

# **Jay's Céilidh Book**

***Black Bear Rebels Lyrics Edition***

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If Music be the Food of  
Love,  
Play On...

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# Follow Me Up To Carlow

- [1] Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern  
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;  
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Chorus:

Curse and swear Lord Kildare  
Feagh will do what Feach will dare  
Now FitzWilliam, have a care  
Fallen is your star, low  
Up with halberd out with sword  
On we'll go for by the lord  
Feach MacHugh has given the word,  
Follow me up to Carlow.

- [2] See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English Pale  
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners  
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock  
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

Chorus

- [3] From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore  
Och, great is Rory Og O'Moore, sending the loons to Hades.  
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head  
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and the ladies.

Chorus (twice)

Background: Irish folk song celebrating the defeat of over 800 English soldiers by Fiach (Feach) MacHugh O'Byrne at the Battle of Glenmalure.

In 1577 O'Byrne gave support to his brother-in-law, Rory Og O'Moore, in a failed rebellion in which O'Moore and most of his family were killed. Under the apparent protection of Gerald FitzGerald, the 11th Earl of Kildare, O'Byrne conducted numerous raids against the English in the Pale (the region surrounding Dublin).

In August 1580 Arthur Grey, the 14th Baron Grey de Wilton, son of William Grey (thus FitzWilliam) and Lord Deputy of Ireland to Queen Elizabeth I (Liza), arrived with 6,000 newly recruited troops and decided to put an end to the raids. Ignoring certain veterans who implored him to delay the campaign, he planned to enter Glenmalure in the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin from the neighbouring Glen of Imayle and attack O'Byrne's stronghold. While trying to climb the steep slopes of the valley, the inexperienced English soldiers were ambushed and slaughtered by the Irish rebels.

# Black Velvet Band

[1] In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed in trade I was bound  
And many's the hour of sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town  
Till bad misfortune befell me  
That caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band

Chorus:

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

[2] As I was out strolling down Broadway  
Not intending to go very far  
I met with a frolicsome damsel  
Applying her trade in a bar  
Well a watch she took from a customer  
And she slipped it right into my hand  
Then the Watch came and put me in prison  
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Chorus

[3] Before judge and jury next morning  
For our trial I had to appear  
The judge, he said, "My young fellow,  
The case against you is quite clear.  
Well seven years is your sentence.  
You're going to Van Dieman's Land.  
Far away from your friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band."

Chorus

[4] So come all you jolly young fellows  
I'd have you take warning by me  
Whenever you're out on the liquor  
Beware of the pretty colleen  
For she'll fill you with whiskey and porter  
Until you're not able to stand  
And the very next thing that you notice  
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land

Chorus

Background: Van Diemen's Land was the original name used by Europeans for the island of Tasmania, which the British colonized as a penal colony in 1803.

# Leaving of Liverpool

[1] Farewell to you my own true love,  
I am going far, far away,  
I am bound for California,  
And I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus:

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

[2] I have slipped on board a Yankee ship  
Davey Crockett is her name,  
And her captain it is Burgess,  
And they say that she's a floating hell.

Chorus

[3] I have sailed with Burgess once before,  
And I think I know him well,  
If a man's a sailor he will get along,  
If not then he's sure for hell.

Chorus

[4] Oh the sun is in the harbour love,  
And I wish I could remain,  
For I know it will be a long, long time,  
Before I see you again.

Chorus (twice)

Background: An Anglo - Irish folk ballad. For Irish immigrants, Liverpool was the natural point of embarkation because it had the necessary shipping lines and a choice of destinations and infrastructure, including special emigration trains directly to The Princes Landing Stage.

# The Dark Island

[1] Away to the westward 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 Tìree,  
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me,  
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

[2] 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

[3] 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

Chorus

Originally composed in the 1930s by Allan MacCormack of Benbecula as a pipe lament for a local doctor under the title *Dr. MacAuley's Farewell to Creagorry*, the tune was copyrighted by and often attributed to Iain MacLachlan, the MacCormack's neighbour. It achieved widespread popularity after it was used by the BBC as the theme music for the TV series 'The Dark Island' filmed on South Uist in 1963. Words were added by the writer and producer David Silver and since then the tune has been recorded by more than a 100 different artists and bands worldwide.

# The Foggy Dew

- [1] 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
When armed line 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 in the foggy dew.
- [2] Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a 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 hurrying through;  
While Brittania's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.
- [3] O' the night fell black and the rifles' crack  
Made "Perfidious Albion" reel  
'Mid the leaden rail, 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,  
And when morning broke still the war flag shook  
Out its fold in the foggy dew
- [4] 'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,  
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.
- [5] The bravest fell, and the solemn bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Watertide  
In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.



[6] Ah, 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'd kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when  
you fell in the foggy dew.

Background: This song, attributed to Peadar Kearney (who also wrote "Amhrán na bhFiann" ("Soldier's Song"), the national anthem of the Republic of Ireland) and to Canon Charles O'Neill, chronicles the Easter Uprising of 1916. It encourages Irishmen to fight for the cause of Ireland, rather than for the British, as so many young men were doing in World War I.

## Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

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

Chorus:

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

[2] I went to a fancy ball  
It was slippery in the hall  
I was afeared that I may fall  
'Cause I nay had on troosers

Chorus

[3] I went down to London town  
To have a little fun in the underground  
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,  
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

[4] The lassies love me every one  
But they must catch me if they can  
You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying,  
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

Background: "Brakes" are Scottish name for trousers or pants. And of course, this song is a humorous commentary on the kilts that the Scottish wear.

# The Auld Triangle

- [1] A hungry feeling, came o're me stealing,  
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell,  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [2] To start the morning, the warden bawling,  
Get you bousy and clean out your prison cell,  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [3] Oh the screw was peeping, and the loike was sleeping,  
As he lay weeping for his girl Sal.  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [4] On a fine spring evening, the loike lay dreaming,  
And the seagulls were wheeling, high above the wall,  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [5] Oh the wind was sighing, and the day was dying,  
As the loike lay crying, in his prison cell,  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [6] In the woman's prison there are seventy women,  
And I wish it was with them, that I did dwell.  
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Background: "The Auld Triangle" is a song, which was first performed publicly as a part of the play *The Quare Fellow* (1954) by Brendan Behan. The song is rumoured to have been written by Brendan's brother Dominic Behan, but Dominic never credited the song to himself on any recordings he made of it. Brendan himself always credited his friend Dicky Shannon as the writer.

The song is used to introduce the play, a story about the occurrences in a prison (in real life Mountjoy Prison where Behan had once been lodged) the day a convict is set to be executed. The triangle in the title refers to the large metal triangle which was beaten daily in Mountjoy Prison to waken the inmates ("The Auld Triangle goes Jingle Jangle"). The triangle still hangs in the prison at the centre where the wings meet on a metal gate. It is no longer used, though the hammer to beat it is mounted beside it.

"This was a scientific system of perpetual and persistent harassing... harassing morning, noon and night, and on through the night, harassing always and at all times, harassing with bread and water punishments, and other punishments with 'no sleep' torture and other tortures. This system was applied to the Irish prisoners and, to them only, and was specially designed to destroy us mentally or physically - to kill or drive insane." Thus triangles we employed to cause insanity.

# The Unicorn Song

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

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

[2] Now the Lord saw some sinning and it gave Him great pain  
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"  
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do  
Build me a floating zoo,  
and take some of those...

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

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

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

[4] And Noah looked out through the driving rain  
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games  
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling  
Oh, them silly unicorns

There was green alligators and long-necked geese  
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees  
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is pouring in  
And we just can't wait for no unicorns"

[5] The ark started floating, it drifted with the tide  
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried  
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away  
And that's why you'll never see a unicorn to this very day

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

Background: Written by children's author Shel Silverstein, this song was popularized by the Irish

## What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?

[1] What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
Earl-aye in the morning?

Chorus:

Way hay and up she rises  
Way hay and up she rises  
Way hay and up she rises  
Earl-aye in the morning

[2] Put him in the long boat till he's sober,  
[3] Keep him in the longboat and make 'im bale 'er.  
[4] Pull out the bung and wet him all over  
[5] Put him in the scuppers with a hawsepipe on him  
[6] Heave him by the leg in a running bowline  
[7] Spray him with whiskey and light him on fire  
[8] Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
[9] Take him and shake him and try to wake him  
[10] Give 'im a dose of salt and water  
[11] Hit 'im on the head with a broken hammer  
[12] Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under  
[13] Put him in charge of an Exxon tanker  
[14] Put him into bed with the captain's daughter  
[15] You've never seen the captain's daughter  
[16] Slap him all around and call him Suzie  
[17] Put him in his bunk with his pants on backwards  
[18] Shove a big lobster down his britches.  
[19] That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor

Background: Traditional sailing shanty. There are many many more verses, these are just some of them. The "Captain's Daughter" is the cat o' nine tails

# The Wild Rover

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

Chorus:  
And it's no nay never  
no nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover  
no never - no more

[2] I went into an ale-house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady me money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay  
Such a custom as yours I can get any day

Chorus

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

Chorus

[4] I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
And when they forgive me as oft times before  
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus (twice)

Background: a popular Irish ballad. The song is generally recognized as a traditional Irish drinking song, though like many Irish folk songs it also became very popular in Scotland and England. In Britain, the song is especially popular with sport fans and has been adopted as the basis for many football chants.

