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Amazing Grace

•117((7)) / •342 / •565 F

•Amazing •Grace how •sweet the sound

That saved a wretch like me

I once was lost but now am found

Was blind but ((now)) I see

•'twas •Grace that •taught my heart to fear

And Grace my fears relieved

How precious did that Grace ap-pear

The hour I ((first)) believed

•Through many •dangers, •toils and snares
 We have already come
 'twas Grace that brought us safe thus far
 And Grace will ((lead)) us home

•When we've been •there ten •thousand years
 Bright shining as the sun
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we ((first)) be-gun

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **orange** team (1/1/7) in which case sing the **red** note (7). Does not apply to **bass** (optional)

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Angel Band

●117 / ●342 / ●565 E

My ●latest ●sun is **sinking** fast

My race is ●near**ly** run

My strongest trials **now are** past

My triumph is **begun**

O come ●an-**gel** ●band

Come and around **me st-and**

O bear me away on your ●snow white wings

To my immort**al** home

O bear me away on your snow white wings

To my immort**al** home

O •bear my •long-ing heart to him
Who bled and •died for me
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory

O come •an-gel •band
Come and around me st-and
O bear me away on your •snow white wings
To my immortal home
O bear me away on your snow white wings
To my immortal home

I've •almost •gained my heavenly home
My spirit •loudly sings
The Holy one before me comes
I hear the noise of wings

O come •an-gel •band
Come and around me stand
O bear me away on your •snow white wings
To my immortal home
O bear me away on your snow white wings
To my immortal home

Auld Lang Syne

•117 / •342 / •565 D

•Should •old acquaint•ance be forgot

A-nd never brought to mind?

Should old acquaintance be forgot

A-nd auld la-ng syne?

For •au-ld •la-ng syne •my dear

For auld lang syne

We'll take a cup of kindness yet

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

•And •surely you'll •buy your pint cup

A-nd surely I'll buy mine

We'll take a cup of kindness yet

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

For •au-ld •la-ng syne •my dear

For auld lang syne

We'll take a cup of kindness yet

Fo-r auld la-ng syne

•We •two have run •a-bout the hills
 A-nd picked the daisies fine
 We've wandered ma-ny a weary foot
 Si-nce auld la-ng syne

For •au-ld •la-ng syne •my dear
 For auld lang syne
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet
 Fo-r auld la-ng syne

•We •two have padd•led in the stream
 Fr-om morning sun till down
 But seas between us broad have roared
 Si-nce auld la-ng syne

For •au-ld •la-ng syne •my dear
 For auld lang syne
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet
 Fo-r auld la-ng syne

•And •there's a hand •my trusty friend
 A-nd give me a hand o' thine
 We'll take a loving good will draught
 Fo-r auld la-ng syne

For •au-ld •la-ng syne •my dear
 For auld lang syne
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet
 Fo-r auld la-ng syne

Banks of the Ohio

•117 / •342 / •565 D

I •asked •my love to take a walk
 To take a walk, •just a little walk
 Down beside where the waters flow
 Down by the banks of the O-hio

And •on•ly say that you'll be mine
 And in no other's •arms entwine
 Down beside where the waters flow
 Down by the banks of the O-hio

I held a knife against her breast
As close into my arms she pressed
She cried, Oh Willie, don't you murder me
I'm not prepared for eternity

And only say that you'll be mine
And in no other's arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of the O-hio

I took her by the lily white hand
And led her down to the water's strand
I picked her up and pitched her in
And watched her body floating by

And only say that you'll be mine
And in no other's arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of the Ohio

I wandered home 'twixt twelve and one,
I cried "My God what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I loved,
Because she would not be my bride."

And only say that you'll be mine
And in no other's arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of the O-hio

A Blacksmith Courted Me

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) Bb

•Oh a •black•smith courted me, nine months and better
 He ((fairly)) won my heart, wrote me a letter
 With his ((hammer)) in his hand he looked so clever
 And if ((I were)) with my love I'd live for-e-ver

•O-h •where •has my love gone with his cheeks like roses?
 He's ((gone ac))ross the fields, gathering primroses
 I'm a((fraid the)) scorching sun
 might shine and burn his beauty
 And if ((I were)) with my love I'd do my duty

•Stra-nge •news •has come to town,

strange news is carried

Strange ((news flies)) up and down

that my love is married

Oh I ((wish them)) both much joy though

they don't hear me

And if ((I were)) with my love I'd do my duty

•Oh what •did •you promise me when you lay beside me?

You ((said you'd)) marry me and not deny me

If I ((said I'd)) marry you it was only for to try you

So ((bring your)) witness love and I'll not deny you

•O-h •witness have I none save God Almighty
 And may ((He re))ward you well for the slighting of me
 Her ((lips grew)) pale and wan, it made her
 poor heart tremble
 For to ((think she'd)) loved but one and he'd
 proved deceitful

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple
 team (5/5/6) in which case sing your **blue** note (6) (optional)

Bold Riley

• 117 / • 342 / • 565 Bb

Oh the •rain •it rains all day •lo--ng

Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley

And the northern wind, it blows so str-ong

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

•Goodbye my •sweetheart, goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0, •Bold Ri-ley

Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

The anchor's weighed and the rags we've all set
 Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley
 Them Liverpool judies we'll never forge-t
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

•Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear-0
 Bold Riley-0, •Bold Ri-ley
 Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-0
 Bold Riley-0 has gone away

Well •come •on Mary, don't look •gl-um

Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley

Come White-stocking Day you'll be drinking ru-m

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

•Goodbye my •sweetheart, goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0, •Bold Ri-ley

Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

We're •outward •bound for the Bengal •Ba-y

Bold Riley-0, Bold Ri-ley

Get bending, me lads, it's a hell-of-a-wa-y

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

•Goodbye my •sweetheart, goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0, •Bold Ri-ley

Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-0

Bold Riley-0 has gone away

Country Life

●117 / ●342 / ●565 A

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

In •spring we sow, •at the harvest •mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
Oh but of all the times if choose I may
'Twould be rambling in the new mown hay

In •winter when •the sky turns •grey
We hedge and we ditch our lives a-way
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay

Danny Boy

•117 / •342 / •565 C

Oh •Dan-ny •boy

The pipes, the •pipes are ca-ll-ing

From glen to glen and down the mountain side

The summer's gone and all the roses fa-lling

It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Dan-ny boy, O Danny boy I love you so

But when you come

And all the flowers are dy-i-ng

If I am dead, as dead I well may be

You'll come and find the place where I am
l-y-ing

And kneel and say an av-e there for me

And I shall hear though soft you tread a-bove me

And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be

For you will bend and tell me that you love me

And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

Down By the Salley Gardens

●117 / ●342 / ●565((6)) Bb

●Do-wn ●by th-e Sa-ll-ey gardens

My love and I did meet

Sh-e passed th-e Sa-ll-ey gardens

With little snow-white feet

She ((bid)) me take love easy

As the leaves grow o-n the tree

Bu-t I being you-ng and foolish

With her would not agree

•In a •fi-e-ld b-y •the river
 My love and I did stand
 An-d on m-y le-aning shoulder
 She laid her snow-white hand
 She ((bid)) me take life easy
 As the grass grows o-n the weirs
 Bu-t I w-as you-ng and foolish
 And now am full of tears

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple team (5/5/6) in
 which case sing your **blue** note (6) (optional)

Down In The River To Pray

•117 / •342 / •565((5)) Eb

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

0 sisters •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 0 sisters let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

O brothers, •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 Come on, brothers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

O fathers •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn
 O fathers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

O moth•ers •let's •go down
 ((Come on down don't you wanna go)) do-wn?
 Come on mothers, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray

•As I went •down in the river ((to)) pray
 Studying about that •good old way
 And who shall wear the starry crown
 Good Lord show me the way

O sinners •let's •go down
 ((Let's go down come on)) do-wn

O sinners, let's go down
 Down in the river to pray (End)

Farmer's Boy

•117 / •342((2)) / •565 G

•The •sun had set behind yon hill

a-cross yon dreary moor

When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a
farm((er's)) door

Can you tell me where e'er there be one
that will me employ

To plough and sow to reap and mow

To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y

to be a farmer's boy

•My •father's dead, my mother's left with
five children large •and small
And what is worse for my mother still I'm the
largest of ((them)) all
Though little I am, I would labour hard if
I could find employ
To plough and sow to reap and mow
To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
to be a farmer's boy

•And •if you will not me em-ploy
one favour I •do ask
Shelter me till the break of day from this cold
win((ter's)) blast
At the break of day I'll wend my way el-sewhere
to seek employ
To plough and sow to reap and mow
To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
to be a farmer's boy

•The •farmer's wife said try the lad
let him no longer seek
Yes father do the daughter cried as the tears
rolled down ((her)) cheek
For those who would work 'tis hard to want a-nd
wander for employ
Don't let him go but bid him stay
To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
To be a farmer's boy

•The •farmer's boy grew up a man
 and the good old couple died
 Leaving the lad the farm they had and their
 daughter for ((his)) bride
 Now the lad that was, a man now is, often thinks
 and smiles with joy
 And he blesses the day he came that way
 To be a farmer's bo-o-o-y
 to be a farmer's boy

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in green team
 (3/2/4) in which case sing your red note (2)

Fathom the Bowl

●117 / ●342 / ●565 A

●Come ●all you bold heroes ●lend an ear to my song
 I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum
 If the clear crystal fountains
 o'er England shall ro-oll
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

●I'll fath●om the ●bowl
 I'll fath-om the bowl
 Bring me the punch ladle
 I'll fath-om the bowl

•From •France we do get brandy, •from Jamaica comes
rum

Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come

But stout and strong ci-der are England's control

Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

•I'll fath•om the •bowl

I'll fath-om the bowl

Bring me the punch ladle

I'll fath-om the bowl

•My •wife she do delight me •as I sits at my ease
 For she says as she likes and she does as she
 please

My wife she is my dar-ling,
 she's a wild and free so-ul

Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

•I'll fath•om the •bowl

I'll fath-om the bowl

Bring me the punch ladle

I'll fath-om the bowl

•My •father he do lie in •th-e depths of the sea
 With no stone at his head but what matter for he?
 If the clear crystal fountains
 o'er England shall ro-oll
 Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fath-om the bowl

•I'll fath•om the •bowl
 I'll fath-om the bowl
 Bring me the punch ladle
 I'll fath-om the bowl

Grey Goose and Gander

•117((1)) / •342((3)) / •565 E

•The •grey goose and gander went over yon ((hill))

The •grey goose went barefoot for fear of being seen

For fear of being seen, my boys

By the light of the moon

Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •blacksmith is old but his money is ((right))
 And •he sits in the alehouse from morning till night
 From morning till night, my boys,
 By the light of the moon
 Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •landlord got drunk and his reckoning for((got))
 So •we pulled down his signpost and broke all his pots
 We broke all his pots, my boys,
 By the light of the moon
 Rise early tomorrow morning all ((in the)) same tune x2

•The •shepherd **is** happy abroad on **his** ((down))
 He would •not change his **life for a sceptre and crown**
A sceptre and crown my boys,
 By the light of the **moon**
Rise early tomorrow **morning all** ((in the)) **same** tune x2

