



California Revels
Songbooks

Vol. 1
Sea Chanteys
and
Pub Songs

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A-Rovin'

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid,

Mark well what I do say,

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid,

And she was mistress of her trade,

I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!

A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-in,

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid!

I placed my arm around her waist,

Mark well what I do say,

I placed my arm around her waist,

She said, "Young man, you're in great haste!"

CHORUS:

I placed my hand upon her knee,

Mark well what I do say,

I placed my hand upon her knee,

She said, "Young man, you're rather free!"

CHORUS:

I kissed that girl and went away,

Mark well what I do say,

I kissed that girl and went away,

She said, "Young man, why don't you stay!"

CHORUS:

I took her hand within my own,

Mark well what I do say,

I took her hand within my own,

And said, "I'm bound to my old home."

CHORUS:

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All Around My Hat

All around my hat, I will wear the green willow,
 All around my hat for a twelve-month and a day
 And if anyone should ask me the reason I am
 wearing it
 It's all for my true love who's far, far away.

My love she is fair, and my love she is kind, too
 And many were the happy hours between my love
 and me

I never could refuse her whatever she'd a mind to
 But now she's far away, far across the stormy sea

CHORUS:

I bought my love a golden ring to wear upon her
 finger

A token of our own true love and to remember me
 And when we meet again, we never will be parted
 We'll marry and be happy for ever and a day.

CHORUS:

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Black Velvet Band

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

In a neat little town they call Berkeley,
 A 'prentice boy I was bound,
 And many's the happy hour
 I spent in that neat little town.

But cruel misfortune o'ertook me,
 And caused me to stray from the land,
 Far away from me friends and relations,
 Betrayed by a black velvet band. **CHORUS:**

One evenin' late, as I rambled,
 Not meanin' to go very far,
 When I met with a gay young deceiver,
 She was plyin' her trade at the bar.
 A watch she took from her pocket,
 And slipped it right into me hand,
 Then took me in charge to the Copper,
 Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band **CHORUS:**

Before the Lord Mayor I was taken,
 My guilt it was proven quite plain,
 And he said, "If I am not mistaken,
 You should have to cross the salt main.
 Seven long years transportation,
 To plow upon Van Diemen's Land,
 Far away from your friends and relations."
 A curse on the Black Velvet Band! **CHORUS:**

So come all of ye jolly young fellows,
 And let me be warning to thee,
 Whenever you're out on your liquor,
 Beware of the pretty colleens.
 They'll fill you with whiskey and porter,
 Till you're quite unable to stand,
 And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
 You'll end up in Van Dieman's Land.

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Blow Ye Winds in the Morning

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo:
 "Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go."

Singing, Blow ye winds in the morning,

Blow ye winds, hi-ho!

Clear away your running gear,

And blow, boys, blow!

They take you to New Bedford, that famous whaling port;
 And give you to some land-sharks to board and fit you out.

CHORUS:

They tell you of the clipper ships a-going in and out,
 And say you'll take five hundred sperm before you're six
 months out.

CHORUS:

It's now we're out to sea, my boys, the winds come on to
 blow;

One half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

CHORUS:

When our ship is full, my boys, and we don't give a damn,
 We'll bend on all our stu'nsails and sail for Yankeeland.

CHORUS:

When we get home, our ship made fast, and we get through
 our sailing,

A brimming glass around we'll pass and damn this blubber
 whaling!

CHORUS:

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Bonnie Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, my lads
 For the Davis Strait we're bound
 The quay it is all garnished
 With bonnie lasses 'round
 Captain Thompson gives the order
 To sail the ocean wide
 Where the sun it never sets, my lads
 Nor darkness dims the sky

For it's cheer up my lads

Let your hearts never fail

For the bonnie ship the Diamond

Goes a-fishing for the whale

Along the quay at Peterhead
 The lasses stand aroon
 Wi' their shawls all pulled around them
 And the saut tears runnin' doon
 Don't you weep, my bonnie wee lass
 Though you be left behind
 For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice
 Before we change our mind **CHORUS:**

Here's a health to the Resolution
 Likewise the Eliza Swan
 Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose
 And the Diamond, ship of fame
 We wear the trousers o' the white
 The jackets o' the blue
 When we get back to Peterhead
 We'll hae sweethearts enou'

CHORUS:

It will be bright both day and night
 When the Greenland lads come hame
 Our ship full up with oil, my lads
 And money to our name
 We'll make the cradles for to rock
 And the blankets for to tear
 And every lass in Peterhead
 Sing "Hushabye, my dear"

CHORUS:

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Day-O (Banana Boat Song)

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o

Daylight come and me wan' go home (AFTER EVERY LINE!)

Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day,
me say day-ay-ay-o

Work all night on a pint a' rum

Stack banana till thee morning come

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana

Pick six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!

Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o,

A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana

Hide de deadly black tarantula

Pick six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!

Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o

Day, me say day-ay-ay-o

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana

(Slow) Day-o, day-ay-ay-o

Day, me say day, me say day, me say day, me say day,
me say day-ay-ay-o

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Donkey Riding

Way! Hey! And away we go!
 Donkey riding, donkey riding.
 Way! Hey! And away we go!
 Riding on a donkey!

Were you ever in Quebec, loading timber on the deck?
 Where you break your blooming neck, riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

Were you ever in Galveston, loading cotton in the sun?
 Let me tell you it ain't much fun, riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

Were you ever round Cape Horn, where the weather's
 never warm?
 And you wished you'd never been born, riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

Were you ever in Miramichi, where you tie up to a tree?
 And the girls sit on your knee, riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

Were you ever in Frisco Bay, where the girls all shout,
 "Hooray!"
 Here comes Johnny with ten weeks pay, riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

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Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,
 He courted a mermaid one fine night.
 From this union there came three;
 A porpoise and a porgie and the other was me.

**Yo, ho ho! The wind blows free,
 Oh, for the life on the roooool-ing sea!**

One night while I was trimmin' of the glim,
 Singing a verse of the evening hymn,
 A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
 And there was me mother a-sittin' on a buoy.

CHORUS:

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"
 Me mother then she asked of me.
 "One was exhibited as a talking fish,
 The other was served on a chafing dish"

CHORUS:

Then phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair,
 I turned around, me mother wasn't there.
 A voice came echoing out of the night,
 "to the devil with the keeper of the Eddystone
 Light!"

CHORUS:

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Farewell to Tarwathie

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
 And the dear land of Crimmond, I bid you farewell
 I'm bound off for Greenland and ready to sail
 In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale

Farewell to my comrades, for a while we must part
 And likewise the dear lass, wha' fair won my heart
 The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill
 And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel

Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
 The crew they are anxious to follow the whale
 Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
 Where the land and the ocean is covered with snow

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare
 No see time nor harvest is ever known there
 The birds here sing sweetly in mountain and dale
 But there is na' a birdie to sing to the whale

There is no habitation for a man to dwell there
 And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear
 And there'll be no temptation to tarry long there
 With our ship bunker full, we will homeward repair

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
 And the dear land of Crimmond, I bid you farewell

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Fiddlers Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
 To view the salt water and taste the salt air
 I spied an old fisherman singing a song
 Singin', "take me away boys me time is not long"

Wrap me up in me oilskins 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 you someday in Fiddlers Green

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

CHORUS:

Now I don' need a harp nor a halo, not me
 Just give me a breeze and a good rollin' sea
 I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
 With the wind in the riggin' to sing me a song

CHORUS:

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through
 There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there
 too

Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
 And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

CHORUS:

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The Fox

Fox went out on a chilly night,
 Prayed for the moon to give him light,
 He'd many a mile to go that night,
 Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o,
 He'd many a mile to go that night,
 Before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to a great big pen,
 Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein,
 "Couple of you are gonna grease my chin,
 Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o,
 Couple of you will grease my chin,
 Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck,
 Flung the duck across his back,
 He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
 And their legs a-dangling down-o, down-o, down-o,
 He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack,
 And their legs a-dangling down-o.

Old Mother Pitter-Patter jumped out of bed,
 Out of the window she cocked her head,
 Cried, "John, John! The gray goose is gone,

And the fox he's on the town-o, town-o, town-o!"
 "John, John! The gray goose is gone,
 And the fox he's on the town-o!"

Then John, he went to the top of the hill,
 Blew his horn both loud and shrill,
 Fox he said, "I better flee with my kill,
 For they'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o!"
 Fox he said, "I better flee with my kill,
 For they'll soon be on my trail-o!"
 He ran till he came to his cozy den,
 There were his little ones, eight, nine, ten,
 Sayin', "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,
 'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o!"
 "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,
 'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o!"

The fox and his wife without any strife,
 Cut up the goose with a carving knife,
 They never had such a supper in their life,
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o,
 bones-o,
 They never had such a supper in their life,
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.

