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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

The Auld Triangle

•117 / •342 / •565 E

•A hungry fee•ling, came o'•er me stealing
And the mice they were squealing in my prison cell
And the auld triangle it went jingle jangle
All a-long the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

•Oh to start the morn•ing, the w•ar-der bawling
Get up out of bed you and clean out your cell
And the auld triangle it went jingle jangle
All along the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

•Oh the screw was pee•ping, and the la•g was sleeping
As he lay weeping for his girl Sal
And the auld triangle it went jingle jangle
All along the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

•On a fine spring eve•ning, the la•g lay dreaming
And the seagulls were wheeling high above the wall
And the auld triangle it went jingle jangle
All along the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

•Oh the wind was sigh•ing, and the da•y was dying
As the lag lay crying in his prison cell
And the auld triangle it went jingle jangle
All along the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

•In the women's pri•son, there are se•ven-ty women
And among them I wish could dwell
And that auld triangle could go jingle jangle
All along the ba-nks of the Royal Canal

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 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 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 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."

Blow the Man Down

• 117 / • 342 / • 565 D

Oh! • Blow the man • down • bullies

Blow the man down!

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

Oh! Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away

Gimme me some time to blow the man down

As • I was a-•walk•ing down Paradise Street

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

A saucy young damsel I happened to meet

Gimme me some time to blow the man down

I • says to her “•Pol•ly, and how do you do?”

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

She says “None the better for seeing of you”

Gimme me some time to blow the man down

Oh! • We’ll blow the man • up • and we’ll

Blow the man down

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

We’ll blow him away into Liverpool Town

Gimme me some time to blow the man down

Blowin' in the Wind

• 117 / • 342 / • 565((6)) C

• How many roads must a man • wa-lk • down

Before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove sail

Before she sleeps in the sand?

How many times must the cannon balls fly

Before they're forever banned?

The answer • my friend is blowin' in the • ((wind))

The answer is blowin' in the wind

• How many times can a man • lo-ok • up

Before he can see the sky?

How many ears must one man have

Before he can hear • people cry?

How many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer • my friend is blowin' in the • ((wind))

The answer is blowin' in the wind

• How many years can a moun•tain ex•ist

Before it is washed to the sea?

How many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head

Pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer • my friend is blowin' in the • ((wind))

The answer is blowin' in the wind

*((word)) means sing your black note unless you are singing the purple cluster (5/5/6) in which case sing the 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 darling, goodbye my **dear-0**

Bold Riley-0 has **gone away**

The •anchor's •weighed and the **rags we've all** •se-t

Bold Riley-0, **Bold Ri-ley**

Them Liverpool judies we'll **never forge-t**

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 **drinkin'** ru-m

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**

Careless Love

● 117 / ● 342 / ● 565 D

● Love ● oh love ● oh careless love
Love oh love oh careless love
Love oh love oh careless love
Can't you see what careless love can do

● Sor-● row sor● row to my heart
Sor-row sorrow to my heart
Sor-row sorrow to my heart
That my true love and I must part

● When ● my ap● ron strings did bow
When my apron strings did bow
When my apron strings did bow
You followed me through sleet and through snow

● Now ● my ap● ron strings won't pin
Now my apron strings won't pin
Now my apron strings won't pin
You pass my door and won't come in

● Cried ● last night ● and the night before
Cried last night and the night before
Cried last night and the night before
Gonna cry tonight and never no more

● Love ● my momma ● and my poppa too
Love my momma and my pop-pa too
Love my momma and my poppa too
But I'd leave them both to go with you

● How ● I wish ● that train would come
How I wish that train would come
How I wish that train would come
And take me back to where I come from

Repeat verse 1

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

In •autumn when •the oak trees •turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow a-way
And go 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

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

Dark as a Dungeon

• 117 / • 342 / • 565 A

Come •all you young •fell•ows so brave and so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till the streams of your blood run as black as the coal

For it's dark as a dungeon
And •dark as the •dew
Where the dangers are double
And the pleasures are few
Where the rain never •falls
And the sun never shines
It's as dark as a dungeon way down in the mine

There's •many a •man •I have known in my day
Who has lived just to labour his whole life a-way
Like the fiend for his dope or the drunk-ard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine

The •morning, the •even•ing, the middle of the day
They're the same to the miner who labours a-way
And the one who's not careful will ne-ver survive
One fall of the slate and you're buried a-live

I •hope when I •die •and the ag-es shall roll
That my body will blacken, and turn into coal
As I look from the door of my heav-enly home
I'll pity the miner a slave to my bones

Deep Blue Sea

• 117 / • 342 / • 565 D

•Deep blue sea Willie, •deep blue •sea
Deep blue sea Willie, deep blue sea
Deep blue sea Willie, deep blue sea
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

•Dig his grave with a •silver •spade
Dig his grave with a silver spade
Dig his grave with a silver spade
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

•Sew his shroud with a •silken •thread
Sew his shroud with a silk-en thread
Sew his shroud with a silken thread
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

•Lower him down on a •golden •chain
Lower him down on a gol-den chain
Lower him down on a golden chain
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

•Deep blue sea Willie, •deep blue •sea
Deep blue sea Willie, deep blue sea
Deep blue sea Willie, deep blue sea
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

The Digger's Song (World Turned Upside Down)

• 117 / • 342 / • 565 D

• In • sixteen • forty-nine to St. George's Hill,
A ragged band they called the Diggers
Came to show the people's will
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws
They were the dispossessed re-claiming what was theirs

• We • come in • peace they said to dig and sow
We come to work the land in common
And to make the waste lands grow
This earth di-vided, we will make whole
So it will be a common treasury for all

• The • sin of • property we do dis-dain
No man has any right to buy and sell
The earth for private gain
By theft and murder they took the land
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command

• They • make the • laws to chain us well
The clergy dazzle us with heaven
Or they damn us into hell
We will not worship the god they serve
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve

• We • work we • eat together, we need no swords
We will not bow to the masters
Or pay rent to the lords
We are free men though we are poor
You Diggers all stand up for glory stand up now

Down Where the Drunkards Roll

•117 / •342 / •565 D

•See the boys out walking the boys they look so •fine
Dressed up in green velvet, their silver buckles •shine
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed under a keg of wine

Down •where the drunkards •roll

Down where the drunkards roll

•See that lover standing staring at the •ground
He's looking for the real thing, lies were all he •found
But you can get the real thing, it will only cost a pound

Down •where the drunkards •roll

Down where the drunkards roll

There goes a troubled woman, she dreams a troubled •dream
She lives out on the highway, she keeps her money •clean
Soon she'll be returning to the place where she's the queen

Down •where the drunkards •roll

Down where the drunkards roll

You can be a gambler who never drew a •hand
You can be a sailor never left dry •land
You can be Lord Jesus, all the world will understand

Down •where the drunkards •roll

Down where the drunkards roll

Richard Thompson

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 disturb me •as I sits at my ease
For she says as she likes and she does as she please
My wife she is a de-vil, heart's black as the co-al
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

(Optional alternative verse):

•My •wife she do delight me •as I sits at my ease
For she says as she likes and she does as she please
She is a modern wo-man, she's a wild and free so-ul
Bring me the punch ladle I'll fath-om the bowl

Fiddler's Green

117 / 342(3) / 565 D

As I roved by the dockside one evening so ((rare))
To view the still water and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh take me a-way boys, me time is not long

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates
I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

Now Fid-dl-ers Green is a place I've heard ((tell))
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far a-way

Now the sky's al-ways clear and there's never a ((gale))
And the fish jump on board with a swish of their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's be-low making tea for the crew

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is ((through))
There's pubs and there's parks and there's lass-es there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it flows free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

No I don't need a harp nor a halo, not ((me))
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

John Conolly

* ((word)) means sing your blue note unless you are singing the cluster (3/4/2) in which case sing the black note (3). Optional.

