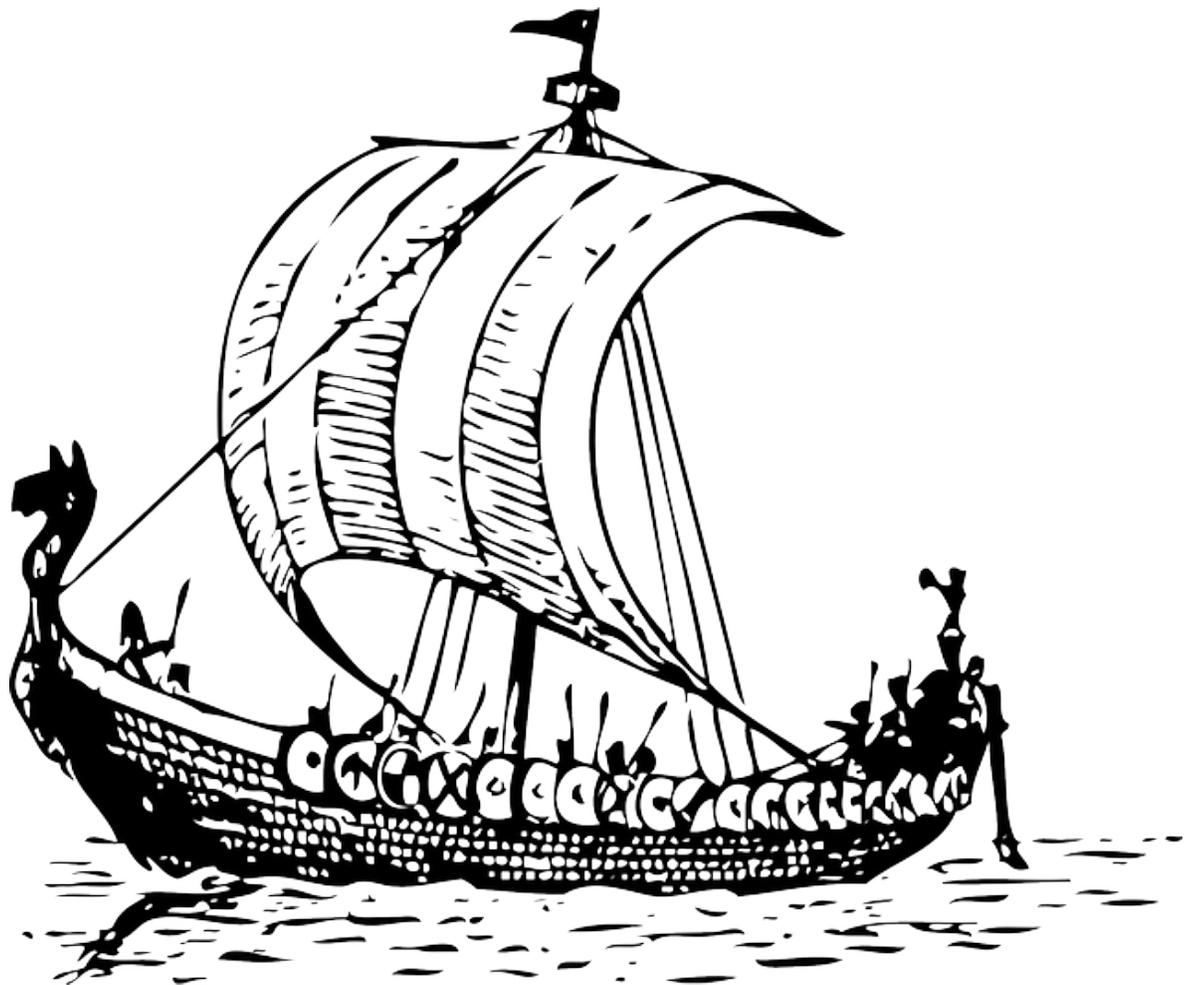


*The Swilling Swede's Songbook*





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# The Swilling Swede's Songbook

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A COLLECTION OF SONGS HUMBLY PRESENTED FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT PREFERABLY AROUND A  
CAMPFIRE WHILE DRINKING MEAD, SCOTCH, BEER, OR RUM AND SURROUNDED BY  
GOOD COMPANY.

COMPILED BY

SVEINN THE SWILLING SWEDE

Some of my best memories include singing around the camp fire. This book is dedicated to everyone who has lent their voice while holding a book such as this.

Special thanks to:

- Lady Amiee of Golias, for the original transcription of most of these songs
- Lady Auria of Golias, for helpful feedback and cheerleading
- Lord Galen McIntyre, for providing several songs
- Lady Ismeralda Franceska Rusciollelli DaVale, for providing several songs
- Winnifred de Canterbury, for help proofreading and editing

Without all of you this book never would have been possible.

This book is not for sale under any circumstances, it can only be given away.

I have included credits and copyright information for each song, as far as known to me. If you have updated information please contact me at [carmiac@gmail.com](mailto:carmiac@gmail.com)

Layout created using the Songs package for L<sup>A</sup>T<sub>E</sub>X

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# 1 *All For Me Grog* *Irish Traditional*

Alternate choruses between verses

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog

It's all for my beer and tobacco

For I spent all me tin with the lasses drinkin' gin

Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

1. I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed

Since first I came ashore with me plunder

I've seen centipedes and snakes and me head is  
full of aches

And I have to take a path for way out yonder

2. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots

They're all sold for beer and tobacco

See the soles they were thin and the uppers were  
lettin' in

And the heels were lookin' out for better weather

3. Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt

It's all sold for beer and tobacco

You see the sleeves were all worn out and the  
collar been torn about

And the tail was lookin' out for better weather

4. Where is me bed, me noggin', noggin' bed

It's all sold for beer and tobacco

You see I sold it to the girls until the springs  
were all in twirls

And the sheets they're lookin' out for better  
weather

# 2 *All of the Filkers are Singing* *Traditional* *Tune: Greensleeves-ish*

1. The folks have all gathered under the bright

moonlight

To sing strange tales of dragons in flight

The laurels overheard us, they've retired for the  
night

They can't take the sound of our singing

So belt out whatever note suits you

Join in everyone, in your own key

It's fare thee well, to all vestige of harmony

When all of the filkers are singing

2. When sing-a-longs start in this gathering of

friends

The authentic mavens scream, "Dear God when  
will it end"

The drunks and the tone deaf add spice to the  
blend

Of what we have the gall to call singing

3. Our bloodshot eyes clash with the pink morning  
sun  
It's a hell of a night once the singin's begun  
Yet for some strange reason we claim that it's  
fun  
When everyone is gathered for singing

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3

*Alta's Song*  
Mark Olson & The Creekdippers

1. I am a babe, an only babe,  
Fire and water and all,  
Who in my mother's womb was made,  
Great Alta take my soul.

2. But from that mother I was torn,  
Fire and water and all,  
And to a hillside I was borne,  
Great Alta take my soul.

3. And on that hillside I was laid,  
Fire and water and all,  
And taken up all by a maid,  
Great Alta save my soul.

4. And one and two and three we rode?  
Fire and water and all,  
Till others took the heavy load,  
Great Alta take my soul.

5. Let all good women hark to me,  
Fire and water and all,  
For fostering shall set thee free,  
Great Alta save my soul.

4

*Always Look On The Bright  
Side Of Life*  
Monty~Python

1. Cheer up, Brian. You know what they say.  
Some things in life are bad  
They can really make you mad  
Other things just make you swear and curse  
When you're chewing on 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 bright 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're feeling in the dumps,  
Don't be silly chumps  
Just purse your lips and whistle—that's the thing.

## 5 *Anna at the Turning*

And...always look on the bright side of life...

(whistle)

Always look on the right 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 audiences a grin

Enjoy it—it's your last chance anyhow.

So always look on the bright side of death

Just before you draw your terminal breath

4. Life's a piece of 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...

Always look on the right side of life

1. Gray in the moonlight, and green in the sun,

Dark in the evening, bright in the dawn,

Ever the meadow goes endlessly on,

And Anna at each turning.

2. Sweet in the springtide, sour in fall,

Winter casts snow, a white velvet caul.

Passage in summer is swiftest of all

And Anna at each turning.

3. Look to the meadows and look to the hills,

Look to the rocks where the swift river spills,

Look to the farmland the farmer still tills

For Anna is returning.

1. In the Tower of London, large as life,  
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they declare.  
For Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,  
Until he had the axe man bob her hair.  
Oh, yes, he did it long, long years ago,  
And she comes back at night to tell him so.  
  
With her head tucked underneath her arm,  
She walks the bloody Tower,  
With her head tucked underneath her arm,  
At the midnight hour.
2. She comes to haunt King Henry, she means  
giving him what-for  
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off, for spilling  
of her gore.  
And just in case the axe man wants to give her  
encore,  
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.
3. Now sometimes old King Henry gives a spread,  
For all his pals and gals, a ghastly crew,  
The axe man carves the joint and cuts the bread,  
When in comes Anne Boleyn to spoil the mood.  
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,  
And Henry cries, "don't drop it in the soup!"
4. She walks the endless corridors, for miles and  
miles she goes,  
She often catches cold, poor dear, it's drafty  
when it blows,  
And it's awfully, awfully awkward for the queen  
to blow her nose,  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.
5. The sentries think that it's a football that she  
carries in,  
And when they've had a few they shout, "Is  
Army going to win?"  
They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor  
old Anne Boleyn  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.
6. One night she caught King Henry, he was in the  
canteen bar,  
He said, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Boleyn,  
or Catherine Parr?  
Now how the heck am I supposed to know just  
who you are?  
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"

1. And who are you, me pretty fair maid  
 And who are you, me honey?  
 And who are you, me pretty fair maid  
 And who are you, me honey?  
 She answered me quite modestly, "I am me  
 mother's darling."

With me too-ry-ay  
 Fol-de-diddle-day  
 Di-re fol-de-diddle  
 Dai-rie oh.

2. And will you come to me mother's house,  
 When the sun is shining clearly?  
 And will you come to me mother's house,  
 When the sun is shining clearly?  
 I'll open the door and I'll let you in  
 And divil 'o one would hear us.

3. So I went to her house in the middle of the night,  
 When the moon was shining clearly.  
 So I went to her house in the middle of the night,  
 When the moon was shining clearly.  
 She opened the door and she let me in  
 And divil the one did hear us.

4. She took me horse by the bridle and the bit,  
 And she led him to the stable.  
 She took me horse by the bridle and the bit,  
 And she led him to the stable.  
 Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's  
 horse,  
 To eat it if he's able."

5. Then she took me by the lily-white hand,  
 And she led me to the table.  
 Then she took me by the lily-white hand,  
 And she led me to the table.  
 Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,  
 To drink it if you're able."

6. Then I got up and made the bed,  
 And I made it nice and aisy,  
 Then I got up and made the bed,  
 And I made it nice and aisy,  
 Then I got up and laid her down  
 Saying "Lassie, are you able?"

7. And there we lay till the break of day,  
 And divil a one did hear us.  
 And there we lay till the break of day,  
 And divil a one did hear us.  
 Then I arose and put on me clothes  
 Saying "Lassie, I must leave you."

8. And when will you return again?

And when will we get married?

And when will you return again?

And when will we get married?

When broken shells make Christmas bells

We might well get married.

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8

*The Ash Grove*  
*Traditional*

1. Down yonder green valley where streamlets

meander,

When twilight is fading I pensively rove,

Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander

Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

2. 'Tis there where the blackbird is cheerfully

singing

Each warbler enchants with his note from the

tree

Ah, then little think I of sorrow or sadness

The ash grove enchanting, spells beauty for me.

3. The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis

speaking

The harp through it playing has language for me

Whenever the light through its branches is

breaking

A host of kind faces is gazing on me;

4. The friends of my childhood again are before me

Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam;

With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,

The ash grove, the ash grove, alone is my home.

5. My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,

Old countryside measures fall soft on my ear.

Whenever I think on the past and its brightness,

The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.

6. From out of the shadows their loving looks greet

me.

And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,

I find other faces, fond, bending to greet me.

The ash grove, the ash grove, alone is my home.

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## 9

*Atenveldt Girls*  
*The ~Three~ Breastketers*

1. Well Outlands girls are hip  
 I really dig their wind-blown hair  
 And the Lochac girls with the way they talk  
 They knock me out when I'm down under  
 The Calonir Trim makes the farm girls look so  
 nice  
 And Caidians with the way they kiss  
 Keep their significant others warm at night

I wish they all could be Atenveldt. . .  
 I wish they all could be Atenveldt. . .  
 I wish they all could be Atenveldt girls

2. Atenveldt has the sunshine  
 And the girls all play so grand  
 I dig their cotehardies and feathered hats  
 When they visit Granite Mountain

3. I been all around the Known World  
 And I seen all kinds of girls  
 But I couldn't wait to get back home  
 Back to the cutest lasses in the land

I wish they all could be Atenveldt. . .  
 I wish they all could be Atenveldt. . .  
 I wish they all could be Atenveldt girls

## 10

*Auld Lang Syne*  
*Robert ~Burns*

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of auld lang syne?  
 And days of auld lang syne, my dear,  
 And days of auld lang syne.  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of auld lang syne?

2. We twa hae run about the braes  
 And pu'd the gowans fine.  
 We've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
 Sin' auld lang syne,  
 We've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa hae sported i' the burn,  
 From morning sun till dine,  
 But seas between us braid hae roared  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 But seas between us braid hae roared  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

4. And ther's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

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11

*Avondale*  
*Dominic Behan*

Oh have you been to Avondale  
And wandered in the lovely vale  
Where tall trees whisper all the tale  
Of Avondale's proud eagle

1. Where fame and ancient glory fate  
Such was the land where he was laid  
Like Christ was thirty pieces paid  
For Avondale's proud eagle

2. Long years that green and lovely vale  
Has nursed Parnell, our grandest Gael  
And cursed the land that has betrayed  
Fair Avondale's proud eagle

12 *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*  
*Traditional*

1. There was a youth and a well beloved youth  
And he was a squire's son;  
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.

2. Yet she was coy and would not believe.  
That he did love her so,  
No, nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him show.

3. But when his friends did understand,  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London town,  
An apprentice for to bind.

4. And when he had been seven long years,  
And never his love could see;  
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake  
When she little thought of me.

5. Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play;  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,  
She secretly stole away.

6. She pulled off her gown of green,  
And put on some ragged attire;  
And to fair London she would go,  
Her true love to inquire.

7. And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down upon a green bank  
And her true love came riding by.

8. She started up with a color so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle rein;  
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,  
"Will ease me of much pain."

9. "Before I give you one penny fair maid,  
Pray tell me where you were born."  
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,  
"Where I have had many a scorn.

10. If that be so, I prithee, fair maid,  
Oh, tell me whether you know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"  
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

11. "If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also;  
For I will into some far country  
Where no man shall me know.

12. "Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side;  
She is here alive, she is  
And ready to be thy bride."

13. Oh, farewell grief and welcome joy  
Ten thousand times therefore;  
For now I have found my own true love,  
Whom I tho't I never should see more."

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13

*Ballad of Langbrow*  
*Traditional*

1. When Langbrow first was made the king,  
Proclaimed by all his men,  
He took to him a goodly wife  
Whose name was Whitsom Jen.

2. He took to him a goodly wife,  
Her name it was sweet Jen  
And light her hair, and long her limb,  
And Langbrow was her man,  
And Langbrow was her man.

3. When Langbrow first was made the king,  
Proclaimed by all his peers,  
He opened up the prison gates  
That had been closed for years.

4. He opened up the prison gates

With just one little key

And all the men condemned within

Straightways were all set free

Straightways were all set free.

5. When Langbrow first was made the king,

He killed the callous crew

That tortured many a fine woman

And slaughtered not a few.

6. That tortured many a fine woman

And brought them many a shame

Till Langbrow came to rescue them

Returning their good name,

Returning their good name.

7. When Langbrow first was made the king,

The country did rejoice

And sang the praises of the king

With cup and wine and voice.

We sang the praises of the king

8. And of his Whitsom Jen

And of the men who followed him,

And also the women,

And also the women!

1. Oh my lady is fair as the morning

oh my lady is sweet as the dew

But my lady dwells in far Atlantia

So I'll sleep at Estrella with you

2. Oh her smile is as bright as the sunrise

And her voice like a nightingale's song

I would fly to her side in an instant

If the journey were not quite so long

3. Oh my lady is gentle and lovely

Thoughts of her warm my heart, it is true

But my lady's not here at Outlandish

So I'll dance by the fire for you

4. Oh her laughter is like sweetest music

And her green eyes like emeralds shine bright

I am certain that she will be grateful

That you kept me from freezing last night

5. Oh my lady is surely an angel

Tw'as pure torture to bid her adieu

But she could not fly her to this mountain

So I'll go to the hot springs with you

6. Oh I carry her favor in battle  
For her honor I gladly would die  
But if she can't make it to Pennsic  
I'm not gonna sit down and cry

7. Oh my lady is fair as the morning  
With a voice like a nightingale's song  
I would fly to her side in an instant  
If the journey were not quite so long

## 15 *Ballad of the Selden Babe*

1. Do not go down,  
Ye maidens all who wear the golden gown  
Do not go to the clearing,  
At the edge of Selden town.  
For wicked are the men who wait  
To bring young maidens down.

2. A maiden went to Seldentown,  
A maid no more was she,  
Her hair hung loose about her neck,  
Her gown about her knee,  
A babe was slung upon her back,  
A bonny babe was he.

3. A man came up behind her  
And he pushed that fair maid down.  
"And will ye have you way wi' me,  
Or will ye cut me dead,  
Or do ye hope to take from me  
My long-lost maidenhead?"

4. Why have ye brought me far from town  
Upon this grass green bed?"  
He never spoke a single word,  
Nor gave to her his name,  
Nor whence and where his parentage,  
Nor from which town he came,

5. He only thought to bring her low  
An heap her high with shame.  
But as he set about his plan,  
And went about his work,  
The babe upon the maiden's back  
Had touched her hidden dirk,  
And from its sheath had taken it

6. All in the clearing 'mirk.  
And one and two, the tiny hands  
Did fell the evil man,  
Who all upon his mother had  
Commenced the wicked plan.

7. God grant us all such bonny babes  
And a good and long life span,  
And a good and long life span.

## 16

### *Ballad of the Twelve Sisters* *Traditional*

1. There were twelve sisters by a lake,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
A handsome sailor one did take,  
And that day a child was born.

2. A handsome sailor one did wed,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
The other sisters wished her dead  
On the day the child was born.

3. "Oh, sister, give me your right hand,"  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
Eleven to the one demand  
On the day the child was born.

4. They laid her down upon the hill,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
And took her babe against her will  
On the day the child was born.

5. They left her on the cold hillside,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
Convinced that her new babe had died  
On the day the child was born.

6. She wept red tears, and she wept gray,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
Till she had wept her life away,  
On the day her child was born.

7. The sailor's heart it broke in two,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
The sisters all their act did rue  
From the day the child was born.

8. And from their graves grew rose and briar,  
Rosemary, bayberry, thistle and thorn,  
Twined till they could grow no higher,  
From the day the child was born.

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**17** *Ballad of White Jenna*  
Traditional

1. Out of the morning, in-to the night,  
Thirty and three rode off to put the dread  
Foe to flight led by the hand of Jenna  
Thirty and three rode side by side,  
And by the moonlight fortified.
2. "Fight on, my sisters," Jenna cried.  
"Fight for the Great White Alts."  
The blood flowed swift, like good red wine,  
As sisters took the battle line.  
"This kingdom I will claim for mine  
And for the heart of Alta!"
3. Thirty and three rode out that day  
To hold the dreaded foe at bay,  
But never more they passed this  
Led by the hand of Jenna.
4. Yet still, some say, in the darkest night  
The sisters can be heard to fight  
And you will see a flash of white,  
The long white braid of Jenna.

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**18** *The Ballad of William Bloat*  
Traditional

1. In a mean abode on the Skankill Road  
Lived a man named William Bloat;  
He had a wife, the curse of his life,  
Who continually got his goat.
2. So one day at dawn, with her nightdress on  
He cut her bloody throat.  
With a razor gash he settled her hash  
Oh never was crime so quick
3. But the drip drip drip on the pillowslip'  
Of her lifeblood made him sick.  
And the pool of gore on the bedroom floor  
Grew clotted and cold and thick.
4. Now he was glad he had done what he had  
When she lay there stiff and still  
But a sudden awe of the angry law  
Struck his heart with an icy chill.
5. So to finish the fun so well begun  
He decided himself to kill.  
He took the sheet from his wife's coul' feet  
And twisted it into a rope
6. And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf,  
'Twas an easy end, let's hope.  
In the face of death with his latest breath  
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

7. But the strangest turn to the whole concern

Is only just beginning.

He went to Hell but his wife got well

And she's still alive and sinning

For the razor blade was English made

But the sheet was Belfast linen.

## 19 *Ballynure Ballad*

1. As I was goin' to Ballynure,

The day I will remember,

For to view the lads and lasses on

The fifth day of November,

With a ma-ring-doo-a-day,

With a ma-ring-a-doo-a-daddy oh!

2. As I was goin' along the road

When homeward I was walking.

I hear a wee lad behind a ditch-a

To his wee lass was talking,

3. Said the wee lad to the wee lass,

"Oh will ye let me kiss ye,

For it's I have got the cordial eye

That far exceeds the whiskey."

4. This cordial that ye talk about

There's very few o' them gets it,

For there's nothin' now but crooked combs

And muslin gowns can catch it.

20

## *The Bandits Song*

*Modern Traditional*

*Tune: Red River Valley*

1. From this valley they say you are leaving

We will miss your bright swords and strong arms

For they say you are taking as plunder

All the food we have stored in our barns

2. Oh leave us some things for the winter

Take not all we implore with a sob

Or when you return in the springtime

You will not find a peasant to rob

3. You have gotten our dear daughters pregnant

You have cut up our cows for your stew

Oh we hired you for our protection

But we needed protection from you

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**21***The Banks of the Bann*  
*Traditional*

1. When first unto this country a stranger I came  
I placed my affections on a maid that was young  
She being fair and tender, her waist small an'  
slender  
Kind nature had formed her for my overthrow

2. On the banks of the Bann is where I first beheld  
her  
She appeared like Regina, the fair Grecian Queen  
Her eyes shone like diamonds, or stars softly  
shining  
Her lips were like roses, or blood drops on snow

3. It was her cruel parents, who first caused her  
variance  
Because she was rich and above my degree  
But I do endeavor to gain my loves favor  
Although she is born of a high family

4. My name it is Delahney, it's a name that won't  
shame me  
If I ha' had money, I'd ha' never had roamed  
But the drinking and sporting, an rambling and  
courting  
Are the cause of all my ruin and me absence  
from home

5. But now that I have gained her, I am happy  
forever  
With rings on her finger, and gold in her hair  
And now by the banks of the lovely Bann waters  
In peace and contentment I'll live with my dear

Public Domain**22***The Banks of the Lee*  
*Traditional*

1. When two lovers meet down beside the green  
bower  
When two lovers meet down beneath the green  
tree  
When Mary, fond Mary, declared to her lover  
"You have stolen my poor heart from the Banks  
of the Lee"

I loved her very dearly, so true and sincerely  
There was no one in this wide world I loved better  
than she  
Every bush, every bower, every sweet Irish flower  
Reminds me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee.

2. "Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands, my  
Mary  
Don't stay out late, love, on the moorlands from  
me"  
How little was our notion when we parted on the  
ocean  
That we were forever parted from the banks of  
the Lee

3. I will pluck her some roses, some blooming Irish  
roses  
I will pluck her some roses, the fairest that ever  
grew  
And I'll leave them on the grave of my own true  
love Mary  
In that cold and silent churchyard where she  
sleeps 'neath the dew

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23

## *Barbarian Compound*

*Konrad von Bohmen*  
*Tune: Lily the Pink*

Llwyd Emrys O'Arth (aka Joe God) has filled every  
office at St. Goliath

Oh we think, we think, we think  
That Llwyd's a fink, a fink, a fink  
A figure of respectability  
Rules the college through barbarian compound  
The results are plain to see!

1. Oh Lord Llwyd, our fearless leader  
A mighty Welshman to the hilt  
Rules the men folk, through barbarian compound  
The ladies with what's beneath his kilt

2. Oh Lord Hiroshi, a bit of a ninja  
Skulks around in his PJ's  
Took a sip of barbarian compound  
And became an invisible sheriff!

3. Oh Lord Konrad, our mighty marshal  
Carries a great huge ugly mace  
Drank his fill of barbarian compound  
See him smashing himself in his face.

4. Oh Rhiogan, a terrible Scotsman  
Fells both man and beast with fear  
Drank 2 bottles of barbarian compound  
And his footsteps sheep can't hear

5. Lady Anthea, our Roman matron  
Came to us from the East  
Chugged a keg of barbarian compound  
And made all the men forget the feast

6. Lord Jagonam, our Frankish warrior  
A holy man until the end  
Took a drink of barbarian compound  
And his staff a horse couldn't bend

7. Aldric MacGlynn, a Scottish fighter  
His claymore is four foot eight  
Took a swig of barbarian compound  
Watch his beard curl up to his pate

8. Amazing Ginzu, our Japanese novice  
Wants to wield himself a glaive  
Drank a bit of barbarian compound  
Now a flagpole he could wave.

9. Oh Zone Trooper, bunny fur chaser

He drinks only Mountain Dew  
Mixed in some barbarian compound  
All that's left of him is his shoe

10. Ravenous Cedric, the Saxon hobbit

Runs amok with his big axe  
Poured down his throat some barbarian  
compound  
Now his gut no feast can tax

11. Gungir Grippson, the Shlack-Ness Monster

All manner of beasts he loves  
Drank a pint of barbarian compound  
Now chases girls with black gloves

12. Oh Erick Saanvik, Norwegian hero

Cuts his foes down like a weed  
Swilled a case of barbarian compound  
Has nightmares that he's a Swede

13. Elen Redfox, was a timid Welsh Lady

Wife to the mighty Llwyd  
Took a taste of barbarian compound  
Now to her words he pays great heed.

1. In scarlet town where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin';  
Made ev'ry youth cry, Well-a-day!  
And her name was Barb'ra Ellen,

2. Twas in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin'.  
Sweet William on this deathbed lay  
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen

3. He sent a servant to the town,  
To the place where she was dwellin'.  
"My master's sick and he bids you come  
If your name be Barb'ra Ellen.

4. Then slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she went nigh him;  
And as she drew the curtain back:  
"Young man, I think you're dyin!"

5. "O, ken you not in yonder town,  
In the place where we were dwellin',  
You gave a health to the ladies all,  
But you slighted Barb'ra Ellen."

6. "O, yes I ken. I ken it well.  
In the place where we were dwellin',  
I gave a health to the ladies all,  
But my love to Barb'ra Ellen."

7. Then slowly went she down the stairs.  
He trembled like an aspen.  
"Be kind, good friends and neighbors all,  
Be kind to Barb'ra Ellen."

8. And as she cross'd the wooded fields,  
She heard his deathbell knellin',  
And ev'ry stroke, it spoke her name  
"Hard-hearted Barb'ra Ellen."

9. She look'd to the east, she looked to the west.  
She saw his corpse a comin'.  
"O bearers, bearers, lay him down,  
For I think I too am dying'."

10. "O, Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
And make it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for the love of me;  
I'll die for him of sorrow!"

11. "O, Father, Father, dig my grave,  
And dig it deep and narrow.  
Sweet William died for me today.  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

12. They buried her in the old churchyard.  
They buried him beside her,  
And from his heart grew a red, red rose,  
And from her heart a briar.

13. They climb'd right up the old church wall  
Till they couldn't climb no higher.  
They tied themselves in a true lover's' knot,  
The red rose around the briar.

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25

*The Bard of Armagh*  
*Traditional*

1. Oh! List to the lay of a poor Irish Harper  
And scorn not the strains of his old withered  
hand,  
But remember those fingers they could once  
move more sharper  
To raise the merry strains of his dear native land.

2. It was long before the shamrock, our green isle's  
loved emblem,  
Was crushed in it's beauty 'neath the Saxon  
Lion's Paw  
I was called by the colleens of the village and the  
valley  
Bold Phelim Brady the Bard Of Armagh.

3. How I long for to muse on the days of my  
boyhood,  
Though four score and three years has flitted  
since then,  
Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young joy  
should,  
That the merry-hearted boys make the best of  
old men.

4. At a pattern or a fair I could twist my shillelagh

Or trip through a jig with my brogues bound  
with straw,

Whilst all the pretty maidens around me  
assembled loved

Bold Phelim Brady the Bard of Armagh.

5. Although I have traveled this wide world over,

Yet Eire's my Home and a parent to me,  
Then, oh, Let the ground that my old bones  
shall cover

Be cut from the soil that is trod by the free.

6. And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms shall

embrace me,

O, lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go bragh,

By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, O  
place me, then

Forget Phelim Brady the Bard of Armagh.

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1. Now here's jolly good luck to the brown bowl

Good luck to the Barley Mow

Jolly good luck to the brown bowl

Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh, the brown bowl

Fetch in a little drop more

Last verse for brevity

2. Here's good luck to the company, good luck to  
the Barley Moe

Jolly good luck to the company, good luck to the  
Barley Moe

Here's good luck to the company, the daughter,  
the cooper,

the brewer, the daughter, the landlady, the  
landlord, the full ton

the half ton, the barrel, the half barrel, the  
gallon,

the half gallon, the quart pot, pint pot, half pint,  
gill pot,

half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin, and the brown  
bowl.

Here's good luck, good luck to the barley moe

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1. Down Deeside cam' inverey, whistlin' and playin',  
He's lichted at Brackley yetts at the day dawin';  
Says: "Baron o'Brackley, it's are ye within,  
There's sharp swords at your yetts'll gar your  
bluid spin."
2. Oot spak the brave baron ower the castle wa',  
"Are ye come to spulyie and plunder my ha' ?  
But gin ye be a gentleman, licht and come in;  
Gin ye drink o' my wine ye'll no'gar my bluid  
spin."
3. His lady rose up, to the window she went,  
She heard her kye lowin' o'er hill and o'er bent;  
"O, rise up, bold Brackley and turn back your  
kye,  
For the lads o'Drumwharren are drivin'them by."
4. "How can I rise, lady, or turn them again?  
For where I hae ae man I wat they hae ten."  
She's ca'd on her Maries to come ta her hand,  
Says: "Bring your rocks, lasses, we will them  
command.  
Gin I had a husband as I wat I hae nane,  
He'd no' lie in his bed and see his kye ta'en".
5. "Now haud your tongue, Peggy, and gie me my  
gun,  
Ye'll see me gang oot but I'll never come in.  
Arise, Peggy Gordon and gie me my gun,  
I will gang oot though I never come in.
6. Then kiss me, my Peggy, I'll nae langer stay,  
For I will gang oot and meet Inverey."  
When Brackley was ready and stood in the close,  
A bonnier gallant ne'er mounted a horse.
7. "What'll come o' your lady and bonny young son?  
O, what'll come o' them when Brackley is gone"  
"Strike, dogs!" cries Inverey, "fecht till you're  
slain,  
For we are four hunder and ye are four men.
8. Strike, you proud boaster, your honour is gone  
Your lands we will plunder, your castle we'll  
burn."  
At the head o' the Etnach the battle began,  
At little Aucholzie they killed the first man.
9. At first they killed ae man and syne they killed  
twa,  
Then the Baron o'Brackley, the flooer o' them a'.  
They killed William Gordon and James o' the  
Knock,  
And brave Alexander, the flooer o' Glenmuick.

10. Whit sighin' and moanin' was heard in the glen,

For the Baron o' Brackley wha basely was slain.

Cam' ye by Brackley yetts, cam' ye by there?

And saw ye his Peggy, a-tearin' her hair?

11. O, I was by Brackley yetts, I cam' by there

And I saw Peggy Gordon a-braidin' her hair.

She was rantin' and dancing and singin' for joy,

She swore that ere nicht she would feast

Inverney;

12. She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him

in

Was kin to the man wha had slain her baron.

O, fye on ye lady, how could ye dae sae?

Ye opened the yetts tae the fause Inverney.

There's dule in the kitchen and mirth in the ha'

That the Baron o' Brackley is deid and awa'.

Public Domain

1. Oh, the year was 1778,

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

A letter of mark came from the King

To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

God damn them all!

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

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears.

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax Peer,

The last of Barrett's Privateers.

2. Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

For twenty brave soul all fisherman who

Would make for him the "Antelope's" crew

3. The "Antelopes" sloop was a sickening sight

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

She had a 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 set to sea

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

It was ninety one days to Montigo Bay

Pumping like madmen all the way

5. On the ninety sixth day we sailed again

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

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

6. Oh, the Yankee lay low down with gold

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

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

7. Then at length we stood two cables away

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

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

8. Oh, the Antelope shook and pitched on her side

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

Oh Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs  
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs.

9. So here I sit in my twenty-third year

("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")

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

1. As I was walking down a London Street,

A pretty little oyster girl, I chanced for to meet.  
I lifted up her basket and boldly I did peek,  
Just to see if she's got any oysters.

2. "Oysters, Oysters, Oysters", said she.

"These are the finest oysters that you will ever  
see.  
I'll sell them three-a-penny but I give 'em to you  
free,  
'Cause I see you're a lover of oysters."

3. "Landlord, Landlord, Landlord", says I.

"Have you got a little room that's empty and  
nearby.  
Where me and the pretty little oyster girl may lie,  
When we bargain for her basket of oysters."

4. We hadn't been upstairs for a quarter hour more,

When that pretty little oyster girl opened up the  
door,  
She picked my pockets and then down the stair  
she tore,  
She left with her basket of oysters.

5. "Landlord, Landlord, Landlord", I cried.

"Did you see that little oyster girl drinking by my  
side?

She's gone and picked my pocket", but the  
landlord just replied,

"You shouldn't be so fond of your oysters."

6. Now all you young men be advised by me,

If you meet a pretty oyster girl and you would  
merry be,

Sew the pockets of your trousers and throw away  
the key,

Or you'll never get a taste of her oysters.

Public Domain

1. Now the minstrels sing of an English king of  
many long years ago  
He ruled his land with an iron hand though his  
morals were weak and low  
His only other garment was a dirty yellor shirt  
With which he tried to hide his hide but he  
couldn't hide the dirt.

He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas  
But he had his women by twos and threes  
God bless the Bastard King of England.

2. Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane  
A lascivious wench was she  
She longed to play in her loving way with the  
king across the sea  
So she sent a royal message with a royal  
messenger  
To invite the King of England down to spend the  
night with her.

3. Well when Phillip of France he heard it by chance  
He declared before his court,  
"The Queen prefers my rival just because I'm  
somewhat short."  
So he sent the Count of Zippity-Zap  
To give to the Queen a dose of clap  
To pass it on to the Bastard King of England.

**31** *The Beggarman*  
*Traditional*

4. When the King of England heard the news

He cursed the Gallic farce

He up and swore by the royal whore he'd have  
the Frenchman's arse

He offered half the royal purse and a piece of  
Queen Hortense

To any British subject who'd undo the King of  
France.

5. So the Earl of Sussex jumped on his horse and

straightway rode to France

Where he made a pass and he stripped the sash  
from Phillip's pajama pants

And in front of a throng he slipped on a thong

Leaped on his horse and galloped along

Draggin' the Frenchman back to merry England.

6. When the King of England he saw the sight he

felt in a faint on the floor

For during the ride his rival's hide was stretched  
a yard or more

And all the maids of England came down to

London town

And shouted 'round the battlements, "To hell  
with the British crown."

So Phillip of France usurped the throne

His scepter was the royal bone

With which he bitched the Bastard King of

England.

1. Well, I am a little beggarman an' beggin' I have

been

Threescore years and more in this little Isle of

Green

I'm known from the Liffey way down to Killaloe

And the name that I'm known by is Old Johnny

Dhu

Of all the trades an' callin's, sure, beggin' is the

best

For when a man is weary, he can aye sit down an'

rest

He can beg for his dinner, he has nothin' else to do

Only toddle around the corner with his old rigadoo

2. Well, I slept in a barn way down by Killavone

On a dark and stormy night and sleepin' all alone

With holes in the roof and the rain a-comin'

through

And the rats and the mice they were playin'

peek-a-boo

3. O, then, who did waken but the woman of the  
house  
With her white spotty apron and her calico  
blouse  
She began to cry and when I said: Boo  
O, now, don't you be afraid o' me, it's only  
Johnny Dhu

Of all the trades an' callin's, sure, beggin' is the  
best  
For when a man is weary, he can aye sit down an'  
rest  
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothin' else to do  
Only toddle around the corner with his old rigadoo

4. Well, I met a little flaxen-haired girl the other day  
Good morning to you, flaxen-haired girl, I did say  
Good morning, Johnny Beggarman, there's how  
do ye do?  
With your rags and your bags and your old  
rigadoo

5. Well, I'll buy ye a pair o' trousers, a collar and a  
tie  
And a nice little lassie then I'll fetch her by an' by  
I'll buy a pair of goggles, and I'll paint them up  
so blue  
And that nice little lassie, I'll be her lover, too

Of all the trades an' callin's, sure, beggin' is the  
best  
For when a man is weary, he can aye sit down an'  
rest  
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothin' else to do  
Only toddle around the corner with his old rigadoo

6. Well, it's over the road, wi' me bag upon me  
back  
It's over the fields wi' me big haver-sack  
With holes in me shoes and me toes peepin'  
through  
Singing: Tithery-ump-a-daddy, sure, I'm old  
Johnny Dhu

7. So now my song is ended and I'll bid you's all  
good night  
The fires are all raked and it's out with the light  
And now you've heard the story of the old  
rigadoo  
It's good luck and God be wid you's and to old  
Johnny, too

1. On the east end of town, by the foot of the hill  
 There's a chimney so tall, says Belfast Mill  
 But there's no smoke at all comin' out of the  
 stack  
 For the mill has shut down, and it's never comin'  
 back  
  
 And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind  
 As she blows through the town, we then spin, we  
 then spin
2. There's no children playin' down the dark lonely  
 streets  
 For the mill has shut down, so quiet I can't sleep
3. The mill has shut down, 'twas the only life I know  
 Tell me where will I go, tell me where will I go
4. Well I'm to old to work, and I'm too young to die  
 Tell me where will I go, my family and I
5. At the east end of town, by the foot of the hill  
 There's a chimney so tall, says Belfast Mill  
 But there's no smoke at all comin' out of the  
 stack  
 For the mill has shut down, and it's never comin'  
 back

1. He stood on a battlefield in a tabard of green  
 White stag leaping high on his breast  
 Two gold cups on his shield  
 And a field of blue o'er the rest
2. He called to his comrades "We fight for the  
 King"  
 "For our Queen we lay down our lives,"  
 "For our ladies' honour we take up our swords"  
 "Outlands! Hark to our cry!"  
  
 Forward my warriors, Hark to the horn;  
 we go forth to fight and to die.  
 Be still sweet lady, 'tis not time to mourn;  
 for the white stag, he yet marches high!  
 Forward my spearmen, I stand with the shield.  
 Forward my swordsmen, I call.  
 To this angry horde, we never shall yield;  
 though to the last man, this day we may fall.
3. I looked o'er the battlefield searching long for  
 sword  
 And cups of my kinsmen and lord  
 Out numbered on the green, the White Stag and  
 his men  
 Marched to meet the great foeman horde

4. My lord and my kinsmen stand ready to fight

Waiting only the call of the King.

LAY ON! Was the call and Outlands the cry

And sword on armour did ring

5. I stand on a battlefield piled high with the dead

With a cup for the warriors who live.

Though blessed cool water I bear to these men

And to them sweet succor I give,

6. My heart bleeds within me, for my lord lies just

there

Run through for to save his king.

Long will I remember the battle this day

Long of its great heroes I'll sing.

1. There was a girl that went to Crown

And Bimbo was her name-o

B-I-M-B-O, B-I-M-B-O, B-I-M-B-O,

And Bimbo was her name-o!

2. There was a girl that went to Crown,

She had large tracts of land-o

(Gesture for big tits)-I-M-B-O etc.

And Bimbo was her name-o

3. There was a girl that went to Crown

Her talents they were many-o

(gesture for a nice body) (Gesture for big  
tits)-M-B-O

etc.

And Bimbo was her name-o

4. There was a girl that went to Crown

And she made very merry-o

(throw arms in air and yell "whee!")

(gesture for a nice body)

(Gesture for big tits)-B-O etc.

And Bimbo was her name-o

## 35 *Black Swan Rising*

5. There was a girl that went to Crown

And she was made the Queen-o

(put Crown on head)

(throw arms in air and yell "whee!")

(gesture for a nice body)

(Gesture for big tits)-O etc.

6. And Bimbo was her name-o

There was a girl that went to Crown

And she got very pissy-o

(point to various members of audience, and say:

"You're

banished, and you're banished, and....")

(put Crown on head)

(throw arms in air and yell "whee!")

(gesture for a nice body)

(Gesture for big tits)

And Bimbo was her name-o

1. We came as strangers to this land with nothing

but our wills;

Our hands were open, and deeds were put  
therein.

Stone surrendered to our skill, sweat made  
barrens yield our fill,

We wrought in ice and fire, a home to win!

Now the black swan rises and she spreads her wings

O'er the hearths of heroes and the halls of kings.

By the valley's richness, by the mountain's snow,

2. This is our Cynagua - we have made it so!

Blood and spirit bind us to the hills and to the  
soil

Our hands were open to do and not just try.

Faint hearts never won the spoil - boldness  
makes the cauldron boil.

We'll feast with fate and dare her to reply!

3. Welcome, stranger, to our home, the feasting  
board is laid.

Our hands are open to all who come as friends.

Share our pride in what we've made, but come  
not with the foeman's blade,

For what the swan has built, the swan defends.

1. In a neat little town they call Belfast,  
An apprentice boy I was bound,  
And many's the happy hour  
I have spent in that neat little town.
2. But bad misfortune o'er took me,  
And caused me to stray from the land,  
Far away from my friends and relations,  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.
3. Oh, one evening late as I rambled,  
Not meaning to go very far,  
When I met with a gay young deceiver.  
She was plyin' her trade in a bar.
4. Oh, her eyes they shone like the diamonds,  
And I thought her the pride of the land,  
And her hair hung over her shoulders,  
Tied up with a black velvet band.
5. Oh, one evening a flashman, a watchman  
She happened to meet on the sly.  
I could tell that her mind it was altered,  
By the roll of her roving dark eye.
6. Oh, that watch she took from his pocket.  
She slipped it right into my hand.  
Then she gave me in charge to the policeman.  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.
7. Now before the Lord Mayor I was taken.  
My guilt they proved quite plain,  
And he said if I was not mistaken,  
I should have to cross the salt main.
8. Now its sixteen long years have they gave me,  
To plough upon Van Dieman's land,  
Far away from my friends and relations,  
A curse on the black velvet band.
9. So come all ye jolly young fellows,  
I'll have ye take warning from me.  
Whenever you're out on the liquor,  
Beware of them pretty colleens.
10. They'll treat you to whiskey and porter,  
Till you are not able to stand;  
And the very next thing that you know, my lads,  
You'll end up in Van Dieman's land.

**37***Black Widows in the Privy*  
*Keridwen~on~Mynydd~Gwyadd*

1. Everyone knows someone we'd be better off  
without,  
But best not mention names for we don't know  
who's about  
But why commit a murder and risk the fires of  
hell,  
When black widows in the privy can do it just as  
well.
2. Now poison's good, and daggers, and arrows in  
the back,  
And if you are really desperate you can try a  
front attack,  
But are they really worthy of the risk of being  
caught  
When black widows in the privy need not be  
bribed or bought?
3. So if there's one, of whom you wish most simply  
to be rid,  
Just wait until dark then point the way to where  
the widow is hid,  
"I think you'll find that this one is the best."  
And black widows in the privy will gladly do the  
rest.  
spoken:

**38***The Blackbird Of Sweet  
Avondale*  
*Traditional*

1. By the sweet bay of Dublin, while carelessly  
strolling  
I sat myself down by a green myrtle shade  
Reclined on the beach, as the wild waves were  
rolling  
In sorrowful condoning, I saw a fair maid
2. Her robes changed to mourning, that once were  
so glorious  
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail  
Her heartstrings burst forth with wild ascent  
uproarious  
Saying, "Where, where is my Blackbird of sweet  
Avondale?"
3. "In the fair counties Meath, Wexford, Cork, and  
Tipperary,  
The rights of Old Ireland, my Blackbird did sing  
Ah, but woe to the hour, with heart light and  
airy  
Away from my arms, to Dublin took wing"
4. "The fowlers waylaid him in hopes to ensnare  
him  
While I here in sorrow, his absence bewail  
Oh, it grieves me to think that the walls of  
Kilmainham  
Surround my dear Blackbird of sweet Avondale"

## 39 *Blow the Man Down*

Alternate chorus lines after each verse line

5. "Oh, Ireland, my country, awake from your  
slumbers  
And give back my Blackbird, so dear unto me  
And let everyone know, by the strength of your  
numbers  
That we, as a nation, would wish to be free"

6. "The cold prison dungeons is no habitation  
For one, to his country, was loyal and true  
Then give him his freedom, without hesitation  
And remember he fought hard for freedom and  
you"

7. "Oh, Heaven, give ear to my consultation  
And strengthen the bold sons of Old Granuaile  
And God grant that my country will soon be a  
nation  
And bring back the Blackbird to sweet Avondale"

To me, way hey, blow the man down

Give me some time to blow the man down

1. Come all ye young fellows that follows the sea

Now please pay attention and listen to me

2. I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong

Kong

You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

3. When a trim Black Ball liner preparing for sea

You'll split your sides laughing such sights you  
would see

4. There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all

They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black  
Ball

5. When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock

The boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock

6. Now, when the big liner, she's clear of land

Our bosun he roars out the word of command

7. Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop

Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot

8. Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all

For see high above there flies the Black Ball

9. 'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will

sprawl

For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black

Ball

Traditional

**40**

*Bold Sir Robin*  
*Monty~Python*

1. Bravely bold Sir Robin

Brought forth from Camelot

He was not afraid to die

Brave, bold Sir Robin

He was not at all afraid

To be killed in nasty ways

Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Robin....