•The •gentlemen **took the** ladies their
 hounds for **to** ((view))
 The •gentlemen to the **ladies said** "How do you do?"
Said "How do you do" my boys
 By the light of the **moon**
Rise early tomorrow **morning all** ((in the)) **same** tune x2

*((word)) means sing your **blue** note unless you are in **green** team (3/4/2) in which case sing the **black** note (3) (optional)

((word)) means sing your **red note unless you are in **orange** team (1/1/7) in which case sing the **black** note (1). Does not apply to **bass** (optional)

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

•117 / •342 / •565((5)) D

•If you •want to see the •general I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the general, I ((know)) where he is
 He's pinning another medal on his chest

•I saw him, I saw •him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him

Pinning another medal on his chest]

•If you want to see the Colonel I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the Colonel, I ((know)) where he is
 He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face

•I saw him, I saw him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him

Pinning another medal on his chest]

•If you want to see the Sergeant I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the Sergeant, I ((know)) where he is
 He's drinking all the company's rum

•I saw him, I saw him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him

Pinning another medal on his chest]

•If you want to see the Corporal I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the Corporal, I ((know)) where he is
 He's drunk upon the dug-out floor

•I saw him, I saw him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him

Pinning another medal on his chest]

•If you want to see the Private I ((know)) where he is
 I know where he is, I ((know)) where he is
 If you want to see the Private, I ((know)) where he is
 He's hanging on the old barbed wire

•I saw him, I saw •him

[•Pinning another medal on his chest I saw him

Pinning another medal on his chest]

Happy Birthday

•117 / •342 / •565 D

•Happy birthday •to you, Happy birthday to you

Happy birth•day dear Daisy

Happy Birthday to you

Hard Times

●117 / ●342 / ●565 Bb

●Let us ●pause in life's plea●sures
and count its many tears

While we all sup sorrow with the poor

There's a song that will linger for-ev-er in our ear

Oh hard times come again no more

●'Tis the ●song, the sigh of the wea-ry

●Hard times, hard times come again no more

●Ma-ny days you have lingered a-round

my cabin door

Oh hard times come again no more

• While we seek mirth and beauty
and music bright and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Though their voices are silent their
pleading looks still say
Oh hard times come again no more

• 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
• Hard times, hard times come again no more
• Many days you have lingered a-round
my cabin door
Oh hard times come again no more

• There's a pale drooping maiden
who toils her life a-way
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry she's sigh-ing all the
day
Oh hard times come again no more

• 'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry
• Hard times, hard times come again no more
• Ma-ny days you have lingered a-round
my cabin door
Oh hard times come again no more

Stephen Foster

Jamaican Farewell

●117 / ●342 / ●565 Bb

●Down the way where the nights are ●gay
 And the sun shines daily on the ●mountain top
 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 I

Won't be back for many a day

●My-my-my heart is down

My head is turning around

I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town

• Sounds of laughter everywhere

And the dancing girls swing to and fro

I must declare that my heart is there

Though I've been from Maine down to Mex-i-co

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way I

Won't be back for many a day

• My-my-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 as on their •heads they bear
Husky rice and salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

But I'm •sad to •say I'm on my way I
Won't be back for many a day

•My-my-my heart is down

My head is turning around

I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town

John Barleycorn is a Hero Bold

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) A

•John •Barleycorn is a hero bold

As •an-y in the land

For ages good his fame has stood

And shall for ev-er stand

The ((whole wide world re))spect in him

No matter friend or foe

And where they be that makes too free

He's sure to lay them low

•Hey, John Barleycorn

Ho, John Barleycorn

Old and young thy praise have sung

John Barleycorn

•To •see him in his pride of growth
His •robes are rich and green
His head is speared with prickly beard
Fit nigh to serve the Queen
And ((when the reaping)) time comes round
And John is stricken down
He yields his blood for England's good
And Englishmen's re-nown

•Hey, John Barley•corn

Ho, John Barley•corn

Old and young thy praise have sung

John Barleycorn

•The •Lord in courtly castle
 The •Squire in state-ly hall
 The great of name of birth and fame
 On John for succour call
 He ((bids the troubled)) heart rejoice
 Gives warmth to Nature's cold
 Makes weak men strong and old ones young
 And all men brave and bold

•Hey, John Barleycorn

Ho, John Barleycorn

Old and young thy praise have sung

John Barleycorn

•Then •shout for great John Barleycorn
Nor •heed the luscious vine
I have no mind much charm to find
In potent draught of wine
Give ((me my native)) nut-brown ale
All other drinks I'll scorn
For English cheer is English beer
Our own John Barleycorn

•Hey, John **Barley**•corn

Ho, John Barley•corn

Old and young thy praise **have** sung

John **Barley**corn

*((**word**)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team (5/**5**/**6**) in which case sing your **blue** note (**6**) (optional)

The Larks They Sang Melodious

●117 / ●342 / ●565((5)) E

●It was ●plea●sant and de-lightful one midsummer's morn
 And the fields and ((the)) meadows were all ((covered in)) corn
 And the thrushes and songbirds sang ((on)) every gre-en spray
 And the larks they sang melod-ious at the dawning of the day

And the larks they sang melodious

And the larks they ((sang)) melo-dious

And the larks they sang me-lo-dious

((at the)) dawning of the day

•A •sai•lor and his true •love
 were walking one day
 Says the sailor ((to his)) true love,
 I am ((bound far a))way
 I am bound for the East In-dies
 where ((the)) loud cannons roar
 I am bound to leave you, Na-ncy,
 you're the girl that I a-dore