The song is a staple for artists performing live music in Irish pubs. When performed live in a pub setting, or for an audience, it is a custom for the participants to bang on the table or clap their hands in cadence four times during the break in the chorus, thus: *And it's no, nay, never* (clap - clap - clap - clap) *no, nay, never, no more...*

## Whiskey in the Jar

[1] As I was riding over the far famed and Kerry Mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin',  
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,  
Said Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus:

Musha ring dumma doo dumma a da,  
Whack fol de daddy o,  
Whack fol de daddy o  
There's whiskey in the jar.

[2] I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny,  
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,  
But the devil takes the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus

[3] I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

[4] 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,  
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

[5] If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,  
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus

[6] Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving  
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Chorus

Background: A famous Irish traditional song about a highwayman (usually in the Cork and Kerry mountains), who is betrayed by his wife or lover. The song's exact origins are lost in the mists of history. Judging from the mention of a rapier it is likely that the lyrics date back to at least the late eighteenth century

## The Sick Note

- [1] Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey  
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today
- [2] Whilst working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear  
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, the bloody awkward sod  
And he said I had to cart them down the ladders in me hod
- [3] Now clearing all these bricks by hand it was so very slow  
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below  
But in me haste to do the job, I was to blind to see  
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me
- [4] And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead  
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead  
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found  
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down
- [5] Well the barrel broke me shoulder, as to the ground it sped  
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head  
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow  
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below
- [6] Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more  
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain  
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again
- [7] The force of this collision half way up the office block  
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock  
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground  
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.
- [8] I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst  
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst  
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope  
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope
- [9] The barrel being heavier then started down once more  
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor  
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say  
I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today

In 1969 Pat Cooksey wrote this comedy classic and it quickly became a big hit in English and Scottish folk clubs. This song, under a variety of different titles, has since become one of the most widely recorded and popular contemporary folk songs worldwide.

# Shame

[1] Well I'm standing alone at the corner  
I've got nothing but you on my mind  
I'm trying to remember what you look like  
But all I see is your big fat behind  
And I say la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la laaaa

Chorus:

I got you, you're acting all the same  
I think it's such a shame  
You're putting all the blame on me  
I got you, you're driving me insane  
I think it's such a shame  
You're putting all the blame on me  
It's such a shame, it's such a shame

[2] I still remember well the day you left me  
You packed up all your stuff and left in tears  
I should have cried you know I tried so help me  
But instead I filled the fridge up with more beer  
And it never mattered how I tried to please you  
And all the times I tried to treat you right  
But you really put a stop to all my sleeping  
When you said that Mrs Bobbit had it right  
And I say la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la laaaa

Chorus:

I got you, you're acting all the same  
I think it's such a shame  
You're putting all the blame on me  
I got you, you're driving me insane  
I think it's such a shame  
You're putting all the blame on me  
It's such a shame, it's such a shame, it's such a shame

A song by the Young Dubliners that I really like. Keith always has fun with this one.



# The Orange and The Green

Chorus:

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen.  
My father, he was Orange and me mother, she was green.

- [1] My father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he.  
My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.  
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,  
Until the day that I was born and things got rather rough.

Chorus

- [2] Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car,  
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.  
I was christened "David Anthony," but still, inspite of that,  
To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

Chorus

- [3] With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll.  
Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul.  
For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because  
I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was.

Chorus

- [4] Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy,  
Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy.  
That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin  
And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne

Chorus

- [5] One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.  
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.  
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.  
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

Chorus

- [6] My parents never could agree about my type of school.  
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.  
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between  
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green.

Chorus

# Rocky Road to Dublin

[1] In the merry month of May, From my home I started,  
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,  
Saluted father dear, Kissed me darlin' mother,  
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,  
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born,  
I cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and goblin,  
A brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs,  
And frightened all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

One, two, three, four five,  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the ways to Dublin, Whacks-fer-ol-de-da

[2] In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight, Next mornin' light and airy,  
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinkin',  
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for drinking.  
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while,  
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'.  
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required,  
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[3] In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,  
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.  
Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,  
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;  
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;  
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.  
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,  
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[4] From there I got away, My spirits never failin'  
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';  
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,  
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,  
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',  
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,  
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[5] The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,  
Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;  
Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',  
Poor ould Erin's isle They began abusin',  
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;  
Some Galway boys were by, Saw I was a hobble in,  
Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.  
We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

## Mairi's Wedding

Chorus:

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe  
Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

[1] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.

Chorus

[2] Bright her cheeks as rowans are, bright her eyes as any star  
The fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi

Chorus

[3] Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel  
Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi

Chorus

[4] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.

Chorus

Mairi's Wedding (also known as Marie's Wedding, the Lewis Bridal Song, or Mairi Bhan) is a Scottish folk song originally written in Gaelic by Johnny Bannerman for Mary McNiven. Written using a traditional Scots tune, it was first played for McNiven in 1935 at the Old Highlanders Institute in Glasgow's Elmbank Street. Hugh S. Robertson translated the Gaelic version into English in 1936.

A "sheiling" is a shepherd's hut or mountain pasture used in summer. "Creel" is a wicker basket.

# Mari Mac

[1] There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac  
And make no mistake she's the girl I'm gonna track  
Lots of other fellas try to get her on the back.  
But I'm thinkin' they'll have to get up early.

Chorus:

Mari Mac's mother's makin' Mari Mac marry me  
My mother's makin' me marry Mari Mac  
Well I'm gonna marry Mari cause Mari's takin' care o' me.  
We'll all be makin' marry when I marry Mari Mac.

[2] Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together  
In fact you hardly see the one without the other  
And people often wonder if it's Mari or her mother  
Or both of them together I'm courting

Chorus

[3] Well up among the heather in the hills of Benafee  
Well I had a Bonnie lass sittin' on my knee  
A bumble bee stung me right above the knee  
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee

Chorus

[4] Well I said to bonnie lass how we gonna pass the day  
She said among the heather in the hills of Benafee  
Where all the boys and girls are making out so free  
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee

Chorus

[5] Wedding's on a Wednesday, everything's arranged  
Soon you'll never change your mind unless you minus change  
Of making the arrangements and feelings lots of rage  
Marriage is an awful undertaking

Chorus

[6] Sure to be a grand for grand of that a fair  
Gonna be a fork and plate for every man that's there  
And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share  
All though I may be very much mistaken

Chorus

[7] There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac  
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track  
Lot's of other fellas try to get her on her back  
But I think they're gonna have to get up early

Chorus (several times getting faster to train wreck)

## Farewell to Nova Scotia

[1] The sun was setting in the west  
The birds were singing on every tree  
All nature seemed inclined for to rest  
But still there was no rest for me.

Chorus:

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

[2] I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my parents whom I held so dear  
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.

Chorus

[3] The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm  
The captain calls, we must obey  
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away.

Chorus

[4] I have three brothers and they are at rest  
Their arms are folded on their breast  
But a poor simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

Chorus

"Farewell to Nova Scotia" is a popular folk song from Nova Scotia of unknown authorship, collected by folklorist Helen Creighton. It is believed to have been written just prior to or during the First World War.

# Johnny Jump Up

[1] I'll tell you a story that happened to me  
One day as I went down to Cork by the sea  
The sun it was hot and the day it was warm,  
Says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm

[2] I went in and I called for a bottle of stout  
Says the barman, I'm sorry, the beer is sold out  
Try whiskey or paddy, ten years in the wood  
Says I, I'll try cider, I've heard it was good.

Chorus:

Oh never, Oh never, Oh never again  
If I live to be a hundred or a hundred and ten  
I fell to the ground, I could not get up  
After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up

[3] After downing the third I went out to the yard  
Where I bumped into Brody, the big civic guard  
Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law?  
Well, I up with me fist and I shattered his jaw

[4] He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up  
But it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up  
The next bloke I met down in Cork by the sea  
Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me

[5] I'm afraid of me life I'll be hit by a car  
Won't you help me across to the Celtic Knot Bar?  
After downing a quart of that cider so sweet  
He threw down his crutches and danced on his feet

Chorus

[6] I went up the lee road, a friend for to see  
They call it the madhouse in Cork by the Sea  
But when I got there, sure the truth I will tell,  
They had this poor bugger tied up in a cell

[7] Said the guard, testing him, say these words if you can,  
"Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran"  
Tell him I'm not crazy, tell him I'm not mad  
It was only a sip of that cider I had

Chorus

[8] Well, a man died in the union by the name of McNabb  
They washed him and laid him outside on the slab  
And after the parlors measurements did take  
His wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake

[9] Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer it was high  
The corpse sits up and says with a sigh  
I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up  
Til I bring them a quart of that Johnny Jump Up

Chorus

[10] So if ever you go down to Cork by the sea  
Stay out of the ale house and take it from me  
If you want to stay sane don't you dare take a sup  
Of that devil drink cider called Johnny Jump Up

Chorus (twice)

"Johnny Jump Up" is a mixture of cider and whiskey

There is an unconfirmed report that this was written by Tim Jordan of Cork City, Co. Cork, Ireland in the 1940s. According to Kevin Manly, Tim Jordan was born and lived all his life in Cork city. The story behind the song was his friend was a landlord of a pub and he asked Tim to write a song about cider and to sing it in his bar to try to increase the sale of cider in his pub.

