven's for a secret never told**

**Devil, devil, I defy thee**

**Devil, devil, I defy thee**

**Devil, devil, I defy thee**

Oh, the magpie brings us tidings

Of news both fair and foul

She's more cunning than the raven

More wise than any owl

For she brings us news of the harvest

Of the barley, wheat, and corn

And she knows when we'll go to our graves

And how we shall be born

She brings us joy when from the right  
Grief when from the left  
Of all the news that's in the air  
We know to trust her best  
For she sees us at our labour  
And she mocks us at our work  
And she steals the eggs from out of the nest  
And she can mob the hawk

The priest, he says we're wicked  
For to worship the devil's bird  
Ah, but we respect the old ways  
And we disregard his word  
For we know they rest uneasy  
As we slumber in the night  
And we'll always leave out a little bit of meat  
For the bird that's black and white

One's for sorrow, two's for joy  
Three's for a girl and four's for a boy

Five's for silver, six for gold

Seven's for a secret never told

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# Mary Ellen Carter

*Stan Rogers*

She went down last October, In a pouring driving rain,  
The skipper he'd been drinking and The mate he felt no pain,  
Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was Dealt her mortal blow  
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.

There were just us five aboard her when she finally was awash.  
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.  
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to  
proclaim  
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

**Rise again, rise again!**

**Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men**

**Those who loved her best and were with her 'til the end**

**Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!**

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend

She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end  
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below  
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock  
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend  
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends  
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below

But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch  
and porthole down

Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day

And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

**Rise again, rise again!**

**Though your heart, it be broken, and life about to end**

**No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend**

**Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!**

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# **The Mermaid**

On Friday morning we set sail  
Not being far from the land  
It was there we espied a fair mermaid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand

**And the ocean's waves do roll**  
**And the stormy winds do blow**  
**And we poor sailors are skipping at the top**  
**While the landlubbers lie down below below below**  
**While the landlubbers lie down below**

The boatswain at the helm stood  
And was steering his course right well  
With tears a-standing in his eyes,  
Saying oh how the seas do swell

And then spoke the mate of our gallant ship

And a well-spoken man was he  
Saying, "I have a wife in fair Plymouth town  
And this night a widow she will be."

Then spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
And a valiant man was he  
Saying, "For the want of a longboat  
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship  
And a gruff old soul was he  
Saying, "I care much more for me pots and me pans  
Than I do fer the bottom of the sea!"

Then up spoke the boy of our gallant ship  
And a well-spoken lad was he.  
Saying, "I have a mother in fair Bristol town  
And this night she will weep for me."

The moon gave light and the stars shone bright



And my mother is looking for me  
She may look, she may weep with a watery eye  
She may look to the bottom of the sea.

Then once around spun our gallant ship  
And twice around spun she  
And the third time around spun our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

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## **Mingulay Boat Song**

**Heave her ho, boys**

**Let her go, boys**

**Swing her head round into the weather**

**Heave her ho, boys**

**Let her go, boys**

**Sailin' homeward to Mingulay**

What care we though white the Minch is?

What care we, boys, for windy weather

When we know that every inch is

Sailin' homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting by the pier-head

Gazing seaward from the heather

Bring around, boys, then we'll anchor

'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

When the wind is wild with shouting  
And the waves mount ever higher  
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward  
To see us home, boys, to mingulay

Ships return now, heavy-laden  
Mother's holdin', babes are cryin'  
They'll return yet, when the sun sets  
Sailin' homeward to Mingulay

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# Northwest Passage

*Stan Rogers.*

**Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage  
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;  
Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage  
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.**

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie  
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;  
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones,  
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland.  
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began.  
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,  
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking  
west

I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest,  
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me  
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?  
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.  
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men,  
To find there but the road back home again.

