

Juan Carlos

New and Improved

Big Book of Bardic Fun

Being

A Collection of Favored Songs and other
Bardic Diversions

compiled from various and sundry sources

A Grazing Mace (to “Amazing Grace”)
(verses 1-5 by Skald-Brandr Toralfsson
verse 6 is the original anonymous creation
verse 7 from the HOPSFA Hymnal 3rd Edition)

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound, that felled my foe for me
I bashed his head, he struck the ground, and thus came victory

My mace has taught my foes to fear, that mace my fear relieved
How precious did my mace appear, when I my mace received

Through many tourneys wars and fairs, I have already come
My mace has brought me safe thus far, my mace will bring me home

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

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

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!

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!

All For Me Grog
Traditional sea shanty

All For Me Grog



It's all for me grog, me nog- gy nog- gy grog. All gone for beer and ter- bac- co, For I've



spent all me tin With the las- ses drin- kin' gin, And ac- cross the wes- tern o- cean I must tra- vel.

Chorus

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

Chorus

Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Chorus

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies movin' slow
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

Additional verses:

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and now the sheets are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better whether.

Where is me wench, me noggin' noggin' whence
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her (clap) is all worn out and her (clap) is knocked about
And her (clap) is looking out for better whether.

Alternate chorus:

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
I spent all me loot in a house of ill repute
And I think I'll have to go back there tomorrow.

Barrett's Privateers
by Bruce Eder

Oh, the year was 1778,
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")
A Letter of Marque came from the King
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

Refrain:
God damn them all! I was told
we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears.
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax Pier,
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")
For twenty brave souls all fisherman who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

Refrain:
The Antelope 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

Refrain:
On the king's birthday we set to sea
("How I wish I was in Sherbrook now!")
It was ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
Refrain:

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.

Refrain:

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.

Refrain:

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

Refrain:

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.

Refrain:

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

The SCA Happy Birthday Song,
otherwise known as the Birthday Dirge
filk: The Volga Boatmen

Chorus after every verse: Happy Birthday! (UHH!) Happy Birthday! (UHH!)

Death and gloom and black despair
People dying everywhere

May the candles on your cake
Burn like cities in your wake

You're a period cook, its true
Ask the beetles in the stew

Now your jail-bait days are done
Let's go out and have some fun!

Now you've lived another year
Age to you is like stale beer

Long ago your hair turned grey
Now it's falling out, they say

Indigestion's what you get
From the enemies you 'et

This one lesson you must learn
FIRST you pillage, THEN you burn

While you eat your birthday stew
We will sack a town for you

Death will come before the dawn
Now's the time to party on!

Rape the horses while they sleep,
See the women wail and weep

Your ship of fortune arrives at last
Plague death flag nailed to its mast

You hear the patter of small feet
Midget thieves have robbed your keep

Burn the castle, storm the keep
Kill the women but save the sheep!

May your deeds with sheep and yaks
Equal those with sword and axe

Your servants steal, your wife's untrue
Your children plot to murder you

They stole your gold, your sword, your house
They stole your sheep, but not your spouse

So another year has passed
Don't look now they're gaining fast!

The Black Death has struck your town
You yourself feel quite run-down

We brought you linen, white as clouds
Now we'll sit and sew your shroud!

So far death you have bypassed
Don't look back it's gaining fast

I'm a leper, can't you see
Have a birthday kiss from me

Burn, then rape by firelight
Add romance to life tonight!

Now you've lived another year,
And your death is drawing near.

Raise your cup of bitter cheer,
Make the barman eat his ear

We like children, yes we do
Baked or broiled or in a stew.

Famine, fear, and fire and flood,
Can't keep your face out of the mud.

News that fills our hearts with fear:
They've proved cancer's caused by beer

Just be glad the friends you've got
Haven't found out you-know-what!

Birthdays come but once a year
Marking time as Death draws near

Now you've reached the age you are
Your demise cannot be far

Like the wrinkles in your lace
Time is etched upon your face

When you've reached your age you know
That the mind is first to go

Now you've lived another year
And your death is drawing near

It's your birthday; never fear;
You'll be dead this time next year

Children dying everywhere
Women crying in despair

Typhoid, plague and polio
Coffins lined up in a row

May the children in the street
Be your barbequeing meat

Your friends are here, your enemies too,
We just don't know who is who....

May the women that you see
Not have sense enough to flee

Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of the Virgio (Cruel Brother)

Child #14



Two young_ la - dies_ went for a walk, Too - ra - lee and a lone - ly, O, And_ they met a rob - ber



on their way, On the bon - ny bon - ny banks of the Vir - gie, O

Three young ladies went for a walk

Too ra lee and a lon ee o

They met a robber on their way

By the bonnie, bonnie banks of the Virgio

He took the first one by the hand

He whipped her around and he made her stand

Oh, will you be a robber's wife

Or will you die by my pen knife

I will not be a robber's wife

I'd rather die by your pen knife

He took the second one by the hand

He whipped her around and he made her stand

Oh, will you be a robber's wife

Or will you die by my pen knife

I will not be a robber's wife

I'd rather die by your pen knife

He took the third one by the hand

He whipped her around and he made her stand

Oh, will you be a robber's wife

Or will you die by my pen knife

I will not be a robber's wife

Nor will I die by your pen knife

If my brothers had been here
You would not have killed my sisters dear

Who are your brothers, I pray thee tell
One is a robber like yourself

And who is the other, I pray thee tell
The other is a minister

Lord have mercy for what I have done
I've killed my sisters, all but one

Crusader's Song

Music and Lyrics: Conn MacNiell

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

As I look around me at the men on the benches,
Their eyes are like mine so I know their hearts' pain,
I sing them a song of bravery and battle,
Now their eyes shine like their clean polished blades.

Chorus

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

Chorus

At landfall in Cypress they refused Barengaria,
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.

Chorus

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

Chorus

At Arsuf on the coastline we met with the paynim,
We won the battle though many men fell,
And one was a Baron with lands that need tending,
Now they are mine, and I'll tend them well.

Chorus

Now I sit in court over Christian and Moslem,
And I've a fine keep and soldiers ten score,
And King Richard's army he's sailed back to England,
And I've said farewell, for I'll see them no more,

Last Chorus:

You see, I'm in the Holy Land staying, to guard my own castle walls,
I'm in the Holy Land staying, and I've won my fortune so farewell to all.