Another report states the song was probably written in the 1920s or 30s. According to Jimmy Crowley, "Because of the general shortage of materials during the first World War cider was stored in casks which had been used for maturing whiskey. The cider drew the spirit from the wood and the result was 'Johnny', a cider so potent, as the song tells us, that it was a sure ticket to heaven. 'Up the Lee Road' implies much more than it says to Cork people, as the Mental Hospital is situated up there."

## Molly Malone

[1] In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Chorus:

'Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh,  
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels,  
Alive, alive, oh. (repeat)

[2] She was a fishmonger, but sure t'was no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before.  
And they both wheeled their barrow through the streets wide and  
narrow,  
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Chorus

[3] She died of a fever, and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and narrow,  
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Chorus

# The Old Dun Cow

[1] Some friends and I in a public house  
Was playing a game of chance one night  
When into the pub a fireman ran  
His face all a chalky white.  
"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,  
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"  
"Me Aunt Mariah be buggered!", says he,  
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

Chorus:

And there was Brown he was upside down  
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.  
"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried  
As they came knockin' on the door (clap clap)  
Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up  
And somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE!)  
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

[2] "Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.  
Everybody follow me.  
And it's down to the cellar if the fire's not there  
Then we'll have a grand old spree."  
So we went on down after good old Brown  
The booze we could not miss  
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more  
Till we were all quite pissed.

Chorus

[3] Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub  
And gave it just a few hard knocks (clap clap)  
Started takin' off his pantaloons  
Likewise his shoes and socks.  
"Hold on, " says Brown, "that ain't allowed  
Ya cannot do that thing here.  
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine tub  
When we've got American beer."

Chorus

[4] Then there came through the old back door  
The Vicar of the local church.  
And when he saw our drunken ways,  
He began to scream and curse.  
"Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!  
You've taken to a drunken spree!  
You drank up all the Benedictine wine  
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

Chorus



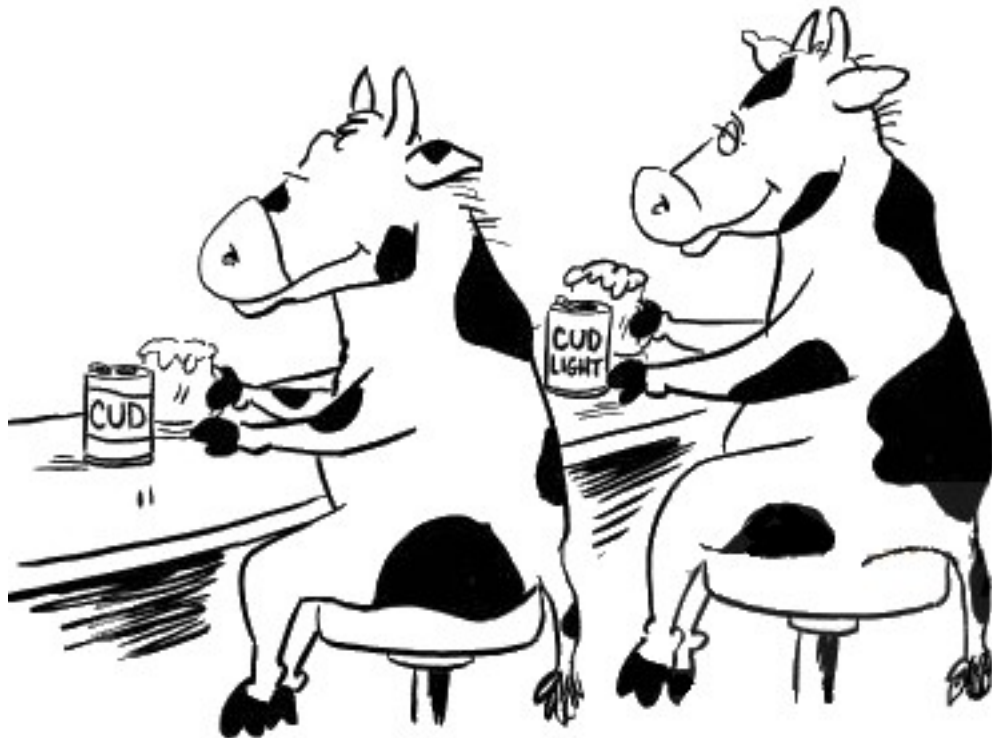
[5] And then there came a mighty crash  
Half the bloody roof caved in.  
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose  
But still we were gonna stay.  
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks  
And we nailed ourselves inside  
And we sat drinking the finest Rum  
Till we were bleary-eyed.

Chorus

[6] Later that night, when the fire was out  
We came up from the cellar below.  
Our pub was burned. Our booze was drunk.  
Our heads was hanging low.  
"Oh look", says Brown with a look quite queer.  
Seems something raised his ire.  
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,  
It closes on the hour!"

Chorus

The dun cow is a common motif in English folklore. "Dun" is a dull shade of brownish grey. There are many public houses in the United Kingdom called The Dun Cow.



## I'll Tell Me Ma

Chorus:

I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair, they steal my comb  
But that's all right till I get home  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
She is courting one, two, three  
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

[1] Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
Knock at the door and ring the bell  
Saying, oh my true love, are you well?  
Out she comes, white as snow  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
Old Johnny Morrissey says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Chorus

[2] Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high  
Snow come tumbling from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
She'll get a fellow by and by  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma when she gets home  
Let them all come as they will  
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus

"I'll Tell Me Ma" is a well known children's song. The chorus usually refers to Belfast city, although it is also adapted to other Irish cities, such as Dublin.

# Come Out Ye Black and Tans

[1] I was born on a Dublin street where the Loyal drums did beat  
And the loving English feet walked all over us,  
And every single night when me father'd come home tight  
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

Chorus:

Come out you black and tans come out and fight me like a man  
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders  
Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away,  
From the green and lovely lanes in Killeshandra.

[2] Come tell us how you slew them ol' Arabs two by two  
Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows,  
How you bravely faced each one With your sixteen pounder gun  
And you frightened them damn natives to their marrow.

Chorus

[3] Come let us hear you tell how you slandered great Parnell,  
When you thought him well and truly persecuted,  
Where are the sneers and jeers that you bravely let us hear  
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.

Chorus

[4] The day is coming fast and the time is here at last,  
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,  
And if there be a need sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!"  
With a bar or two of Stephen Behan's chorus

Chorus

[5] The day is coming fast and it will soon be here at last  
When North and South again belong to Erin  
And when John Bull is gone, we'll all join in this song,  
And the trumpets of freedom will be blarin'

Chorus

Come Out Ye Black and Tans (sometimes Black and Tan) is an Irish rebel song referring to the Black and Tans, the British paramilitary police auxiliary force in Ireland during the 1920s. The song was written by Dominic Behan as a tribute to his father Stephen, often authorship of the song is attributed to Stephen.

The lyrics are rich with references to the history of Irish nationalism and the activities of the British army throughout the world. While the title of the song refers to the Black and Tans of the War of Independence era, the specific context of the song is a dispute between Irish Republican and loyalist neighbours in inner city Dublin in the 1930s. The actual term "Black and Tan" originated from the lack of coordination of the British army with their uniforms. The troops stationed in Killeshandra wore a mix of black uniforms and tan (khaki) uniforms.

## Seven Drunken Nights

- [1] As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a horse outside the door, where my old horse should be  
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be.  
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me  
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But a saddle on a sow, sure I never saw before.
- [2] As I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a coat behind the door, where my old coat should be  
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be.  
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me  
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But buttons on a blanket, sure I never saw before.
- [3] As I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be  
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.  
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me  
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure I never saw before.
- [4] As I went home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw two boots beneath the bed, where my old boots should be  
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be.  
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
They're two lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me  
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But laces in geranium pots, sure I never saw before.
- [5] As I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a head upon the bed, where my old head should be  
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be.  
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me  
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure I never saw before.

[6] And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be  
Ah you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more  
But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before

[7] As I went home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three.  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me  
Who was that lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three?  
Ah you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see  
That was just the tax man that the Queen she sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more  
But an Englishman who can last till three I've never seen before

"Seven Drunken Nights" is a humorous traditional Irish song, most famously performed by The Dubliners. Usually only five of the seven nights are sung because of the vulgar nature of the final two. As a result there have evolved many versions of the final two verses as performers make up their own versions to fit in, some raunchier than others.

It is common to have a call and answer in the verse: "Well, I called my wife and I said to her (Men: *Hey Wife!* Women: *Whatya want ya drunken shite?!*) "

## The Moonshiner

Chorus:

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home  
And if you don't like me, well, leave me alone  
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry  
And the moonshine don't kill me, I'll live til I die

[1] I've been a moonshiner for many a year  
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
I'll go to some hollow, I'll set up my still  
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill

Chorus

[2] I'll go to some hollow in this counterie  
Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree  
No women to follow, the world is all mine  
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

Chorus

[3] Oh, moonshine, dear moonshine, oh, how I love thee  
You killed me old father, but ah you try me  
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine  
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

Chorus

# Gypsy Rover

- [1] A gypsy rover came over the hill  
Down through the valley so shady.  
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.
- Chorus: *(After every verse)*  
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day  
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee  
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang  
And he won the heart of a lady.
- [2] She left her father's castle gate.  
She left her own fine lover.  
She left her servants and her state  
To follow her gypsy rover.
- [3] She left behind her velvet gown  
And shoes of Spanish leather  
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang  
As they rode off together
- [4] Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed  
With silken sheets for cover  
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground  
Beside her gypsy lover
- [5] Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
And roamed the valley all over.  
Sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.
- [6] 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.
- [7] "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried  
"but Lord of these lands all over.  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

The Gypsy Rover, sometimes known simply as The Whistling Gypsy, is a well-known ballad composed by Dublin songwriter, Leo Maguire. It was recorded by numerous artists.