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Greenland Fishery

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
On June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With his spyglass in his hand.
"There's a whale! There's a whale! There's a
whale-fish," he cried,
"And she blows at every span, brave boys,
And she blows at every span."

The captain stood on the quarterdeck,
And a fine little man was he.
"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall,
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys,
And launch your boats for sea!"

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard,
And the whale was in full view.
Resolved was each seaman bold
To steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys,
To steer where the whale fish blew.

We struck that whale, and the line paid out,
But she gave a flourish with her tail;
The boat capsized and we lost five men,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

Oh the losing of that sperm-whale fish,
It grieved our captain sore,
But the losing of those five jolly tars,
Oh, it grieved him ten times more, brave boys,
Oh it grieved him ten times more.

"The winter star doth now appear,
So, boys, we'll anchor aweigh.
It's time to leave this cold country,
And homeward bear away, brave boys,
And homeward bear away."

Oh, Greenland is a barren place;
It's a place that's never green,
Where there's ice and snow, and the whale-fish blow,
And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
And daylight's seldom seen.

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Grey Funnel Line

Don't mind the rain nor the rolling sea
 The weary night never worries me
 But the hardest time in a sailor's day
 Is to watch the sun as it dies away

It's one more day on the grey funnel line

The finest ship that sails the sea
 Is still a prison for the likes of me
 But give me wings like Noah's dove
 I'll fly up harbor to the one I love

It's one more day on the grey funnel line

Each time I gaze behind the screws
 Makes me long for St Peter's shoes
 I'd walk on down that silver lane
 And take my girl in my arms again

It's one more day on the grey funnel line

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
 I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
 And with all my heart I'd turn her 'round
 And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

It's one more day on the grey funnel line

I'll pass the time like some machine
 Until blue water turns to green
 Then I'll dance on down that walkashore

And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

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Whiskey in the Jar (27)

Wild Rover (28)

Haul Away Joe

When I was a little boy, and so my mother told me

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, JOE! (CHORUS 1:)

That if I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would all grow moldy,

CHORUS 1+:

Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, JOE! (CHORUS 2:)

Once I was in Ireland, a-diggin' turf and 'taters

CHORUS 1:

But now I'm on a Yankee ship, a-haulin' sheets and braces

CHORUS 1+2:

Once I had a Spanish girl, she nearly drove me crazy

CHORUS 1:

But now I've got a Yankee girl, and she is just a daisy

CHORUS 1+2:

Oh, Louie was the King of France before the revolu-shi-un

CHORUS 1:

But then he got his head snicked off, which spoiled his
constitu-shi-un.

CHORUS 1+2:

Now up aloft this yard must go, we'll pull 'er free and easy

CHORUS 1:

Another pull and then belay, we'll make it all so easy

CHORUS 1+2:

CHORUS 2:

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Here's A Health To The Company

Kind friends and companions come join me in rhyme
 Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
 Come lift up your voices all grief to refrain
 For we may or might never all meet here again

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 her countenance as she sits upon my
 knee
 There is no man in in this wide world as happy as me

CHORUS:

Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock
 I wish her safe landing without any shock
 And if ever I should meet you by land or by sea
 I will always remember your kindness to me

CHORUS:

A-Rovin' (1)
 All Around my Hat (2)
 Black Velvet Band (3)
 Blow Ye Winds... (4)
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I Saw Three Ships (Helston Furry Tunes 1 and 2)

1. I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

2. And who was on those ships all three
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And who was on those ships all three
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

1. 'Twas Joseph and his Fair Lady,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
'Twas Joseph and his Fair Lady,
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

2. Oh, he did whistle and she did sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
Oh, he did whistle and she did sing,
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

1. Saint Michael was the steeres-man,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
Saint Michael was the steeres-man,
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

2. Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

1. Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem.
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem.
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

2. And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

A-Rovin' (1)
All Around my Hat (2)
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Jamaica Farewell

Down the way
 Where the nights are gay
 And the sun shines daily on the mountaintop
 I took a trip on a sailing ship
 And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

**But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
 Won't be back for many a day
 My heart is down
 My head is turning around
 I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town**

Down at the market you can hear
 Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
 Ackee, rice, salt, fish are nice
 And the rum is fine any time o' year

CHORUS:

Sounds of laughter everywhere
 And the dancing girls sway to and fro
 I must declare my heart is there
 Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

**I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.
 I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.**

A-Rovin' (1)
 All Around my Hat (2)
 Black Velvet Band (3)
 Blow Ye Winds... (4)
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Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
 River Mersey, fare-ye-well
 I'm bound away to Berk-e-ley
 It's a place that I know right well.