Do Virgins Taste Better

by R. Farran

filk: The Irish Washerwoman

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

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:

Chorus

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?
Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?
Do you savor them slowly? Gulp them down on the spot?
Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Now we'd like to be shed 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.

Now you have such good taste in your women for sure,
They always are pretty, they always are pure.
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

Chorus

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,
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

Chorus

Finnegan's Wake
Traditional

Finnegan's Wake



Tim Fin- ne- gan lived in Walk- in' Street, A gent- le- man I- rish, might- y odd,
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he car- ried a hod. Now Tim had a sort of a
tip- pl'n way, with a love of the whis- key he was born, To help him on with his work each day, He'd a
"drop of the cray- thur" ev- 'ry morn. Whack fol the darn O, Dance to your part- ner, Whirl the floor, your
trot- ters shake, Was- n't it the truth I told you, Lot's of fun at Fin- ne- gan's wake!

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' 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.

Chorus:

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!

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,
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to bawl
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
Arragh, hold your gob said Paddy McGhee!

Chorus

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 a ruction soon began.

Chorus

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed, and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim!
The corpse revives! See how he raises!
Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thanum an Dhul! Do you thunk I'm dead?"

Chorus

Gilgarry Mountain (There's Whiskey in the Jar)



As I was a - wal-kin' 'round Kil - ga - ry Moun-tain, ___ I met Colo-nel Pep-per and his



mo-ney he was coun-tin' ___ I rat-tled ___ me pis-tols and I drew forth me sa-ber, Say - in'



“Stand and de-li-ver for I am the bold de-cei-ver Mush-a - rig-um - d-rum-da, Whack fol ___ the dad-dy O



Whack fol ___ the dad-dy O There'swhis-key in the jar.

As I was a going over Gillgarry Mountain,
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.
First I drew me pistol and then I drew me rapier,
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver.

(Chorus)

Well shirigim duraham da
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh
There's whiskey in the jar.

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

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
To dream of gold and girls and of course it was no wonder.
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water,
Called on colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

Next morning early before I rose to travel,
There came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
but a prisoner I was taken I couldn't shoot the water.

They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

I'd like to find me brother the one that's in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney,
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting Jenny.

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling,
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
Courting pretty maids in the mourning oh so early.

“Legionnaires”

(To the tune of “American Pie”)

Juan Carlos Santiago y Benevidez de Villa Lobos

March 2,

AS XXXIII

1999 Gregorian

A long, long while ago

I can still remember, though,

(The memory, it makes me smile)

The kings of Ansteorra and

Trimaris came to our fair land

And made themselves a war here for a while.

The march weather made us shiver,

with every raindrop it delivered,

the pain in every instep

as all the marching men step.

All the warriors stood hard by

When they saw black tabards fly

It scared them all so deep inside

The day the kings all cried...

Oh...

(Refrain)

“Hey there, you Legionnaires,

Lend us your shields, for we have no time to spare,

There’s a cadre of knights giving our line the stare,

And can’t you see our flanks are all bare

Can’t you see our flanks are all bare.”

Kane said, “show us your treasure trove,

And if you’ve got gold enough,

Then my men will follow you;

But if you don’t have a lot of beer

Then I and my lads will fly from here

And give the other side our shields and bows.”

Well, Gulf Wars came and went that year,
And warriors from both far and near
They all said our times would come;
(You should've seen how fast they'd run!)
They were a motley band, and had some pluck,
With our scutums high, and their heads all ducked,
But they knew that they were out of luck
The day the kings all cried.
The kings were shouting...

(Refrain)

We've spent the years hiring out our own,
Earned gold, and beer, and high renown,
And showed them how it oughta' be.
We're all Jesters to the King and Queen,
But on the field we're fighting mean,
I tell you we're a sight to see.

Oh, and if the king is looking down,
Our warhorns 'round him, they resound,
The court has been adjourned;
the time for war's returned!
And while heralds read letters of marque,
Our fighters practice in the park,
Our foes sing dirges in the dark,
The day the kings all cried.
They were crying...

(Refrain)

Fighters yelp, and in the summer swelter,
from our merry men there is no shelter,
Our lines move advancing fast.
We'll knock you down on the grass,
And laugh as you fall on your ass,
We'll fight you all, right down to the very last.

Now the spring air is sweet perfume,
And Thunder plays a marching tune,
Your lines try to advance,
Oh, but you never get the chance.
'Cause our fighters move to take the field,
Our shield walls, they refuse to yield,
But, don't you know, your fates were sealed,
The day the kings all cried?
The started crying...

(Refrain)

Our lines advance at easy pace
To put our weapons in your face.
It's too late now to run away.
Oh, you may be nimble, and even quick,
But our polearms never miss a flick,
And you lie dead now in the fray.

And now, looked on by knave and page,
Your fists balled up in useless rage,
Like angels born of Hell,
We marched on as your lines fell.
Now as we party on, into the night,
our vict'ry pyres burning bright,
Our band recalls with great delight
The day the kings all cried.
They were crying...

(Refrain)

Lady Ilissa's dancing now,
She passes as we deeply bow,
Then she just smiles and turns away.
We sent someone down to the store,
And we got drunk likeyears before,
And Rolling Thunder'd brought their drums to play.

And now the time has come again,
For battling armies, marching men,
The battle plans are spoken,
“Our lines will not be broken.”
But now the ones you fear the most,
Sir Kane, and his unholy host,
We’re packed and headed for the coast,
To hear the kings all cry.
And they’ll be crying...

(Refrain)

(Repeat Refrain, slowly and softly)

Loch Tay Boat Song
Traditional

When I'm done the work of the day
And I row my boat away
Dawn the waters of Loch Tay
When the evening light is fallen

Then I look towards Ben Lass
Where the after glories glow
And I dream of two bright eyes
Where a merry mouth below

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

For my heart's a boat in tow
And I'd give the world to know
If she means to let me go
As I send me slowly home

And her locks of lovely hair
Has more beauty I declare
Then all the tresses fair
From Cildain to Aber Felde

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

And her dance is like the gleam
Of the sunlight on the stream
And the songs the wee folk sing
Oh they're songs that she sings milkin'

But my heart is full of woe
For last night she bade me go
And the tears began to flow
As silently I go home

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

Loki's Song

Mikal Hrafsa (Mikal the Ram)

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

(Chorus)

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.