# The Fields of Athenry

[1] By the lonely prison wall. I heard a young girl calling.  
Michael, they are taking you away,  
for you stole Trevelyan'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.

[2] 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 ran me down.  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus

[3] By a lonely harbour wall She watched the last star falling.  
And that prison ship sailed out against the sky.  
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay.  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Chorus

Written in the 1970s by Pete St. John, this tune is an Irish folk ballad set during the Great Irish Famine (1845-1850) about a fictional man from near Athenry in County Galway who has been sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, Australia, for stealing food for his starving family. It is a widely known and popular anthem for Irish sports supporters. "Trevelyan's corn" is a reference to Charles Edward Trevelyan, a senior British civil servant in the administration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle, and to the "Indian corn" (maize) imported from America by the government for famine relief. The song is sometimes considered a "rebel song".

# Finnegan's Wake

[1] Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,  
A gentle Irishman mighty odd  
He had a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet,  
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod  
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way  
but for the love for the liquor poor Tim was born  
To help him on his way each day,  
he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Chorus:

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner  
round the flure yer trotters shake  
Bend an ear to the truth they tell ye,  
we had lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

[2] One morning Tim got rather full,  
his head felt heavy which made him shake  
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and  
they carried him home his corpse to wake  
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,  
and laid him out upon the bed  
A bottle of whiskey at his feet  
and a barrel of porter at his head

Chorus (after every verse)

[3] His friends assembled at the wake,  
and Missus Finnegan called for lunch  
First she brought in tay and cake,  
then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,  
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,  
Tim, auvream! O, why did you die?",  
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

[4] Then Maggie O'Connor took up the cry,  
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
and sent her sprawling on the floor  
Then the war did soon engage,  
t'was woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh law was all the rage  
and a row and a ruction soon began



[5] Mickey Maloney ducked his head  
when a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
It missed, and falling on the bed,  
the liquor scattered over Tim  
Now the spirits new life gave the corpse, my joy!  
Tim jumped like a Trojan from the bed  
Cryin will ye walup each girl and boy,  
t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"

Background: Dedicated, no doubt, to the Irishman's love of funerals and whiskey, Finnegans Wake supplied the theme for James Joyce's famous novel of the same name.

## The Green Hills of Tyrol

[1] 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.

Chorus:

Because these green hills are not highland hills  
Or the island hills, they'ree not my land's hills  
And fair as these green foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home.

[2] 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.

Chorus

[3] 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.

Chorus

# Will Ye No Come Back Again?

[1] Bonnie Chairlie's noo awa',  
Safely ower the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa',  
Should he ne'er 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?

[2] Ye trusted in your Hielan' men,  
They trusted you dear Chairlie.  
They kent your hidin' in the glen,  
Death or exile bravin'

Chorus

[3] We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,  
We watched thee in the mornin' grey.  
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,  
O there is nane that wad betray

Chorus

[4] English bribes were all in vain  
Tho' puir and puirer we mun be  
Silver canna buy the heart  
That beats aye for thine and thee

Chorus

[5] Sweet the laverock' s note and lang,  
Liltin' wildly up the glen.  
But aye tae me he sings ae sang,  
Will ye no' come back again?

Chorus

After the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden and his escape back to France, with the aid of Flora MacDonald, there were still many who hoped that he would return, some day. This song is about that sentiment, written by Carolina Oliphant (Lady Nairne) in the first half of the 19th century).

# Auld Lang Syne

- [1] Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

- [2] And surely you'll buy your pint cup! And surely I'll buy mine!  
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [3] We two have run about the hills, and picked the daisies fine;  
But we've wandered many a weary foot, since auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [4] We two have paddled in the stream, from morning sun till dine (dinner  
time);  
But seas between us broad have roared since auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [5] And there's a hand my trusty friend! And give us a hand o' thine!  
And we'll take a right good-will draught, for auld lang syne.

Chorus

Auld Lang Syne, a song by Robert Burns (1759-1796), is one of the better-known songs in English-speaking countries. It is often sung at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Day. Like many other frequently sung songs, the melody is better remembered than the words, which are often sung incorrectly, and seldom in full.

The song's (Scots) title may be translated into English literally as 'old long since', or more idiomatically 'long ago', or 'days gone by'. In his retelling of fairy tales in the Scots language, Matthew Fitt uses the phrase "In the days of auld lang syne" as the equivalent of "Once upon a time". In Scots Syne is pronounced like the English word sign

## MacPherson's Lament

[1] Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong; Farewell, farewell to thee.  
MacPherson's time will ne'er be lang; On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus: *(after every verse)*

Sae rantingly, sae wontonly; Sae dauntingly gaed he  
He played a tune an' he danced aroon Beneath the gallows tree.

[2] It was by a woman's treacherous hand; That I was condemned to dee  
Beneath a ledge at a window she stood; And a blanket she threw o'er  
me.

[3] Well the laird o' Grant, that highlan' sa'nt; That first laid hands  
on me  
He played the cause on Peter Broon; To let Macpherson dee.

[4] Untie these bands from off my hands; And gie to me my sword  
There's nae a man in a' Scotland; But I'll brave him at a word.

[5] There's some come here to see me hanged; And some to buy my fiddle  
But before that I do part wi' her; I'll brak her thro' the middle.

[6] He took the fiddle into both his hands; And he broke it o'er a stone  
Says there's nae other hand shall play on thee; When I am dead and  
gone.

[7] O, little did my mother think; When she first cradled me  
That I would turn a rovin' boy; And die on the gallows tree.

[8] The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff; To let Macpherson free  
But they pit the clock a quarter afore ;And hanged him to a tree.

# Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

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.

[1] Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

[2] 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

[3] Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the Claymore could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead in Culloden's field.

Chorus

[4] Burned are their homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men;  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again.

Chorus

The Skye Boat Song has gained the reputation of a traditional Scottish song recalling the escape of the young pretender Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) after his defeat at Culloden in 1746: he escaped from Uist to the Isle of Skye in a small boat with the aid of Flora MacDonald. He was disguised as a serving maid. The 19th century adherents of Scottish romantic nationalism (which included sentimental Jacobitism) enlarged the anecdote to a legend.

The lyrics were written by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart. (1859 - 1935), to an air collected by Miss Annie MacLeod (Lady Wilson) in the 1870s.

## Spanish Ladies

[1] Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain  
For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England,  
But we hope in a short while to see you again.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea.  
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.

[2] We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys  
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;  
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,  
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

[3] The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,  
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight;  
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,  
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Chorus

[4] Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,  
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;  
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!  
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

[5] Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,  
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;  
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,  
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus

*Spanish Ladies* is a very old capstan sea shanty - meaning that sailors sung it around the capstan as they raised the anchor on a homeward bound voyage. It dates from a point before 1800. There are several tunes to which it is sung. The lyrics, with their mention of the 'Grand Fleet', indicate that the song originates from the British Royal Navy. Certainly, it provides a fascinating glimpse into navy life. The places that are mentioned - the Dodman, Ushant, Beachy, Dover, Fairlight - are the landmarks that homeward bound sailors would have looked out for on the last leg of their journey up the English channel.

The *Ryans and the Pittmans* (next song) is a popular Newfoundland song based on Ladies of Spain. It tells of the romantic entanglements of a sailor named Bob Pittman, and his desire to sail home to finally marry his "sweet Biddy". The song is also known as "We'll Rant and We'll Roar", after the first line of the chorus; however, this is also the name by which some foreign variants are known; see below.

The most famous recent version of the *Ryans and the Pittmans* is a shortened version recorded as *Rant & Roar* by Great Big Sea.

# The Ryans and the Pittmans (Rant & Roar)

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below  
Until we strikes bottom inside the two sunkers  
When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

[1] My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman  
I sail in the Ino with Skipper Tom Brown  
I'm bound to have Polly or Bidy or Molly  
As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down.

Chorus

[2] I'm a son of a sea cook, I'm a cook in a trader  
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom  
I can handle a jigger, I cuts a fine figure  
Whenever I gets in a boats standing room.

Chorus

[3] If the voyage is good, this fall I will do it  
I wants two pounds ten for a ring and the priest  
A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars  
And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.

Chorus

[4] I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis  
A twenty pound bed from Jimmy McGrath  
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle  
And then I'll be ready for Bidy, hurrah!

Chorus

[5] Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour  
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule  
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy  
I can't marry all or in chokey I'd be.

Chorus (twice, second a cappella)

## Flower of Scotland

- [1] 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.
- [2] The hills are bare now  
And autumn leaves lie thick and still  
O'er land that is lost now  
Which those so dearly held  
That stood against him, proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [3] Those days are passed now  
And in the past they must remain  
But we can still rise now  
And be the nation again  
That stood against him, proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [4] 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.

Flower of Scotland is used frequently at special occasions and sporting events. Although Scotland has no official national anthem, Flower of Scotland is one of a number of songs which unofficially fulfil this role, along with Highland Cathedral and the older Scotland the Brave. It was written by Roy Williamson of the folk group, The Corries, and presented in 1967, and refers to the victory of the Scots, led by King Robert the Bruce over the King of England, Edward II, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.



