



California Revels Songbooks

Vol. 2

May, Spring,
Summer, and
Fall

Air Falalalo_____	1
Apple Picker's Reel_____	1
Blood Red Roses_____	2
Boston Harbour_____	3
Byker Hill_____	4
Colcannon_____	5
Country Life_____	5
Dame Durden_____	7
Donkey Riding-2_____	8
Early One Morning_____	9
Fiddler's Green_____	10
Fields of Athenry_____	11
Glorious Ale_____	12
Hal an Tow (Watersons)___	13
Hard Times_____	14
Helston Furry_____	15
Here's a Health..._____	15
Hi-ho, the Rattlin' Bog____	16
I Can Hew_____	16
Jock Stewart_____	17
Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya__	19
Katy Cruel_____	20
King's Lament_____	22
Lemon Tree_____	22
Let Union Be_____	23
Mairi's Wedding_____	24
May Day Carol_____	24
Old Game Cock_____	25
One Man Shall Mow..._____	26
One Misty Moisty Morning	27
Only Remembered_____	28
Over the Hills..._____	28
Padstow May Song_____	29
Pleasant and Delightful___	31
Rosebud in June_____	31

Skye Boat Song	32
Staines Morris	33
Sumer Is Icumen In	34
This Land is Your Land	35
Whistlin' Gypsy Rover	36
Wild Mountain Thyme	37

Air Falalalo

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Fa-lee fa-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay.

There's a lilt in the song I sing, there's laughter and love,
There's tang of the sea, and blue from heaven above,
Of reason there's none, and why should there be for why
As long as there's fire in the blood and light in the eye.

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Fa-lee fa-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay.

The heather's ablaze and the myrtle is sweet
There's song in the air, the road's a song at our feet
So step it along as light as the bird on the wing,
And stepping along, let's join our voices and sing!

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Air fa-la-la-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay

Fa-lee fa-lo ho-ro air fa-la-la-lay.

And whether the blood be Highland, Lowland or no,
And whether the hue be white or black as the sloe,
Of kith and of kin, we're one, be it right, be it wrong,
As long as our hearts beat true to the lilt of the song.

Apple Picker's Reel

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Up in the morning before the sun

I don't get home until the day is done;

My pick-sack's heavy and my shoulder's sore

But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some more.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Start at the bottom and you pick 'em from the ground
And you pick the tree clean all the way around;
Then you set up your ladder and you climb up high
And you're looking through the leaves at the clear blue sky.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Three-legged ladder, wobbly as hell
Reaching for an apple---whoa!---I almost fell.
Got a twenty-pound sack hanging 'round my neck
And there's three more apples that I can't quite get.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so down
Picking up windfalls, crawling on the ground.
Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, you lose your mind
If you sing this song about a hundred times;
Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine

Looking out across the orchard in the bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free, Standing in the top of an apple tree. (x2)

Blood Red Roses

Me bonnie bunch of roses, oh,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
'Tis time for us to roll and go,

Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

(After each stanza):

Oh, you pinks and posies,

Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

My mother dear, she wrote to me,

Go down, etc.

“My dearest son, come home from sea.”

Go down, etc.

Oh, you pinks etc.

As I was going ‘round Cape Horn,

I wished to the Devil I’d never been born.

Around Cape Horn we all must go,

‘Cause that is where them whalefish blow.

Tis growl you may, but go you must,

If you growl too much, your head they’ll bust.

The gales are waiting straight ahead,

One long, strong pull should lift the dead.

Oh, rock and shake her is the cry,

The bloody topmast sheave is dry.

Just one more pull and that’ll do

We’re the buckos for to kick her through

Boston Harbour

From Boston Harbour we set sail

When it was blowin' the devil of a gale

With the ring-tail set all avast the mizzen peak

And Rule Britannia plowin' up the deep

With a big bow wow, tow row row

Fal dee rall dee ri do day

Then up come the skipper from down below

It's look aloft, lads, look alow

And it's look alow and it's look aloft

And tie up your ropes, lads, fore and aft

With a big bow wow, tow row row

Fal dee rall dee ri do day

Then down to his cabin well he quickly crawls
To his poor old steward bawls
"Go and mix me a glass that will make me cough
'Cause it's better weather here than it is on top."

