

The Men of Wight Song Book

Men of Wight Morris



Compiled by Mike Butler

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A collection of songs that go either with particular dances or with après dance sessions

**With acknowledgements to John Underwood, Dave Williams, Geoff Jerram, Brian Reeves,
Rob Carr, other Morris sides we know, and all our singers past and present**

<http://menofwight.org.uk/drupal/>

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Part 1: Songs for dances:

All in the key of Gmaj unless otherwise stated.

1. Postman's Knock (Adderbury)

Sing in D, dance tune in G

Every morning as true as the clock
Somebody hears the Postman's knock
Every morning as true as the clock
Somebody hears the Postman's knock

2. The Flowing Bowl (Adderbury)

Sing in D, dance tune in D

Come Landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over
Come Landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over

3. Sweet Jenny Jones (Adderbury)

My sweet jenny Jones is the pride of Llangollen
My sweet jenny Jones is the girl I love best

4. Constant Billy (Adderbury)

Oh my Billy, my constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?
Billy again, Billy Again, Billy again, Billy again
Oh my Billy, my constant Billy, when shall I see my Billy again?

5. Lads-a-buncham (Aderbury)

Oh dear Mother what a fool I've be
Six young maidens came a courtin' me
Five were blind and the other couldn't see
Oh dear mother what a fool I be

6. Bluebells of Scotland (Adderbury)

Oh where and oh where has my highland lassie gone?
Oh where and oh where has my highland lassie gone?

7. Washing day (Adderbury)

Thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scrub, scrub away
The devil a bit of peace I get upon my washing day

8. The Captain with his Whiskers (Brackley)

Oh I wish he'd do it now, Oh I wish he'd do it now
Oh the Captain with his whiskers, Oh I wish he'd do it now

9. The Lollipop Man

Oh, the lollipop man has a great big stick,
And he only charges a penny a lick.
He puts it away whenever he can,
He's a dirty old bugger is the lollipop man.

10. Leapfrog

Salute on the underlined words

Why don't you take a bow Sir, I really don't know how Sir
Why don't you take a bow Sir, I really don't know how Sir
Why don't you take a bow Sir, I really don't know how Sir
Rolling in the hay makes the milkmaid swell

11. Staines Morris (Longborough)

Come ye young men come along, with your music dance and song
With your lassies in your hand, for this that which love demands
Then to the maypole haste away, for 'tis now our holiday
Then to the maypole haste away, for 'tis now our holiday

12. For Mayday: Hal and Tow

Chorus:

Hal and tow, jolly rumble o
We were up, long before the day o
To welcome in the summer
To welcome in the May o
For summer is a comin in
And winter's gone away o

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

Ch

What's happened to the Spaniards
That made the greater boast o
for they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast o

Ch

Robin Hood and Little John
Have both come to the fair o
And we will to the merry green wood
to hunt the buck and hare o

Ch

God bless Aunt Mary Moses
And all the power and might o
And send this peace to England
Send peace by day and night o

Ch

Part 2: Songs for sessions:

1. All for me grog

As sung by The Dubliners

Chorus:

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

Ch

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots
they're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking for better weather

Where is me shirt me noggin, noggin shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking for better weather

I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed
Since I first came ashore from me slumber
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
And across the western ocean I must wander

13. Aloutte

As sung by John Underwood

Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le 3-Day pass
Je te plumerai le 3-Day pass
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Big fat blonde
Je te plumerai le Big fat blonde
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Hotel room
Je te plumerai le Hotel room
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Knock on door
Je te plumerai le Knock on door
Knock on door, Knock on door
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le House detective
Je te plumerai le House detective
House detective, House detective
Knock on door, Knock on door
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Army doctor
Je te plumerai le Army doctor
Army doctor, Army doctor
House detective, House detective
Knock on door, Knock on door
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Pudding club
Je te plumerai le Pudding club
Pudding club, Pudding club
Army doctor, Army doctor
House detective, House detective
Knock on door, Knock on door
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le Grand discharge
Je te plumerai le Grand discharge
Grand discharge, Grand discharge
Pudding club, Pudding club
Army doctor, Army doctor
House detective, House detective
Knock on door, Knock on door
Hotel room, Hotel room
Big fat blonde, Big fat blonde
3-Day pass; 3-Day pass
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Alouette, gentil Alouette
Alouette je te plumerai