# Massacre of Glencoe

Chorus:

Oh cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe  
And covers the grave o' Donald  
cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe  
And murdered the house o' MacDonald

[1] They came through the blizzard, we offered them heat  
A roof ower their heads, dry shoes for their feet.  
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat  
And slept in the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

[2] They came from Fort William with murder mind  
The Campbells had orders, King William had signed  
Put all to the sword, these words underlined  
And leave none alive called MacDonald

Chorus

[3] They came in the night when the men were asleep  
That band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep.  
Like murdering foxes, amongst helpless sheep  
They slaughtered the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

[4] Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe  
Some fled in the night, and were lost in the snow.  
Some lived to accuse him, that struck the first blow  
But gone was the house of MacDonald

Chorus (Twice)

The Massacre of Glencoe occurred in Glen Coe, Scotland, in the early morning of 13 February 1692, during the era of the "Glorious Revolution" and Jacobitism. Thirty-eight MacDonalds from the Clan MacDonald of Glencoe were killed by their guests, the first and second companies of the Earl of Argyll's Regiment of Foot under the command of Robert Campbell, whom had accepted their hospitality, on the grounds that the MacDonalds had not been prompt in pledging allegiance to the new king, William of Orange. Another forty women and children died of exposure after their homes were burned.

Contrary to popular legend it was not the Campbells who actually perpetrated the massacre. Rather it was set in motion by John Dalrymple, Master of Stair and Lord Advocate, and Sir Thomas Livingstone, command of the forces in Scotland. The orders were signed by King William himself.

This song was composed by the Corries

# Loch Lomond

[1] By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
There me and my true love spent many happy days  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

## Chorus

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road  
And I'll be in Scotland before ye  
But me and my true love will never meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

[2] 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',  
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,  
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

## Chorus

[3] The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,  
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';  
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,  
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'

## Chorus

Loch Lomond is a large Scottish loch located between the traditional counties of Dunbartonshire and Stirlingshire.

Loch Lomond is a traditional Scottish song. It was first published in 1841 in Vocal Melodies of Scotland and has been covered by many artists in many styles over the years.

There are many theories about the meaning of the song. One interpretation is that it is attributed to a Jacobite Highlander who was captured after the 1745 rising while he was fleeing near Carlisle and is sentenced to die. The verse is his mournful elegy to another rebel who will not be executed. He claims that he will follow the "low road" (the spirit path through the underworld) and arrive in Scotland before his still-living comrade. The "low road" is a reference to the Celtic belief that if someone died away from his homeland then the fairies would provide a route of this name for his soul to return home.

Another interpretation is that the song is sung by the lover of a captured rebel set to be executed in London following a show trial. The heads of the executed rebels were then set upon pikes and exhibited in all of the towns between London and Glasgow in a procession along the "high road" (the most important road), while the relatives of the rebels walked back along the "low road" (the ordinary road traveled by peasants and commoners).

## Star of the County Down

[1] Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down,  
one morning in July  
Down a borean green came a sweet colleen  
and she smiled as she passed me by  
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

Chorus:

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

[2] As she onward sped, sure I shook my head  
and I gazed with a feeling quare  
And I said, says I to a passer-by,  
who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?  
He smiled at me and with pride says he,  
that's the gem of Irelands crown  
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
she's the star of the County Down

Chorus

[3] She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly  
and a smile like the rose in June  
And you held each note from her lily-white throat,  
as she lilted an Irish tune  
At the pattern dance you were in trance  
as she tripped through a jig or reel  
When her eyes she'd roll, she would lift soul  
as your heart she would likely steal

Chorus

[4] At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
and I'll dress my Sunday clothes  
With my shoes shon bright and my hat cocked right  
for a smile from the nut-brown Rose  
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke,  
let my plough with the rust turns brown  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
sits the star of the County Down

Chorus

"Star of the County Down" is an old Irish ballad set near Banbridge in County Down, Northern Ireland. It is sung from the point of view of a young man who chances to meet a charming lady by the name of Rosie McCann. From a brief encounter the writer's infatuation grows until he imagines wedding the girl.

## The Calton Weaver (Nancy Whiskey)

[1] I am a weaver, a Calton weaver  
I am a brash and a roving blade  
I have silver in my pockets  
And I follow a roving trade

Chorus:

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey  
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O

[2] As I walked into Glasgow city  
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell  
I walked in, sat down beside her  
Seven long years I loved her well

Chorus

[3] The more I kissed her, the more I loved her  
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled  
I forgot my mother's teaching  
Nancy soon had me beguiled

Chorus

[4] I woke early in the mornin'  
Tae slake ma drought it was my need,  
I tried to rise but was not able  
Nancy had me by the heid.

Chorus

[5] Come landlady, noo, what's that lawin'?  
Tell me what there is tae pay.  
"Fifteen shillings is the reck'ning;  
Noo pay me quickly and go away!"

Chorus

[6] I'll gang back to the Calton weaving  
I'll surely mak those shuttles fly  
I'll make more at the Calton weaving  
Than ever I did in a roving way

Chorus

[7] So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers  
Weavers where e're ye be  
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey  
She'll ruin you like she ruined me

Chorus

Nancy Whisky first appeared in print in the early 1900s. Calton is a district of Glasgow which used to be famous for its weaver's workshops.

# The Ballad Of Billy Reid

[1] I'll sing you a song of a terrible wrong,  
When the flags all flew at half mast.  
And a man he lay dead he'd been riddled with lead,  
And he died on the streets of Belfast.

Chorus:

All the radio said was another shot dead  
And he died with a gun in his hand  
But they never said why Billy Reid had to die  
'Cause he died to free Ireland.

[2] It happened one day when the bold IRA  
Set out to fight for their land  
With an old Thompson gun put the troops on the run  
And return to their home was their plan.

Chorus

[3] While returning the guns Billy met British Huns  
And when the fight had begun  
His position was dire when his gun wouldn't fire  
So he died with that old Thompson gun.

Chorus

[4] Although he lay dead he was kicked in the head,  
By the hair they dragged him around.  
But they still fear him yet, we can never forget,  
How brave Billy Reid stood his ground.

Chorus

[5] If you think he was right come and join in the fight,  
And help us to free Belfast.  
For the blood that he shed and although he lay dead,  
In our hearts his memory will last.

Chorus

William "Billy" Reid was an active member of the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade of the Provisional Irish Republican Army (pIRA). On 15 May 1971 a foot patrol of the British army was ambushed in Academy Street in the centre of Belfast by the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade. Billy Reid, aged 32, was killed in the ensuing gunfight.

## McAlpine's Fusiliers

- [1] As down the glen came McAlpine's men  
with their shovels slung behind them  
'Twas in the pub that they drank their sub  
and out in the spike you'll find them  
They sweated blood and they washed down mud  
with pints and quarts of beer  
And now we're on the road again  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [2] I stripped to the skin with the Darkie Finn  
way down upon the Isle of Grain  
With Horse Face O'Toole, we knew the rule,  
no money if you stopped for rain.  
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod,  
your shoulders cut to bits and seared,  
And woe to he who looked for tea  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [3] I remember the day that Bear O'Shea  
fell into a concrete stair.  
What Horse Face said when he saw him dead  
it wasn't what the rich called prayers.  
I'm a navy short was the one retort  
that reached unto my ears  
When the going's rough then you must be tough  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [4] I've worked 'til the sweat nearly had me bet,  
with Russian, Czech and Pole.  
On shuddering jams up the hydro dams  
or underneath the Thames in a hole.  
I've grabbed it hard and I've got me cards  
and many a ganger's fist across me ears.  
If you value your life you won't join by cripes,  
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

McAlpine's Fusiliers is a famous Irish ballad set to a traditional air, written in the early 1960s by Dominic Behan. The song relates to the mass migration of Irish labour from Ireland to England that took place prior to, after and especially during, the Second World War. The ballad's title refers to Sir Robert McAlpine, a major employer of Irish workmen.

The lyrics allude to the racism of the times that was often found in England and London – in particular when boarding houses in the area regularly advised allcomers that no Irish or Coloureds need apply. Behan saw the paradox of Britain employing more and more Irish construction workers whilst at the same time allowing abusive work practices and racism to prosper.

The song offers a satirical but on the whole accurate view of the life and work of the Irish labourers of the times and as such proved extremely popular, resonating strongly with the Irish population of London.

# Wild Mountain Thyme

[1] Oh the summer time is comin'  
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the bloomin' heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus:  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the bloomin' heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

[2] I will build my love a bower  
By yon pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will place  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

[3] If my true love she were gone  
Then I'd surely find another  
Where the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the bloomin' heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

[4] Oh the summer time is comin'  
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the bloomin' heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

"Wild Mountain Thyme" (also known as "Purple Heather" and "Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go") is a folk song written in the 1950s by Francis McPeake, a member of a well known musical family in Belfast, Ireland, and of Scottish origin. McPeake's lyrics are a variant of the song "The Braes of Balquhither" by Scottish poet Robert Tannahill (1774–1810), a contemporary of Robert Burns. Tannahill's original song, first published in Robert Archibald Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* (1821–24), is about the hills (braes) around Balquhidder near Lochearnhead. Like Burns, Tannahill collected and adapted traditional songs, and "The Braes of Balquhither" may have been based on the traditional song "The Braes o' Bowhether".