With a big bow wow, tow row row

Fal dee rall dee ri do day

Now there's one thing that we have to crave
That the captain meets with a watery grave
So we'll throw him down into some dark hole
Where the sharks'll have his body and the Devil have his soul

With a big bow wow, tow row row

Fal dee rall dee ri do day

Byker Hill

If I had another penny,
I would have another gill;
I would make the piper play
The Bonny Lads o' Byker Hill.

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

The pitman and the keelman trim,
They drink bumble made from gin.
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley.

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

When first I went down to the dirt
I had no cowl nor no pitshirt
Now I've gotten two or three
Walker Pit's done well by me

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!

Geordie Charlton, he had a pig,
He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig,

All the way to Walker Shore
To the tune of Elsie Marley.

**Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!
Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads for evermore!**

Colcannon

Did you ever eat Colcannon, made from lovely pickled cream?
With the greens and scallions mingled like a picture in a dream.
Did you ever make a hole on top to hold the melting flake
Of the creamy, flavoured butter that your mother used to make?

Oh you did, so you did, so did he and so did I.

And the more I think about it sure the nearer I'm to cry.

Oh, wasn't it the happy days when troubles we knew not,

And our mothers made Colcannon in the little skillet pot.

Did you ever take potato cake in a basket to the school,
Tucked underneath your arm with your book, your slate and rule?
When the teacher wasn't looking sure a great big bite you'd take,
Of the creamy flavoured buttered soft and sweet potato cake.

Oh you did, so you did, so did he and so did I.

And the more I think about it sure the nearer I'm to cry.

Oh, wasn't it the happy days when troubles we knew not,

And our mothers made Colcannon in the little skillet pot.

Did you ever go a-courting as the evening sun went down
And the moon began a-peeping from behind the Hill o'Down,
As you wandered down the boreen where the clurichaun was seen,
And you whispered loving phrases to your little fair colleen.

Oh you did, so you did, so did he and so did I.

And the more I think about it sure the nearer I'm to cry.

Oh, wasn't it the happy days when troubles we knew not,

And our mothers made Colcannon in the little skillet pot. X2

Country Life

I like to rise when the sun she rises

Early in the morning,

I like to hear them small birds singing

Merrily upon the laylum.

And hurrah for the life of a country boy

And to ramble in the new-mown hay.

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow,
And that is how the seasons round they go.

But if all the times if choose I may
't would be rambling through the new-mown hay.

I like to rise when the sun she rises

Early in the morning,

I like to hear them small birds singing

Merrily upon the laylum.

And hurrah for the life of a country boy

And to ramble in the new-mown hay.

In summer when the sun is hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot.
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new-mown hay.

I like to rise when the sun she rises

Early in the morning,

I like to hear them small birds singing

Merrily upon the laylum.

And hurrah for the life of a country boy

And to ramble in the new-mown hay.

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn.
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new-mown hay.

I like to rise when the sun she rises

Early in the morning,

I like to hear them small birds singing

Merrily upon the laylum.

And hurrah for the life of a country boy

And to ramble in the new-mown hay.

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and ditch our time away;

But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling through the new-mown hay.

**I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning,
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the laylum.
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new-mown hay.**

Oh Nancy is my darling gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day.
But I love her best in the month of May
When we're rambling through the new-mown hay.

**I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning,
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the laylum.
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new-mown hay. X2**

Dame Durden

Dame Durden kept five serving maids
To carry the milking pail;
She also kept five labouring men
To use the spade and flail.

**`Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kit,
And Dolly to drag her tail;
It was Tom and Dick, and Joe and Jack,
And Humphrey with his flail.
And Tom kissed Molly, and Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly, and Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail;
And Kitty she was a charming girl
To carry the milking pail.**

`Twas on the morn of Valentine's
When birds begin to tweet,

Dame Durden and her maids and men
They all together meet.