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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 my spit
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists
You owe your lives to sly Loki.

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?

MacPherson's Farewell (Also called "MacPherson's Rant")

Robert Burns



Fare- weel ye dun- geons dark and strong, Fare- weel, fare- weel tae thee, Mc-



Pher- son's time will nae be lang, On yon- der gal- lows tree. Sae



ran- ting- ly, Sae daun- ting- ly, Sae wan- ton- ly gaed he, He



play'd a sprig an' danced a jig Be- low the gal- lows tree.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strang

Farewell, farewell to thee.

MacPherson's rant will ne'er be lang

On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wontonly

Sae dauntingly gaed he

He played a tune an' he danced aroon

Beneath the gallows tree.

It was by a woman's treacherous hand

That I was condemned to dee

Beneath a ledge at a window she stood

And a blanket she threw o'er me.

Well the laird o' Grant, that highlan' sa'nt

That first laid hands on me

He played the cause on Peter Broon

To let MacPherson dee.

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

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

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

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

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

Never Wed an Old Man
Traditional

An old man came courtin' me
Hi ding durham die
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

CHORUS: He's got no fallorum, fie didle nie durham die
He's got no fallorum, Fie didle aye a'
He's got no fallorum, he's lost his ding durham
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

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

CHORUS:

And when we went to church
Hi ding durham die
And when we went to church, he left me in the lurch
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

CHORUS:

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 like he was dead
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

CHORUS:

And when he went to sleep
Hi ding durham die
And when he went to sleep, me being young
And when he went to sleep, out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a virile young lad

Guess what?
I found my fallorum, hie ding durham die
I found my fallorum, hi didle aye a'
I found my fallorum, I've got my ding durham
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

Red Is The Rose
Traditional

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.

Refrain:

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.

'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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

Red, Black, and Silver

Ld. Juan Carlos Santiago y Benevidez

Meridies, our motherland, she breeds men strong and true,
Argent stands her starry heights on fields of sable hue;
Yet battle-blood of crimson-red defines her favored sons;
Gleann Abhann is their land of birth, where land and men are one.

Barbarians and tyrants bold have charged our valleys green,
And though they brought ten-thousand men, they ne'er again were seen;
For on the fields of Small Grey Bear, and in the Niche's clouded groves,
In Axemoor's shrouded, misty halls the warrior spirit moves

(Chorus)

Oh, ride the lightning
And come the thunder-peal;
Gleann Abhann 's men are forged of iron,
their hearts of purest steel.
Crimson runs their boiling blood,
And black as night their rage;
Silver is their shining hope,
And ne'er will they be caged.

"To war, to war," the battle-cry, like thunder on the moor;
And I saw full five-thousand men felled there by the sword.
Yet still the raging, heaving throng upon the battle-plain
Rose up like the waves at sea, to be beat back again.

Gleann Abhann's men, in valor bold, for Prince (King) and home they fought;
The rushing hordes, to see such steel, knew now they'd come to nought.
"No men are these, but Titans, they that meet us on the field;
Death shall find us all this day, no use the axe or shield."

(Chorus)

In Adenvelt, in Calontir, and Ansteorran sands,
The kingdoms of the West and East, and other far-flung lands,
The courage of Gleann Abhann's men can ne'er be bought or sold;
We fight for honor and for truth, not mercenary gold.

But 'mid the chaos of the wars, fought all across this land,
Wherever fights the Red and Black, 'tis there the battle stands.
For when you fight the Argent Ram, you fight not flesh and bone;
You fight against our hearts of steel, defending our sweet home.

(Chorus)

(Chorus repeat?)

Roll Your Leg Over

Unknown

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over and do it again!

If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile
I'd be a mason and lay them in style

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang every hour

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces
And I were an iron I'd sit on their faces

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood
And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were stones in a mill
And I were some grain, between them I'd spill

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate
I'd be a key and insert and rotate

If all the young ladies were pure as they say
All the young men would be happy.....and gay!

If all the young ladies were big wooden stairs
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew
I'd pop their tops with my built in corkscrew

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries
I'd munch on melons and nibble on cherries

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie
I'd be a trout and get me some nookie

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture
I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
And I were equipped with a petrified penis

If all the young ladies were little red foxes
And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris

If all the young girls were like telephone poles
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes

If all the young girls were like diamonds and rubies
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker

If all the young ladies belonged to the Horde
I'd be a yakherd and -never- be bored!

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be twice as bawdy, and six times as long!

Rose, Rose

Hey, ho, nobody's home
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Still I will be very, very merry
Hey, ho, nobody's home.

Ding dong, ding dong
Church bells ring on an empty morn
Twenty score names on the moss covered stones,
On the moss covered stones.

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose
Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire,
At thy will.

Ding dong, ding dong
Church bells ring on an empty morn
Carve my name on a moss covered stone,
On a moss covered stone.

Scarborough Fair
Traditional

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine

Have her make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seam nor fine needle work
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all with a basket of flowers
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and over the sand
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then sow some seeds from north of the dam
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
And then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Let me know that at least she will try
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Though not more than any heart asks
And I must know she's a true love of mine

Dear, when thou has finished thy task
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Come to me, my hand for to ask
For thou then art a true love of mine

Song of the Shield Wall

Words: Malkin Gray (Debra Doyle)

Tune: Peregrynne Windrider (Melissa Williamson)

Hasten, O sea-steed, over the swan-road,
Foamy-necked ship o'er 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 our fighting,
Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

Hasten, O fyrds-men, down to the river;
The dragon ships come on the in-flowing tide.
The linden-wood shield and the old spear of ash-wood
Are needed again by the cold waterside.
Draw up the shield-wall, O 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!

Hasten, O house-carls, north to the Danelaw;
Harald Hardrada's come over the sea!
His longships he's laden with baresarks from Norway
To claim Canute's crown and our master to be.
Bitter he'll find here the bite of our spear-points,
Hard ruling 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!

Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford,
Victory's 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 hill-top at Hastings,
Fight till the sun drops and evening grows cold,
And die with the last of your Saxons around you,
Holding the land you were given to hold!

The Banks of the Bann

Traditional

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

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 shinin'
Her lips were like roses, or blood drops on snow

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

My name it is Delaney, that's a name that won't chain me
If I ha' had money, I'd ha' never had to roam
But the drinkin' an' sportin', nae ramblin' an' courtin'
Are the cause of all my ruin and absence from home.