Grey Funnel Line

•117 / •342 / •565 D

Don't •mind the •rain •or the rolling sea
The weary night never worries **me**
But the hardest time in a sailor's **day**
Is to watch the sun as it dies a-way
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel **Line**

The •finest •ship •that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of **me**
But give me wings like Noah's **dove**
I'd fly up harbour to the **girl I love**
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel **Line**

Oh •Lord if •dreams •were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden **wheel**
And with all my heart I'd turn her **round**
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel **Line**

I'll •pass the •time •like some machine
Until blue water turns to **green**
Then I'll dance on down that walk a-**shore**
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more
And sail the Grey Funnel Line **no more**

Cyril Tawney

Hal and Tow

•117 / •342 / •565 D

•Take no scorn •to wear the •horn
It was the crisp when you were born
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too

•Hal and •Tow, jolly •rumbelow
We were up long before the day-oh
To welcome in the summer
To welcome in the May-oh
For summer is a coming in
And winter's gone a-way-oh

•What happened to •the Spaniards
That made •so great a boast-oh
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-oh

•Robin Hood •and Little John
Have all •come to the Fair-oh
And we will to the merry greenwood
To hunt the buck and hare-oh

•God bless St Ma•ry, Mos-es
And all •the poor and mite-oh
And send us peace to England
Send peace by day and night-oh

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

Hard Times

117 / 342 / 565 Bb

Let us pause in life's pleasures
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 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

Home Boys Home

117 / 342 / 565 / 115 D

Who wouldn't be a sailor boy a-sailing on the main?
To gain the good will of his captain is to blame
For he went a-shore now one evening for to be
And that was the beginning of the whole calami-ty

And it's home, boys, home
Home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own coun-try
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-blooming freely in the north coun-try

Now I asked her for a handkerchief to tie around me head
And likewise for a candle for to light me up to bed
She tended to me needs just like a young maid ought to do
So then I says to her, Why don't you jump in with me too?

Oh she jumped into bed now taking no a-larm
Thinking a young sailor lad to her could do no harm
I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long
Until she wished the short night had been seven years long

Oh well early next morning the sailor lad a-rose
And into Mary's apron poured a pocket full of gold
Saying "Take this my dear for the mischief I have done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son"

Now if it be a girl child we'll send her out to nurse
With silver in her pocket and gold in her purse
And if it be a boy child, give him the jacket blue,
And send him up the rigging like his daddy used to do

Come listen all you fair maids take this advice from me
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
And he left me with a pair of twins to dandle on me knee

I Don't Want Your Millions Mister

•117 / •342 / •565 Bb

•I •don't want •your millions, Mister
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live, Mister
Give me back my job a-gain

•I •don't want •your Rolls Royce, Mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want is food for my babies
Give to me my old job back

We •worked •to build •this country, Mister
While you en-joyed a life of ease
You've stolen all that we built, Mister
Now our children starve and freeze

•Think •me dumb •if you wish, Mister
Call me green or blue or red
This one thing I know for sure, Mister
My hungry children must be fed

•Take •the two •opposing parties
No difference in them I can see
But with a Farmer Labour party
We could set the people free

Irene

117 / 342 / 565 F

•Ir-ene, good night Ir-ene
Irene, good night
•Good night Irene, goodnight Irene
I kiss you in my dreams

I •asked your mother for you
She told me you •was too young
I wish to the Lord I'd never seen your face
I'm •sorry you ever was born

Last •Saturday night I got married
Me and my •wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
Gonna •take me a stroll up-town

You •caused me to weep, you caused me to •mourn
You caused me to •leave my home
But the very last words I heard her say
Were please sing me one more song

Stop •rambling and stop gambling
Quit staying out •late at night
Go home to your wife and your family
Sit •down by the fireside bright

I •love Irene, God knows I •do
I love her 'til the •sea runs dry
If Irene turns her back on me
I'm gonna take morphine and die

Some•times I live in the country
Sometimes I •live in the town
Sometimes I have a great notion
To •jump in the river and drown

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
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

Jock Stewart

•117 / •342 / •565 Bb

•M-y •name •is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man
And a rambling young fellow I've be-en
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

•I've got •a-•cres of land, I have men to command
And I've always a shilling to spa-re
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

•So come •fill •up your glasses with brandy or wine
And whatever the cost I will pa-y
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

•I •take •out my dog and with him I do shoot
All down by the River Kilda-re
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

John Ball

•117 / •342 / •565 F

•Who'll •be the •lady who will be the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one another
Who'll be the lady who will be the lord
In the light that is coming in the mor-ning

Sing John Ball •and tell it to them all
Long live the day that is dawning
And I'll crow •like a •cock
I'll carol like a lark
For the light that is coming in the mor-ning

•Eve •is the •lady, Adam is the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one another
Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
In the light that is coming in the mor-ning