He was not in the least bit scared

To be mashed into a pulp

Or to have his eyes gouged out

And his elbows broken

To have his kneecaps split

And his body burned away

And his limbs all hacked and mangled

Brave Sir Robin.....

His head smashed in and his heart cut out

And his liver removed and his bowels unplugged

And his nostrils raped and his bottom burnt up

And his penis .....

**41**

*Bonnie Bonnie Banks of the*  
*Virgio*  
*Traditional*

1. Three sisters walked out one fine day,

All the lee and the lonely-o,

Met a robber on the way,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of the Virgio.

Repeat "All the lee..." and "On the bonnie..." in each verse

2. He took the first one by the hand,

All the lee and the lonely-o,

He whipped her 'round and he made her stand,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of the Virgio.

Similarly

3. Oh, will you be a robber's wife,

Or will you die by my pen-knife,

4. Oh, I'll not be a robber's wife,

And so I'll die by your pen-knife,

5. And so he took his wee pen-knife,

And there he took her own dear life,

Then, repeat for Third, until her answer, which is below.

6. Oh, I'll not be a robber's wife,

And I'll not die by your pen-knife.

7. For you have killed my sisters dear,

You would na' have done that if me brother was here,

8. Oh, tell me what does your brother do,  
Why, he's a robber just like you.

9. Oh, my God, what have I done,  
I've killed my sisters, all save one,

10. And so he took his wee pen-knife,  
And there he took his own dear life,

## 42 *The Bonnie Earl Of Moray*

1. Ye Hielands and ye lowlands,  
Oh, where hae ye been?  
They have slain the Earl of Moray,

2. And they laid him on the green  
They have slain the Earl of Moray,  
And they laid him on the green.

3. Now woe be to thee, Huntley!  
And wherefore did you say?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,

4. But forbade you him to slay.  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.

5. He was a braw gallant,  
And he rode at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Moray,

6. Oh, he might have been a king.  
And the bonny Earl of Moray,  
Oh, he might have been a king.

7. He was a graw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba';  
And the bonny Earl of Moray

8. Was the flower among them a'.  
And the bonny Earl of Moray  
Was the flower among them a'.

9. He was a braw gallant,  
And he play's at the glove;  
And the bonny Earl of Moray,

10. Oh, he was the Queen's love.  
And the bonny Earl of Moray,  
Oh, he was the Queen's love.

11. Oh! Long will his lady  
Look o'er the castle down  
Ere she see the Earl of Moray

12. Come sounding through the town.  
Ere she see the Earl of Moray  
Come sounding through the town.

## 43 *Bonnie Green Osireo*

1. She's leaned her back against an oak,  
All alone in the lailey O',  
She's pushed, and she's pushed till her backs  
near broke.  
Down in the bonny green Osireo.
  2. She's leaned her head against a thorn,  
All alone in the lailey O',  
The two bonniest babes that ever were born.  
Down in the bonny green Osireo.
- Similarly
3. She's gone back to her fathers castle hall,  
She was the smallest maid of them all.
  4. She looks over her father's castle wall,  
She sees two babes a' playin' at the ball.
  5. O, bonny babes if you were mine,  
I'd give you bread, and I'd give you wine.
  6. Mother Dear Mother, when we were thine,  
Around our necks you pulled the twine.
  7. Now we are in the heaven so High,  
And in hells fires you shall die.

## 44 *Bonnie James Campbell* *Traditional*

1. High upon highlands and low upon Tay  
Bonny James Campbell rode out on a day  
He saddled, he bridled, how gallant rode he  
Home came his good horse but never came he  
Home came his good horse but never came he
2. Out came his mother, weeping full sore  
Out came his new bride, a-tearing her hair  
"My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to build and my baby unborn,  
My barn is to build and my baby unborn."
3. Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,  
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee  
His hounds running by him, his hawk flying free  
Home came his good horse but never came he  
Home came his good horse but never came he
4. Empty the saddle, all bloody to see...  
Home came his good horse but never came he  
Home came his good horse but never came he

45

*Boozin' in the Glen*  
Tune: *Blowin' in the Wind*

1. How many foes must a warrior mow down before  
he proves he's a man?

How many newbies must a white belt fall before  
he's knocked to the sand?

How many strikes must a rhino shrug off before  
they admit that one lands?

To tell you the truth my friend

I really do not care, cuz

I'm busy boozin' in the glen.

2. How many times must a site be dry but still  
require a fee?

How many times must a bard protest that wasn't  
me in the "yonder lee"?

How many gallons must Beerslayer hose before  
he flows to the sea?

3. How many times must a man look up before he  
gets bombed in the eye?

How many years does one moron need before he  
understands bugger off and die?

How many folks will get puking drunk tonight  
while veterans just shake their heads and sigh?

46

*Bored on the List Field*  
Andrew~Scarhart, Othar~Morganson  
Tune: *Born on the List Field*

With apologies to Ivar Battleskald

1. Once came a warrior,

Fresh from the bar;

Reeling, before his king he came;

When he had risen, he was still drunk

And these words he slurred unto his king:

I was bored on the list field,

I got smashed at the war

And the booze has been flowing all night;

Though some say my wits will grow rusted and dull,

I will drink like a mad dog tonight.

2. The king's men were pissed off,

They all drew their swords,

Ready to beat up this rude knight,

But the king wouldn't let them, 'cause he was  
drunk too

And these words he said unto his men:

You were bored on the list field,

You got smashed at the war

And the booze will be flowing all night;

Though some say your wits will grow rusted and  
dull,

You must party like mad dogs tonight.

## 47 *Born on the List Field*

Originally written by the late Ivar Battleskald, he asked that it not be written down and instead passed through oral tradition. He lifted the ban before he passed. This is one version.

3. The king's men were rallied,  
They all drained their cups;  
Calling for more, they soon were drunk;  
When off in the distance they heard their ladies'  
call  
And they sang this song as they did flee:

We were bored on the list field,  
We got smashed at the war  
And the booze has been flowing all night;  
Though some say our wits will grow rusted and dull,  
We will drink all the Mad Dog tonight.

4. All through the night, then,  
The king's men did drink;  
By dawn, they looked distinctly green;  
Though their bodies were on the list field,  
Their heads were spinning round  
And they groaned this song as they did hurl:

We were bored on the list field,  
We got smashed at the war  
And the booze (it) kept flowing all night;  
Though it's true our wits have grown rusted and  
dull,  
We partied like good knights last night.

1. There once was a warrior

Fresh from the field

Kneeling before his king he came

When he had risen, he was a knight

and unto his king, this oath he gave.

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war

And this day you did make me your knight

though some day my sword may grow rusty and old

I must live by my oath until I die

2. Great grew the knight, and his fame he did win

And never before a foe would yield

great were the numbers, he ne'er called defeat

and he sang this song behind his shield.

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war

And one day my king made me a knight

Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old

I must live by my oath until I die.

3. Old grew the knight and retired to his farm

Said the king "You'll ne'er be called again."

This knight he knew honor and duty knew well

And unto his king this oath he gave.

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight  
Though some day my sword may grow rusty and old  
I must live by my oath until I die.

4. War tore the country and the king was in flight

His knights, they could not win the day  
Onto the field rode that old ag-ed knight  
and some swear they heard him say.

You were born on the list field, You were raised in  
the war

And one day they did make you all knights  
Though some day your sword may grow rusty and  
old  
You must live by my oaths until I die.

5. The king's men they rallied, and they slew all

their foes  
They began to count their hurt and dead.  
They found that ag-ed knight ringed round by  
slain foes

And unto his king this oath he gave.

slowly

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war  
And one day you did make me a knight  
Though seems my sword has grown rusty and old  
I have lived by my oath, now I die.

return to normal speed

6. Stands now the heir to that old aged knight  
and to all the legacy he bore  
with this sword of my own I know my duty well  
And I have my own oath I swore

I was born on the list field, I was raised in the war  
And it matters not if I'm a knight  
Though you see my sword's not yet rusty or old  
I must live by my oath 'till I die.

**48** *Boulavogue*  
*P.J. ~McCall*

1. At Boulavogue, as the sun was setting

O'er the bright May meadows of Shalmaleer  
A rebel hand set the heather blazing  
And brought the neighbors from far and near.

2. Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormac,

Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry.  
"Arm, Arm." He cried, "For I've come to lead  
you  
For Ireland's freedom we'll fight or die."

3. He leads us on 'gains the coming soldiers,

The cowardly yeomen we put to flight.  
'Twas at the Hara, the boys of Wexford showed  
Bogie's regiment old men could fight.

4. Look out for hirelings King George of England,

Search every Kingdom that breeds a slave

For Father Murphy, from County Wexford,

Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

5. At Vinegar Hill o'er the Pleasant Slane,

Our heroes bravely stood back to back.

And the Youls at Tulla took Father Murphy

And burned his body upon the rack.

6. God grant you glory Father Murphy

And open heaven to all your men,

For the cause that called you,

May call tomorrow in another fight for the green  
again.

Public Domain

1. 'Tis of a brave young highwayman, this story I

will tell

His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he

did dwell

It was on the Kilwood Mountain that he

commenced his wild career

And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook  
with fear.

It was Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor.

Bold, brave and undaunted, was young Brennan on  
the moor.

2. One day upon the highway as young Willie he

went down,

He met the mayor of Cashiell, a mile outside of  
town.

The mayor he knew his features, and he said,

"Young man", said he

Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come  
along with me.

3. Now Brennan's wife had gone to town,  
provisions for to buy;

And when she saw her Willie, she commenced to  
weep and cry.

He said, "Hand to me that tenpenny", as soon  
as Willie spoke,

She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath  
her cloak.

4. Now with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I  
will unfold

He made the mayor to tremble, and he robbed  
him of his gold.

One hundred pounds was offered for his  
apprehension there

So he, with horse and saddle to the mountains  
did repair.

5. Now Brennan being an outlaw, upon the  
mountains high.

With cavalry and infantry to take him they did  
try.

He laughed at them with scorn until at last 'twas  
said:

By a false-hearted woman, he was cruelly  
betrayed.

1. Oh Bridget O'Malley you left my heart shaken  
With a hopeless desolation I'd have you to know  
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face  
has taken

And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go

2. The white Moon above the pale sands, the pale  
stars above the thorn tree  
Are cold beside my darling but no purer than she  
I gaze upon the cold moon, till the stars drown  
in the warm sea

And the bright eyes of my darling are never on  
me

3. My Sunday is weary, my Sunday it is grey now  
My heart is a cold thing, my heart is a stone  
All joy is dead in me, my life has gone away now  
Another has taken my love for his own

4. The day it is approaching, when we were to be  
married  
And it's rather I would die than live only to grieve  
Oh meet me my darling ere the sunsets o'er the  
barley

And I'll meet you there on the road to Drumsleey

5. Oh Bridget O'Malley you left my heart shaken  
With a hopeless desolation I'd have you to know  
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face  
has taken  
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go

Public Domain

51

*The Broom of the  
Cowdenknows*

1. How blithe was I each morn to see  
My love come o'er the hill.  
I jumped the stream, and she flew to me,  
And met me with good will.

Oh, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom of the Cowdenknows.  
I wish I was in my own homeland,  
There with my own true love.

2. I worried not for ewes or lambs,  
While both our flocks near me lay.  
I gathered in our sheep at night,  
And she cheered me all the day.

3. She tuned her harp, and strummed so sweet,  
The birds stood listening by.  
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,  
Charmed by her melody.

4. While, thus, we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envied not the fairest lad,  
Though ne'er so rich and gay.

5. She did oblige me every hour,  
Could I but faithful be?  
She stole my heart, could I refuse,  
What e'er she asked of me?

6. Hard fate that I should banished be,  
Gang heavily with morn,  
Because I loved the dearest lass,  
That ever yet was born.

7. Adieu, ye Cowdenknows adieu,  
Farewell all pleasures there.  
Ye gods restore me to my love  
Is all I want or care.

1. Oh were I at the moss house where the birds do  
increase  
At the foot of the Mount Leinster or some silent  
place  
Near the streams of Bunclody where all pleasures  
do meet  
And all I would ask is one kiss from my sweet.

Oh the cuckoo is a pretty bird and it sings as it flies  
It brings us good tidings and it tells us no lies  
It sucks the young birds eggs to make its voice clear  
And it never cries Cuckoo 'till the summer is near.

2. Oh if I were a clerk and could write a good hand  
I would write my love a letter so she'd  
understand  
I am a young fellow who's wounded in love  
I live in Bunclody but now I must leave.

3. If I was a singing bird then I would fly  
To yon shady arbor where my true love does lie  
I'd sing her a sweet song and maybe she'd cry  
Then on her soft bosom contented I'd die.

4. My love always slights me as you understand  
Because she has riches and I have no land  
I'm going to America my fortune to try  
But when I think on Bunclody I am ready to die.

1. The battlefield is silent the shadows growing long  
Though I may view the sunset I'll not live to see  
the dawn  
The trees have ceased to rustle, the birds no  
longer sing  
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of a  
king

2. And now you stand before me your father's flesh  
and blood  
Begotten of my sinews on the woman that I  
loved  
So difficult the birthing, the mother died that day  
And now you stand before me to take my crown  
away

3. The hour is fast approaching when you come  
into your own  
When you take the ring and scepter and sit upon  
your throne  
Before that fatal hour when we each must meet  
our fate  
Pray gaze upon the royal crown and marvel at its  
weight

4. This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of a  
land

Supporting all we cherish, the dreams for which  
we stand

The weight you'll find is nothing if you hold it in  
your hand

The burden of the crown begins the day you put  
it on

5. See how the jewels sparkle as you gaze on it  
again

Each facet is a subject whose rights you must  
defend

Every point of light a burden you must shoulder  
with your own

And mighty is the burden of the man upon the  
throne

6. The day is nearly ended, my limbs are growing  
cold

I feel the angels waiting to receive my passing  
soul

Keep well for me my kingdom, when my memory  
is dead

And forgive me for the burden I place upon your  
head!

The Campbells are comin', Oho! Oho!

The Campbells are comin', Oho! Oho!

The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,

The Campbells are comin', Oho! Oho!

1. Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,

I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,

And saw three bonnie perches play

2. Great Argyle he goes before,

He makes his cannons and guns to roar,

Wi' sound o trumpet, pipe and drum

The Campbell's are comin' Oho, Oho!

3. The Campbell's they are a'in arms

Their loyal faith and truth to show,

Wi banners rattling in the wind

The Campbell's are comin Oho, Oho!

**55** Carrickfergus

1. I wish I was in Carrickfergus,  
Only for nights in Ballygran  
I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
Only for nights in Ballygran,  
But the sea is wide and I cannot cross over  
And neither have I the wings to fly  
I wish I could meet a handsome boatsman  
To ferry me over, my love to find
2. My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy times I spent so long ago,  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on now like melting snow.  
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.  
Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus,  
On that long road down to the sea.
3. But in Kilkenny, it is reported,  
On marble stones they're as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would support her,  
But I'll sing no more 'till I get a drink.  
For I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober,  
A handsome rover from town to town,  
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,  
Come all you young men and lay me down.

**56** *The Castle of Dromore*  
*Traditional*

1. October winds lament around the castle of  
Dromore  
Yet peace is in her lofty halls, my loving treasure  
store  
Though autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud  
of spring are you  
  
Sing hushabye loo, low loo, low lan  
Hushabye loo, low loo
2. Dread spirits all of black water, Clan Owen's wild  
banshee  
Bring no ill wind to him nor us, my helpless babe  
and me  
And Holy Mary pitying us to Heaven for grace  
doth sue
3. Take time to thrive, my ray of hope, in the  
garden of Dromore  
Take heed, young eaglet, till thy wings are  
feathered fit to soar  
A little rest and then the world is full of work to  
do  
A little rest and then the world is full of work to  
do

1. Well, come sit ye down, and I'll tell you a tale  
 It concerns what goes on 'tween lads and lasses  
 'Tis a good thing to learn for any canny lass  
 And when I am done you will thank me.

Red is yer nose as on yer face it grows  
 And red is me face as I sit here  
 And red is the hand does the spankin' in this land  
 But my arse is redder than any!

2. "Now come to the bed, me bonnie little wife,  
 And we'll have a bit of slap-and-tickle.  
 And willing I went and well was I served  
 But 'twas then that I made my great blunder.

3. "Oh, Johnnie, my love, your lovin' has no peer"  
 And truer words were never spoken  
 But Robbie's the name of my duly wedded lord  
 And John is the name of my lover.

Red is yer nose as on yer face it grows  
 And red is me face as I sit here  
 And red is the hand does the spankin' in this land  
 But my arse is redder than any!

4. Then up from the bed, me husband bolted up  
 And great was his rage as he shouted,  
 "Now how is it, wife that ye call another's name,  
 When I should be all that ye think of?"

5. My tale now is done, as I shift from cheek to  
 cheek  
 The lesson I learned is quite simple;  
 If ye canna hold your tongue when ye're lyin'  
 with a man,  
 'Tis best ye remain ever faithful!

Red is yer nose as on yer face it grows  
 And red is me face as I sit here  
 And red is the hand does the spankin' in this land  
 But my arse is redder than any!

## 13th Century French, in translation

1. In early May, when skies are gay  
And green the plains and mountains,  
At break of day I rose to play  
Beside a little fountain.
2. In garden close where shone the rose  
I heard a fiddle played, then  
A handsome knight that charmed my sight,  
Was dancing with a maiden.
3. Both fair of face, they turned with grace  
To tread their May-time measure.  
The flowering place, their close embrace:  
Their kisses brought them pleasure.
4. But shortly they had slipped away  
To stroll among the bowers.  
To ease their heart, each played his part  
In love's games on the flowers.
5. I crept ahead, all chill with dread,  
Lest someone there should see me.  
Bemused and sad because I had  
No joy in love to please me.
6. Then one of those I'd seen their rose  
And from afar off speaking,  
He questioned me, who I might be,  
And what I came there seeking.
7. I stepped their way to sadly say  
How long I'd loved a lady,  
Who all my days my heart obeys,  
Full faithfully and steady.
8. Though still I bore a grief so sore  
In losing one so lovely,  
That surely I would come to die  
Unless she deigned to love me.
9. With wisdom rare, with tactful air  
They counselled and relieved me.  
They said their prayer was God might spare  
Some joy in love that grieved me.
10. Where all my gain was loss and pain  
So I in turn extended  
My thanks sincere, with many a tear,  
And them to God commended.

1. Said the mighty horse to the little lamb:

"Do you hear what I hear?

Footsteps in the night, little lamb.

Do you hear what I hear?

A Celt! A Celt! Painted head to toe,

He has come to abuse us, I know!

Oh, why must you do this please go!"

2. Said the little lamb to the mighty horse;

"Do you see what I see?

Coming at us now, what a sight

Do you see what I see?

A Celt! A Celt! Painted head to toe,

He has come to abuse us, I know!

Oh, why must you do this, please go!"

3. Said the painted Celt to the mighty horse;

"Do you know why I'm here?

See if you can guess, stupid horse.

Do you know why I'm here?

It's time again, and you have a friend,

We will make this a night to recall,

I'll not stop until I've had you all!"

4. Said the little lamb to the painted Celt:

"Listen to what I say!

While you do the horse, mighty Celt.

Listen to what I say!

Please spare my ass, There's no need to harass,

Can't you be just satisfied with him?

Oh please don't cave my bottom in!

5. Said the painted Celt to the little lamb;

Listen to me well now!

I'll tell you what I'll do foolish lamb.

Listen to me well now!

One's not enough! It won't be so tough,

You might even enjoy what I do.

Why have one when I can have you too!

6. Said the mighty horse to the smelly Celt:

"Well, I hope you're done now!

With your act so foul, smelly Celt!

Well I hope you're done now!

Please spare the lamb, don't you give a damn?

You might hurt the poor little thing!

I thank God your friend you didn't bring "

7. Said the tired Celt to the horse and lamb:

Won't you quit your whining?

Take it like you should, silly beasts!

Won't you quit your whining?

We had a blast! And I got some ass,

It's much better than sex with my wife!

And you don't even threaten my life!

**60**

## *The Champion*

*Baldwin of Erebor*

1. The champion he is brave

and the champion he is bold.

He fights for the lady's honor

and never for the gold.

He asks not the lady for her hand,

for he could not be so bold.

That's not the way of the champion

or so I've been told.

2. The champion fights for the lady,

for that's his only way.

He asks not for the lady's love,

just that she will smile that way.

But deep inside his lonely heart

he prays on day by day,

that the lady loves him as he loves she

and bids the champion stay.

3. But the champion knows as he turns to grey

there'll be a younger man,

who will enter in the lady's life

and ask her for her hand.

She'll ask the champion, "My friend,

would you mind if I wed this man?"

he'll avert his eyes and say "your happiness

is all I can demand."

4. So the champion stands off to the side

he never says a word,

and though he loves the lady so

his heart is never heard.

So the champion resigns himself

to a love which can't be cured

as the lady takes herself a lord,

the champion's eyes are blurred.

## 61 *The Chandlers Wife*

1. I went into the chandlers shop, some candles for  
to buy  
I looked around the chandlers shop, but none did  
I spy  
I was disappointed, so some angry words I said;  
Then I heard the sound of a (knock, knock,  
knock)  
up above my head  
Oh, I heard the sound of a (knock, knock, knock)  
Up above my head

2. Well I was slick, and I was quick, and up the  
stairs I sped,  
And quite surprised was I to find the chandlers  
wife in bed  
And with her was a gentleman of quite enormous  
size  
and they were having a (knock, knock, knock)  
Right before my eyes  
Yes they were having a (knock, knock, knock)  
Right before my eyes

3. When the fun was over and done, and the lady  
raised her head  
Quite surprised was she to find me standing by  
her bed  
"If you will be discreet my lad, if you will be so  
kind  
You too can come up for some (knock, knock,  
knock)  
Whenever you feel inclined  
Yes, you too can come up for some (knock,  
knock, knock)  
Whenever you feel inclined"

4. So many a night and many a day, when the  
chandler wasn't home  
To get myself some candles, to the chandlers  
shop I'd roam  
But nary a one she gave me, she'd give to me  
instead  
Just a little bit more of that (knock, knock,  
knock)  
To light my way to bed  
Just a little bit more of that (knock, knock,  
knock)  
To light my way to bed

5. Now all you married men take heed, if ever you  
 go to town  
 If you must leave your wife at home, be sure to  
 tie her down  
 Or if you be so kind to her, just set her down  
 there on the floor  
 And give her so much of that (knock, knock,  
 knock)  
 She doesn't want any more  
 Just give her so much of that (knock, knock,  
 knock)  
 She doesn't want any more

**62** *The Chastity Belt*  
*Modern Traditional*

1. Pray gentile maiden, may I be your lover?  
 Condemn me no longer to wail and to weep  
 Cut like a heart, I lie wounded and fainting  
 Let down the drawbridge, I'll enter your Keep  
  
 Enter you nonny, nonny  
 Enter you nonny, nonny  
 Let down the drawbridge, I'll enter your Keep  
  
 2. Alas Sir I cannot, I am not a maiden  
 Married I am to a cunning old Celt  
 He's off to the wars for 12 month or longer  
 He has the Key to my Chastity Belt

He has my Key, Nonny, Nonny  
 Oh, Woe is Me, Nonny, Nonny  
 He has the Key to my Chastity Belt  
  
 3. Fear not Gentle Maiden, for I know a Blacksmith  
 Let us go then and knock on his door  
 (Knock, Knock)  
 Availing ourselves of his specialized knowledge  
 We'll see if he is able to unpick your lock  
  
 Unpick your lock Nonny, Nonny  
 Unpick your lock Nonny, Nonny  
 See if he's able to unpick your lock  
  
 4. Alas Sir, and Ma'am, to help I'm unable  
 My technical knowledge is of no avail  
 I cannot find the secret of its combination  
 The cunning old bastard has fitted a Yale  
  
 Fitted a Yale Nonny, Nonny  
 Fitted a Yale Nonny, Nonny  
 The cunning old bastard has fitted a Yale  
  
 5. Then up came the page with news of disaster  
 Your lordship is no longer with us, he cried  
 As we were passing the Straights of Gibraltar  
 Your lord... And your Key... They went... Over...  
 The side

Over the side Nonny, Nonny

Over the side Nonny, Nonny

I do not care about him, I WANT MY KEY

6. Alas cried the maid I am locked up forever

Then up stepped the Blacksmith and said he  
with glee

'Twas I forged your belt, I made the key also

And as a precaution, I have made copies three

One for your lord, and one for the High Priest

But only one works, and that is kept for me

Copies made three Nonny, Nonny

I have your Key Nonny, Nonny

Only one works, and that I kept for me....

1. Prepare you sweet flowers, for winter advances

And drink well the sunlight that touches your  
form

Draw strength from the Earth, and repay her  
with beauty

For the dark days are comin', oh, and they'll do  
y' harm

When the chill eastern winds replace summer  
breezes

And the long summer days are remembered no more

Then you'll know how it feels when a woman's love  
changes

When at last she has told you she loves you no more

2. I saw her today when she walked with her new

love

In all the fine places that we'd walked before

They kissed by the rocks where she told me she  
loved me

And soon she'll be using those same words once  
more

3. There's none that could blame me for wanting  
her beauty  
But it lies like a snowflake in the hands of a child  
When the warmth of my love tried to reach out  
and hold her  
It's then she was gone, to prove she's still wild

64

*Chivalrous Shark*  
Wallace Irwin

1. The most chivalrous fish of the ocean,  
To ladies forbearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark  
Is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

2. He dines upon seamen and skippers,  
And tourists his hunger assuage,  
And a fresh cabin boy  
Will inspire him with joy  
If he's past the maturity age.

3. A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,  
He'll gobble one any fine day,  
But the ladies, God bless 'em.  
He'll only address 'em  
Politely and go on his way.

4. I can readily cite you an instance  
Where a lovely young lady of Broom,  
Who was tender and sweet  
And delicious to eat,  
Fell into the bay with a scream.

5. She struggled and floundered in the water  
And signaled in vain for her bark,  
And she'd surely been drowned  
If she hadn't been found  
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

6. He bowed in a manner most polished.  
Thus soothing her impulses wild:  
"Don't be frightened," he said,  
I've been properly bred  
And I eat neither woman nor child."

7. Then he proffered his fin and she took it-  
Such a gallantry none can dispute-  
While the passengers cheered  
As the vessel they neared  
And a broadside was fired in salute.

8. And they soon stood alongside the vessel,  
When a life-saving dinghy was lowered  
With the pick of the crew,  
And her relatives too,  
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

9. So they took her aboard in a jiffy  
And the shark stood at attention the while,  
Then he raised on his flipper  
And ate up the skipper  
And went on his way with a smile.

10. And this shows that the prince of the ocean,  
To ladies forbearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark,  
Is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child

65

### *Circles*

*Gwen~Zak~Moore*

*Tune: Windmills by Alan Bell*

1. In the days gone by, when the world was much  
younger,  
men wondered at spring, born of winter's cold  
knife.  
Wondering at the games of the moon and the  
sunlight  
they saw there the lady and lord of all life.

And around, and around, and around turns the  
good earth,  
all things must change as the seasons go by.  
We are the children of the lord and the lady  
whose mysteries we know, yet will never know why,

2. In all lands the people were tied with the good  
earth  
plowing and sowing, as the seasons declared,  
waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest,  
knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

3. Through Flanders and Wales and the green lands  
of Ireland,  
in the kingdoms of England and Scotland and  
Spain;  
circles grew up all along the wild coastlines,  
and worked for the land with the sun and the  
rain.

4. Circles for healing and working the weather,  
Circles for knowing the moon and the sun,  
Circles for thanking the lord and the lady,  
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

5. And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,  
turning our eyes from the meadows and groves  
still live in the love of the lord and the lady:  
the greater the circle, the more the love grows.

1. Oh, I've been east and I've been west,  
And I've been to Kirkcaldy;  
But the bonniest lassie that ever I saw,  
She was following a collier laddie.
2. " Oh where live ye my bonnie lass?  
And tell me what they ca'ye?"  
" Bonnier Jeanie Gordon is my name,  
And I'm following my collier laddie."
3. " O, see ye not yon hills and dales  
The sun shines on saw brawlie;  
They a'are mine, and they'll be thine,  
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.
4. And ye shall bask in gay attire,  
Weel basket up sae brawlie;  
And ane to wait on ev'ry hand,  
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.:
5. " Tho ye had a the sun shines on,  
And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
I would turn my back on you and it a',  
And embrace my collier laddie.
6. O, I can win my five pennies a day,  
And spend at night fu'brawlie;  
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,  
And lie doon wi'my collier laddie."

7. O, love for love's the bargain for me,  
Tho the wee cot house should haud me;  
And the world before me to win my bread,  
And fair fa'my collier laddie."

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1. Come all ye fair and tender ladies,  
Take warnin' how you court young men.  
They're like a star on a summers morning.  
First they'll appear then they're gone.
2. They'll tell to you some loving story.  
And they'll declare their love is true.  
Straight way they'll go and court some other,  
And that's the love they have for you.
3. O, Don't you remember our days of courtin',  
When your head lay upon my breast?  
You could make me believe by the falling of your  
arm,  
That the sun rose in the west.
4. If I had known before I courted,  
That love had been so hard to win;  
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden,  
And fastened it up with a silver pin.

5. I wish I were a little sparrow,  
And I had wings, and I could fly;  
I'd fly away to my false true lover,  
And when he'd speak I would deny.

6. But I am not a little sparrow.  
I have no wings, nor can I fly.  
I will sit right down in grief and sorrow,  
And try to pass my troubles by.

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68

*Come by the Hills*  
Gordon~Smith

1. Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the  
lochs meet the sea  
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is  
gold in the sun  
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day  
is done

2. Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a  
song  
And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy  
all day long  
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind  
sings in tune  
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day  
is done

3. Come by the hills to the land where legend  
re-mains  
Where stories of old fill the heart and may yet  
come a-gain  
Where our past has been lost and the future has  
still to be won  
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day  
is done

4. Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the  
lochs meet the sea  
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is  
gold in the sun  
Ah, the cares of to-morrow can wait 'til this day  
is done

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**69** *Come Free, Damned Chastity Belt*  
*Odd~Celts~of St.~Goliath*  
*Tune: Swing Low Sweet Chariot*

Come free, damned chastity belt

Keepin' me from where I wanna go

Come free, damned chastity belt

Quick before her husband comes home

1. I gazed at her body, an' what did I see

Keepin me from where I wanna be

That cruel contraption lookin' back at me

Where did he hide that key!

2. I searched high and low for that damned key

Where in the hell could it be?

I've got a hard on stiff as a tree

I've got to get that damned thing free!!

3. I looked out the window and over the lea

Past the cliff out leagues three

Her husbands vessel comin' in from sea

Pretty soon I'll have to flee

**70** *Come Out Ye Black and Tans*  
*Dominic Behan*

1. I was born on a Dublin street where the Royal

drums do beat

And the loving English feet they tramped all over

us

And each and every night when me father'd

come home tight

He'd invite the neighbors outside with this

chorus.

Oh, 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 Killashandra.

2. Come let me hear you tell how you slammed the  
great Parnell

When you fought them well and truly persecuted

Where are the smears and jeers that you bravely

let us hear

When our heroes of sixteen were executed.

## 71 *Come Ye Women*

3. Come tell us how you slew those brave Arabs two  
by two

Like the Zulu's they had spears and bows and  
arrows

How you bravely slew each one with your sixteen  
pounder gun

And you frightened them poor natives to their  
marrow.

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 will sing God  
speed

With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.

1. O come ye women of the isles,  
And listen to my song,  
For if ye be but thirteen years ye not be women  
long.

And if ye be three score and ten,  
No longer women be,  
Or so say all the merry men

Who count so cruelly,  
Who count so cruelly.

2. But women we be from our birth  
And will be till we die,  
Our count is made so differently  
To give the men that lie.

O come, ye women of the Isles,  
And listen to my song,  
For we be women all through life,  
Where life and love are long,  
Where life and love are long.

1. Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
 And the shepherd his sweet scented lambs  
 But I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day with my  
 charming little  
 Cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!  
 Oh, my charming little Cruiskeen lawn'

Gram-ma-chree ma Cruiskeen,  
 Slain-te geal ma-vour-neen,  
 Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn, bawn bawn!  
 Ah, gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn!

2. Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine  
 Create me by adoption your son.  
 In hopes that you'll comply, That my glass shall  
 ne'er run dry  
 Nor my smilin' little  
 Cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!  
 Oh, my smiling little Cruiskeen lawn'

3. And when grim Death appears, in a few but  
 pleasant years,  
 To tell me that my glass has run,  
 I'll say, "Begone, you knave! For great Bacchus  
 gave me leave  
 To take another  
 Cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!  
 To take another Cruiskeen lawn'

Little jug, my heart's love,  
 Bright health to my own dove;  
 Little Jug, my own heart's love, love, love,  
 Oh! Little jug, my own heart's love!

Translated chorus

I'm for the Holy Land sailing  
 To win back Jerusalem's walls  
 I'm for the Holy Land sailing.  
 And I'll win a fortune or a martyr I'll fall.

1. As my ship sails out I watch the far coastline.  
 For leaving of kinsmen my heart is full pain.  
 And I've traded all for this cross on my shoulder  
 No land for a third son, so I'm away.

2. As I look around me at the men on the benches  
 Their eyes are like mine, so I know their heart's  
 pain.  
 I sing them a song of bravery in battle  
 And now their eyes shine like their keen polished  
 blades.

3. I followed King Richard to Sicily island.  
 Johanna's dowry 'gainst Tancred prevailed.  
 Now a fortune in silver and a new wife hath  
 Richard  
 And I've a swift horse and a fine coat of mail.

4. At landfall in Cypress they refused Berengaria.  
 Richard in anger has answered in steel.  
 Now the crown of Cypress he's added to  
 England's  
 And I've added Knighthood's gold spurs to my  
 heels.

5. I followed the banner to battle at Acre.  
 And held it aloft when its bearer was slain.  
 Now we've given Richard a tower of the city.  
 He's given me rank and a full Captain's pay.

6. At Arsouf on the coastline we met with the  
 Paynim.  
 We won the battle though many men fell.  
 One was a Baron with lands that need tending  
 Now they are mine and I'll tend them well.

7. Now I sit in court over Christian and Moslem  
 And I've a strong keep and soldiers ten score.  
 King Richard's army has sailed back to England  
 I bid them farewell, for I'll see them nay more.  
 Spoken: You see...

I'm in the Holy Land staying.  
 To guard my own castle walls.  
 I'm in the Holy Land staying.  
 Now I've won my fortune, so farewell to all!

**74***Crusader's Wife's Hymn**Mistress Alison~Mac~Kieran~Dhu  
Tune: On top of Old Smokey*

1. O, I am a lady, my husband's a lord.  
A true knightly warrior, and God! I am bored.
2. The knights are called gentle and by birth they  
are.  
But I prefer minstrels, they're sweeter by far.
3. He's fearless in melees, he's first at the chase.  
But when around ladies, falls flat on his face.
4. He curses most roundly, and colorfully too.  
But ask him for soft words, he hasn't a clue.
5. My lord is a true knight, fights rather than  
thinks.  
Excepting in battle, his swordsmanship stinks.
6. My lord is crusading, I shall at home stay.  
And I'll not be pining while he is away.
7. But my lord can trust me, I care not to roam.  
The lay of the minstrel will keep me at home!

**75***Cuckoos Nest**Modern Traditional*

1. There's a fun place in the garden where the lads  
and lassies meet  
For it wouldn't do to do the do they're doing in  
the street  
And the first time I did come there I was very  
much impressed  
By the young folk bust rufflin' up the cuckoos  
nest  
  
And it's hi the cuckoo ho the cuckoo hi the cuckoos  
nest  
Hi the cuckoo ho the cuckoo hi the cuckoos nest  
I'll give any man a shilling, and a bottle of the best  
And ya ruffle up the feathers of the cuckoos nest
2. I met her in the morning, and I took her in the  
night  
I'd never had another, so I had to do it right  
I'd never gone a wingful and I never would have  
guessed  
If she hadn't told me where to find the cuckoos  
nest

3. And she told me where to find it and she told me  
where to go

Through the prickles and the brambles where the  
little people go

And the minute that I found it she would never  
let me rest

'Till I ruffled up the feathers of the cuckoos nest

4. It was blarney it was prickled it was feathered all  
around

It was tucked into a corner and it wasn't easy  
found

She said "God man you're bugging" I said it  
wasn't true

And I left her with the makings of a young  
cuckoo

1. Trees they grow high, and leaves they do grow  
green

Many is the time my true love I've seen

Many an hour I've watched him run along

He's young but he's daily growin'

2. Father, dear father, you've done me great wrong

You've married me to a boy who is too young

'Though I'm twice twelve, he is but fourteen

He's young but he's daily growin'

3. Daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong

I've married you to a brave lords son

He'll be a man to you when I'm dead and gone

He's young but he's daily growin'

4. Father, dear father, if you'll see fit

We'll send my love to college for one year yet

I'll tie blue ribbons, all around his head

To let the ladies know, he's mine

5. As I was looking over my fathers castle wall

Saw the young boys, a playing at the ball

My own true love was the flower of them all

He's young but he's daily growin'

6. At the age of fourteen he was a married man  
Age of fifteen he held his son in his hands  
Age of sixteen, on his grave the grass was green  
Cruel Death had put an end to his growin'

7. I make my love a shroud of the Harlan so fine  
Every stitch I put in it the tears come a tricklin'  
down  
Once I had a true love, but now he is gone  
But I'll watch o'er his son while he's growin'

**77**

*The Dark Eyed Sailor*  
*Traditional*

1. 'Twas of a maid both young and fair,  
Whilst walking out for to take the air.  
She met a sailor all on her way,  
And I paid attention, and I paid attention,  
To hear what they might say.

2. He says, "Fair maid, why roam alone?  
For the day's far spent, and the night's coming  
on."  
While crystal tears from her eyes did flow:  
"It's my dark-eyed sailor, oh, my dark eyed sailor,  
That proved my overthrow."

3. "'Tis three long years since he left this land.  
A new gold ring he took off his hand.  
He broke this token, gave half to me,  
While the other half's lying, the other half's lying  
At the bottom of the sea."

4. "Oh," he says, "Fair maid, drive him off your  
mind,  
For as good a sailor as him you'll find!  
Love turns aside, and cold does grow  
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning,  
When the hills are cover'd with snow."

5. "His coal-black eyes and curly hair,  
His flatt'ring tongue did my heart ensnare.  
Genteel he was, no rake lie you,  
To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden  
To slight the jacket blue!"

6. "A tarry sailor I'll ne'er disdain,  
Always true till he comes again.  
So drink his health; here's a piece of coin.  
But my dark eyed sailor, but my dark eyed sailor  
Still claims this heart of mine."

7. When William did the ring unfold  
She seem'd distracted midst joy and woe.  
"You're welcome, William; I have lands and gold  
For my dark eyed sailor, for my dark eyed sailor,  
So manly, true and bold!"

8. Down in a cottage by a riverside,  
In peace and harmony they now reside.  
So, girls, prove true whilst your lover's away.  
Oft a cloudy morning, oft a cloudy morning  
Brings forth a pleasant day.

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78

## *De Limpin Jock*

*Adellind~le~Quintain*

*Tune: Limbo Rock by Chubby Checker*

1. First you take a crazy mon  
bits of metal he strap on  
in one hand a nasty sword  
in the other ironing board.  
He learn de moves, he learn de walk  
He den become the fightin' jock  
All around de eric walk  
as we watch de fightin' jock

2. He go to practice every day  
see other jocks all like to play  
Dey hit him on his crazy head  
a million times he fallin' dead  
Dey hit him many many time  
He tinks dis not so very fine  
De ladies all begin to talk  
and now dey all laugh at limp'in' jock

Hit him harder, man!

Oh, be a good tin can!

How low was that blow?

3. Den he limp onto de field  
he get knocked down, he have to yield  
Den he limp back to his tent  
his sword is broke, his helm is bent  
He limp so hard, he limp so quick  
but he get hit with nasty stick  
all around de eric walk  
as we watch de limp'in' jock

4. Den one day the sun come up  
and de stick jock get fed up  
He go down to de merchant row  
He trade his armor for a bow  
He tired of bruises on his pelt  
Don't win no crown, don't get no belt  
So now around the field he walks  
he laughin' hard and shootin' jocks

5. And now the moral of dis song  
you can only fight so long  
before your brains fall out your ears  
and dey turn you into peers  
If you don't fight, den you can play  
and meet new ladies every day  
and den around the eric walk  
as you be laughin' at de jocks.

1. It was a clear mornin' down near Bann  
 Where it meets and runs with the river Clyde  
 And they tell the tale of the holy one  
 Who was fishing down by the riverside  
 The holy man, from Fife he came  
 His name they say was Kentirgen  
 And by the spot where the fish was caught  
 The Dear Green Place was born  
 Though the salmon run through the river stream  
 And they salted them by the banks of Clyde  
 And their faces glow'd as the silver flow'd  
 And the place that rose by the riverside  
 There was cloth and dye and horse to buy  
 the traders came from all around  
 And they raised a glass to the Dear Green Place  
 The place that was a town

There is a town that once was green  
 And the river flow'd to the sea  
 The river flows forever on  
 But the Dear Green Place is gone

2. When the furnaces came to fire the iron  
 And folk were thrown from foreign land  
 And the Irishman and the Heilan' man  
 And the hungry man came with willin' hands  
 They wanted work, a place to live  
 Their empty bellies needed filled  
 And the farmyard was another world  
 From the doubly overcrow'd mill  
 Now you may have heard of the foreign trade  
 And fortunes made by tobacco lords  
 But the workin' man slaved his life away  
 And an early grave was his sole reward  
 A dreary room, a crowded slum  
 Disease and hunger everywhere  
 And the price to pay was another day  
 And fight the anger and despair

3. A thousand years have been here and gone  
 Since Kentiergan saw the banks of Clyde  
 But how many dreams and how many tears  
 In the thousand years of a city's life  
 A city hard a city proud  
 No mean city it has been  
 Perhaps tomorrow it yet may be  
 The Dear Green Place again...

1. Dear lord, I send 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 send this note to say, why I'm not at work  
today
2. Whilst working on the castle wall, some stones I  
had to clear  
to throw them down from such a height, was not  
a good idea.  
The overseer wasn't pleased, the bloody  
awkward sod  
and he said I'd have to cart them down the  
ladders in my hod.
3. Now clearing all these stones by hand, it was so  
very slow  
so I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below.  
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to  
see  
that a barrel full of building stones 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 an eagle 'til to my dismay I found  
that halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming  
down!
5. The barrel broke my shoulder, as toward the  
ground it sped  
and when I reached the top I banged the pulley  
with my head.  
I hung on tightly, numb from shock from this  
almighty blow  
and the barrel spilled out half the stones some  
thirty feet below.
6. Now when those stones 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, halfway down, I met the bloody barrel  
coming once again.

7. The force of this collision, halfway up the castle  
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 building stones the barrel  
scattered round.

8. I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd  
passed the worse

but the barrel hit the pulley-wheel and then the  
bottom burst.

A shower of stones 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 was free to fall and down it came  
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

that I hope you understand why I'm not at work  
today!

1. The trees were growing high  
And the wind was in the west  
When a hunter aimed his arrow  
Into the Cat's broad chest.  
And she died, she died.  
Against her lover's breast  
And we laid her in the earth  
So long and narrow.

2. It was early, so early  
In the graying of the morn,  
When we sang of the days  
Before the Cat was born.  
And how from her mother  
She was so shiftily torn,  
As we laid her in the earth  
So long and narrow.

