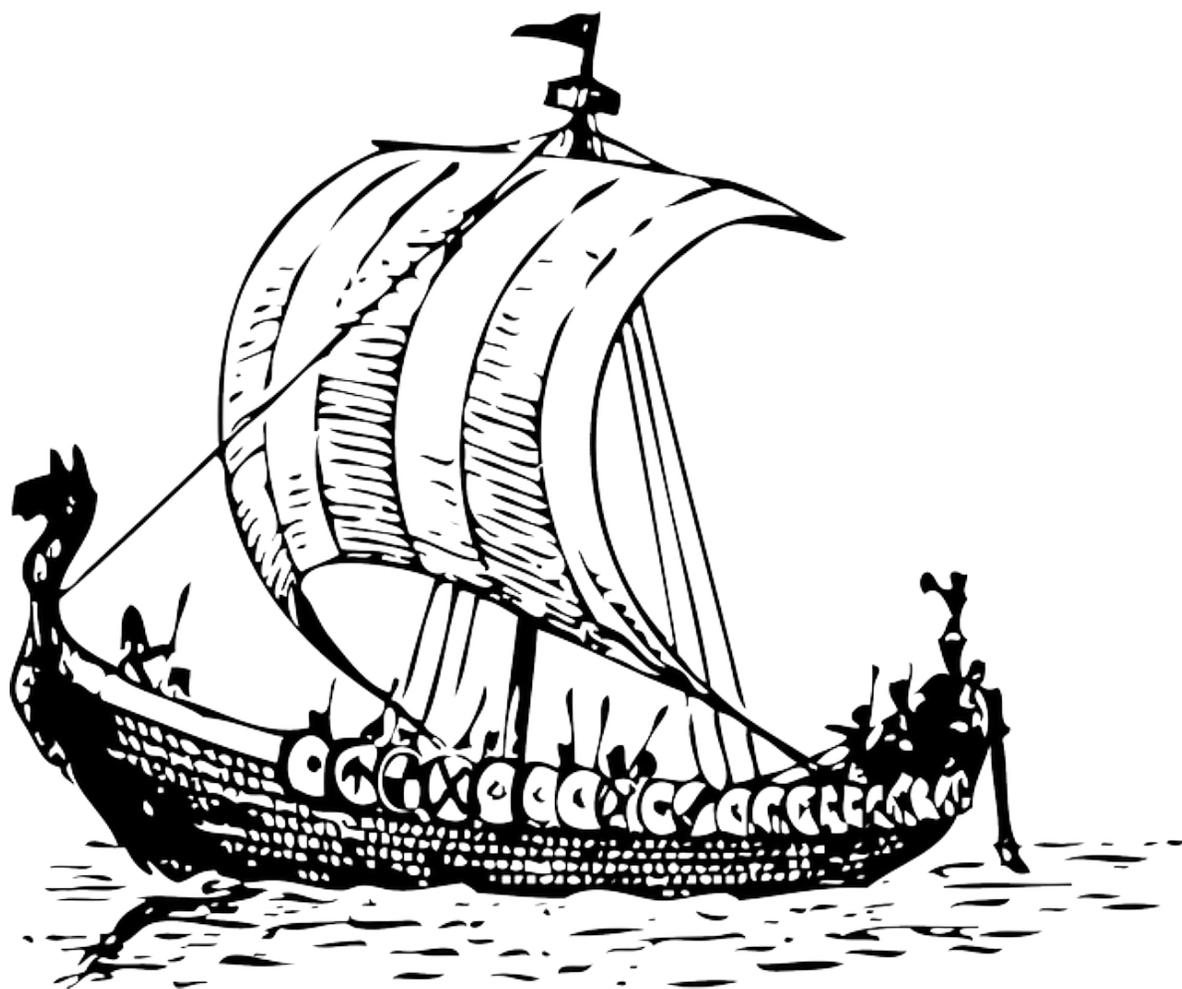


The Swilling Swede's Songbook



The Swilling Swede's Songbook

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 Goliath, for the original transcription of most of these songs
- Lady Auria of Goliath, for helpful feedback and cheerleading
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- 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

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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

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.

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

5 *Anna at the Turning*

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.

6 *Anne Boleyn*
R.L. ~Weston, Bert ~Lee

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.

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

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."

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!

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14

*A Ballad of Long-Distance**Love**Aisha**Tune: Red River Valley*

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
Twas 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.