## The Irish Rover

- [1] On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six  
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand city hall in New York  
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft  
And oh, how the wild wind it drove her  
She stood several blasts she had twenty seven masts  
And they called her the Irish Rover
- [2] We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  
We had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs and six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover
- [3] There was awl Mickey Coote, who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart witty talk he was cock of the walk  
And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance  
That he sailed in the Irish Rover
- [4] There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGirk who was scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover
- [5] For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and day  
That he longs for the shore and a charming young whore  
Who will melt all his troubles away  
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout  
For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid  
An old salt from the Irish Rover



[6] We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock oh Lord what a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
It turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

"The Irish Rover" is an Irish folk song about a magnificent, though improbable, sailing ship that reaches an unfortunate end. It has been recorded by numerous artists, some of whom have made changes to the lyrics. According to the 1966 publication *Walton's New Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads 2*, the song is attributed to songwriter/arranger J. M. Crofts.

## Dirty Old Town

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

[2] The clouds are drifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Spring's a girl from the streets at night  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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

[4] I'm going to make a big sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll cut you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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

"Dirty Old Town" is an English song written by Ewan MacColl in 1949 that was made popular by The Dubliners and has been recorded by many others. The song was written about Salford, Greater Manchester, England, the city where MacColl was born and brought up. It was originally composed for an interlude to cover an awkward scene change in his 1949 play *Landscape with Chimneys*, set in a North of England industrial town, but with the growing popularity of folk music the song became a standard. The first verse refers to the Gasworks croft, which was a piece of open land adjacent to the Gasworks, and then speaks of the old canal, which was the Manchester Bolton & Bury Canal. The line in the original version about smelling a spring on "the Salford wind" is sometimes sung as "the sulphured wind". But in any case, most singers tend to drop the Salford reference altogether, in favour of calling the wind "smoky".

## Barrett's Privateers

[1] Oh, the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight

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

A letter of marque came from the king  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

Chorus (after every verse):

**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**

[2] O Elcid Barrett cried the town

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

For twenty brave men all fishermen who  
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

[3] The Antelope sloop was a sickening site

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

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

[4] On the King's birthday we put to sea

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

Ninety-one days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way

[5] On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again

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

When a great big Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

[6] The Yankee lay low down with gold

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

She was broad and fat and loose in stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

[7] Then at length she stood two cables away

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

Our cracked four-pounders made awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

[8] The Antelope shook and pitched on her side

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

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

[9] Now here I lay in my twenty-third year

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

It's been six years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday

by Stan Rogers

# Fairytale of New York

- [1] It was Christmas Eve babe in the drunk tank  
An old man said to me, won't see another one  
And then he sang a song the Rare Old Mountain Dew  
and I turned my face away and dreamed about you
- [2] Got on a lucky one came in eighteen to one  
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you  
So happy Christmas I love you baby  
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true
- [3] *They've got cars big as bars they've got rivers of gold  
But the wind goes right through you it's no place for the old  
When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve  
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me*
- [4] You were handsome you were pretty Queen of New York City  
When the band finished playing they howled out for more  
Sinatra was swinging all the drunks they were singing  
We kissed on the corner then danced through the night

Chorus:

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing 'Galway Bay'  
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day

- [5] *You're a bum you're a punk you're an old slut on junk  
Living there almost dead on a drip in that bed  
You scum bag you maggot you cheap lousy faggot  
Happy Christmas your arse I pray God It's our last*

Chorus

- [6] I could have been someone well so could anyone  
You took my dreams from me when I first found you  
I kept them with me babe I put them with my own  
Can't make it all alone I've built my dreams around you

**"Fairytale of New York"** is a Christmas song written by Jem Finer and Shane MacGowan and first released as a single on 23 November 1987 by their band The Pogues, featuring singer-songwriter Kirsty MacColl on vocals. The song was written as a duet, with the Pogues' singer MacGowan taking the role of the male character and MacColl the female character. It is an Irish folk style ballad, and featured on The Pogues' 1988 album *If I Should Fall from Grace with God*. The song has been cited as the best Christmas song of all time in various television, radio and magazine related polls in the UK and Ireland. The single peaked at number two in the UK Singles Chart when it was first released and its popularity as a Christmas song has endured: to date the song has reached the UK top twenty on eleven separate occasions since its original release in 1987, including every year since 2005, and was certified platinum for achieving one million sales in 2013. In the UK it is the most-played Christmas song of the 21st century.



# Monkey and the Engineer

- [1] Once upon a time there was an engineer  
Drove a locomotive both far and near  
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool  
Watching everything the engineer would move
- [2] One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat  
He left the monkey sitting on the driver's seat  
The monkey pulled the throttle, locomotive jumped the gun  
And went ninety miles an hour down the mainline run

Chorus:

Big locomotive right on time  
Big locomotive coming down the line  
Big locomotive number ninety nine  
Left the engineer with a worried mind

- [3] The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone  
Tell him all about his locomotive was gone  
Get on the wire, switch operator to right  
'Cause the monkey's got the mainline sewed up tight

- [4] Switch operator got the message in time  
Said there's a northbound limited on the same mainline  
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let it through the hole  
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control

Chorus

Written by Jesse "Lone Cat" Fuller, a once well-known American one-man-band musician, best known for his song "San Francisco Bay Blues". Fuller's instruments included 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, cymbal (high-hat) and fotdella, several of which could be played simultaneously. The fotdella, an instrument entirely of Mr. Fuller's creation and construction, was a foot-operated percussion bass consisting of a large upright wood box, shaped like the top of a double bass. Attached to a short neck at the top of this box were six bass strings, stretched over the body. And finally, there was the means to play those strings: six foot pedals, each connected to a padded hammer which struck the string, in a homemade wooden contraption.

# Piano Man

[1] It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
The regular crowd shuffles in  
There's an old man sitting next to me  
Makin' love to his tonic and gin  
He says, son, can you play me a memory?  
I'm not really sure how it goes  
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete  
When I wore a younger man's clothes  
La la la, de de da  
La la, de de da da da

Chorus:  
Sing us a song, you're the piano man  
Sing us a song tonight  
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody  
And you've got us feelin' alright

[2] Now John at the bar is a friend of mine  
He gets me my drinks for free  
And he's quick with a joke or a light up your smoke  
But there's someplace that he'd rather be  
He says, Bill, I believe this is killing me.  
As the smile ran away from his face  
Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star  
If I could get out of this place  
Oh, la la la, de de da  
La la, de de da da da

Chorus

[3] Now Paul is a real estate novelist  
Who never had time for a wife  
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the navy  
And probably will be for life  
And the waitress is practicing politics  
As the businessmen slowly get stoned  
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness  
But it's better than drinkin' alone  
Oh, la la la, de de da  
La la, de de da da da

Chorus

[4] It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday  
And the manager gives me a smile  
cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see  
To forget about life for a while  
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival  
And the microphone smells like a beer  
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar  
And say, man, what are you doin' here?  
Oh, la la la, de de da  
La la, de de da da da

Chorus

"Piano Man" was Billy Joel's first major hit, and is considered his signature song. It was first released as the second track on Joel's Piano Man album. The song is a fictionalized retelling of his days as a lounge singer in Los Angeles (where he moved after the failure of his first album, "Cold Spring Harbor.") based on real people who could have done things with their lives, but did not.

## The House of the Rising Sun

- [1] There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
Dear God I know I'm one
- [2] My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new blue jeans  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Way down in New Orlean
- [3] Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and his trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk
- [4] So mothers tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Not to spend your life in sin and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun
- [5] I got one foot on the platform  
And the other's on the train  
'Cause I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain
- [6] Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
Dear God I know I'm one

"The House of the Rising Sun" is a folk song from the United States. Also called "House of the Rising Sun" or occasionally "Rising Sun Blues", it tells of a life gone wrong in New Orleans. The best-known rendition of the song is by the English group The Animals in 1964, which was a number one hit in both the United States and United Kingdom. Like many classic folk ballads, the authorship of "The House of the Rising Sun" is uncertain.

## Folsom Prison Blues

- [1] I hear the train a comin' it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on,  
But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone.
- [2] When I was just a baby my Mama told me, "Son,  
Always be a good boy don't ever play with guns,"  
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die,  
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.
- [3] I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars  
But I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free  
But those people keep a-movin' and that's what tortures me.
- [4] Well, if they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was  
mine  
I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my Blues away.

"Folsom Prison Blues" is a classic American country music song credited to Johnny Cash. The song combines elements from two popular folk genres, the train song and the prison song, both of which Cash would continue to use for the rest of his career. It has become one of Cash's signature songs. He was inspired to write this song after seeing the movie *Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison* (1951) while serving in West Germany in the United States Air Force. Cash recounted how he came up with the "Reno" line: "I sat with my pen in my hand, trying to think up the worst reason a person could have for killing another person, and that's what came to mind."

Cash included the song in his repertoire for decades. The definitive live performance is considered to be the opening song of a concert recorded at Folsom Prison itself on January 13, 1968.



# Big River

- [1] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry  
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky  
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood you Big  
River  
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die
- [2] I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota)  
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl  
Then I heard my dream was back Downstream cavortin' in Davenport  
And I followed you, Big River, when you called
- [3] Then you took me to St. Louis later on (down the river).  
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gone  
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block  
She raised a few eyebrows and then she went on down alone
- [4] Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on  
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans  
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf  
She loves you, Big River, more than me
- [5] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry  
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky  
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood  
you Big River  
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die

Another great Johnny Cash tune, covered by the Grateful Dead.