•All •shall be •ruled by fellowship I say
All shall be ruled by the love of one another
All shall be ruled by fellowship I say
In the light that is coming in the mor-ning

•Lab-•our and •spin for fellowship I say
Labour and spin for the love of one another
Labour and spin for fellowship I say
In the light that is coming in the mor-ning

Sydney Carter

John Kanakanaka

117 / 342 / 565 Bb

I thought I heard the old man say

John kanaka naka tura yay

Today it is a hol-i-day

John kanaka naka tura yay

Tu-ra yay oh tura yay

John kanaka naka tura yay

We'll work tomorrow, but not to-day

John kanaka naka tura yay

We'll work tomorrow, but not to-day

John kanaka naka tura yay

We're bound away from Fris-co bay

John kanaka naka tura yay

We're bound away at the break of day

John kanaka naka tura yay

We're bound away a-round Cape Horn

John kanaka naka tura yay

We wish to Christ we'd never been born

John kanaka naka tura yay

Haul away, oh haul a-way

John kanaka naka tura yay

Oh haul away and earn your pay

John kanaka naka tura yay

Jug of Punch

117 / 342 / 565 D

As I was sitting with a jug and spoon
One fine morning in the month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch

Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo
Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to court a maid by an ale house fire?
With Kerry Pippin to crack and crunch
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

The learned doctors with all their art
Cannot cure depression that's on the heart
Even the glutton forgets his lunch
When he's safe outside with a jug of punch

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No-o costly tombstone will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

The Keeper

117 / 342 / 565 A

The Keeper did a-hunting go
And under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot at a merry little doe
A-mong the leaves so green-o

Jackie Boy! (Master!)
Sing ye well? (Very Well!)
Hey down! (Ho down!)
Der-ry der-ry down
A-mong the leaves so green-o
To my hey down down
(To my ho down down)
Hey down (Ho down)
Der-ry der-ry down
A-mong the leaves so green-o

The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe went where nobody wist
The third doe went where no-body wist
A-mong the leaves so green-o

The forth doe she ran over the plain
The keeper fetched her back a-gain
Where she is now she may remain
A-mong the leaves so green-o

The fifth doe she did cross the brook
The keeper fetched her back with his crook
Where she is now you may go and look
A-mong the leaves so green-o

The sixth doe she ran over the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her a-gain
It is there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
A-mong the leaves so green-o

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-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

*((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

•And a •dollar a day is a Jack-shite's pay
Leave her Johnny leave •her
When it's pump all night and work all day
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 the 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

A Lesson Too Late for the Learning

117 / 342 / 565 A

•It's a •lesson too •late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my heart is turning
In your hand, in your hand

Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

•As we •walk all my •thoughts are a-tumbling
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling
Underground, underground

•As I •lie in my •bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Every song in my heart dies a-borning
Without you, without you

•You have •reasons a-plenty for going,
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing,
Please don't go, please don't go

Martin Said to His Man

117 / 342 / 565 E

•Martin said •to his man, “Fie, •man, fie”

Martin said to his man, “Who’s the fool now?”

Mar-tin said to his man, “Fill thou the cup and I the can”

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the man •in the moon, fie, •man fie

I saw the man in the moon, who’s the fool now?

I saw the man in the moon, sliding down St Peter’s shoen

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the mouse •chase the cat, “Fie, •man, fie”

I saw the mouse chase the cat, who’s the fool now?

I saw the mouse chase the cat and saw the cheese eat the rat

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the maid •milk the bull, “Fie, •man, fie”

I saw the maid milk the bull, who’s the fool now?

I saw the maid milk the bull, every stroke a bucketful

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the hare •chase the hounds, “Fie, •man, fie”

I saw the hare chase the hounds, who’s the fool now?

I saw the hare chase the hounds, forty miles a-bove the ground

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the flea •heave a tree, “Fie, •man, fie”

I saw the flea heave a tree, who’s the fool now?

I saw the flea heave a tree, forty leagues a-cross the sea

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

•I saw the sheep •shearing corn, “Fie, •man, fie”

I saw the sheep shearing corn, who’s the fool now?

I saw the sheep shear-ing corn, and saw the cuckold blow his horn

Thou hast well drunken man Who’s the fool now?