14.A Rovin' (Amsterdam / Faithless Nancy Dawson)

In Amsterdam I met a maid
Mark well what I do say
In Amsterdam I met a maid
And she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Chorus:

A roving, a roving since roving's been my
ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

I met this fair maid after dark
Mark well what I do say
An' took her to her favourite park
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

I took this fair maid for a walk
Mark well what I do say
I took this fair maid for a walk
She said young man I'd rather talk
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

Her dainty arms were white as milk,
Mark well what I do say
Her dainty arms were white as milk,
Her lovely hair was soft as silk.
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

I put me arm around her waist
Mark well what I do say
I put me arm around her waist
Sez she, "Young man yer in great haste!"
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

I put me hand upon her knee,
Mark well what I do say
I put me hand upon her knee,
Sez she, "Young man, yer rather free!"
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

I put my hand upon her thigh,
Mark well what I do say
I put my hand upon her thigh,
Sez she, "Young man, yer awful high!"
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

She swore that she'd be true to me,
Mark well what I do say
She swore that she'd be true to me,
But spent me pay-day fast and free.
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

I put my had right up her skirt
Mark well what I do say
I put my hand right up her skirt
She said young man you are a flirt
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

'Twas then I had an awful shock
Mark well what I do say
'Twas then I had an awful shock
For her skirt was a kilt and her name was
Jock
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

In three weeks time I wuz badly bent
Mark well what I do say
In three weeks time I wuz badly bent
So off to sea I sadly went.
I'll go no more a roving' with you fair maid

Ch

15. Ale, Glorious Ale

When I was a young man my father did say
The Summer is comin' 'tis time to make hay
And when hay's been carted don't you ever fail
to drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale

Chorus:

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale

Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish of taters
and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale

Our MP's in parliament our faith for to keep
And I hope now we've put 'im there we hope he won't sleep
He'll always get my vote if he never fails
To bring down the price of a pint of good ale

Ch

Some folks is teetotallers, they drink water neat
It must rot their gutsies and give 'em damp feet
But I always say that a man can't go stale
On boiled beef and bacon and a pint of good ale.

Ch

16. The Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the Barley Mow
Here's the pint pot, half pint, gill, half gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and nut brown bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the quart pot, good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the quart pot, good luck to the Barley Mow
Here's the quart pot, pint pot, half pint, gill, half gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and nut brown bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the half gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the half gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow
Here's the half gallon, quart pot, pint pot, half pint, gill, half gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and nut brown bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow
Here's the gallon, half gallon, quart pot, pint pot, half pint, gill, half gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and nut brown bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Half barrel / Barrel / Landlord / Landlady / Their daughter / Brewer. Company

17. Bells Have Turned Green

To the tune of Fiddler's Green and apparently collected by Lou Killen

As I walked by the brewery one evening so rare,
To view the still vats and to sniff the malt air,
I heard an old Morris man singin' this song,
Oh bury me here boys, my galleys have gone.

Chorus:

Dress me up in me bells and me baldric,
No more in the pubs I'll be seen,
Just tell me old side-mates, I'm takin' a ride, mates,
And I'll see you someday when your bells have turned green.

Now 'Bells Have Turned Green' is a pub I've heard tell,
Where Morris men go when they don't go to hell,
Where the beer is all pretty and the girls are all free,
And they'll take you to heaven and won't charge a fee.

Ch

Where the sun always shines when you dance Shepherd's Hey,
And you don't need a squire to show you the way.
And the foreman is there, oh his smile is so sweet,
Perfumes of Araby rise from his feet.

Ch

Where Watney's beer is a beer that is banned,
And the fool never buggers a dance that is planned.
The bagman is there buying drinks by the score,
And everyone says, 'Good, let's have twenty more!'

Ch

Now, life has been good, boys. I've had a fair part,
And from your kind comp'ny I'll happily depart.
These words slowly dripped from his lips and his jaw,
And he sank down content in the booze on the floor.

Ch

18. Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a tripping along the highway
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swans
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

Ch

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was, bad luck to the black velvet band

Ch

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band"

Ch

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
For they feed you with strong drink, me boys, 'til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

Ch

19. Blood Red Roses

As sung by Bert Lloyd in the film Moby Dick.

