

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| A for Apple                                | .3  |
| Benjamin Bowmaneer                         | .14 |
| Bright Shining Morning (or The Merry Horn) | .13 |
| Clementine                                 | .19 |
| Come Write Me Down                         | .17 |
| Daddy Fox                                  | .1  |
| Dublin Jack of All Trades                  | .16 |
| Eloisa Moore                               | .18 |
| Farmer's Toast                             | .5  |
| Hob Y Deri Dando                           | .4  |
| I Say No                                   | .9  |
| Johnny and Molly                           | .7  |
| Jongo (Botsawanian Sea Shanty)             | .11 |
| Let Union Be                               | .22 |
| Martin Said To His Man                     | .12 |
| Mister Stormalong                          | .10 |
| Needle Cases                               | .21 |
| One April Morning                          | .15 |
| Óró Mo Bháidín                             | .2  |
| Roll Boys, Roll                            | .20 |
| Roll the Old Chariot Along                 | .6  |
| White Cockade                              | .8  |

## **Daddy Fox**

Daddy fox went out on a chilly, chilly night,  
*With a ling dong, dilly dong, kiro mi.*  
Prayin' for the moon to give him light,  
*With a ling dong, dilly dong, kiro mi.*

*Hey, fa li, fa la, fa lero,*  
*Hey, fa lero, lero li;*  
*Up jumped John, a-ringin' on his bell,*  
*With a ling dong, dilly dong, kiro mi.*

He run till he came to a great big pen,  
The ducks and geese they lay there-in.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,  
Threw a little duck all across his back.

Old Mrs. Flipper Flopper jumped out of bed,  
Through the window she stuck her little head.

Well, John rode up to the top of the hill,  
He blew his little horn both loud and shrill.

The fox went back to his cozy den,  
Little ones was there, there were eight, nine and ten.

The fox and his wife without any strife,  
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife.

## Óró Mo Bháidín

Crochfa' mé seolta 'gus gabha' mé siar

*Óró mo churraichín ó!*

'S go hOíche Fhéil' Eoin ní thiocfa' mé 'niar

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín!*

*Óró mo churraichín ó,*

*Óró mo churraichín ó!*

*Tarraigí, tarraigí, tarraigí go buan,*

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín*

'S nach breá í mo bháidín ag snámh ar a' gcuán

*Óró mo churraichín ó*

'S na céaslaí á dtarraingt go láidir 's go buan

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín*

Nach éachtach a léimnach thar tonntracha

*Óró mo churraichín ó*

'S nach éadtroim í iompar anois thar an trá

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín*

### Translation by Shay Black:

I'll set my sail and to west I will steer,

*Óró mo churraichín ó [Óró my little currach]*

And 'til midsummer night you will not see me here.

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín [Óró my little boat].*

*Óró mo churraichín ó*

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín;*

*Haul away, haul away, haul away together;*

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín.*

Isn't she fine on the bay as she glides?

*Óró my curraichín ó*

As the pull on the rowlocks so sturdy she guides.

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín*

How wondrous her leaping the waves o'er and o'er,

*Óró my curraichín ó*

And so light when we haul her up over the shore.

*Ó-ó-ró mo bháidín*

## **A for Apple**

A for apple, C for cross,  
I love the boy named Barney Ross,  
All the world will never, never know  
The love I have for my Barney-O.

*My Barney-O, my Barney-O  
The love I have for my Barney-O  
Fan-a-winnow, winnow, winnow  
Fan-a-winnow daisy,  
Fan-a-winnow, E-i-o,  
She's away with Barney the band-tier-O  
The band-tier-O, the band-tier-O  
She's away with Barney the band-tier-O.*

A for apple, P for pear,  
I love the boy with the golden hair.  
All the world will never, never know  
The love I have for my Barney-O.

B for Barney, P for pear  
D for dolling on the stair,  
All the world will never, never know  
The love I have for my band-tier-O.