I am bound to leave you, Nancy
 I am bound to ((leave)) you, Na-n-cy
 I am bound to leave you Na-n-cy
 ((you're the)) girl that I a-dore

•Then the •ring •from off her fin-•ger
 she instant-ly drew
 Saying “take this ((dearest)) William
 and my ((heart it goes)) too”
 And as they were em-brac-ing
 tears from her ey((es)) fell
 Saying, “May I go a-long with you?”
 Oh no, my love, farewell

Saying May I go a-long with you
 Saying May I ((go)) along with you
 Saying, “May I go a-long with you?”
 ((Oh)) no, my love, farewell

•Now the •wind •is in the rig•ging
 and the anchor's a-weigh
 And the ship she ((will be)) sailing
 at the ((dawning of the)) day
 And the current is ri-s-ing
 on a fast flow((ing)) tide
 And if ev-er I re-turn again,
 I will make you my bride

And if ever I re-turn again
 And if ever ((I)) return again
 And if ev-er I re-turn again,
 ((I will)) make you my bride

Leave Her Johnny

●117 / ●342 / ●565 Bb

●I-I ●thought I heard th-e old man say

Leave her Johnny leave ●her

It's a long hard pull till the next pay day

And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny ●leave ●her

●Oh oh leave her Johnny leave her

It's a long hard pull till the next pay day

And it's time for us to leave her

• Well **the** • captain was bad **but** the mate **was** worse
Leave her Johnny leave • her
He **could** **blow you** down with a **sigh** **and a** curse
And it's time for us **to leave** her

Leave her Johnny • leave • her

• Oh **oh** **leave her Johnny** leave her

He **could** **blow you** down with a **sigh** **and a** curse
And it's time for us **to leave** her

•It was •pump or drown th-e old man said
Leave her Johnny leave •her
O-r else by Christ we'll all be dead
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny •leave •her
•Oh oh leave her Johnny leave her
O-r else by Christ we'll all be dead
And it's time for us to leave her

• Now the rats are all gone and we the crew
Leave her Johnny leave her
Well it's time by Christ that we went too
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny leave her
• Oh oh leave her Johnny leave her
Well it's time by Christ that we went too
And it's time for us to leave her

•And I •thought I heard th-e old man say
Leave her Johnny leave •her
Ju-st one more pull and then belay
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny •leave •her
•Oh oh leave her Johnny leave her
Ju-st one more pull and then belay
And it's time for us to leave her

The Leaving of Liverpool

●117 / ●342 / ●565 A

●Fa-re●well ●to yo-u m-y own true love

I am going far a-way

I am bound for Ca-l-i-i-forni-a

But I know that I'll return some day

S-o fare thee ●well my ●own true love

And when ●I return u-ni-ted we will be

It's not the leaving of Liv-er-pool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee

•I have •shipped •on a Ya-nk-ee-ee sailing ship
Da-vy Crockett is her name
A-nd Burgess i-s th-e Captain of her
And they say she's a float-ing shame

S-o fare thee •well my •own true love
And when •I return u-ni-ted we will be
It's not the leaving of Liv-er-pool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

•I have •shipped •with Bu-r-ge-ss once be-fore
And I think I know him well
If a man is a sailor he can get a-long
If he's not then he's sure in hell

S-o fare thee •well my •own true love
And when •I return u-ni-ted we will be
It's not the leaving of Liv-er-pool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

•Oh the •sun •is o-n th-e harbour, love
And I wish I could re-main
For I know it will b-e some long long time
B-e-fore I see you a-gain

S-o fare thee •well my •own true love
And when •I return u-ni-ted we will be
It's not the leaving of Liv-er-pool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

Linden Lea

•117 / •342 / •565((5)) D

With•in the •wood•lands flowery gladed
 By the ((oak trees' mos))sy moot
 The shining grass blades timber shaded
 ((Now do quiver under))foot
 And birds do whistle overhead
 And water's bubbling in its b-ed
 And there for me the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

When •leaves that •late•ly were a-springing
 Now do ((fade within)) the copse
 And painted birds do hush their singing
 ((Up upon the timber)) tops
 And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red
 In cloudless sunshine o-verhe-ad
 With fruit for me, the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

Let other folk make money faster
 In the ((air of dark))-room'd towns
 I do not dread a peev-ish master
 ((Though no man may heed my)) frowns
 And I be free to go abroad
 Or take a-gain my home-ward road
 To where for me the apple tree
 Do lean down ((low in Lin))den Lea

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Mary Don't You Weep

●117 / ●342 / ●565 E

●If I could I surely would
 Stand on the rock where Moses stood for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

●O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
 O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•Mary wore three links of chain
 And every one was Freedom's name for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

•O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
 O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

• One of these nights about twelve o'clock
 This old world's going to reel and rock for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

• O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
 O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan for
 Pharaoh's army got drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

- God gave Noah the rainbow sign
 No more water but fire • next time for
 Pharaoh's army got • drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

- O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
 O Ma-ry don't you weep • don't you moan for
 Pharaoh's army got • drowned
 O Mary don't you weep

- The Lord told Mo-ses what to do
To lead those He-brew children through for
Pharaoh's army got drowned
O Mary don't you weep
- O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan
O Ma-ry don't you weep don't you moan for
Pharaoh's army got drowned
O Mary don't you weep

May the Circle Be Unbroken

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) E

•I was •standing •at my window

On a cold and cloudy d-ay

When I saw a hearse come rol((ling

Oh)) to carry my sweetheart a-way

•May the •circle •be unbroken

By and by, Lord, by and b-y

There's a better home a-wai((ting

In)) the sky, Lord, in the sky

•Oh I •told the •undertaker
Undertaker, please drive sl-ow
'Cause this lady that you're hol((ding
Oh)) I hate to see her go