And if should be I come again to loved ones left at home  
Put the journals on the mantle, shake the frost out of my bones  
Making memories of the passage, only memories after all  
And hardships there the hardest to recall

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# **Oak and Ash and Thorn**

*Peter Bellamy*

Of all the trees that grow so fair,  
Old England to adorn,  
Greater are none beneath the Sun,  
Than Oak and Ash and Thorn.

**Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs**

**All of a Midsummer's morn!**

**Surely we sing of no little thing,**

**In Oak and Ash and Thorn!**

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,  
Or ever Aeneas began;  
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,  
When Brut was an outlaw man;  
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town  
(From which was London born);

Witness hereby the ancientry  
Of Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Yew that is old in churchyard mould,  
He breedeth a mighty bow;  
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,  
And beech for cups also.  
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,  
Your shoes are clean outworn,  
Back ye must speed for all that ye need,  
To Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Ellum she hates mankind, and waits  
Till every gust be laid,  
To drop a limb on the head of him,  
That anyway trusts her shade:  
But whether a lad be sober or sad,  
Or mellow with ale from the horn,  
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along  
'Neath Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,  
Or he would call it a sin;  
But—we've been out in the woods all night,  
A-conjuring Summer in!  
And we bring you news by word of mouth –  
Good news for cattle and corn –  
Now is the Sun come up from the South,  
With Oak and Ash and Thorn!

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## **Old Dun Cow**

Some friends and I

In a public house

Were playing dominos one night

Into the room the barman came

His face all chalky white

"What's up?" says Brown

"Have you seen a ghost?

Have you seen your Aunt Myriah?"

"Oh my Aunt Myriah be bugged!" said he

"The bloody pub's on fire!"

**And there was Brown, upside down**

**Lickin' up the whiskey off the floor**

**"Booze! Booze!" the firemen cried**

**As they came knockin' at the door**

**Don't let them in till it's all mopped up**

**Somebody shouted "MacIntyre" (MacIntyre!)**

**And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk**  
**When the Old Dun Cow caught fire**

"On fire!" says Brown

"What a bit of luck

Everybody follow me

Down to the cellar, if the fire's not there

We'll have a rare old spree!"

So we all went down after good old Brown

The booze we could not miss

And we weren't there five minutes or more

'Til we were all half pissed

Then Smith went over

To the port wine tub

Gave it a few hard knocks

Started taken' off his pantaloons

Likewise his shoes and socks

"Hold on!" Says Brown

We can't have that!

"You can't do that in here!

Don't go washin' your trotters

In the port wine tub

When we've got all this Lite beer"

Just then there came an awful crash

Half the bloody roof gave way

We were drowned in the fireman's hose

Still we were going to stay

So we got some tacks

And our old wet slacks

And nailed ourselves inside

And we sat there swallyin'

Pints of stout

Till we were bleary eyed!

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# The Old Man From Over the Sea

There was an old man come over the sea,

**Aye, but I'll not have him.**

There was an old man come over the sea,

Come snivelling, snuffling, over on me,

**With his long grey beard, with his long grey beard,**

**A-shivering and shaking**

My mother she told me to bid him come in,

And he giggled and dribbled all over his chin.

My mother she told me to give him a stool,

Well I gave him a stool and he sat like a fool.

My mother she told me to give him some cake,

And the silly old fool wriggled just like a snake.

My mother she told me to pass him the sugar,

And he shivvelled and shovelled it down like a bugger.

My mother she told me to take him to bed,  
And the daft old devil nigh stood on his head.

My mother told me to show him what to do,  
But the silly old cod couldn't learn how to screw.

My mother she told me to bid him farewell,  
Well I bid him farewell and I wished him in hell.

There was an old man came over the sea,  
Came snivelling, snuffling, over on me.

