



**FSC COLOURCHORD
SONGBOOK**

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Wild Rover

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Anchored In Love

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ F

I've found a sweet haven of sunshine at last
And Jesus abiding a-bove
His dear arms around me are lovingly cast
And sweetly He tells His love

The tempest is o'er
(The danger, the tempest forever is o'er)
I'm safe evermore
(I'm anchored in hope and have faith evermore)
What gladness what rapture is mine
The danger is past
(The water's receding, the danger is past)
I'm anchored at last
(I'm feeling so happy I'm anchored at last)
I'm anchored in love di-vine

He saw me endangered and lovingly came
To pilot my storm-beaten soul
Sweet peace He has spoken and bless His dear name
The billows no longer roll

His love shall control me through life and in death
Completely I'll trust to the end
I'll praise Him each hour and my last fleeting breath
Shall sing of my soul's best friend

A.P. Carter

Angel Band

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

A Lesson Too Late For The Learning

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ Bb

●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 fare●well?
Will there be not a trace left ●be-hind?
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

Tom Paxton

Alcohol

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

●Started ●drinking, all a-round ●town
Went to a club to put a few mo-re down
Feeling bad, drunk and sad
This is going to be the last drink
I'll e-v-er have

●Alco●hol, Alco●hol
Alco●hol, Alco●hol
You're the very de●vil
Get away from me

I ●got in with a ●crowd, we got in a ●car
I went to a party, I played a guitar
I never played well, it must have been hell
Made a fool of myself of that I can tell

I ●fell in the ●door, I fell on the ●street
I fell on the floor, I fell in a heap
I blundered on home, battered and blown
Swore to the Lord to leave it a-lone

●Next thing I ●knew I was back home in ●bed
My papa was there, he was holding my head
My mama was there, in her night clothes
Holding a bucket right under my nose

●Early next ●day, I was all in a ●fuzz
Feeling ashamed, I started to curse
All the money I'd earned, I'd been out and burned
It's a lesson I feel I never seem to learn

The Auld Triangle

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

- A hungry feeling 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 morning, the war-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 peeping, and the lag 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 evening, the lag 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 sighing, and the day 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 prison, there are seven-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

The Ballad Of Lou Marsh

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) G/Em

((In the streets of New York ●City
When the)) hour was getting late
There were ((young men armed)) with ((knives and guns and))
Young men armed with hate
And ●Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks
For one man is no army ●when a ((city turns)) its ((back))

●A-nd ●now the streets are empty
And now the streets are dark
So keep an eye on shadows
●And ((never pass)) the ((park))
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight
And death lurks in El-Bareo
With the ((orphans of)) the ((night))

((There were two gangs approaching
In)) Spanish Harlem town
The ((smell of blood)) ●was ((in the air
The)) challenge was laid down
He ●felt their blinding hatred
As he tried to save their lives
But they broke his peaceful body
●With their ((fists and staves)) and ((knives))

((Shall Lou Marsh lie forgotten in a)) cold and silent grave
Or ((will his memory ●linger on in)) those he tried to save?
And ●those of us who knew him will now and then re-call
And shed a tear on poverty ●the ((tombstone of)) us ((all))

Banks of the Ohio

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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."

Blow the Man Down

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 “●Po●lly, 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 a-way into Liverpool Town

Gimme me some time to blow the man down

Blowin' in the Wind

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((↑)) 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 a-llowed 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

Bold Riley

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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-stockin' 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Country Life

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 ●dank 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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)

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Drill Ye Tarriers Drill

Minor Scale 1 2 3^b 4 5 6[#] 7^b Bm

●17^b7^b / ●3^b22 / ●545

●→↓↓ / ●→↓↓ / ●→↓→

#=7[#]

Every morning at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock
And the boss come along and he said "Keep still
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill"

And drill ye tarriers drill
And drill ye tarriers drill
For it's work all day for the ((sugar in yer tay))
#Down be-hind the old railway
And drill ye tarriers drill
And blast and fire!