Probably invented by him

Our boots and clothes is all in pawn
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Oh, you pinks and posies,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Our captain he has set us down
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
And he has sailed till Auckland town
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

It's 'round that cape we all must go
Around all stiff through the frost and snow.

Well the captain he's left us on grog
And just once looked(?) he in a ten pound
tug

Oh my old mother, she wrote to me,
My dearest son, come home from sea.

It's growl you may, but go you must,
If you growl too hard your head they'll bust.

Just one more pull and that will do
For we're the boys to kick her through.

20. Boozing

Now what are the joys of a single young man?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
And what is he doing whenever he can?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
You may think I'm wrong or you may think
I'm right

I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight
But what do you think we are doing tonight?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing

Chorus:

Boozing, boozing just you and I
Boozing, boozing, when we are dry
Some do it openly, some on the sly
But we all are bloody well boozing

And what are the joys of a poor married man?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
And what is he doing whenever he can?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
He comes home at night and he gives his
wife all

He goes out a shopping, makes many a
call

But what brings him home hanging on to
the wall?

Ch

And what does the Salvation Army run
down?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
And what are they damning in every town?

Why boozing, bloody well boozing
They stand on street corners, they rant and
they shout

They shout about things they know nothing
about

But what are they doing when the lights are
all out?

Ch

21. Botany Bay

Farewell to old England forever
Farewell to my rum culls as well
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey
Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing Tooral lioral liaddity
Singing Tooral lioral liay
Singing Tooral lioral liaddity
And we're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is our commander
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew
There's the first and the second class
passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

Taint leaving old England we cares about
Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows
But because all we light fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes

These seven long years I've been serving
now
And seven long more have to stay
All for bashing a bloke down our alley
And taking his ticker away

Oh had I the wings of a turtle dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

Now all my young Dookies and Dutchesses
Take warning from what I've to say
Mind all is your own as you toucheses
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

22. Bottle of Wine

*Tom Paxton, Copyright United Artists Co,
Inc.*

sung by Paxton on Ain't That News

Chorus:

Bottle of Wine, Fruit of the Vine
When you gonna let me get sober
Let me alone, let me go home
Let me go back and start over

Ramblin' round this dirty old town
Singing for Nickels and Dimes
Time's getting rough, cause I can't get
enough
To get a little bottle of wine

Ch

Little hotel, older than Hell
Dark as the coal in a mine
Blankets so thin, I just lay there and grin
Cause I got a little bottle of wine

Ch

Pains in my head, bugs in my bed
Pants are so old that they shine
Out on the street, ask the people I meet
Won't you buy me a bottle of wine

Ch

A Preacher will preach, a Teacher will teach
A miner will dig in a mine
I ride the road, trusting in God
Huggin' my bottle of wine.

Ch

23. Bring Us A Barrel

Keith Marsden, with extra verses

No man that's a drinker takes ale from a pin
For there is too little good stuff there within
Four and a half is it's measure in full
Too small for a sup, not enough for a pull...

Chorus:

Then bring us a barrel and set it up right
Bring us a barrel, to last out the night
Bring us a barrel, no matter how high
We'll drink it up Lads, we'll drink it dry.

The poor little firkin's nine gallons in all
Though the beer it is good, the size is too
small
For lads that are drinkers like you and like I
That firkin small barrel too quickly runs dry.

And when that I'm dying and on me death
bed
By me bedside leave a fine full hogshead
That if down below I mun go when I die
Me and old Nick we will both drink it dry.

*The Kilderkin's Next and although rather
small
At least it is better than nothing at all
Its eighteen full gallons will just about do
Provided, of course, there's another for you.

Then bring forth the Puncheon and roll out
the butt
Them's the best measures before me to put
Our pots will go round and good ale it will
flow
And we'll be contented for an hour or so.