## **Hob Y Deri Dando**

I'll sing the bass if you sing the solo,  
*Hob Y deri dando.*

All about the clipper ship the Marco Polo.  
*Can ye gan ye eto.*

See her rolling through the water,  
*Jane, sweet Jane.*

I wish I was in bed with the captain's daughter.

*Jane, Jane, come to the glen,  
To sing of praise to Johnny Fach Foyn.  
Jane, Jane come to the glen,  
To sing of praise to Johnny Fach Foyn.*

Davy, Davy, comes from Nevin,  
An' he's got a sweet little engine.  
An' he thinks so much about it,  
That he cannot do without it.

Davy, Davy and sailor Evan,  
They caught a shark on the reach of Nevin.  
And all they asked for was a pie dish,  
Thought they washed them bits of sharkfish.

Crusher Bailey had a sister,  
Laughed like blazes when you kissed her.  
Couldn't knit nor darn no stocking,  
But what she could do was shocking.

Johnny Jones he wants a missus,  
Someone to keep him warm with kisses.  
Take him 'round to Bailey's sister,  
She's so hot she'll raise a blister.

I'll sing the bass if you sing the solo,  
All about the clipper ship the Marco polo.  
See her rolling through the water,  
I wish I was in bed with the captain's daughter.

## Farmer's Toast

Come all jolly fellows that love to be mellow,  
Attend unto me, and sit easy;  
A pint when it's quiet, come lads let us try it,  
For thinking can drive a man crazy.  
By plowing and sowing and reaping and mowing,  
King Nature affords me a plenty;  
I've a cellar well-stored, and a plentiful board,  
And my garden provides every dainty.

*I have lawns, I have bowers,  
I have fields, I have flowers,  
And the lark is my morning alarmer.  
So you jolly boys, now, here's a health to the plow,  
Long life and success to the Farmer.*

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendour and state,  
I envy them not, I declare it.  
For I eat my own hams, my own chickens and lambs,  
And I shear my own sheep and I wear it.  
Were it not for my seeding you'd get but poor feeding,  
I'm sure you would all starve without me.  
I'm always content when I've paid my rent,  
And I'm happy when friends are about me.

Draw near to my table, my lads if you're able,  
Let me hear not one word of complaining.  
For the jingling of glasses all music surpasses,  
And I love to see bottles a-draining.  
For here I am king, I can laugh, drink, or sing,  
And let no man appear as a stranger.  
But show me the ass who refuses a glass,  
And I'll treat him to hay in the manger.

Brought to OAT by Dale Hill, who said it had first appeared in the first part of the 19th Century on a series of jam jars, one verse per jar, with a total of (many) verses.

### **Roll the Old Chariot Along**

*We'll roll the old chariot along (3 x)  
And we'll all fall in behind.*

We'd be all right if we had a drop o' rum.

We'd be all right if the wind would fill the sail.

We'd be all right if ya buggers all would sing.

If the devil's in the road, we'll roll it over him.

We'll be all right when the skipper's in 'is grave.

## Johnny and Molly

Johnny and Molly sat reposing  
Under the banks of blooming roses,  
While at the quay the ship lay waiting  
This young couple sat repeating,

*“Love farewell, darling farewell,  
And it's all for parting; love farewell..”*

“Oh Johnny, dear, now do not leave me,  
For your absence it would grieve me.  
For if you go where the cannons rattle,  
I greatly fear you might fall in battle.”

“Oh Molly dear, now do not mourn,  
For there's a relief at my returning.  
When I come back from the war's alarm,  
I'll gently roll you in my arms.”

The old woman said, “Now do not wrong me,  
Do not take my daughter from me,  
For if you do I will torment you,  
At my death my ghost will haunt you.”

The ship, she sails on the stormy ocean,  
Seeking out for high promotion,  
Where the canons roar and the drums are beating;  
March on me boys, for there's no retreating.