•May the •circle •be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and b-y
There's a better home a-wai((ting
In)) the sky, Lord, in the sky

•I will •follow •close behind her
 Try to hold up and be bra-ve
 But I could not hold my so((rrow
 As)) they laid her in her grave

•May the •circle •be unbroken
 By and by, Lord, by and b-y
 There's a better home a-wai((ting
 In)) the sky, Lord, in the sky

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in **purple** team
 (5/5/6) in which case sing your **blue** note (6) (optional)

Midnight Special

•117 / •342 / •565((5)) E

•Well you wake up in the morning •to the ding dong •ring

((ding dong)) ring

Go marching to the table, see the same damn thing

((same damn)) thing

Knife and fork upon the ta-ble, nothing in my pan

((in my pan))

Say anything about it you're in trouble with the man

with the man

- Let the Midnight **special**

- Shine its light on •me

Let the **midnight special**

Shine **its** ever-loving light **on** me

Light on me

•Well yonder come Miss Rosy, •how in the world d'you •know?

((did you know))

Well I knowed her by her apron and the dress she wore

((dress she wore))

Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand

((in her hand))

She's gonna tell the Guv'nor turn a-loose my man

Loose my man

•Let the Midnight special

•Shine its light on •me

Let the midnight special

Shine its ever-loving light on me

Light on me

•Now jumping little Judy •was a jumping •Queen
And she's been jumping since she was sixteen
Well she bring me little coffee, she bring me little tea
She bring me damn near everything but the jailhouse key

•Let the Midnight special

•Shine its light on •me

Let the midnight special

Shine its ever-loving light on me

Light on me

•If you ever go to Houston •then you'd better walk •right
And you'd better not stagger and you'd better not fight
For the Sheriff will arrest you and carry you down
You can bet your bottom dollar, you're penitentiary bound

•Let the Midnight special

•Shine its light on •me

Let the midnight special

Shine its ever-loving light on me

Light on me

One May Morning Early

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) D

•One •May morning early •I chanced for to roam
 And strolled through the field by the side of the grove
 It was there that I heard the harmless birds sing
 And you never heard so sweet
 You never heard so sweet
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds in the spring

•At the •end of the gro-ve •I sat my-self down
And the song of the nightingale echoed all ar-ound
Their song was so charming their notes were so cle-ar
No mu-sic, no songster
No mu-sic, no songster
No ((music)) no songster with them c-an compare

•All •you that come he-re •the small birds to hear
 I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw near
 And when you're growing old you'll have this to s-ay
 That you never heard so sweet
 You never heard so sweet
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds o-n the spray

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple team
 (5/5/6) in which case sing your **blue** note (6) (optional)

The Parting Glass

•117 / •342((3)) / •565 D

•0-f •all the mon•ey that e'er I had
 I've spent it in good compan-y
 A-nd all the harm th-at e'er I've done
 A-a-las it was to-o none but ((me))
 A-nd all I've done for want of wit
 To memory now I can't recall
 S-o fill to me th-e parting glass
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

•I-f •I had mo•ney enough to spend
 A-nd leisure time t-o sit a while
 Th-ere is a young ma-id in this town
 Th-at surely has m-y heart be-((guiled))
 H-er rosy cheeks and ruby lips
 I own she has my heart in thrall
 S-o fill to me th-e parting glass
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

•O-f •all the com•ades that e'er I had
 They are sorry for m-y going away
 A-nd all the sweethearts that e'er I had
 They would wish me one mo-re day to ((stay))
 B-ut since it falls unto my lot
 That I should rise and you should not
 I-'ll gently rise and I'll softly call
 Go-odnight and joy be-e with you ((all))

* ((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in green team
 (3/4/2) in which case sing the black 3 note (optional)

Rose of Allendale

•117 / •342 / •565 F

Th-e •morn was fa-ir the •sky was •clear

No breath came ov-er the sea

Wh-en Mary le-ft her highland cot

And wa-ndered fo-rth with me

Though flowers decked the mountain side

And fragrance fill-ed the vale

B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there

Was the Ro-se of A-l-lendale

•Sweet Rose •of All•enda-le

Sweet Rose of Allenda-le

B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there

Was the Ro-se of A-l-endale

Wh-ere ●e'er I wa-ndered ●east or ●west
Though fate beg-an to lower
A-a solace sti-ll was she to me
In sorrow's lo-ne-ly hour
When tempests lashed my lonely barque
And rent the quivering sail
One maiden fo-rm withstood the storm
'twas the Ro-se of A-l-lendale

• Sweet Rose • of All•enda-le

Sweet Rose of Allenda-le

B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there

Was the Ro-se of A-l-endale

And when my fe-evered lips were parched
On Africa's bu-r-ning sands
Sh-e whispered ho-pes of happiness
And tales of fo-r-eign lands
My life had been a wilderness
Unblessed by fo-r-tune's gale
Ha-d fate not li-nked my lot to hers
The Rose of A-l-lendale

•Sweet Rose •of All•enda-le

Sweet Rose of Allenda-le

B-y far the swe-ee-test flower there

Was the Ro-se of A-l-endale

The Seeds of Love

•117 / •342((3)) / •565((6)) F

•Oh I sowed th-e •seeds of love

For •to blossom all in the spring

I sowed them all on o-ne ((May mor))((ning))