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 the peace and contentment I'll live with my dear.

The Day the Table Died

filk: American Pie, by Don McClean

'Twas so long ago, but I still remember
How the legends used to make me smile...
And I knew given half a chance
I'd kill so many with my lance,
And maybe I'd be famous for a while.

So death and bloodshed I'd deliver,
With every arrow from my quiver.
All this bloody hassle,
Just to defend one castle!

I remember how he shed a tear
When he learned of Lance and Guenivere
And something touched me way down here,
The day the Table died.

Chorus

Hail, hail, to the fellas in mail!
Slaying dragons, saving damsels, chasing after the Grail.
We fought off evil, til our faces were pale
Wondering if there was a chance we might fail,
Could there be a chance we might fail?

Hast thou read the Book of Merlin,
With its stories that Sir Rod of Serling
Could have penned for the Twilight Zone?
Dost thou believe in legend'ry,
And all the tales of chivalry
Like the one about the Longsword and the Stone?

Well, Lancelot came from Par-ee
To serve in Arthur's calvary
He sweated off his tail, to wear the royal mail.
When Lance had won his confidence
He met Queen Guenivere by chance
And melted down his iron pants
The day the Table died.

For several years, Lance and the Queen
Had kept their meetings clandestine
Finding ways to be alone.
'Twas on a fateful summer's day
When Mordred found them in the hay
And the Frenchman knew his cover had been blown.

Arthur cried, "Swear by Excalibur,
That you truly did not lie with her!"
The notion was absurd.
Lance said not a word.

And so the knight, no longer chaste,
Unto his native soil he raced
Left Guenivere alone to face
The day the Table died.

Chorus

Convicted of a grave offense
By Mordred's damning evidence,
Guenivere was set to burn.
Arthur loathed his bastard son
For all his work had been undone
But he vowed the tables would be turned.

Having Lance arrive to save the day
He carried Guenivere away
The king was so relieved.
His true love was reprieved!

Then Guenivere became a nun
And Lancelot had no more fun
And Mordred soon was on the run
The day the Table died.

Chorus

I stand guard at this castle door,
Though Arthur reigns not anymore
Camelot's a memory.
It does my heart good to recall
The mighty kingdom's rise and fall
And the space it occupies in history.

The spirit of those days, it seems,
Continues only in our dreams
For there we can enjoy it;
Let no one dare destroy it!
One prophecy of days of yore
Says Arthur shall arise once more
To make all as it was before
The day the Table died.

Chorus
Chorus

The Faerie Queen Went Down To Georgia
By: Batya "The Toon" Wittenberg
Tune: "The Devil Went Down To Georgia"
Inspired by Heather Alexander's "Faerie Queen."

The Faerie Queen went down to Georgia, she was hunting for a man to steal
Found a mortal boy to be a brand new toy, he was really quite ideal.
When her band came across this young girl waving a fiddle and waving it hot,
And she shouted to the Fair Folk, "Stop right there, 'cause that's my man you've got!"
The Faerie Queen looked down at her from astride her faerie steed,
Said "I observe you've got the nerve, but skill is what you need.
You may play pretty good fiddle, girl, but the same is true for me;
This fiddle in my hand against your man says I'll play better than thee."
The girl said "My name's Jenny, now let's hear your violin:
I'll bet mortal trust against Faerie dust, 'cause I'm the best there's ever been."

Jenny, rosin up your bow and play your fiddle well,
Or the Faerie Queen will take your man and tithe him off to hell
Her fiddle's carved from finest wood and strung with silver string,
But only you can make your fiddle sing.

So the Faerie Queen she smiled then, said "Guess I'll start this show,"
And sparks flew from her fingertips as she rosined up her bow.
They handed her a violin as black as she was fey,
And the band of faeries joined in as she started in to play.
(instrumental)

When the Faerie finished, Jenny said, "Not bad, but you ain't won;
Just set there on that horse of yours, an' let me show you how it's done!"

Fire on the Mountain, run, boys, run
Faerie folk flee from the rising sun
Lovin' in the moonlight, sun and rain
Look into my eyes and call my name
(instrumental)

Well the Faerie Queen looked pale and grim, 'cause she knew that she'd been beat,
She set the boy and the fiddle on the ground at Jenny's feet.
Jenny laughed and sang out, "Lady, you shoulda stuck with ol' Tam Lin,
I done told you once, you Faerie bitch, I'm the best there's ever been."

She played Fire on the Mountain, run, boys, run
Faerie folk flee from the rising sun
Lovin' in the moonlight, sun and rain
Look into my eyes and call my name

The Highwayman
Words: Alfred Noyes
Tune: Phil Ochs

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.

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.

“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.”

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.

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.”

“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.

He turned, he spurred him westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed with her head over the musket, drenched with her own red blood.
Not 'til the dawn he heard it; his face grew grey 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.

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.

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.

The Legionaire Song
By Ld. Freiman and the Rat

I bumped into a peer one night,
with long and flowing hair.
He spoke to me of gentle things,
His words were kind and fair.
I woke up with a hangover,
In a puddle of warm beer.
The Fubba-Wubba's hate me now,
'cause I'm a legionaire!

(Chorus)

So, hold your scutum up too high,
and charge like you don't care!
And if you go down on the field my friend,
go down on a legionaire!

My parents have disowned me,
My teachers stop and stare.
The Peasants grab their pitchforks,
and cattle run in fear.
Now fathers lock their daughters up,
When ever I am near,
You'd think that they would trust me,
'Cause I'm a leigionaire!

(Chorus)

Our bossman is Sir Fluffy,
with skin and locks so fair,
But he's really not a pansy,
Cause he's a legionaire.
Our Lady is Ilissa,
With grace beyond compare,
And you'd better not forget it,
'Cause She's a legionaire!

(Chorus)

My heart belongs to Aja,
She's loved both far and near,
She's a paragon of womanhood,
and kind beyond compare.
She's lovely as the dawning,
In fact she's quite a pair,
but you'd better treat them gently,
'Cause she's a legionaire!

(Chorus)

My ass belongs to Rixa,
no matter when or where,
she hits me right upside the head,
that's how she shows she cares,
and you can contradict her,
if you think you've got the hair,
but I am not that stupid,
'cause she's a legionaire!