**`Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kit,
And Dolly to drag her tail;
It was Tom and Dick, and Joe and Jack,
And Humphrey with his flail.
And Tom kissed Molly, and Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly, and Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail;
And Kitty she was a charming girl
To carry the milking pail.**

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call;
To rouse her servants, maids and men,
She did begin to bawl.

**`Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kit,
And Dolly to drag her tail;
It was Tom and Dick, and Joe and Jack,
And Humphrey with his flail.
And Tom kissed Molly, and Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly, and Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail;
And Kitty she was a charming girl
To carry the milking pail.**

Donkey Riding - 2

Were you ever in Quebec? Launchin' timber on the deck
Where you break your bleedin' neck, riding on a donkey

**Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding
Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.**

Were you ever in Ottawa? Strangest place I ever saw
There the Mounties keep the law, riding on a donkey

**Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding
Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.**

Were you ever round Cape Horn where the weather's never warm

You wish to God you'd never been born, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Mobile bay, screwing cotton all the day

A dollar a day is Paddy's pay, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Miramashee, where you tie up to a tree

And the girls sit on your knee, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Broomilaw, where the Yanks are all the go

And the boys dance heel and toe, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in London town, see the king he does come down

See the king with his golden crown, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Liverpool bay, see the Judy shout hooray

Here comes our Tommy with his ten month pay, riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go donkey riding donkey riding

Way hey and away we go riding on a donkey. X2

Early One Morning

Early one morning, Just as the sun was rising,

I heard a young maid sing, In the valley below.

Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me,

How could you use a poor maiden so?

Remember the vows, That you made to your Mary,

Remember the bow'r, Where you vowed to be true,

Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me,

How could you use a poor maiden so?

Oh Gay is the garland, And fresh are the roses,

I've culled from the garden, To place upon thy brow.

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

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

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

Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the dockside one evening so rare,
To view the still waters and take the salt air.
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
O take me away boys my time is not long

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip, mates

And I'll see them someday on Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where fishermen go when they don't go to Hell.
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play,
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip, mates

And I'll see them someday on Fiddler's Green

The sky's always clear and there's never a gale,
And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tail.
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip, mates

And I'll see them someday on Fiddler's Green

And when you're in dock and the long trip is thru,
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies there, too.
Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free,
And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree.

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip, mates

And I'll see them someday on Fiddler's Green

I don't want a harp or a halo, not me.

Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea.

And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along,

When the wind's in the rigging to sing me this song

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip, mates

And I'll see them someday on Fiddler's Green

Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling,

“Michael, they have taken you away,

For you stole Trevelyan's corn, So the young might see the morn.

Now the prison ship lies waiting in the bay.”

Low lie the fields of Athenry

Where once we watched the small free birds fly.

Our love was on the wing, We had dreams and songs to sing.

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,

“Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.

Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled, they cut me down.

Now you must raise our child with dignity.”

Low lie the fields of Athenry

Where once we watched the small free birds fly.

Our love was on the wing, We had dreams and songs to sing.

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky.
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay.
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Low lie the fields of Athenry

Where once we watched the small free birds fly.

Our love was on the wing, We had dreams and songs to sing.

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Glorious Ale

When I was a young man my father did say
Summer is comin' 'tis time to make hay
And when hay's been carted don't you ever fail
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale

Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale

Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie kale

But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish of taters

and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale

Our MP's in parliament our faith for to keep
And I hope now we've put 'im there he won't sit and sleep
He'll always get my vote if he doesn't fail
To bring down the price of our Good English Ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale

Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale

Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie kale

But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish of taters

and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale

Some folks is teetotallers, they drink water neat
It must rot their gutses and dampen their feet
But as for my part I know I'll never fail

On boiled beef and bacon and Good English Ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale

Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish of taters
and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale

Hal An Tow (Watersons)

Since man was first created, His works have been debated
We have celebrated, The coming of the Spring

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O

We were up long before the day O

To welcome in the summer, To welcome in the May O

The summer is a-coming in, And winter's gone away O

Take the scorn to wear the horn, It was the crest when you was born
Your father's father wore it, And your father wore it too