((While the)) small bi-rds they did si-i-i-ng

While the small bi-rds they did sing

•Oh I ((lo-ck-éd)) my •garden ((gay))
And •I choose for to keep the key
Until some you-ng man came a
((courting)) ((me))
((And he)) stole m-y heart aw-a-a-y
And he stole m-y heart a-way

•Oh the ((ga-rdener)) was •standing ((by))

And •I asked him to choose for me

He chose me the violet the

((lily and the)) ((pink))

((All those)) flowers I refused all thr-e-e-ee

Those flowers I refu-sed all three

• Oh the ((vi-olet)) I • did not ((like))
Because it • would fade too soon
The lily and the pink I did
((really over)) ((think))
((And I)) vowed I would stay till Ju-u-u-ne
And I vowed I would stay till June

•For in ((June there grows)) a •red rose ((bud))
 And that is •the flower for me
 I off times had plucked th-at
 ((red rose)) ((bud))
 ((Till I)) gained th-e wil-low tr-ee-ee-ee
 Till I gained th-e willow tree

• Oh the ((willow tr))-ee • it will ((twist))

And the willow tr-ee it will twine

And so will • that false and

de((luded young)) ((man))

((Who)) once stole this heart of mi-i-i-ne

Who once stole this heart of mine

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple team (5/5/6) in which case sing your blue note (6) (optional)

((word)) means sing your red note unless you are in green team (3/4/2) in which case sing the **black note (3) (optional)

Shallow Brown

●117 / ●342 / ●565((5)) E

●Well **it's** ●goodbye **Juliana**

Shallow oh **Shallow Brown**

And it's farewell **Juli-a**●na

((**Shallow**)) oh ((**Shallow Brown**))

●I **am** ●bound **for** to **leave you**

Shallow oh **Shallow Brown**

I am bound **for** to **leave** ●you

((**Shallow**)) oh ((**Shallow**)) **Brown**

•And **it's** •get my **things** in **order**

Shallow oh **Shallow** **Brown**

For the packet **rides** to-**mor-**•row

((**Shallow**)) oh ((**Shallow**)) **Brown**

•And **it's** •**Shallow** **in** the **morning**

Shallow oh **Shallow** **Brown**

Ju-st as the **day** is **dawn-**•ing

((**Shallow**)) oh ((**Shallow**)) **Brown**

Repeat verse 1

Silent Night

•117 / •342 / •565 A

•Si-i-lent •night, ho-o-ly night

All is calm, •all is bright

Round yon Virgin, Mo-ther and Child

Holy infant so tender and mild

Sleep in heavenly pea-ce

Sleep in heavenly peace

• Si-i-lent • night, ho-o-ly night
Shepherds quake • at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Al-lelu-ia
Christ the Savior is bo-rn
Christ the Savior is born

•Si-i-lent •night, ho-o-ly night
Son of God, •love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With dawn of rede-eming grace
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth

Repeat Verse 1

Sloop John B

•117 / •342 / •565((5)) E

We •come on the sloop ((John)) B

My grandfather ((and)) me

‘Round Nassau •town we did roam

Drinkin’ all •night, got into a fi-gh-t

I feel so break up, I want to go home

So •hoist up the John ((-B)) sails
 See how the main ((sail)) sets
 Send for the Captain ((a))shore and

•Let me go home

Please let me al•one

I want to go ho-o-ome

I feel so break up

I want to go home

The •first mate, he ((got)) drunk
 He broke up the peo((-ple's)) trunk
 Constable had to •come
 and take ((him)) a-way
 Sheriff John•stone please let me
 a-lo-oh-own
 I feel so break up, I want to go home

So •hoist up the John ((-B)) sails
 See how the main ((sail)) sets
 Send for the Captain ((a))shore and
 •Let me go home
 Please let me al•one
 I want to go ho-o-ome
 I feel so break up
 I want to go home

The •cook he got ((the)) fits
Ate up all of ((my)) grits
Then he went and •ate up
all ((of)) my corn
O let me go •home
please let me go ho-o-me
This is the worst trip
I've ev-er been on

So •hoist up the John ((-B)) sails
 See how the main ((sail)) sets
 Send for the Captain ((a))shore and

•Let me go home

Please let me al•one

I want to go ho-o-ome

I feel so break up

I want to go home

South Australia

●117 / ●342 / ●565 A

●In ●South Australia ●I was born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia around Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

●Haul away, you rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, oh hear me sing

We're ●bound for South Australia

•As •I walked out •one morning fair
 Heave away, haul away
 ‘Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair
 We’re bound for South Australia

•Haul away, you rolling kings
 Heave away, haul away
 Haul away, oh hear me sing
 We’re bound for South Australia

•I •rolled her up, •I rolled her down

Heave away, haul away

I rolled her round and round the town

We're bound for South Australia

•Haul away, you rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, oh hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

•There •ain't but one •thing grieves my mind

Heave away, haul away

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Australia

•Haul away, you roll•ing kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, oh hear me sing

We're •bound for South Australia

•Now •here I am in •a foreign land

Heave away, haul away

With a bottle of whisky in me hand

We're bound for South Australia

•Haul away, you rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, oh hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

Sweet Chariot

●117 / ●342 / ●565 D

●Swing ●low, sweet chari-o●-ot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chario-ot

Coming for to carry me home

•Well I •looked ov-er Jordan and
 what did I see-ee?