(Chorus)

Now, Kelsyn does logistics,
The "How", the "When", the "Where" ...
She taught us how to tap the keg,
She taught us how to swear,
She organizes carpools,
And even checks the spare,
And she can do it drunk and naked,
'Cause she's a legionaire!

(Chorus)

Our women give you kindness,
They give you loving care.
They get you stinking, sloppy drunk,
and then they strip you bare.
And then they make you do some things,
you might not ever dare.
And you best not try to stop them,
'Cause they're all legionaires!

(Chorus)

Freiman's our musician,
He's the Lord with all the hair,
He is a merry prankster,
there's nothing he won't dare.
He'll write a song about anyone,
especially the Bear,
and he thinks that he's protected,
'Cause he's a legionaire!

(Chorus)

I'm almost never sober,
I haven't got a care,
I'm living in the palace,
Where there's always beer to spare
Now you can keep your "Froggy",
And you can keep your "Bear",
and I will keep the keg on ice,
'Cause I'm a legionaire!

(Chorus)

(repeat Chorus, *louder*)

The Minstrel Boy
Traditional

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.

“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.”

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...

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.”

We are Your Bards

Words and Music by Liam Devlin (with additions by Lady Melandra of the Woods)

This Gloried realm, she's calling to thee,
Her Siren's song you cannot ignore—
A flame haired lady who whispers to thee,
Her promise, her kiss, Word Fame, and more—
And we sit court, with Princes and paupers,
And sing with ev'ry bit of our soul,
For Ladies and Lords, yes, even lepers
With only our hands for a bowl!

(Chorus)

And we are your bards, your storytellers, watching what all the folk do,
And we sing you tales of glory and valor, we sing of loves gone & true.
We are your bards, your storytellers, list'ning what all the folk say,
And we bring you news, in war and peace, with only shelter for pay!

In thought word, and deed, do we recall
Our gloried past, in this waking dream.
And deeds of the great, deeds of the small,
With kindness in courteous theme.
And loss of the great, loss of the small,
The death of each diminishes all;
But deeds of these great, deeds of these small,
Live ever on in the songs we recall!

(Chorus)

We were their bards...

We are the heralds of the hallowed dead,
Now long gone our fair company.
But so shall who pass be remembered
Their names in song live in memory.
So when you laugh, when jesting we weave,
Or fall sobbing at fell news you've heard,
Remember these bards, who now take their leave,
Remember the Pow'r of Spoken word!

(Chorus)

They are your bards...

This Gloried realm, she's calling to me,
Her banner of Roses waves evermore,
My flame haired lady beckons to me,
And honoring both, I come to this shore!

(Chorus)

I'd be your bard...

The Queen of Argyll
Words and music by Andy M. Stewart

Gentlemen it is me duty
To inform you of one beauty
Though I'd ask of you a favour
Not to seek her for a while
Though I own she is a creature
Of character and feature
No words can paint the picture
Of the queen of all Argyll

(Chorus)

And if you could have seen her there
Boys, if you had just been there
The swan was in her movements
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

On the evening that I mentioned
I passed with light intention
Through a part of our dear country
Known for beauty and for style
In the place of noble thinkers
Of scholars and great drinkers
But above them all for splendour
Shone the Queen of all Argyll

)Chorus)

So my lads I needs must leave you
My intentions no' to grieve you
Nor indeed would I deceive you
Oh I'll see you in a while
I must find some way to gain her
To court her and attain her
I fear my heart's in danger
From the Queen of all Argyll

(Chorus twice)

The Star of the County Down

By: C. MacGarvey

Near Banbridge town in the County Down,
One morning last July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so neat from her two bare feet,
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a winsome elf, I had to pinch myself
To make sure I was really there.

CHORUS: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin Town,
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head
And I gazed with a feelin' quare,
And I said, says I to a passerby,
"Who's the maid with the nut brown-hair?"
Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of old Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the Star of the County Down."

CHORUS:

I've travelled a bit but never was hit
Since my rovi' career began,
But fair and square I surrendered there
To the charms of young Rose McCann.
With a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent
From the Star of the County Down.

CHORUS:

At the crossroads fair, I'll be surely there,
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
AND I'll try sheep's eyes and deludherin' lies
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Though my plow with rust turns brown,
'Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down.

CHORUS:

The Three Ravens

Traditional (FJ Child Ballad #26; Found in Thomas Ravenscroft's 1616 "Melismata.")

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey down, hey down
They were a black as black might be,
With a down.

The one of them said to his mate.
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green field,
Down a down, hey down, hey down
Their lies a knight slain under his shield,
With a down.
His hounds they lie down at his feet
So well they do their master keep.
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly
Down a down, hey down, hey down
No other fowl dare him come nigh,
With a down.
Down there comes a fallow doe
As heavy with young as she might go.
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She lifted up his bloody head,
Down a down, hey down, hey down
And kissed his wounds that were so red,
With a down.
She got him up upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake.
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She buried him before the prime,
Down a down, hey down, hey down
She was dead herself ere even-song time,
With a down.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such leman,
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

The Valley of Strathmore

By: Andy Stewart

By the clear and winding streams
Of the valley of Strathmore
Where my love and I have been
Where we wander nevermore

CHORUS:

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

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 days pay

CHORUS:

In Strathmore there's 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

CHORUS:

As I take a long drought 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

CHORUS:

The Viking's Christmas Carol

by Guy Bradley

filk: T'was the Night Before Christmas

Tw'as the night before Christmas and all through the hall
Not a creature was stirring, not warrior nor thrall.

The Vikings lay scattered about on the floor
With visions of pillaging, looting, and more.

And I in my curiaiss, my greaves and my helm
Was drunker than anyone else in the realm.

I fell up the stairs and collapsed into bed
While four quarts of mead were ablaze in my head.

When down from below came the sounds of a brawl,
So I grabbed up my axe and ran down to the hall.

I missed the last step and crashed down in a heap,
Thinking "Why can't those lowlifes downstairs go to sleep!"

When what to my hungover eyes should appear
But two brawny strangers with mallet and spear.

I said to myself, "We'll soon have them beat"
When I noticed ten warriors laid out at their feet.

I let out a yell and leapt into the fray.
I'll always regret my poor choice on that day.

The one laid his hammer up the side of my nose,
And up, up, up to the rafters I rose.

Then came a lone, frightened voice from the floor,
"Those are no mortal warriors, that's Odin and Thor!"