Mary Don't You Weep

•117 / •342 / •565 / •115 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 on each link **was Je-sus'** •name 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

•Moses **stood** on the Red **Sea shore**
Shooting the water **with a two-by-**•four 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)

Mercedes-Benz

117 / 342 / 565 C

•Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz?
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz?

•Oh Lord, won't you buy me a colour T-V-ee?
Dialing for Dollars is trying to find me
I'll wait for delivery each day until three
O Lord, won't you buy me a colour T-V?

•Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?
I'm countin' on you, Lord, please don't let me down
Prove that you love me and buy the next round
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?

•Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz?
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz?

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

Mingulay Boat Song

117 / 342 / 565 D

•What care •we though white •the Mi-nch is
What care we for wi-nd or weather
Let her go, boys! Every i-nch is
We-ea-ving home, home to Mi-ing-u-lay

•Heel yer •ho boys, let •her g-o, boys
Br-ing her head round, now a-ll togeth-er
Heel yer ho boys, let her g-o, boys
Sa-il-ing home, home to Mi-in-gu-lay

•Wives are •waiting on •the bank
Or looking seaward from the hea-ther
Pull her round, boys!
And we'll a-n-chor Ere the sun set at Mi-ing-u-lay

Pace Egging Song

117 / 342 / 565 D

Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
We are come a pace egging and I hope you'll prove kind
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you un-til the next year

And the first to come in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
And I hope he re-members it's pace egging time

And the next to come in, it is Lord Collingwood
And he fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood
And he's come from the sea, Old England to view
And he's come a pace-egging with all of his crew

And the last to come in is old Toss Pot you'll see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pig tail
And his only delight is a-drinking mulled ale

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
If you give nowt we'll take nowt, farewell and goodnight

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 company
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•rades 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))

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 singing the green cluster (3/2/4) in which case sing the black 3 note (optional)

Shallow Brown

117 / 342 / 565 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
Oh, 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

Shawneetown

117 / 342 / 565 Bb

•Well •some rows up, but •we floats down
Way down the Oh-io to Shawne-ee-town
And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-hi-i-o

•Now the current's got •her and we'll take up the slack
We'll float her down •to Shawneetown
And we'll bushwack her back
And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-hi-i-o

•Whisky's in the jar, •boys, the •wheat is in the sack
We'll trade 'em down to Shawneetown
And we'll bring the rock salt back
And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-hi-i-o

I've •got a wife in Louis•ville and one •in New Or-leans
When I get to Shawneetown
Gonna see my Indian queen
And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-hi-i-o

•Water's mighty warm, •boys, the •air is cold and dank
And that cursed fog It gets so thick
You cannot see the bank
And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-hi-i-o

Shenandoah

117 / 342 / 565 / 115 C

•Oh •Shenandoah, I •long to hear you
A-a-way you roll-ing river
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
A-way we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missou-ri

•The •white man loved the •Indian maiden
A-a-way you roll-ing river
With notions his canoe was la-den
A-way we're bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missou-ri

•Oh •Shenandoah, I •love your daughter
A-a-way you roll-ing river
I'll take her 'cross the rolling wa-ter
A-way we're bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missou-ri

•Oh •Shenandoah, I •took a no-tion
A-a-way you roll-ing river
To sail across the stormy o-cean
A-way we're bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missou-ri

•'Tis •seven long years since •last I saw her
A-*a-way* you *roll-ing* river
'Tis seven long years the love I've borne her
A-*way we're* bound to go,
'Cross *the* wide *Missou-ri*

•He •sold the chief the •fi-re water
A-*a-way* you *roll-ing* river
And 'cross the riv-er stole his daughter
A-*way we're* bound to go,
'Cross *the* wide *Missou-ri*

•Oh •Shenandoah, I'm •bound to leave you
A-*a-way* you *roll-ing* river
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
A-*way we're* bound to go,
'Cross *the* wide *Missou-ri*

•She •went away and •took a-no-ther
A-*a-way* you *roll-ing* river
She went away, forsook her lo-ver
A-*way we're* bound to go,
'Cross *the* wide *Missou-ri*

Shoals of Herring

117 / 342 / 565 A

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth Harbour I was faring
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring

Oh the work was hard, and the hours were long
And the treatment, sure it took some bearing
There was little kindness, and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

Oh, we've fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June
And for Canny Shields we soon was faring
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear, and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your dai-ly bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
While you're following the shoals of herring