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O

We were up long before the day O

To welcome in the summer, To welcome in the May O

The summer is a-coming in, And winter's gone away O

What happened to the Spaniards, That made so great a boast O?
Why they shall eat the feathered goose, And we shall eat the roast O

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O

We were up long before the day O

To welcome in the summer, To welcome in the May O

The summer is a-coming in, And winter's gone away O

Robin Hood and Little John, Have both gone to the fair O
And we will to the merry green wood, To hunt the buck and hare O

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O

We were up long before the day O

To welcome in the summer, To welcome in the May O

The summer is a-coming in, And winter's gone away O

God bless Aunt Mary Moyses, And all her power and might O
And send us peace to England, Send peace by day and night O

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O

We were up long before the day O

To welcome in the summer, To welcome in the May O
The summer is a-coming in, And winter's gone away O

Hard Times

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all share sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh, Hard times come again no more.

**Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.**

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.**

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh hard times come again no more.**

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

**Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;**

Oh hard times come again no more.

Helston Furry

Oh we were up as soon as day, For to fetch the summer home-a
For summer is a-comin' on, And winter is a-gone-a.

With hal-an-tow, sing merry-o

With hal-an-tow sing merry. (x2)

Oh we've been a-ramblin' half the night, And almost all the day-a
And now returning back again, we've brought you a branch of May-a.

With hal-an-tow, sing merry-o

With hal-an-tow sing merry. (x2)

Oh Roin Hood and Little John, They've both gone to the fair-a,
And we will to the merry greenwood, For to hunt the buck and hare-a.

With hal-an-tow, sing merry-o

With hal-an-tow sing merry. (x2)

Here's a Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme,
Come lift up your voices in chorus wi' mine;
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain,
For we may and might never all meet here again.

So 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.

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well,
For style and for beauty there's none can excel;
There's a smile on my countenance as she sits on my knee,
And there's none in this wide world as happy as me.

So 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.

Oh, my ship lies at anchor, she's ready to sail,
God grant her safe voyage without any gale;

And if we should meet again, by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness to me.

**So 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.**

Hi-ho, the Rattlin' Bog

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Now in this bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree,
A tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o.

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Now in this tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb,
Limb on the tree and the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Hi-ho, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

Now on this limb, there was a branch...

Now on this branch, there was a nest...

Now in this nest, there was an egg..

Now in this egg, there was a bird...

I Can Hew

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out

I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout

I can hew, boys, coal that's black and fine

I'm a collier lad, working down the mine

On Saint Monday's day, it's well I do admire

To be sittin' at home by my own coal fire

Then it's down to the pub, for a glass or two

For to work on a Monday, that would never do

**I can hew, boys, I can hack it out
I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and fine
I'm a collier lad, working down the mine**

Well, I likes my whiskey and I likes my beer
I'll drink fourteen pints and I'll not feel queer
I can hold my liquor, good as any man
And I'll dance and sing, as long as I can

**I can hew, boys, I can hack it out
I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and fine
I'm a collier lad, working down the mine**

Well, my boy he's fourteen, he's a strapping lad
And he'll go to the pit, soon, just like his dad
And when Friday comes, we'll pick up our pay
And we'll drink together to round out the day

**I can hew, boys, I can hack it out
I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and fine
I'm a collier lad, working down the mine**

And it's when I die, Oh I know full well,
I'll not go do heaven, I am bound for hell
And my pick and shovel Old Nick he will admire
Then he'll set me to work diggin' coal for his own hell-fire

**I can hew, boys, I can hack it out
I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and fine
I'm a collier lad, working down the mine**

Jock Stewart

I've a neat little cottage that's build out of mud,
Not far from the county of Kildare;
I've got acres of land and I grow my own spuds,
I've enough and a little to spare.
Well don't think I've come over to look for a job,

It's only a visit to pay.

You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.

**So fill up your glasses and drink what you please,
Whatever's the damage I'll pay.**

**You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.**

When I landed in Liverpool a few days ago

I thought I would go to the Star,

And the first man I saw there was young Paddy White
With a glass of best ale at the bar.