3. Come all ye young fighting men  
And listen unto me.  
Do not place you affections  
Upon a girl so free.  
For she'll take the mortal wound  
Another meant for thee,  
And you'll lay her in the earth  
So long and narrow.

1. In 1803 we set out to sea,  
 Out from the sweat town of Derry.  
 We're Australia bound, if we didn't all drown,  
 The marks of our fetter's we carried  
 In our rusty iron chains, we cried for our way's,  
 Our good women we left in sorrow.  
 As the main sail unfurled our curses we hurled,  
 At the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

Woe-o-o-o I wish I was back home in Derry.

Woe-o-o-o I wish I was back home in Derry.

2. From out from the foil, we bid farewell to the  
 soil,  
 As down below decks we were lying.  
 Oh God! We'd scream, woken up from a dream,  
 With a vision of old Robert's dying.  
 Well the sun burnt as cruel as they sloped out  
 the gruel,  
 And O'Conner was down with the fever.  
 Sixty convicts that day, bound for Botany Bay,  
 How many would meet their receiver?

3. Well I cursed them to Hell, as our boat fought  
 the swell,  
 The ship danced like a moth in the firelight.  
 White horses rode by, as the Devil passed by,  
 Taking souls to Hades by twilight.  
 By weeks out to sea, we were now forty three,  
 We wept bitter like children.  
 Oh Jesus! We shrieked, as our God we  
 beseeched,  
 All we heard was the prayer of the pilgrim.

4. Well in that demons land, it's hell for a man,  
 To live out his whole life in slavery.  
 Where the climate is raw, and the gun makes the  
 law,  
 Neither wind nor rain care for bravery.  
 Twenty years have gone by, and I've served out  
 me bond,  
 Me comrades ghosts right behind me.  
 A rebel I came and a rebel remain,  
 On the cold winds of night you will find me.

1. There was an old farmer and he lived on a hill;  
If he ain't moved away, he's a livin' there still.

Sing hi diddle I diddle I fye,  
Diddle I diddle I day.

2. The devil he came to the farmer one day,  
Says, "One of your family I'm takin' away."

3. "O, please don't take my eldest son,  
There's work on the farm that's got to be done."

4. "Take my wife with the joy of my heart,  
And I hope by golly that you never part."

5. The Devil put the old woman into a sack,  
And down the road went clickety clack.

6. And when they got to the fork of the road,  
He says, "Old woman, you're a hell of a load."

7. And when they got to the gates of Hell,  
He said, "Stoke up the fire, boys, we'll roast her  
well."

8. Then up stepp'd a devil with ball and chain;  
She upped with her foot and kicked out his brain.

9. Then nine little devils went running up the wall,  
Crying, "Take her back, Daddy, she'll murder us  
all."

10. Well, the old man was peekin' through a crack,  
When he seen the old Devil come a bringing' her  
back.

11. "Here's your wife both sound and well,  
If she'd stayed any longer she'd a torn up Hell."

12. "I've been a devil most all of my life,  
But I never knew what Hell was 'till I met with  
your wife."

13. This proves that the women are better than the  
men,  
They can all go to Hell and come back again.

1. A dragon has come to our village today.

We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.

Now he's talked to our king and they worked out  
a deal.

No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

2. Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch.

Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.

Well, we've no other choice, so the deal we'll  
respect.

But we can't help but wonder and pause to  
reflect.

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?

Do you savor them slowly or gulp them down on  
the spot?

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

3. Now we'd like to be rid you, and many have

tried.

But no one can get through your thick scaly hide.

We hope that some day, some brave knight will  
come by.

'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to  
fly.

4. Now you have such good taste in your women

for sure,

They always are pretty, they always are pure.

Bid your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,

For your favorite entrée is barbecued wench.

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?

Do you savor them slowly or gulp them down on  
the spot?

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

5. Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,

If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.

No more will our number ever grow small,

Well simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

1. On a wagon bound for market  
There's a calf with a mournful eye  
High above him there's a swallow  
Winging swiftly through the sky

How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all  
their might

Laugh and laugh the whole day through and half  
the summer's night

Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona Dona Dona Dona, Don  
Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona Dona Dona Dona, Don

2. "Stop complaining" said the Farmer  
"Who told you a calf to be?"  
"Why don't you have wings to fly with,  
Like the swallow so proud and free?"

3. Calves are easily bound and slaughtered  
Never knowing the reason why  
But whoever treasures freedom  
Like the swallow must learn to fly.

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1. Donald's gone up the hill, hard and hungry  
Donald's come down the hill wild an' angry  
Donald will clear, the gauks nest cleverly  
Here's tae the King an' to Donald MacGillivray

Come like a weighbawk, Donald MacGillivray

Come like a weighbawk, Donald MacGillivray

Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly

Give them full measure my Donald MacGillivray

2. Donalds run over the hill, but his tether man  
As he were wud, on stang'd wi' either man  
When he comes back there's some will look  
merrily  
Here's tae King James and to Donald  
MacGillivray

Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillivray

Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillivray

Pack on your back, and illwand so cleverly

Give them full measure, my Donald MacGillivray

3. Donald has gotten wi' reif an' roguery  
Donald has dinnered wi' banes an' beggary  
Better it were for Whigs, an' Wiggery  
Meetin' the Devil, an' Donald MacGillivray

Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavray

Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavray

Push about, an' in and out, and thimble them  
cleverly

Here's tae' King James an' tae' Donald

MacGillavray

4. Donalds the callin' that brooks no tangledness

Whiggin, an priggin' an all newfangledness

They might be gone, he will not be baukit man

He might have justice, or faith he'll take it, man

Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavray

Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavray

Beat them, and bore them, and lingle them cleverly

Up wi' King James, an' with Donald MacGillavray

5. Donald was mumpit wi mirds, an' mockery

Donald was blinded wi' blads of property

Arles ran high but makin' were nothin, man

Lord how Donald is flightin' an' frettin', man

Come like the Devil, Donald MacGillavray

Come like the Devil, Donald MacGillavray

Skelp them an' skaud them, what proved so  
unbrotherly

Up wi' King James, an' with Donald MacGillavray

Let the winds blow high, let the winds blow low

Through the street in me kilt I go

All the lassies say hello

Donald where's yuir trowsers?

1. I just came down from the Isle of Skye

I'm no very big, and I'm awfully shy

The lassies say as I go by

Donald where's yuir trowsers?

2. A lassie took me to a ball

And it was slippery in the hall

And I feared that I might fall

Cause I had on me trowsers!

3. Now I went down to London town

To have some fun on the underground

The lassies turned their heads around

Said, Donald where's yuir trowsers?

4. Ah wearin' the kilt is mighty light

It is not wrong I know it's right

The islanders would get a fright

If they saw me in my trowsers

5. The lassies love me every one  
They have to catch me if they can  
They can't take the breeks off a Heilan' man  
Sayin' Donald where's yuir trowsers?

**88** *Don't Get on the Boat!*  
*Pendar~the~Bard*

1. There's a lesson in ballads that oft is ignored  
Though the warning is quite plain to me  
Young lovers will find that their future is doomed  
Whenever they take to the sea.

Don't get on the boat! Don't get on the boat!

No one's seen this more times than me.

As a bard I sing often of ill-fated loves

And many are claimed by the sea.

2. A young highland lad told his lass he must go  
To fight in the wars for his King.  
He got on a boat, and never returned  
Now the ghost of his lass waits and sings:

3. Captain Jack was a young man when he went to  
sea  
Left behind him a young fiancée  
He married a mermaid and his young lady love  
Was down on the docks heard to say:

4. A man sailed away from the banks of the Lea  
And his lass waited late at the moor.  
She died in the darkness, and the grieving young  
man  
Pulls her roses and cries evermore:

5. Roy Neal and his bride sought out a new home  
Took a boat from their sweet Dublin Bay.  
They'd been on the water for only three days  
When the storm came and swept them away.  
5 - "Dublin Bay" by Silly Wizard/Andy M. Stewart

**89** *Down at the Inn*  
*Francis~of~Saxony*

1. Hey, digga din, Hey, digga din, down at the inn,  
Down at the inn, Down at the inn,  
Hey, digga din, Hey, digga din, down at the inn,  
Down at the inn, Everyone's down at the inn,

2. My lady's a hosteler, hosteler, hosteler,  
Such a fine hosteler she.  
All day she mounts horses, mounts horses,  
mounts horses;  
At night she comes home and drinks tea.

3. My lord is a jester, a jester, a jester,  
And such a fine jester is he.  
All day he makes jokes, makes jokes, he makes  
jokes;  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

4. . a woodworker . screws bolts .

5. . an armorer . bangs iron .

6. . a herald . blows horns .

7. . a mason . lays bricks .

8. My Lady's a herbalist, herbalist, herbalist,

Such a fine herbalist she.

All day she drinks tea, she drinks tea, she drinks  
tea;

At night she does nothing but pee.

## 90 *Down by the Glenside*

1. 'Twas down by the glenside, I met an old woman

She was picking young nettles and she scarce  
saw me coming

I listened a while to the song she was humming

Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

2. 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon

beaming

On strong manly forms and their eyes with hope  
gleaming

I see them again, sure, in all my daydreaming

Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

3. When I was a young girl, their marching and  
drilling

Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and

thrilling

They loved poor old Ireland and to die they were  
willing

Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

4. Some died on the glenside, some died near a

stranger

And wise men have told us that their cause was  
a failure

They fought for old Ireland and they never feared  
danger

Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

5. I passed on my way, God be praised that I met

her

Be life long or short, sure I'll never forget her

We may have brave men, but we'll never have  
better

Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

**91***The Dragon's Retort**Claire~Stephens**Tune: Irish Washerwoman*

1. Now, I am a dragon, please listen to me  
 For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree;  
 This ecology needs me and I know me place,  
 But I'm fighting extinction with all of my race.

2. Oh, I came to this village to better my health  
 Which is shockingly poor despite all my wealth,  
 But I get no assistance and no sympathy,  
 Just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not,  
 But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught:  
 For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot;  
 Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not.

3. Well, I'm really quite kind almost all through the  
 year  
 Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear,  
 But a birthday needs sweets as I'm sure you'll  
 agree  
 And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me.

4. As it happens our interests are almost the same.  
 You see I'm really quite skilful at managing  
 game.  
 If I ate just your men, would your excess decline?  
 Of course not, the rest would just make better  
 time.

Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not,  
 But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught:  
 For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot;  
 Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not.

5. Now, the number of babies a woman can bear  
 Has limits and that's why my pruning's done  
 there.  
 Yet an orphan's a sad sight and so when I munch  
 I'm careful to eat only virgins for lunch

**92***Dream Warrior**Rathflaed~DuNoir*

1. He gets up every morning and he goes to work  
 each day,  
 He sees his friends and family, he works and then  
 he plays,  
 But they never get to see the one he keeps so  
 deep inside,  
 The one he really wants to be he feels that he  
 must hide.

2. He works in an assembly line in a downtown  
 factory,  
 He does his job the best he can, but it's not  
 where he wants to be,  
 Outside the gate, his charger waits! but only he  
 can see,  
 So it's back to the grind for another day, oh  
 when will he be free?

He's a dream warrior, he rides across the lands.  
He's a dream warrior, there's magic in his hands,  
And yet he fears the people near, he's afraid that  
they won't see  
So he hides away within himself, with his pride, and  
his chivalry

3. Now the day is done and it's home from work, to  
see his kids and wife.

To him she is a princess, she's led a sheltered life.  
In a tower of blue he pays his dues, his lady  
captured waits,  
Then he turns into his driveway past the mailbox  
and the gate.

4. He tells his kids a bedtime tale, his daughter and  
his son,  
Of wizards and knights, and mighty kings, and  
battles fought and won,  
Then it's off to sleep, and he dreams so deep, as  
in his bed he lays,  
So he fights tonight! because he knows that  
tomorrow, is a busy day.

He's a dream warrior, he rides across the lands.  
He's a dream warrior, there's magic in his hands,  
And yet he fears the people near, he's afraid that  
they won't see  
So he hides away within himself, with his pride, and  
his chivalry

5. His honor still comes first to him but it gets  
harder every day,  
To see the ones around him breaking promises  
they've made.  
So he keeps his own, and like a stone, in him  
they'll never know,  
The way he really lives his life, the way he'll  
never show.

6. Because he'll never quit the cause, he'll never  
give up his dreams,  
And he'll live his life all by himself, or so to him  
it seems,  
Because they might think he's crazy and they  
might think it's just a whim,  
So he wonders if he'll ever meet someone who's  
just like him.

**93** *Drink to me only with thy  
eyes*  
*Ben~Johnson*

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
  
2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

**94** *Dumbarton*  
*Scottish Traditional*

1. Dumbarton's drums, they sound so bonnie  
When they remind me of my Johnny  
What fond delight can steal upon me  
when Johnny kneels and kisses me  
  
2. Across the fields of bounding heather  
Dumbarton tolls the hour of pleasure  
a song of love that has no measure  
When Johnny kneels and sings to me  
  
3. Tis he alone that can delight me  
His graceful eye, it doth invite me  
And when his tender arms enfold me  
The blackest night doth turn and dee  
  
4. My love he is a handsome laddie  
And tho he is Dumbarton's caddie  
Someday I'll be a captain's lady  
When Johnny tends his vows to me

## 1. The Dutchman's not the kind of man

Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam  
 That holds his dreams in  
 But that's a secret that only Margaret knows  
 When Amsterdam is golden in the morning  
 Margaret brings him breakfast  
 She believes him  
 He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow  
 He's mad as he can be but Margaret only sees  
 that sometimes  
 Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his  
 eyes

Let us go to the banks of the ocean  
 Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee  
 Long ago, I used to be a young man  
 And dear Margaret remembers that for me

## 2. The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes

His cap and coat are patched with the love  
 That Margaret sewed there  
 Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam  
 He watches [the] tug boats down canals  
 And calls out to them when he thinks he knows  
 the Captain  
 'Til [Then] Margaret comes to take him home  
 again  
 Through unforgiving streets  
 That trick him though she holds his arm  
 Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls  
 her name

## 3. The windmills whirl the winter in

She winds his muffler tighter,  
 They sit in the kitchen  
 Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew  
 He sees her for a moment, calls her name  
 She makes the bed up humming some old love  
 song  
 A song Margaret learned when the tune was very  
 new  
 He hums a line or two, they hum together in the  
 night  
 The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows  
 the candle out.

1. "Oh who is without  
That with passionate shout  
Keeps beating my bolted door?"  
"I am Ned of the Hill  
Forspent wet and chill  
From long trudging marsh and moor"  
"My love, fond and true  
What else could I do  
But shield you from wind and from weather?  
When the shots fall like hail  
They us both shall assail  
And mayhap we shall die together."
2. "Through forest and through snow  
Tired and hunted I go  
In fear both from friend and from neighbor  
My horses run wild  
My acres untilled  
And they all of them lost to my labor  
But it grieves me far more  
Than the loss of my store  
That there's none who would shield me from  
danger  
So my fate it must be  
To fare eastward o'er sea  
And languish amid the stranger"

3. "Ce-h-e sin amuh  
Go bhfuil faor ar a ghuth  
A' reaba mo dhoruis dunta?"  
"Mise Eamonn a' Chnuic  
Ta baidhte fuar fliuch  
O shior-shuil sleibhte is gleannta"  
"A lao ghil's a chuid  
Cad do dheannfainn-se dhuit  
Mara gcuirfinn ort beinn dom ghuna?  
'S go mbeidh pudar dubh  
Is go mbeimis araon muchta"  
"Is fada mise amuh"
4. Faoi shneachta is faoi shioc  
Is gan danacht agam ar einne  
Mo bhranar gan cur  
Mo sheisreach gar sgur  
Is gan iad agam ar aon chor  
Nil caraid agam  
(Is danaid liom san)  
Do ghlacfadh me moch na deanach  
Is go gcaithfe me dul  
Thar fairrge soir  
O's ann na fuil mo ghaolta"

1. Early one morning,  
 Just as the sun was rising,  
 I heard a maid sing,  
 In the valley below.

Oh, don't deceive me,  
 Oh, never leave me,  
 How could you use  
 A poor maiden so?

2. Remember the vows,  
 That you made to your Mary,  
 Remember the bower,  
 Where you vowed to be true,

3. Thus sang the poor maiden,  
 Her sorrows bewailing,  
 Thus sang the poor maid,  
 In the valley below.

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1. When I was a young lad a shining dream I had  
 Of sword and lance, of banner and destrier;  
 Mail-clad, armed with a blade bright and keen,  
 For honor's sake went we.  
 And the forest would echo  
 With the sound of steel on steel.  
 And so was my sleep filled with chivalrous deeds  
 In this dream so real.

2. When I was a young lad a shining dream I had  
 Of a lady fair, both beauteous and gentle.  
 Her servant, I, for a look or a smile;  
 A sign of favor won.  
 And the chamber would echo  
 With my lady's words so dear.  
 And so was my sleep filled with beauty and love  
 In this dream so clear.

3. When I was a young lad a shining dream I had  
 Of merry nobles who hearkened a table  
 While bards unequalled sang light and gay  
 Of mighty legend's woe  
 And the great hall would echo  
 With laughter, story, and song.  
 And so was my sleep filled with friendship and joy  
 In this dream so strong.

4. I now a young man live what I dreamed then.

I feast a table with merry nobles;  
Ladies peerless in beauty and grace  
And warriors mailed and strong.  
And the hillsides now echo  
With the sounds of my boyhood dreams.  
My waking hours are filled with delights.  
My dream came true it seems.  
And the valleys now echo  
With the call to join us and see  
Still chivalry lives. Still honor is bright  
Your dream's realities.

**99**

### *Edric's Song*

*Edmund~Bernhard  
Tune: The Bucket Song*

1. Will you drink with us Edric,  
Squire Edric, Squire Edric  
Will you drink with us Edric,  
Squire Edric my dear?

I cannot said Edric, said Edric, said Edric  
I cannot said Edric,  
I've had too much Beer

2. We drink to the Outlands,  
Squire Edric, Squire Edric,  
We drink to the Outlands,  
Will you drink with us now?

3. We drink to the King, etc...

4. We drink to the Queen, etc...

5. (Well Then!)

We Drink To The Queens Brown Eyes,  
Squire Edric, Squire Edric,  
We Drink To The Queens Brown Eyes,  
WILL YOU DRINK WITH US NOW?

(Well, if I gotta....)

I'll drink to the Queens Brown Eyes, said Edric, said  
Edric  
I'll drink to the Queens Brown Eyes, said Edric the  
dear

6. Don't drink so fast Edric, Squire Edric, Squire  
Edric,  
Don't drink so fast Edric,  
you've had too much beer

BLEEARRRGGGH, said Edric, said Edric, said  
Edric,

BLEEARRRGGGH, said Edric, Squire Edric, Our  
Dear

**100** *Edward*  
*Traditional*

1. What's that blood on your sword Edward?

It is the blood of my greyhound

Your greyhound's blood was never that red

Edward

You're telling lies, you're telling lies

And the sun will never shine Edward

And the moon has lost it's light

And the sun will never shine Edward

You're telling lies, you're telling lies

2. What's that blood upon your sword Edward?

It is the blood of my grey mare

Your grey mare's blood was never that grey

Edward

You're telling lies, you're telling lies

3. What's that blood upon your sword Edward?

It is the blood of my grey hawk

Your grey hawk's blood was never that grey

Edward

You're telling lies you're telling lies

4. What's that blood on your sword Edward?

It is the blood of my brother

Why did you kill your own brother Edward?

For telling lies, for telling lies

5. What will you do, where will you go Edward?

What will you do, how will you die?

I'll sail away, I'll sail away Mother

And you'll never see more of me

6. What of your wife, what of your son, Edward?

And what will you leave your mother dear?

The curse of Hell to burn her with Mother

For telling lies, for telling lies

**101** *Eileen Aroon*  
*Irish Traditional*

1. When, like the dawning day, Eileen Aroon

Love sends his early ray, Eileen Aroon

What makes his dawning glow

Only the constant know, Eileen Aroon.

2. When, like the early rose, Eileen Aroon

Beauty in childhood blows, Eileen Aroon

When like a diadem buds blush around the stem

Which is the fairest gem Eileen Aroon.

3. I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon

I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon

Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid

Flow'r of the hazel glade, Eileen Aroon.

4. Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon

Who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon

Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter  
free

Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon.

5. Is it the laughing eye, Eileen Aroon

Is it the timid sigh, Eileen Aroon

Is it the tender tone, soft as the stringed harps  
note

Oh, it is truth alone, Eileen Aroon.

6. When like the rising day, Eileen Aroon

Love sends her early ray, Eileen Aroon

What makes her dawning gleam, changeless  
through joy or woe

Only the constant know, Eileen Aroon.

7. Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon

What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon

Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding  
main

Never to love again, Eileen Aroon.

8. Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon

Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon

Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered  
far

Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon.

1. You may talk and sing and boast about your

Pennsic Wars and Floods,

And how the fields of Atenveldt at wars are filled  
with blood,

But I'll sing to you a story of a destiny filled date,

How we took the field against the winds at last

Estrella VIII.

The winds and gales they blew and kept on coming,

The tents they flew and people started running,

And when we got back to our camp, we found it  
was too late,

For the winds had taken everything at last Estrella  
VIII.

2. We came with tents and armored knights, we

came with all we could;

We came with spirit and with sword, we came  
with flesh and blood,

We came with everything we might, the kitchen  
sink we brought,

But the winds were just a little bit stronger than  
we thought.

3. Now the last thing that I noticed, that gave to  
me great hope,  
And inspired all the people round, who'd reached  
the end of rope,  
Was a view of such tremendous strength, so  
glorious and bright,  
Aye the stronghold was a flyin' on a ninety-nine  
foot kite!

**103** *Fair Flower*  
*Traditional*

1. A farmers daughter was walkin' alone  
Oh but her Robert was easy won  
When she heard a Scots prisoner makin' along  
Oh and she was the flower of Northumberland

2. An' it's all if a lassie would listen to me  
Oh but her Robert was easy won  
I would make her a Lady of high degree  
If she'd loosen me out of this prison so strong

3. Then she's hastened away to her father's back  
stock  
Oh but her Robert was easy won  
She has taken the keys to many a good lock  
And she's loosened him out of his prison so  
strong

4. She's hastened away to her father's stable  
Oh but her Robert was easy won  
She has taken a horse that was both fleet and  
able  
To carry them both to bonny Scotland

5. As they were a ridin' across the Scots moor  
He said Oh but your Robert was easy won  
Get down from the horse you're a brazen faced  
whore  
For now you're the flower of Northumberland

6. For as I have a wife in my own country  
Oh but your Robert was easy won  
I no have the time for a lassie like thee  
Oh now you're the flower of Northumberland

7. It's a cook in your kitchen I surely will be  
Oh but my Robert was easy won  
I'd serve your Lady most reverently  
For I dare not go back to Northumberland

8. It's a cook in my kitchen ya canna well be  
Oh but your Robert was easy won  
For my Lady she would na' have servants like  
thee  
So go get ye back to Northumberland

9. Oh but loath was he the lassie to leave

Oh but her Robert was easy won  
 So he's hired a long horse and he's paid in our  
 blood  
 To carry her back to Northumberland

10. And when she got in her father did frown

Oh but your Robert was easy won  
 To be a Scots whore when you're fifteen years old  
 And you were the flower of Northumberland

11. But when she got in her father did smile

Oh but your Robert was easy won  
 And you're not the first lass that the Scots have  
 beguiled  
 And you still are the flower of Northumberland

12. And you will not want bread and you will not

want wine  
 Oh though your Robert was easy won  
 And you will not want silver to buy you a man  
 And you still are the flower of Northumberland

1. Why should I sit and sigh, pulling bracken,  
 pulling bracken?

Why should I sit and sigh on the hillside dreary?  
 When I see the plover rising

Or the curlew wheeling,  
 Then I trow my mortal lover

Back to me is stealing.

2. Tha mi sgith ' s mi leam fhin buain a rainich,  
 buain a rainich?

Tha mi sgith ' s mi leam fhin buaain a rainich  
 daonnan?

Sul an tomain braigh an tomain

Cul an tomain bhoidhich,

Cul an tomain braigh an tomain

Huile latha m' onar.

3. Ah! But there is something wanting.

Oh! But I am weary.

Come, my blithe and bonnie lad,

Come over the knoll to cheer me.

4. Cul an tomain braigh an tomain

Cul an tomain bhoidhich,

Cul an tomain braigh an tomain

Huile latha m' onar.

**105** *Farewell Johnny Miner*  
*Ed~Pickford*

1. Johnny Miner, you were born  
Never to see the rising dawn,  
Now it's time that you were gone,  
So farewell, Johnny Miner.  
  
Farewell Durham, Yorkshire, too,  
Nottingham, the same to you  
Scotland, South Wales, bid adieu,  
And farewell, Johnny Miner.
2. You struggled hard with slate and shale,  
Lungs turned black and faces pale,  
Now your body's up for sale,  
And farewell, Johnny Miner.
3. They promised you the earth some time  
To work down in their stinkin' mine,  
Now the justice for their crime  
Is farewell, Johnny Miner.
4. Cheer up John, it won't be bad:  
Unemployment isn't hard -  
They'll treat you well in the knacker's yard,  
So farewell, Johnny Miner.

**106** *Farewell Lovely Nancy*  
*Traditional*

1. Oh, farewell, lovely Nancy, for now I must leave  
you  
To the south bonny seas I am bound for to go  
And though we are parted, my love be true  
hearted  
For I will return in the spring as you know
2. And she says, like a sea boy, I will dress and go  
with you  
In the midst of all your dangers, your friend I'll  
remain  
And in the cold stormy weather, when the winds  
they are a' blowin'  
I'll always be ready for to beef your top sail
3. Oh you delicate fingers, they can't handle our  
tackle  
Your delicate feet to our top mast cannot go  
And your lovely behind love, it would freeze in  
the whiling gale  
I'd have you on shore when the winds they do  
blow

4. So farewell lovely Nancy, for now I must leave  
you  
To the south bonny seas my course I do steer  
But though we are parted, my love be true  
hearted  
For I will return in the spring of the year

**107** *Fhear A Bhata*  
*Traditional*

1. How often haunting the highest hilltop  
I scan the ocean, a sail to see  
Will it come tonight, love, will it come tomorrow  
Will it ever come, love, to comfort me

2. Fear-a-uata, no horoway-la  
Fear-a-uata, no horoway-la  
Fear-a-uata, no horoway-la  
O fare thee well, love, where 'er thee be

3. They call thee fickle, they call thee false one  
And seek to change me but all in vain  
For thou art my dream yet through the dark  
night  
And every morning I watch the main

4. There's not a hamlet, too well I know it,  
Where you go wandering or stay awhile  
But all its old folk you win with talking  
And charm its maidens with song and smile

5. Dost thou remember the promise made me,  
The Tartan plaid, a silken gown  
That ring of gold with thy hair and portrait  
That gown and ring I will never own!

**108** *Fields of Black and Gold*  
*Thomas Winterbourne of Ghent*

On the fields of black and gold far beneath the  
mountains high  
Where the air is biting cold 'neath the wild, white  
winter sky  
Where the fairest and the bold from the days that  
were thought gone  
Are on the fields of black and gold, on the fields of  
al-Barran

1. There in the hall the fire is burning  
There in the hall the people sing  
The feast is laid out and the night is turning  
Hearken to the sound of the Tynkers ...dancing  
To the beat of the doumbek drum  
As it echoes through the autumn night  
Ah, the people know where the music goes  
On the fields of black and gold

On the fields of black and gold far beneath the  
mountains high  
Where the air is sharp and clean 'neath the  
warming springtime sky  
Where the fairest and the bold from the days that  
were thought gone  
Are on the fields of black and gold, on the fields of  
al-Barran

2. There from the west is the war-drum sounding  
Raised is the banner of our king  
Here on the fields no man is doubting  
Hearken to the sound of the shield wall...  
marching  
To the beat of the Baron's word  
His smile is bright and cold  
For the Baron knows where the war-drums go  
Are the spears of black and gold

On the fields of black and gold far beneath the  
mountains high  
Where the air is dry and hot 'neath a copper  
summer sky  
Where the fairest and the bold from the days that  
were thought gone  
Are on the fields of black and gold, on the fields of  
al-Barran

3. There is the man all dressed in Crimson  
Strong of arm and keen of sight  
There is the man in black and silver  
Bathed in the glow of Martin's...holy light  
And the man of steel and blood  
Sing hail to the brotherhood  
Ah, the people know where the warriors go  
On the fields of black and gold

On the fields of black and gold far beneath the  
mountains high  
Where the air is biting cold 'neath the wild, white,  
winter sky  
Where the fairest and the bold from the days that  
were thought gone  
Are on the fields of black and gold, on the fields of  
al-Barran  
Slowly

**109** *The Fighters Lament*  
*Tune: Norwegian Wood*

1. I once had a sword  
Or should I say, it once had me  
I just picked it up  
Oh what a sword  
It was plus three
2. Its ego was twelve  
A fact of which I wasn't aware  
I tried to leave  
And I found that the sword didn't care  
Oh, oh, oh
3. I walked through the halls  
Wasting my time  
Nothing to find  
Then I turned around  
And then I said  
"Oh no, undead"
4. The thirty two knights saw me coming  
And started to laugh  
I closed my eyes  
As my sword started hewing a path  
Oh, oh, oh

5. And when I awoke  
I was alone  
That sword had flown  
Now I use a club  
Isn't it good  
No-Ego wood

**110** *A Fine Friggin' Song*  
*Ewan ~ Keith*

1. I went out to take a friggin' walk by the friggin'  
pier  
a-wishin' for a friggin' coin to buy a friggin' beer  
my head it was a-achin' and my throat was  
parched and dry  
and so I sent a little prayer a-wingin' to the sky
2. And there came a friggin' falcon and he walked  
upon the waves  
and I said "A friggin miracle" and sang a couple  
staves  
of a friggin churchy ballad I learned when I was  
young,  
The friggin' bird took to the air and spattered  
me with dung

3. I fell upon my friggin knees and bowed my  
friggin head,  
and said three friggin Aves for all my friggin dead  
and then I got upon my feet and said another ten  
the friggin' bird burst into flame - and spattered  
me again

4. The Burnin' bird hung in the sky just like a  
friggin sun  
It seared my friggin eyelids shut and when the  
job was done  
The bird fell from the sky and vanished in the  
sea so green,  
I went to find the friggin' priest to tell him what  
I'd seen.

5. I told him of the miracle he told me of the Rose  
I showed him bird crap in my hair the bastard  
held his nose  
I went to see the bishop but the friggin bishop  
said,  
go home and sleep it off, you sod, and wash yer  
friggin' head!

6. Then I came upon a friggin wake for a friggin'  
rotten swine,  
by the name of Jack MacGregor and I touched  
his head with mine,  
And old Jack sat up in his box and raised his  
friggin head  
His wife took out a fryin' pan and beat the  
bastard dead

7. And I touched his head with mine, and brought  
him back to life  
His smiling face rolled on the floor, this time she  
used a knife  
and then she fell upon her knees and started in  
to pray  
"It's forty years, O Lord" she said " I've waited  
for this day!"

8. So I walked the friggin' city 'mongst the friggin  
halt and lame  
and every time I raised 'em up, they got knocked  
down again  
'cause the love of God comes down to man in a  
friggin curious way  
But when a man is marked for love, that love is  
here to stay

9. And this I know because I've got a friggin  
curious sign  
for every time I wash my head the water turns to  
wine!  
and I give it free to workin' lads to brighten up  
their lives,  
so they don't kick no dogs around nor beat up  
on their wives

10. 'Cause there ain't no use to miracles like  
walkin' on the sea,  
They crucified the Son of God, but they don't  
muck with me!  
'Cause I leave the friggin blind alone, the dyin'  
and the dead,  
but every day at four o'clock I wash me friggin  
head!

1. Tim Finnegan lived on Walker Street  
A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;  
He had a brogue both rich and sweet  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.  
Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way  
With a love of the whiskey he was born  
And to help him on with his work each day  
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner  
Whirl the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

2. One mornin' Tim was feelin' full  
His head was heavy which made him shake;  
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull  
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.  
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet  
And laid him out upon the bed,  
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet  
And a barrel of porter at his head.

3. His friends assembled at the wake

And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,

First they brought in tea and cake

Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.

Biddy O'Brien began to bawl

"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?"

"Aye Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"

"Arragh, hold your gob" said Paddy McGee!

4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job

"O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"

Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob

And left her sprawlin' on the floor.

And then the war did soon engage

'Twas woman to woman and man to man,

Shillelagh law was all the rage

And a row and eruption soon began.

5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head

When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,

It missed, and fallin' on the bed

The liquor scattered over Tim!

The corpse revives! See how he raises!

Timothy rising from the bed,

says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes

Thanum an Dhul! Did you think I'm dead?"

1. By the storm-torn shoreline a woman is standing

The spray strung like jewels in her hair

And the sea tore the rocks near the desolate

landing

as though it had known she stood there

Now she had come down to condemn that wild

ocean

For the murderous loss of her man

His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning

And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

2. Oh and white were the wave-caps

And wild was their parting

So fierce is the warring of love

But she prayed to the gods

Both of men and of sailors

Not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love

3. There's a school on the hill

Where the sons of dead fathers

Are led toward tempests and gales

Where their God-given wings

Are clipped close to their bodies

And their eyes are bound-'round with ship's' sails

4. What force leads a man  
To a life filled with danger  
High on seas or a mile underground?  
It's when need is his master  
And poverty's no stranger  
And there's no other work to be found

**113** *Flower O'Scotland*  
*Roy~MB~Williamson*

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 past 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.

**114** *The Flowers in The Forest*  
*Traditional*

1. I heard them liltin', at the morning milkin'  
The lassies a-liltin' before the dawn of day  
Now they are mourning, their men not returnin'  
The flowers of the forest are stolen away

2. Faith in our order sent our lads to the border  
The English for once by deceit won the day  
The flowers of the forest, the bravest, the  
foremost  
The pride of our country, lie cold in the clay

3. There'll be no more liltin' at the evening milkin'  
No laughter, no lightness the long summer day  
But weeping and mourning, for lovers not  
returnin'  
The flowers of the forest are vanished away

## 115 *Flowers in the Valley*

1. There was a woman, oh but she was a widow  
Fair as the flowers in the valley  
With a daughter as fair as a fray sunny meadow  
The red and the green and the yellow  
  
No harp, no lute, nor pipe nor flute nor cymbal  
As sweet grows the treble violin
2. This maiden so fair and the flower so rare  
Together they grew in the valley  
Oh, then came this knight all dressed in red  
Fair as the flowers in the valley  
"Thou art my bride", I'll say, "thou as thee said"  
The red and the green and the yellow
3. "Oh no" said she "Oh thou'st never win me"  
As fair as the flowers in the valley  
Oh, then came this knight all dressed in green  
Fair as the flowers in the valley  
"Thou must be, I see thou as my queen"  
The red and the green and the yellow
4. "Oh no" said she "Oh thou'st never win me"  
As fair as the flowers in the valley  
Oh, then came this knight all dressed in yellow  
Fair as the flowers in the valley  
"Thou art my love and my bride" said he  
The red and the green and the yellow

"I'll come" said she "I'll go with thee"

Farewell to the flowers in the valley

## 116 *The Foggy Dew* *Charles O'Neill*

1. 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
When Ireland's line of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dread 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 Brittonia's sons with their long-range guns  
Sailed in from the foggy dew.

3. 'Twas England bade our wild geese go

That small nations might be free.

Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves

On the fringe of the grey North Sea.

But had they died by Pearse's side

Or fought with Gathal Bruga,

Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep

'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

4. The bravest fell, and the solemn bell

Rang mournfully and clear

For those who died that Eastertide

In the springing of the year.

And the world did gaze in deep amaze

At those fearless men and true

Who bore the fight that freedom's light

Might shine through the foggy dew.

5. 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.

1. Oh then follow me down where the milk water

flows,

And I'll show you the dew like the tears of rose,

And so like a rose my petals fell down,

And I left my self open to the thorns and the

frowns,

To the thorns and the frowns.

2. For when I was a maiden he lay long with me,

And the fruit of his loving soon all eyes could see,

And the growing within and the love waiting

there,

To feel the warm sun and to breath the sweet air,

And to breath the sweet air.

3. And when sunset arrived full of hope, full of fear,

To give birth through my pain, through my joy

and my fears,

At my breast then he lay, a child of the sun.

Oh many were the whispers, "Oh, what has she

done?"

"Oh what has she done?"

## 118 *Four and Twenty Virgins*

4. For my love he had gone to fight that ancient  
war,  
And I felt a deep sorrow I had not felt before,  
When the news of his dying came to my birth  
bed,  
One love lay breathing while the other lay dead,  
While the other lay dead.

5. And often I wonder as I sit all alone,  
Why a curse upon those a new life have grown,  
Why they cause life to end with their lies and  
their greed,  
Shamelessly proud of their unholy creed,  
Of their unholy creed.

6. Oh then follow me down where the mild water  
flows,  
And I'll show you the dew like the tears of a rose,  
And so like a rose so fragrant and strong,  
Children will carry dreams into the dawn,  
Into the new dawn.

1. Four and twenty virgins came down from  
Inverness  
And when they went back home again they were  
four and twenty less

Singin' balls to your partner

Ass against the wall

If ya canna' get laid on a Saturday night (In the  
SCA, At [Name of Event], etc.)

Ya canna' get laid at all

2. The village idiot he was there, now what do you  
think of that?

Amusin' himself while abusin' himself, and  
catchin' it in his hat

3. The village whore now she was there, a layin' on  
the floor  
And every time she opened her legs the suction  
closed the door

4. The village vicar now he was there, a-gettin'  
drunk and loud  
He was swingin' from the ceiling while pissin' on  
the crowd

5. The village baker he was there, so drunk he  
began to scream  
He grabbed the girls like great big tarts and  
pumped them full of cream
6. The village potter he was there, he made a dong  
of clay  
He sat the girls upon the wheel and gave them  
all a lay
7. The village rabbi he was there, treatin' a knife  
like a toy  
He swung and swished and he took an inch off  
every man and boy
8. The village acrobat he was there, a' screwin' on  
the stair  
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke and  
finished her off in midair
9. The village postman he was there, the poor man  
had the pox  
He couldn't get a piece inside, so he screwed his  
own mailbox
10. The village hunter he was there, polishin' his  
gun with skill  
Four girls were all barin' their asses, waitin' for  
the kill
11. The village fool now he was there, he had an  
amazin' lack of wits  
For every time a girl would pass, he'd just drool  
on her tits
12. The village virgin she was there, the poor girl  
got a scare  
But from under her dress she heard a voice "It's  
only my tongue up there!"
13. The village swordsman he was there, he had a  
rod like a train  
And when he rammed an ass they cried, "My  
god he impaled my brain"
14. The village constable he was there, a-twirlin' his  
billy stick  
Surprised were all the girls to find it was really a  
twelve inch prick
15. The village maiden now she was there, a  
clingin' to her dress  
Bein' chased by a hoard of horny priests, her sins  
they would confess
16. The village nun she was there, great stains  
upon her habit  
That was because she spent the night screwin'  
like a rabbit

## 119 *Four Letter Words*

Four letter words, four letter words

That never say quite what they mean

I'd rather be known for my hypocrite ways

Than as vulgar, impure, and obscene

1. When dinner is hearty with onions and beans

With garlic, and carrots, and bacon, and greens

Your bowels get busy distilling a gas

That nature insists be permitted to pass

You're very polite, you try to exhale

Without noise or perfume, but you frequently fail

Expecting no noise, you give it a start

When it booms all the boys will agree its a

2. You may speak of a movement, or sit on the seat

Have a passage or stool, or just simply excrete

Or say to the others I'm going out back

And then groan in pure joy in a little wood shack

You may go lay a cable, or do number two

Or sit on the toidy, or make a do-do

But ladies and men who are socially fit

Under no provocation will go take a

3. While strolling around in your best pair of boots

When often you'll tread on these dung colored

lumps

Some call them droppings, some say manure

These certain rank objects are found in the sewer

Cows leave meadow muffins, horseflies leave

specks

Seagulls oft let go on the backs of your necks

But though euphemisms may seem quite absurd

Whatever you do never call it a

4. Its a cavern of joy you are thinking of now

A warm tender field just awaiting the plow

A quivering pigeon in the palm of your hand

Or the national anthem that makes us all stand

Or perhaps it's a valley, a grot or a well

The hope of the world or a velvety hell

But friends take my warning, beware the affront

Never try Anglo-Saxon and call it a

**120** *The Gallant Forty Twa*  
Tune: *Pat of Mullingar*

1. You may talk about your lancers, or your Irish  
Fusiliers,  
The Aberdeen Militia or the Queen's Own  
Volunteers;  
Or any other regiment that's lying far awa'  
Come gie to me the tartan of the gallant Forty  
Twa.

And strolling through the green fields on a summer  
day  
Watching all the country girls working at the hay,  
I really was delighted and he stole my heart awa'  
When I saw him in the tartan of the gallant Forty  
Twa.

2. Oh I never will forget the day his regiment  
marched past  
The pipes they played a lively tune but my heart  
was aghast,  
He turned around and smiled farewell and then  
from far awa'  
He waved at me the tartan of the gallant Forty  
Twa.

3. Once again I heard the music of the pipers from  
afar  
They tramped and tramped, the weary men  
returning from the war  
And as they nearer drew I brushed a woeful tear  
awa'  
For me and my braw laddie of the gallant Forty  
Twa.

**121** *The Gentry Are Sleeping*  
Tune: *The Ants Go Marching*

1. The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez...  
oyez...,  
The gentry are sleeping one by one, oyez...  
oyez...,  
The gentry are sleeping one by one,  
And no one is having very much fun,  
And The Gentry are sleeping anywhere they can.

2. Two by two... It's a terribly period thing to do.

3. Three by three I think that's MY hand on my  
knee!

4. Four by four On the furniture, on the floor.

5. Five by five With everybody except their wives.

6. Six by six With (insert name) up to (his/her)  
usual tricks.

7. Seven by seven I think I've died and gone to heaven.
8. Eight by eight Hurry up (insert name) or you'll be late.
9. Nine by nine I don't know why, it must be the wine.
10. Ten by ten No one's asleep and it's morning again.

3. And as they were sitting right down on the floor  
There came a very loud knock on the door  
In walked her husband and great was his shock  
To see the old German wind up his wife's clock
4. Then says her husband, "Look here Mary Ann,  
Don't let that old German come in here again.  
He wound up your clock and left mine on the shelf.  
If your old clock needs winding I'll do it myself!"

## 122 *A German Clockwinder*

1. A German clockwinder to Dublin once came  
Benjamin Fuchs was the old German's name  
And as he was winding his way 'round the strand  
He played on his flute and the music was grand

Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a, Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a

Too-ra-li-ay

Too-ra-li Oo-ra-li Oo-ra-li-ay

Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a, Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a

Too-ra-li-ay

Too-ra-li Oo-ra-li Oo-ra-li-ay

2. There was a young lady from Grovenor Square  
Who said that her clock was in need of repair  
In walked the German and to her delight  
In less than five minutes, he had her clock right

5. Then says the German, "Sure I meant you no harm,  
But the spring wouldn't work in your old wife's alarm.  
I pulled out me oil can and I gave it a squirt;  
If you keep it well-oiled, your wife's clock will work!"

**123** *Girl I Left Behind Me*  
*Traditional*

1. Come all ye handsome comely maids  
That live near Carlow dwelling  
Beware of young men's flatt'ring tongue  
When love to you they' re telling.  
Beware of the kind words they say,  
Be wise and do not mind them,  
For if they were talking till they die  
They'd leave you all behind them.

2. In Carlow town I lived alone  
All free from debt and danger.  
Till Colonel Reilly listed me  
To join the Wicklow Rangers.  
They dressed me up in scarlet red  
And they used me very kindly  
But still I thought my heart would bread  
For the girl I left behind me.

3. I was scarcely fourteen years of age  
When I was broken hearted,  
For I'm in love these two long years  
Since from my love I parted.  
These maidens wonder how I moan  
And bid me not to mind him  
That he might have more grief than joy  
For leaving me behind him.

**124** *God Rest Ye Frantic Autocrat*  
*Master Tivar~Moondragon*  
*Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*

1. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
Remember that the great event  
is still a month a way,  
Don't panic yet, there's lots of time,  
and don't get swept away.

And sing ye in chorus: "Never again, never again,"

And sing ye in chorus: "Ne'er again!"

2. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
Remember that the great event  
is still a week away,  
The music's fine if only they  
remember how to play.

3. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
Remember that the great event  
is still three days away.  
The feast is planned, the food's been bought,  
though God knows how you'll pay.

4. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
Remember that the great event  
is scheduled for today.  
The tourney's grand, the rain won't last  
for very long, they say.

5. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
Despite the fact that everything  
is going wrong today.  
The King and Queen came unannounced  
and God knows who else may.

6. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
The herald's lost his voice and  
he can't even cry "Oyez."  
The list field's under water;  
a tornado's on the way.

7. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
The ants have eaten half your food  
and dragged your tent away  
Some mundane called the cops  
and they took all the knights away.

8. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
It's getting cold, it just might snow.  
You'd better start to pray.  
The fire won't start, the food will spoil,  
so serve it anyway

9. God rest ye frantic autocrat,  
let nothing you dismay,  
The feast was grand, though half the court  
is dying of the plague  
The revel would have been great  
but the tavern blew away

10. God help ye, frantic autocrat  
you'd better run away  
The Queen is mad ñ her tent and King  
have both been washed away.  
It might be wise to change your name  
and quit the SCA

11. God help ye, frantic autocrat  
now hide ye while ye may  
The gentry loved that damned  
event that ended yesterday  
They're asking for another one,  
the King hopes you'll obey.

And they're singing in chorus

"Do it again, do it again!"

And they're singing in chorus

"Do it again!"

**125** *Golden, Golden*  
*Andy~Stewart*

1. Slowly, slowly, walk the path,  
And you might never stumble or fall  
Slowly, slowly walk the path,  
And you might never find love at all

Golden golden is her hair

Like the mornin' sun, o'er the fields of corn

Golden, golden flows her love,

So sweet, and clean, and warm

2. Lonely, lonely, is the heart  
That ne'er another can call it's own  
Lonely, lonely is the heart  
That has to live all alone

3. Wildly, wildly, beats the heart  
With a rush of love like a mountain stream  
Wildly, wildly, play your part  
As free as a wild bird dreams

**126** *Goliard Battle Song*  
*Tune: Heigh Ho*

Heigh ho, heigh ho, it's off to war we go

1. We'll hack and slash, and kick some ass
2. Our polearms high we'll make them cry
3. We'll join the fray, our foes to slay
4. We'll deal some foe a mighty blow
5. Their wall we'll break, and banner take
6. Our swords will swing, their heads will ring
7. We are not bards, we are the Guards  
High ho heigh ho, it's back from war we go
8. We beat their best, it's time to rest
9. We're really beat, it's time to eat
10. Our armor stinks, it's time for drinks
11. We've dropped our gear, now where's the beer?
12. We're strong and hearty, it's time to party!

**127** *Golias Cry*  
*L. ~Antonius~Valerius*

With gusto!

1. An echo asunder, a fast rising yell,  
A call through the ranks for the fighters from  
hell.  
Golias has risen and echoed the call,  
With footsteps of thunder, a blue painted wall!

Here's one for our College here, one for our King!  
Here's one for the Outlands, and for our Queen!  
We raise up the standard, sound out the cry,  
It goes up together, echoes on high, it echoes on  
high.

2. We fight with the goblets and sword on our  
shield,  
We fight with the spear and the glaive that  
won't yield.  
We form with a line that will stand to the end,  
We fight every battle down to the last man!

Chorus

3. Our rapiers, they flash in the noon-day sun,  
Through the field of battle, the cry to Lay On!  
We labor and sweat through the dust of the keep,  
Our bodies they're struck, in a pile so deep!

Chorus x2

**128** *Gone is the Sailor*  
*Ivor~Cutler*

1. Home is the sailor, home from the docks  
Bringing home the groceries, and the smell of tar
2. Why does the sailor smell of tar, he doesn't drink  
the bloody stuff?  
Life is full of mysteries, and this is one
3. The sailor is a worried man like everybody else  
Bringing in the washing, and the smell of tar
4. When does the sailor sail his boat, we never see  
him doing it?  
Life is full of mysteries, and this is two
5. Gone is the sailor, gone to the pub  
Ordering a bag of crisps, and a tot of rum
6. Why does the sailor order a bag of crisps, his  
shaky fingers cannot tear it open  
I've sung about the sailor, and now I'm done
7. Except to sing  
Why does the sailor smell of tar, he doesn't drink  
the bloody stuff....

**129** *Good Ship Venus*  
*Traditional*

1. We sailed upon the good ship Venus  
By Christ you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed  
The mast an upright penis

2. The Captain's name was Luggen  
By Christ he was a bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one ship to another

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

There was fuck all else to do  
Chorus every two verses

3. The first mate's name was Cooper  
By Christ, he was a trooper  
He jerked and jerked until he worked  
Himself into a stupor

4. And the second mate was Andy  
By Christ he had a dandy  
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock  
For cumming in the brandy

5. The third mate's name was Morgan  
By God he was a gorgon  
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play  
On his fuckin' organ

6. Captain's wife was Mabel  
And by God was she able  
To give the crew their daily screw  
Upon the galley table

7. The captain's daughter Charlotte  
Was born and bred a harlot  
Her thighs at night were lily white  
By morning they were scarlet

8. The cabin boy was Kipper  
By Christ he was a nipper  
He stuffed his ass with broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper

9. The captain's lovely daughter  
Liked swimming in the water  
Delighted squeals came when some eels  
Found her sexual quarters

10. When we reached our station  
Through skillful navigation  
The ship got sunk in a wave of spunk  
From too much fornication

11. On the good ship Venus

By Christ you should have seen us

The figurehead was a whore in bed

Sucking a dead man's penis

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**130** *Govinda*

Govinda, ari purusham, ta maha bhajami

Govinda, ta maha bhajami

Govinda, ari purusham, ta maha bhajami

1. Ven-lem ka-vanta maravinda dala, takshan

Ahh - Bar havatan sa masitan buda su daran gan

Ahh - Kah-dar Poko ti kamone yavoso sha obam

Govindo, ta maha bhajami

2. Angani yasya sakalen, bri ja-via-tamanti

Ahh - Pasyan ti-pan ti kalianti, shrirom jaganti

Ahh - Ananda chin maya sadu jala vigiansya

**131** *The Gray-Bearded Knight*  
*Thomas ~Winterbourne ~of ~Ghent*

1. I am an old man, a gray-bearded knight

But I stood with young Harry on Agincourt's field

My arm is still strong and my eye is still bright

And Baron or bandit, to no man I'll yield

I'll hold the line, when darkness is fallin'

I'll hold the line, with courage and steel

I'll hold the line, till the gray dawn is breakin'

And damned if I ever will yield

2. Oh, I hear the whispers of popinjay warriors

Unblooded young men and merchant's third sons

They call me grandfather and laugh at my

warnings

But there'll be no laughter when battles begun

3. And now the French army is camped o'er the

river

And on the morrow they'll be at the walls

And all the young popinjays come to me cryin'

Oh, what shall we do when the battle is called?

You'll hold the line...

4. Oh, I am an old man, a gray-bearded knight

But I stood with young Harry on Agincourt's field

My arm is still strong and my eye is still bright

And baron or bandit, to no man I'll yield

**132** *A Grazing Mace*

*Skald-Brandr~Toralfsson, Anonymous*  
*Tune: Amazing Grace*

1. A grazing mace, how sweet the sound, that felled  
a foe for me  
  
I bashed his head, he struck the ground, and  
thus came victory
2. My mace has taught my foes to fear, that mace  
my fears relieved  
  
How precious did my mace appear, when I my  
mace received
3. Through many tourneys, wars, and fairs, I have  
already come  
  
My mace has brought me safe so far, my mace  
will bring me home
4. The King has promised good to me, His word my  
hope secures  
  
I will his Shield and Weapon be, when He gives  
me my spurs
5. And when my mace my foeman nails, that  
mortal strife shall cease  
  
And we'll possess within our pale, a life of joy  
and peace

6. A grazing mace, how sweet the sound, that  
flattened a wretch like thee  
  
Whose head is flat, that once was round done in  
by my mace...And me!
7. A grazing mace, how sweet the sound that  
smites a foe like thee  
  
You're left there lying on the ground, you've left  
the field to me!

**133** *Great Silkie*

1. An earthly nurse sits and sings,  
And aye, she sings by lily wean,  
Sayin "little ken I my bairn's father,  
Far less the land where he dwells in."
2. For he came on night to her bed feet,  
And a grumbly guest, I'm sure was he,  
Saying "Here am I, thy bairn's father,  
Although I be not comely."
3. "I am a man upon the land,  
I am a silkie on the sea,  
And when I'm far and far frae land,  
My home it is in Sule Skerrie."
4. And he had ta'en a purse of gold  
And he had placed it upon her knee,  
Saying, "Give to me my little young son,  
And take thee up thy nurse's fee."

5. "And it shall come to pass on a summer's day,  
When the sun shines bright on every stane,  
I'll come and fetch my little young son,  
And teach him how to swim the faem."

6. "And ye shall marry a gunner good,  
And a right fine gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
And the very first shot that e'er he shoots  
Will kill both my young son and me."

## 134 *Green Hills of Tyrol* *Traditional*

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.

Because these green hills are not highland hills  
Or the island hills, they're 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.

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.

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## 135 *Greensleeves*

1. Alas my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously,  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

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

3. I bought thee kerchiefs for thy head,  
That were wrought fine and gallantly;  
I kept thee both at board and bed,  
Which cost my purse well favorably.

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

5. Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,  
With gold embroidered gorgeously,  
Thy petticoat of Sendall right,  
And this I bought thee gladly.

6. Thy girdle of the gold so red,  
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,  
The like no other lasses had,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

7. Thy purse and also thy gay gilt knives,  
Thy pincase gallant to the eye;  
No better wore the Burgesse wives,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

8. Thy crimson stockings all of silk,  
With gold all wrought above the knee,  
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

9. Thy gown was of the glossy green,  
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,  
Which made thee be our Harvest Queen,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

## 136 *Greensleeves II*

*Tune: Greensleeves*

1. Alas, my lady you've done me dirt  
You've sewn green sleeves to my purple shirt  
And then you've done me worse than that  
You've made me go out and wear it

Oh, Oh, what a dismal fate  
To be seen at events in this terrible state  
Oh, how I wish I could come late  
Say, seven days/week/years after it's over

2. Alas, my lady I'm born to lose  
You've sewn pink bows to my purple shoes  
You've done my hair up in waves and curls  
My mother thinks I'm a girl
3. Alas, my lady why did you think  
My cloak would look nice in that shade of pink  
You've decked me over in bobbins and lace  
My costume's become a disgrace
4. Alas, my lady I've been bereaved  
Someone's just slandered my beautiful sleeve  
He's questioned my taste in every way  
My God, he said, I must be gay

5. Alas, my lady you've done me wrong  
You've made my tunic much too long  
You've made it seven feet, ten inches, or more....  
It drags across the floor!

## 137 *Grounds for War*

*Tune: Jamacia Farewell - Harry Belafonte*

1. And the fog clings wetly to pavilion tops  
I packed my flagon in my tourney dragon  
when I hit some Misties, I just had to stop.

Now I'm glad to say that I'm on my way  
won't be back for many a day  
They're a bunch of snots and they think they're hot  
They're a pack of Misties and I'm glad I'm not!

2. The Misty women all think they're fine  
but there ain't enough cheese to go with that  
whine!  
Their days are long and their knights won't play  
and so they're all headed up Cynagua way!

And I'm sorry to say that they're on their way  
lock up your lords and throw the key away  
'cause it's hard to keep warm in a pelican storm  
and the laurels in the bushes are a rabid swarm!

3. The heralds say we should come out and play

but the Misties all sleep until about midday.

They say they party hard, but they're all tubs of

lard

and when they see Cynaguans they just run

away!

And I'm glad to say that they run away

make it so easy to win the day

We just fight for an hour then hit the shower

I'm proud to be Cynaguan and here I'll stay!

4. In Cynagua town the sun shines down

and the fruits are on the trees where they belong

We have lots of fun making awful puns

and they don't kill the bards when they sing this

song!

Well I'm glad to say that I'm here to stay

won't have to leave for many a day

'cause all the tourneys are here and we make great

beer

and if I don't move west I'll never be a peer!

1. The gypsy rover came over the hill,

Bound through the valley so shady;

He whistled and he sang till the green woods

rang,

And he won the heart of a lady.

Lah-Dee-o, Lah-Dee-O-ah-day,

Lay-dee-o, Lah dee ay dee.

He whistled and he sang until the green woods

rang,

And he won the heart of a lady.

Each chorus follows similarly

2. She left her father's castle gate,

She left her own true lover;

She left her servants and her estate,

To follow the gypsy rover.

3. Her father saddled his fastest steed,

He roam'd the valley all over;

He sought his daughter at great speed,

And the whistling gypsy rover.

4. He came at last to a mansion fine,

Down by the river Claydee;

And there was music, and there was wine,

For the gypsy and his lady.

5. "O, father he's no gypsy free,  
But lord of these lands all over;  
And I will stay till my dying day,  
With my whistling gypsy rover."

**139** *Hame Hame Hame*  
*Traditional, Andy~Stewart*

1. Hame, hame, hame, hameward I be  
Hame, hame, hame, in my ain country  
Where the Birch, an' the Pine, an' the bonny  
Rowan tree  
They are all bloomin' fair in my ain country

2. Hame, hame, hame, hameward I be  
Hame, hame, hame, in my ain country  
Where the wild deer run through the glen I'll  
ne'er see  
Where my heart I will remain in my ain country

3. Hame, hame, hame, hameward I be  
Hame, hame, hame, in my ain country  
Where the glint through the mirk, I tell stay thee  
It'll shine upon them yet, in my ain country

4. Hame, hame, hame, hameward I be  
Hame, hame, hame, in my ain country  
Where the Birch, an' the Pine, an' the bonny  
Rowan tree  
They are all bloomin' fair in my ain country

**140** *The Hamster Song*  
*Chrystofer~Kensor,*  
*Andrixios~Seljukroctonis*  
*Tune: Ballad of the Green Berets*

1. Fighting hamsters from the sky  
Some will live and some will die  
Hamsters have nothing to fear  
The fighting hamsters of Calontir

2. Silver tape upon their backs  
A broadsword is all they lack  
Fifty hamsters fight a war  
They won't win without fifty more

3. Trained by jumping off a roof  
Trained in combat tooth to tooth  
Hamsters fight both far and near  
The fighting hamsters of Calontir

4. Riding high upon our helms  
Their war cry it overwhelms  
All opponents become weak  
At their fearsome squeaky squeak

5. Back at home Paval waits  
His fighting hamster has met its fate  
He has died while drinking beer  
The fighting hamsters of Calontir

6. Once again its off to war

This time we number a dozen more

We will fight for those in need

so this year it's with Caid

7. Fighting hamsters jump from planes

Fighting hamsters fall like rain

Some will live but most will die

Stupid creatures cannot fly

**141** *The Harp That Once  
Through Tara's Halls*  
*[unknown]*

1. The harp that once though Tara's halls, the soul

of music shed,

now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul  
were fled.

So speaks the pride of former days, so glory's

thrill is o'er

and hearts that one beat high for praise, now feel  
that pulse no more.

2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of

Tara swells.

The chord alone that breaks at night its tale of  
ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes the only  
throb she gives,

is when some heart indignant breaks, to show  
that still she lives.

**142** *Haul Away Joe*  
*Traditional*

1. When I was a little boy,

so me mother told me, Tammy.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

2. That if I did not kiss the girls,

my lips would all grow moldy Tammy

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

3. Now way haul away, the good ship now is rolling

Tammy

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

4. King Louis was the king of France,

before the rev-o-lu-shy-ann

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

5. And then he got his head cut off,

it spoiled his-con-sti-tu-shy-ann.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

6. Now first I met a Yankee girl

and she was fat and lazy, Tammy

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

7. And then I met an Irish girl,

she damn near drove me crazy

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

8. Now way haul away, we're bound for better  
weather Tammy.  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

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143

*Have You Seen the Army?*  
*Mikal~Hrafspa*

1. Have ye heard the story from the land of  
Calontir?  
With sword and axe a-swinging fit to make a  
grown man fear?  
The barons called for taxes, the people answered  
"Nay!"  
"And if you come collecting, there'll be hell to  
pay!

Have you seen the army, it was here a while ago,  
And do you know who's winning? Have we struck a  
mortal blow?

I do not know your armor, but you seem a friend to  
me,

Oh have you seen the army marching in Forgotten  
Sea?

HMMMMMMMMMMMM

2. You should have seen the battle, 'twas a glory to  
be seen,  
Conveniently the dead were rolled into a deep  
ravine,  
The bandits followed Halidar into a brushy patch,  
If it hadn't been poison ivy they'd have won  
without a scratch!

3. 'Twas at the bridge they tell me, that they made  
their final stand,  
But it's hard to win a battle when you're killed  
by your own man.  
The captain of the guardsmen hit upon a plan so  
bold,  
With a trick used every tax-time, hide your sacks  
of gold!

## 144 *The Heart and the Crown*

1. They rode into town

On the thirteenth of Spring.

She gave him her hand

And he gave her his ring.

She gave him her heart

And he gave her his crown,

But they never, no never

Went down derry down derry down.

2. Her horse was pure white

And his horse was gray

She wanted to go

But he asked her to stay.

She gave him her heart

And he gave her his crown,

But they never, no never

Went down derry down derry down.

3. Her eyes were pure black

And his eyes were so blue.

She wanted him strong

And he wanted her true.

She gave him her heart

And he gave her his crown,

But they never, no never

Went down derry down derry down.

4. Come all ye fair maidens,

And listen to me,

If you want your young man

To be strong and free

Just give him your heart

And he'll give you his crown

Just as long as you never

Go down derry down derry down.

## 145 *The Helmsman* *Mikal~Hrafspa*

1. To oar, to oar, the helmsman did cry

We're close to the shore and the tides running

high

There's gold in this place and we're willing to try

And the gods would favor the bold

These Irish will flee as we come from the sea

Aye the Norsemen are sailing for gold

The Norsemen are sailing for gold

2. To arms, to arms, the helmsman did say

They've chosen to meet us in battle today

They cannot withstand us, they'll soon run away

And the gods would favor the brave

So let fly the spear, there'll be slaughter here

Aye the Norse have come over the waves

The Norse have come over the waves

## 146 *The Heralds Said to Me*

*Joseph of Locksley,  
Cherie Ruadh of Locksley  
Tune: 12 Days of Christmas*

3. Stand firm, stand firm, the helmsman did shout

Though many have fallen our hearts are still

stout

Should we retreat it would end in a rout

And the gods would favor the strong

So here we shall stand to the very last man

Aye the Norse will remember our song

The Norse will remember our song

4. Rise up, rise up, the Valkyries cry

Odin appointed this day you would die

Mount up on our horses, to Valhalla we fly

And the gods still honor the brave

Outnumbered you stood as a true hero would

True Norsemen go such to their graves

Norsemen go such to their graves

5. No sound, no sound, save the rush of the sea

The ravens are feeding, they won't feed on me

For when our line broke, I hid in the trees

And the gods have forgotten my name

I cannot go home, forever I roam

For the Norse would remember my shame

The Norse will remember my shame

OPTIONAL LAST VERSE

1. The first time I sent my device the heralds said  
to me:

It violates the Rule of Three

2. The next time I tried it, the heralds said to me:

We changed the forms, and

It violates the Rule of Three!

...to save space...

3. The LAST time I sent my device, the heralds  
said to me:

Someone else has got it,

We changed the rules again,

It's not a period design,

It's against the Rule of Tincture,

We changed the rules,

In a decision rendered by the College of Arms

on August 1<sup>st</sup>, A.S. V it was decided that this

Style of Heraldic Design was not appropriate to

the aims and intentions of the Corporate Body

Holy! Holy! Holy!

We haven't got it,

We upped the fees,

We changed the forms, and

It violates the Rule of Three

Back to singing

**147** *Here Come the Sons*  
*Koshka*  
*Tune: Here Comes the Sun - The Beatles*

Here comes the Sons, do do do do

Here come the Sons, And I say - - Let's fight!

1. Count Christian, it's been a long, cold, lonely  
winter

Tiger Lad, it seems like years since we've been  
here

Here comes the Sons, do do do do

Here come the Sons, And I say - - Let's fight!

2. Obadiah, I see the blood is amply flowing  
Swanman, it feels like years since I killed a peer

Here comes the Sons, do do do do

Here come the Sons, And I say - - Let's fight!

3. Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come  
Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come  
Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come  
Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come

4. Beerslayer, we see that they have been retreating  
Lord Corwin, it seems like years since we've been  
feared

5. Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come  
Sons, Sons, Sons, here they come

**148** *Here's a Health*  
*Traditional*

1. Kind friends and companions, come join me in  
rhyme

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine

Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

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

Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass

Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

2. Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well

For kindness and beauty there's none can excel

She smiles on my countenance as she sits on my

knee

There's no one on this wide world as happy as me

3. Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock

I wish her safe landing without any shock

And if ever we should meet again, by land or by

sea

I will always remember your kindness to me

## 1. Hey it's Estrella

Let's build a medieval City

It's another year away

But the sunsets are so pretty

Things to do

Filled with friends both old and new

Stardust for you

## 2. Hey it's Estrella

Don't you worry about the distance

It's right there when you get lonely

Search your heart start reminiscin'

Close your eyes

Listen to the drums, the beat will rise

You're fireside

Oh it's the comradery [x4]

The comradery

## 3. Hey it's Estrella

I know the knights are hitting hard

But just believe me, squire

Someday your renown will travel far

Like it should

Fulfilled by friends and brotherhood

It will be good

## 4. Hey it's Estrella

I've got artworks to display

If every cotehardie I made for you

Would take your breath away

I'd make it all

I'd do a research overhaul

I will enthrall

Oh it's the comradery [x4]

The comradery

## 5. A thousand miles seems pretty far

But Joel the Brewer brought his bar

We'll stumble home until we find the way

Our friends would all make fun of us

And we'll just laugh along because we know

That all of them have felt this way

Estrella I can promise you

When we finally get to you

Your heart will never ever be the same

You're all to blame

## 6. Goodbye Estrella

You be good and don't you miss me

One more year and we'll be back to you

And we'll recreating history like we do

You'll know it's all because of you

We can do whatever we want to

Hey there Estrella here's to you

This one's for you

Oh it's the comradery [x4]

The comradery

**150**

## *Hey Jutes*

*Tune: Hey Jude - The Beatles*

Hey Jutes, don't make it bad

Take a Saxon and make him deader

Remember to knock off all of his kin

Then you begin to get better

Hey Jutes, don't be afraid

There is Briton go out and get her

The minute the Angles let you in

Then you begin to set the fetters

1. And any time you felt the strain, Hey Jutes,

refrain

Don't carry the wounded on your shoulders

And well you know that it's a rule, Hey Jutes, be

cool

Just wait 'til the weather's a little colder

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na

Hey Jutes, don't let me down

You have found her, now go and wed her

Remember to put her into your cart

Then you can start to bed her.

2. Even though that you're just Danes, Hey Jutes,

remain

The country is yours until the Normans come

And don't you know that it's just you, Hey

Jutes, you'll do

They're waiting for someone to control them

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na

Hey Jutes, don't make it bad

Take a Saxon and make him deader

Remember to flay off all of his skin

Then you begin to get better

Better, better, better, better owwww!

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na

**151** *The Hielan Laddie*  
*Traditional*

1. As I came o'er the Cairney Mount  
An' doon anang the bloomin' heather  
The Heilan' laddie drew his dirk  
And sheathed it in my wanton leather

Oh my bonnie Heilan' laddie  
Ma handsome bonnie Heilan' laddie  
When I'm sick an like tae dee  
He'll row me in his tartan plaidee

2. Wi me he played his warlike pranks  
An on me boldly did adventure  
He did attack me on baith flanks  
an pushed me firecely in the center

3. A furious ficht we did maintain  
Wi equal courage an desire  
Although he charged me three tae one  
I stood ma ground an took his fire

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**152** *High Germany*  
*Traditional*

1. One day as I was walking, and a walkin' all alone  
I heard a young couple, a' makin' their moan  
Said the older one to the sunder one, "Bonnie  
lass I must away:  
For the King he has commanded us, and His  
orders I must obey

2. Oh first of all your promises when first you were  
my love  
Was to keep me ever at your side however far  
you should rove  
Pity only take do not me forsake, for great is my  
love  
Through France and Spain, Bonnie Ireland, along  
with you I'll go.

3. I fear the treacherous journey, bitter cold, and  
burning heat  
Rough cold, and stony mountains, they will  
wound your tender feet  
And to your kinsman to you would prove untrue,  
if from them you go  
For maids must bide at their parent's side, while  
men do fight the foe

4. I fear no parent's anger, nor any daring foe  
Since I have resolved along with you to go  
Through the rain and snow, and through weal or  
woe, I'll prove hard you'll see  
For the drums do beat, and the drum that  
sound, and the wars of High Germany

5. One day as I was walking, and a walkin' all alone  
I heard a young couple, a' makin' their moan  
Said the older one to the sunder one, " Bonnie  
lass I must away:  
For the King he has commanded us, and His  
orders I must obey

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**153** *The Highland Clearances*  
Andy~Stewart

1. Ah, for the glens are lyin' bare,  
And the wee bit farm deserted,  
And the woods of Germany,  
Grows in rows o'er the broken hearted.

2. Black is the wood on the roofance was braw  
But blacker still is your heart, Victoria,  
Sent your men untae our glens  
You'll need the Good Lord lookin' o'er ye.

3. Many hae gane tae Americay  
You burnt their hames and garred them wander  
Gor a' would have stayed wi' the deil himsel'  
As bide an hour wi' the cruel Gillanders.

4. Ah, for the glens are lyin' bare  
And the wee bit farm deserted  
And the woods of Germany  
Grows on rows o'er the broken hearted.

**154** *The Highwayman*  
Alfred~Noyes

1. The wind was a torrent of darkness among the  
gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon  
cloudy seas  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the  
purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding, riding, riding-  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn  
door.

2. Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the  
dark inn yard  
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters,  
but all was locked and barred;  
He whistled a tune to the window and who  
should be waiting there  
But the landlord's black eyed daughter, Bess, the  
landlord's daughter  
Plaiting a red love-knot into her long black hair.

3. "One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a  
prize tonight,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before  
the morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me  
through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight, watch for me by  
moonlight,  
I will come to thee by moonlight, though Hell  
should bar the way."

4. He did not come in the dawning; he did not  
come at noon;  
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of  
the moon,  
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the  
purple moor,  
A red-coat troop came marching, marching,  
marching-  
King George's men came marching, up to the old  
inn door.

5. They tied her up to attention, with many a  
sickening jest,  
And they bound a musket beside her, with the  
barrel to her breast.  
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.  
She heard the dead man say,  
"Look for me by moonlight, watch for me by  
moonlight,  
I will come to thee by moonlight, though Hell  
should bar the way."

6. "Look for me by moonlight." The hoof-beats  
ringing clear.  
"Watch for me by moonlight." Were they deaf  
they did not hear?  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one  
last deep breath,  
Then her finger moved in the moonlight, her  
musket shattered the moonlight  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight, and  
warned him - with her death.

7. He turned, he spurred him westward; he did not  
know who stood

Bowed with her head o'er the musket, drenched  
with her own red blood.

Not 'til the dawn he heard it; his face grew gray  
to hear

How Bess, the landlord's daughter, the landlord's  
black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love by moonlight, and died  
in the darkness there.

8. Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a  
curse to the sky,

With the white road smoking behind him, and  
his rapier brandished high!

Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon,  
wine-red was his velvet coat,

When they shot him down on the highway, with  
a bunch of lace at his throat.

9. And still of a winter's night, they say, when the  
wind is in the trees

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon  
cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the  
purple moor,

A highwayman comes riding, riding, riding-

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn  
door.

1. The holly and the ivy,

When they are both full grown,

Of all trees that are in the wood,

The holly bears the crown

O, the rising of the sun,

And the running of the deer

The playing of the merry organ,

Sweet singing in the choir.

2. The holly bears a blossom,

As white as lily flow'r,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

To be our dear Saviour

3. The holly bears a berry,

As red as any blood,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

To do poor sinners good

4. The holly bears a prickle,

As sharp as any thorn,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

On Christmas Day in the morn

5. The holly bears a bark,

As bitter as the gall,

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,

For to redeem us all

6. The holly and the ivy,  
When they are both full grown,  
Of all trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown

**156** *The Hoodie Crow*  
*Traditional*

1. The Hoodie Crow has a black, black heart  
He's the vilest of the crows  
He's a greedy hawk, and an evil scavenger thief  
wherever he goes  
For he picks at the heart and pecks at the corpse  
And drinks o' the blood of his prey  
It's a grey ill wind in the world o' birds  
When the Hoodie blows their way

2. The sick will fear him hover near  
For he smells their failing breath  
Where the feeble lie, he'll wait nearby  
And attend them at their death  
He'll worry the weak wi' a jab o' his beak  
He'll frighten young and old  
And the wind that blows the Hoodie in  
Has a cheerless bitter cold

3. In the open sky his piercing eye  
Will search the grounds below  
And the threshing sound of his beating wings  
His victims soon will know  
No clamor calls nor helpless cries  
Distract him from his task  
And the whistling wind that sends them in  
Has an icy chilly blast

4. The Eagle guards his eyrie  
Safe high up in the hills  
And the fearless Robin  
Braves the cold and damp wet winter chills  
But Crows gang up and hound their prey  
And send them to their grave  
And the prize they crave is the fat and the juice  
And the blood of the Ravens Craig

5. The skin is stripped the bones are picked  
The carcass dead and gone  
And the cries that echo round the skies  
Are quiet and forlorn  
The rain falls down to heal the scars  
And wash them in it's flood  
And the Hoodie rides on another wind  
In search of other blood  
And the Hoodie rides on another wind  
In search of other blood  
Ravens Craig no more  
Ravens Craig no more

**157** *Hotspur*  
*Andrew of Woldenwood*

1. Squire, bring my armor, my sword and my  
destrier.  
I've raised an army to break Henry's power.  
South from the Humber, we've marched to the  
Severn,  
With Douglas of Scotland, to join with  
Glendower.

2. So ready your weapons, and don warlike harness,  
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.  
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the  
morrow.  
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

3. Hal Prince of Wales has brought forth an army,  
To halt us he's planning, he bars naught to me.  
Yon rides his father, a king made by Percy,  
His host in the thousands, a hard fight will be.

4. So let loose your clothyards my stout Cheshire  
yeoman,  
The hiss of your bowstrings, tis soft as a sigh.  
Now King's knights you've halted, so up roar the  
horsemen,  
We charge for the center, brave Douglas and I.

5. Lay low a sergeant, and then slay his master,  
Rend through the armor, and hew clear a way.  
There by the banner, the King rides before me,  
I swear by my honor, tis his final day.

6. But Prince Hal has broken my right wing of  
battle,  
And he's for his father, a whirlin' around.  
Now one of his yeomen has sent me an arrow,  
The Blue Lion of Percy is pulled to the ground.

7. Squire bring my armor, my sword and destrier.  
I'll live forever to spite Bolingbroke!  
Know then of Hotspur who died by the Severn,  
And list what was heard when Lord Percy spoke:  
softly

8. Ready your weapons, and don warlike harness,  
The King rides to greet us at Shrewsbury town.  
He'll pay what he owes me, or fight on the  
morrow,  
The Blue Lion of Percy will bloody the ground.

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158

*House of the Fervent Kip*  
Tune: *House of the Rising Sun - The Animals*

1. There is a house in al-Barran,  
They call the Fervent Kip  
Has been the ruin of many young lords  
That's where I made my slip

2. My father was an English Knight  
My mom a maid of France  
And had they but taught me a few facts of life  
I might have had a chance

3. I wandered far from home one night  
When I was just a kid  
I stopped and asked them to show me the way  
And that's just what they did

4. I left my home an honest lad  
My innocence assured  
When I returned the following morn'  
My weakness had been cured

5. I've studied long with sages wise  
And scholars most astute  
But they've taught me less than that single night  
In a house of ill repute

6. There is a house in al-Barran  
It's called the Fervent Kip  
Has been the ruin of many young lords  
That's where I made my slip

159

*The Housewife's Lament*  
*Irish Traditional*

1. One day I was walking, I heard a complaining,  
And saw an old woman, the picture of gloom.  
She gazed at the mud on her doorstep ('twas  
raining).  
And this was her song as she wielded her broom:  
  
Oh, Life is a toil, and love is a trouble,  
Beauty will fade and riches'll flee.  
Pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,  
And nothing is as I would wish it to be.

2. There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,  
There's too much ironing goes to a shirt.  
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste  
on it;  
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and  
dirt.

3. In March it is mud, it is slush in December;  
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust.  
In fall the leaves litter. In muddy September,  
The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust.

4. There are worms on the cherries and slugs on the  
roses,  
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies.  
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes;  
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

5. It's sweeping at six and it's dusting at seven.  
It's victuals at eight and it's dishes at nine.  
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;  
We scarce break our fast till we plan how to dine.

6. With grease and with grime, from corner to  
center,  
Forever at war and forever alert.  
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter;  
I spend my whole life in struggle with dirt.

7. Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever  
On a far little rock in the midst of the sea.  
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavour  
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.

8. Alas! 'Twas no dream; ahead I behold it.  
I see I am helpless my fate to avert.  
She lay down her broom, her apron she folded,  
She lay down and died and was buried in dirt.

**160** *How the Court Goes On*  
*Tune: Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da - The Beatles*

1. Wulf has a stall in the merchant's' row,  
Einhard's armor needs a duct tape patch,  
Supper back in camp is ready to be cooked,  
But it's been so long the breakfast eggs have  
hatched.

Ob la de, ob la da, obadia, La La How the court  
goes on

Ob la de, ob la da, obadia, La La How the court  
goes on

2. In a couple of years the presentation part is done,  
And the corp laws will be discussed at length,  
The populace is stifling yawns.

3. Happy as a prisoner on the torture rack,  
Trapped in court I sit with knotted knees,  
I wish I'd come late so I could stand in back,  
Because a privy run is needed desperately.

Ob la de, ob la da, obadia, La La How the court  
goes on

Ob la de, ob la da, obadia, La La How the court  
goes on

4. If you want some fun, stay out 'til court is done.

## 161 *The Hunter Would a Hunting Go*

1. The keeper would a hunting go,  
And under his coat he carried a bow,  
All for to shoot at the merry little doe,  
Among the leaves so green, O

Jackie bo! Master? Sing ye well?

Very well.

Hey down! Ho down!

Derry derry down!

Among the leaves so green, O.

To my hey down!

To my ho, down, down!

Hey down!

Ho down!

Derry derry down.

Among the leaves so green, O!

2. The first doe he shot at he missed  
The second one he trimmed and kissed.  
The third one went where nobody wist,  
Among the leaves so green, O!

3. The forth doe, she did cross the plain  
The keeper fetched her back again.  
Where she is now she may remain,  
Among the leaves so green, O!

4. The fifth doe, she did cross the brook

The keeper fetched her back with his crook.

Where she is now, you must go look,

Among the leaves so green, O!

5. The sixth doe she ran over the plain,

But he with his hounds did turn her again,

And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,

Among the leaves so green, O!

## 162 *I Know My Love*

1. I know my love by his way of walkin',

And I know my love by his way of talkin',

And I know my love dressed in a suit of blue,

And if my love leaves me, what shall I do?

And still she cried, "I love him the best,

And a troubled mind sure can know no rest."

And still she cried, "Bonny boys are few,

And if my love leaves me, what shall I do?"

2. There is a dance house in Maradyke

And there my true love goes every night.

He takes a strange one upon his knee

And don't you think now that vexes me!

3. If my love knew I could wash and wring,

If my love knew I could weave and spin,

I'd make a coat all of the finest kind,

But the want of money leaves me behind.

**163** *I Know Where I'm goin'*

1. I know where I'm goin',  
And I know who's a goin' with me,  
I know who I love  
But the dear knows who I'll marry!
2. I have stockings of silk,  
Shoes of fine green leather,  
Combs to buckle my hair,  
And a ring for every finger.
3. Some say he's black,  
But I say he's bonny,  
The fairest of them all  
My handsome, winsome Johnny.
4. Feather beds are soft,  
And painted rooms are bonny,  
But I would leave them all  
To go with my love Johnny.

**164** *I Love to be a Viking*  
*Tune: Vietnam Song by Country Joe And The Fish*

1. Well, come on Viking, don't be lax  
put on your tunic and grab your ax  
We're goin' down to our dragon ships  
gonna skewer some Saxons on our spear-tips  
We know we won't all be comin' back,  
but it's so fun to slash and hack!  
  
And it's 1-2-3, who are fightin' for?  
I know, it don't matter at all,  
next stop is Odin's hall!  
  
And it's 5-6-7, headin' for the rainbow bridge,  
well, we love to fight, and that's no lie,  
whoopee, we're all gonna die!
2. Well we know dyin' ain't so tough,  
that's what makes us so mean and rough  
We know that when we kick off  
we'll be drinkin' good beer right out of a trough  
And grabbin' Valkyries by their bums  
and the hangover never comes!
3. So, you grab Oly and I'll get Sven  
the spring is here, it's time to raid again  
Let's steal the cattle and burn the huts  
and toss the women right on their butt's!  
And we'll have a good time and maybe we'll  
croak,  
but who cares, let's go make some smoke!

4. Well, Vikings are bad boys to the core

even our poems are full of gore

We like squishing intestines with our feet

we think slaughter is really neat!

Because fightin' and killin' pleases our gods,

so hey, you can't beat the odds!

## 165 *I Sing of Dead Bunnies*

*Anonymous*

*Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike*

1. I sing of dead bunnies, and burnt baby chicks

Barbecued squirrels, and hamsters on sticks

Ducklings in blenders, and frogs off the road

Opossums on fenders and deep french-fried toad!

2. Sliced and diced sparrows, dead dogs on the lawn

Cats riddled with arrows, and disemboweled faun

Pickled canaries, and clubbed baby seals

Mice served in berries, and turtles 'neath wheels

3. Minced baby earwigs, koala fillet

Rat Pie with custard, and cockroach puree

Fred's little brother, and Mystery Beast:

These are the things that they served at the

Feast!

## 166 *If I Were a Blackbird*

1. I am a young sailor, my story is sad

Though once I was carefree, and a brave sailor

lad

I courted a lassie, by night and by day

Ah, but now she has left me and sailed far away

Oh, if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing

I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in

An' in the top riggin, I would there build my nest

And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lily white breast

2. Or if was a scholar, and could handle the pen

One secret love letter my true love I'd send

I'd tell of my sorrow, my grief, and my pain

Since she's sailed over the ocean, to yon flowery

glen

3. I sailed o'er the ocean, my fortune to seek

Though I'd miss her caress, and her kiss on my

cheek

I sailed back to tell her my love was still warm

But she turned away lightly, and great was her

scorn

4. I promised to take her to Donnybrooke faire

To buy her fine ribbons, to tie up her hair

I promised to marry, and to stay by her side

But she says in the mornin', she sails with the

tide

5. My parents, they chide me, an' will no' agree  
 Sayin' that me and my false love, married will  
 never be  
 Ah, but let them deprive, oh let them do what  
 they will  
 While there's breath in my body, she's the one  
 that I love still

**167** *If I Were A Princess*  
 Tune: *If I Were A Rich Man*

All day long I'd sit upon my throne,  
 Watching all the peasants carry on. Ha.

1. If I were a princess- La Da Da Da Da Da etc.  
 There would be a dozen virile knights  
 Fighting for my favor and my song.

2. They'd come to court and give me all sorts of  
 presents  
 Trinkets and lovely things to eat.  
 Then they'd bow and curtsy when I pass by.  
 They'd work so hard to please me hoping that I  
 would  
 Tell them that their lives were now complete.  
 But I'd just keep them groveling at my feet. Ha!

3. But since I'm not a princess- La Da Da Da Da  
 Da etc.  
 No one ever looks my way,  
 I'm the one who toils night and day  
 And I'll never hear the gentles say,  
 "Oh, your highness have a lovely day."

**168** *I'm a Freeborn Man*  
 Ewan MacColl

1. I am a freeborn man of the traveling people  
 Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered  
 Country lanes and byways were always my ways  
 Never fancied being lumbered

2. O we knew the woods, all the resting places  
 And the small birds sang when wintertime was  
 over  
 Then we'd pack our load and be on the road  
 They were good old times for the rover

3. There was open ground where a man could linger  
 Stay a week or two for time was not your master  
 Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog  
 Nice and easy, no need to go faster

4. Now and then you'd meet up with other travelers  
 Hear the news or else swap family information  
 At the country fairs, we'd be meeting there  
 All the people of the traveling nation

5. All you freeborn men of the traveling people  
Every tinker, rolling stone, or gypsy rover  
Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going  
Your traveling days will soon be over

5. Ashore now, let's get the flock  
burn the town for extra shock  
By Thor, we'll be at Ragnarok  
with infamous Eric the Red

**169** *Infamous Eric the Red*  
*Enricco ~D'Oriaa*  
*Tune: Mister Ed*

1. A Norse is a Norse, of course, of course  
nobody raids like a Norse, of course  
Unless, of course, the raiding Norse  
is infamous Eric the Red

2. Heroes on board, that's the Norse  
axes and banners held high, of course  
Always good plunder, never a blunder  
with infamous Eric the Red

3. Gone a'viking? but, of course!  
Byzantium to Vinland have gone the Norse  
Longboats to sea, always on course  
with infamous Eric the Red

4. Heroes aplenty, that's the Norse  
Huscarls, Berserkers and Bondi, of course  
Together as a raiding force  
with infamous Eric the Red

6. The skald sings of our mighty deed  
the chief gives us his wisest rede  
From horns we'll drink the sweetest mead  
with infamous Eric the Red

7. End of the world? that's a sight!  
Ragnarok's the god's twilight  
With Valkyries we'll drink each night  
and infamous Eric the Red

1. About a maid I sing a song  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
About a maid I sing a song  
Who didn't have her family long  
Not only did she do them wrong  
She did every one of them in, them in  
She did every one of them in
2. One morning in a fit of pique  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
One morning in a fit of pique  
She drown her father in the creek  
The water tasted bad for a week  
So we had to make due with gin, with gin  
We had to make due with gin
3. Her mother she could never stand  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
Her mother she could never stand  
And so a cyanide stew she planned  
Her mother died with a spoon in her hand  
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin  
Her face in a hideous grin

4. She set her sisters hair on fire  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
She set her sisters hair on fire  
And as the smoke and flames rose higher  
She danced around the funeral pyre  
Playing a violin, 'olin  
Playing a violin
5. She weighted her brother down with stones  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
She weighed her brother down with stones  
And sent him off to Davy Jones  
All they ever found were some bones  
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin  
Occasional pieces of skin  
Sung
6. One day when she had nothing to do  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
One day when she had nothing to do  
She cut her baby brother in two  
Served him up as an Irish Stew  
And invited the neighbors in, 'bors in  
And invited the neighbors in

7. And when at last the police came by

Sing rickety tickety tin

And when at last the police came by

Her little pranks she could not deny

To do so she would have had to lie

And lying she knew was a sin, a sin

And lying she knew was a sin

8. My ghastly tale I'll not prolong

Sing rickety tickety tin

My ghastly tale I'll not prolong

And if you did not enjoy my song

You've yourself to blame if it's too long

You should never have let me begin, begin

You should never have let me begin!

1. In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six

We set sail from the coal quay of Cork

We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

For the grand city hall in New York

2. We'd an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and

aft

And how the trade winds drove her

She had twenty three masts, and she stood

several blasts

And they called her the Irish Rover

3. There was Barney Magee, from the banks of the

Lee

There was Hogan from county Tyrone

There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff

of work

And a chap from Westmeath named Mallone

4. There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a

rule

And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover

And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of

the Bann

Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

5. We had one million bags of the best Silgo rags

We had two million barrels of bone

We had three million bales of old nanny goats  
tails

We had four million barrels of stone

6. We had five million hogs, and six million dogs

And seven million barrels of porter

We had seven million sides of old blind horses  
hides

In the hold of the Irish Rover

7. We had sailed seven years when the measles

broke out

And our ship lost her way in a fog

And the whole of the crew was reduced down to  
two

'Twas meself, and the captain's old dog

8. Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a

shock

And nearly tumbled over

Nine times turned around, then the poor dog was  
drown'

I'm the last of the Irish Rover

1. I lie in this cage in full public gaze

And I don't give a pin for all their scorn

For I've crowned my lover king

Ah, such glorious days I've seen

Give me a chance, I'd do it all again

Give me a chance, I'd do it all again

2. Robbie my love, you've the heart of a dove

Only Scotland could raise such a man

On the wild mountain side

I have lain down by your side

In spite of bitter wind and freezing rain

In spite of bitter wind and freezing rain

3. These soft southern dogs have never scaled the

heights

They cower in their comfort secure

But he has dared it all

And he's risked the fearsome fall

Surely God will crown the brave and the sure

Surely God will crown the brave and the sure

4. At proud Bannockburn their cringing hearts did  
turn

From his noble and daring campaign

I watched from a distant hill

And my heart flies with him still

Though my body may be caged and disdained

Though my body may be caged and disdained

5. He's bold as a ram, he's gentle as a lamb

He's a man that could never be denied

He's generous and gay

But he's changeable as day

And for just one hour with him I'd gladly die

And for just one hour with him I'd gladly die

1. I hae' friends, they buy me whisky

Bonnie friends they call my name

But if I should get too drunk for walkin'

Where's the man that would carry me hame

And if I be drunk in the Isla Waters

Through the Thistlewood I must hame

If I be drunk in the Isla Waters

My wee doggie would find me in the Isla Stream

2. All the day I bless that water

Aye she's bricht an' clear to see

But after hours o' ale hoose laughter

Dark an' still she waits for me

3. Like the fisher's line that's broken

Leaves the salmon tae the swell

Many's the nicht you've had me soakin'

Part tae break the lyster's hell

4. All my days I've lived tae court her

Bauden bonny fine stuff I've seen

But should I droun in yuir water

My wee doggie would find me in the Isla Stream

**174** *Isle of Islay*

1. How high the gulls fly o'er Islay,  
How sad the farm land deep in plague,  
Felt like the grain on your sand.
2. How well the sleep's bill music makes,  
Roving the cliffs where fancy takes  
Felt like a tide left me here.
3. How blessed the forest with birds song,  
How neat the cut peat laid so long,  
Fell like a seed on your land.
4. Felt like a tide left me here,  
Felt like a grain on your sand,  
Felt like a grain on your sand.