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## **Old Maui**

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife

We whalermen undergo

And we won't give a damn when the gale is done

How hard the winds do blow

'Cause we're homeward-bound from the Arctic Gound

With a good ship taut and free

And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum

With the girls of Old Maui

**Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys**

**Rolling down to Old Maui**

**We're homeward-bound from the Arctic Ground**

**Rolling down to Old Maui**

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale

Through the ice, and wind, and rain

Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands

We soon shall see again  
Six hellish months we passed away  
On the cold Kamchatka sea  
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground

Once more we sail with the Northerly gale  
Towards our Island home  
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done  
And we ain't got far to roam  
Our stu'n's'l bones is carried away  
What care we for that sound  
A living gale is after us  
Thank God we're homeward-bound

How soft the breeze through the island trees  
Now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades  
Is awaiting our return  
Even now their big, brown eyes look out  
Hoping some fine day to see

Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales

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# Old Molly Metcalfe

*Jack Thakray*

Old Molly Metcalfe counting sheep,

**Yan tan tether methers pip, she counted.**

Up upon Swaledale, steep and bleak,

**Yan tan tether methers pip, she said.**

Grow, little sheep, come hail, come snow,

Fine warm wool for a gentleman's shoulder blades,

Over the heather when the weather is cold,

Stiff Molly Metcalfe goes bow-leggedly,

Grow, little sheep, come wind, come rain,

Fine warm wool for a lady's counterpane,

On her back in the bracken with frozen bones,

Daft Molly Metcalfe singing alone,

Grow, little sheep, come death, come dark,  
No such wool for Old Molly Metcalfe,

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# One More Pull

*Ian Woods*

It's been a long time since you've seen her

Must have been three years or more.

Will she be waiting when we dock, boy

Or like others will she be gone?

**And one more pull boys, that'll do boys**

**Soon we'll draw alongside.**

**Hoist her up boys, swing her inboard**

**For the journey's nearly done.**

Well you're looking mighty smart, boy

Dressed up in your number ones

You've scrounged a new blade from the purser

To take the bum-fluff from off your chin.

When we've fixed the bow and stern lines

And you've scuttled down the gangway

If she's waiting there, just kiss her  
Then turn around, give us a smile.

For we too will go ashore soon  
We'll get drunk in the clubs and bars,  
Crawl back on board, boy, pockets empty  
Like so many times before.

For a man may take a wife, boy  
And that man may have a mistress,  
But a sailor has his ship, boy  
And his mistress it is the sea.

And one more pull boys, that'll do boys...  
For the journey now is done.

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## **Paddy Lay Back**

'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December, (**December**)

An' all of me money it was spent (**spent, spent**),

Where it went to Lord I can't remember (**remember**),

So down to the shippin' office went, (**went, went**)

**Paddy, lay back (Paddy, lay back)!**

**Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)!**

**Take a turn around the capstan – heave a pawl – heave a pawl!**

**'Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)!**

**We're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn!**

In that day there wuz a great demand for sailors

For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France

So I shipped aboard a Limey barque, the Hotspur

An' got paralytic drunk on my advance

It was on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em,

Such an ugly bunch I'd niver seen afore;  
For there wuz bum an' stiff from every quarter,  
It made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore.

There wuz Rooshians an' Dutchmen an' Spaniards,  
An' Johnny Crapoos jist acrost from France;  
Oh, none could hardly speak a word o' English,  
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'.

I wisht I wuz in the 'Jolly Sailor',  
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer;  
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors,  
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear.

So here we are, once more again at sea, boys,  
The same ol' ruddy story over again;  
Oh, stamp the around the capstan, give a cheer, boys,  
An' sing again this beautiful refrain.