They looked at each other. They said, "Battle's done.
Now they know who we are, it's no longer fun."

Thor raised his hammer, his elbow he bent
And with a loud crash, through the ceiling they went.

I crawled though the hall and flung open the door
Not sure that I really had seen them before.

With the snow bathed in starlight, the moon like a glede
I saw them ride off on an eight-legged steed.

And I heard them exclaim as they rode out of sight,
"To Hela with Christmas, we just love a good fight!"

The 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.

Chorus

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

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.
Such custom like yours I could have any day."

Chorus...

[Traditional version of this verse:]

So I pulled from my pocket a handful of gold
And upon the round table, it glittered and rolled
She said, "We have whiskey and beer of the best,
What I told you before twas only in jest!"

[Alternate, more contemporary version:]

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes (or legs) 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."

Chorus...

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!

Chorus...

The Wind that Shakes the Barley

I sat within the valley green,
I sat me with my true love.
My sad heart strove the two between,
The old love and the new love:
The old for her, the new that made me
Think on Ireland dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glen
And shook the golden barley.

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame,
To break the ties that bound us,
But harder still to bear the shame,
Of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, The mountain glen,
I'll seek at morning early
And join the bold united men,
While soft winds shake the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,
My fond arms round her flinging,
The foeman's shot burst on our ears
From out the wildwood ringing.
A bullet pierced my true love's side
In life's young spring so early,
And on my breast, in blood she died,
While soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse
I've taken at Oulart Hollow,
And laid my true love's clay cold corpse
Where I full soon may follow,
As round her grave I wander drear,
Noon, night and morning early,
With breaking heart when'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley.

Three Jolly Coachmen
Traditional

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.

Refrain:

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be.. tomorrow I'll be sober.

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,
He falls as the leaves do fall,
falls as the leaves do fall,
falls as the leaves do fall... he'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks good ale and goes to bed quite mellow,
Here's to the man who drinks good ale and goes to bed quite mellow,
He lives as he ought to live,
lives as he ought to live,
lives as he ought to live.. he'll die a jolly old fellow.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be.. tomorrow I'll be sober.

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 lass,
She's a foolish foolish lass,
She's a foolish foolish lass.. for she'll not get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to have another,
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to have 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.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be,
For tonight 'tis merry I'll be.. tomorrow I'll be sober.

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.

The Twa Corbies
(SCOTTISH VERSION)
Anonymous. 17th Cent.

AS I was a-walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say-o
'Whar sall we gang and dine the day-o?
Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'

'In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there-o
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair-o,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en anither mate-o,
So we may mak our dinner sweet-o,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'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-o
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare-o,
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:
O'er his white bones, when they are bare-o,
The wind sall blaw for evermair-o,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

GLOSSARY: corbies: ravens. fail: turf. hause: neck. theek: thatch.

Welsh History 101 (short version)
(The Welsh Border Song)
by Heather Rose Jones
To the tune of The Ash Grove (Traditional)

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
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

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
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

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
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

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
Yes, we are just plain folk who mind our own business
Honest and loyal and full of good cheer
So if you should wander out by the Welsh border
Come stop by and meet all the friendly folk here

Wha'll Be King but Charlie

CHORUS: 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

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

CHORUS:

The Heilan' clans wi' sword in hand
Fae Johnny great stay early
They to a man declare to stand
Or fall wi' royal Charlie

CHORUS:

The Lowlands army great and small
Wi' money ya love, and wealth
They declared for Scotland's king and law
And spear ya wha' fer Charlie

CHORUS:

And here's a health to Charlie's cause
Be it completened early
His very name would warm the heart
To arms for royal Charlie

CHORUS: X2

Whiskey You're the Devil
Traditional

Whiskey you're the Devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter
You're spunkier than tea
Oh whiskey you're me darlin', drunk or sober.

Oh, now brave boys are off for
marching off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
The Devil a home we'll come tonight
Oh, love fare thee well
With me tiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me tiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right fol torral addee o
There's whiskey in the jar.

Said the mother do not wrong me
Don't take me daughter from me
For if you do I will torment you
And after death me ghost will haunt you
Love fare thee well
With me tiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me tiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right fol torral addee o
There's whiskey in the jar.

Now the French are fightin' boldly
Men are dying hot and coldly
Give every man his flask of powder
His firelock on his shoulder,
Love fare thee well
With me tiddelly idle loodle lum a da
Me tiddery idle loodle lum a da
Me right fol torral addee o
There's whiskey in the jar.

Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summertime is comin',
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Chorus

Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?
And we'll all go together to pick wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain
And around it I will place
All the flowers of the mountain.

Chorus...

If my true love e'er should leave me
I would surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus...

Oh, the autumn-time is comin',
And the leaves are gently falling,
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Chorus...

I will build my love a shelter
On yon high mountain green
And my love shall be the fairest
The summer sun has ever seen.

Woad

filk: Men of Harlech

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats or spats or shoes with laces
Vest and pants you buy in places
Down on Broughampton Road?

What the use of shirts of cotton
Studs that always get forgotten
These affairs are simply rotten,
Better far is woad!

Woad's the suff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen!
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on you legs and abdomen!

Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on
Necks or knees or where you sit on,
Tailors, you'd be blowed!

Romans came across the Channel
All dressed up in tin and flannel
Half a pint of woad per man-o
Clothed us more than these!

Saxons, you may save your stitches
Building beds for bugs in britches.
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.

Romans, keep your armors,
Saxons, your pajamas!
Hairy coats were made for goats
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas!

March on, Snowdon, with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on
Never need a button sewed on,
Good for us today!

Buttercup's Lament

From: Soul of a Harper & Brobdingnagian Fairy Tales
words and music by Marc Gunn

There's a leaf on a tree and it's swaying
And a girl 'neath the tree tears in her eyes.
There's a wolf on the run saying 'Where have ye gone?'
'Oh where have ye gone sweet love of mine.'

Oh wind, cruel wind, bring an end, an end
To the storm that took me love afore his time.
Oh wind, cruel wind, I long for him;
Will ye bring my true love back to me side

There's a puddle on the ground and it's growing
And a girl above the pond tears in her eyes
There's a fox on the run saying 'Where have ye gone?'
'Oh where have ye gone sweet love of mine.'