**175** *It's In, It's Out*  
*Tune: Sunrise, Sunset*

1. Where is that hero I married?  
Where is that lover that I knew?  
Once we made merry love for hours, all night  
through.
2. I don't remember growing older.  
Somehow the years have slipped away.  
Hormones are raging and I won't wait!  
  
It's up. It's down;  
It's in. it's out.  
Then it goes away.  
Done is that fellow (phallus) that I played with,  
Gone is the romping in the hay.
3. Now he's older, growing older;  
Still there is no way...  
He claims the minutes now are hours,  
timing was never his forte!
4. He's through, I'm not;  
He's cold, I'm hot,  
Sleep would come his way...  
Finish the task my lord, I warn thee,  
Or there'll be bloody hell to pay.

It's up. It's down;

It's in. it's out.

Then it goes away.

Done is that fellow (phallus) that I played with,

Gone is the romping in the hay.

5. Gently he turns to me and whispers,

Words that do set my soul aflame;

Then with a loving smile he takes me,

Things have changed!

6. Evening is turning into daylight

Some things will never be the same.

Now I am begging him for mercy,

I've been tamed

No doubt, it's up.

It's in, its out,

And it seems to stay.

Now it's this lady who needs sleep, dear,

Later we'll love again and play.

1. A cup, a cup,

My kingdom for a cup.

Two lords a goin' to the field.

Without protection had to yield.

Lord Taran offered his cup;

The first lord picked it up.

He went away to try it on,

To his dismay the size was wrong.

It's so big;

It's so incredibly big.

Can't believe my eyes,

A magnificent size!

I'll never fill it up;

And neither will my friend;

Or the two of us...together!

2. A cup, a cup,

My kingdom for a cup.

The feast was ready to be served;

Without the bowl that it deserved.

Lord Taran offered his cup;

A lady picked it up.

A ladle full she did put in,

And then the floor did meet her chin.

It's so big;  
It's so incredibly big.  
Can't believe my eyes,  
A magnificent size!  
I'll never fill it up.  
There's not enough soup at the feast,  
Or the village!

3. A cup, a cup,  
My kingdom for a cup.  
A toast the King did wish to make.  
Without a goblet hard to fake.  
Lord Taran offered his cup;  
The King he picked it up.  
Discreetly poured his drink inside,  
And then looked like he nearly died.

It's so big,  
It's so incredibly big.  
Can't believe my eyes,  
A magnificent size!  
I'll never fill it up.  
Whatta' you think I am?  
I only brought one bottle!

4. A cup, a cup,  
My kingdom for a cup.  
Lord Taran was all suited up.  
The one thing missing was his cup.  
A page he found the cup;  
Lord Taran picked it up.  
He went inside to put it on;  
And every lady's eye was drawn.

It's so big,  
It's so incredibly big.  
Can't believe my eyes,  
A magnificent size!  
I hope he fills it up;  
He better fill it up...  
He's got a legend to live up to now.

It's so big;  
It's so incredibly big.  
Can't believe my eyes,  
A magnificent size!  
I hope he fills it up.  
I hope...he fills...it up.

**177** *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie  
Little Rabbit Fur Bikini*  
*W.J. ~Bethancourt~III*  
*Tune: Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow  
Polka Dot Bikini*

1. She was afraid to come out to the Tourney  
She was worried that "something might show.."  
She was afraid to come out to the Tourney  
And the poor thing did NOT want to go...  
2 - 3 - 4, tell the people what she wore!

It was an itsy bitsy teeny weenie little rabbit fur  
bikini  
That she wore, for the first time, that day.  
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
And in her apartment she wanted to stay!

2. One day in the Kingdom of the Middle  
It happened at a Tourney one day:  
The Mongols invaded the Middle  
But the Middle did not want to play...  
eins - zwei - drei, but the Dark Horde wouldn't die!

It was an itsy bitsy tiny teenie Nauseating Mongol  
weenie  
That they saw, for the first time, that day.  
An itsy bitsy tiny teenie Nauseating Mongol weenie  
And the Mongols did NOT go away!

3. Now the Heralds made up a new Rulebook  
And to read it is some kind of gas!  
It's a bureaucrat's dream, this new Rulebook  
Now NOBODY'S blazon can pass!

Win - Place - Show, tell the Heralds where to go!

I want an itsy bitsy teenie weenie little rabbit fur  
bikini

On my shield, as my blazon, today!  
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
But "that's offensive" the Heralds all say!

4. I sat down at the Revel last evening  
To a feast of green meat, and Rat Pie...  
It was cold, and disgusting, and greasy  
And I just want to upchuck and die!  
6 - 7 - 8, tell them what was on your plate!

It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie little rabbit fur  
bikini  
With a side dish of cold cabbage pie!  
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie little rabbit fur bikini  
With the fur on, and NOTHING inside!

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**178** *Isty Bitsy Warrior*  
*Tune: Itsy Bitsy Spider*

1. The itsy bitsy warrior walked on the tourney field  
Out came the Duke and demanded that he yield  
Out came the Sword and it cut the Duke in twain  
And the itsy bitsy warrior walked off the field  
again

## 179 *I've Gone Away*

1. There was a man with an hourglass for keeping  
the time of day  
he would scream it by hour, with all of his power  
I was glad when they took him away  
for what's in the knowing, if the flowers are  
growing,  
and your troubles locked safely away.  
As the moon slowly rises and the day dies behind  
us,  
don't call me I've gone away ... to the S C A.

2. In another life I was a business man  
in an office with four telephones,  
and I made lots of money, but I felt pretty  
crummy  
in my starched plastic business man's clothes.  
But what can that matter, when there's ladies to  
flatter  
and the bards all around to play.  
We'll sit by the fire, we'll watch it grow higher.  
don't call me I've gone away ... to the S C A.

3. A friend I have said I've lost my mind  
that I spend too much time in the past,  
I tell him I'm fine, drinking ale and wine  
and that he's just a pain in the ass.  
Well, out on the field with a sword and a shield  
the fighters crash into the fray  
It's chivalry's game for honor and fame  
and don't call me I've gone away ... to the S C  
A.

4. It seems kind of funny, men spend their lives  
running  
on a quest for a phoney brass ring, well,  
I've made that money and I can tell ya, honey  
that it don't really mean anything.  
There's more to this life than the magazines say  
than you can see on your tv screen.  
Oh don't call me I've gone away  
Oh don't call me I've gone away  
Oh don't call me I've gone away  
To the S C A.

**180** *Jabal al-Samira's Mercenary Band*  
Tune: *St. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*

1. We're Jabal al-Samira's Mercenary Band.  
We hope you will enjoy our show.  
Jabal al-Samira's Mercenary Band  
We'll help you make your evening go.  
Jabal al-Samira, Jabal al-Samira, Jabal al-Samira  
Mercenary Band.
2. It's wonderful to be here,  
It's certainly a thrill,  
You're such a lovely audience,  
Your ransom we'll take home with us,  
Your ransom we'll take home.
3. I don't really want to stop the show,  
But we thought you really ought to know,  
To escape us, you must pay a fee,  
Call it ransom money if you please.
4. Now may I introduce to you,  
The head of our conspiracy,  
al-Samira's Mercenary Band.  
Pay your FEES!

**181** *Jingle Bang*  
*Modern Traditional*

1. A lusty young smith at his vice stood a'filing  
His hammer lay by but his forge still aglow  
When to him a buxom young damsel came  
smiling  
And asked him to work at her forge he would go  
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle  
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle hi-ho
2. I will said the smith, and they went off together  
Along to the young damsels forge they did go  
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot  
weather  
She kindled a fire, and she soon made him glow
3. Her husband, she said, no good work could  
afford her  
His strength and his tool were worn out long ago  
The smith said, well mine are in very good order  
And now I am ready my skill for to show
4. Red hot grew his iron as both did desire  
But he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so  
Said she, What I get I get out of the fire,  
So with it strike home and redouble the blow

5. Six times did his iron through vigorous heating  
Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so  
And often would harden still beating and beating  
But the more it did soften did harden more slow

4. They let him stand 'til Midsummer tide,  
'Til he grew both pale and wan,  
Then Little Sir John he grew a long beard,  
And so became a man!

6. At last went the smith, 'towards the dame full of  
sorrow  
Oh what I would give could my husband do so  
Good lad with your hammer come hither  
tomorrow  
But pray could you use it once more 'ere you go?

5. They hired men with the scythes so sharp  
To cut him off at the knee  
They rolled him and tied him about the waist,  
And used him barbarously!

6. They hired men with the sharp pitchforks  
To pierce him to the heart,  
And the loader he served him worse than that,  
For he tied him in a cart!

**182** *John Barleycorn*  
*Traditional*

1. There were three men come out of the West  
Their fortunes for to try,  
And these three men made a solemn vow:  
John Barleycorn should die!

7. They wheeled him around and around the field,  
'Til they came to a barn,  
And there they made a solemn mow  
Of poor John Barleycorn,

2. They plowed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,  
Threw clods upon his head,  
And these three men made a solemn vow:  
John Barleycorn was dead!

8. They hired men with the crab-tree sticks  
To strip him skin from bone  
And the Miller he served him worse than that:  
For he ground him between two stones!

3. They let him lie for a very long time  
'Til the rain from Heaven did fall,  
Then Little Sir John sprung up his head,  
And so amazed them all!

9. Here's Little Sir John in a nut-brown bowl,  
And brandy in a glass!  
And Little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl  
Proved the stronger man at last!

10. For the huntsman he can't hunt the fox  
Nor loudly blow his horn,  
And the tinker can't mend kettles nor pots  
Without John Barleycorn!

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183

*John Dory*  
*Traditional*

1. As it fell on a holy day,  
And upon a holy tide, a,  
John Dory bought him an ambling nag  
To Paris for to ride, a.  
To Paris for to ride, a.

2. And when John Dory to Paris was come  
A little before the gate, a,  
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted  
To let him in thereat, a.

3. The first man that John Dory did meet  
Was good King John of France, a.  
John Dory could well of his courtesy,  
But fell down in a trance, a.

4. "A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,  
For my merry men and for me, a,  
And all the churls in merry England  
I'll bring them all bound to thee, a."

5. And Nicholl was then a Cornish [man],  
A little beside Bohyde, a,  
And he manned forth a good black bark  
With fifty good oars on a side, a.

6. "Run up, my boy, unto the maintop,  
And look what thou canst spy, a."  
'Who ho, who ho, a goodly ship I do see;  
I trow it be John Dory, a."

7. They hoist their sails both top and top,  
The mizen and all was tried, a;  
And every man stood to his lot,  
Whatever should betide, a.

8. The roaring cannons then were plied,  
And dub a dub went the drum, a;  
The braying trumpets loud they cried  
To courage both all and some, a.

9. The grappling hooks were brought at length,  
The brown bill and the sword, a;  
John Dory at length, for all his strength,  
Was clapped fast under board, a.

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1. Hey, Johnnie Cope, are you wauking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?

If ye were wauking I wad wait

To gang to the coals in the morning

2. Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar

"Charlie meet me an ye daur,

An I'll learn you the art o' war

If you'll meet me in the morning"

3. When Charlie looked the letter upon,

He drew his sword the scabbard from

"Come follow me, my merry men,

An' we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!"

4. "Now Johnnie, be as good as your word

Come, let us try both fire and sword

And dinna rin like a frightened bird

That's chased frae it's nest in the morning"

5. When Johnnie Cope he heard of this

He thought it wad'na be amiss

To hae his horse in readiness

To flee awa' in the morning

6. Fly now Johnnie, get up and rin

The Highlands bagpipes make a din

It's best to sleep in a hale skin

For 'Twill be a bluidy morning

7. When Johnnie cope to Dunbar came

They sneered at him, "Where's a' your men?"

"The Deil confound me gin I ken

For I left them a' in the morning

8. Now Johnnie, Troth, ya are na blate

To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat

And leave your men in sae a strait

Sae early in the morning

9. "I' faith" quo Johnnie " I got a fleg

Wi' their claymores and phillabegs

If I face them again, Deil break my legs!

Else I wish you a gud morning"

1. O Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine and wants  
me for to wed,  
And I would marry Johnny, but me father up and  
said:  
"I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother  
never knew,  
That Johnny is a son of mine and so is kin to  
you"'.  
  
2. O Billy be fair and Billy be fine...

3. O Michael be fair and Michael be fine...

4. You never saw a sorrier lass, or sadder, than I

was,

A-kin to every lad in town, me father is the  
cause!

If things should thus continue I will die a single  
miss,

So I should run to mother and complain to her of  
this!

5. Now haven't I told you daughter to forgive and  
to forget?

For though your father's sown his wild oats, you  
needn't fret,

He may have sired every single lad in town, but  
still,

He's not the one who sired YOU so marry who  
you will!

When going the road to sweet Athy,

Haroo, Haroo

When going the road to sweet Athy,

Haroo, Haroo

When going the road to sweet Athy,

1. A stick in me hand, a glass in me eye,

A doleful damsel I heard cry;

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye!"

2. Where are the legs that used to run?

When first you learned to carry a gun

I fear your dancing days are done

3. Where are the eyes that were so mild?

That looked upon the world and smiled

Why did you leave your wife and child?

4. You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg  
You're a boneless, eyeless, chickenless egg  
We'll have to put you out with a bowl to beg

5. We're happy for to see you home  
All from the island of Ceylon  
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone

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187

*Johnny Jump Up*  
*Tadhg Jordan*

1. Come and listen, I'll tell you what happened to  
me  
One day as I went down to Cork by the sea  
The day it was hot and the sun it was warm,  
So 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, all the beer is sold  
out  
Try whiskey or paddy, ten years in the wood  
Says I, I'll try the cider, I've heard it was good.

Oh never, Oh never, Oh never again  
If I live to be a hundred or a hundred and ten  
I fell to the ground and I couldn't 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 thing I remember 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 Know  
Bar?

After drinking a quart of that cider so sweet  
He threw down his crutches and danced on his  
feet.

Oh never, Oh never, Oh never again

If I live to be a hundred or a hundred and ten  
I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up

After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up

6. I went down the lee road, a friend for to see  
They call it the madhouse in Cork by the Sea  
Well when I got there, sure the truth I will tell,  
They had this poor bugger locked 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 the bottle I had

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

8. A man died in the mines by the name of McNabb  
They washed him and laid him outside on the  
slab  
Well 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 was high  
The corpse sits up and says with a sigh  
I can't get into heaven, they won't let me up  
'Til I bring them a quart of the Johnny Jump Up

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

10. So if ever you go down to the 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

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**188** *Jug of Punch*  
*Traditional*

1. One pleasant evening in the month of June  
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon  
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch  
And the song he sang was the jug of punch

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay  
(Last two lines of verse)

2. What more diversion can a man desire  
Than to sit him down by an ale house fire  
Upon his knee a pretty wench  
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

3. Let the doctors come with all their art  
They'll make no impression upon my heart  
Even the cripple forgets his hunch  
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

4. Well if I get drunk sure the money's me own  
And them don't like me they can leave me alone  
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow  
And I'll be welcome wherever I go

5. And when I'm dead now and in my grave  
No costly tombstone will I crave  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

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189

*Karelea's Song*  
*lolo~fitz~Owen*

1. Now, the Baron of the East March's fair  
sorceress daughter  
Was enamored, unseemly with the fool of her  
Lord.  
Now her Duke was deemed handsome, he'd a  
soul vain and petty  
And a dark mind as empty as last summer's  
gourd.

2. And the fool, he was clever and he sang for the  
Lady  
Like a nightingale piping in a deep forest grove.  
But his station was lowly and his body was aging  
And their love was as helpless as if he were stone.

3. So the Lady has led them, the fool and her  
husband  
To her cool secret garden by the mid summer's  
moon  
And she's dance them a spell there of shifting  
and changing  
And left them dumbfounded by sorcery's boon.

4. She has left the fool crying to the gods of his  
fathers'  
She has led her Duke laughing to her high  
chamber door.

And she's kept him there softly for two days  
bright dawnsings  
While the servants all gossiped in wonder and  
awe.  
5. Now, the fool died in madness, saying he was  
ensorceled  
And the Duke only smiled him a sad secret smile.  
Now, the Duke rules his people in wit and good  
humor  
And he sings for his Lady like the nightingale's  
song.

6. And she's born him five children, two sons and  
three daughters  
And they've grown straight and handsome and  
sorcerers all.  
And they dance in the garden and sing in the  
moonlight  
Like nightingale's singing in a green forest hall.

**190** *Kelly, the Boy from Killanne*  
*Traditional*

1. What's the news? What's the news? O my bold  
Shelmalier,  
With your long-barrelled gun, from the sea?  
A wind from the south brings a messenger dear  
With a hymn of the dawn for the free?  
"Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of  
Forth,  
Goodly news do I bring, Bargy man!  
For the boys march at dawn from the south to  
the north  
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killanne!"

2. Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling  
hair,  
He who rides at the head of your van  
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to  
spare  
And he looks like a king in command!  
"Oh, me boys, that's the pride of the bold  
Shelmaliers,  
"Mongst our greatest of heroes, a man!  
Fling your beavers aloft and your three ringin'  
cheers  
John Kelly, the boy from Killanne!"

3. Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,  
And the Barrow tomorrow we cross.  
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun  
That will batter the gateways to Ross!  
All the Forth men and Bargy men march over  
the heath  
Brave Harvey to lead on the van;  
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death  
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killanne!

4. Now the bold sun of freedom grew darkened at  
Ross  
And it set by the Slaney's red waves;  
And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on  
a cross  
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!  
Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died  
For the cause of long-down-trodden man!  
Glory O! to mount Leinster's own darling and  
pride:  
John Kelly, the boy from Killanne!

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## 191 *King Kalas and his Sons*

King Kalas had four sons,  
And four sons had he,  
And they rambled around  
In the northern country  
And they rambled around  
Without ever a care.  
The Hound and the Bull  
And the Cat and the Bear.

1. The Hound was a hunter,  
The Hound was a spy,  
The Hound could shoot down  
Any bird on the fly.  
The Hound was out hunting  
When brought down was he  
Alone as he rambled  
The northern country.

King Kalas had three sons,  
And three sons had he,  
And they rambled around  
In the northern country  
And they rambled around  
Without ever a care.  
And they were the Bull  
And the Cat and the Bear.

2. The Bull was a gorer,  
The Bull was a knight,  
And never a man who would  
Run from a fight.  
The Bull was out fighting  
When brought down was he  
Alone as he rambled  
The northern country.

King Kalas had two sons,  
And two sons had he,  
And they rambled around  
In the northern country  
And they rambled around  
Without ever a care.  
And the names they were called  
Were the Cat and the Bear.

3. The Cat was a shadow,  
The Cat was a snare,  
Sometimes you knew not  
When the Cat was right there.  
The Cat was out hiding  
When brought down was he  
Alone as he rambled  
The northern country.

King Kalas had one son,  
And one son had he,  
And he rambled around in the northern country.  
And he rambled around without ever a care,  
And the name he went under  
Was Kalas' Bear.

4. The Bear was a bully,  
The Bear was a brag,  
His mouth was brimmed over  
With bluster and swag.  
The Bear was out boasting  
When brought down was he  
Alone as he rambled  
The northern country.

King Kalas had no sons,  
And no sons had he,  
To ramble around  
In the northern country.  
Though late in the evening  
The ghosts are seen there  
Of the Hound and the Bull  
And the Cat and the Bear.

## 192 *King of the Fairies*

1. Up the airy mountain down the rushy glen  
we darn't go a hunting for fear of little men.  
Wee folk, good folk trooping all together  
green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.
2. By the craggy hillside through the mosses bare  
they've planted thorn trees for pleasure here and  
there.  
Is any man so daring as to dig them up in spite  
he'll find their sharpest thorns in his bed at night.

**193** *The Kings Sailor*  
*Traditional*

1. Early early in the spring  
I shipped on board to serve my king  
I left my dearest, my dear behind  
She oft times swore, that her heart was mine
2. Now all the time that sailed the seas  
I could not find a moments ease  
For thinking of my dearest dear  
But never a word of my love did hear
3. At last I sailed into Glasgow town  
I searched the streets, both up and down  
Inquiring for my dearest dear  
But never a word of love did hear
4. I went straight way to her fathers hall  
And loudly for my love did call  
He said she's married now, she's a rich man's  
wife  
Went to another, for a better full life
5. Well curse you both, curse the cinder truth  
And curse the girl, that won't prove true  
And the followers, who did break  
Who went to another, for riches sake

6. But the girl is married, the tide is come  
And I will stay, on land no more  
I'll sail the seas, till the day I die  
Breaking through the waves, rolling mountain  
high

7. Early early in the spring  
I shipped onboard, to serve my king  
I left my dearest, my dear behind  
She oft time swore that her heart was mine

Public Domain  
**194** *Lady Diamond*  
*Traditional*

1. There was a lord who lived in the north country  
He was a man of wealth and fame  
He only had one child, a child but only one  
And Lady Diamond was her name
2. She did not love a lord, she did not love a king  
She loved a kitchen boy and William was his  
name  
And though he brought her joy, he also brought  
her shame  
And he gave his heart to Lady Diamond  
  
And his hair shined like gold said Lady Diamond  
And his eyes like crystal stone said Lady Diamond  
Bright as the silver moon  
Bright as the sun that shines  
On Lady Diamond

3. It was a winters night, the Lord could get no rest

To Lady Diamond's room he came

He sat down on the bed just like a wandering  
ghost

Now Lady Diamond tell me plain

4. Do you Love a lord, he said, or do you love a  
king?

I love a kitchen boy and William is his name  
And better a love that boy then all your well  
dressed men

I love his heart, said Lady Diamond

5. Where are all my men, he said, that I pay meat  
and fee

Go fetch the kitchen boy and bring him here to  
me

They dragged him from the house and hung him  
on a tree

And they gave his heart to Lady Diamond

And his hair shined like gold said Lady Diamond

And his eyes like crystal stone said Lady Diamond

Bright as the silver moon

Bright as the sun that shines

On Lady Diamond

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming all  
alone

All her lovely companions are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred, no rose bud is nigh

To reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the  
stem.

Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with  
them.

'Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed

Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and  
dead.

3. So soon may I follow, when friendships decay  
And from love's shining circle the gems drop  
away

When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are  
flown

Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

**196** *Leave Her Johnny*  
A. Author, B. Authour

1. O the times are hard and the wages low,

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

I think it's time for us to go!

An' it's time for us to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!

For the voyage is done an' the winds don't blow,

An' it's time for us to leave her!

2. O I thought I heard the old man say,

Tomorrow ye will get your pay!

3. It's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,

It's Yankee John the packet rat.

4. It's rotten beef an' weev'ly bread,

It's pump or drown the old man said.

5. The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,

She shipped it green an' none went by.

6. We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,

With all night in an' plenty o' ale!

7. The mate was a bucko an' the old man a Turk,

The bosun was a beggar with the middle name

o' work!

8. It's growl yer may an' go yer must,

It matters not whether yer last or first!

9. The cook's a drunk, he likes to booze,

'tween him an' the mate there's little to choose!

10. I hate to sail on this rotten tub,

No grog allowed and rotten grub!

11. The ship won't steer, or stay, or wear,

An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear.

12. No Liverpool bread, nor rotten crackerhash,

No dandyfunk, nor cold an' sloppy hash.

13. The old man shouts, the pumps stand by,

Oh, we can never suck her dry.

14. Now I thought I hear the old man say,

Just one more pull an' then belay.

15. We swear by rote for want o' more,

But now we're through so we'll go on shore.

Public Domain

**197** *Leprechaun*  
*Traditional*

1. In a shady nook one moonlight night  
A leprechaun I spied,  
With scarlet cap and coat of green;  
A cruiskenn by his side.  
'Twas a tick tack tick, his hammer went,  
Upon a tiny shoe,  
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;  
But the fairy was laughing too!
2. With a tip toe step and beating heart,  
Quite softly I drew nigh:  
There was mischief in his merry face;  
A twinkle in his eye.  
He hammered and sang with tiny voice,  
And drank his mountain dew;  
And I laughed to think he was caught at last:  
But the fairy was laughing too!
3. As quick as thought I seized the elf;  
"Your fairy purse!" I cried;  
"The purse!" he said "'tis in her hand  
"That lady at your side!"  
I turned to look: the elf was off!  
Then what was I to do?  
O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;  
And the fairy was laughing too!

**198** *Leprosy*  
*Tune: Yesterday - The Beatles*

1. Leprosy,  
All my skin is falling off of me  
And it's simple, very plain to see  
I've got a case of Leprosy
2. Leprosy,  
Friends and family shy away from me  
And I can't afford a colony  
Oh I am stuck with Leprosy  
Why I have to rot, I know not  
I cannot say  
Gangrene is better but  
I am stuck, with Leprosy
3. Leprosy,  
All my clothes are dirty rags you see  
That's why all the people stare at me  
Oh why do I have Leprosy  
Why I have to rot, I know not  
I cannot say  
Gangrene is better but  
I am stuck with Leprosy
4. Leprosy,  
I'm not half the man I used to be  
That's 'cause half of me is dead you see  
Oh I am plagued with Leprosy

**199** *Let Erin Remember*  
*Thomas ~ Moore*

1. Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader;  
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the Red-Branch knights to danger;  
Ere the em'rald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.
2. On Lough Neagh's band, as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round tow'rs of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining!  
Thus shall mem'ry often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus sighing, look thro' the waves of Time  
For the long faded glories they cover!

1. William in his castle lay, sword and shield beside  
him  
A lovely lady at his side, but alas he lay there  
dying  
Far away the sounds were heard, the screams of  
men and fighting  
The ring of steel rang through the air, his castle  
lay in ruins
2. Closing his eyes he lay back his head, clutching  
his lady to him  
And he dreamed a last dream of an age that  
might come  
When the sword would be laid down for good
3. His lady washed away the dirt, on his face, from  
the dust of battle  
But even her tender gentleness, did ought to  
soothe her sorrow  
In the courtyard below, the enemy swarmed, in  
droves of hundreds to thousands  
Destroying resistance wherever it came, the  
battle would soon be over

**201** *Lillie The Pink*  
*Traditional*

4. Life by the sword is noble at best, but higher is  
the price you pay

And the one who will win is the one who's  
named Death

Till the sword is laid down for good

5. Now all that stands of his castle today, is a pile  
of stones and rubble

The bones of the men have long since decayed,  
their glories been forgotten

6. Life by the sword is noble at best, but higher is  
the price you pay

And the one who will win is the one who's  
named Death

Till the sword is laid down for good

Oh, I'll drink and drink and drink

To Lillie the Pink, the Pink, the Pink

The savior of the human race

She invented, Medicinal Compound

With applications in every case

1. Now here's a story, a little bit gory

A little bit happy, a little bit sad

Of Lillie the Pink, and her Medicinal Compound

And how it drove her to the bad

2. Well Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar

So they put him in a home

Then they gave him Medicinal Compound

And now he's Emperor of Rome

3. Paddy Klinger, the Opera singer

Could break a glass with his voice to save

Rubbed his tonsils with Medicinal Compound

Now they break glasses o'er his head

4. Tinny Hammer, had a terrible stammer

He could hardly say a word

And so they gave him Medicinal Compound

And now he's seen and never heard

5. Uncle Paul, he was very small, he  
Was the shortest man in town  
Rubbed his body with Medicinal Compound  
Now he weighs only half a pound

6. Lilly died and went to heaven  
All the church bells they did ring  
She took her Medicinal Compound  
Hark the Herald Angels sing

## 202 *Lindsay*

1. Now Lindsay he has taken to the road, straight  
to the North he'll steer  
With his face and a fiddle in his pack, he'll make  
a living it's clear  
He's well met with a peddler group, and a  
chance to a chance at the Inn  
He's called to the rail, and he's taken the fife,  
and he's careful to stick to the tune

2. Now all through the night they fiddle and fife,  
for the dancers have taken to the floor  
They neither one took a pipe or a glass, or a lass  
while the music was on  
They played up through the markets and fairs,  
till a glance to the north they've come  
And there they met Black Janet De'Willie, who  
sang as she rattled a drum

3. Now Lindsay's asked Black Janet to dance, and  
ye never saw so bonny a pair  
She has taken him firm by the hand, and she's  
kicked to the top of the stair  
"Here", she said, "is a fine feather bed, where a  
man be weary or creel  
May step for me against Strathspey, Wi' me lute  
and the tune in his ears

4. Now Janet was as good as her word, Lindsay has  
proven his worth  
May ye all have so merry a dance if ever ye come  
to the north

5. Now Lindsay he has taken to the road, straight  
to the Northhill still  
With his face and a fiddle in his pack, he'll make  
a living its clear  
He's well met with a peddler group, and a  
chance to a chance at the Inn  
He' called to the rail, and he's taken the fife, and  
he's careful to stick to the tune

1. By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,  
Where me and my true love were ever wont to  
gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

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

2. 'Twas then that we parted, in yon shady glen  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
Where in purple hue, the Highland hills we view  
And the moon coming out in the glooming.

3. The wee birdies, and the wildflowers spring  
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,  
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring  
again,  
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their grieving.

1. When I'm done the work of day  
And I row my boat away  
Dawn the waters of Loch Tay  
When the evening light is fallen

2. Then I look towards Ben Lass  
Where the after glories glow  
And I dream of two bright eyes  
Where the Mary Mirth glow

3. She's my beauteous Maiden Loch  
She's my Joy and Sorrow too  
Though I own she is not true  
Ah, but I cannot live without her

4. For my heart's a boat in two  
And I'd give the world to know  
If she means to let me go  
As I send me slowly home

5. And in Loch her loving hair  
Has more beauty I declare  
Then all the tresses fair  
From Cildain to Aber Felde

6. Be they lent, white, gold, or brown  
Be they blacker than the sloe  
They meant not as much to me  
As a meltin' flake of snow

7. And her dance is like the gleam  
Of the sunlight on the stream  
And the songs that we folk sing  
Oh they're songs that she sings milkin'

8. But my heart is full of woe  
For last night she bade me go  
And the tears began to flow  
As I silently go home

9. When I'm done the work of day  
And I row my boat away  
Dawn the waters of Loch Tay  
When the evening light is fallen

1. I was born in battle's fire  
Laid beside my mother's corpse  
My toys the ravens of the field  
My lullabies the screams of horse  
But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.

2. Odin saw me on the field  
And recognized his bastard son  
There he claimed me for his own  
Heir to all that he had won  
But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.

3. I am the slyest of the gods

Fire is the gift I gave

I am swifter than the wind

And none can match the tricks I've played

But when that storm god you all praise

Walks the earth and shatters trees

You huddle close beside my gift

And whisper prayers beside the spit

And as the woodsmoke turns and twists

You owe your lives to sly Loki.

4. What is the honor they give me?

Denied a seat in Odin's hall

Forbidden fruits from Idun's tree

And cast outside of Asgard's walls

But when that storm god you all praise

Walks the earth and shatters trees

You huddle close beside my gift

And whisper prayers beside the spit

And as the woodsmoke turns and twists

You owe your lives to sly Loki.

5. So sit beside the fires gleam

And count the wrongs that I have borne

I wait for Ragnarok and dream

Hark! Is that the battles horn?

1. Squired a lad just the other day

Gave him his belt in the usual way

But there were wars to fight, and men to slay

He made his sword while I was away

And he was fighting 'fore I knew it, and as he

grew

He'd say "I'm going to be like you, Sir

You know I'm going to be like you"

And the cats in the cradle, and the silver spoon

Little Squire boy, and the Man in the Moon

When you coming home, Sir? I don't know when

But we'll get together then, Squire

You know we'll have a good fight then

2. He became a lord just the other day

He said "Thanks for the shield, Sir, come on,

let's play

Can you teach me to kill?" I said "Not today

I got a lot to do." He said "That's okay"

And he walked away, but his smile never dimmed

He said "I'm going to be like him, yeah

You know I'm going to be like him"

3. He came from Pennsic just the other day  
 So much like a Knight I just had to say  
 "Squire I'm proud of you, can you fight for a  
 while?"  
 He shook his head and he said with a smile  
 "What I'd really like, Sir, is to borrow your tent  
 please  
 See you later, will you leave us in peace?"
4. He's long been a knight, he's traveled far away  
 I saw him here just the other day  
 "I'd like to learn that snap blow, if you don't  
 mind?"  
 He said "I'd teach you, Sir, if I could find the  
 time  
 But see the new Crown's a hassle, and the  
 squires are new  
 But it's been nice sparring with you"  
 And as the King walked away, it occurred to me  
 He'd grown up just like me. My Squire was just  
 like me

1. Into the valley  
 Come riding, come riding,  
 Into the meadow and into the dell,  
 Into the moonlight where shadows are gliding,  
 Into the forest where enemies hiding,  
 Riding riding,  
 Three come a riding  
 Three come a riding  
 Into the mouth of hell.
2. Into the village,  
 Come riding, come riding,  
 Into the hames where the sweet women dwell,  
 Into the rests where the men are a bidding.  
 Into the forest where enemies hiding,  
 Riding riding,  
 Three come a riding  
 Three come a riding  
 Into the mouth of hell.

## 208 *Lord Gorum*

1. O where have you been all day, Gorum, my son?

The bull, the bear, the cat and hound,

Where have you been all day, my pretty one?

And the brothers have pulled me down.

2. I've been far afoot, with my staff in my hand,

The bull, the bear, the cat, and the hound,

I have been out walking my dead father's land,

And the brothers have pulled me down.

3. I looked in the mountains, I looked in the sea,

The bull, the bear, the cat, and the hound,

A looking for someone a looking for me,

And the brothers have pulled me down.

4. What have ye for supper, Lord Gorum, my son?

The bull, the bear, the cat, and the hound,

What have ye for supper, my pretty young one?

And the brothers have pulled me down.

5. I've nothing for supper and nothing to rise,

The bull, the bear, the cat, and the hound,

But fed on the look in my own true love's eyes,

And the brothers have pulled me down.

6. What will ye leave to that true love, my son?

The bull, the bear, the cat, and the hound.

What will she leave you, my handsome young  
one?

And the brothers have pulled me down.

7. My kingdom, my crown, my name, and my

grave,

The bull the bear the cat and the hound,

Her hair, her heart, her place in the cave,

And the brothers have pulled me down.

## 209 *Lord Randal*

1. O where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?

O where have you been, my bonny young man?

I've been with my sweetheart, mother make my  
bed soon

For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie  
down.

2. And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?

And what did she give you, my bonny young  
man?

Eels boiled in brew, mother make my bed soon  
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie  
down.

3. What's become of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
What's become of your bloodhounds, my bonny young man?  
O they swelled and died, mother make my bed soon  
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down.

4. O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son,  
O I fear you are poisoned, my bonny young man.  
O yes, I am poisoned, mother make my bed soon  
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down.

5. What will you leave your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What will you leave your brother, my bonny young man?  
My horse and the saddle, mother make my bed soon  
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down.

6. What will you leave your sister, Lord Randal, my son?  
What will you leave your sister, my bonny young man?  
My gold box and rings, mother make my bed soon  
For I'm sick to the heart and I fain would lie down.

7. What will you leave your true love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What will you leave your true love, my bonny young man?  
The tow and the halter to hang on yon tree,  
And let her hang there for the poisoning of me.

1. She was in the flowery garden, when first she  
 caught my eye  
 And I just a marching soldier; she smiled as I  
 passed by  
 The flowers she held were fresh an' fair, her lips  
 were full and red  
 And as I passed that shady bower, she turned to  
 me and said

Last night we spoke of love  
 Now we're forced to part  
 You leave to the sound of a marching drum  
 And the beat of a lover's heart

2. She was by the shore in the evening, when next I  
 saw my dear  
 Running barefoot by the waterside, she called as  
 I drew near  
 The sunlight glanced at the waters edge, makin'  
 fire of her auburn hair  
 My young heart danced at her parting words that  
 hung in the evening air

3. She was on the Strand next morning when orders  
 came to sail  
 And as we slipped our ropes away I watched her  
 from the rail  
 She threw me a rose which fell between us, and  
 floated in the bay  
 And as our ship pulled from the shore, I heard  
 her call and say

4. Now the soldiers life won't suit me, sweet music  
 is my trade  
 For I'd rather melt the hardest heart, than pierce  
 it with a blade  
 Let the time be short 'til I return to my home in  
 the north of Skye  
 And the loving girl who stole my heart, with  
 these words as I passed by

## 211 *Lullaby of Spring*

1. Rain has showered far her drip  
    Splash and trickle running  
    Plant has flowered in the sun  
    Shell and pebble sunning

So begins another spring  
Green leaves and of berries  
Chiff-chaff eggs are painted by  
Mother-bird eating cherries

2. In a misty tangled sky  
    Fast a wind is blowing  
    In a newborn rabbit's heart  
    River life is flowing

3. From the dark and whetted soil  
    Petals are unfolding  
    From the stony village kirk  
    Easter bells of old rings

## 212 *Lullaby to the Cat's Babe*

1. Hush, little mountain cat, sleep in your den,  
    I'll sing of your mother who cradled fair Jen.  
    I'll sing of your mother who covered Jen's skin.  
    Flesh of your flesh did sweet Jenna lie in.

2. Sleep, little catkin,  
    Perchance you shall dream  
    Of rabbit and pheasant, and trout in the stream.  
    But Jenna will dream of the dark and the light.  
    Your mother will shelter her from the cold night.

1. Some friends and I in a public house  
Was playin' Dominoes one night  
When into the room a fireman came,  
his face all chalky-white.  
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen a  
ghost?  
Have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"  
"Oh me Aunt Mariah be bugged," says he,  
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"  
"Oh," says Brown, "What a bit o'luck,  
everybody follow me.  
It's down to the cellar, if the fire's not there,  
Oh, we'll have a grand old spree."  
So we all went down with good old Brown  
And the booze we could not miss  
We hadn't been there ten minutes or more  
'Til we were quite like this —

Aaaaaaaaaand...

There was Brown, upside down,  
A moppin' up the whiskey on the floor  
"Booze, booze!", the fireman cried  
as they come a-knockin' at the door. (thump  
thump)  
"Oh, don't let 'em in 'til it's all mopped up."  
Somebody shouted "MacIntyre!"  
And we all got blue-blind, paralytic drunk,  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

2. Then Smith run over to the port wine tub  
And gave it a few hard knocks (Thump thump)  
Started takin' off his pantaloons, likewise his  
shoes and socks.  
"Hold on," says Brown, "That ain't allowed.  
You can't do that there here.  
Don't go washin' your trotters in the port wine  
tub  
When we got Guinness's beer!"

3. And then there came a mighty crash,  
Half the bloody roof caved in.  
We was drowned in the firemen's hose,  
Though we were almost .... happy.  
So we got some tacks and old wet sacks,  
And we tacked ourselves inside.  
And we sat there getting bleary-eyed drunk  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

**214** *Magpie*  
*Traditional*

1. The magpie is a most illustrious bird,  
Dwells in a diamond tree,  
One brings sorrow and one brings joy,  
Sorrow and joy for me.
  
2. The magpie is a most royal bird,  
Black and blue as night,  
Would that I had feathers three,  
Black and blue and white.
  
3. Two magpies alighted on a rampart ledge,  
Just as the sun broke red,  
The siege is over and my lord returns,  
But my brother in the field lays dead,  
My brother in the field lays dead.
  
4. I saw the gentle magpie birds,  
In dusky yester eve,  
One brought sorrow and one brought joy,  
And sooner than soon did leave,  
Brought sorrow and joy for me,  
Sorrow and joy for me.

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**215** *Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe*

1. Come all ye lads and lasses, and hear my  
mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts that weep for love to sigh you  
will not fail,  
'Tis all about a young man, and my song will tell  
you how  
He lately came a-courtin' of the Maid of the  
Sweet Brown Knowe.
  
2. Said he, "My pretty young fair maid, could you  
and I agree,  
To join our hands in wedlock bands, and married  
we will be;  
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, and you'll  
have my plighted vow,  
That I'll do my whole endeavors for the Maid of  
the Sweet Brown Knowe.
  
3. Now this young and pretty fickle thing, she knew  
not what to say,  
Her eyes did shine like silver bright, and merrily  
did play;  
Says she, "Young man, your love subdue, I am  
not ready now,  
And I'll spend another season at the foot of the  
Sweet Brown Knowe."

4. "Oh," says he, "My pretty young fair maid, now  
why do you say so?

Look down in yonder valley where my verdant  
crops do grow.

Look down in yonder valley at my horses and my  
plough,

All at their daily labor for the Maid of the Sweet  
Brown Knowe."

5. "If they're at their daily labor, kind sir, it is not  
for me.

I've heard of your behavior, I have, kind sir, "  
said she;

"There is an inn where you drop in, I've heard  
the people say,

Where you rap and you call and you pay for all,  
and go home by the break of day."

6. "If I rap and I call and I pay for all, my money is  
all my own.

I've never spent aught of your fortune, for I hear  
that you've got none.

You thought you had my poor heart broke in  
talkin' to you now,

But I'll leave you where I found you, at the foot  
of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

1. There is a young maiden who lives all alone

She lives all alone on the shore-o

There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind

But to roam all alone on the shore shore shore

But to roam all alone on the shore

2. T'was of the young captain who sailed the salt

sea

Let the wind blow high blow low-o

I will die, I will die the young captain did cry

If I don't have that maid on the shore shore shore

If I don't have that maid on the shore

3. Well I have lots of silver I have lots of gold

I have lots of costly ware-o

I'll divide, I'll divide with my jolly ship's crew

If they row me that maid on the shore shore

shore

If they row me that maid on the shore

4. After much persuasion they got her aboard

Let the wind blow high blow low-o

They replaced her away in his cabin below

Here's adieu to all sorrow and care care care

Here's adieu to all sorrow and care

5. They replaced her away in his cabin below

Let the wind blow high blow low-o

She's so pretty and neat she's so sweet and  
complete

She sung captain and sailors to sleep sleep sleep

She sung captain and sailors to sleep

6. Then she robbed him of silver she robbed him of  
gold

She robbed him of costly ware-o

Then took his broadsword instead of an oar

And paddled away to the shore shore shore

And paddled away to the shore

7. Well me men must be crazy me men must be  
mad

Me men must deep in despair-o

For to let you away from my cabin so gay

And to paddle your way to the shore shore shore

And paddle your way to the shore

8. Well your men was not crazy your men was not  
mad

Your men was not deep in despair-o

I deluded your sailors as well as yourself

I'm a maiden again on the shore shore shore

I'm a maiden again on the shore

1. There's a nice wee lass and her name is Mary  
Mac

Make no mistake, she's the miss I'm goin' tae tak

There's a lot of other chaps who would get up  
on her track

But I'm thinking they'll have to get up early

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

And I'm going to marry Mary

To get married and take care of me

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

2. Now this wee lass she has a lot of brass

She has a lot of gas and her father thinks I'm  
class

So I'd be a silly ass to let the matter pass

Her father thinks she suits me fairly.

3. Now Mary and her mother gain an awful lot  
together

In fact you never see the one or the one without  
the other

And the fellows often wonder if it's Mary or her  
mother

Or the both of them together that I'm courtin'

4. Now the wedding day's on Wednesday and every  
thing's arranged

Her name will soon be changed to mine unless

her mind be changed

And we're making the arrangements and I'm just  
a bit deranged

For marriage is an awful undertakin'

5. It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a  
fair

There's going to be a coach and pair for every  
couple there

We'll dine upon the finest fare I'm sure to get  
my share

If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken.

1. Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong.

Farewell, farewell to thee;

McPherson's life will not be long

On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, and sae dauntingly  
gaed he;

He played a tune and he danced around below the  
gallows tree.