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## **Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore**

From Derry quay we sailed away on the 23rd of May  
We were boarded by a pleasant crew bound for Americay  
Fresh water we did take on 5000 gallons or more  
In case we'd run short going to New York  
From Paddy's green shamrock shore

**So it's fare thee well sweet Liza dear  
and likewise to Derry town  
And twice farewell to my comrades bold  
who dwell on that sainted ground  
If fortune should ever favor me and  
I should have money in store  
I'd come back and I'd wed the wee lassie I left  
On Paddy's green shamrock shore**

We sailed 3 days we were all seasick not a man on board was  
free  
We were all confined to our bunks and no one to pity poor me



No father dear nor mother kind to hold up my head it was sore  
Which made me think more on the lassie I left  
On Paddy's green shamrock shore

We safely reached the other shore after 3 and twenty days

We were taken as passengers by a man and led round in 6  
different ways

We each of us drank a parting glass in case we might never meet  
more

And we drank a toast to Old Ireland

And Paddy's green shamrock shore

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## The Parting Glass

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

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

If I had money enough to spend  
And leisure time to sit awhile  
There is a fair maid in this town  
That sorely has my heart beguiled.  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
I own she has my heart in thrall  
Then fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all.

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## **Rambling Rover**

**Oh, there're sober men aplenty  
And drunkards barely twenty  
There are men of over ninety  
That have never yet kissed a girl  
But give me a ramblin' rover  
Frae Orkney down to Dover  
We will roam the country over  
And together we'll face the world**

I've roamed through all the nations  
In delight of all creations  
And enjoyed a wee sensation  
Where the company, it was kind  
And when partin' was no pleasure  
I've drunk another measure  
To the good friends that we treasure  
For they always are in our mind

There's many that feign enjoyment  
From merciless employment  
Their ambition was this deployment  
From the minute they left the school  
And they save and scrape and ponder  
While the rest go out and squander  
See the world and rove and wander  
And are happier as a rule

If you're bent wi' arthiritis  
Your bowels have got Colitis  
You've gallopin' bollockitis  
And you're thinkin' it's time you died  
If you been a man o' action  
Though you're lying there in traction  
You will get some satisfaction  
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

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## **Randy Dandy O**

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

**Way, hey, roll an' go!**

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn

**To me rollickin' randy dandy O!**

**Heave a pawl, heave away,**

**Way, hey, roll an' go!**

**The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored**

**To me rollickin' randy dandy O!**

Man the stout caps'n and heave with a will

Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way up the hill

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums

Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks.

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue  
For we are the bullies that can kick her through.

Come breast the bar, bullies, heave her away  
Soon we'll be rolling her 'way down the bay.

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free  
Let's get the glad rags up and drive 'er to sea.

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# Retirement Song

*The Longest Johns*

I've been roaming all my life and now I've found a lady wife

**I'm staying right here!**

Oh, I won't go sailing any more, I won't obey the ocean's call

**I'm staying right here!**

**I'll be a man of the land**

**I'll be a man of the trees**

**I'll be a man wherever my woman will be**

**I won't be any captain's mate**

**I won't be servant of the seas**

**'Cause this pretty little woman is all I need**

At 14 I was cabin boy to fearsome Captain Buckleroy

When I was sick he ordered cat o' nine until I said that I felt fine

At 20 I manned our crow's nest and captain said I was the best

But I almost lost my eyes to God just lookin' out for old Cape Cod

At 25 no man alive could match my skill for gunnin'

But the captain he got drunk one night and broke the blasted cannon

Captain died at 28 and by then I was his first mate

Oh, they tried to give me his command but I was hungry for the land

I jumped aboard at Felixstowe and made for Bristol down the road

Oh, I fell in love when first I saw her, Avon County's finest daughter

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# **The Rollicking Boys Around Tandragee**

*Fourwinds*

**So here's to the boys who are happy and gay**

**Singing and dancing and tearing away**

**Rollicksome, frolicksome, frisky and free**

**We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee**

Bad luck to ye all by's barring the cat

That sits in the corner there smelling a rat

And wheesht your philandering girls and behave

And sparing a moment, I'll chant you a stave

I come from the land where the pritties grow big

And the girls neat and handy dance a fine jig

The boys they would charm your poor hearts for to see

For they're rare and fine fellers 'round Tandragee

No doubt you have heard of Killarney I'm sure

And sweet Innishowen for a drop of the pure

Dublin's the place for the strawberry beds  
Or Donnybrook Fair for the cracking of heads  
Have you e'er seen an Irishman dancing palltog  
How he faces his partner and turns up his brogue  
He shakes at the buckle and bends at the knee  
The rare and fine dancers in Tandragee