Coming for to •carry me home

A band of angels coming after m-e

Coming for to carry me home

•Swing •low, sweet chari-o•-ot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chario-ot

Coming for to carry me home

•Well if •you get to heaven be-fore I do-oo

Coming for to •carry me home

Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too-oo

Coming for to carry me home

•Swing •low, sweet chari-o•-ot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chario-ot

Coming for to carry me home

Sweet Nightingale

●117 / ●342 / ●565 D

My ●sweetheart come a-long

Don't you ●hear the sweet song

Of the ●beautiful nightingale flow

You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale

As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow

As she sings in the valley below

Pretty •Betsy don't fail, I will •carry your pail
 Straight •home to your cottage we'll go
 We will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

Pray •leave me alone, I have •hands of my own
 And a•long with you sir I'll not go
 For to hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

Pray •sit yourself down with •me on the ground
 On the •banks where the primros-es grow
 You will hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
 As she sings in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 As she sings in the valley below

The two •lovers a-greed to be •married with speed
 A-nd •straight to the church they did go
 Now no more she's afraid to go down in the shade
 Or to walk in the valley belo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
 Or to walk in the valley below

Take This Hammer

●117 / ●342 / ●565 D

- Take this ●hammer carry it to the Captain
 Take this hammer carry it to the Captain
 Take ●this hammer carry it to the Ca-ap-tain
 You can tell him that I'm gone Lord
 you can tell him I'm go-ne
- If he ●asks you was I running
 If he ask you was I running
 If ●he ask you was I ru-un-ning
 You can tell him I was flying Lord
 You can tell him I was flying

• If he asks you was I laughin'

If he ask you was I laughin'

If he ask you was I la-augh-in'

You can tell him I was crying Lord

You can tell him I was crying

• I don't want no cold ir-on shackles

I don't want no cold ir-on shackles

I don't want no cold ir-on sha-ack-les

'cause they hurts my feet Lord

'cause they hurts my fe-et

• I don't want no cornbread and mo-lasses

I don't want no cornbread and mo-lasses

I don't want no cornbread and mo-las-ses

'cause they hurts my pride Lord

'cause they hurts my pri-de

• Swing this hammer it looks like silver

Swing this hammer it looks like silver

Swing this hammer it looks like si-il-ver

But it feels like lead Lord it feels like le-ad

Thousands Or More

●117 / ●342 / ●565((5)) D

●The ●time ●passes o-o-ver more cheerful and gay
 Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows a-way
 Sorro-((ws)) a-((a))way, so-rrows a-way
 Sorro-ow-s a-awa-aa-ay
 Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows a-way

●Bright ●Phoe●be a-wa-a-akes so high up in the sky
 With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkl-ing eye
 Sparka((-a))li((-ng)) eye, sparkaling eye,
 sparka-ll-i-ng e-e-ye
 With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkl-ing eye

●If you ●ask ●for my cre-e-dit you'll find I have none
 With my bottle and friend you will find me at home
 Find me((-e)) a((-at)) home,
 find me at home, find m-e a-t ho-me
 With my bottle and friend you will fi-nd me at home

●Al-though ●I'm not ri-ch and al-though I'm not poor
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more
 Thousa-ands o-or more, thousands or more
 thousa((-ands)) o-((or)) mo-re
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more

*((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are in purple team (5/5/6) in which case sing your black note (5) (optional)

Tom Bowling

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) A

•Here a sheer hulk lies •poor Tom Bo•wl-ing
 The darling of our ((cre))-w
 No more he'll hear the tempest ho-wl-ing
 For death has broached him to
 His form was of the m-anliest beauty
 His ((heart was)) kind and ((so))ft
 Faithful be-low he did his d-u-ty
 But now he's gone a-loft
 But now he's go-ne a-a-loft

•Tom never from his •word depa•-r-ted
 His virtues were s-o ((ra))re
 His friends were many and true-he-arterd
 His Poll was kind and fair
 Ah then he'd sing so bli-the a-nd j-ol-ly
 A-((many's the)) time and ((of))-ft
 But mirth has changed to melancho-ly
 Now Tom has gone a-loft
 Now Tom has go-ne a-a-loft

•Yet shall poor Tom find •pleasant we•-a-ther
 When he who all com((man))ds
 Shall give to call life's crew toge-ether
 The word to pipe all hands
 Thus Death, who kings and ta-rs di-i-sp-a-tches
 In ((vain Tom's)) life has ((doff))ed
 For though his body's under ha-tches
 His soul is gone a-loft
 His soul is go-ne a-a-loft

*((word)) means sing your **black** note unless you are in purple team (5/5/6) in
 which case sing your blue note (6) (optional)

Two Brethren

●117 / ●342 / ●565 E

Come ●all jolly ploughmen and help me to sing

I will sing in the ●praise of ●you all

If a man he don't labour how can he get bread

I will sing and make me-er-ry with all

It was ●of two young brethren, two young brethren bold

It was of two young ●breth●ren bold

One he was a shepherd and a tender of sheep

The other a planter of corn

We will •rile it we will tile it through mud
and through clay

We will plough it up •deeper •and low

Then after comes the seedsman his corn for to sow

And the harrows to ra-ake it in rows

There is •April, there is May, there is June and July

What a pleasure it •is for to see the •corn grow

In August we will reap it, we will cut, sheaf and bind it

And go down with our scy-thes for to mow

And •after we've reaped it of every sheaf
And have gathered of •e-very ear
With a drop of good beer, boys
and our hearts full of cheer
We will wish them an-o-ther good year

Our •barns they are full and our fields they are clear
Good health to our •master •and friends
We will make no more to do
but we'll plough and we'll sow
And prepare for the ve-e-ry next year

The Water Is Wide

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) E

•The •water is •wide I cannot get o'er
 And neither ((have)) I-I wings to fly
 Give me a boat that will car-ry ((two))
 And both shall row my love and I

