



## Amazing Grace

•117((7)) / •342 / •565 D

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) (optional)

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## Angel Band

•117 / •342 / •565 E

My •latest •sun is sinking fast  
My race is •nearly run  
My strongest trials now are past  
My triumph is begun

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

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

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

## Auld Lang Syne

•117 / •342 / •565 D

Should •old acquaint•tance 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

We •two have run •a-bout the hills  
 A-nd picked the dai•sies fine  
 We've wandered ma-ny a weary foot  
 Si-nce 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

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

## 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

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

I •wan•dered 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."

## A Blacksmith Courted Me

•117 / •342 / •565((6)) Bb

Oh a •blacksmith 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-ge •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-O, Bold Ri-ley  
 And the northern wind, it blows so str-ong  
 Bold Riley-O has gone away

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

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

Well •come •on Mary, don't look •gl-um  
 Bold Riley-O, Bold Ri-ley  
 Come White-stocking Day you'll be drinking ru-m  
 Bold Riley-O has gone away

We're •outward •bound for the Bengal •Ba-y  
 Bold Riley-O, Bold Ri-ley  
 Get bending me lads, it's a hell-of-a-wa-y  
 Bold Riley-O 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 is •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

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

O broth•ers, •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

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

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

O sinn•ers •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) (optional)

## 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

•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

•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

## 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

•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

•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

•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



## 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 beau•ty  
 and mu-sic 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

•There's a •pale drooping mai-•den  
 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

## 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 every•where  
 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

•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

## 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 Barley•corn  
 Ho John Barley•corn  
 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 Barley•corn  
 Ho John Barley•corn  
 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 Barleycorn

\*((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-light•ful one midsummer's morn  
 And the fields and th-e meadows were all ((covered in)) corn  
 And the thrushes and songbirds sang ((on)) every gre-en spray  
 And the larks they sang melod-i-ous at the dawning of the day  
 And the larks they sang melodious  
 And the larks they ((sang)) melo-di-ous  
 And the larks they sang me-lo-di-ous ((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

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

## 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

(Repeat last two lines of verse)

•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

•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

•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

•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

## 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

•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

•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

## Linden Lea

117 / 342 / 565(5) D

With in the woodlands flowery gladed  
 By the ((oak trees' mossy) moot  
 The shining grass blades timber shaded  
 ((Now do quiver under) foot  
 And birds do whistle overhead  
 And water's bubbling in its bed  
 And there for me the apple tree  
 Do lean down ((low in Lin) den Lea

When leaves that lately 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 overhead  
 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 peevish 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

•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

•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

•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

## 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

•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

\*((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

•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

•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

## 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 grove •I sat myself down  
 And the song of the nightingale echoed all around  
 Their song was so charming their notes were so clear  
 No music, no songster  
 No music, no songster  
 No ((music)) no songster with them can compare

•All •you that come here •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 say  
 That you never heard so sweet  
 You never heard so sweet  
 You ((never heard)) so sweet as the birds on 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

O-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 note (3) (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-lendale

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

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

## 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 **Sha**•llow **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

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

# 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-o-own  
 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

## South Australia

•117 / •342 / •565 A

In •South Austra•lia I was •born  
 Heave away, haul away  
 In South Australia around Cape Horn  
 We're bound for South Austra-lia

•Haul away you roll•ing 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 Austra-lia

•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 Austra-lia

•There •ain't but one •thing grieves my mind  
 Heave away, haul away  
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind  
 We're bound for South Austra-lia

•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 Austra-lia

## 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

•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

•Well if •I get to heaven be-fore you do-oo  
 Coming for to •carry me home  
 I'll cut a hole and I'll pull you throu-gh  
 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-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-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-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-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-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•-rted  
 His virtues were s-o ((ra))re  
 His friends were many and true-he-arted  
 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-ver•y 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-gathering ((flowers)) bo-th fine and gay

A-gathering 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 Easter 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  
 M-y •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 •eve•ry 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 •Pe•ggy 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

## 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

•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

•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

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

Amazing Grace • Angel Band  
Auld Lang Syne • Banks of the Ohio  
A Blacksmith Courted Me • Bold Riley  
Country Life • Danny Boy • Down By the Salley  
Gardens • Down In The River To Pray  
Farmer's Boy • Fathom The Bowl  
Grey Goose and Gander • Hanging on the Old Barbed  
Wire • Happy Birthday • Hard Times  
Jamaican Farewell • John Barleycorn  
The Larks They Sang Melodious • Leave Her Johnny  
Leaving of Liverpool • Linden Lea  
Mary Don't You Weep • May The Circle Be Unbroken  
Midnight Special • One May Morning Early  
The Parting Glass • Rose of Allendale  
The Seeds of Love • Shallow Brown • Silent Night  
Sloop John B • South Australia • Sweet Chariot  
Sweet Nightingale • Take This Hammer  
Thousands or More • Tom Bowling • Two Brethren  
The Water is Wide • A Week Before Easter  
Westlin Winds • Wild Mountain Thyme