2. Take off these bands from off my hands

And give to me my sword,

For there's not a man in all Scotland

But I'd brave him at his word.

3. There's some come here for to see me hung,

And some to buy my fiddle;

But before that I do part with her,

I'll break her through the middle

4. He took his fiddle in both his hands,

And he broke it o'er a stove,

Saying, there's nay ither hand shall play on thee

When I am dead and gone.

5. The reprieve was coming o'er the Brig of Baniff,  
For to set McPherson free;  
But they put the clock a quarter before,  
And they hanged him from a tree.

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219

*McShane*  
*Irish Traditional*

1. Oh my name is McShane from the plains of  
Kildare  
Farmer I was, until the last year  
Till I got a notion out by the promotion  
Went over to England to harvest my share

Rum turalee, rum tur-a-lalley

Rum turalee, misha tur-a-lie-ay

2. I parted with Molly so blithe and so jolly  
I picked up a stick for a staff in me hand  
To keep myself cheery, for fear I'll grow weary  
I sang as I walked as I marched through the land

3. I landed in England on a bright summers evening  
The lap of the kiltar I held in me hand  
Some of them laughing, and some of them  
chanting  
And some of them trying to put Paddy away

4. I went to this woman, and I asked her for lodging  
She instantly showed me the bed in the room  
And being so tired and so worn out from walking  
I layed myself down on the bed in the room

5. Old Lumpar the Tinker stood up from the corner  
He said "By my soul I will cut off your life"  
Says I "Old Tinker, you know who you're daggin'  
For I'm old McShane from the plains of Kildare"

6. He tried for to fetch me a punch in the stomach  
I instantly nailed him a one in the throat  
He went like a heel over head in the corner  
and cut his old head on a rusty old cot

7. He lay on the floor, like a sheep he was bleeding  
I swore by my soul I would cut off his life  
I lifted him up and sat down for a naggin'  
and me and old Tinker we ended our strife

8. Well my name is McShane from the plains of  
Kildare  
Farmer I was until the last year  
Till I got a notion out by the promotion  
Went over to England to harvest my share

## 220 *Mercenary's Brag*

1. O' there's many types of warriors that you'll see  
swagger round,  
And each and everyone of them says they're the  
best that's found,  
They'll be short or tall or thin or fat, or young or  
sometimes old,  
But they're all alike in their contempt of those  
who fight for gold.

2. You can call up peasant levies but they're green  
and seem to run,  
And the men that you've enlisted may desert  
before you're done,  
And the King's elite are fighters but they're all  
too keen to die,  
If you'd a fighter who'll stand by you, then the  
mercenaries try.

For the mercenary fighter has got fighting in his  
blood,  
And that's what keeps him going when he's wading  
through the mud,  
And there's one thing you can count on, when the  
deal has been made,  
He'll be loyal to your standard just as long as he is  
paid.

3. O' but don't you try to cheat him, of the  
payment he is due,  
For that, my friend, is something that you soon  
will surely rue,  
Just the fact that he is living backs his claim  
that he is good,  
You may find a pillaged ruin where before your  
castle stood.

4. O' there's many kinds of warriors that you'll see  
swagger round,  
And each and everyone of them says they're the  
best that's to be found,  
But the mercenary fighter holds his claim above  
the rest,  
'Cause fighting is his livelihood and that's what  
he does best.

## 221 *Metamorphosis*

1. As I went out one morning, morning so fair,  
I met a lovely maiden with flaxen hair.  
I'm going to see her Sunday, my love to declare  
And win unnumbered kisses from lips so rare.

J'ai fait une mai tresse, ya pas long temps,  
J'airai la voir di  
Manche sans plus tarder,  
Je pren drai sur sa bouche un doux baiser.

2. (She) Young man, before you kiss me, try as you  
will,  
Young man, before you kiss me, try as you will,  
I shall become a wild doe and run up the hill,  
Because I do not like you and never will.

3. (He) If you become a doe and flee 'cross the  
plain,  
If you become a doe and flee 'cross the plain,  
Then I'll become a hunter, and fetch you back  
again,  
For parted from your sweetness I'll not remain.

4. (She) If you become a hunter, I'll rove about.  
If you become a hunter, I'll rove about.  
I'll jump into the river and then be a trout,  
And down among the rocks I'll swim in and out.

5. (He) If you become a trout, an angler I'll be,  
If you become a trout, an angler I'll be,  
I'll cast my line and catch you where stream  
meets the sea,  
For no one else shall have you, no one but me.

6. (She) If you become an angler, casting my way,  
If you become an angler, casting my way,  
Then I'll become a rose and in my garden stay,  
Because my answer to you shall ev'r be nay.

7. (He) If you become a rosebud, glist'ning with  
dew,  
If you become a rosebud, glist'ning with dew,  
Then I'll become a gard'ner and when I find you,  
I'll let no one come near, 'till to me you're true.

8. (She) If you become a gard'ner, I'll not undone,  
If you become a gard'ner, I'll not undone,  
I'll climb right ov'r the convent wall and then be  
a nun,  
For I will grant no favors to you, not one.

9. (He) If you become a nun, behind cloistered  
walls,  
If you become a nun, behind cloistered walls,  
Then I'll become the doctor who on the cloister  
calls,  
For I shall never lose you, what ev'r befalls.

**222** *Mighty Casey*  
*Edmund~Bernhard*

10. (She) If you become the doctor, then I shall die,

If you become the doctor, then I shall die,

I'll ask the Lord to take me to my home on high,

And then to you at last I'll have said, "Goodbye."

11. (He) If you go up to heaven, I'll race you there,

If you go up to heaven, I'll race you there,

I shall become St. Peter, your home to prepare,

And, for eternity, we, the bliss, will share.

12. (She) Oh, if you are St. Peter, with golden key,

Oh, if you are St. Peter, with golden key

Then I'll come down to earth again and say,

"Marry me."

For I have never seen such persistency.

1. The field was terribly vicious

For the tourney list that day

A Baby Knight from Ansteorra

Seemed poised to have his way

2. So when Jago was one-shotted

And Bertrond had lost both arms

A mood of deep depression

Fell over the Outlands Charms

3. The lesser fighters bereft of lives

Made way back to the camp

But the older Outlands fighters

Would stay to see the champ

4. They said "If only Casey

Had had a chance to fight

We'd have a chance to win our luck

Against this Rhino-Hide

5. Then suddenly their eyes lit up

A cry rose from their Lords

It echoed off the polearms

It rattled off the swords

6. It rumbled through the valley

Where Outlandish fighters healed

For Casey, Mighty Casey

Was about to take the field

7. His helm was brightly shining  
His leathers richly tanned  
His breastplate layered titanium  
(Which cost him half a grand)

8. The shield upon his mighty arm  
Was golden from afar  
Between his teeth he coolly clenched  
A really good cigar

9. The Outlands fighters now revived  
Together in one light  
Would cheer the mighty Casey on  
In this, his greatest fight

10. There was ease in Casey's manner  
As his new opponent met  
His hands were steady as a rock  
His brow was free of sweat

11. "One quick blow" he murmured  
As he looked up to the sky  
Then bowing only to his Queen  
He launched into the fight

12. The cool is drained from Casey's face  
His eyes are hard and keen  
And all along his sun-drenched brow  
Great furrows can be seen

13. And now he calmly grips his sword  
And now he makes his throw  
And Now The Air Is SHATTERED  
By the force of Casey's blow

14. Oh somewhere in the Knowne Worlde  
There is a Happy Place  
Where Gentle Lords and Ladies  
Lie oblivious in their grace

15. But there is no joy in the Outlands  
Upon this sultry night  
For the foe of Mighty Casey  
Has called his great blow "Light"

**223** *The Minstrel Boy*  
Thomas~Moore

1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you'll find him.  
His father's sword he has girded on  
His wild harp slung behind him.
2. "Land of song," sang the warrior bard,  
"Tho all the world betrays ye,  
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee."
3. The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains  
could not keep his proud soul under.  
The harp he bore ne'er spoke again  
For he tore its cords asunder...
4. And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery,  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They ne'er shall sound in slavery."

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**224** *Miri It Is*

1. Miri it is while summer ilast  
With fugheles song  
Oc nu neheth windes blast  
And weder strong  
Ei, ei! What this night is long  
And ich with wel michel wrong  
Soregh and murn and fast

**225** *The Molecatcher*  
Traditional

Collected by Bob Copper in about 1954 from Jim Barrett, at the Fox in North Waltham, Hants

1. At Manchester City the sign of the Plough,  
There lives an old molecatcher, I can't tell you  
how.  
He goes a-molecatching from morning till night  
While the jolly young farmer goes playing with  
his wife.  
Singing law-til-i-day, law-tili-little-i, law-til-i-day.
2. The molecatcher jealous of the very same thing,  
So he hides in the bake-house and saw him come  
in,  
And when that young farmer got over the stile  
It caused the molecatcher to laugh and to smile.

3. He knocked at the door and thus he did say,  
Pray, where is your husband, good woman, I say.  
He's gone a-molecatching, you need not fear,  
But little did she think the molecatcher was near.

4. She went upstairs - he followed the sign,  
And the molecatcher followed them closely  
behind,  
And when that young farmer was in the midst of  
his sport  
The molecatcher grabbed him quite fast by his  
coat.

5. He clapped his hands and laughed at the sight,  
Saying, "This is the finest mole I've caught in  
me life.  
I'll make you pay well for ploughing my ground  
And the money it shall be no less than ten  
pound."

6. "Very well", said the farmer, "the money I don't  
mind,  
For it only costs me about twopence a time."  
So come all you young farmer chaps, mind what  
you're at  
And never get caught in a molecatcher's trap.

1. Ma'am dear, did ye never hear of pretty Molly  
Brannigan?

In troth, then, she's left me and I'll never be a  
man again.

Not a spot on my hide will a summer's sun e'er  
tan again

Since Molly's gone and left me here alone for to  
die.

2. The place where my heart was you'd aisy rowl a  
turnip in,

'Tis large as all Dublin, and from Dublin to the  
Divil's glen:

If she'd wish'd to take another, sure she might  
have left mine back again

And not have gone and left me here alone for to  
die.

3. Ma'am dear, I remember when the milking time  
was past and gone

We strolled thro' the meadow, and she swore I  
was the only one

That ever she could love, but oh! the base and  
cruel one,

For all I that she's left me here alone for to die.

4. Ma'am dear, I remember when coming home the  
rain began,

I wrapt my frieze-coat round her and ne'er a

waistcoat had I on

And my shirt was rather fine-drawn, but oh! the  
false and cruel one,

For all that she's left me here alone for to die.

5. The left side of my carcass is as weak as water  
gruel, ma'am,

There's not a pick upon my bones, since Molly's  
proved so cruel ma'am

Oh! if I had a blunder gun, I'd go and fight a  
duel, ma'am,

For sure I'd better shoot myself than live here to  
die.

6. I'm cool an' determined as any salamander,  
ma'am,

Won't you come to my wake when I go the long  
meander, ma'am?

I'll think myself as valiant as the famous

Alexander, ma'am

When I hear ye cryin' o'er me, "Arrah! why did  
ye die?"

1. In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty

'Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow

Through street broad and narrow

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

2. Now she was a fishmonger and sure 'twas no  
wonder

For so were her mother and father before

And they each wheeled their barrows

Through streets broad and narrow

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

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 streets broad and narrow

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

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**228** *Molly Malone II*

*Joseph of Locksley  
Tune: Molly Malone*

1. In Dublin's fair city, where the girls have no  
titties  
'Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone  
You could have her for a penny, and be one of  
many,  
But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!

But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

2. She was a street walker, and sure 'twas no  
wonder  
For so were her mother and grandmother too,  
With a mattress on the barrow, thru streets  
broad and narrow,  
And for sixpence they would act alive, alive-o!

3. She died of a fever, and no one could save her;  
It was caught from a folkie from Ontario,  
Now her ghost wheels the barrow thru streets  
broad and narrow  
But a ghost can't be had that's alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!

But a ghost can't be had that's alive, alive-o!

**229** *The Mongol Song*

*Modern Traditional*

1. When I was a young girl, and very protected  
I thought that a Mongol was to be decried  
But now I am older and I have different values  
And I've learned that a Mongol cannot be denied

2. And I say to myself, this is not what I planned  
All this burning and looting, and pillaging towns  
I might have been Queen, but things turned out  
different  
And if you've got knives you've no need for a  
Crown

3. One day as I went walking alone by the river  
I came on a Mongol who there changed my life  
He had me, I had him, and we had each other  
I bore him a son, and he took me to wife (in that  
order!)

4. And I say to myself, as I dress for the wars  
In my leathers and furs, with my braids hanging  
down  
My life may be strange, but its never been boring  
And if you've got knives, you've no need for a  
Crown

1. When I was a young girl I used to like boys,  
 I fondled their tights and played with their toys,  
 But me boy-friend ran off with a salesman  
 named Bruce,  
 You'd never get treatment like that from a  
 Moose!

So it's Moose, Moose, I like a Moose,  
 I've never had anything quite like a Moose,  
 I've had many lovers, my life has been loose,  
 But I've never had anything quite like a Moose!

2. Now when I'm in need of a very good lay,  
 I go to me stables and gets me some hay,  
 I opens me window and spreads it around,  
 'Cause Moose always comes when there's hay on  
 the ground!

3. Now I've made it with all kinds of beasties with  
 hair,  
 I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not  
 there,  
 I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,  
 But I've never had anything quite like a Moose!

4. Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
 And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,  
 But it just ain't the same when you slams your  
 caboose  
 As the feeling you gets when you humps with a  
 Moose!

5. I've tried many beasties on land or on sea  
 I've even tried hump-backs that humped back on  
 me!  
 Sharks are quite good, though they're hard to  
 pull loose  
 But on dry land there is nothing quite like a  
 moose!

6. Woodchucks are all right except that they bite  
 And foxes and rabbits won't last thru the night!  
 Cows would be fun, but they're hard to seduce  
 But you never need worry should you find a  
 moose!

7. Step in my study, and trophies you'll find  
 A black striped tiger and scruffy maned lion  
 You'll know the elephant by his ivory tooth  
 And the one that's a-winking, you know is the  
 moose!

8. The lion succumbed to a thirty-ought-six  
Machine guns and tigers I've proved do not mix  
The elephant fell by a bomb with a fuse  
But I won't tell a soul how I did in the moose!

9. I've found many women attracted to me  
A few of them have had me over for tea  
Some say that they love me when they're feeling  
loose  
But I'd trade the world's women for one lovely  
moose!

10. The good Lord made Adam, and then He made  
Eve  
Said He: "If you sin now, I'll ask you to leave!"  
They left not because of Eve's forbidden fruit  
But 'cause Adam decided the moose there were  
cute!

11. The English are said to like boars who've had  
corn  
The Celtics just dream of the young Unicorn  
The Germans, it's said, just need leather and  
rope  
But give me a moose and I'll no longer mope!

12. Now I've broken the laws in this god-awful state  
They've put me in prison and locked up the gate  
They say that tomorrow I'll swing from a noose  
But my last night I'll spend with a good sexy  
moose!

13. Next morning the Governor's word reached my  
ears  
"We've commuted your sentence to ninety-nine  
years!"  
"You won't get parole; not a five minute's truce,  
And your friend goes to Sing-Sing, he's so  
big-a-moose!"

14. (slowly) Now that I'm old and advanced in me  
years,  
I'll look back on me life, and I'll shed me no  
tears,  
As I sit in me chair with me glass of Mateuse,  
And play hide the salami with Marvin the Moose!

**231** *Mull of Kintyre*  
*Traditional*

1. Mull of Kintyre, Oh Mists rolling in from the sea

My Desire is always to be here, Oh, Mull of  
Kintyre

Far I have traveled and much I have seen

Far distant mountains with valleys of green

Vast painted deserts with sunsets on fire

As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

2. Mull of Kintyre, Oh Mists rolling in from the sea

My Desire is always to be here, On Mull of  
Kintyre

Sweet through the heather, right here in the glen

Carry me back to the days I knew when

Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir

Oh the Knights and the times of the Mull of

Kintyre

3. Mull of Kintyre, Oh Mists rolling in from the sea

My Desire is always to be here, Oh, Mull of  
Kintyre

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain

Still takes me back where my memories remain

Flickering embers grow higher and higher

As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

**232** *My God How the Money  
Rolls In!*  
*Anonymous, Joseph of Locksley*  
*Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*

1. My cousin sells shields to the Tuchux

The plywood they're made of is thin;

I'm a doggone good Chiurgeon

My God, how the money rolls in!

2. My brother is a mercenary

Hiring out to help you win

Since both Kingdoms pay for his wages

My God, how the money rolls in!

3. The East and the Middle are fighting

Trimaris and others join in

The Dark Horde makes book on the winner

My God, how the money rolls in!

4. Smilin' Ali is looking for people

To travel a long way with him

To auctions in old Persian markets

My God, how the money rolls in!

5. I'm just a poor mercenary

I don't care if we lose or we win

As long as you're still here on payday

My God, how the money rolls in!

6. Ioseph of Locksley is Celtic,  
Ioseph of Locksley is thin,  
Ioseph writes satire to order,  
My God, how the money rolls in!

**233** *My Irish Molly-O*  
*Traditional*

1. Molly dear now did you hear, the news that's  
goin' round?  
Down in a corner of my heart, a love is what  
you've found. And  
Every time I look into your Irish eyes so blue.  
They  
seem to whisper 'Darling boy, my love is all for  
you.' Oh,

Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet acushla  
dear I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish  
Molly, When you are near. Springtime, you know is  
ring time. Come dear and don't be slow,  
Change your name, go out with game,  
Begora wouldn't I do the same  
my Irish Molly O!

2. Molly dear now did you hear I furnished up the  
flat.  
Three little cozy rooms with bath and a  
'Welcome' on the mat.  
It's five pounds down and two a week, we'll soon  
be out of debt.  
It's all complete except, they haven't brought the  
cradle yet.

3. Molly dear now did you hear what all the  
neighbors say.  
About the hundred sovereigns you have safely  
stowed away.  
They say that's why I love you. Ah but Molly  
that's a shame  
If you had only ninety-nine I'd love you just the  
same.

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## 1. My old man's a fighter.

What do you think about that?

He wears a fighter's tabard, he wears a fighter's hat,

He wears a fighting tunic, and he wears fighter's shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he reads the daily news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a fighter, just like my old man.

## 2. My old man's a baron.

What do you think about that?

He wears a baron's tabard, he wears a nice gold hat,

He wears a baron's tunic, and he wears leather shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, some one reads him the news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a baron, just like my old man.

## 3. My old man's the king.

What do you think about that?

He wears a kingdom tabard, he wears a pointy hat,

He wears embroidered tunics, and he wears pointy shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he makes the front page news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be the king, just like my old man.

## 4. My old man's a herald.

What do you think about that?

He wears a herald's tabard, he wears a wide brimmed hat,

He wears a herald's tunic, and he wears sensible shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he cries the daily news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a herald, and shout at my old man.

5. My old man's a merchant.

What do you think about that?

He'll sell you any tabard, he'll sell you any hat,

Hell sell you any tunic, he'll sell you any shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, his children shout:

PENNSIC DAILY TIDINGS, ONLY FIFTY

CENTS!

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a

merchant, and sell you my old man.

6. My old man's a Pelican.

What do you think about that?

Hell help you make a tabard, he'll help you buy a  
hat,

Hell help you sew a tunic, he'll help you pick out  
shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he helps put out the  
news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a

Pelican, and help out my old man.

7. My old man's a Tuchuk.

What do you think about that?

He doesn't own a tabard, he has a fake fur hat,

He doesn't wear a tunic, he hasn't any shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he eats the daily news.

And some day, if I can, I don't want to be a

Tuchuk, not like my old man.

8. My old man's a Laurel.

What do you think about that?

He wears a completely authenticated, fully

documented tabard,

And a completely authenticated, fully

documented hat,

And a completely authenticated, fully

documented tunic,

And completely authenticated, fully documented  
shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he refuses to read the  
Pennsic Daily Tidings

Because his persona would not have been able to  
understand English.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a Laurel,  
and criticize my old man.

9. My old man's a bard.

What do you think about that?

He'll sing for a tabard, and then he'll pass his  
hat,

He'll sing about his tunic, and he'll sing and tap  
his shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he sings about the  
news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a bard,  
and sing about my old man.

10. My old man's a knight.

What do you think about that?

He wears a gold chain o'er his tabard, he wears  
an iron cap,

He wears a white belt round his tunic, and spurs  
on his shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, his squires bring him  
the news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a knight,  
just like my old man.

11. My old man's a fop.

What do you think about that?

He wears a frilly tabard, he wears a floppy hat,

He wears lace tunics, and very pointy shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he makes the fashion  
news.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a fop,  
and swish like my old man.

12. My old man's a stick jock.

What do you think about that?

He wears faded blue jeans, he wears a baseball  
cap,

He wears a dirty tee-shirt, and white Nike shoes,

And every day at Pennsic, he fights.

And some day, if I can, I'm going to be a stick  
jock, and beat up my old man.

1. When boyhood's fire was in my blood

I read of ancient freemen,

For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,

Three hundred men and three men;

And then I prayed I yet might see

Our fetters rent in twain,

And Ireland. long a province, be

A Nation once again!

A nation once again,

A nation once again,

And Ireland, long a province, be

A Nation once again!

2. And from that time, through wildest woe,

That hope has shown a far light,

Nor could love's brightest summer glow

Outshine that solemn starlight;

It seemed to watch above my head

In forum, field and fame,

Its angel voice sang round my bed,

A Nation once again.

3. It whisper'd too, that freedom's ark,  
And service high and holy,  
Would be profaned by feeling dark  
And passions vain or lowly;  
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a godly train;  
And righteous men must make our land  
A Nation once again!

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236

*Never Wed an Old Man*  
*Traditional*

1. An old man came courtin'me  
Hi ding durham di  
An old man came courtin'me, me bein'young  
An old man came courtin'me, askin'to marry me  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man

He's got no fallorum, Fie diddle nie durham die  
He's got no fallorum, Fie diddle aye a'  
He's got no fallorum, he's lost his ding durham  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

2. And when we went to tea  
Hi ding durham die  
And when we went to tea, me bein'young  
And when we went to tea, he started strokin'me  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

3. And when we went to church  
Hi ding durham die  
And when we went to church, me bein'young  
And when we went to church, he left me in the  
lurch  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

4. And when we went to bed  
Hi ding durham die  
And when we went to bed, me bein'young  
And when we went to bed, he lay there as if were  
dead  
Maids when you're young never we an old man

5. And when he went to sleep  
Hi ding durham die  
And when he went to sleep, me bein'young  
And when he went to sleep, out of bed I did  
creep  
Into the arms of a virile young lad

6. Guess what?  
I found my fallorum, hie diddle lie durham die  
I found my fallorum, Hie diddle aye a'  
I found my fallorum, I've got my ding durham  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

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**237** *Newbie Drinkers*  
*Edmund~Bernhard*  
*Tune: Greensleeves*

1. My lady love please come to me,  
The Newbie Drinkers have gone to sleep  
Though they were loud they have gone away  
And now we no longer must hear them

Newbie Drinkers you cannot see  
Newbie Drinker don't puke on me  
The bottle is dry this cannot be  
For now we must open another

2. We went to bed for our lawful rest  
But now we face an awful test  
The Newbie Drinkers are retching loud,  
We may not be able to sleep

3. Poor Lorie dear it was her first time  
To mix the Vodka and Scotch so fine  
To her the Vodka it had no taste  
But the Scotch it did make her to heave

4. And Doug dear Doug the Experienced man  
Who could not drink with just one hand  
He stumbled back, and he stumbled forth  
Until he could no longer walk

5. Bob, dear Mom, and Loreena too  
Could not turn backs to these Newbie few  
Yes they would come to the rescue  
Of these Newbie Drinkers

**238** *The Nightingales Sing*  
*Andy Gill*

1. One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a young couple, a goin' this way  
One was a lady, a lady so fair  
The other a soldier, a brave Grenadier.

2. Good morning, good morning, good morning to  
thee  
O where are you going, my pretty lady?  
O, I'm going to walk to the banks of the sea;  
To see waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

3. They had not been standing but a moment or  
two  
When out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew  
And the tune that he played made the valleys to  
ring  
"Hark! Hark!" cried the lady, "hear the  
nightingales sing."

4. "Pretty lady, pretty lady, it's time to give o'er"

"O no", cried the lady," please play one tune

more

I'd rather hear your fiddle, and the touch of one

string

Than to see waters gliding, hear the nightingales

sing."

5. "O soldier, O soldier, will you marry me?"

'O no, pretty lady, that never can be

I've a wife in old England and children twice

three

Two wives in the army's too many for me."

6. "I'll go back to London and stay for a year

And drink wine and whiskey, instead of small

beer

But if ever I return it'll be in the spring

Just to see waters gliding, hear the nightingales

sing."

Now here's a song of great religious and historical import'.

1. O-din won't you bring me a long bastard sword

I've killed 60 Normans, I deserve a reward

My tribe all use pole arms but I'm getting bored

O-din won't you give me a long bastard sword

2. O-din won't you give me a red 12 course lute

When I sing a capella they give me the boot

I really like salad and I'd sing for my curt-ons

O-din won't you give me a red 12 course lute

3. O-din won't you give me a flagon of mead

I'm dry and I'm parched and I'm really in need

Can't face the day sober and I'm all out of weed

O-din won't you give me a flagon of mead

4. O-din won't you give me a warm cuddly Knight

A cold lonely bed always gives me a fright

A Duke on my left and an Earl on my right

O-din won't you give me a warm cuddly Knight

**240** *Odin Loves the Little Vikings*

1. Odin loves the little Vikings

All the Vikings of the world  
Whether drunk on ale or mead  
In a boat or on a steed  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

2. Odin loves the little Vikings

All the Vikings of the world  
If you're drunk and thrown in jail  
Odin - and your axe! - are bail  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

3. Odin loves the little Vikings

All the Vikings of the world  
Offer up an ox or two  
And he'll be in debt to you.  
Odin loves the little Vikings of the world.

**241** *Oh, No John*  
*Traditional*

1. On yonder hill there stands a maiden

Who she is I do not know;  
I shall court her, for her beauty,  
She must answer yes or no,

Oh, Oh, no John,

No John, No John, No.

2. Madam, on thy face is beauty

On thy lips wild roses grow,  
Madam, I would be thy lover,  
Madam, answer yes or no,

3. Madam, on thy face is beauty,

At thy bosom lilies grow,  
In your bedroom there is pleasure,  
Shall I view it? Yes or no.

4. Madam, I will give you jewels

I will make you rich and free;  
I will give you silk and satins  
Madam, if you lie with me.

5. My husband is a Spanish captain,

Went to sea a month ago.  
First he kissed me, then he left me,  
Bade me always answer "No!"

6. Madam, may I tie your garter  
Just an inch above your knee?  
If my hand should slip a little farther,  
Would you think it ill of me?

7. My love and I went to bed together,  
There we lay till the cocks did crow;  
Open your arms my dearest darling,  
Open your arms and let me go.

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242

*Old Maid in the Garret*  
*Traditional*

1. Now I've often heard it said from me father and  
me mother  
That the going tae a wedding is the making of  
another  
Well, if this be true, I will go without a biddin'  
O kind providence, won't you send me tae a  
wedding

And its O dear me, how would it be,  
if I die an old maid in a garret

2. Well, there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome  
or good looking  
Scarcely sixteen and a fella she was courting  
Now at twenty-four with a son and a daughter  
Here am I at forty-five and I've never had an offer

3. I can cook and I can sew and I can keep the  
house right tidy  
Rise up in the morning and get the breakfast  
ready  
There's nothing in this whole world would make  
me half so cheery  
As a wee fat man to call me his own deary

4. So come landsman or come pinsman, come  
tinker or come tailor  
Come fiddler or come dancer, come ploughboy or  
come sailor  
Come rich man, come poor man, come fool or  
come witty  
Come any man at all that will marry me for pity

5. Well now I'm away home for nobody's heeding  
Nobody's heeding and nobody's pleading  
I'll go away to my own bitty garret  
If I can't get a man, then I'll have to get a parrot

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**243** *On The Banks of the Lee*  
*Traditional*

1. Where true lovers meet, beneath the green bower  
Where true lovers meet, beneath the green tree  
And Mary, fond Mary, she says unto her True  
Love  
You have stolen my young heart, on the banks of  
the Lee

For I loved her very dearly, Most truly and sincerely  
There is no one in this wide world I love more than  
she  
Every birch, and every bower, every wild Irish flower  
Reminds me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee

2. Don't stay out too late love, on the muirlands  
my Mary  
Don't stay out too late love, on the muirlands  
for me  
But little was my notion, when we parted by the  
Ocean  
That we were forever partin', by the banks of the  
Lee

3. I will pull my love some roses, some wild Irish  
roses  
I will pull my love some roses, the fairest I see  
And I lay them on the gravesite, of my own  
sweet darlin' Mary  
On that cold and silent gravesite, where she  
sleeps beneath the dew

**244** *One Man Shall Mow My  
Meadow*  
*Traditional*

1. One man shall mow my meadow  
Two men shall gather it together  
Two men and one more  
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams  
And gather my gold together

2. Three men shall mow my meadow  
Four men shall gather it together  
Four men, three men, two men and one more  
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams  
And gather my gold together

3. Five men shall mow my meadow  
Six men shall gather it together  
Six men, five men, four men, three men, two  
men and one more  
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams  
And gather my gold together

4. Seven men shall mow my meadow  
Eight men shall gather it together  
Eight men, seven men, six men, five men, four  
men, three men,  
two men and one more  
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams  
And gather my gold together

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245

*The Orange and The Green*  
Anthony~Murphy

Oh it was the biggest mix-up that you have ever  
seen  
My Father he was Orange, and me Mother she was  
Green

1. Oh my father was an Ulsterman, proud  
Protestant was he  
My mother was a Catholic girl, from County  
Cork came she  
They were married in two churches, lived happily  
enough  
Until the day that I was born, Then things got  
rather tough

2. Baptized by Father Iley, I was rushed away by car  
To be made a little Orangeman, me fathers  
shinin' star  
And I was christened David Anthony, but still in  
spite of that  
To my father I was William, while my mother  
called me Pat

3. With mother every Sunday to Mass I'd proudly  
stroll  
Then after that the Orange Lords would try to  
save my soul  
Though both sides tried to claim me, but I was  
smart because  
I'd play the flute, or play the harps, dependin'  
where I was

4. One day me Ma's relations came round to visit  
me  
Just ask my fathers kinfolk, we're all sittin' down  
to tea  
We tried to smooth things over, but they began  
to fight  
An' me bein' strictly neutral, I hit everyone in  
sight

5. Now my parents never could agree about my  
childhood school  
My learnin' 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

**246**

## *The Outlands Marches Off to War*

*James the Namer*

*Tune: The Ants go Marching*

1. The Outlands marches off to war  
Huzzah, huzzah  
At least a hundred men or more  
Huzzah, huzzah  
The Outlands marches off to war  
The King and Queen march in the fore

And we all go marching down  
To the war, in Atenveldt, Oh...

2. The Outlands marches off to fight  
Fifty spear points in the light  
The Outlands marches off to fight  
A hundred helmets shining bright

3. The Outlands marches off to war  
With grand Caid just like before  
The Outlands marches off to war  
With our Caid brothers from afar

4. The Outlands marches off to fight  
A Calontir Fyrdman to our right  
The Outlands marches off to fight  
The Calontir Fyrdman ready to strike

5. The Outlands marches off to war  
To face the Aten shields galore  
The Outlands marches off to war  
To fill the Aten fields with gore

6. The Outlands marches off to fight  
To take our toll on Atens might  
The Outlands marches off to fight  
Us each an Aten helm to smite

7. The Outlands won the war that day  
Huzzah, huzzah  
It's friends we're fighting anyway  
Huzzah, huzzah  
(slowly)  
The Outlands won the war that day  
Then we went off to drink and play  
With our good friends from the west  
In the land, of Atenveldt, oh

**247** *The Outlands Song*  
*Master Richard~Gilchrest*

1. 'Twas on a dark and starry night  
The King did come to me  
Saying "Quickly gird you for the fight  
And its off to war we'll be"  
So I'm gathering my men at arms  
Good shieldmen one and all  
And it's off to fight in Western lands  
Where allied brethren fall

My Kingdom is The Outlands  
And of Her I will sing  
My lady has my truest love  
My blood is for my King  
I'm following His Majesty  
In some hot foreign war  
My heart is in The Outlands, and it will be ever  
more

2. Eight hundred mile we rode our steeds  
To meet them in the sun  
Some God-forsaken enemy  
Stout warriors every one  
Our allied brothers at our sides  
Good men from Calontir  
The Aten King cried "Forward men"  
To death on Outlands spears

3. We met them on the broken field  
Their blood in rivers ran  
Their King refused the right to yield  
We killed them to a man  
We hit the Aten shield wall  
They dropped their swords and fled  
When The Outlands had won through it all  
You could not count the dead

4. At Pennsic AS Twenty-three  
The Outlands on the field  
The Eastern flanking shield wall  
Never had the chance to yield  
We drove them back like cattle  
As they fell beneath our swords-  
King Christopher, Queen Cymber  
And Their Noble Outlands Lords

5. We stood in Adlersruhe  
A bridge covered in gore  
Outnumbered in a foreign land  
Held to the Oaths we swore  
The plains were dark with Lions  
Black Stars of Ansteorre  
The White Stag leapt to battle  
Now the Lion leaps no more

## 6. Our ladies met them at the pass

Sixteen fighters strong

The Aten men laughed at them

Queen Tara proved them wrong

They struck the Aten shield wall

And men heard a death bell ring

Now no longer will they scoff

For they felt the beauties sting

P stands for Paddy I suppose, J for my love John

And W stands for smart William, Johnny is the

fairest lad

Johnny is the fairest lad me dear, Johnny is the

fairest lad

Well I don't care what anybody says, Johnny is the

fairest lad

## 7. Our king called us to battle

To fight the Aten horde

They've never lost Estrella men

Our allies need this war

We swept them on the open field

We crushed them in the fray

The Aten Army's spirit broke

The Outlands won the day

1. As I went out one May mornin', to take a

pleasant walk

I sat myself down by an old stone wall to hear

two lovers talk

To hear what they might say my dear, to hear

what they might say

That I might know a little more about life before

I go my way

2. Let me sit you down beside me now, not now nor

any other time

For I hear you've met another little lad, an' your

hearts no longer mine

Your hearts no longer mine my love, your hearts

no longer mine

For I have met another little lad, an' your hearts

no longer mine

3. I'll go and climb a tall high tree, and steal a wild  
bird's nest  
And when I come home I'll know a little more  
about the girl that I love best  
The girl that I love best my dear, the girl that I  
love best  
And when I come down I'll know a little more  
about the girl that I love best

**249** *Paisteen Fionn*  
*Traditional*

1. My Paisteen Fionn is my soul's delight  
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright,  
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,  
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness  
  
Oh you are my dear, my dear, my dear;  
Oh! You are my dear and my fair love!  
You are my own dear and my fondest hope here,  
And oh that my cottage you'd share, love.  
  
2. Love of my bosom, my fair Paisteen,  
Whose cheek is red like the roses' sheen;  
My thoughts of the maiden are pure, I ween,  
Save toasting her health in my lightness!  
  
Oh you are my dear, my dear, my dear;  
Oh! You are my dear and my fair love!  
You are my own dear and my fondest hope here,  
And oh that my cottage you'd share, love.

3. From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee  
From all the beautiful maids that be;  
But I'll never leave you sweet gramachree,  
Till death in your service o'er takes me!  
  
Oh you are my dear, my dear, my dear;  
Oh! You are my dear and my fair love!  
You are my own dear and my fondest hope here,  
And oh that my cottage you'd share, love.

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**250** *The Parish of Dunkeld*  
*Traditional*  
*Tune: Bonny Dundee*

Oh, what a parish, a terrible parish;  
Oh, what a parish is that at Dunkeld.  
They hangit their minister, drooned the precentot,  
Dang doon the steeple and druken the bell.  
  
1. The steeple was doon but the kirk was still  
stannin',  
They biggit a lum whar the bell used to hang.  
A still-pot they got and they brewed hielan'  
whisky;  
On Sunday they drank it and ranted and sang.  
  
2. O, had you but seen how graceful they lookit,  
To see the crammed pews so socially joined.  
MacDonell the piper stood up in the pulpit,  
He made the pipes skirl out the music divine.

**251** *The Parting Glass*  
*Irish Traditional*

3. Wi' whiskey and beer they would curse and  
they'd swear;

They'd argue and fecht [wi' ye done] will tell.

But Geordie and Charlie they [bothered fer] early

Wi' whiskey they're worse than the devil himsel'.

4. When the hairt-cheerin' spirit had mounted their  
garrets,

Tae a ball on the green they a' did adjourn.

The maids wi' coats kilted they skippit and lilted,

When tired they shook hands and then hame did  
return.

5. Wad the kirks a' of Scotland held like social  
meetings

Nae warning ye'd need from a far-tinklin' bell,

For true love and friends would draw you  
thegether

Far better than roarin' the horrors o' hell.

1. Of all the money ere I had, I spent it in good  
company,

And all the harm I've ever done, alas was done  
to none but me

and all I've done for want of wit, to memory now

I can't recall

so fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy  
be with you all.

2. Of all the comrades ere I had, they're sorry for  
my going away,

and all the sweethearts ere I had, they wish me  
one more day to stay,

but since it falls unto my lot that I should go and  
you should not,

I'll gently rise and softly call, goodnight and joy  
be with you all.

3. If I had money enough to spend and leisure time  
to sit awhile

there is a fair maid in this town who sorely has  
my heart beguiled.

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I alone she has my  
heart in thrall

so fill me to the parting glass goodnight and joy  
be with you all.

1. I left home when I was fifteen

Oh mother now pray for me

Me and Old Tom took to the sea

On the good ship Pelican's Wing

Repeat the second and fourth lines for each verse

2. The days were long but the nights were warm

And we sailed through the winds of the summer  
storms

3. First we made for the shores of France

With a load of silk and a girl who danced

4. Then we made for the English land

We were there three days, then we sailed again

She was a swift-sailed trader with a merry crew

I liked each man and the captain too

And when the work was done we would laugh and  
sing

On the good ship Pelican's Wing

5. We were six days out of Bristol town

When Davy spied a sail that was bearing down

6. The captain said "Oh lads, I fear

We've come across the flag of a privateer."

7. So we raised our mains and we made to run

We were a peace-time trader and we had few  
guns

8. But though we flew over the ocean wave

The other ship caught us in just one day

She was a swift-sailed trader with a merry crew

I liked each man and the captain too

And when the work was done we would laugh and  
sing

On the good ship Pelican's Wing

9. They came at us with dawn's first light

And we readied ourselves and we made to fight

10. Old Tom died with steel in his hand

And my other friends followed, nigh to the man

11. But they left me here upon this rock

With a piece of bread wrapped in old sailcloth

12. But they left me no water for the heat of the

day

And I could hear them laughing as they sailed

away

**253** *A Pict Song*  
Rudyard~Kipling

1. Rome never heeds where she treads.

Always the heavy hooves fall

On our stomachs, our hearts and our heads.

And Rome never heeds when we bawl.

We are the little folk, we.

Too little to love or to hate.

But leave us alone and you'll see

Just how we can drag down the State.

2. The sentries pass on, that is all.

And we gather behind them in hordes,

And plot to reconquer the Wall

With only our tongues for our swords.

3. We are the worm in the wood,

We are the rot at the root,

We are the taint in the blood,

We are the thorn in the foot!

4. Mistletoe choking an oak,

Rats gnawing cables in two,

Moths making holes in a cloak,

How they must love what they do.

5. Yes, and we little folk too!

We are as busy as they,

Working our works out of view.

But watch, and you'll see them someday.

6. No, indeed we are not strong.

But we know people who are!

And we, we will guide them along

To crush and destroy you in war.

7. Yes, we have always been slaves,

And, yes, we will still be their slaves.

But you, you will die of the shame.

And then we will dance on your graves.

**254** *The Pig Song*  
Modern Traditional

1. It was early last December, as near as I

remember

Oh I staggered down the street and tipsy cried

No one I was disturbing, as I lay down by the

curbing

And then a pig came up and lay down by my side

2. As I lay there by the gutter, thinking thoughts I

cannot ...Utter

A Lady passing by was heard to say...

\*HmMMM. Well, well, well\*

You can tell a man who boozes, by the company

he chooses

And then the pig got up and slowly walked away

Sung

**255** *The Pride of the Stag*  
*Pendar~the~Bard*

1. The Outlands has fought in wars outside our realm,  
Traveled far for the sake of the crown,  
But oft foreign lands judge us by how we appear,  
In spite of the honor we've shown.

For an Outlander's soul is tied strong to our king,  
Takes pride in the strength of the stag.  
And to those who may view us as less than we are:  
Beware the approach of our flag.

2. Now some kingdoms view us as barbaric men,  
Make light of our dress and our ways,  
But the drums that they hear beat our dance out tonight,  
Will beat out their doom the next day.

3. Now some kingdoms view us as swordsmen for hire,  
To be bought for a silver a day,  
But the silver does not change an Outlander's pride,  
We fight for our glory, not pay.

4. Now some kingdoms view us as nothing to fear,  
For deer are not known to be brave,  
But when foreign crowns crumple beneath antlers and hooves,  
They'll pray to their gods to be saved.

**256** *The Queen of Argyll*  
*Andy~Stewart*

1. Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform you of one beauty  
Though I'd ask of you a favor, no to seek her for a while  
I own she is a creature of character and feature  
No words can paint the picture of the Queen of all Argyll!

And if you could have seen her there!

Boys, if you had just been there!

The swan was in her movement and the morning in her smile

All the roses in the garden they bow and ask her pardon

For not one could match the beauty of the Queen of all Argyll!

2. On the evening that I mentioned, I passed with  
light intention

Through a part of our dear country known for  
beauty and for style

Bein' a place of noble thinkers, of scholars and  
great drinkers

But above them all for splendor shone the Queen  
of all Argyll!

3. So, m'lads I needs must leave you, my

intention's not to grieve you

Nor indeed would I deceive you, no, I'll see you  
in a while

I must find some way to gain her, to court her  
and to tame her

I fear my heart's in danger from the Queen of all  
Argyll!

Oh, there're sober men in plenty,

And drunkards barely twenty,

There are men of over ninety

That have never yet kissed a girl.

But gie me a ramblin' rover,

And fae Orkney down to Dover.

We will roam the country over

And together we'll face the world.

1. There's many that feign enjoyment

From merciless employment,

Their ambition was this deployment

From the minute they left the school.

And they save and scrape and ponder

While the rest go out and squander,

See the world and rove and wander

And are happier as a rule.

2. I've roamed through all the nations

Ta'en delight in all creation,

And I've tried a wee sensation

Where the company, did prove kind.

And when partin' was no pleasure,

I've drunk another measure

To the good friends that were treasure

For they always are in our minds.

3. If you're bent wi' arth-i-ritis,  
Your bowels have got colitis,  
You've gallopin' with bollockitis  
And you're thinkin' it's time you died,  
If you been a man of action,  
Though you're lying there in traction,  
You will get some satisfaction  
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

**258** *Rattan*  
*Arron~Reynard*  
*Tune: People are Strange - The Doors*

Chorus every two verses

1. Rattan is wondrous  
Use it for tent poles  
Make a pavilion  
Like they do in the East.

2. Fighters just love it  
Make weapons from it  
Would probably marry  
A Rattan Queen.

That Rattan  
Tape it, don't waste it.  
Rattan!  
Don't cha just love Rattan?  
Rattan!  
Rattan!  
(Bum dum dum dum dum)

3. Soaking is bad  
Don't laminate either  
Unless you would like to  
Hear Marshals scream

4. Tape is the preference  
Mark out the edges  
Make it look wooden  
Make it look real.

5. Word in the mundane  
Rattan is furniture  
See just how limited  
The real world can be.

6. Hear in the ages  
We use it for all things  
We use it oh so ho  
Creatively.

7. I know a fighter  
Comes from (random kingdom name)  
Didn't wear his  
Cup in fight.

8. Now he is using  
Rattan in a new way  
His lady just loves it  
Fits like a dream.

**259** *Ratty Atta To Dum*  
*Traditional*

Chorus every two verses

1. As I rode out to Galway City  
At the hour of twelve at night  
Who should I see but a handsome damsel  
Combin' her hair by candlelight

2. Lassie I have gold and silver  
Lassie I have houses and lands  
Lassie I have ships on the ocean  
They'll be all at your command

Ratty atta to dum to dum to dum  
Ratty atta to dum to dum day  
Ratty atta to dum to dum to dum  
Ratty atta to dum to dum day

3. So to me you came a courtin'  
My fine favor for to win  
But would gi' me the greatest pleasure  
If you never did call again

4. What would I do when I go a walkin'  
Walkin' out in the mornin dew  
What would I do when I go a walkin'  
Walkin out wi' a lad like you

5. Lassie I have gold and silver  
Lassie I have houses and lands  
Lassie I have ships on the ocean  
They'll be all at your command

6. What do I care for your ships on the ocean  
What do I care for your houses and lands  
What do I care for your gold and silver  
All I want is a handsome man

7. Did you ever see the grass in the mornin'  
All bedecked wi' jewels a rare  
Ever see a handsome lassie  
Diamonds sparklin in her hair

8. Ever see a copper kettle  
Mended wi' an old tin can  
Ever see a handsome lassie  
Married off to an ugly man

**260** *Rearguard's Lament*  
*Ajed~of~Meridies*

1. Would there were someone

To bring me cool water

Sweet Adam's ale,

From the ford near to hand.