Our new foreman is Jimmy McCann
By God he is a blame mean man.
One day a premature blast went off
And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough.

When next pay day came around
Jim Gough a dollar short was found.
When he asked what for came this reply
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

Our boss is a good man down to the ground
And he married a lady six feet round.
She bakes good bread and she bakes it well
But she bakes it hard as the holes in Hell.

Fathom the Bowl

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓((→)) / ●→↑→ 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 jum●per
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

Grey Funnel Line

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Hal and Tow

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Harriet Tubman

Minor Scale 123^b456^b7^b Bm

●17^b7^b / ●3^b3^b2 / ●554

●→↓↓ / ●→→↓ / ●→→↓

#=7# #=5#

One night I dreamed I was in slavery
'Bout eighteen fifty was the time
Sorrow was the only sign
Nothing around to ease my mind
Out of the night appeared a lady
Leading a distant pilgrim band
First mate she yelled pointing her hand
Make room on board for this young man

Singing come on up, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Singing come on up, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the underground railroad

Hundreds of miles we travelled onward
Gathering slaves from town to town
Seeking every lost and found
Setting those free that once were bound
Somehow my heart was growing weaker
I fell by the wayside's sinking sand
Firmly did this lady stand
She lifted me up and took my hand

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→((→)) 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

● → → ↓ / ● → ↑ ↓ / ● → ↑ → 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

Home Boys Home

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 enjoyed 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 morning

●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

John Kanakanaka

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 di-●version can a ●man de-sire
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 wi-th ●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 a-nd ●in my grave
No-o costly tombst-one will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

The Keeper

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

●The ●Keeper did a-hun●ting 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

Kilgary Mountain

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) G

As ●I was a go●ing over ((Kilgary Mountain))
I met Captain ●Farrell and his money he was counting
I drew forth my pistol and I ((rattled out)) my ((sabre))
Saying stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar

●Whack fol di daddy-●o

Whack fol di daddy-●o

There's whisky in the jar

I counted out his money and it ((made a pretty penny))
So I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She promised in her heart that she ((never would)) de((ceive me))
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

I went to Jenny's chamber for to ((take a little slumber))
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew my charges and she ((filled them up)) with ((water))
Then she fetched Captain Farrell just as fast as she could totter

'Twas early in the morning I was ((wakened from my napping))
I beheld a band of footman and the wily, handsome captain
I reached for my pistols for ((to begin)) the ((slaughter))
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water

I reached for my sabre but I ((found I hadn't any))
Then I knew I had been taken by my darling sporting Jenny
And thus I did surrender and a ((prisoner I)) was ((taken))
And by a gay deceiver then I was all forsaken

If anyone can help me its my ((brother in the army))
But I know not where he's stationed be it Cork or in Killarney
If only I could find him we'd go ((roving in)) Kil((kenny))
And I know he'd treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny

Now some folks takes delight in their ((carriages a rolling))
And others takes delight in the hurley and the bowling
But me I takes delight in the ((juice of)) the ((barley))
And courting pretty women in the morning bright and early

The Larks They Sang Melodious

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) 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-iou-s 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-lodious ((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-ncy ((you're the)) girl that I a-dore

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

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

Leave Her Johnny

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Yellow Roses

Minor Scale 1 2 3^b 4 5 6^{b/#} 7^b Bm

●117^b((7^b)) / ●3^b42 / ●56^b5 #=7[#] #=6[#]

●→→↓((↓)) / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→

I ●lay on ●my back with the sun in my ●eyes
Soon I shall know what no living man #knows
All of my life's been a fight against lies
Death brings the truth now it's my turn to know

Send my mother a lock of my hair
Send ((my father the)) #watch that he gave me
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare
Tell them I'm lost now and no-one can save me
Remember, re-member
Send my love litt-le yel-low roses

My fa-ther taught me that all men are equal
Whatever co-lour, religion or #land
Told me to fight for the things I believed in
This I have done with a gun in my hand

I met my love in a garden of ro-ses
She pricked her finger how sharp the thorn #grows
We made a promise that till death did part us
We'd never look on that wild yel-low rose

Martin Said to His Man

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) 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

Mercedes-Benz

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ C

•Oh Lord won't you •buy •me a Mercedes Be-nz?
My friends all drive Porsches I must make a-mends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my frie-nds
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 de-livery each day until thr-ee
O Lord won't you buy me a colour T-V?