Oh, I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring

Sloop John B

117 / 342 / 565 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 ashore, let me go home
Please let me alone,
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 Johnstone please let me a-lo-oh-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 Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia 'round 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

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

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

And as we wallop a-round Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born
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

Stanley and Dora

117 / 342 / 565 Bb

Stanley and Dora was lovers
They met down the Tottenham Court Road
A whoopin' it up at the Palais
Where the ice cream fountains flowed
He was her man, a Lonny Donegan fan

Now Dora worked at the Dominion
The best usherette in the flicks
She sold Stan a tic-ket for one and nine
Wot did oughta cost four and six
He left his cosh in his ma-ckintosh

Well Dora was swiftly promoted
To the circle she rose in a dream
When who should she see but young Stanley
Wiv the chick wot sold ice-cream
He'd chucked her up for a Walls' Ice Cup

But justice came soon to poor Dora
For Stan and his Walls' ice cream
They both was killed in the rush for the exit
When they played God Save the Queen
God save our Stan, the on-ly o-ne wot can

Stealin'

117 / 342 / 565 / 115 E

•Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun
You know •I love you Mama, like your easy rider done
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

•'Cause I'm •stealin, •stealin
Pretty mama don't you tell on me
'Cause I'm stealin back to my same old used to be

The •woman I love, she's my size and height
She's a married •woman, so you know she treats me right
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

The •woman I love, she's so far away
But the woman I •hate, why I see her every day
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

•Come a little closer honey to my breast
And tell me that •I'm the one you really love the best
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

Gus Cannon

Sweet Chariot

117 / 342 / 565 D

•Swing •low, sweet chari-o•-t
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

Take This Hammer

117 / 342 / 565 / 115 D

•Take this •hammer, carry it to the Captain
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
Take •this hammer, carry it to the Captain
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 running
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 laughin'
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-ckles
'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 sil-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)

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-against 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.

The Whistling Gypsy Rover

117 / 342 / 565 E

•The gyp-•sy ro-•ver came over the hill
Down through the val-ley so sha-dy
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a la-a-a-dy

•Ah •de doo, •ah de doo dah day
Ah de doo, ah de day-o
And he whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a la-a-a-dy

•She left •her fath-•er's castle great
Left her own fond lo-ver
Left her servants and her state
To follow the gypsy ro-o-over

•Her fa•ther sad-•dled his fastest steed
And searched his val-leys all ov-er
Seeking his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy ro-o-over

•At last •he came •to the castle gate
Along the ri-ver so sha-dy
And there was mu-sic and there was wine
For the gypsy and his la-a-a-dy

•He is •no gyp-•sy, my father, she said
But Lord of these la-nds all ov-er
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy ro-o-over

White Cockade

117 / 342 / 565 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 pros-per 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

O may he never pro-osp-er and may he ne-ver thrive

In all he puts his hand up-on as long as he's a-live

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 tak-en out his handkerchief

To wipe the flo-wing eye

Wipe up, wipe up them flo-wing tears

likewise those mourn-ful sighs

And be you of good cou-rage 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

•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.

Wild Rover

117 / 342 / 565 / 115 E

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
And now I'm re-turning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

*And it's no, nay, never
No nay ne-ver no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more*

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

I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "I have whisky, and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest"

I'll have none of your whisky nor fine Spanish wines
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine
There's others most willing will open the door
To a man coming home from a far distant shore

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

Worried Man

117 / 342 / 565 F

•It •takes a worried man to •sing a worried song oh Lord
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a wor-ried song
I'm worried now but I won't be wor-ried long

•I •swam across the river and •laid me down to sleep oh Lord
I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
When I woke, there were shackles on my feet

•Shackles on my feet and •twenty one links of chain
(oh there were)
Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of •chain
Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain
And every one i-nitiated with my name

•I •asked the judge, “oh •what’s gonna be my fine?” oh Lord
I asked the judge, “oh what’s gonna be my fine?”
I asked the judge, “oh what’s gonna be my fine?”
Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain Line

•The •train I ride is •twenty-one coaches long oh Lord
The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long

How to use Colourchord

“Singing the Colours”