# Ziggy Stardust

- [1] Ziggy played guitar  
Jamming good with Weird and Gilly  
And the Spiders from Mars  
He played it left hand  
But made it too far  
Became the special man  
Then we were Ziggy's band
- [2] Ziggy really sang  
Screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo  
Like some cat from Japan  
He could lick 'em by smiling  
He could leave 'em to hang  
Came on so loaded, man  
Well hung and snow-white tan

Bridge:

So where were the Spiders  
While the fly tried to break our balls  
With just the beer light to guide us  
So we bitched about his fans  
And should we crush his sweet hands

- [3] Ziggy played for time  
Jiving us that we were voodoo  
And the kids were just crass  
He was the nazz  
With God-given ass  
He took it all too far  
But boy could he play guitar

Bridge:

Making love with his ego  
Ziggy sucked up into his mind  
Like a leper messiah  
When the kids had killed the man  
I had to break up the band

Ziggy played guitar

David Bowie

# Heroes

[1] I, I will be king  
And you, you will be queen  
Though nothing will drive them away  
We can beat them ... just for one day  
We can be heroes ... just for one day

[2] And you, you can be mean  
And I, I'll drink all the time  
'Cause we're lovers and that is a fact  
Yes we're lovers and that is that  
Though nothing will keep us together  
We could steal time just for one day  
We can be heroes for ever and ever (what d'you say)

Break

[3] I, I wish you could swim  
Like the dolphins, like dolphins can swim  
Though nothing, nothing will keep us together  
We can beat them for ever and ever  
Oh we can be heroes just for one day

Break

[4] I, I will be king  
And you, you will be queen  
Though nothing will drive them away  
We can be heroes just for one day  
We can be us just for one day

[5] I, I can remember (*I remember*)  
Standing by the wall (*by the wall*)  
And the guns shot above our heads (*over our heads*)  
And we kissed as though nothing could fall (*nothing could fall*)  
And the shame was on the other side  
Oh we can beat them for ever and ever  
Then we can be heroes just for one day

[6] We can be heroes  
We can be heroes  
We can be heroes, just for one day  
We can be heroes  
We're nothing and nothing will help us  
Maybe we're lying, then you better not stay  
But we could be safer just for one day

David Bowie

# Long Black Veil

[1] Ten years ago on a cold dark night  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall lights  
There were few at the scene but they all agreed  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

Chorus:

She walks these hills in a long black veil  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail  
Nobody knows nobody sees  
Nobody knows but me

[2] The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi  
If you were somewhere else then you won't have to die."  
I spoke not a word though it meant my life  
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

Chorus

[3] Now the scaffold is high and eternity's near  
She stood in a crowd and shed not a tear  
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans  
In a long black veil she cries o're my bones

Chorus

[4] She walks these hills in a long black veil  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail  
Nobody knows nobody sees  
Nobody knows but me

Chorus

"Long Black Veil" is a 1959 country ballad by Left Frizzel about a man suspected of murder. The alleged refuses to provide an alibi, because he was having an affair with his best friend's wife at the time, and would rather die than reveal this. Subsequently, he is executed by hanging, taking their secret to the grave. The chorus describes the woman's mourning visits to his gravesite in her long black veil. The song is sung from the point of view of the executed man.

It has been covered by many artists, including the Chieftans with Mick Jagger

# Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

[1] Some things in life are bad they can really make you mad  
Other things just make you swear and curse  
When you're chewing an life's gristle don't grumble give a whistle  
And this'll help things turn out for the best

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

Always look on the light side of life (whistle)

[2] If life seems jolly rotten there's something you've forgotten  
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.  
When you've feeling in the dumps don't be silly chumps  
Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

Come on always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

[3] For life is quite absurd and death's the final word  
You must always face the curtain with a bow  
Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin  
Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

So always look on the bright side of death (whistle)

Just before you draw your terminal breath (whistle)

[4] Life's a piece if shit when you look at it  
Life's a laugh and death's a joke it's true  
You'll see it's all a show, keep'em laughing as you go  
Just remember that the last laugh is on you

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

(Come on guys, cheer up)

Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

Always look on the bright side of life ....

While filming the last scene of Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, the cast were bored and hot sitting up on their crucifixes. So Eric Idle started singing a little ditty. Everyone (but Eric) liked it so much that they decided to use it. It has since become one of their most popular songs.

Brian Cohen (played by Graham Chapman) has been sentenced to death by crucifixion for his part in a kidnap plot. After a succession of apparent rescue opportunities all come to nothing, a character on a nearby cross (played by Eric Idle) attempts to cheer him up by singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" to him. As the song progresses, many of the other crucifixion victims (140 in all, according to the script, though fewer than that are actually seen on screen) begin to dance in a very limited way and join in with the song's whistled hook. The song continues as the scene changes to a long-shot of the crosses and the credits begin to roll. An instrumental version plays over the second half of the credits.

"Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" was conceived as a parody of the style of song often featured in Disney films.

# Eurotrash Girl

- [1] Well I've been up to Paris, and I've slept in a park.  
Went down to Barcelona, someone broke in my car.  
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl.
- [2] Took the train down to Athens, and I slept in a fountain.  
Some Swiss junkie in Turin ripped me off for my cash.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl.
- [3] The CRS on the metro shook me down for a bribe.  
On my knees for the sergeant when my passport arrived.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl  
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.  
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.
- [4] Called my mom from a payphone I said "I'm down to my last."  
She said "I sent you to college... now go call your dad."  
And the waitress that he married, well she hung up the phone.  
You know she never did like me, but I can stand on my own.
- [5] Sold my plasma in Amsterdam. Spent it all in a night,  
Buying drinks at the Melk Weg for a soldier in drag.  
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl  
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.  
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl
- [6] Got a tattoo in Berlin (and a case of the crabs).  
A rose and a dagger on the palm of my hand.  
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl.  
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.  
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl

Eurotrash Girl was secret track #69 on the Kerosene Hat CD by Cracker

# Fever

[1] Never know how much I love you  
Never know how much I care  
When you put your arms around me  
I get a fever that's so hard to bear

You give me fever, when you kiss me  
Fever when you hold me tight  
Fever - in the morning, fever all through the night

[2] Sun lights up the day time  
Moon lights up the night  
I light up when you call my name  
And you know I'm gonna treat you right

You give me fever, when you kiss me  
Fever when you hold me tight  
Fever - in the morning, fever all through the night

[3] Everybody's got the fever  
That is somethin' you all know  
Fever isn't such a new thing  
Fever started long ago

[4] Romeo love Juliet  
Juliet she felt the same  
When he put his arms around her  
He said "Julie baby your my flame"

Thou givest fever, when we kisseth  
Fever with thy flamin' youth  
Fever - I'm a fire, fever yea I burn forsooth

[5] Captain Smith and Pocahontas  
Had a very mad affair  
When her daddy tried to kill him  
She said "Daddy oh don't you dare"

He gives me fever, with his kisses  
Fever when he holds me tight  
Fever - I'm his misses, oh daddy won't you treat him right

[6] Now you've listened to my story  
Here's the point that I have made  
Chicks were born to give you fever  
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade

They give you fever when you kiss them  
Fever if you live and learn  
Fever - till you sizzle  
What a lovely way to burn (4x)

Peggy Lee's version is just bass, vocal, drums and snapping fingers. Be. Very. Cool.

# Wondering Where the Lions Are

- [1] Sun's up, uh huh, looks okay  
The world survives into another day  
And I'm thinking 'bout eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [2] Had another dream about lions at the door  
They weren't half as fright'ning as they were before  
But I'm thinking 'bout eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [3] Walls windows trees, waves coming through  
You be in me and I'll be in you  
Together in eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [4] Up among the firs where it smells so sweet  
Or down in the valley where the river used to be  
I got my mind on eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus:

And I'm wondering where the lions are  
I'm wondering where the lions are  
I'm wondering where the lions are  
I'm wondering where the lions are  
I'm wondering where the lions are, m-hm  
wondering where the lions are

- [5] Huge orange flying boat rises off a lake  
Thousand year old petroglyphs doing a double take  
Pointing a finger at eternity  
I'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy
- [6] Young men marching, helmets shining in the sun  
Polished and precise like the brain behind the gun  
(should be!) They got me thinking 'bout eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus

- [7] Freighters on the nod on the surface of the bay  
One of these days they're gonna sail away  
Gonna sail into eternity  
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus, repeat, and fade.