## White Cockade

'Twas on one Sunday Morning as I rode o're the moss,  
I had no thoughts of listing, till the soldiers did me cross,  
They kindly did invite me to a flowing bowl and down.  
They advanced me, *they advanced me!*  
They advanced me, *they advanced me!*  
Some money a shilling from the crown.

Oh yes my love has listed and he wears a white cockade,  
He is a handsome young man like wise a roving blade,  
He is a handsome young man and he's gone to serve the king.  
And my very, *and my very!*  
And my very, *and my very!*  
Heart is breaking all for the love of him.

Oh yes my love is handsome and comely for to see,  
But by some sad misfortune a soldier now is he.  
May the very man that listed him never flourish night nor day.  
And I wish that, *and I wish that!*  
And I wish that, *and I wish that!*  
The Hollanders would sink him in the sea.

And may he never prosper and may never thrive,  
Nor anything he turns his hand to as long as he's alive.  
May the very ground he walks upon the grass refuse to grow,  
Since he's being, *since he's being!*  
Since he's being, *since he's being!*  
The source of my sorrow, grief and woe.

Then he took out his handkerchief to wipe her weeping eyes.  
"Leave off these lamentations likewise these mournful cries,  
Leave off these lamentations while I march o'er the plain.  
We'll be married, *we'll be married!*  
We'll be married, *we'll be married!*  
In Newcastle when I return again."

## **I Say No**

Preacher man wanna save my soul an' a  
He say "Hellfire!", I say "No," an' a  
He say "Give!" an' a I say "Go!" an' a  
He say "Hurry-up!" an' a I say no an' a

*How somebody gonna weight down me? an' a (4 times)*

Auction man in a 'bacca row an' a  
He say high an' a I say low an' a  
He say three an' a I say fo' an' a  
He say two an' a I say no an' a

Purty woman make you walk the flo' make you  
Beg fo' mercy make you, beg fo' mo' an' a  
She say "Come on Daddy" I say "Go!" an' a  
She say "Please?" an' a I say no an' a

Plantin' time an' a water's low an' a  
They say "Give it up" an' a I say "No, I'll plant  
One fo' de cutworm an' a one fo' de crow an' a  
One fo' de squirrell an' a one gon' grow!" an' a

*Weight down, weight down a-han-a (3 times)*  
*Weight down me, an' a*

*How somebody gonna weight down me? an' a*  
*How somebody gonna weight down me?*

## **Mister Stormalong**

Ah, Stormy's gone, that good old man.

*Way, high, Stormalong.*

Ah, Stormy's gone, that good old man.

*Aye, Aye, Mister Stormalong.*

Of all the sailors he was best;  
But now he's dead and gone to rest.

He slipped his cable off Cape Horn;  
Close by the place where he was born.

Well he's moored at last and he's furled his sails;  
He's free from wrecks and far from gales.

We dug his grave with a silver spade;  
Of the finest silk his shroud was made.

Well we lowered him down with a golden chain;  
Each eye was dim but not with rain.

An able seaman bold an' true;  
A good ol' skipper to his crew.

Oh, now we'll sing his funeral song;  
Oh, roll her over, long and strong.

For fifty years he sailed the seas;  
In winter gale and summer breeze.

And so Ol' Stormy's day was done;  
South fifty-six, west fifty-one.

Ol' Stormy was a seaman bold;  
A grand ol' man o' the days of old.

## **Jongo (Botsawanian Sea Shanty)**

Zami nami na, wa oh,  
Waka waka ah eh yeh.  
Zami nami na, zanga lei wah.  
Ah na wah eh yeh.