2. Would there a priest

Who could pray me to Heaven

And tell me milady

Is safely away.

Fly Lady fly

To Castle Caernarvon

Where the Welsh archers bide

And thy kin still be strong

Fly Lady fly

For the storm's close upon ye

Think well of the laddie

Whose life bought ye time

3. My faithful war stallion

Stands o'er me protective

To keep away ravens

And Saracen thieves

4. No more to go hunting

Or charge into battle

The service he renders

The last that I need

Fly Lady fly

To Castle Caernarvon

Where the Welsh archers bide

And thy kin still be strong

Fly Lady fly

For the storm's close upon ye

Think well of the laddie

Whose life bought ye time

5. Would there were someone

To bring me cool water

Sweet Adam's ale,

From the ford near to hand.

**261** *Red Haired Mary*  
*Sean McCarthy*

1. As I was going to the Faire of Dingle,

One fine morning last July,

And walking down the road before me,

A red-haired girl I chanced to spy.

2. Come ride with me, my red-hair maiden,

My donkey, he can carry two.

She looked at me, her eyes a-twinklin'

And her cheeks a rosy hue.

Keep your hands off Red Haired Mary,

Her and I will soon be wed.

We'll see a priest this very morning,

Tonight we'll lie in a marriage bed.

3. Now when we reached the town of Dingle,

I took her hand to say goodbye.

When a tinker, he stepped up beside me,

And belted me in my left eye.

4. Well I was feelin' kinda peevish,

My poor old eye felt sad and sore,

When I tapped him gently with my hobnails

And he flew back to Murphy's door.

5. Well he galloped off to find his brothers,

The tallest men I e'er did meet,

When he tapped me gently with his knuckles,

And I was minus two front teeth.

6. Now a pealer, he came round the corner,

Said, "Young man, you done broke the law."

When my donkey kicked him in the kneecaps

And he fell down and broke his jaw.

7. Well the red hair girl, she kept a'smiling,

"Young man, I'll come with you," she said.

We'll forget the priest this very morning,

Tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed.

1. Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass

Comer over the hills to your darling;

You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow

And I'll be your true love forever.

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,

And fair is the lily of the valley;

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne

But my love is fairer than any.

2. 'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we  
strayed

And the moon and the stars they were shining;

The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden  
hair

And she swore she'd be my love forever.

3. It's not for the parting that my sister pains

It's not for the grief of my mother,

'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass

That my heart is breaking forever.

## 263 *The River*

1. Quiet days upon the river  
Quiet times in the shipping trade  
No more freighters to deliver  
No more tankers to be made  
Blow of hammer gone forever  
Clash of metal, squeal and din  
No more wailing of the hooter  
Flushing out a thousand men  
  
They can't bring back this old shipbuilding  
No returning to your fathers ways  
But these reminders by the water  
Linger on from yesterday
2. Rows of slipways stand forgotten  
Empty yards with rotten frames  
Silent quays lie abandoned  
They once were busy in better days  
This old shipbuilding gone forever  
No more flags on launching day  
Days of pride and days of sorrow  
Were they as golden as they say  
  
Quiet days upon the river  
Quiet times upon the quay  
High above a seagull passes  
Down the river and out towards the sea

## 264 *The Rooster*

1. We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, "honey, we're losin' money  
Because our chickens, no eggs will they lay."  
One day a rooster flew into the yard  
And caught those chickens right off their guard.  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to,  
Ever since that rooster, flew into our yard.
2. We had a hounddog, no pups would she give,  
We had a hounddog, no pups would she give.  
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing money  
Because our hounddog, no pups will she give."  
One day a rooster (that same old rooster) crept  
into our yard,  
And caught that dog right off her guard.  
She's giving birddogs just like she used to  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.
3. We had a milkcow, no milk would she give.  
We had a milkcow, no milk would she give.  
My wife said, "Honey, we're losing money  
Because our milkcow, no milk will she give."  
Then one day that rooster crept into our yard,  
And caught that milkcow right off her guard.  
She's giving eggnog, just like she used to,  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

As a round, or not

4. We had a gumtree, no gum would it give,  
We had a gumtree, no gum would it give.  
My wife said "Honey, we're losing money,  
Because that gumtree, no gum will it give."  
Then one day that rooster crept into our yard,  
And caught that gumtree right off its guard.  
It's giving chicklets, just like it used to,  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

5. We had an elephant and no tusks would he grow  
We had a elephant and no tusks would he grow  
My wife said "Honey, we're losing money,  
Because that elephant no tusks would he grow."  
Then one day that rooster crept into our yard,  
And caught that elephant right off his guard  
He's laying eggs now out of solid ivory  
Since that rooster came into our yard

1. Hey Ho, nobody home.  
No meat, nor drink,  
Nor money have I none.  
Still I will be very merry.

2. Rose, rose, rose, rose  
Will I ever see thee wed?  
I will marry at thy will, sire  
At thy will

3. Ding dong, ding dong  
Wedding bells on an April morn  
Carve your name on a moss covered stone  
On a moss covered stone

4. Ah poor bird.  
Take thy flight  
High above the sorrows  
Of this sad night.

**266** *Rosin the Beau*  
*Traditional*

1. I've traveled all over this world  
And now to another I go  
And I know that good quarters are waiting  
To welcome old Rosin the Beau

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

And I know that good quarters are waiting

To welcome old Rosin the Beau

2. When I'm dead and laid out on the counter  
A voice you will hear from below  
Saying send down a hogshead of whiskey  
To drink with old Rosin the Beau

3. Then get a half dozen stout fellas  
And stack them all up in a row  
Let them drink outta half-gallon bottles  
To the memory of Rosin the Beau

4. Then get this half dozen stout fellas  
And let them all stagger and go  
And dig a great hole in the meadow  
And in it put Rosin the Beau

5. Then get ye a couple of bottles  
Put one at me head and me toe  
With a diamond ring scratch upon it  
The name of old Rosin the Beau

6. I hear that old tyrant approaching  
That cruel remorseless old foe  
And I lift up me glass in his honor  
Take a drink with old the Rosin the Beau

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**267** *Saint Crispian's Day*  
*William Shakespeare*

1. What is he that wishes so?

My cousin, Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more methinks would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one  
more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my  
host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our  
names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words-  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester-  
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered-  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not  
here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any  
speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

268

*Saint Goliass-ville*

*Tune: Margaritaville - Jimmy Buffet*

1. Livin on poundcake, watchin' the sun bake

All of those fighters covered in armor

Beatin' my baudraun, by the pavilion

Smell of the steaks out there on the fire

Wastin' away again in St Goliass

Lookin' for my lost bottle of scotch

And some people claim, that there's a woman to  
blame

But I know, It's nobody's fault

2. Don't know the reason, I came to this e-vent

Nothin for sure but this black an' blue bruise

But it's a real beauty, an armor bite doozy

How it got here I haven't a clue

Wastin' away again in St Goliass

Lookin' for my lost bottle of scotch

And some people claim, that there's a woman to  
blame

But I think, Hell it could be my fault

3. Stepped in a chuck hole, blew out a buckle

Tore up my leg, had to cruise on back home

But there's beer in the cooler, though it could be  
cooler

That golden liquid that helps me hang on

Wastin' away again in St Goliass

Lookin' for my lost bottle of scotch

An' some people claim that there's a woman to  
blame

But I know, It's my own damn fault

Yes and some people claim that there's a woman to  
blame

But I'm glad, It's my own damn fault

269 *Sally, My Dear*

1. Oh Sally my dear, I would I could woo you,

Oh Sally my dear, I would I could woo you,

She laughed and replied, "would then wooing  
undo you?"

Sing fol the diddle di-do

Sing whack fol the diddle day.

2. Oh Sally my dear, your cheek I would kiss it,

Oh Sally my dear, your cheek I would kiss it,

She laughed and replied, "If you did, would you  
miss it?"

3. If the young girls were fish, that swim in the  
water,

If the young girls were fish, that swim in the  
water,

Then all the young men would go and swim after.

4. If all the young girls were linnets and thrushes,  
If all the young girls were linnets and thrushes,  
Then all the young men would go beating the  
bushes.

5. Oh Sally my dear, 'tis the season for mating,  
Oh Sally my dear, 'tis the season for mating,  
She laughed and replied, "Why then are you  
waiting?"

**270**

*SCA Girl*  
*Edmund~Bernhard*  
*Tune: Eurotrash Girl - Cracker*

1. Well I went down to Citadel  
And I slept in a park  
Went on up to Caer Mithen  
For a tourney in the dark

And I'll search the world over  
For my Lady in Garb  
Yeah, I'll search the world over  
For an SCA Girl

2. Cruised on out to Outlandish  
Nearly blew me away  
Yeah, the wind there was awful  
But I stayed anyway

3. Got drunk at St. Goliath  
They put me up for the night  
Now I always have liked them  
The way they drink, and they fight

4. Called my Knight from a pay phone  
Said I'm down to my last  
He said "I gave you your armor  
Now go call your dad"

5. And the Duchess that he married  
Well she hung up the phone  
No she never did like me  
But I can stand on my own

6. Sold my armor at Pennsic  
Spent it all in one night  
Buyin' drinks in a tavern  
For a guy who don't fight

7. Cruised on out to Estrella  
Atens piped on the field  
Yeah they still lost the war though  
Never had time to yield

**271** *Scarborough Fair*  
*Traditional*

**Male Part**

1. Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Remember me to the one who lives there,  
For once she was a true love of mine.
2. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Without any seam or needlework,  
Then she shall be a true love of mine.
3. Tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Where never sprung water or rain ever fell,  
And she shall be a true lover of mine.
4. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

**Female Part**

5. Now he has asked me questions three,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
I hope he'll answer as many for me,  
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.

6. Tell him to buy me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
Between the salt water and the sea sand,  
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.
7. Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,  
And he shall be a true lover of mine.
8. Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;  
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,  
And he shall be a true lover of mine.
9. Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
And never let one corn of it fall,  
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.
10. When he has done and finished his work,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:  
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,  
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

**272** *Scotland the Brave*  
*Cliff Hanley*

1. Hark when the night is fallin', hear, hear the  
pipes a-callin'  
Loudly and proudly callin' down thru the glen  
There where the hills are sleepin', now feel the  
blood a-leapin'  
High as the spirits of the old highland men!

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland the mountain  
hame!

High may your proud standards gloriously wave!

Land of the high endeavour, land of the shining  
river,

Land of my heart, forever, Scotland the brave!

2. High in the misty highlands, out by the purple  
islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish  
skies!  
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the  
friends that greet you  
Kind as the light that shines from fair maiden's  
eyes!

3. Far-off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearnin' t'feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain!  
Where tropic skies are beamin', love sets the  
heart a-dreamin',  
Longin' and dreamin' for the homeland again!

4. Hot as a burning ember, flaming in bleak

December

Burning within the hearts of clansmen afar!

Calling to home and fire, calling the sweet desire,

Shining a light that beckons from every star!

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**273** *Scotlands Depraved*  
*Anonymous Scots of Many Nations*  
*Tune: Scotland the Brave*

1. Bring out the whiskey mother

I'm so thirsty mother

Bring out the sheep

I'm so lonely tonight

Bring out the sheets of rubber

Bring out the peanut butter

England's forever, but Scotland's deprived

2. Bring out the whiskey mother

I'm so thirsty mother

Bring out the condoms

I'm so restless tonight

Bring out my little brother

I'll have no other lover

England's forever, but Scotland's deprived

3. Bring out the whiskey mother  
I'm so thirsty mother  
Bring out the grease  
I'm feelin' frisky tonight  
Bring out my little sister  
Lord knows I've really missed her  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

4. Bring out the whiskey mother  
I'm so thirsty mother  
Bring out the prize ram  
I'm so horny tonight  
When I'm a done with humpin'  
We'll all feast on mutton  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

5. Out in the fields of heather  
Bring out the whips of leather  
Whip me so soundly lassie  
And hear me rave  
Down where the streams' a' windin'  
Being out the ropes for bindin'  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

6. Bring out the whiskey mother  
I'm so frisky mother  
Bring out the sheep  
I'm so lonely tonight  
Lord knows I really wanna'  
Bring out the greased iguana  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

7. Bring out the whiskey mother  
I'm so thirsty mother  
Bring out the sheep  
I'm so lonely tonight  
Bring out the chimpanzees  
We'll give them our diseases  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

8. Bring out the whiskey mother  
I'm so thirsty mother  
Bring out the sheep  
I'm so lonely tonight  
Bring out the can o' Cheez-Wiz  
Bring out the plastic Jesus  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

9. Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa  
Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa  
Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa baa baa baa  
Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa  
Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa  
England's forever, but Scotland's depraved

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
     Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
     Welcome to your gory bed,  
     Or to victory.
  
2. Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
     See the front o' battle lour;  
     See approach proud Edward's power,  
     Chains and slavery.
  
3. Wha would be a traitor-knave?  
     Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
     Wha sae base as be a slave?  
     Let him turn and fly:
  
4. Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
     Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
     Free-man stand, or free-man fa',  
     Let him follow me.
  
5. By oppression's woes and pains!  
     By your sons in servile chains!  
     We will drain our dearest veins,  
     But they shall be free!

6. Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow!

Let us do - or die!!!

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1. As I went out one may morning,  
     One may morning betime,  
     I met a maid, from home had strayed,  
     Just as the sun did shine.
  
2. "What makes you rise so soon, my dear,  
     Your journey to pursue?  
     Your pretty little feet, they tread so neat.  
     Strike off the morning dew."
  
3. "I'm going to feed my father's flock,  
     His young and tender lambs,  
     That over hills and over dales  
     Lie waiting for their dams."
  
4. "Oh stay, oh stay, you handsome maid,  
     And rest a moment here,  
     For there is none but you alone  
     That I do love so dear."
  
5. "How gloriously the sun doth shine,  
     How pleasant 'tis the air.  
     I'd rather rest on a true love's breast  
     Than any other where."

6. "For I am thine and thou art mine.  
No man shall uncomf'ort thee.  
We'll join our hands in wedded bands  
And a-married we will be."

**276** *Seeds of Love*  
*Traditional*

1. I sowed the seeds of love,  
And I sowed them in the spring.  
I gathered them up in the morning so soon,  
While the small birds so sweetly sing.  
While the small birds so sweetly sing.

2. My garden was planted well  
With flowers ev'ry where,  
But I had not the liberty to choose for my self  
Of the flow'rs that I loved so dear,  
Of the flow'rs that I loved so dear,

3. The gard'ner was standing by,  
And I asked him to choose for me.  
He chose for me the violet, the lily, and the pink,  
But those I refused all three.  
But those I refused all three.

4. The violet I did not like  
Because it bloomed so soon.  
The lily and the pink I really over think,  
So I vowed I would wait 'til June.  
So I vowed I would wait 'til June.

5. In June there was a red rose bud,  
And that is the flow'r for me.  
I often time have pluck'd that red rose bud  
Till I gain'd the willow tree.  
Till I gain'd the willow tree.

6. The willow tree will twist,  
And the willow tree will twine.  
I often time have wished I were in that young  
man's arms  
That once had the heart of mine.  
That once had the heart of mine.

7. Come all you false young men.  
Do not leave me here to complain,  
For the grass that has often time been trampled  
under foot,  
Give it time. It will rise again.  
Give it time. It will rise again.

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## 277 *The Seven Days of Sewing Hell*

*Lady Anwyn*

*Tune: 12 Days of Christmas*

1. Seven days before 12th Night my true love bade of me,  
"Make me a tabard that is red and yellow parti"
2. Six days before 12th Night my true love bade of me,  
"Pray make a banner just like the tabard that is red and yellow parti"
3. Five days before 12th Night my daughter came to me,  
"Make me a corset, don't forget the banner, just like the tabard that is  
Red and yellow parti"
4. Four days before 12th Night my son asked of me,  
"Make me a tunic, finish my corset, hurry with the banner, that is just  
Like the tabard that is red and yellow parti"
5. Three days before 12th Night my best friend bade of me,  
"I need 5 gates of hell! Before you do the tunic, after you finish the  
corset, while you make the banner that is just like the tabard that is  
red and yellow parti"
6. Two days before 12th Night my neighbor asked of me,  
"One dagged sleeved hupalon, 2 linen wimples, 5 gates of Hell!, when you  
do the tunic, after the corset, when you finish the banner that is just  
like the tabard, that is red and yellow parti"
7. On the day of 12th Night my sister bade of me,  
"A 4 layer velvet Tudor, after you start the dagged sleeved hupalon, I'll  
take over the wimples, almost done on the 5 gates of Hell, forget about  
the tunic, but finish up the corset, don't forget the banner that is just  
like the tabard that is red and yellow parti"
8. On the day after 12th Night- there was 1 velvet Tudor, 1 dagged  
sleeved hupalon, 2 linen wimples, 5 gates of Hell!, 1 full length tunic,  
a steel boned corset, 1 thread bare banner just like the tabard that all  
ended up in Gold Key!

**SING SLOW AND DIRGE LIKE**

## 278 *Seven Nights Drunk*

1. When I came home on Monday night, as drunk  
as drunk could be  
  
I saw a horse outside the door, where my old  
horse should be  
  
So I called my wife, (audience shouts: HEY  
WIFE!)  
  
And I said to her, would you kindly tell to me  
  
Who owns that horse outside my door, where my  
old horse should be?
2. Oh, you're drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
  
Well it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred  
miles or more  
  
But a saddle on a sow I've never seen before!
3. When I came home on Tuesday night.....etc.  
  
Saw a coat behind the door.....etc.  
  
Who owns that coat.....  
  
...that's a lovely blanket...  
  
...But buttons on a blanket...etc.
4. When I came home on Wednesday night.....etc.  
  
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe  
should be...etc.  
  
....Who owns that pipe.....  
  
...That's a lovely tin-whistle that my mother sent  
to me!  
  
...But tobacco in a tin-whistle I've never seen  
before!
5. When I came home on Thursday night.....etc.  
  
I saw two boots beneath the bed.....etc.  
  
...Who owns those boots.....etc.  
  
...They're two geranium-pots...etc.  
  
...But laces in geranium-pots....etc.
6. When I came home on Friday night.....etc...  
  
Saw a head upon the bed.....etc.  
  
...Who owns that head.....etc.  
  
...That's a baby boy...etc.  
  
...but whiskers on a baby boy...etc.
7. When I came home on Saturday night....etc.  
  
Saw a rise beneath the sheets.....etc.  
  
...Who owns that rise.....  
  
...It's nothing but a shillelagh...etc.  
  
...But knackers on a shillelagh....etc.

8. When I came home on Sunday night...etc.  
I saw a man walk out the door, a little after  
three! (shout: A.M.!)  
...Who was that man.....after three (shout:  
A.M.!)  
...That's an English tax-man....etc.  
...But an Englishman that could last till  
three....etc.

**279**

*The Sexual Life of the Camel*

*Anonymous*

*Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*

1. The sexual life of the Camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
One night in a moment of passion  
He tried to deflower the Sphinx!

2. Now, the Sphinx's posterior anatomy  
Is covered with sand from the Nile.  
That accounts for the hump in the Camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile!

3. The One skin lies over the Two skin  
The Two skin lies over the Three  
The Three skin lies over the Foreskin  
Please roll back my Foreskin for me

Roll back, roll back,

Roll back my Foreskin for me, for me!,

Roll back, roll back,

Roll back my Foreskin for me!

4. The Baron, he rides on a warhorse,  
With a fancy great helluva rig,  
He doesn't get there any faster,  
But it makes the old bastard feel big!

5. The King, he sleeps in a feather bed  
The Knights all sleep in their sacks;  
As a means of self-preservation,  
The squires all sleep on their backs!

6. And here's to the girls of St Goliath  
And here's to the alleys they roam,  
And here's to their dirty-faced bastards,  
God bless 'em, they may be your own!

1. "Oh' the French are on the say,"  
says the Shan Van Vocht,  
"Oh' the French are on the say,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
"Oh! The French are in the bay  
They'll be here at break of day,  
and the orange will decay."  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
"And the orange will decay,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

2. "And where will they have their camp?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"And where will they have their camp?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"On the Curragh of Kildare,  
And the boys will all be there,  
With their pikes in good repair,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"With their pikes in good repair,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;

3. "And what colour will be seen?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"And what colour will be seen?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
"What colour will should be seen  
Where our fathers' homes have been  
But our own immortal green,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
"But our own immortal green,"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

4. "Will old Ireland then be free?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"Will old Ireland then be free?"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
"Old Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea  
Then hurrah for liberty!"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
"Then hurrah for liberty!"  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

**281** *She Moved Through the Fair*  
*Traditional*

1. My young love said to me, "My mother won't  
mind  
and my father won't slight you for your lack of  
kind,"  
And she stepped away from me and this she did  
say,  
"It will not be long love, till our wedding day."
2. She stepped away from me and went thro' the  
fair,  
And fondly I watch'd her move here and move  
there,  
And then she went homeward with one star  
awake,  
As the swan in the evening moving over the lake.
3. The people were saying, no two e'er were wed  
But one had a sorrow that never was said  
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and  
her gear,  
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.
4. Last night she came to me, she came softly in,  
So softly she came that her feet make no din.  
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

**282** *Sister's Lullaby*

1. Hush and sleep ye,  
Shush and keep ye,  
Safe within the home's strong walls  
Naught shall harm ye,  
We shall charm ye,  
With the songs the night bird call.  
Sisters strong shall keep the cradle,  
Sisters long shall watch the war  
Sisters all shall guard and guide ye,  
Till ye wake at break of dawn.
2. Hush and sleep ye,  
Shush and keep ye,  
Alta watches from above  
We will praise ye,  
We will raise ye,  
Light and dark in Alta's love.  
Sisters strong shall keep the cradle,  
Sisters long shall watch the war  
Sisters all shall guard and guide ye,  
Till ye wake at break of dawn.

**283** *Sixteen Knights*  
Tune: *Sixteen Tons*

1. Some people say a knight's made outta mud,  
But a stick jock's made outta muscle and blood.  
Muscle and blood and plate and mail,  
A mind that's weak and an arm of hail.

Ya fight sixteen knights and what do ya get?  
Another bruised shoulder and deeper in debt,  
Duke Frederick don't call me cuz I can't go.  
I owe my soul to the armorer's store.

2. I was born one morning when the sun didn't  
shine,  
I got some rattan and went in the line.  
I found sixteen knights to pulverize,  
And the Earl Marshal cried, "Authorized!"

3. Well I fight real clean and I fight real fair,  
At least when there's a marshal there  
I take any blow that hits me right,  
But there aren't too many cuz they all feel light.

4. Well if ya see me comin' better step aside,  
A lot of knights didn't and a lot of knights died.  
I can fight any style and make my kill,  
If my mace don't get 'cha, then my broad sword  
will.

5. Well I'm thirty years old and I'm a master, too.  
I won crown tourney, it was easy to do.  
I'm a duke thrice over, give me my due.  
I can beat Duke Paul and I can beat you too.

**284** *The Sleeping Scotsman*

1. A Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair  
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk  
more than his share  
He stumbled on until he could no longer keep his  
feet  
Then staggered off into the grass to sleep, beside  
the street

A ring-di-diddle-e-di do, a-ring-di-diddle-i-day  
He staggered off into the grass to sleep beside the  
street.

following choruses as above, repeating last line of  
verse

2. A pair of young and lovely girls just happened to  
come by  
And one said to the other, with a twinkle in her  
eye:  
"You see yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and  
handsome built;  
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear  
beneath their kilt?"

**285** *Song of a Forgotten God*  
*Tawnee~Darkfalcon, Scarhart*

3. They crept upon the sleeping Scotsman, quiet as  
could be,

And lifted up his kilt above the waist, so they  
could see.

And there, behold, for them to view, beneath his  
Scottish skirt

'Twas nothing but what God has graced him  
with upon his birth!

4. They marveled for a moment, then one said:

"We'd best be gone.

But let's leave a present for our friend before we  
move along!"

So as a gift, they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into  
a bow,

Around the Bonnie Star the Scottish kilt did lift  
and show!

5. The Scotsman woke to Nature's Call, and

stumbled towards a tree

Behind the bush, he lifts his kilt, and gawks at  
what he sees!

Then, in a startled voice he says to what's before  
his eyes:

"I ken na' whaur y'been, m'lad, but I see y'won  
First Prize!"

1. Where have all my children gone?

It didn't seem I'd slept so long.

All the beauty's gone away;

It was here just yesterday.

2. Butterflies no longer sing,

Faerie bells no longer ring.

Gone the dancers of the mist;

Mortals whom the gods once kissed.

3. No more riders in the sky.

Never more shall dragons fly.

Stranger can you tell me why

All I've ever loved has died?

4. Who are you who walk this land?

Death is happy in your hand.

You pretend that I'm not real,

Not believing what you feel.

5. I'm tempted to strike you down,

Don't again my crystal crown;

Take you back to yesterday...

But, instead, I think I'll just go away....

1. "Three estates," say the priests, "ordained by  
God.

The first one is endlessly tilling the sod

The second entreats for our souls to the Lord

And the third estate lives by the sword"

And the third estate dies by the sword

And we are the makers of war.

We are the slayers of thousands.

We shall be wounded for those who lie safe.

We of the third estate.

2. The merchants live richly, all haughty and vain.

They bargain for profit, our office disdain.

They greed for their safety as great as for gold.

No they would not live by the sword

And they would not die by the sword

Yet blows are the coins of war

And we've come to bargain sternly

We shall be wounded for those who ply trade.

We of the third estate.

3. The villein he laboreth all day in the sun,

Yet safely he sleeps when his day's work is done.

He would not hazard his flesh to be torn

No he would not live by the sword

And he would not die by the sword.

Yet swords are the scythes of war

And we've come to reap a grim harvest

We shall be wounded for reapers of grain.

We of the third estate.

4. The bishops and priests warn us well of sin's  
perils;

Of tournaments, feasting, temptations, and  
devils.

They save their whole skins as well as their souls

No they would not live by the sword

And they would not die by the sword

Yet screams are the prayers of war

High mass shall be sung by our foemen

We shall be wounded for those who pray.

We of the third estate.

5. Tonight I keep watch while the rain chills my  
bones.  
I know weariness, hunger, am far from my home.  
But there is no company I could love more  
Than those men who would live by the sword  
And those men who would die by the sword  
For the wine of true living is war  
From its cup my fellows drink deeply  
We shall give battle like true men this day.  
We of the Third Estate.

**287** *Song of the Shield-Wall*

*Lady Malkin~Grey, Lady  
Peregrynne~Windrider*

1. Hasten, oh sea-steed, over the swan-road,  
Foamy-necked ship oer the froth of the sea,  
Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia  
To Vortigern's country his army to be  
We'll take our pay there in sweeter than silver-,  
We'll take our plunder in richer than gold,  
For Hengest has promised us land for the fighting  
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

2. Hasten, oh fyrdsmen, down to the river  
The dragonships come on the in-flowing tide  
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of  
ash-wood  
Are needed again by the cold water-side  
Draw up the shield-wall, oh shoulder companions  
Later whenever our story is told  
They'll say that we died guarding what we call  
dearest,  
Land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

3. Hasten, of house-karls, north to the Dane-Law  
Harold Hardrada's come over the sea  
His longships he's laden with berserks from  
Norway  
To gain Cnut's crown and our master to be  
Bitter he'll find there the bite of our spear points  
Hard-running Northmen too strong to die old  
We'll grant him six feet, plus as much as he's  
taller  
Of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

4. Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from  
Stamford  
Triumph is sweet and your men have fought hard  
But William the Bastard has landed at Pevensey  
Burning the land you have promised to guard  
Draw up the spears on the hilltop at Hastings  
Fight 'til the sun drops and evening grows cold  
And die with the last of your Saxons around you  
Holding the land we were given to hold!

**288** *A Squire's Song*  
*Andrew~Scarhart*

Written for his squire brother, Christopher d'Armand,  
A.S. XXVIII

1. I stand here now before you  
A shy and modest man,  
A simple song to sing you  
As chivalry demands;  
But I find the place uncommon,  
Before a crowd to sing,  
For I am a simple  
Soldier of the king.

2. There are some among my siblings  
Who tell a wondrous tale  
Of brave deeds and maidens  
And heroes where they fell.  
Their stories are beguiling,  
And wisdom from them springs;  
And I am a simple  
Soldier of the king.

3. Others of my siblings,  
Their voices fill the night:  
Dancing tunes and fancy,  
Their songs of pure delight.  
But though my song is quiet,  
The words ring no less true:  
From my heart, eternal springs  
The love I have for you.

## 1. Bainbridge Town in the County Down

One mornin' last July

From a boreen green came a sweet Colleen

She looked so sweet from her two bare feet

To the sheen of her nut brown hair

Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself

For to see I was really there

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and

From Galway to Dublin Town

No maid I've seen like brown Colleen

That I met in the County Down

## 2. As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head

And I looked with a feelin' rare

And I says, says I, to a passer by

Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?

He smiled at me and he says, says he

That's the gem of Ireland's crown

It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann

She's the star of the County Down

## 3. At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there

And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes

With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked

Right for a smile from my nut brown rose

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke

'Till my plow turns rust colored brown

'Till a smilin' bride, by my own fireside

Sits the star of the County Down

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290

*The Streets of Ann Arbor*

*W.J.~Bethancourt~III*

*Tune: Streets of Laredo*

## 1. As I walked out thru the streets of Ann Arbor

As I walked out thru Ann Arbor one day

I spied a young Mongol all dressed in white linen

All dressed in white linen and cold as the clay

## 2. I then spied another, done in on the sidewalk

Along with just about six dozen more

Their wounds were all gaping, from mace and

from broadsword

From claymore and cannon, all dripping with gore

## 3. What caused this grave carnage, I cried to the

Mongols

Oh pray what's the reason for this awful sight

My answer came slowly from under the

corpse-pile

"It seems that our bark is much worse than our

bite....."

4. The answer continued from pale lips a-shaking  
We sang all our songs and believed them as true  
The Dark Horde could never be beaten in battle  
We thought this was what all good Mongols  
could do...

5. We went down to Atenveldt all for to plunder  
"Too large to defend" was our song every night  
But Atenveldt's different from East, West or  
Middle  
There, even the bushes have learned how to bite!

6. The Clann stole our ponies, the Scraelings our  
foodstuffs  
We ran into axes in Viking hands  
Our maidens ran off with one Richard of Arkham  
And we're all that's left to return to our lands

7. MacChluarains and Monsters, Lockhaven and  
Foxmoor  
That Kingdom is BIG and its fighters are MEAN!  
We fought and we lost, and fled back to Ann  
Arbor  
We all came back home with results that you've  
seen

8. Keep away from that land with its cactus and  
marshes  
It's no place for Mongols who are bent on War  
They count their blows well, but they strike them  
yet better  
He crawled into his Yurt, and fell, dead, on the  
floor.....

## 291 *Strike The Bell Second Mate*

1. Down on the quarter deck and walking about,  
There is the second mate so steady and so stout;  
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself  
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike,  
strike the bell.

Strike the bell second mate, let us go below;  
Look ya well to windward you can see it's gonna  
blow;  
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell,  
Oh we wish that you would hurry up and strike,  
strike the bell.

2. Down on the main deck and workin' at the  
pumps,  
There is the starboard watch just longing for  
their bunks;  
Look out to windward, and see a great swell,  
And we wish that you would huffy up and strike,  
strike the bell

3. Forward on the forecastle head and keepin' sharp  
lookout,

Yonder Johnson standin', a-longin' fer to shout,  
Lights' a-burnin' bright sir and everything is well,  
And he's wishin' that the second mate would  
strike, strike the bell.

4. Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,  
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,  
Lookin' at the compass through the course is  
clear as hell  
And he's wishin' that the second mate would  
strike, strike the bell.

5. Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain  
stands,  
Starin' out to sea with a spyglass in his hand,  
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,  
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin'  
the bell.

1. Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee;  
Soft a snow white fleece enfolds thee;  
Fairest flow'rs are strewn before thee;  
Sweet birds warble o'er thee:  
Sho heen sho lo! Shoe Heen sho lo lo!

2. Oh! Sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,  
Bright thou'lt open thine eyes tomorrow;  
Sleep while o'er thy smiling slumbers  
Angels chant their numbers:  
Shoheen Sho lo!

**293** *Such a Parcel of Rogues*  
Robert Burns

1. Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame  
Fareweel our ancient glory  
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name  
Sae famed in martial story  
Now Sarkrins o'er the Solway sands  
An' Tweed runs to the ocean  
To mark where England's province stands  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation
2. What force or guile could not subdue  
Thro' many warlike ages  
Is wrought now by a coward few  
For hireling traitor's wages  
The English steel we could disdain  
Secure in valors station;  
But English gold has been our bane-  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation
3. O, would, or had I seen the day  
That Treason thus could sell us  
My auld grey head had lien in clay  
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace  
But pith and power, till my last hour  
I'll make this declaration-  
"We were bought and sold for English gold"  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

**294** *Sumer Is Icumen In*

Middle English

1. Sumer is icumen in  
Lhude sing cuccu  
Groweth sed  
and bloweth med  
and springth the wde nu  
Sing cuccu
2. Awe bleteth after lomb  
lhouth after calue cu  
Bulluc sterteth  
bucke uerteth  
murie sing cuccu
3. Cuccu cuccu  
Wel singes thu cuccu  
ne swik thu nauer nu

4. Sing cuccu nu  
Sing cuccu  
Sing cuccu  
Sing cuccu nu

Modern English

5. Summer is a comin' in,

Loudly sing, cuckoo!

The seed is growing

And the meadow is blooming,

And the wood is coming into leaf now,

Sing, cuckoo!

6. The ewe is bleating after her lamb,

The cow is lowing after her calf;

The bullock is prancing,

The billy-goat farting,

7. Sing merrily, cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo,

You sing well, cuckoo,

Never stop now.

8. Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo;

Sing, cuckoo; sing, cuckoo, now!

1. Susanna Martin was a witch who dwelt in

Amesbury

With brilliant eye and saucy tongue she worked

her sorcery

And when into the judges court the sheriffs

brought her hither

The lilacs drooped as she passed by

And then were seen to wither

2. A witch she was, though trim and neat with

comely head held high

It did not seem that one as she with Satan so

would vie

And when in court when the afflicted ones

proclaimed her evil ways

She laughed aloud and boldly then

Met Cotton Mather's gaze

3. "Who hath bewitched these maids," he asked,

and strong was her reply

"If they be dealing in black arts, ye know as well

as I"

And then the stricken ones made moan as she

approached near

They saw her shaped upon the beam

So none could doubt 'twas there

4. The neighbors 'round swore to the truth of her  
Satanic powers  
That she could fly o'er land and stream and  
come dry shod through showers  
At night, twas said, she had appeared a cat of  
fearsome mien  
"Avoid she-devil," they had cried  
To keep their spirits clean

5. The spectral evidence was weighed, then stern  
the parson spoke  
"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, tis written  
in the Book"  
Susanna Martin so accused, spoke with flaming  
eyes  
"I scorn these things for they are naught  
But filthy gossips' lies"

6. Now those bewitched, they cried her out, and  
loud their voice did ring  
They saw a bird above her head, an evil yellow  
thing  
And so, beneath a summer sky, Susanna Martin  
died  
And still in scorn she faced the rope  
Her comely head held high

7. Susanna Martin was a witch who lived in  
Amesbury  
With brilliant eye and saucy tongue she worked  
her sorcery  
And when into the judges court the sheriffs  
brought her hither  
The lilacs drooped as she passed by  
And then were seen to wither

**296**

*Sweet Dublin Bay*  
*Traditional*

1. They sailed away on that gallant barque  
Roy Niell and his fair young bride  
They had ventured all on that bounding ship  
That danced on the silvery tide  
And his heart was young, and his spirit light  
As he kissed her tears away  
And they watched the shore retreat from sight  
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay

2. Three days they sailed when the storm arose  
And the lightning' swept the beam  
When the thunder crash broke the sharp repose  
Of the wee three sailors sleep  
Roy Niell he clasped his weepin' bride  
And he kissed the tears away

## 297 *Ta Mo Chleamhnas Deanta*

3. "Oh aloft was a fear for lower" he cried

"When we left sweet Dublin Bay"

On the crowded deck of that doomed ship

Some fairlander did despair

And some o'er come wi' a whole yuir hearts

Of the God of the storm an' prayer

"She has struck a rock" the sailors cried

An' their breath of wild dismay

And that ship went down wi' the fair young bride

That sailed from Dublin Bay

4. They sailed away in that gallant barque

Roy Niell and his fair young bride

They had ventured all on that bounding ship

That danced on the silvery tide

But his heart was young, and his spirit light

As he kissed her tears away

And they watched the shore retreat from sight

Of their own sweet Dublin Bay

### In Gaelic

1. Ta mo chleamhnas deanta o athru areir

S'ni mo na go dtaithnionn an bhean liom fein

Ach fagfaidh me i mo dhiaidh i

'Gus imeoidh me liom fein

Ar fud na gcoillte craobhach

2. Shiuil mise thoir agus shiuil mise thiar

Shiuil mise corcaigh 'gus sraide Bh'l'ath Cliath

Ach samhail de mo chailin deas ni fhaca mise

riamh

'si an bhean dubh a dhfhag mo chroi craite

3. D'eirigh me ar maidin dha uair roimh an la

'Gus fuair me litir o mo mhile ghra

Chuala me an smoilin 's an londubh a ra

Gur ealiagh mo ghra thar saile

### Or in English

4. My match it was made here last night

To a girl I neither love or like

But I'll take my own advice

And leave her behind

And go roaming the wild woods all over

5. I walked up, and I walked down

I walked Cork, and Dublin, and Belfast Towns

But no equal to my true love could I find

She's the wee lass that's left my heart broken

6. I got up two hours before day  
And I got a letter from my true love  
I heard the blackbird and the linnet say  
That my love had crossed the ocean

**298** *Thank you, Ma'am says Dan*

1. "What brought you into my room, to my room,  
to my room,

What brought you into my room?" said the  
mistress unto Dan.

"I came to court your daughter, Ma'am I  
thought it no great harm, Ma'am!"

"Oh Dan me dear, you're welcome here!"

"Thank you ma'am," says Dan.

2. "How came you to know my daughter, my  
daughter, my daughter,

How came you to know my daughter?" says the  
mistress unto Dan.

"Going to the well for water, Ma'am, to raise the  
can I taught her, Ma'am!"

"Oh Dan, 'tis you're the handy man!"

"Thank you, Ma'am," says Dan.

3. "Oh, you can have my daughter, my daughter,  
my daughter,

Yes you can have my daughter," says the  
mistress unto Dan,

"But when you take my daughter, Dan, of  
course you'll take me also, Dan!

Oh, Dan me dear, you're welcome here!"

"Thank you, Ma'am," says Dan.

4. This couple they got married, got married, got  
married,

This couple they got married, Miss Elizabeth and  
Dan;

And now he keeps her mother and her father,  
and her brother and Dan.

"Oh, Dan, 'tis you're the lucky man!"

"Thank you, Ma'am," says Dan.

## 299 *The Thistle Bows Not to The Rose*

1. Ken ye the hearts of the folk of the plaid?  
or wonder, as many of what they are made?  
They'll be hard as the Highlands, and cold as  
Loch Moi;  
The Scots hae a spirit ye nae can destroy  
Oh, born in the damp winds, and raised in the  
hills,  
Those who reach manhood have iron-like wills.  
By the reavers and the rovers and the brigands  
it's known  
A Scotsman looks after his Clan and his own.

So hey for the Highlands, hallo for the low;  
Leave a Scot breathin', he'll strike the last blow.  
As the Chieftain of England so angrily knows,  
The Thistle bows not to the Rose!

2. Oh, the French ladies charm with their glances  
and sighs,  
But give me a lassie with fire in her eyes.  
Scots' girls are fiery, they're long and they're  
lean,  
And sharper of wit than a dirk it is keen.  
But lovin' the women's like jugglin' with knives;  
Too many at once, and men look to your lives;  
Yet, find ye but one girl and stay to her true  
She'll fight at your back and share in all you do.

3. Now some say we're vicious, and heartless and  
cruel,  
But a Scot's a survivor, and nobody's fool.  
We've weathered the ages, and the wages of  
strife,  
Betimes it takes hard men to lead a hard life.  
So pipe till the blood sings and drink liquid fire;  
Watch where you tread, lest you risk Scottish ire;  
And mark ye the words of the Mackintosh  
Clan....  
"Touch not the cat — without a gloved hand!"

## 300 *Three Jolly Coachmen* *Modern Traditional*

1. Three jolly coachmen sat in an English Tavern  
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English Tavern  
And they decided, and they decided, and they  
decided  
To have another flagon

2. Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run  
over  
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run  
over  
For tonight we'll merry be, for tonight we'll  
merry be, for tonight we'll merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober

3. Here's to the man who drinks water pure and  
goes to bed quite sober

Here's to the man who drinks water pure and  
goes to bed quite sober

Falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do  
fall, falls as the leaves do fall

He'll die before October

4. Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes  
to bed quite mellow

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes  
to bed quite mellow

Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to  
live, lives as he ought to live

And dies a jolly good fellow

5. Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to  
tell her mother

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to  
tell her mother

She's a foolish foolish girl, she's a foolish foolish  
girl, she's a foolish foolish girl

For she'll not get another

6. Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to  
steal another

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to  
steal another

She's a boon to all mankind, she's a boon to all  
mankind, she's a boon to all mankind

For she'll soon be a mother

7. Here's to the man who goes to battle wearing  
lots of armor

Here's to the man who goes to battle wearing  
lots of armor

Sweats as the pigs do sweat, sweats as the pigs  
do sweat, sweats as the pigs do sweat

To ladies he's no charmer

8. Here's to the man who goes to fight with  
nothing but his woad on

Here's to the man who goes to fight with  
nothing but his woad on

He's a sight for all to see, he's a sight for all to  
see, he's a sight for all to see

For he's got nothing sewed on!

**301** *To the Queen*  
*James~the~Namer*

1. No belt have I, nor chain, nor crown  
Nor circlet on my head  
But I seek not for great renown  
Just someplace to lay my head.
2. I've raised my swords in wars so vast  
For prizes never seen  
But now I've found a cause at last  
And so my heart does sing
3. I fight these wars because I must  
A fire burns inside  
Sword brothers all, we share a trust  
And so my heart does sing
4. I've fought for friends in wars long past  
Alongside warriors bold  
But true peace has found me at last  
Beneath the Green and Gold
5. The Outlands stands until the end  
Renowned where e'er we're seen  
I fight not just for Glory friends  
I battle for my Queen.

**302** *Too-A-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral*

1. Over in Killarney  
Many years ago,  
Me Mither sang a song to me  
In tones so sweet and low.  
Just a simple little ditty,  
In her good ould Irish way,  
And I'd give the world if she could sing  
That song to me this day.  
  
"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby."
2. Oft in dreams I wander  
To that cot again,  
I feel her arms a-huggin' me  
As when she held me then.  
And I hear her voice a-hummin'  
To me as in days of yore,  
When she used to rock me fast asleep  
Outside the cabin door.

### 303 *A Touch of Autumn*

1. A touch of autumn fill the air  
A tender softness everywhere  
And golden mornings everywhere  
Are calling,  
Can you hear?

### 304 *The Trees They Do Grow High*

1. The trees they do grow high,  
And the leaves they do grow green,  
But the time is gone and past, my love,  
That you and I have see.  
It's a cold winter's night, my love,  
And here I must abide alone.  
My bonny lad was young, but a growing.
2. "O, Father, dearest Father,  
I fear you've done me wrong,  
For you've married me to a bonny boy,  
But I fear he is too young."  
"O, my daughter, dearest daughter,  
If you stay at home a time with me,  
A lady you shall be, while he is growing?"

3. "We'll send him to a college,  
But for a year or two,  
And then perhaps in time, my love,  
Into a man he'll grow.  
I will buy you a ribbon blue  
To tie about his bonny waist,  
To let the ladies know that he's married."

4. At the age of sixteen,  
He was a married man,  
And at the age of seventeen,  
He was father of a son,  
And at the age of eighteen,  
His grave it was growing green,  
And that did put an end to his growing.