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

I've shipped on a Yankee clipper ship
 Davey Crockett is her name,
 Captain Burgess, he is tough, me lads
 And the bo'sun, he's just the same.

CHORUS:

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love
 And I wish that I could remain
 For I know it will be a long, long time
 Before I see you again.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

A-Rovin' (1)
 All Around my Hat (2)
 Black Velvet Band (3)
 Blow Ye Winds... (4)
 Bonnie Ship... (5)

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Mighty Day

I remember down in Galveston,
When storm winds hit the town,
Women and children were crying,
Lord, And death was all around

The winds began to blowin',
the rains began to fall
The lightning shafts were cracklin',
Lord, And the thunder started to roll

Wasn't that a mighty day, Wasn't that a mighty day
Wasn't that a mighty day, great God that morning
When the storm winds hit the town

The trumpets gave them warnin',
They better leave this place
But they never meant to leave their homes,
Till death was in their face.

The seas began to rollin',
The ships they could not land,
I heard a captain crying, God,
Please save this drownin' man **CHORUS:**

The trains they all were loaded,
with people leavin' town,
The tracks gave way to the ocean, Lord,
And the trains they went on down

The waters like some river,
went rushin' to and fro
I seen my father drownin', Lord,
And I watched my mother go **CHORUS:**

Now Death, your hands are icy,
You've got them on my knee
You took away my mother - now,
You're comin' after me **CHORUS x2**

A-Rovin' (1)
All Around my Hat (2)
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Whiskey in the Jar (27)

Wild Rover (28)

One More Day

Oh have you heard the news, my Johnny,
one more day,

We're homeward bound tomorrow,
one more day.

Only one more day, my Johnny, one more day
Oh rock and row me over, one more day.

Oh heave and sight the anchor, Johnny,
one more day.

Oh heave and sight the anchor,
one more day.

CHORUS:

I'm bound away to leave you, Johnny,
one more day.

But I will not deceive you,
one more day.

CHORUS x2

A-Rovin' (1)
All Around my Hat (2)
Black Velvet Band (3)
Blow Ye Winds... (4)
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Day-O (6)
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Wild Rover (28)

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June, from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam so nearly broken-hearted
Saluted me father dear, kissed me darlin' mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother

Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn, to banish ghosts and goblins
Brand new pair of brogues, for rattlin' o'er the bogs
And frightenin' all the dogs, on the Rocky Road to Dublin

**One, two, three, four, five, hunt the hare and turn her
Down the Rocky road, and all the ways to Dublin
Whack-fo-lol-de-ra.**

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary
Started at daylight, next mornin' bright and early
Took a drop of the pure, to keep me soul from sinkin'
That's the Paddy's cure, when e'er he's on for drinkin'
See the lassies smile, laughin' all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
Asked if I was hired, the wages I required
Till I was almost tired, of the Rocky Road to Dublin

CHORUS:

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fair city
So I took a stroll, all among the quality
Bundle it was stolen, in that neat locality
Somethin' crossed me mind, When I looked behind
No bundle I could find, upon me stick a wobblin'
Askin' for the rogue, they said me Connacht brogue
Wasn't much in vogue, on the Rocky Road to Dublin

CHORUS:

(continued on next page)

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From there I got away, me spirits never failin'
 Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailin'
 The captain at me roared, said that no room had he
 When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
 Down among the pigs; Played some funny rigs
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin'
 When off Holyhead, Wished that I were dead
 Or better far instead, on the Rocky Road to Dublin

The boys in Liverpool, when we safely landed
 Called meself a fool, till I could hardly stand it
 Me blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
 Then poor Erin's Isle they began abusin'
 "Hurrah me soul," sez I, shillelagh I let fly
 Some Galway boys came by, and saw that I was hobblin'
 With a loud hurray, they joined in the affray
 We quickly cleared the way, for the Rocky Road to Dublin

**One, two, three, four, five, hunt the hare and turn her
 Down the Rocky road, and all the ways to Dublin
 Whack-fol-lol-de-ra.**

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Wild Rover (28)

Shores of Amerikay

I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth
and the home I love so well.
And the mountains so grand round my own native land,
I'm bidding them all farewell.
With an aching heart I'll bid them adieu
for tomorrow I'll sail far away,
O'er the raging foam for to seek a home
on the shores of Amerikay.