•Oh, •down in the •meadows the o-ther day
 A-gather~~ing~~ ((flowers)) bo-th fine and gay
 A-gather~~ing~~ flowers both red an-d ((blue))
 I lit-tle thought what love can do

- I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the ((swee-te-st)) flower to find
I pricked my fin-ger to the ((bone))
And left the sweetest flower a-lone
- I leaned my back up a-gainst an oak
Thinking that ((he)) was a trus-ty tree
But first he ben-ded and then he ((broke))
And so did my false love to me

•A •ship there •is and she sails the sea
 She's loa-ded ((deep)) a-s deep can be
 But not so deep as the love I'm ((in))
 I know not if I can sink or swim

•Oh, •love is •handsome and love is fine
 And love's a ((jewel)) whi-le it is new
 But when it's old, it soon grows ((cold))
 And fades a-way like morning dew

*((word)) means sing your black note unless you are in purple team (5/6/5) in which case sing your blue note (6). Optional.

A Week Before Easter

●117 / ●342((2)) / ●565 D

Now a ●week before Eas●ter the morn bright and clear
 Th-e ●sun it shone brightly and ke-en blew the air
 I went to the forest to gather ((fine)) flowers
 But the for((est)) would yield me no ro-ses

The ●roses are red the leaves they are green
 Th-e ●bushes and bri-i-ars are fair to be ●seen
 Where the small birds are singing and changing ((their)) notes
 Down a-mong ((the)) wild beasts of the forest

Now the first time I saw my love she was dressed all in white
My eyes filled with te-a-rs that dazzled my sight
When I thought to myself that I might have been ((that)) man
But she's left ((me)) and gone with a-nother

Now the next time I saw my love she was in the church stand
With a ring on her fi-n-ger white gloves on her hands
So now she's gone from me and showed me ((false)) play
She's gone ((and got tied to some o-ther

The men of the forest they all ask of me
Ho-w ma-ny strawber-r-ies grow in the salt sea?
But I'll ask them back with a tear in ((my)) eye
How ma((ny)) ships sail in the forest?

So •dig me a grave both long, wide and deep
A-nd •strew it all o-o-ver with roses so •sweet
That I might lay down there and take a ((long)) sleep
And that's ((the)) best way to forget her

Westlin Winds

●117 / ●342 / ●565 E

•Now •west•lin winds and slaughter-ing guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather
 The moorcock springs o-n whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather
 Now waving grain wild o'er the plain
 Delights the weary farmer
 And the moon shines bright as I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer

•The •part•ridge loves the fruitful fells
The plover loves the mountain
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells
The soaring hern the fountain
Through lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush
The spreading thorn the linnet

• Thus every kind their pleasure find
 The savage and the tender
 Some social join and leagues combine
 Some solitary wander
 Avaunt! Away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry
 The fluttering gory pinion

•But •Peggy dear the evening's clear
Thick flies the skimming swallow
The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading green to yellow
Come let us stray our gladsome way
And view the charms of nature
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn
And every happy creature

•We'll •gen•tly walk and sweetly talk
Till the silent moon shines clearly
I'll grasp thy waist and, fondly pressed,
Swear how I love thee dearly
Not vernal showers to budding flowers
Not autumn to the farmer
So dear can be as thou to me
My fair, my lovely charmer

White Cockade

●117 / ●342 / ●565((5)) D

It's ●true ●my ●love's enli-is-ted

And he wears the white cockade

He is a handsome yo-ung man likewise a roving blade

He is a handsome yo-((ung)) man most right to ((serve)) the King

Oh my very - Oh m-y very - Oh my very - Oh my very

Heart is breaking all for the loss of him

As I walked out this mo-or-ning as I rambled over yon moss

I had no thought of 'li-is-ting till a soldier did me cross

He kindly did inv-((ite)) me to take a ((flow))-ing bowl

He ad-vanc-ed - He a-ad-vanc-ed

He ad-vanc-ed - He ad-vanc-ed

Me the money, two guineas and a crown

My love is tall and ha-nd-some and comely for to see

But by a sad misfor-or-tune a soldier now is he

May the man that first enli((sted)) him not prosper ((night)) or day

How I wish that - How I wish that

How I wish that - How I wish that

He might perish all in the foa-ming spray

Oh may he never prosper and may he never thrive
 In all he puts his hand upon as long as he's alive
 May the very ground he treads ((up)) on the grass re((fuse)) to grow
 Since he has been the - Since he has been the
 Since he has been the - Since he has been the
 Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing eye
 Wipe up, wipe up them flowing tears
 Likewise those mournful sighs
 And be you of good courage love till I re((turn)) a-gain
 You and I love - you and I love
 You and I love - you and I love
 Will be married when I re-turn a-gain

Wild Mountain Thyme

●117 / ●342 / ●565((6)) D

●Oh the ●Summer-time has come
 ●And the trees are sweetly blooming
 And the wild mountain ((thyme))
Grows a-round the **blooming** heather

●Will ye ●go lassie go?
 ●And we'll all go to-gether
 To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
All a-round the **blooming** heather
 Will ye **go** lassie go?

• I will • build my love a bower
• By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will ((plant))
All the flow-ers of the mountain

• Will ye • go lassie go?
• And we'll all go to-gether
To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
All a-round the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go?

•And if my •true love she won't come
•I will surely find a-nother
To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
All a-round the blooming heather

•Will ye •go lassie go?
•And we'll all go to-gether
To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
All a-round the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go?

• I will • build my love a shelter
• On yon high mountain green
And my love shall be ((fairest))
That the sum-mer sun has seen

• Will ye • go lassie go?
• And we'll all go to-gether
To pull wild mountain ((thyme))
All a-round the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go?