5. She made her love a shroud  
Of the holland, O so fine,  
And ev'ry stitch she put in it,  
Her tears came trickling down.  
"O, once I had a sweetheart,  
But now I have got never a one,  
So fare you well my true love for ever."

**306** *The Twa Corbies*  
*Traditional*

6. The trees they do grow high,  
And the leaves they do grow green,  
But the time is gone and past, my love,  
That you and I have see.  
It's a cold winter's night, my love,  
And here I must abide alone.  
My bonny lad was young, but a growing.

**305** *The Trees in the Forest*

1. Of all the green jerkin and all in green gown  
The trees in the forest they all bear the crown,  
The trees in the forest are cradle and hall,  
The trees in the forest are fairest of all.

1. As I was walking all alane,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane:  
The tane unto the tither did say,  
Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'
2. In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.
3. His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en anither mate,  
So we may mak' our dinner sweet.
4. Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
5. Mony a one for him maks mane,  
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

*The Twelve Rounds of the  
Tourney \{\}\{\} I want to be  
Queen*

*Arron~Reynard*

*Tune: 12 Days of Christmas*

1. On the first round of the tourney,

My true love said to me,

I... Want to be Queen!î

2. On the second round of the tourney,

My true love said to me,

I want a Tudor Step-up!î

and

I... want to be Queen!î

3. On the third round of the tourney,

My true love said to me,

Don't mess up the favor!î

I want a Tudor Step-up!î

and...

I.. Want to be Queen!î

4. On the twelfth round of the tourney,

My true love said to me,

Is Commondopolous the best you can do?î

I can't stand the pressure!î

We'll banish him at Twelfth Night.î

Princess would've been nicer.î

My membership's in question.î

Merchant's Row's still open!î

What's a Guildmarion?î

It's only a scratch!î

I missed your forth round fight.î

Don't mess up the favor!î

I want a Tudor Step-up!î

and...

I... Want to be Queen!î

...to save space...

5. On the ride homeward,

My true love said to me,

We'll get ðem at the March Crown!î

## 308 *Two Sisters*

1. There were two sisters side by side,  
Sing I dum and sing I day.  
There were two sisters side by side,  
The boys are bound for me.  
There were two sisters side by side,  
The eldest for young Johnny cried.  
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me.
2. Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring,  
Sing I dum and sing I day.  
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring,  
The boys are bound for me.  
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring,  
He never bought the eldest a single thing.  
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me.
3. Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat,  
The eldest didn't think much of that.
4. As they were a walkin' by the foamy brim,  
The eldest pushed the youngest in.
5. Sister, oh, sister give me thy hand,  
And you can have Johnny and all his land.
6. Oh, sister I'll not give you my hand,  
And I'll have Johnny and all his land.

7. So away she sank and away she swam,  
Until she came to the miller's dam.
8. The miller he took her gay gold ring,  
And then he pushed her in again.
9. The miller he was hanged on the mountain head,  
The eldest sister was burned and dead.

## 309 *Under the Shieldwall* *Chidiock the Younger,* *Andrixios Seljukroctonis* *Tune: Under the Boardwalk*

1. Oh when the sun is hot and your head's burning  
in your helm  
And though you fight and fight, neither side can  
overwhelm  
Under the shieldwall, it's the place to be  
With my lady beside me, willingly  
  
Under the shieldwall, where it's quiet and dark  
Under the shieldwall, like our own private park  
Under the shieldwall, we'll be making love  
Under the shieldwall, shieldwall
2. Oh its the safest place a fighter can ever be  
No weapon reaches there to break our sweet  
tranquility  
Under the shieldwall, out of the sun  
With my lady beside me, we'll be having fun

3. So when the sides are joined, and you find  
yourself in the press  
Why don't you join me there and take a break  
from battle stress  
Under the shieldwall, it's the place to be  
With my lady beside me, carnally

**310** *Untitled*  
*Edmund~Bernhard*  
*Tune: Lillie of the West - Peter Paul And Mary*

1. Our King has called us out to war, and off to war  
we'll go  
To defend our bonny homelands, against some  
mighty foe  
We leave our homes, and our wives, our lovers,  
and our friends  
For now we're marching off to war, our homeland  
to defend

2. We marched for many miles, the road seemed  
without end  
We walked onto that battlefield, my heart was  
filled with dread  
For to our fifty, they had twice, and then half  
again  
Our allies could not come before that battle did  
begin

3. Our King, he was no coward, and from the front  
he led  
And when that charge had ended, the battlefield  
ran red  
Full half their number we had killed, but many of  
us lay slain  
And so they made to slaughter us, and leave us  
on that plain

4. That day upon the battlefield, were glories never  
told  
For many valiant men died there, but dearly our  
lives were sold  
They killed us to a man that day, we would not  
leave that field  
No quarter we could ask for, and we could never  
yield

5. When that day was over, none of us did stand  
They took our homes away from us, our women  
and our land  
But in our songs and stories our traditions will  
survive  
And one day we shall rise again, and once again  
will thrive

6. Our King has called us out to war, and off to war  
we go  
To defend our bonny homeland, against some  
mighty foe  
We leave our homes and our wives, our lovers  
and our friends  
For now we're marching off to war, our homeland  
to defend

**311** *A Valkyrie Song*  
*Mikal~Hrafspa*

Alone by the fire, a warrior I knew  
Told me this tale, and I pray it is true.

1. From far Ansteorra our dragon-ship came  
To fight for good Halidar on Lilled plain  
My sword I had lent seeking honor and fame  
Or Odin's great hall in the fray

2. We charged into battle, the sun beating high  
Our battle-horns sounding a victory nigh  
Our spears crossed their arrows like hawks in the  
sky  
Leaving many men dead on the way

Sing me no songs of angels I pray  
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

3. The battle was long and the sun was like fire  
The heat drove us down like a funeral pyre  
Though many I'd slain, now my bloodlust did tire  
Struck down by the heat of the day

4. The battle moved onward from where I was laid  
I drew of my helmet to rest in the shade  
When a soft even tread, like the wind in a glade  
Brought a daughter of Asgard my way

Sing me no songs of angels I pray  
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

5. She gave me cool drink 'till my wits came again  
Be fore I could speak she was gone like the wind  
Had I but died, I could follow her then  
But I lay with the living that day

6. Long I did search, a full year I have mourned  
And told all my brothers this love I have borne  
But she is of Asgard, and I of this shore  
So here with my brothers I stay

Sing me no songs of angels I pray  
For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

7. True to this dream like the tale I have told  
Close to my heart, a small pouch I still hold  
And in it a lock of her hair pure as gold  
This I carry to battle this day

Sing me no songs of angels I pray

For a Valkyrie found me in battle that day

**312** *The Valley of Strathmore*  
*Andy~Stewart*

1. By the clear and winding streams

Of the valley of Strathmore

Where my love and I have been

Where we wander nevermore

But if time were a thing man could buy

All the money that I have in store

I would give for one day by her side

In the Valley of Strathmore

2. From the glen of the golden an' green

I have left for a land far away

Where sadness has ne'er been seen

And joy only costs a day's pay

3. In Strathmore theres a long workin' day

For the man who lays hands on the hill

But it's work I'd be happy to do

If at night I was lyin' with you

4. As I take a long draught from my glass

I am drinkin' the Long Hill again

But I try no to think on my loss

For the old days will ne'er come again

**313** *Van Dieman's Land*  
*Traditional*

1. Come all you wild and wicked youths, where ever  
you may be

For I bid you pay attention now, and listen unto  
me

For the fate of us poor transports, as you will  
understand

And the hardships we do undergo, upon Van  
Diemens Land

2. My parents reared me tenderly, good learning  
gave to me

Till with bad men I was beguiled, which proved  
my destiny

O' I was brought up in Worcestershire, near to  
the town did dwell

My name is Henry Albert, and many knows me  
well

3. Me and three more went out one night, to Squire  
Daniel's farm

To get some game was our intent, as the night  
came tumbling down

But to our sad misfortune, they took us there  
with speed

And they hauled us off to Warlock Jail, which  
made our hearts to bleed

4. There at the Marchers Rises, at the bar we did  
appear  
Like Job we stood with patience, to hear our  
sentence there  
But being some bold offenders, made our case  
go hard  
My sentence was for fourteen years, and I was  
sent onboard

5. Now the ship that took us from the land, the  
Speedwell was her name  
For a full four months and more my boys, we  
ploughed the Ragin' Main  
No land, no harbor did we see, and believe it is  
no lie  
All around us one black water, above us one blue  
sky

6. On the day we made it to the land, upon that  
fateful shore  
The planters gathered 'round us there, full forty  
score and more  
They led us round like horses there, and sold us  
out of hand  
And they yoked us to the plough my boy, to  
plough Van Diemens Land

7. Last night as I lay in my bed, of Wooster I did  
dream  
With my true love beside me there, down by  
some burblin' stream  
But a' broken hearted I awoke, alone and far  
from home  
For now we're rattlin' in our chains, in foreign  
lands to roam

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314

### *The Viking Love Song*

*Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky*

1. Oh I'm a sturdy Viking lad with hairy chest and  
chin,  
To match my furry armor so you can't tell where  
they end.  
I'm hung just like a horse to keep the ladies  
satisfied.  
And now I've come down from the north to hunt  
me up a bride.

2. I saw you in your father's fields and knew him to  
be rich.  
So I cut his legs off at the knees and tossed him  
in the ditch.  
I plundered all his cattle and took his larder too.  
And now I hie me back to Jaul in hopes to marry  
you.

Cuz I'm a man,  
Viking man,  
And what's more,  
I think I'm in love.

3. I've lots of wealth to offer and that's truly not a  
boast.

For I've all the wealth of half the farms along the  
eastern coast.

I slaughtered all your family just to prove to you  
my heart,

And by your hair I drug you home so we need  
not be apart.

4. I've have many servants that will also be as  
yours.

There's Gertrude and Brunhilde who can help  
you with the chores

And there's young Laina who upon a former  
maid I sired.

And I bed one down each night so you need not  
get too tired.

Cuz I'm a man,  
Viking man,  
And what's worse,  
I think I'm in love.

5. Yes I'm a sturdy Viking lad, a fine catch to be  
sure.

Though I smell much like an ox, my heart is  
Viking pure.

I thank Odin, I thank Frey, for smiling on my life,  
For on, for us, this lucky day you shall become  
my wife.

Cuz I'm a man,  
Viking man,  
And what's worse,  
I think I'm in love.

Cuz I'm a man,  
Viking man,  
And what's worse,  
I think I'm in love.

## 315 *The Wandering Bard*

1. Chill the wintry winds were blowing,  
Foul the murky night was snowing,  
Through the storm the minstrel, bowing,  
Sought the inn on yonder moor.
2. All within was warm and cheery,  
All without was cold and dreary,  
There the wand'rer, old and weary,  
Thought to pass the night secure.
3. Softly rose his mournful ditty,  
Suiting to his tale of pity;  
But the master, scoffing, witty,  
Check'd Inns strain with scornful jeer:
4. "Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,  
Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?—  
No, thou old intruding thrummer,  
Thou canst have no lodging here."
5. Slow the bard departed, sighing;  
Wounded worth forbade replying;  
One last feeble effort trying,  
Faint he sunk no more to rise.
6. Through his harp the breeze sharp ringing,  
Wild his dying dirge was singing,  
While his soul, from insult springing,  
Sought its mansion in the skies.

7. Now, though wintry winds be blowing,  
Night be foul, with raining, snowing,  
Still the trav'ler, that way going,  
Shuns the inn upon the moor
8. Though within 'tis warm and cheery,  
Though without 'tis cold and dreary,  
Still he minds the minstrel weary,  
Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

## 316 *Wassail All Over The Town* *Traditional*

1. Wassail and wassail all over the town,  
The cup it is white and the ale it is brown;  
The cup it is made of the good old ashen tree,  
And so is our beer of the best barley.  
To you a wassail!  
Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.
2. O maid, O maid, with your silver-headed pin,  
Pray open the door and let us all in,  
All for to fill our wassail-bowl and so away again.  
To you a wassail!  
Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.

3. O maid, O maid, with your glove and your mace,

Pray come unto this door and show your pretty  
face,

For we are truly weary of standing in this place.

To you a wassail!

Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.

4. O master and mistress, if you are so well pleased

Pray set all on your table your white bread and  
your cheese,

And put forth your roast beef, your porridges  
and your pies.

To you a wassail!

Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.

5. O master and mistress, if we've done any harm,

Pray pull fast this door and let us pass along,

And give us hearty thanks for singing of our song.

To you a wassail!

Aye, and joy come to our jolly wassail.

We be soldiers three,

Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,

Lately come forth of the low country,

With never a penny of money.

1. Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,

Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie

To all good fellows wherever they be,

With never a penny of money.

2. And he that will not pledge me this,

Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,

Pays for the shot, whatever it is,

With never a penny of money.

3. Charge it again, boys, charge it again,

Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,

As long as you have any ink in your pen,

With never a penny of money.

We be soldiers three,

Pardonnez-moi je vous en prie,

Lately come forth of the low country,

With never a penny of money.

## 318 *We Will Sing the Songs of Scotland*

We will sing the songs of Scotland  
Now that we are gathered here  
We will sing the songs of Scotland,  
Oh this land we hold so dear

Of the Hielan's and the Lowlands,  
We will sing them all and then  
Just because we love them,  
We will sing them all again

1. There are stirring, spirit songs of war  
Where we march the gallant man  
There are songs of hearth and home  
Of the mountain and the glen
2. There are songs of joy to make us glad  
And song of sadness too  
And sweet the songs of love  
And they all belong to you

Of the Hielan's and the Lowlands,  
We will sing them all and then  
Just because we love them,  
We will sing them all again

Of the Hielan's and the Lowlands,  
We will sing them all and then  
Just because we love them,  
We will sing them all again

## 319 *Wearin' of the Green* *Traditional*

1. Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear, the news  
that's goin' round.  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish  
ground;  
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color  
can't be seen,  
For there's a cruel law agin' the wearin' of the  
green.
2. I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the  
hand,  
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how  
does she stand?"  
She's the most distressful country that ever you  
have seen;  
They're hangin' men and women there for  
wearin' of the green.

3. Then since the color we must wear, is England's  
cruel red,  
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood  
that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and  
cast it in the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho'  
underfoot 'tis trod.

4. When the law can stop the blades of grass from  
growin' as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summertime their  
verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color I wear in my  
Caubeen,  
But 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wearin' of  
the green.

5. But if at last our color should be torn from  
Ireland's heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear  
old soil will part.  
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far  
beyond the sea,  
Where rich and poor stand equal, in the light of  
freedom's day;

6. Oh, Erin must we leave you, driven by the  
tyrant's hand?  
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange  
but happy land?  
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom  
never shall be seen,  
And where, in peace, we'll live and die, a-wearin'  
of the green.

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320

### *Well Before the Battle Sister*

1. Well before the battle, sister  
When the sky is crowned with stars,  
And the world is clean of wounded,  
And the ground is free of scars.  
Well before the battle, sister,  
When content with what we know,  
We will sing the lovely ballads.  
From the long and long ago.

1. If ever you wander out by the Welsh border  
Come stop by and see me and all of my kin  
I'm Morgan ap Daffyd ap Gwion ap Hywell  
Ap Ifor ap Madoc ap Rhodri ap Gwyn
2. We'll feast you on mutton and harp for your  
pleasure  
And give you a place to sleep out of the cold  
Or maybe we'll meet you out on the dark  
roadway  
And rob you of horses and weapons and gold
3. My neighbor from England has come across  
raiding  
Slain six of my kinsmen and burned down my hall  
It cannot be borne this offense and injustice  
I've only killed four of his, last I recall
4. I'll send for my neighbors, Llewellyn and Owain  
We'll cut him down as for the border he rides  
But yesterday Owain stole three of my cattle  
And first I'll retake them and three more besides
5. We need a strong prince to direct our resistance  
Heroic, impartial, of noble degree  
My brother's wife's fourth cousin's foster-son,  
Gruffydd  
Is best for the job as I'm sure you'll agree
6. What matter that Rhys is the old prince's  
nephew  
He's exiled to Ireland and will not return  
I know this for every time boats he is building  
I send my spies money to see that they burn
7. Last evening my brother and I were at war  
Over two feet of land on a boundary we share  
But early this morning, I hear he's been murdered  
I'll not rest until I avenge him, I swear
8. Yes, we are just plain folk who mind our own  
business  
Honest and loyal and full of good cheer  
So if you should wander our by the Welsh border  
Come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here

**322** *Westering Home*  
*Traditional*  
*Tune: Muckin' O' Geordie's Byre*

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

1. Tell me a tale of the Orient gay  
    Tell me of riches that come from Cathay  
    Ah but it's grand to be waken at day  
    And find oneself nearer to Isla
2. Where are the folks like the folks of the west  
    Canty and couthy and kindly, our best  
    There I would hie me and there I would rest  
    At hame wi' my ain folks in Isla
3. Now I'm at home and at home I do lay  
    Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay  
    I'll hop a good ship and be on my way  
    And bring back my fortune to Isla

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**323** *Wha'll Be King But Charlie*  
*Lady Carolina ~ Nairne*  
*Tune: Tidy Woman*

Come through the heather, around and gather  
You are the welcomer early  
Come round the flame, we are your kin  
For wha'll be King but Charlie  
Come through the heather, around and gather  
You are the welcomer early  
To crown your Rightful, Lawful King  
For wha'll be King but Charlie

1. The news fae moight, that came last night  
    Will soothe your mind, but fairly  
    For ships o' war hae just come in  
    and landed Royal Charlie
2. The Heilan' clans wi' sword in hand  
    Fae Johnny great stay early  
    They to a man declare to stand  
    Or fall wi' Royal Charlie
3. The Lowlands army great and small  
    Wi' money ya' love and wealth  
    They declared for Scotlands King and Law  
    And spear ya wha' fer Charlie

4. And heres a Health tae Charlie's Cause

Be it completened early

His very name would warm the heart

To arms for Royal Charlie

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324

### Where Go The Maids

*Mikal~Hrafspa*

*Tune: Girls Just Wanna Have Fun - ish*

1. Where go the maids on summer's day

When the Falcon bears their men away

Sing willow a willow away hey hey

Sing willow a willow away

Sing willow a willow away

2. Gone to the hall to step a dance

While their good lovers break a lance

3. And drink their mead where it is kept

While their good lovers drink their sweat

4. And trade they kisses with young beaus

While their good husbands trade at blows

5. And when the Falcon comes to nest

They welcome their good men to rest

6. For lords may ken to battle's run

But a lady too will have her fun

325

### Whiskey in the Jar

*Traditional*

1. As I was going over the far famed Kerry

mountains

I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was  
counting.

I first produced my pistol, and then produced my  
rapier.

Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

musha ring dumma do damma da

whack for the daddy 'ol

whack for the daddy 'ol

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 said and she swore, that she never would  
deceive me,

but the devil take that woman, for she never  
could be easy

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 took my charges and she filled them  
up with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the  
slaughter.

4. It was early in the morning, as I rose up for  
travel,  
The guards were all around me 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.

5. If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station down in Cork or in  
Killarney.  
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving  
near Kilkenny,  
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling  
sporting Jenny

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

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## 326 *White Sand and Grey Sand*

As a round

1. White sand and grey sand,  
Who will buy my white sand?
2. White sand and grey sand,  
Who will buy my grey sand?

**327** *White Stag On Green*  
*Rhiogan ~ap~Heilyn*

1. By Estrella Mountain, so far, far, away  
I'll tell you a story that happened one day.  
About a young girl, her age was sixteen,  
And she carried a banner: white stag on green.
2. Well, a young Aten soldier drove his golf cart  
that way  
And he spied the young girl, with her banner so  
gay  
He laughed and he joked and got off his machine  
Determined to capture: white stag on green.
3. And he paused as she drew her rapier so keen,  
Saying, I fight for the honor of the Outlandish  
Queen.  
And I'll fight with a fervor that's rarely been seen  
To defend that banner: white stag on green.â
4. Well, the young Aten soldier turned white as the  
snow,  
Got on his machine and away he did go,  
Cause you can't win when fighting a girl of  
sixteen,  
Who'll die for a banner: white stag on green.

**328** *The Wild Rover*

1. I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and  
beer,  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.  
And it's no, nay, never. No, nay, never, no more, |  
Will I play the rover. No never, no more. |
2. I went to an ale house I used to frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay.  
Such custom like yours I could have any day.
3. I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with  
delight,  
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,  
And I'll take you upstairs, and I'll show you the  
rest."
4. I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've  
done,  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they caress me as oft times before,  
I never will play the wild rover no more!

**329** *Will Ye No Come Back  
Again?*  
*Lady Carolina ~ Oliphant*

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

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 Hieland men,  
They trusted you, dear Charlie;  
They kent you hiding in the glen.  
Your cleadin' was but barely.

3. We watched you in the gloamin' hour,  
We watched thee in the mornin' grey;  
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,  
Oh, there was nane that wad betray.

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

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

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

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

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1. O as I was a-walking down by yon mill-town,  
The fair and lovely mountains they did me  
surround;  
'Twas there I saw a fair maid, and to me she  
looked grand;  
She was plucking wild roses on the banks of the  
Bann.
2. So I stepped up to this fair one, and to her I did  
say,  
"Since nature has formed us for to meet on this  
day –  
Since nature has formed us, won't you give me  
your hand,  
And we will walk together on the banks of the  
Bann."
3. Now it being a summer's evening and a fine  
quiet place,  
I knew by the blushes that appeared on her face,  
We both lay down together unto a bed of sand,  
And she rolled into my arms on the banks of the  
Bann.
4. "O young man, you have wronged me; won't you  
tell me your name,  
That when my babe is born I may give it the  
same?"  
"My name is Willie Archer, and I'd have you  
understand  
That my home and habitation lie close by the  
Bann.
5. "But I cannot marry you, for apprenticed I'm  
bound  
To the spinning and the weaving in Rathfriland  
town.  
But when my time is over I will give you my hand  
And we will be married on the banks of the  
Bann."
6. So come all you fair maidens, take warning by  
me:  
Don't go out a-courting at one, two, or three.  
Don't go out a-courting so late if you can,  
Or you'll meet with Willie Archer on the banks  
of the Bann.

**331** *The Witch of the  
West-Mer-Lands*  
Archie Fisher

1. Pale was the wounded knight  
That bore the rowan shield  
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries  
That feasted on the field, saying:
2. Beck water, cold and clear,  
Will never clean you wound.  
There's none but the Maid of the Winding Mere  
Can make thee hale and soond.
3. So course well, my brindled hounds,  
And fetch me the mountain hare  
Whose coat is a grey as the Wastwater  
Or as white as the lily fair, who said
4. Green moss and heather bands  
Will never staunch the flood.  
There's none but the Witch of the  
West-mer-lands  
Can save thy dear life's blood.
5. So turn, turn you stallion's head  
Till his red mane flies in the wind  
And the rider of the moon gaes by  
And the bright star falls behind.
6. And clear was the paley moon  
When his shadow passed him by;  
Below the hill was the brightest star  
When he heard the houlet cry, saying
7. Why do you ride this way,  
And wharfore cam' ye here?  
I seek the Witch of the West-mer-lands  
That dwells by the winding mere.
8. Then fly free your good grey hawk  
To gather the golden rod,  
And face your horse into the clouds  
Above yon gay green wood.
9. And it's weary by Ullswater  
And the misty brake fern way  
Till through the cleft o' the Kirkstane Pass  
The winding water lay.
10. He said, Lie down, my brindled hound,  
And rest my good grey hawk,  
And thee, my steed, may graze thy fill,  
For I must dismount and walk.
11. But come when you hear my horn  
And answer swift the call,  
For I fear e'er the sun shall rise this morn  
You will serve me best of all.

12. And down to the water's brim  
He's borne the rowan shield,  
And the golden rod he has cast in  
To see what the lake might yield.

13. And wet rose she from the lake,  
And fast and fleet gaed she,  
One half the form of a maiden fair  
With a jet black mare's body.

14. And loud, long, and shrill he blew  
And his steed was by his side;  
High overhead his grey hawk flew  
And swiftly he did ride, saying:

15. Course well, my brindled hounds,  
And fetch me the jet black mare.  
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk,  
And bring me the maiden fair. She said:

16. Pray sheath thy silvery sword,  
Lay down thy rowan shield,  
For I see by the briny blood that flows  
You've been wounded in the field.

17. And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue,  
Bound 'round with a silver chain.  
She's kissed his pale lips aince and twice  
And three time 'round again.

18. And she's bound his wound with the golden rod;  
Full fast in her arms he lay,  
And he has risen hale and soond  
Wi' the sun high in the day. She said:

19. Ride with you brindled hounds at heel  
And your good grey hawk in hand.  
There's nane can harm a knight wha's lain  
With the Witch of the West-mer-land.

**332** *Worms of the Earth*  
*Clam~Chowder*

We are the worms of the earth,  
Against the lions of might.  
All of our days we are tied to the land,  
While they hunt and they feast and they fight.  
We give our crops and our homes and our lives,  
The clerics tell us this is right.  
And they've beat us before, and they'll beat us  
again,  
But we'll drink from their helmets tonight.

No chorus this time

1. My father worked on the land, as did his father  
before him.

Plowing and sowing by hand, and harvesting  
what the land bore him.

He was killed by the robbers before I was ten,  
One stroke of the sword and then they were  
gone,

While our lord strutted proudly on top his tall  
walls,

And did nothing to hinder the slaughter. For..

2. Our lord went away to the war, mounted on top  
a tall stallion,

To fight for some noble cause, with his knights  
there and henchmen to guard him.

Then we heard that they captured both he and  
his men,

And for that they raised our taxes again,

For to pay the great ransom in gold and in gems,  
To get our lord back to rule us. And..

3. This year there was a great drought. Our crops  
were burnt in the ground.

Not that our lord did without, for his men took  
all that they found.

Then our lord came among us with some of his  
men,

To announce the taxes were raised yet again,

So a few of us acted on our desperate plan,

Now his body is meat for the crows.

4. Into the fire we stare, behind our poor barricade.

Too tired to feel the despair, knowing no one will  
come to our aid.

For when the sun rises the knights all around,

They will gather in force and they'll hunt us all  
down,

And they'll mount our heads proudly on pikes in  
the town,

And our final tax will be paid. And..

We are the worms of the earth,

Against the lions of might.

All of our days we are tied to the land,

While they hunt and they feast and they fight.

We give our crops and our homes and our lives,

The clerics tell us this is right.

And they've beat us before, and they'll kill us  
tomorrow,

But we'll drink from their helmets tonight.

1. Three gypsies came to our hall door,  
They came brave and boldly, Oh,  
And the one sang high, and the other sang low,  
Made the lady sing the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
2. Upstairs and down, the lady went,  
She put on silk and leather, Oh,  
And the cry's gone up all around the door,  
She's away with the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
3. Well, late last night the lord came home,  
Inquiring for his lady, Oh,  
And the serving girls replied to him all,  
She's away with the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
4. The saddle for me, the fastest steed,  
My big horse is not speedy, Oh,  
I'll ride far and wide to seek for my bride,  
She's away with the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
5. He rode fast east, and he rode west,  
He rode north and south, also,  
And it's when he has come to the wide open  
field,  
It's there that he's found his lady, Oh.
6. Oh, why would you leave your house and lands,  
Why would you leave your money, Oh,  
Why would you leave your only wedded lord,  
To follow with the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
7. Oh, what do I care for my house and land,  
What care I for money, Oh,  
What do I care for my only wedded lord,  
When I can have my wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
8. Last night you slept in your goose feather bed,  
With the sheets turned down so boldly, Oh,  
Tonight you lie in the wide open field,  
In the arms of the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
9. Oh, what do I care for a goose feather bed,  
And sheets to turn so boldly, Oh,  
When I can lie in the wide open field,  
In the arms of my wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.
10. For you rode east, and I rode west,  
You rode high and I rode low,  
I'd rather have the kiss of my yellow gypsy's lips,  
Than all of your cache of money, Oh.
11. Three gypsies came to our hall door,  
They came brave and boldly, Oh,  
And the one sang high, and the other sang low,  
And the lady sang the wraggle taggle gypsy, Oh.

**334** *Ye Mariners All*  
*Traditional*

1. Ye Mariners all as ye pass by  
Come in and drink if you are dry  
Come spend my lads your money brisk  
And pop your nose in a jug of this
2. Oh Mariners all as ye part the ground  
You're welcome all for to sit down  
Come spend my lads your money brisk  
And pop your nose in a jug of this
3. Oh Tipplers all as you pass by  
Come in and drink if you are dry  
Come in and drink, think not amiss  
And pop your nose in a jug of this
4. And now I'm old and can scarcely crawl  
I've a long grey beard and a head that's bald  
From my desire, fulfill my bliss  
A pretty girl, and a jug of this
5. And when I'm in my grave and dead  
And all my sorrows have past and fled  
Transform me then into a fish  
And let me swim in a jug of this

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**335** *Your Local SCA*  
*Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*

1. Arrest these merry gentles, nay, it would be so  
unkind  
If you'll just wait a moment, sir, we will relieve  
your mind.  
We are not escaped lunatics, so kindly us unbind,  
For we are your local SCA, SCA  
For we are your local SCA.
2. These men aren't wearing dresses, sir, those are  
not pantyhose  
No, those are tights and tunics, sir, they are  
medieval clothes  
And men were really macho then, as everybody  
knows,  
So please do not look upon us that way, that  
way,  
For we are your local SCA.
3. We recreate past ages, sir, and that is all we do.  
Please give our swords and knives to us, we'd  
like our axes too.  
Return us all our weapons, sir, the act you will  
not rue,  
For we mostly use them for display, display,

4. Oh, we pavanne in public, sir, the horse bransle  
do, also.

Full many a fine feast attend, and to a revel go.  
And all that night we sing and drink, for free the  
mead doth flow.

Then drive four hundred miles the next day, the  
next day,

5. We have a King and Queen who do, our loyalty  
command.

We're the College of St. Goliath, the finest in the  
land,

And we are on our way to court, but not the one  
you planned.

Oh, please let us go upon our way, our way,

6. Arrest these merry gentles, nay, discretion you  
should use,

For we are lords and ladies, sir, so how can you  
refuse.

I say? That is a lady, sir, you should not her  
abuse,

It is not genteel to act this way, this way,

And lock up your local SCA!

## Sir Patrik's Favourites

### 1 *Barrett's Privateers* *Stan Rogers*

1. Oh, the year was 1778,  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
A letter of mark came from the King  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.  
  
God damn them all!  
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold  
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears.  
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax Peer,  
The last of Barrett's Privateers.
2. Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
For twenty brave soul all fisherman who  
Would make for him the "Antelope's" crew
3. The "Antelopes" sloop was a sickening sight  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
She had a 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 set to sea  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
It was ninety one days to Montigo Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way

5. On the ninety sixth day we sailed again  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four-pounders we made to  
fight.
6. Oh, the Yankee lay low down with gold  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
She was broad and fat and loose in stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole  
days.
7. Then at length we stood two cables away  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
8. Oh, the Antelope shook and pitched on her side  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
Oh Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs  
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs.
9. So here I sit in my twenty-third year  
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")  
It's been six years since I sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday

**2****General Taylor**  
*Great Big Sea*

1. Well General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

Well General Taylor he gained the day

Carry him to his bury'n ground

Tell me where you're stormy

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Tell me where you're stormy

Carry him to his bury'n ground

2. We'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

His shroud of the finest silk will be made

Carry him to his bury'n ground

3. We'll lower him down on a golden chain

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

On every inch we'll carve his name

Carry him to his bury'n ground

4. General Taylor he's all the go

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow

Carry him to his bury'n ground

5. General Taylor he's dead and he's gone

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone

Carry him to his bury'n ground

Chorus x2

**3****Giant**  
*Stan Rogers*

1. Cold wind on the harbour and rain on the road

Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal

There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or

The giant will rise with the moon

2. 'Twas the same ancient fever in the Isles of the

Blest

That our fathers brought with them when they

"went West"

It's the blood of the Druids that never will rest

The giant will rise with the moon

3. So crash the glass down! move with the tide!

Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside

Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise

With the moon

4. In inclement weather the people are fey

Three thousand year stories as the night slips

away

Remembering Fingal feels not far away

The giant will rise with the moon

5. The wind's in the north, there be new moon  
tonight  
And we have no circle to dance in it's sight  
So light a torch, bring bring the bottle and build  
the fire bright  
The giant will rise with the moon

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4

*The Jeannie C.*  
*Stan Rogers*

1. Come all ye lads, draw near to me  
That I be not forsaken  
This day was lost the Jeannie C  
And my living has been taken  
I'll go to sea no more

2. We set out this day in the bright sunrise  
The same as any other  
My son and I and old John Price  
In the boat named for my mother  
I'll go to sea no more

3. Now it's well you know what the fishing has been  
It's been scarce and hard and cruel  
But this day, by God, we sure caught cod  
And we sang and we laughed like fools  
I'll go to sea no more

4. I'll never know what it was we struck  
But strike we did like thunder  
John Price give a cry and pitched overside  
Now it's forever he's gone under  
I'll go to sea no more

5. Now a leak we've sprung, let there be no delay  
If the Jeannie C. we're saving  
John Price is drown'd and slip'd away  
So I'll patch the hole while you're bailing  
I'll go to sea no more

6. But no leak I found from bow to hold  
No rock it was that got her  
But what I found made me heart stop cold  
For every seam poured water  
I'll go to sea no more

7. My God, I cried as she went down  
That boat was like no other  
My father built her when I was nine  
And named her for my mother  
I'll go to sea no more

8. And sure I could have another made  
In the boat shop down in Dover  
But I would not love the keel they laid  
Like the one the waves roll over  
I'll go to sea no more

9. So come all ye lads, draw near to me  
That I be not forsaken  
This day was lost the Jeannie C  
And my whole life has been taken  
I'll go to sea no more

## 5 *Leave Her Johnny* Stan Rogers

1. I thought I heard the old man say  
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
It's a long, hard pull to the next payday  
And it's time for us to leave her"

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her  
For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow  
And it's time for us to leave her!

2. Oh, the winds were foul and the work was hard  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
From the Liverpool dock to the London yard  
And it's time for us to leave her

3. Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate was worse  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
He'd blow you down with a spike and a curse  
And it's time for us to leave her

4. It was rotten meat and moldy bread  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
You'd eat it or you'd starve to death  
And it's time for us to leave her

5. Well it's time for us to say goodbye  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
For now those pumps are all pumped dry  
And it's time for us to leave her

## 6 *Maid on the Shore* Stan Rogers

1. There is a young maiden who lives all alone  
She lives all alone on the shore-o  
There's nothin' she can find to comfort her mind  
But to roam all alone on the shore shore shore  
But to roam all alone on the shore

2. T'was of the young captain who sailed the salt  
sea  
Let the wind blow high blow low  
"I will die, I will die" the young captain did cry  
If I don't have that maid on the shore shore shore  
If I don't have that maid on the shore

3. Well I have lots of silver I have lots of gold  
I have lots of costly ware-o  
I'll divide I'll divide with my jolly ship's crew  
If they row me that maid on the shore shore  
shore  
If they row me that maid on the shore

4. After much persuasion they got her aboard  
Let the wind blow high blow low  
They replaced her away in his cabin below  
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care care care  
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care

5. They replaced her away in his cabin below  
Let the wind blow high blow low  
She's so pretty and neat she's so sweet and  
complete  
She sung captain and sailors to sleep sleep sleep  
She sung captain and sailors to sleep

6. Then she robbed him o' silver she robbed him o'  
gold  
She robbed him o' costly ware-o  
Then took his broadsword instead of an oar  
And paddled her way to the shore shore shore  
And paddled her way to the shore

7. "Well me men must be crazy me men must be  
mad  
Me men must be deep in despair-o  
For to let you away from my cabin so gay  
And to paddle your way to the shore shore shore  
And to paddle your way to the shore"

8. "Well your men was not crazy your men was not  
mad  
Your men was not deep in despair-o  
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself  
I'm a maiden again on the shore shore shore  
I'm a maiden again on the shore"

9. Well, there is a young maiden she lives all alone  
She lives all alone on the shore-o  
There's nothin' she can find to comfort her mind  
But to roam all alone on the shore shore shore  
But to roam all alone on the shore

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1. She went down last October in a pouring driving  
rain  
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate,  
he felt no pain  
Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt  
her mortal blow  
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low  
There was just us five aboard her when she  
finally was awash  
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of  
the cost  
And the groan she gave as she went down, it  
caused us to proclaim  
That the Mary Ellen Carter'd rise again

2. Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel  
would they spend  
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met  
her sorry end  
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest  
below  
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go  
But we talked of her all winter, some days  
around the clock  
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at  
the dock  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we  
would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again  
  
Rise again, rise again!  
Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men  
Those who loved her best and were with her 'til the  
end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

3. All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge  
lent by a friend  
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've  
had the bends  
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents  
here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents,  
dogged hatch and porthole down  
Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her  
around  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up  
the strain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again!

Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men

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

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

4. For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to  
crumble into scale  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living  
through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a  
sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day  
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final  
blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere  
you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm  
and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

Rise again, rise again!

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

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

Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

Rise again, rise again!

Though your heart, it be broken, or life about to  
end

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

Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

Ah, for just one time  
 I would take the Northwest Passage  
 To find the hand of Franklin  
 Reaching for the Beaufort Sea  
 Tracing one warm line  
 Through a land so wild and savage  
 And make a Northwest Passage to the sea

1. Westward from the Davis Strait

'Tis there 'twas said to lie  
 The sea route to the Orient  
 For which so many died  
 Seeking gold and glory,  
 Leaving weathered, broken bones  
 And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

2. Three centuries thereafter

I take passage overland  
 In the footsteps of brave Kelso  
 Where his "sea of flowers" began  
 Watching cities rise before me  
 Then behind me sink again  
 This tardiest explorer  
 Driving hard across the plain

3. And through the night, behind the wheel

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

4. How then am I so different

From the first men through this way?  
 Like them, I left a settled life  
 I threw it all away  
 To seek a Northwest Passage  
 At the call of many men  
 To find there but the road back home again

1. I drank 16 doubles for the price of one  
 Tryin to find the courage to talk to the one  
 I asked her for a dance, not a second glance  
 My night had just begun

2. Well I'd drink to the father or the holy ghost  
 I'm kneeling at the altar of my nightly post  
 So I'll raise a glass, not the first or last  
 Come join me in this toast

Because the old black rum's got a hold on me  
 Like a dog wrapped 'round my leg  
 And the old black rum's got a hold on me  
 Will I live for another day(heyyyyy)will I live for  
 another day

3. Well the queen of George Street just went  
 walkin' on by  
 Walkin' on by with some guy who don't care  
 That she stood in line since half past nine  
 And spent three hours on her hair  
 (on her hair!)

4. Her friend is lookin' at me with an evil grin  
 I think a bloody racket might soon begin  
 I must have said something to the George Street  
 queen  
 Her boys are joining in

5. So I drank all of my money and I slept out in the  
 rain  
 Everyday is different, but the nights they're all  
 the same  
 You never see the sun on the old black rum  
 But I know I'm gonna do it again

6. Will I live for another day

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1. There is an ancient party at the other end of  
 town  
 He keeps a little grocery store, and the ancient's  
 name is Brown  
 He has a lovely daughter, such a treat I never  
 saw  
 Oh, I only hope someday to be the old man's  
 son-in-law

2. Old Brown sells from off his shelf most anything  
 you please  
 He's got juice hops for the little boys, lollipops  
 and cheese  
 His daughter minds the store and it's a treat to  
 see her serve  
 I'd like to run away with her but I don't have the  
 nerve

And it's Old Brown's daughter is a proper sort of  
girl

Old Brown's daughter is as fair as any pearl  
I wish I was a Lord, Mayor, Marquis or an Earl  
And blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl  
Blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl

3. Well poor Old Brown now has trouble with the  
gout  
He grumbles in his little parlour when he can't  
get out  
And when I make a purchase, Lord, and she  
hands me the change...  
That girl she makes me pulverized, I feel so very  
strange

**Chorus**

4. Miss Brown, she smiles so sweetly when I say a  
tender word  
Oh, but Old Brown says that she must wed a  
Marquis or a Lord  
And I don't suppose it's ever one of those things  
I will be...  
But, by jingo, next election I will run for Trinity!

**Chorus**

1. I was just the age of sixteen when I first went on  
the drive,  
After six months hard labor, at home I did arrive.  
I courted with a pretty girl, t'was her caused me  
to roam,  
Now I'm just a river driver and I'm far away from  
home.

I'll eat when I am hungry and I'll drink when I am  
dry,  
Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober by and by,  
And if this river don't drown me, it's down I'll mean  
to roam,  
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

2. I'll build a lonesome castle upon some mountain  
high,  
Where she can sit and view me as I go passing by  
Where she can sit and view me as I go marching  
on,  
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from  
home.

3. When I am old and feeble and in my sickness lie,  
Just wrap me up in a blanket and lay me down  
to die  
Just get a little bluebird to sing for me alone,  
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from  
home.

Chorus x2

**12** *Rollin' Down to Old Maui*  
Stan Rogers

1. It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife  
We whalermen undergo  
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done  
How hard the winds do blow  
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Sound  
With a good ship taut and free  
And we don't give a damn when we drink our  
rum  
With the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys  
Rolling down to Old Maui  
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground  
Rolling down to Old Maui

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

3. How soft the breeze through the island trees  
Now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades  
Is awaiting our return  
Even now their big, brown eyes look out  
Hoping some fine to see  
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales  
Rolling down to Old Maui

4. We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head  
Looms up on old Wahu  
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice  
And our desks are hid from view  
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles  
That deck the Arctic sea  
Are miles behind in the frozen wind  
Since we steered for Old Maui

5. And now we're anchored in the bay  
With the Kanakas all around  
With chants and soft aloha-oos  
They greet us homeward bound  
And now ashore we'll have good fun  
We'll paint them beaches red  
Awakening in the arms of an island maid  
With a big fat aching head

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13

*Three Fishers*  
*Stan Rogers*

1. Three fishers went sailing out into the west  
Out into the west as the sun went down  
Each thought on the woman that loved him the  
best, and  
The children stood watching them out of the  
town

For men must work and women must weep  
For there's little to earn and many to keep, and  
The harbour bar be moanin', and  
The harbour bar be moanin'

2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower  
They trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
and  
They looked at the squall and they looked at the  
shower, and  
The night-wrack came rollin' in, ragged and  
brown

For men must work and women must weep  
Though storms be sud - den and the waters be  
deep, and  
The harbour bar be moanin', and  
The Harbour bar be moanin'

3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sand  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down, and  
The women were weepin' and wringin' their  
hands  
For those who would never come back to the  
town

For men must work and women must weep, and  
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and  
Good - bye to the bar and its moanin', and  
Good - bye to the bar and it's moanin'

4. Oh men must work and women must weep, and  
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and  
Good - bye to the bar and its moanin', and  
Good - bye to the bar and it's moanin'

1. Ginny said good-bye this afternoon

As far as I can tell

She can't bear the good-bye evenings

Or the morning afters of farewell

She says, "Here you are another one to whose  
back I'm saying cheers. It's like a death in the  
family and it's been going on for years."

2. And so I'll cast my leaving shadow

And I'll be Canadian

But distance won't decide what matters

To the Hard Rock's loving son

And when I'm thinking of St. John's

I'll bring her closer with a song

I don't know where I'm going but I know where I  
belong

3. Don't get the old man started

Or I'll have to hide him from the rum

If we can keep his mind from '49

He'll keep having fun

Oh, it's not the kids he's cursing

Though I'm his third to leave

He's mad at Mr. Smallwood

And it's a parent's right to grieve

4. So let's take a moment's silence for our dear  
departed souls

Let's fly our flags at half their mast

As another young man goes

The laughter of the children

Supplanted by the rolling ghosts

Another tide surrenders

To a far and foreign coast

5. I told Mom I'd stay closer to the cousins

Who beat the path from our front door

One right after the other and they won't be back  
no more

But the thing I think I fear the most

She whispered in my ear

Is being the last flower in the garden

With no one left to care

1. Well, I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight

Some woman who's my wife tells me not to be  
late

I kiss the kids goodbye, I can't remember their  
names

And week after week, it's always the same

And it's Ho, boys, can't you code it, and program it  
right

Nothing ever happens in the life of mine

I'm hauling up the data on the Xerox line

2. Then it's code in the data, give the keyboard a  
punch

Then cross-correlate and break for some lunch

Correlate, tabulate, process and screen

Program, printout, regress to the mean

3. Then it's home again, eat again, watch some TV

Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three

I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at  
night

I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

4. Someday I'm gonna give up all the buttons and  
things

I'll punch that time clock till it can't ring

Burn up my necktie and set myself free

Cause no one's gonna fold, bend or mutilate me

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