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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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.

Traditional

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

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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

Public Domain

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.

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

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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27 *The Baron of Brackley* *Traditional*

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 slaln.
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

28

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

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.

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30

The Bastard King of England
Oscar Brand

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.

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.

31

The Beggarman
Traditional

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 "wheel!")

(gesture for a nice body)

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

And Bimbo was her name-o

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 "wheel!")

(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 "wheel!")

(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
Bougie'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.

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49

Brennan On The Moor
Traditional

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.

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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

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.

52 *Bunclody Cuckoo*
The Irish Rovers

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.

53 *The Burden of the Crown*
Baldwin of Erebor

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!

54

The Campbells are Comin' *Robert Burns*

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

57 *A Cautionary Tale*

Adellind~le~Quintain
Tune: *Red is the Rose*

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!

58 *Ce Fut en Mai*

French Traditional

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!

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...

63 *The Chill Eastern Winds* *Silly Wizard*

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."

Public Domain
67 *Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies*
Traditional

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.

Public Domain
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

Public Domain

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 Pernell
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.
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.

Public Domain

71 *Come Ye Women*

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.

72 *Cruiskeen Lawn* *Traditional*

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-noon,

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

Public Domain

73

Crusader's Song
Conn~MacNeill

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

76

Daily Growin'
Traditional

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'

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.

*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 to 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.

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 weighbauk, Donald MacGillivray
 Come like a weighbauk, 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 MacGillivray
 Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillivray
 Push about, an' in and out, and thimble them
 cleverly
 Here's tae' King James an' tae' Donald
 MacGillivray

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 MacGillivray
 Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillivray
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingle them cleverly
 Up wi' King James, an' with Donald MacGillivray

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 MacGillivray
 Come like the Devil, Donald MacGillivray
 Skelp them an' skaud them, what proved so
 unbrotherly
 Up wi' King James, an' with Donald MacGillivray

87 *Donald, Where's Yuir
Trowsers?*
Traditional

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.

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.

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

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 sleihbte 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"

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97

Early One Morning
English Traditional

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.

Public Domain

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.

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

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.

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102 *Estrella VIII*
Rathflaed~DuNoir
Tune: Pat of Mullingar

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

104 *The Fairy's Love Song*

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 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!

111 *Finnegan's Wake* *Traditional*

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.

112 *The Fisherman's Wife's
Lament*
Traditional

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,
ays, "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 liling, at the morning milking
The lassies a-liling before the dawn of day
Now they are mourning, their men not returning
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 liling at the evening milking
No laughter, no lightness the long summer day
But weeping and mourning, for lovers not
returning
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 Brittania'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?"

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.

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118 *Four and Twenty Virgins*

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

119 *Four Letter Words*

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

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

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.

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
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!"

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.

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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 Luggie
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

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!
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.

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.

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!

138***Gypsy Rover****Traditional*

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.

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 have 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.

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

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

146 *The Heralds Said to Me*
Joseph of Locksley,
Cherie Ruadh of Locksley
Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

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 1st, 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

Public Domain

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

Public Domain
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.

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

1. Squire, bring my armor, my sword and my
 drestier.
 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 drestier.
 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.

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.

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

169 *Infamous Eric the Red*
Enricco D'Orlao
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

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

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

170 *An Irish Ballad*
Tom Lerher

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!

171 *The Irish Rover* *Traditional*

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

173 *The Isla Waters*
 Andy~Stewart, Martin~Hadden

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 lyer'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.

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.

Sherri Burmeister, 1996

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 to 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 that 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

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?

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!

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!

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!

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!

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!

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,

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!

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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184 *Johnnie Cope*
Adam ~ Skirving

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!

186 *Johnny I Hardly Knew You*
Traditional
Tune: Johnny Comes Marching Home

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

Public Domain

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

Public Domain

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

Public Domain

189 *Karelea's Song*
Iolo~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 dawns
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.

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 Bargo 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!

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 than 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 *Leprehaun*
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!

Public Domain

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
What do you call a leper in a sauna.....Stew

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!

200 *Life By The Sword*
Traditional

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
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

201 *Lillie The Pink* *Traditional*

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

203 *Loch Lomond*
Scottish Traditional

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 waeiful may cease frae their grieving.

204 *Loch Tay Boat Song*
Scottish Traditional

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

205 *Loki's Song*
Mikal~Hrafspa

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?