There's a woman on the run saying, 'Where have ye gone?'
Oh where have ye gone sweet love of mine?
Oh where have ye gone sweet love of mine?
Oh where, oh where? I long for ye here.
Oh where have ye gone sweet love of mine?

Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

From: A Faire To Remember
words and music Traditional

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

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

I went to a fancy ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I may fall
Because I nay had on trousers

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

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

Health to the Company
From: A Faire To Remember
words and music Traditional

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

Here's a health to the company and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
There's a smile upon her countenance as she sits on my knee
Sure there's no one in in this wide world as happy as we

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
I hope she's safe landed without any shock
If ever we should meet again by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me

Lily the Pink

From: Brobdingnagian Fairy Tales
words and music traditional

Here's a story, a little bit gory,
A little bit happy, a little bit sad,
Of Lily the Pink and her medicinal compound,
And how it slowly drove her mad.

Meet Ebenezer, thought he was Julius Caesar.
So they put him in a home.
And then they gave him medicinal compound,
And now he's Emperor of Rome.

We'll drink a drink a drink
To Lily the pink the pink the pink
The savior of [the savior of] the human race.
She invented medicinal compound.
Most efficacious in every case.

Meet Johnny Hammer had a t-t-terrible s-s-stammer.
He could b-barely say a word.
So they gave him medicinal compound,
And now he's seen, but never heard.

And Freddie Clinger, the opera singer,
Who could break glasses with his voice they said.
So on his tonsils he rubbed medicinal compound,
And now they break glasses over his head.

And Mr. Frears, who had sticky out ears.
And it made him awful shy.
So they gave him medicinal compound,
And now he's learning how to fly.

And Uncle Paul, he was very small. He
Was the shortest man in town.
So on his body he rubbed medicinal compound,
And now he's six foot, but it's underground.

Lily died and went up to heaven.
Oh, the church bells they did ring.
She took with her medicinal compound.
Hark the herald angels sing.

Seven Drunken Nights

From: The Holy Grail of Irish Drinking Songs

words and music traditional

As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a wool blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

And as I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before

As I went home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I lad sneaking out the back, a quarter after three.
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who was that lad sneaking out the back a quarter after three?

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That was just the tax man that the Queen she sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But an Englishman who can last till three I've never seen before

Rosin the Beau
From: Songs of Ireland
words and music Traditional

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. (x2)
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
A voice you will hear from below,
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky
To drink with old Rosin the Beau.

To drink with old Rosin the Beau". (x2)
Saying "Send down a hogshead of whisky
To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
And stack them all up in a row
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Beau

To the memory of Rosin the Beau (x2)
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Beau

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
And let them all stagger and go
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Beau.

And in it put Rosin the Beau. (x2)
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Then get ye a couple of bottles.
Put one at me head and me toe.
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

The name of old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel that old tyrant approaching,
That cruel remorseless old foe,
And I lift up me glass in his honour.
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau. (x2)
And I lift up me glass in his honour.
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Old Dun Cow

From: Brobdingnagian Fairy Tales
words and music Harry Wincott

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Four Green Fields

words and music by Tommy Makem (1967)

What did I have, said the fine old woman
What did I have, this proud old woman did say
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
I had fine strong sons, who fought to save my jewels
They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman
What have I now, this proud old woman did say
I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage
In stranger's hands, that tried to take it from me
But my sons had sons, as brave as were their fathers
My fourth green field will bloom once again said she

Good Ship Venus

Traditional

On the good ship Venus,
By Christ, you should of seen us.
The figurehead was a whore in bed
Sucking a dead man's penis

The captain's name was Lugger.
By Christ, he was a bugger.
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one ship to another.

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.

The third mate's name was Morgan
By God, he was a gorgon.
From half past eight
He played till late upon the captain's organ.

The Captain's wife was Mabel
And, by God, was she able
To give the crew their daily screw
Upon the galley table.

The captain's daughter Charlotte
Was born and bred a harlot.
Her thighs at night were lilly white,
By morning they were scarlet

The cabin boy was Kipper.
By Christ, he was a nipper.
He stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The captain's lovely daughter
Liked swimming in the water.
Delighted squeals came when some eels
Found her sexual corners.

The cook his name was Freeman
and he was a dirty demon,
And he fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

The ship's dog was called Rover,
and we turned that poor thing over
and ground and ground that faithful hound
from Teneriffe to Dover.

When we reached our station
through skillful navigation,
The ship got sunk
in a wave of spunk from too much fornication.

On the good ship Venus,
By Christ, you should have seen us.
The figurehead was a whore in bed
Sucking a dead mans penis.

Mingulay Boat Song

Traditional

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round to the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we though white the Minch is
What care we boys the wind and weather
When we know that, every inch is
Closer homeward to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round to the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting by the pierhead
Gazing seaward from the heather
Heave ahead round and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round to the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Turkish Revelry
Traditional

There was a little ship
and she sailed on the sea
and the name of the ship was the Turkish Revelry
she sailed down in that lonely lonesome water
she sailed on the lonesome sea

up stepped a little sailor
saying what will you give to me
to sink that ship to the bottom of the sea
if I sink her in the lonely lonesome water
if I sink her in the lonesome sea

I have a house
and I have some land
and I have a daughter that shall be at your command
if you sink her in the lonely lonesome water
if you sink her in the lonesome sea

he bowed on his breast
and away swam he
and he swam till he came to the Turkish Revelry
she sailed down on that lonely lonesome water
she sailed in the lonesome sea

he had a little awl
all made for to bore
and he bored nine holes in the bottom of the floor
and he sank her in the lonely lonesome water
he sank her in the lonesome sea

he bowed on his breast
away swam he
and he swam till he came to the Golden Willow Tree
as she sailed in the lonely lonesome water
as she sailed in the lonesome sea

Captian o' Captian
will you be good as your word
or either take me up on board
for I've sunk her in that lonely lonesome water
I've sunk he in the lonesome sea

No I won't be
as good as my word
or neither will I take you up on board
though you've sunk her in that lonely lonesome water
though you've sunk he in the lonesome sea

If it were not for
the love I bear your men
I would sink you the same just as I sank them
I'd sink you in that lonely lonesome water
yes I'd sink you in the lonely sea

He bowed on his breast
and downward sunk he
bidding a farewell to the Golden Willow Tree
he sunk in that lonely lonesome water
he sunk in the lonely sea