Well I spoke to him kindly, took him to one side,

To him these words I did say:

“You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.”

**So fill up your glasses and drink what you please,
Whatever's the damage I'll pay.**

**You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.**

When I landed in Liverpool, oh what a sight

Met my eyes as I walked on the shore:

There was Paddy Bolin, there was Paddy McGhee,
Michael Laney and one or two more.

Well they all burst out laughing to see my walk,

They treated me in a fine way.

I says, “Look here you scarecrows, don't you think I'm a ghost,
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.”

**So fill up your glasses and drink what you please,
Whatever's the damage I'll pay.**

**You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.**

There's a neat little maiden that lives around here

And it's her I've come over to see.

And we're going to be married next Sunday and then

She'll come back to old Ireland with me.

And if you come over twelve months from today,
And this I would venture to say,
We will have a smart lad who will say to his dad:
"I'm the man you don't meet every day."

**So fill up your glasses and drink what you please,
Whatever's the damage I'll pay.**

**You can be easy and free when you're drinking with me
'Cos I'm the man you don't meet every day.**

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

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

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

While goin' the road to sweet Athy

A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye

A doleful damsel I heard cry

Johnny, I hardly knew ya

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

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

With your guns and drums and drums and guns

The enemy nearly slew ya

Oh, darling dear, you look so queer

Johnny, I hardly knew ya

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

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

Where are your eyes that looked so mild

When my poor heart you so beguiled

Why did ya skedaddle from me and the child?

Johnny, I hardly knew ya

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

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

With your guns and drums and drums and guns

The enemy nearly slew ya

Oh, darling dear, you look so queer

Johnny, I hardly knew ya

Where are the legs with which ye run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are the legs with which ye run hurroo, hurroo
where are the legs with which ye run
when first ye went to carry a gun
I fear yer dancin days are done
Johnny I hardly knew ya.

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

The enemy nearly slew ya
Oh, darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny, I hardly knew ya

They're rollin out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rollin out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rollin out the guns again
But they'll not take my sons again
No they'll not take my sons again
Johnny I promise to ya.

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

The enemy nearly slew ya
Oh, darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny, I hardly knew ya

Katy Cruel

When I first came to town
They called me the roving jewel
Now they've changed their tune
They call me Katy Cruel
Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

Oh that I was where I would be
Then I would be where I am not
Here I am where I must be
Go where I would, I cannot

Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

When I first came to town
They brought me the bottles plenty
Now they've changed their tune
They bring me the bottles empty
Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

Oh that I was where I would be

Then I would be where I am not

Here I am where I must be

Go where I would, I cannot

Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

I know who I love
And I know who does love me
I know where I'm going
And I know whose going with me
Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

Oh that I was where I would be

Then I would be where I am not

Here I am where I must be

Go where I would, I cannot

Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

Down the road I go
And through the boggy mire
Straight way cross the field
And to my heart's desire
Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

Oh that I was where I would be

Then I would be where I am not

Here I am where I must be

Go where I would, I cannot

Diddle alla day, oh the diddle oh die do day

King's Lament

Deep from the glens and the valleys I've come,
From the highlands I call to the moon and the sun,

And I've sang from the valleys and piped from the sea,
Where the birds of the forest were resting.

**Oh and I would have houses and I would be wed,
And I'd have a lover to cradle my head,
Oh the foxes have holes, and the lions their lairs,
But I'll have no place to be resting.**

I've tarried by roads in the mist and the snow,
Where the rocks were all hewn from the fire below,
And I tasted the bread, and I savored the wine,
And I wept when I parted their feasting.

**Oh and I would have houses and I would be wed,
And I'd have a lover to cradle my head,
Oh the foxes have holes, and the lions their lairs,
But I'll have no place to be resting.**

Lemon Tree

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me,
"Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree."
"Don't put your faith in love, my boy," my father said to me,
"I fear you'll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree."

**Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the lemon is impossible to eat.**

One day beneath the lemon tree, my love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the stars rose in the sky.
We passed that summer lost in love, beneath the lemon tree,
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me.

**Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the lemon is impossible to eat.**

One day she left without a word, she took away the sun.
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.
She left me for another, it's a common tale but true,

A sadder man, but wiser now, I sing these words to you.
**Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the lemon is impossible to eat.**

Let Union Be

Come my lads, let us be jolly
Drive away dull melancholy,
For to grieve it would be folly
While we are together.

**Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Right-folla-rolla-rye, too-ra-lie-do (3x)
While we are together.**

Now let our voices ring the rafters,
Fill the room with song and laughter,
Joyful as the sweet hereafter
When we are together.

**Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Right-folla-rolla-rye, too-ra-lie-do (3x)
While we are together.**

Join with us, the tune is pleasin'
Heedless of the rhyme or reason
Reveling in ev'ry season,
While we are together.

**Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.**

Right-folla-rolla-rye, too-ra-lie-do (3x)

While we are together.

Mairi's Wedding

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

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

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

Red her cheeks as rowans are, brighter eyes than any star
Fairest o' them all by far, is my darling Mairi

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

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

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding. X2

May Day Carol

I've been a wandering all this night,
and the best part of the day.

But when I come back home again,
I will bring you a branch of May.

A branch of May I bring you here
and at your door I stand,
It's nothing but a sprout but it's well budded out,
By the work of God's own hand.

The hedges and fields are clothed with green,
as green as the early leaf.
The clouds above will water them
With morning rain so sweet.

The life of man is but a span
He's cut down like the grass
But here's to the green leaf of the tree
As long as life will last.

The moon shines bright, the stars give a light.
A little before 'tis day
We call once more unto your house
All in this month of May.

My song is done, I must be done
No longer can I say
God bless you all, both great and small
And send you a joyful May.

Old Game Cock

Well, I used to oversleep meself each morn
I never got up early since the day that I was born
Then one day I had a bright idea
I went to Gloucester market just to make it clear
I bought a gert red rooster, the sort that doesn't lay
And then I thought that it could wake me up each day
Every morning, every morning, everything is quite alright
Well, I don't need a knocker-up and I don't need a clock
For underneath the bed I keeps me old game cock
Every morning, every morning, I never oversleeps,
'tis true ('tis true)
For out I go when the cock begins to crow,
Cock-cock-cock-a-doodle-do
Now I thought this rooster led a lonely life
So I went and bought a hen for him to make him man and wife
Each night he sleeps in the baby's cot
And she sleeps on the water bottle, nice and hot
And now I have my breakfast when I get out of bed
For on the water bottle is a nice boiled egg

**Every morning, every morning, everything is quite alright
Well, I don't need a knocker-up and I don't need a clock
For underneath the bed I keeps me old game cock
Every morning, every morning, I never oversleeps,
'tis true ('tis true)**

**For out I go when the cock begins to crow,
Cock-cock-cock-a-doodle-do**

Now all you ladies that have just got wed
If you've got a husband that you can't get out of bed
Take my tip and you will all rejoice
Buy a gert red rooster with a tenor voice
And when he sings his love song
He'll get out quick, you bet
So help me sing this chorus and you won't forget

**Every morning, every morning, everything is quite alright
Well, I don't need a knocker-up and I don't need a clock
For underneath the bed I keeps me old game cock
Every morning, every morning, I never oversleeps,
'tis true ('tis true)**

**For out I go when the cock begins to crow,
Cock-cock-cock-a-doodle-do**

One Man Shall Mow My Meadow

One man shall mow my meadow,
Two men shall gather it together
Two men, one man and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams
And gather my gold together.
Three men shall mow...
Four men shall gather...
Four men, three men, two men, one man and one more..
Five... Until you get tired.