206 *Long Distance Squire*
Galen of Bristol,
Genvieve McCullum du Caen
Tune: Cats in the Cradle

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 biding.

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.

213 *MacIntyre* *Traditional*

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.

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.

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."

216 *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 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

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217 *Mary Mac*
Jake Mitchell

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.

218 *McPherson's Lament*
Irish Traditional

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.

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

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.

221 *Metamorphosis*

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.

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.

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.

222 *Mighty Casey* *Edmund~Bernhard*

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.

226 *Molly Brannigan*
Traditional

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
Devil'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?"

227 *Molly Malone*
Traditional

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

230 *The Moose Song*
Thomas~Payton, Anonymous
Tune: Betsy From Pike

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

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232 *My God How the Money
Rolls In!*
Anonymous, Ioseph 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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234 *My Old Man*
Uncle~Justinian, Roger~of~York,
Othar~Morganson, Muire~Ultach

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.

235 *A Nation Once Again*
Thomas Osborne Davis

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!

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

244 *One Man Shall Mow My Meadow*
Traditional

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

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

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 Fyrdsman 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~Gilcrest*

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

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

248 *P Stands For Paddy*
Traditional

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

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.

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.

251 *The Parting Glass*
Irish Traditional

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.

252 *Pelican's Wing*
Thomas Winterbourne of Ghent

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

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...

Hmmmmm. 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!

257 *Ramblin' Rover*
Andy~Stewart

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.

259 *Ratty Atta To Dum*
Traditional

Chorus every two verses

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.

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.

262 *Red is the Rose*
Traditional

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.

265 *Rose Rose*
Traditional

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.

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

Public Domain

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 Crispian'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 Crispian's day.

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 depraved

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 depraved

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

274 *Scots, Wha Hae*
Traditional
Tune: Hey Tuti Tatey

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 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!!!

275 *Searching for Lambs*

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!

280 *Shan Van Vocht*

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.

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?"

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!"

285 *Song of a Forgotten God*
Tawnee~Darkfalcon, Scarhart

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 again my crystal crown;
Take you back to yesterday...
But, instead, I think I'll just go away....

286 *Song of the Nightwatch*
Conn~MacNeill

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.

287 *Song of the Shield-Wall**Lady Malkin~Grey, Lady
Peregrynne~Windrider*

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.

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 Hadrada'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.

289 *Star of The County Down*
Cathal McGarvey

1. Bainbridge Town in the County Down
One mornin' last July
From a borean 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

Public Domain

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, Lockeaven 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.

292 *Suantree* *Traditional*

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! Sho 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

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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!

295 *Susanna Martin*
Traditional

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

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

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

297 *Ta Mo Chleamhnas Deanta*

In Gaelic

1. Ta mo chleamhnas deanta o athru areir
S'ni mo na go dtaitnionn 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!

300 *Three Jolly Coachmen*
Modern Traditional

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!"

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!

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."

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.

306 *The Twa Corbies* *Traditional*

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!^
2. On the second round of the tourney,
My true love said to me,
I want a Tudor Step-up!^
and
I... want to be Queen!^
3. On the third round of the tourney,
My true love said to me,
Don't mess up the favor!^
I want a Tudor Step-up!^
and...
I.. Want to be Queen!^
4. On the twelfth round of the tourney,
My true love said to me,
Is Commondopolous the best you can do?^
I can't stand the pressure!^
We'll banish him at Twelfth Night.^
Princess would've been nicer.^
My membership's in question.^
Merchant's Row's still open!^
What's a Guildmarion?^
It's only a scratch!^
I missed your forth round fight.^
Don't mess up the favor!^
I want a Tudor Step-up!^
and...
I... Want to be Queen!^
...to save space...
5. On the ride homeward,
My true love said to me,
We'll get ðem at the March Crown!^

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

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
Diemans 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.

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.

317 *We Be Soldiers Three*
Traditional

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.

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.

321 *Welsh History 101*

Heather~Rose~Jones
Tune: Ash Grove

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

Public Domain

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

Public Domain

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

Public Domain
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.î
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, ⁴
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?"

Public Domain

330

Willie Archer
Traditional

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.

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.

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.

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..

333 *Wraggle Taggle Gypsy*
Traditional

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.

No chorus this time

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.

Public Domain

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

Public Domain

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

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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

9

The Old Black Rum
Great ~Big ~Sea

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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10

Old Brown's Daughter
Great Big Sea

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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