## Me and My Uncle

- [1] Me and my uncle went ridin' down  
South Colorado, west Texas bound  
We stopped over in Santa Fe,  
that being the point, just about half way  
And you know it was the hottest part of the day
- [2] I took the horses up to the stall,  
Went to the barroom, ordered drinks for all  
Three days in saddle, you know my body hurt  
It being Summer, I took off my shirt  
And tried to wash off some of that dusty dirt
- [3] West Texas cowboys, they's all around,  
With liquor and money, they're loaded down  
So soon after payday, no one seemed ashamed  
You know my uncle, he starts a friendly game  
High low Jack and the winner takes the gain
- [4] My uncle starts winning, cowboys got sore  
One of them called him, then bet two more  
Accused him of cheating, oh, no it just couldn't be  
I know my uncle, he's as honest as me  
And I'm as honest as a Denver man can be
- [5] One of them cowboys, he starts to draw  
I shot him down, Lord, but he never saw  
Shot me another, and now he won't grow old  
In the confusion, my uncle grabbed the gold,  
And we hightailed it down to Mexico
- [6] Now I love those cowboys, I love their gold  
Loved my uncle, God rest his soul  
Taught me good, Lord, taught me all I know  
Taught me so well I grabbed that gold  
And I left his dead ass there by the side of the road

## Dr. Bernice

- [1] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice  
She's not a lady doctor at all  
She's got hands like a man with hair on the back  
She'll crush you in her embrace  
    Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes  
    We all need a kind place to live  
    Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door  
    We all need the comfort of friends
- [2] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice  
That ain't a real Cadillac  
It's a Delta Eighty-Eight spray painted black  
With fake leather seats from Juarez  
    Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes  
    On a hot desert night it is still  
    Though the world may whisper and howl at your door  
    You're not obliged to let them all in
- [3] Baby don't you ride in that faux Cadillac  
If you must please ride in the back  
If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight  
Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocks  
    Though the wind may whisper a melody now  
    We can't find a tune of our own  
    Though the world may whisper and blow in your face  
    And tangle the hair on your head
- [4] On a hot desert night we can drive down the road  
And the stars will spell out your name  
On a hot desert night with the windows down wide  
The sirens will sing me their song  
    And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks  
    Feel not a twinge of regret  
    Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head  
    You sing like a siren to me
- [5] On a hot desert night the caravan stops  
At the oasis next to your heart  
The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen  
On BBC Radio One  
    Though the wind may whisper an epic sometimes  
    The cast must include Karen Black  
    Though the symphony strings shift with the sands  
    You sing like a siren to me  
    You sing like a siren to me  
    You sing like a siren ... to me

Song #12 off Cracker's self-titled album

# Wheat Kings

- [1] Sundown in the Paris of the prairies  
Wheat kings have all their treasures buried  
And all you hear are the rusty breezes  
Pushing around the weather vane Jesus
- [2] In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face  
Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place  
Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new, besides  
No one's interested in something you didn't do
- Wheat kings and pretty things  
Let's just see what the morning brings
- [3] There's a dream he dreams where the high school is dead and stark  
It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark  
Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister  
Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers
- Wheat kings and pretty things  
Wait and see what tomorrow brings
- [4] Late breaking story on the CBC  
a nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free"  
they add, "you can't be fond of living in the past  
'cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last"
- Wheat kings and pretty things  
Let's just see what tomorrow brings  
Wheat kings and pretty things  
Oh, that's what tomorrow brings

This song by the Tragically Hip (from the album Fully Completely) is about David Milgaard, a Canadian man who served 23 years in prison for a crime he did not commit.

Milgaard was convicted of raping and murdering a woman named Gail Miller when he was 16 and sentenced to life in prison. It was a travesty of justice, as the case against him was built on flimsy evidence.

Milgaard's family believed he was innocent and fought for him while he was in jail. His case was overturned and he was released on April 16, 1992, prompting the band to write "Wheat Kings."

# Everybody Knows

- [1] Everybody knows that the dice are loaded  
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed  
Everybody knows the war is over  
Everybody knows the good guys lost  
Everybody knows the fight was fixed  
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich  
That's how it goes  
    Everybody knows
- [2] Everybody knows that the boat is leaking  
Everybody knows that the captain lied  
Everybody got this broken feeling  
Like their father or their dog just died  
Everybody talking to their pockets  
Everybody wants a box of chocolates  
And a long-stem rose  
    Everybody knows
- [3] Everybody knows that you love me baby  
Everybody knows that you really do  
Everybody knows that you've been faithful  
Ah, give or take a night or two  
Everybody knows you've been discreet  
But there were so many people you just had to meet  
Without your clothes  
    And everybody knows

    Chorus: (two times)

    Everybody knows, everybody knows  
    That's how it goes ... everybody knows

- [4] And everybody knows that it's now or never  
Everybody knows that it's me or you  
And everybody knows that you live forever  
Ah, when you've done a line or two  
Everybody knows the deal is rotten  
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton  
For your ribbons and bows  
    And everybody knows
- [5] And everybody knows that the Plague is coming  
Everybody knows that it's moving fast  
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman  
Are just a shining artifact of the past  
Everybody knows the scene is dead  
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed  
That will disclose  
What everybody knows

[6] And everybody knows that you're in trouble  
Everybody knows what you've been through  
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary  
To the beach of Malibu  
Everybody knows it's coming apart  
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart  
Before it blows  
And everybody knows

Chorus (three times)

One of Leonard Cohen's best :)

## Requiem For My Youth

[1] I was waitin' for my bro' at a Jerry Band show  
When I ran into this trippy hippy chick I know  
And we danced for a while, and everything seemed all right  
She asked me what I had in my Guatemala bag  
Let's see, a bag o' Doritos and a couple o' fags  
And hey, what's this? A film can full of green (I heard her sing)

Chorus:

We're gonna get high, we're gonna laugh and cry  
We're gonna fuck all night, if we don't fall asleep first  
We're gonna watch TV, 'cause television's free  
You can play with me, if we don't fall asleep first

[2] So I took her on back to my mattress flat  
Where I loaded up a bong and we partied like that  
Then we sat on the couch and laughed at MTV  
She got up to stand, she took me by the hand  
I thought, "Oh yeah she's gonna take me off to wonder land"  
And I lay back my head, and that's when I closed my eyes (I heard her sigh)

Chorus

[3] When I woke there was a note, on my yellow pad she wrote  
"Hey it's cold outside I had to borrow a coat  
Here's my number, call me up and we can try it again."  
When I picked up the phone there was no dial tone  
I forgot to pay the bill I guess I'm better off alone  
So I sat on the couch and laughed at MTV (she sang to me)

Chorus (twice)

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# The Black Fly Song

[1] 'Twas early in the spring when I decided to go  
For to work up in the woods in North Ontar-i-o  
And the unemployment office said they'd send me through  
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew

Chorus: (after every verse)

And the blackflies, the little blackflies  
Always the blackfly, no matter where you go  
I'll die with the blackfly picking my bones  
In North Ontar-i-o-i-o, in North Ontar-i-o

[2] The man Black Toby was the captain of the crew  
And he said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do.  
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way  
For to make the little Ab flow around the other way"

[3] So we surveyed to the east and we surveyed to the west  
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best  
Little Ab, little Ab, what shall I do?  
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew

[4] 'Twas blackfly, blackfly everywhere  
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair  
Swimmin' in the soup, and swimmin' in the tea  
The Devil take the blackfly, let me be

Bridge - fiddle solo and "Blackfly, little blackfly"

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

[6] Well, now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe  
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled through  
For he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun  
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum

[7] At last the job was over, Black Toby said "We're through  
With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."  
'Twas a wonderful experience and this I know  
I'll never go again to North Ontar-i-o

"The Black Fly Song" is a song by Wade Hemsworth, written in 1949, about working in the wilds of Northern Ontario. It is an enduring classic of Canadian folk music, covered by a variety of other artists. A new version of the song (with accompanying vocals by Kate & Anna McGarrigle) which had a completely different tempo than the original, was made into an animated short film entitled Blackfly by Christopher Hinton and the National Film Board in 1991, and was nominated for Best Animated Short Film at the 64th Academy Awards in 1992.

# Santa Baby

[1] Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me  
I've been an awful good girl  
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight

[2] Santa baby, an out-of-space convertible too, light blue  
I'll wait up for you dear  
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight

Think of all the fun I've missed  
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed  
Next year I could be oh so good  
If you'd check off my Christmas list  
Boo doo bee doo

[3] Santa honey, I wanna yacht and really that's not a lot  
I've been an angel all year  
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight

[4] Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed  
To a platinum mine  
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight

[5] Santa baby, I'm filling my stocking with a duplex, and checks  
Sign your 'X' on the line  
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight

Come and trim my Christmas tree  
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's  
I really do believe in you  
Let's see if you believe in me  
Boo doo bee doo

A  
F#  
B  
E  
A F# B E A F# B E

[6] Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring  
I don't mean a phone  
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight  
Hurry down the chimney tonight  
Hurry down the chimney tonight

A F# B E A F#  
B E  
A F# B E A F# B E  
A F# B E  
A F# B E

## All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth

[1] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,  
My two front teeth, my two front teeth.  
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,  
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

It seems so long since I could say,  
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."  
Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,  
If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[2] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,  
My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.  
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,  
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

It seems so long since I could say,  
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."  
Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,  
If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[3] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,  
My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.  
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,  
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.



## Happy XMAS (War is Over)

[1] So this is Christmas And what have you done  
Another year over And a new one just begun  
Ans so this is Christmas I hope you have fun  
The near and the dear ones The old and the young

Chorus:

A very merry Christmas And a happy New Year  
Let's hope it's a good one ... Without any fear

[2] And so this is Christmas (War is over)  
For weak and for strong (If you want it)  
For rich and the poor ones (War is over)  
The world is so wrong (Now)  
And so happy Christmas (War is over)  
For black and for white (If you want it)  
For yellow and red ones (War is over)  
Let's stop all the fight (Now)

Chorus

[3] And so this is Christmas (War is over)  
And what have we done (If you want it)  
Another year over (War is over)  
And a new one just begun (Now)  
And so happy Christmas (War is over)  
I hope you have fun (If you want it)  
The near and the dear one (War is over)  
The old and the young (Now)

Chorus

By John Lennon