*Jongo, jongo,  
Jongo, jongo,  
Zami nami na, zanga lei wah,  
Ah na wah eh yeh.*

### **Bogus Translation:**

Zami nami na, wa oh (*Heave-ho my bully bully boys*)  
Waka waka ah eh yeh (*Round the capstan, eh yey!*)  
Zami nami na, zanga lei wah (*Heave-ho, we sail today!*)  
Ah na wah eh yeh (*From the bonnie blue shores of Botswana*)

Jongo, jongo (*Hoist the mast, raise the anchor*)  
Jongo, jongo (*Raise the anchor, hoise the mast*)  
Zami nami na, zanga lei wah (*For today we sail into the setting sun*)  
Ah na wah eh yeh (*From the bonnie blue shores of Botswana*)

## **Martin Said To His Man**

*Martin said to his man, "Fye, man, fye!"  
Martin said to his man, "Who's the fool now?"  
Martin said to his man, "You have a cup, I'll have a can:  
Thou art well drunken, man, who's the fool now?"*

I saw the mouse chase the cat, fye, man, fye;  
Saw the mouse chase the cat, who's the fool now?  
Saw the mouse chase the cat, and the cheese eat the rat.  
Thou art well drunken, man, who's the fool now?

I saw a maid milk a bull, fye, man fye;  
Saw a maid milk a bull, who's the fool now?  
Saw a maid milk a bull, every stroke a bucket full.  
Thou art well drunken, man, Who's the fool now?

I saw the cock lay an egg, Fye, man, fye;  
Saw the cock lay an egg, who's the fool now?  
Saw the cock lay an egg and the milkmaid churn the keg  
With her granny's wooden leg, who's the fool now?

*traditional, third verse by Kim Hughes*

## **Bright Shining Morning (or The Merry Horn)**

The bright shining morning smiles over the hills,  
With blushes adorning the meadows and rills.  
The bright shining morning smiles over the hills,  
With blushes adorning the meadows and rills.

*And the merry, merry, merry horn cries come, come away;  
And the merry, merry, merry horn cries come, come away;  
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day,  
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.*

The horses all saddled, they dance on the ground,  
And they lift up their heads at the bay of the hound.

And over the hilltops the huntsman's hollo,  
Comes echoing down to the valley below.

The fox runs before us, he seems for to fly,  
And he pants to the chorus of the hunt in full cry.

When our day's work is ended, we home do retire,  
And we pull off our boots by the light of the fire.

Come, fill up your glasses, let the toast go around,  
And we'll drink to all hunters, where ever they're found.

(Verses 2 and 3 by A. Wood and D. Olsen. All others traditional.)

## **Benjamin Bowmaneer**

Have you heard how the wars began?

*Benjamin Bowmaneer!*

Have you heard how the wars begun?

*Castors away!*

Have you heard how the wars begun

When England fought to a man

*And the proud tailor rode prancing away?*

Of his shear board he made a horse

All for him to ride across.

Of his scissors he made bridle bits

For to keep his horse all in its wits.

And as he road o're the lea

He spied a flea all on his knee.

Of his needle he made a spear

All for to prick that flee all in its ear.

From his thimble he made a bell

All for to ring that flea's funeral knell.

And that is how the wars began

When England fought to a man.

## One April Morning

It was one April morning just as the sun was rising,  
It was one April morning, I heard the small birds sing.  
They were singing Lovely Nancy, for love it is a fancy,  
And sweet were the notes that I heard the small birds sing.

*Young men are false, young men they are deceitful;  
Young men are false, and seldom can prove true.  
With their rambling and their ranging  
And their minds they're always changing,  
And they're always looking out for  
Some other girl that's new.*

Oh, if I had but my own heart in keeping,  
Oh, if I had my own heart back again.  
Safe in my bosom, I would lock it up forever,  
And it would wander never, so far from me again.

Why do you spend all your long time in courting?  
Why do you spend all your long time in vain?  
For I don't intend to marry, I'd rather longer tarry,  
So, young men, don't you spend all your long time in vain.



## Dublin Jack of All Trades

Oh I am a roving sporting blade; they call me Jack of all Trades.  
I always place my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids.  
So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation,  
I always heard them say it was the pride of all the Nations.

On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter;  
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter.  
In Sackville Street, a pastry cook; in James' Street, a baker,  
In Cook Street I did coffins make; In Eustace Street, a preacher.