It's not for the want of employment I'm going,
And it's not for the love of fame,
That fortune bright may shine over me
and give me a glorious name.
No, it's not for the want of employment I'm going
o'er the weary and stormy sea,
But to seek a home for my own true love,
on the shores of Amerikay.

And when I am bidding my last farewell
the tears like rain will blind,
To think of my friends in my own native land,
and the home I'm leaving behind.
But if I'm to die in a foreign land
and be buried so far far away
No fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
on the shores of Amerikay.

No fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
on the shores of Amerikay.

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Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B
 My grandfather and me
 Round Nassau Town we did roam
 Drinkin' all night, got into a fight
 Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore to let me go home
I wanna go home, please let me go home, yeah,
yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate, he got drunk
 Broke in the captains trunk
 Constable had to come and take him away
 Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone,
 yeah, yeah
 Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

CHORUS:

The poor cook, he caught the fits
 Threw away all of my grits,
 Then he took and he ate up all of my corn
 Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?
 This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

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 All Around my Hat (2)
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There's a Big Ship Sailing

There's a big ship sailing on the all-i-alli-o,
 The all-i-alli-i-o, the all-i-alli-o
 There's a big ship sailing on the all-i-alli-o,
 Hi-ho, all-i-alli-o.

There's a big ship sailing and it's rockin' on the sea,
 Rockin' on the sea, rockin' on the sea,
 There's a big ship sailing and it's rockin' on the sea,
 Hi-ho, all-i-alli-o.

There's a big ship sailing and it's coming back again,
 Coming back again, coming back again,
 There's a big ship sailing and it's coming back again,
 Hi-ho, all-i-alli-o.

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Whiskey in the Jar (27)

Wild Rover (28)

What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Ear-lie in the morning.

Way, hey and up she rises, way, hey and up she rises.

Way, hey and up she rises, Ear-lie in the morning.

Put him in the longboat till he's sober, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Keep him there and make him bail her, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Trice him up in a runnin' bowline, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him,
 (x3) Ear-lie in the morning.

CHORUS:

Pull out the plug and wet him all over, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Shave his belly with a rusty razor, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Lock him in a room with disco music, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning. **CHORUS:**

Here we are, nice and sober, (x3) Ear-lie in the morning.

CHORUS x2

A-Rovin' (1)
 All Around my Hat (2)
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Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Kilgarry mountain
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
First I drew my pistol, then produced my rapier.
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

**Musha ringum durrum da,
Whack fol the daddy 'o,
Whack fol the daddy 'o,
There's whiskey in the jar.**

I counted out his money, and it came a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I brought it home to Jenny.
She swore that she loved me, and never would deceive me,
But devil take the women, for they always lie so easy

CHORUS:

I went into my chamber, for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with
water,
And sent for Captain Farrell to make ready for the slaughter.

CHORUS:

Early in the morning, before I rose to travel,
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.
First I drew my pistol, for she'd stole away my rapier,
but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

CHORUS:

If anyone can save me, it's me brother in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed, if it's Cork or in Killarney.
But when he comes to get me, we'll go roving in Kilkenny,
I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny

CHORUS:

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving,
Others take delight in the gambling and the smoking.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty Jenny in the morning bright and early

CHORUS x2

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All Around my Hat (2)
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Wild Rover

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

**And it's no, nay, never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more.**

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay!
Such a custom as yours I could have any day!"

CHORUS:

Then out of my pockets I took sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, "We have whiskey and wines of the best,
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest!"

CHORUS:

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me, as oft-times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

A-Rovin' (1)
All Around my Hat (2)
Black Velvet Band (3)
Blow Ye Winds... (4)
Bonnie Ship... (5)

Day-O (6)
Donkey Riding (7)
Eddystone Light (8)
Farewell to Tarwathie (9)
Fiddler's Green (10)

The Fox (11)
Greenland Fishery (12)
Grey Funnel Line (13)
Haul Away Joe (14)
Here's a Health... (15)

I Saw Three Ships (16)
Jamaica Farewell (17)
Leaving of Liverpool (18)
Mighty Day (19)
One More Day (20)

Rocky Road to Dublin (21-22) Whiskey in the Jar (27)
Shores of Amerikay (23) Wild Rover (28)
Sloop John B (24)
There's a Big Ship Sailing (25)
What...Drunken Sailor (26)