24. Cats and Dogs

Unknown author

The lads and me the other day
We thought we'd go on holiday
The South of France it looked exceeding gay
With foreign food and foreign beer
Foreign birds in topless gear
We thought we're sure to get our ends
away

Chorus:

But for fourteen days it was raining cats and
dogs
All we had to eat was snails and legs from
frogs
And the hotel where we stayed, was only a
quarter made
And the beaches smelt like county council
bogs

We left the port about eight o'clock
Waved to the people on the dock
The seagulls all followed in a flock
After an hour it blew a gale
Soon we were hanging over the rail
Our breakfast ended up by the Bishop Rock

Ch

When at last we reached dry land
Up to the hotel we all ran
For booze was more important than sun tan
But when we got into the bar
The beer it tasted just like tar
The barmaid had less tit than my old gran

Ch

Then it came to our last day
And since we had come all that way
We thought we'd all go swimming in the bay
We jumped straight in, being so bold
The water was so bloody cold
It shrivelled all our manly goods away

Ch

Then I had a final shock
I pulled this bird in a tartan frock
I thought at last I'm going to get a knock
But in the back seat of the flicks
I got my hand inside her nicks
And found I'd pulled a homosexual Jock

Ch

We got home about ten last night
Cold and tired and fairly tight
Feeling very sorry for our plight
Now if we want to sow our oats
Bugger the hovercraft and boats
In future we will stay on the Isle of Wight

Ch

25. Charlie Mopps

A long time ago, way back in history,
when all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea.
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,
and he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

Chorus:

He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,
and to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer, beer, beer
tiddly beer beer beer.

The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well
one thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell
so all ye lads and lasses at eleven o'clock ye stop
for five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops

Ch

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
the kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
40 pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax

Ch

The Lord bless Charlie Mops!

26. Down the Solent

Mike Sadler aka Gutta Percha

Come all you landlubbers and sail with me
Down the Solent
On a Red Funnel steamer bound from
Royal Pier
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Chorus 1:

So away lads, away
Down the Solent
We're leaving the pier and we're all on the
beer
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Past big Esso tankers on the outgoing tide
Down the Solent
Polluting the beaches on either side
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Ch 1

On arriving at Cowes I spied this trim craft
Down the Solent
She was well rounded for'ard and nicely
trimmed aft
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Ch 1

Now I towed this trim craft to a nice
sheltered spot
Down the Solent
Where she had the powder and I had the
shot
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Chorus 2:

So away lads, away
Down the Solent
We're round Calshot spit, where the
seagulls all flit
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

"Oh look what you've done to my rigging"
she cried
Down the Solent
Too late I was firing my second broadside
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Ch 2

And now I'm in dry dock, I can discern
Down the Solent
I'm covered in barnacles from stem to stern
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight

Ch 2

27. Drink Old England Dry

Now, come, my brave boys, as I've told you
before,
Come drink, my brave boys, and we'll
boldly call for more,
For the French they've invaded and they
say that they will try,
They say that they will come and drink old
England dry

Chorus:

Aye dry, aye dry my boys, aye dry,
They say that they will come and drink old
England dry.

Supposing we should meet with the
Russians by the way,
Ten thousand to one we will show them
British play,
With our swords and our cutlasses we'll
fight until we die,
Before that they shall come and drink old
England dry.

Ch

Then up spake old Churchill of fame and
renown,
He swears he'll come true to his country
and crown,
For the cannons they shall rattle and the
bullets they shall fly,
Before that they shall come and drink old
England dry.

Ch

Then it's drink, my brave boys, as I've told
you before,
Come drink, my brave boys, till you cannot
drink no more,
For those French dogs they may boast but
their brags are all my eye,
They say that they will drink old England
dry.

Ch

28. Fathom the bowl

Come all you bold heroes, lend an ear to
my tale
And I'll sing in the praise of strong brandy
and ale
There's a clear crystal fountain near
England doth roll
Give me the punch ladle and I'll fathom the
bowl

Chorus:

I'll fathom the Bowl, I'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle and I'll fathom the
bowl

From France we do get brandy, from
Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal
come
But beer and strong cider are England's
control
Give me the punch ladle and I'll fathom the
bowl

Ch

Well my wife she do disturb me as I lay at
my ease
She does as she wants and says as she
please
My wife she's a devil, she black as the coal
Give me the punch ladle and I'll fathom the
bowl

Ch

Now my father he do lie in the depths of the
sea
No stone marks his head, but what matter
to he
There's a clear crystal fountain above him
do roll
Give me the punch ladle and I'll fathom the
bowl

Ch

29. Fiddlers Green

John Conolly?

As I walked by the dock side one evening
so fair
To view the salt water and take the sea air
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
Take me away boys me time is not long

Chorus:

Wrap me up in me oil-skin and blanket,
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old ship-mates I'm taking a trip
mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's
Green.