*I'm a roving jack of all trades, of every trade, of all trades,  
And if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of all trades.*

In Baggot street I drove a cab and there was well requited;  
In Francis Street had lodging beds, to entertain all strangers.  
For Dublin is of high reknown, or I am much mistaken;  
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes: In Meath Street was a grinder;  
In Barrack Street I lost my wife. I'm glad I ne'er could find her.  
In Mary's Lane, I've dyed old clothes, of which I've often boasted;  
In that noted place Exchequer Street, sold mutton ready roasted.

In Temple Bar, I dressed old hats; in Thomas Street, a sawyer;  
In Pill Lane, I sold the plate, in Green Street, an honest lawyer.  
In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes; in Bride's Alley, a broker;  
In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovel, tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was, and in Smithfield, a drover;  
In Britain Street, a waiter and in George's Street, a glover.  
On Ormond Quay I sold old books; in King Street, a nailer,  
In Townsend Street, a carpenter; and in Ringsend, a sailor.

In Cole's Lane, a jobbing butcher; in Dane Street, a tailor,  
In Moore Street a chandler and on the Coombe, a weaver.  
In Church Street, I sold old ropes--on Redmond's Hill a draper,  
In Mary Street, sold 'bacco pipes- in Bishop street a quaker.

In Peter Street, I was a quack: In Greek street, a grainer;  
On the Harbour, I did carry sacks; in Werburgh Street, a glazier.  
In Mud Island, was a dairy boy, where I became a scooper;  
In Capel Street, a barber's clerk; in Abbey Street, a cooper.

In Liffey street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it,  
And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it.  
In New Street I sold hay and straw, and in Spitalfields made bacon  
In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basketmaking.

In Summerhill a coachmaker; in Denzille Street a gilder  
In Cork Street was a tanner, in Brunswick Street, a builder,  
In High Street, I sold hosiery; In Patrick Street sold all blades;  
So if you wish to know my name, they call me Jack of all Trades.

## **Come Write Me Down**

Come write me down, ye powers above,  
The man that first created love.  
For I've a diamond in my eye,  
Where all my joys and comforts lie,  
Where all my joys and comforts lie.

I will give you gold, I will give you pearl,  
If you can fancy me, my girl.  
Rich costly robes that you shall wear  
If you can fancy me, my dear . . .

It's not your gold shall me entice  
To leave off pleasures to be a wife.  
For I don't mean or intend at all  
To be at any young man's call . . .

Then go your way, you scornful dame,  
Since you've proved false, I'll prove the same.  
For I don't care, but I shall find  
Some other fair maid to my mind . . .

Oh, stay, young man, don't be in haste,  
You seem afraid your time will waste.  
Let reason rule your roving mind  
And unto you I will prove kind . . .

So to church they went the very next day,  
And were married by asking, as I've heard say.  
So now that girl she is his wife,  
She'll prove his comforts day and night,  
She will prove his comforts day and night.

So now his trouble and sorrow is past,  
His joy and comfort has come at last.  
That girl to him always said nay;  
She'll prove his comforts night and day  
She will prove his comforts night and day.

## **Eloisa Moore**

While I relate my story you oystermen give ear,  
Jacoby's fading glory you presently shall hear,  
Give me your attention and you will plainly see  
That the Eloisa Moore can beat the Samuel Jacoby,

*Ring, ring your bells at the dawning of the day  
The Eloisa Moore's the fastest boat on Delaware Bay.  
Oystermen ring your fog bells and let the people see  
That the Eloisa Moore can beat the Samuel Jacoby.*

We were sailing up the Delaware as though we had no wind  
When the Eloisa Moore had to take her topsail in.  
We docked in Philadelphia and harbored there the night  
But the Samuel Jacoby didn't show 'till dawns' daylight.

William Peterson was our captain, Willie Newcomb was the mate,  
Will Ludlow was the pot wrestler, he cooked up what we ate.  
Dave Robbins and Harry Gates were the men before the mast;  
The whole crews' heart just swelled with pride as we went sailing past.

## Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

*Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' Clementine,  
Oh my darlin' Clementine.*

Fair she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducks into the water every morning just at nine,  
Struck her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
But, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,  
Then I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments dripping brine,  
Then I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.

In a churchyard in a canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,  
Grow some roses and some posies fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughta join his daughter; now he's with his Clementine.

Now ye boy scouts heed the warning of this dreadful tale of mine:  
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

## **Roll Boys, Roll**

*Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys  
Roll boys, roll boys roll  
Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys  
Way high, Miss Sally Brown*

Oh way down South, way down South boys  
Oh bound away, with a bone in her mouth boys

Oh we're rollin' down to Trinidad to see Miss Sally Brown  
Oh rollin' down to Trinidad to paint the bleedin' town

She's lovely up aloft, an' she's lovely down below  
She's lovely all the way, me boys, it's all you want to know

She's lovely on the foreyard, lovely on the main  
She's lovely in the summertime, she's lovely in the rain

O! Captain Baker, how do you store yer carga  
Some I stow for'ard, boys, an' some I stow arter (arta)

Oh, there's forty fathom or more below, boys  
Oh, forty fathom or more below, boys

Oh, way high ya, an' up she rises  
Oh, way high ya, the blocks is different sizes

Oh, one more pull, don't ya hear the mate a-bawlin'  
Oh, one more pull, that's the end of all the hawlin'

## Needle Cases

I'm a poor wandering fellow, my name it is Jack.  
No shoes on my feet, scarcely a rag to my back.  
My belly is empty, my feet they are sore,  
Won't you buy a case of needles from Jack that's so poor.

*Needle cases, won't you buy one?  
You can buy one, I'm sure.  
Won't you buy a case of needles  
From Jack that's so poor?*

I once had a table all covered with good food;  
Overeating and drinking and all that was good.  
But now I've no table, no food and all that,  
I'm forced to find a crumb in the brim of my hat.

I once was a farmer and followed the plough;  
Don't you think I'm a charmer, just look at me now:  
All covered in rags, from my bottom to my top.  
Don't you think that I've become a poor wandering rag shop?

So if you won't buy one, I shall take my leave.  
But to leave such good company, it does my heart grieve.  
To leave you, to leave you—but if I should come back,  
Won't you buy a case of needles from a poor wandering Jack?

## Let Union Be

Come my lads, let us be jolly,  
Drive away all melancholy,  
To be sad it would be folly,  
When we're met together.

*Let union be in all our hearts,  
Let union join our hearts in one.  
We'll end the day as we've begun,  
We'll end it all in pleasure.  
Right-folla-rolla-rol too-ra-li-o,  
Right-folla-rolla-rol too-ra-li-o,  
Right-folla-rolla-rol too-ra-li-o,  
When we're met together.*

Solomon, a wise man hoary  
Told of wine in song and story.  
In our cups we'll chirp and glory,  
When we're met together.

Long ago, the Greeks and Romans  
Checked their cups for signs and omens.  
We foresee full tankards foamin'  
When we're met together.

Whisky one can ne'er malign-oh,  
With her pedigree divine-oh.  
With good friends we'll drink and dine-oh  
When we're met together.

So fill the board let there be plenty,  
The man who wants to be content, he  
Eats and drinks enough for twenty,  
When we're met together.

Come my lads, let's sing in chorus,  
Merrily, but yet decorous.  
Praising all good drink before us  
When we're met together.

So let there be no sad misgiving  
While we're yet among the living;  
Fill the room with glad thanksgiving  
When we're met together.

Bacchus, God of wine so merry  
Also honors port and sherry.  
He'd even bless a Tom and Jerry  
When we're met together.

Now let our voices ring the rafters,  
Fill the room with song and laughter,  
Joyful as the sweet hereafter  
When we're met together.

Milk is meet for infancy;  
Some folks like to sip their tea.  
Not such stuff for you and me  
When we're met together.

Take the bottle as it passes,  
Do not fail to fill your glasses.  
Water drinkers are dull asses,  
When we're met together.