- 1) The whole singing group should learn the melody of one song by ear. Recordings of the first verse of all the songs in the booklet are available at colourchord.org
- 2) Divide the groups into three “teams”: Orange Team, Green Team and Purple Team. Try to have at least one confident singer in each team. Note that green team has a *slightly* trickier part than the other two teams. From this point on the three teams follow slightly different instructions:

Amazing ● Grace how ● sweet the ● sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found

Orange Team

Sing the melody until you come to an orange dot ● The next note (in the song melody) after this dot is your black note AND your blue note. From this point on, sing that note until you come to a red word, at which point sing the note **BELOW**. You then return to the original note when the text turns black or blue again. So for example in Amazing Grace (sung in F) Orange Team would sing:

Melody

Green

wretch li - ke me I - once w - as lost but now am found

wretch li - ke me I - once was lost but now am found

Once you have started “singing the colours” you can stick with that till the end of the song. If you lose your note join in with the melody again until you meet another orange dot.

Green Team

Sing the melody until you come to a green dot ●. The next note (in the song melody) after this dot is your black note. From this point on, sing that note until you come to a red word at which point sing the note **BELOW** the original black note, or a blue word at which point you sing the note **ABOVE** the original black note. Return to the original note whenever the word is black. So for example in Amazing Grace (sung in F) Green Team would sing:

Melody

A - ma - zi - n - g Grace how sweet the sound tha - t saved a -

Green

A - ma - zi - n - g Grace how sweet the sound that saved a

6

wretch li - ke me I - once w - as lost but now am found

wretch li - ke me I - once was lost but now am found

Once you have started “singing the colours” you can stick with that till the end of the song. If you lose your note join in with the melody again until you meet another green dot.

Purple Team

Sing the melody until you come to a purple dot •. The next note (in the song melody) after this dot is your black note AND your red note. From this point on, sing that note until you come to a blue word at which point sing the note ABOVE the original black note. Return to the original note whenever the word is black or red. So for example in Amazing Grace (sung in F) Purple Team would sing:

Melody

A - ma - zi - n - g Grace how sweet the sound tha - t saved a -

Green

A - ma - zi - n - g Grace how sweet the sound that saved a

6

wretch li - ke me I - once w - as lost but now am found

wretch li - ke me I - once was lost but now am found

Once you have started “singing the colours” you can stick with that till the end of the song. If you lose your note join in with the melody again until you meet another green dot.

Once the group has mastered this with the first song, try some other songs. These instructions are the same for all songs.

Advanced Colorchord - “Singing the brackets”

To create a more varied set of harmonies some songs include variation brackets. The colour of the outer brackets shows which team the variation applies to, the colour of the inner brackets shows which of their notes that team should be singing as a variation. So for example ((lyric)) would mean that the green team should sing their blue note instead of their red note at that point.

Notes and Chords for Instruments

<p><u>Key of A</u></p> <p>Chords A D E</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange A A G#</p> <p>Purple E F# E</p> <p>Green C# D B</p> <p>Bass Line A A E</p>	<p><u>Key of Eb</u></p> <p>Chords Eb Ab Bb</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange Eb Eb D</p> <p>Purple Bb C Bb</p> <p>Green G Ab F</p> <p>Bass Line Eb Eb Bb</p>
<p><u>Key of Bb</u></p> <p>Chords Bb Eb F</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange Bb Bb A</p> <p>Purple F G F</p> <p>Green D Eb C</p> <p>Bass Line Bb Bb F</p>	<p><u>Key of E</u></p> <p>Chords E A B</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange E E D#</p> <p>Purple B C# B</p> <p>Green G# A F#</p> <p>Bass Line E E B</p>
<p><u>Key of C</u></p> <p>Chords C F G</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange C C B</p> <p>Purple G A G</p> <p>Green E F D</p> <p>Bass Line C C G</p>	<p><u>Key of F</u></p> <p>Chords F Bb C</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange F F E</p> <p>Purple C D C</p> <p>Green A Bb G</p> <p>Bass Line F F C</p>
<p><u>Key of D</u></p> <p>Chords D G A</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange D D C#</p> <p>Purple A B A</p> <p>Green F# G E</p> <p>Bass Line D D A</p>	<p><u>Key of G</u></p> <p>Chords G C D</p> <p>Notes:</p> <p>Orange G G F#</p> <p>Purple D E D</p> <p>Green B C A</p> <p>Bass Line G G D</p>