Now the skies are all clear and there's
never a gale
and the fish jump on board with a switch of
their tails
you can lie at your leisure, there's no work
to do
and the skippers been all making tea for
the crew.

Ch

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the
dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far
away

Ch

When you get to the docks and the long trip
is true
There's pubs and there's clubs and lassies
there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is
all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every
tree

Ch

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling
sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail
along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this
song

Ch

30. Floating Bridge song

Lauri Say

So heave 'er up and come with me
Hi ho the floating bridge
We'll journey across the raging sea
All together on the floating bridge

There's tears in our eyes cos I don't know
when
We'll see our homeland once again

Though raging seas and strong winds
We've left East Cowes far behind

The captain doth his vigil keep
As we bravely cross the raging deep

He stands with spyglass in his hand
'Cause now we're thirty yards from land

The seas do rage and the wind does roar
And the seasick lubbers are longing for
shore

The crowds that are waiting shout hooray
And they all go back the other way

The workers waiting by the sea
To cross the river to BHC

Around Cape Horn in the wind and snow
Thank God that's a place we never go

The council ought to bridge that gap
And sell this bloody thing for scrap

But here's the worst of all our fears
We'll still be travelling in a hundred years

31. Gallant Frigate Amphitrite

As sung by Alex Campbell

Our gallant ship the Amphitrite, she lay in
Plymouth Sound
Blue Peter at the fore-mast head for she
was outward bound
We were waiting there for orders to send us
far from home
Our orders came for Rio, and thence
around Cape Horn

When we arrived at Rio we prepared for
heavy gales
We set up all our rigging, boys, and bent on
all new sails
From ship to ship they cheered us as we
did sail along
And wished us pleasant weather in the
rounding of Cape Horn

When beating off Magellan it blew
exceeding hard
While shortening sail, two gallant tars fell
from the tops'l yard
By angry seas the ropes we threw from
their poor hands was torn
We were forced to leave them for the
sharks that prowl around Cape Horn

When we got round the Horn, my boys, we
had some glorious days
And very soon our killick dropped into
Valparaiso Bay
The pretty girls came round in flocks, I
solemnly declare
They're far before the Plymouth girls with
their long and their curly hair

For they love a jolly sailor when he spends
his money free
They'll laugh and sing and merry merry be
and have a jovial spree
And when your money is all gone, they
won't on you impose
They're not like the Plymouth girls that'll
pawn and sell your clothes

Farewell to Valparaiso, and farewell for a
while
Likewise to all your Spanish girls along the
coast of Chile
And if ever I live to be paid off, I'll sit and I'll
sing this song
God bless those pretty Spanish girls we left
around Cape Horn

32. General Taylor

General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John carry him along
General Taylor gained the day
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus:

To me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John carry him along
To me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his burying ground

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade...
Walk....
His shroud of the finest silk will be made...
Carry....

Ch

We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk....
On every inch we'll carve his name
Carry....

Ch

General Taylor he's all the go
Walk....
He's gone where the stormy winds won't
blow
Carry....

Ch

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone
Walk....
General Taylor he's long dead and gone
Carry....

Ch

33. He is the man, the very fat man

Dr. R. E. W. Fisher, aka Paddy Ryan

Chorus:

I am the man, the very fat man,
That waters the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man,
That waters the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer

Now when I waters the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine
Some methylated spirits,
And a can of kerosene
Ah, but such a brew so terribly strong,
It would make them terribly queer
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer

Ch

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
When he's tired, thirsty and 'ot
And I sometimes have a drop myself,
From a very special pot
For a strong and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer

Ch

Now ladies fair, beyond compare,
Be you maiden or wife
Spare a thought for such a man
Who leads such a lonely life
For the water rates are terribly high,
And the meths is terribly dear
And there isn't the profit there used to be
In watering the workers' beer

Ch

34. Hey John Barleycorn

John Barleycorn is a hero bold as any in the
land

For ages good his fame has stood, and
shall for ages stand

The whole wide world respect him, no
matter friend or foe

And where they be that makes too free,
he's sure to lay them low

Chorus:

Hey John Barleycorn. Ho John Barleycorn

Old and young thy praises sung

John Barleycorn

To see him in his pride of growth, his robes
are rich and green

His head is speared with a goodly beard,
fit night to serve the Queen

And when the reaping time comes round
and John is stricken down

We use his blood for England's good and
Englishman's renown

Ch

The lord in courtly castle and squire in
stately hall

The great of name, of birth and fame, on
John for succour call

Make weak men strong and old ones young
and all men brave and bold

Ch

Then shout for great John Barleycorn, for
heed his luscious vine

I have no mind much charm to find in potent
draughts of wine

Give me my native nut brown ale, all other
drinks I scorn

For true English cheer is English beer, our
own John Barleycorn

Ch

35. Home Boys Home

Chorus:

And it's home boys home, Home I'd like to be,
Home for awhile in my old count-a-ry
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny elm tree
They're all a-growing greener in my old count-a-ry

Now once there was a serving maid down in Drury Lane
Her master he was good to her, her Mistress was the same
But then she met a sailor on home on liberty
And that was the beginning of her own true love and she

Ch

Now he called for a handkerchief to tie around his head
Likewise for a candle to light him up to bed
Like a foolish maiden she thought it no harm
To lie by his side just to keep the sailor warm

Ch

Well she thought he was no Sampson but that night he went to town
He lay her in the bed 'til her blue eyes turned to brown
Early in the morning just at the break of day
A ten pound note he gave her and these words to her did say

Ch

Take this me darling for the damage I have done
For you may have a daughter or you may have a son
If you have a daughter then you bouncer on your knee
If you have a son, sent the bastard off to sea.

Ch

So come all you young maidens a warning take by me
Never let a sailor lad one inch above your Knee
For once she had a sailor but he put out to sea
And he left her with a pair of twins to bounce upon her knee

Ch

36. I'm a Rover

Chorus:

I'm a Rover seldom sober
I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinking that I am thinking
How to gain my love's company

There's never a night I'm bound to ramble
There's never a night I'm bound to roam
There's never a night I'm going to ramble
Into the arms of my own true love

Ch

Tho' the night be dark as a dungeon
Tho' there ne're be a star above
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the arms of my own true love

Ch

He stepped it up to her bedroom window
Kneeling gently upon a stone
He whispered low through the bedroom
window
My darling dear, do you lie alone?

Ch

She raised her up from the snow-white
pillow
With her arms around her breast
She's whispered low through the bedroom
window
Who's this disturbs me from my night's
rest?

Ch

I'm your love, your own true lover
Open the door and let me in
For I have come from a long night's journey
And I am nigh drenched unto the skin

Ch

She' opened the door with the greatest
pleasure
She' opened the door and let me in
And they shook hands and embraced each
other
And all night long they lay as one

Ch

The cocks were crowing, the birds were
whistling
The bairns ran free around the brae
Says I my lass, I'm a ploughman laddie
And a farmer I must obey

Ch

For I must go love and I must leave you
And I must climb the hills above
But I will climb with the greatest pleasure
Since I've been in the arms of my own true
love

Ch

37.The Isle of Wight for me

Laurie Say

Just off the coast of England you will see a charming sight
A little pile of mud and sand we call the Isle of Wight
Where we're sociable and civilised as any you may see
And we are so enlightened we've got Woodnut as MP

Chorus

It's the Island, the Island, it's the Isle of Wight for me
Where the people are broad minded and the atmosphere is free
I can think of a million places I would rather be
But I don't give a damn, for here I am
It's the Isle of Wight for me

We've a strong sense of community and we're neighbourly to the core
What ever your business may be, it's not private anymore
You never need to be alarmed, whatever you may do
Behind the old lace curtain there's an eyeball watching you

Ch

Now the County Press prints all the vital news that fit to write
Like births and deaths and marriages and what Woodnut said last night
They're modern and unbiased and they toe no party line
But they hope the Tories get back in in 1869

Ch

There's two places you must visit, they're called Bembridge and Seaview
Where the people want protection from scruffs like me and you
Though they won't stop you going there, and here's the reason why
The maid comes out and scrubs the pavement after you've gone by

Ch

You can sit and snug upon the beach or walk round in the nude
And no-one makes a comment for it would be rather rude
You can spit and swear and booze and fight and never get a snub
And we don't raise any eyebrows if a girl gets in the club

Ch

So if you want democracy upon you holiday
There's no discrimination here as long as you can pay
You'll find no class distinction and not a trace of snobbery
Only ordinary simple friendly down to earth daylight robbery