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

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

Midnight Special

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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 Colling●wood
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 vali-ant 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓((→)) / ●→↑→ 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))

Shallow Brown

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) 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

Shawneetown

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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
With notions his canoe was la-den

●Oh ●Shenandoah, I ●love your daughter
I'll take her 'cross the rolling wa-ter

●Oh ●Shenandoah, I ●took a no-tion
To sail across the stormy o-cean

●'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
And 'cross the riv-er stole his daughter

●Oh ●Shenandoah, I'm ●bound to leave you
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you

●She ●went away and ●took a-no-ther
She went away, forsook her lo-ver

Shoals of Herring

•→→↓ / •→↑↓ / •→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) 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, let me go home

Please let me al●one,

I want to go ho-o-ome

I feel so break up, I want to go home

The ●first mate, he got drunk

He broke up the peo-ple’s trunk

Constable had to ●come and take him a-way

Sheriff John●stone please let me a-lo-oh-own

I feel so break up, I want to go home

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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ A

●In ●South Austr●alia I was born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia 'round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Austr●alia

●Haul away, you roll●ing kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, oh hear me sing

We're ●bound for South Austr●alia

●As ●I walked out ●one morning fair

Heave away, haul away

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

We're bound for South Austr●alia

●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 Austr●alia

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

Heave away, haul away

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Austr●alia

●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 Austr●alia

●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 Austr●alia

Stanley and Dora

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ Bb

●Stan●ley ●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 ●Do●ra ●worked at the Do-minion
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 ●Do●ra ●was swiftly pro-moted
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 ●jus●tice ●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'

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

Sweet Chariot

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ D

●Swing ●low, sweet chari-○-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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((→)) 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

The Water Is Wide

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) 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

The Whistling Gypsy Rover

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→((↑)) 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

Wild Rover

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ E

I've ●been a wild ro●ver for ●ma-ny a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
And now I'm re-t●urning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

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

I ●went into an ale●house 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 poc●ket ten ●sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes op-ened wide with de-light
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 whis●ky 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 par●ents, ●confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they will do so, as oft times be-fore
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

Worried Man

●→→↓ / ●→↑↓ / ●→↑→ 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:

The image shows musical notation for the Orange Team part of the song 'Amazing Grace'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves: 'Melody' and 'Green'. The 'Melody' staff is in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (F major). It features a melody with triplets and a yellow dot above the note for 'sweet'. The 'Green' staff is in the same clef and time, with a yellow dot above the note for 'sweet'. The lyrics are: 'A - ma - zi - n - g Grace how ● sweet the sound tha - t saved a -'. The second system has two staves: 'Melody' and 'Green'. The 'Melody' staff starts with a measure rest, then continues with the melody. The 'Green' staff also starts with a measure rest, then continues with the melody. The lyrics are: 'wretch li - ke me I - once w - as lost but now am found'. The word 'me' is red, 'I' is black, 'once' is black, 'was' is black, 'lost' is black, 'but' is black, 'now' is blue, and 'am' is blue.

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

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

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 Colourchord - “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.

Minor Colourchord

The team movements work in the same way for all songs that use the major scale. Because the harmony is more complicated the team movements are not consistent for songs using the minor scale. These songs are indicated by slightly different chord colours. The team movements are not consistent between different minor songs and are indicated in the arrow-key of each song. Where there is a # the team should raise their indicated note by a semi-tone.

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>