Now the owl jaunting car is an elegant jolt  
And Derry's a place that is famed for a holt  
Among the green bushes that grow in Tyrone  
And the County Fermanagh for muscle and bone  
But for feasting and dancing and fun at the fair  
Sure there's no one can match with the Rakes of Kildare  
Green Ireland's the country, the gem of the sea  
But the gem of owl Ireland is Tandragee

Tell me where is the man, either Christian or Turk  
Could equal the bold Robert Emmett or Burke  
O where is the lawyer can speak up like Dan  
The devil another, bad luck to the one

And where is the singer can sing like Tom Moore  
Whose melodies charm all dull thoughts from your door  
But we'll beat them all yet boys, and that you will see  
For we're raring fine dancers round Tandragee

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## **The Shores of Botany Bay**

I'm on me way down to the quay  
Where the ship at anchor lays  
To command a gang of navvies there  
They told me to engage  
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I sailed away  
For to take a trip on an immigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

**Farewell to your bricks and mortar**  
**Farewell to your dirty lime**  
**Farewell to your gangway and your gangplank**  
**And to hell with your overtime**  
**For the good ship, ragamuffin**  
**She's lying at the quay**  
**For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back**  
**To the shores of Botany Bay**

The best years of our lives we spent working on the docks  
Building mighty wharves and piers from earth and ballast rocks  
Our pensions keep our jobs secure  
But I won't rue the day  
When I'll take a trip on an immigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

The boss came up this morning  
And he says, "Well, Pat, you know  
That if you don't mix that mortar quick  
I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
Well, of course he did insult me  
So I demanded all me pay  
And I told him straight I was going to emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay

And when I reach Australia  
I'll go and search for golds  
There's plenty there for digging up  
Or so I have been told

And when I've made me fortune  
There'll be no more bricks to lay  
I'll take me ease doing what I please  
On the shores of Botany Bay

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# **The Skye Boat Song**

Sir Harold Edward Boulton

**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,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

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

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.

Burned are their homes, exile and death

Scatter the loyal men;

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath

Charlie will come again.

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## **Sloop John B**

We come on the sloop John B

My grandfather and me

Around Nassau town we did roam

Drinkin' all night got into a fight

Well, I feel so broke up I wanna go home

**So hoist up the John B's sail**

**See how the mainsail sets**

**Call for the captain ashore, let me go home**

**Let me go home**

**I wanna go home, yeah, yeah**

**Well, I feel so broke up**

**I wanna go home**

The first mate, he got drunk

And broke in the captain's trunk

The constable had to come and take him away

Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone? Yeah, yeah

Well, I feel so broke up I wanna go home

The poor cook, he caught the fits

And threw away all my grits

And then he took and he ate up all of my corn

Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?

This is the worst trip I've ever been on

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# **Streets of London**

*Ralph McTell*

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market  
Kicking up the paper with his worn out shoes  
In his eyes you see no pride and held loosely by his side  
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

**So how can you tell me you're lonely**

**And say for you that the sun don't shine**

**Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the  
streets of London**

**I'll show you something to make you change your mind**

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London  
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags  
She's no time for talking, She just keeps right on walking  
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven

Same old man sitting there on his own  
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup  
And each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone

Have you seen the old man outside the seamen's mission  
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears  
And in our winter city the rain cries a little pity  
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

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## **Tell me Ma**

**I'll tell me ma when I come home  
the boys won't leave the girls alone  
they pull me hair and stole my comb  
well that's alright till I come home  
She is handsome she is pretty  
she's the belle of Belfast city  
she's a courtin' one two three  
please won't you tell me who is she**