My Son John
Traditional

My son John was tall and slim
And he had a leg for every limb
But now he's got no legs at all
For he ran a race with a cannonball
Timmy roo dum da
Fa riddle da
Wack for me riddle timmy roo dum da

Were you deaf or were you blind
When you left your two fine legs behind
Or was it sailing on the sea
Wore your two fine legs right down to your knee
Timmy roo dum da
Fa riddle da
Wack for me riddle timmy roo dum da

I wasn't deaf and I wasn't blind
When I left two fine legs behind
Nor was it sailing on the sea
Wore my two fine legs right down to my knee
Timmy roo dum da
Fa riddle da
Wack for me riddle timmy roo dum da

I was tall and I was slim
And I had a leg for every limb
But now I've got no legs at all
They were both shot away by a cannonball
Timmy roo dum da
Fa riddle da
Wack for me riddle timmy roo dum da

Fire Down Below
Traditional

She was the parson's daughter
With the red and rosy cheeks
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
She went to church on Sunday
And sang the anthem sweet
There's fire down below
The parson was a misery
So scraggy and so thin
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
Look here you mother fuckers
If you lead a life of sin
There's fire down below
He took his text from Malachi
And pulled a wary face
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
Well I fucked off for Africa
And there I fell from grace
There's fire down below
The parson's little daughter
Was as sweet as sugar candy
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
I said to her
Us sailors would make lovers neat and handy
There's fire down below
She says to me
You sailors are a bunch of fucking liars
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
All of you are bound to hell
To feed the fucking fires
There's fire down below
There's fire down below my lads
And we must do what we ought to
Way-hey-he-hi-ho
Cause the fire is not half as hot
As the parsons little daughter
There's fire down below
There's fire down below
There's fire down below
There's fire down below
There's fire down below

Hog Eye Man
Traditional

Oh, hand me down my riding cane
I'm off to meet my darling Jane

(refrain)

And a hog-eye
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye
Steady on the jig with a hog-eye
Oh, she wants the hog-eye man

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me
Sailing down from Wallslough sea

(refrain)

Oh, he come to the shack where Sally did dwell
He knocked on the door and he rung her bell

(refrain)

Oh, who's been here since I been gone?

Railroad navvy with his sea-boots on

(refrain)

If I catch him here with Sally once more

I'll sling my hook, go to sea once more

(refrain)

Oh, Sally's in the garden sifting sand

The hog-eye man sitting hand in hand

(refrain)

Oh, Sally's in the garden punching duff

Cheeks of her arse go chuff, chuff, chuff

(refrain)

Oh, I won't bear a hog-eye, damned if I do

Got chiggers in his feet and he can't wear shoes

(refrain)

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me

He is blind and he cannot see

(refrain)

Oh, a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew

Hog-eye mate and a skipper too

(refrain)

Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold
AKA: The Nobleman's Daughter
Traditional

There lived a rich Nobleman's daughter
Caroline is her name we are told
One day from her drawing room window
She admired a young sailor bold

She cried - I'm a Nobleman's daughter
My income's five thousand in gold
I forsake both my father and mother
And I'll marry young sailor bold

Says William- Fair lady remember
Your parents you are bound to mind
In sailors there is no dependence
For they leave their true lovers behind

And she says - There's no one could prevent me
One moment to alter my mind
In the ships I'll be off with my true love
He never will leave me behind

Three years and a half on the ocean
And she always proved loyal and true
Her duty she did like a sailor
Dressed up in her jacket of blue

When at last they arrived back in England
Straightway to her father she went
Oh father dear father forgive me
Deprive me forever of gold
Just grant me one favor I ask you
To marry a young sailor bold

Her father looked upon young William
And love and in sweet unity
If I be spared till tomorrow
It's married this couple shall be

Fathom the Bowl

Traditional

Come all ye bold heroes give an ear to me song,
We'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum,
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come,
But stout and strong cider are Ireland's control,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl.

Me wife she do disturb me when I'm laying at my ease,
She does as she likes, she says as she please.
Me wife, she's the devil, she's black as the coal.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl.

Me father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
With no stone at his head, but what matters for he,
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl.

So come all ye bold heroes give an ear to me song,
We'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum.
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl.

Haul Away, Joe
Traditional

When I was a little boy or so my mother told me
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
That if I did not kiss the girls my lips would soon grow moldy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, the good ship is a' blowing
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, the sheet is now a' flowing
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
King Louis was the king of France before the Revolution
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
But then he got his head cut off, not good for his constitution
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
First I got a Spanish girl but she got fat and lazy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Now I have a Brooklyn girl she damn near drives me crazy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, we'll haul and hang together
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, we'll sail for better weather
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, I'll sing to you of Nancy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, for she's my cup and fancy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, we'll haul away together
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, we'll sail through nasty weather,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, way haul away
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, way haul away
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Baltimore Whores
Traditional

There were four whores of Baltimore
Drinking the blood red wine.
And all their conversation was,
“Your is smaller than mine.”

Roly, poly, tickle my hole-y,
Smell of me slimy slough.
Then drag your nuts across me guts,
I’m one of the whorey crew.

“You’re a liar,” said the first one.
“Mine’s as big as the air.
The birds fly in, the birds fly out,
And never touch a hair.”

(chorus)

“You’re a liar,” said the second.
“Mine’s as big as the sea.
The ship sails in, the ship sails out,
never troubles me.”

(chorus)

“You’re a liar,” said the third one.
“Mine’s as big as the moon.
The men jump in, the men jump out,
And never touch the womb.”

(chorus)

“You’re a liar,” said the last whore.
“Mine’s the biggest of all.
The fleet sailed in at the first of June,
And didn’t come back till fall.”

Awe Hail! (The Gleann Abhann March)
Words and Music by Baroness Alina nic an Bhaird

Our King cries forth, we go to war,
for Glory he is calling,
The mighty Ram is on the move,
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!

Sharpen sword, axe and spear,
before us they'll have fallen,
The mighty Ram is on the move,
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!

I go now to wet my blade,
each one of us die willing,
The mighty Ram is on the move,
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!

Pound the drum for each death-blow,
the clash of metal ringing,
The mighty Ram is on the move,
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!

Upon the new-claimed, blood-soaked ground
lie bodies a feast for ravens,
The mighty Ram is on the move,
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!

Run! you fools, and don't look back;
this flag's forever waving,
The mighty Ram shall not be moved!
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!
Awe Hail! the call, Gleann Abhann!