One Misty Moisty Morning

One misty moisty morning when cloudy was the weather

I met with an old man a-clothed all in leather

He was clothed all in leather with a cap beneath his chin

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

This rustic was a thresher as on his way he hied

And with a leather bottle fast buckled by his side

He wore no shirt upon his back but wool unto his skin

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

I went a little further and there I met a maid

A-going a-milking, a-milking Sir she said

Then I began to compliment and she began to sing

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

This maid her name was Dolly clothed in a gown of grey

I being somewhat jolly persuaded her to stay

And straight I fell a-courting her in hopes her love to win

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

I having time and leisure, I spent a vacant hour

A-telling of my treasure while sitting in the bower

With many kind embraces I stroke her double chin

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

I said that I would married be and she would be my bride

And long we should not tarry and twenty things beside

I'll plough and sow and reap and mow and you shall sit and spin

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

Her parents then consented, all parties were agreed

Her portion thirty shillings, we married were with speed

Then Will the piper he did play whilst others dance and sing

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

Then lusty Ralph and Robin with many damsels gay

Did ride on Roan and Dobbin to celebrate the day

And when they met together their caps they off did fling

Singing how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do again

Only Remembered

Fading away like the stars in the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun —
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling?
Only remembered for what we have done.

**Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling?
Only remembered for what we have done.**

Shall we be missed though by others succeeded,
Reaping the fields we in springtime have sown?
Yes, but the sowers may pass from their labors,
Ever remembered by what they have done.

**Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling?
Only remembered for what we have done.**

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that in life we have sown;
These shall pass onwards - when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

**Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling?
Only remembered for what we have done.**

Over the Hills and Far Away

Do ye ken the pipes, do ye heed the drum?
They ask for all to hear tae come,
And all ye kins folk must obey
Over the hills and far away.

**O'er the hills and o'er the plain
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain
The pipes command and we obey
Over the hills and far away.**

Now though I travel far in Spain
A part of me shall still remain
For you are with me night and day
Over the hills and far away

**O'er the hills and o'er the plain
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain
The pipes command and we obey
Over the hills and far away.**

I long to return from this distant shore
To my clan and my love and an end to war
I'll see her on that shining day
Over the hills and far away.

**O'er the hills and o'er the plain
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain
The pipes command and we obey
Over the hills and far away. X2**

Padstow May Song

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

The young men of Padstow, they might if they would,
For summer is a-come in today
They might have made a ship and gilded it with gold,
In the merry morning of May.

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

The young maids of Padstow, they might if they would,
For summer is a-come in today,
They might have made a garland of the white rose and the red
In the merry morning of May.

Unite and unite, now let us unite

**For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

O where are the young men who now here would dance,
For summer is a-come in today,
O, some they are in England and some they are in France,
In the merry morning of May.

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

O where are the young maids who now here would sing
For summer is a-come in today,
They are in the meadows a-flower gathering,
In the merry morning of May.

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

Now we fare thee well and we bid you all good cheer
For summer is a-come in today,
We'll call no more unto your house before another year
In the merry morning of May.

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite
In the merry morning of May.**

(O where is St. George, O where is he now?
He's out in his longboat, all on the salt sea, O.
Up flies the kite, down falls the lark O.
Aunt Ursula Birdwood, she had an old yow,
And it died in her own park O.)...

**Unite and unite, now let us unite
For summer is a-come in today
And whither we are going, we all will unite**

In the merry morning of May.

Pleasant and Delightful

It was pleasant and delightful on one midsummer's morn,
When the green fields and the meadows, they were buried in corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green tree
And the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

And the larks, they sang melodious

And the larks, they sang melodious

And the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

Now a sailor and his true love were out walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love "I am bound far away
I am bound for the East Indies, where the loud cannons roar
And I'm going to leave me Nancy, she's the girl that I adore

And I'm going to leave me Nancy

And I'm going to leave me Nancy

And I'm going to leave me Nancy, she's the girl that I adore"

Said the sailor to his true love "Well, I must be on my way
For our topsails, they are hoisted, and our anchor's aweigh
Our big ship, she lies a-waiting for the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride

And if ever I return again

And if ever I return again

And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride"

Well, a ring from off'n her finger she instant-ly drew
Saying "Take this dearest William, and me heart will go too"
And as he embraced her, tears from her eyes fell
Saying "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, me love, farewell"

Saying "May I go along with you?"