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
all the boys are fightin' for her  
knock at the door and ring at the bell  
tell me oh you true love "are you well"  
out she comes as white as snow  
rings on her fingers bells on her toes  
old Johnny Murray say's she'll die  
if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
the snow come tumblin' from the sky  
she's as fine as apple pie  
she'll get own own love by and by  
when she gets a lad of her own  
she won't tell her mom when she comes home  
let them all come as you will  
it's Patrick Murphy she loves still

**She is handsome she is pretty  
she's the belle of Belfast city  
she's a courtin' one two three  
please won't you tell me who is she**

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# **Travelling through the Storm**

*Broomhall, Thompson*

**Time is a tempest and we are all travellers**

**We are all travellers, we are all travellers**

**Time is a tempest and we are all travellers**

**Travelling through the storm.**

Our cities are crowded, our forests are falling

War clouds above, angry voices are calling

Five minutes to midnight, there's no time for stalling

It's time to share our load.

**So lift up your voices and sing of the wind and rain**

**Sing of the wind and rain, sing of the wind and rain**

**Lift up your voices and sing of the wind and rain**

**Travelling through the storm.**

**Time is a Tempest...**

They've poisoned the oceans, they've dammed the great rivers  
They've killed all the Jungles, they're takers not givers  
They call it progress, well it gives me the shivers  
We're in for a winter that's cold

So, brothers and sisters, we'll join hands together  
With love in our struggle we'll face the foul weather  
And when the sun shines, under blue skies we'll gather  
Our Journey will take us home

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## **Unison in Harmony**

Soaring skywards, leaping sideways

Do or die words cleave the air

Joy and laughter, mornings after

Raise the rafters, we don't care

If the roof's beyond repair

**Raise the rafters, raise the rafters**

**Raise the rafters, we don't care**

**If the roof's beyond repair**

Sisters, brothers, to all others

Let this be our guiding star

Hearts on fire but no Messiah

Hear the music from afar

What we sing is what we are

**Hear the music, hear the music**

**Hear the music from afar**

**What we sing is what we are**

Over hills and over valleys

Over mountains, over seas

Nations shouting unto nations

Until nations cease to be

Unison in harmony

**Until nations, until nations**

**Until nations cease to be**

**Unison in harmony**

**Until nations, until nations**

**Until nations cease to be**

**Unison in harmony**

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# **Wagon Wheel**

*Old Crow Medicine Show*

Headin' down south to the land of the pines  
I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline  
Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights  
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours  
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers  
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

**So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel**  
**Rock me mama any way you feel**  
**Hey... mama rock me**  
**Rock me mama like the wind and the rain**  
**Rock me mama like a southbound train**  
**Hey... mama rock me**

Runnin' from the cold up in New England  
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band

My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now  
Oh, north country winters keep a-gettin' me down  
Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town  
But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke  
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke  
But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap  
To Johnson City, Tennessee  
And I gotta get a move on before the sun  
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only  
one  
And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

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# **Westering Home**

*Jolly Rogers*

**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 me heart my own love**

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 Isla

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

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 Isla

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## **Wild Mountian Thyme**

Oh, the summer time is coming,  
And the trees are sweetly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather.

**Will ye go, lassie, go?**

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

I will build my love a bower  
By yon clear and crystal fountain,  
And all around the bower,  
I'll pile flowers from the mountain.

I will roam the country o'er

Through that dark land so dreary;  
And all the spoils I find,  
I'll bring to my darling dearie.

If my true love, she won't have me,  
I will surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather.

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# **Working Man**

*Rita Macneil*

**It's a working man I am and I've been down underground**

**And I swear to God if I ever see the sun**

**Over any length of time, I can hold it in my mind**

**I never again will go down underground**

At the age of sixteen years, he quarreled with his peers

And he swears there will never be another on

In the dark recess of the mine, where you age before your time

And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs

At the age of sixty-four, he'll greet you at the door

And he'll gently lead you by the arm

In the dark recess of the mine, he can take you back in time

Tell you of the hardships that were there

**No, I never again will go down underground**