Saying "May I go along with you?"

Saying "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, me love, farewell"

Rosebud in June

It's a rosebud in June and the violets in full bloom,
And the small birds singing love songs on every spray.

**We'll pipe and we'll sing love. We'll dance in a ring love.
When each lad takes his lass All on the green grass,
And it's, oh, to plough where the fat oxen graze low
And the lads and the lasses do sheep-shearing go.**

When we have all sheared our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase.

**We'll pipe and we'll sing love. We'll dance in a ring love.
When each lad takes his lass All on the green grass,
And it's, oh, to plough where the fat oxen graze low
And the lads and the lasses do sheep-shearing go.**

For their flesh it is good, it's the best of all food,
And their wool, it will cloth us and keep us from the cold.

**We'll pipe and we'll sing love. We'll dance in a ring love.
When each lad takes his lass All on the green grass,
And it's, oh, to plough where the fat oxen graze low
And the lads and the lasses do sheep-shearing go.**

Here's the ewes and the lambs, here's the hogs and the rams,
And the fat wethers too they will make a fine display.

**We'll pipe and we'll sing love. We'll dance in a ring love.
When each lad takes his lass All on the green grass,
And it's, oh, to plough where the fat oxen graze low
And the lads and the lasses do sheep-shearing go.**

Skye Boat Song

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

Loud the wind howls, Loud the waves roar
Thunderclaps rend the air
Baffled our foes Stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare

**Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry.**

Carry the lad that's born to be king

Over the sea to Skye

Though the waves leap Soft will ye sleep

Ocean's a royal bed

Rocked in the deep Flora will keep

Watch by your weary head

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing

Onward the sailors cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be king

Over the sea to Skye

Staines Morris

Come ye young men, come along

With your music, and your song

Bring your lassies in your hands

For 'tis that which love commands:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

T'is the choice time of the year

For the violets now appear

Now the rose receives its birth

And pretty primrose decks the earth:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

Here each bachelor may choose

One that will not faith abuse

Nor repay with coy disdain

Love that should be loved again:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweetheart gave
Take them all again, and more
It will never make them poor:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

When you thus have spent your time
And the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

Come ye young men, come along
With your music, and your song
Bring your lassies in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands:

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday

Then to the Maypole haste away

For 'tis now our holiday.

Sumer is Icumen In

Sumer is icumen in, loudly sing cu-cu;
Groweth seed and bloweth mead and springth the woo-de nu,
Sing cu-cu,
E-we bleateth after lamb, lowth after calf the cu,
Bul-lock starteth, buck too verteth, Merry sing cu-cu
Cu-cu, cu-cu,
Well singeth thou cu-cu, now cease thou never nu.

This Land is Your Land

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway:
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

This land is your land This land is my land

**From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

In the shadow of the steeple
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

**This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me. X2**

Whistlin Gypsy Rover

**Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,
Ah dee do, ah dee day dee
He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.**

Gypsy Rover came over the hill
down to the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady

**Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,
Ah dee do, ah dee day dee
He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.**

She left her father's castle gate

she left her own fond lover
she left her servants and her estate
to follow the Gypsy Rover

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,

Ah dee do, ah dee day dee

**He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.**

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
and roamed the valleys all over
he sought his daughter at great speed
and the whistlin' Gypsy Rover

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,

Ah dee do, ah dee day dee

**He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.**

He came at last to a mansion fine
down by the river Clady
and there was music and there was wine
for the Gypsy and his lady

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,

Ah dee do, ah dee day dee

**He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.**

"He is no gypsy my father." she said,

"But Lord of these lands all over.

and I will stay till my dying day
with my whistlin' Gypsy Rover"

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day,

Ah dee do, ah dee day dee

**He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady. X2**

Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh the summertime is a-coming,
And the leaves are sweetly turning,

And the wild mountain thyme,
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, laddie, go?

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

I will build my love a bower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, laddie, go?

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

If my true love will not go
Then I shall surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, laddie, go?

**And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, lassie, go? X2**