Ch

38. John Barleycorn (FA-LA-LA-LA)

There were three men came from the west, their fortune for to try
Then these three men made a solemn vow, John Barleycorn must die

Chorus:

Fa la la la it's a lovely day
Sing fa la la la lay-o
Fa la, fa la it's a lovely day
Sing fa la la la lay-o

They have laid him in three furrows deep, put clods upon his head
Then these three men made a solemn vow, John Barleycorn was dead

They let him lie for a very long time, till the rain from heaven did fall
Then little Sir John he sprung up his head, and he did amaze them all

And they let him stand till mid-summer day, till he looked both pale and wan
Then little Sir John he grew a long beard, and so became a man

They have hired men with their scythes so sharp, to cut him off at the knee
And they've rolled and they've tied him about the waist, and they've served him barbarously

They have hired men with their crab-tree sticks, to cut him skin from bone
And the miller has served him worse than that, he ground him between two stones

They have wheeled him here and they have wheeled him there, they've wheeled him to a barn
And they have served him worse than that, they've bunged him in a vat

Well they have worked their will on John Barleycorn, but he lived to tell the tale
For they pour him out of a nut brown jug, and they call him home-brewed ale

39. Kilgary Mountain

As I was a-walkin' over far Kilgary Mountain
I met with Captain Farrow as his money he was countin'
First I drew my pistols and then I drew my saber
Sayin', "Stand and deliver, for I am the bold deceiver."

Chorus:

Musha rim um du rum da
Whack fol the daddy o
Whack fol the daddy o
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out the money, and it made a pretty penny
I took 'em with me home and I gave 'em to my Jenny
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me
But the devil's in the women and they never can be easy.

Ch

When I was awakened between six and seven
The guards were all around me in numbers odd and even
I tried to draw my pistols, but alas I was mistaken
For she'd filed them up with water and a prisoner I was taken.

Ch

They put me into jail without judge or writin'
For robbing Captain Farrow on Kilgary Mountain
But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down
And bid a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo town.

Ch

Now some take delight in fishin' and in bowlin'
And others take delight in carriages a-rollin'
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courtin' pretty girls in the morning so early.

Ch

40. Lamorna

So now I'll sing to you, about a maiden fair,
I met the other evening at the corner of the square.
She had a dark and roving eye, she was a charming rover,
And we rode all night, through the pale moonlight
Way down to Lamorna.

Chorus:

Twas down in Albert square, I never shall forget,
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
and the evening it was wet, wet, wet.
Her hair hung down in curls, she was a charming rover,
And we rode all night, through the pale moonlight,
Way down to Lamorna.

As we got in the cab, I asked her for her name,
And when she gave it me, well, mine it was the same,
So I lifted up her veil, for her face was covered over,
And to my surprise, it was my wife,
I took down to Lamorna.

Ch

She said, I know you now, I knew you all along,
I knew you in the dark, but I did it for a lark,
And for that lark you'll pay, for the taking of the donah:
You'll pay the fare, for I declare,
Away down to Lamorna.

Ch

41. Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Three jolly coachmen sat in a Newport tavern
Three jolly coachmen sat in a Newport tavern
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided
To have another flagon

Chorus

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, for tonight we'll merry, merry be
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, tomorrow we'll be sober

Here's to the man who drinks small beer and goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the leaves do fade and drops off in October

Ch

Here's to the man who drinks small beer and goes to bed quite mellow
Lives as he ought to live and dies a jolly good fellow

Ch

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and runs and tells her mother
She's a very foolish thing she'll never get another

Ch

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and lingers for another
She's a boon to all mankind she'll very soon be a mother

Ch

42. The Last Shanty

Tom Lewis

My father often told me when I was just a lad
A sailor's life is very hard, the food is always bad
But now I've joined the Navy, I'm on board a man-o'-war
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor anymore

Ch:

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
Just get your civvies ready for another run ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor ain't a sailor anymore

Ch

McKillick of our mess he says we've had it soft
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead or lying on the floor?

Ch

They gave us an engine that first went up and down
Then with more technology the engine went around
We're good with steam and diesel, but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore

Ch

They gave us an Aldis Lamp so we can do it right
They gave us a radio, we signal day and night
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a "sema" for?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

Ch

They gave us a radar set to pierce the fog and gloom
Now the lookout's sitting in a tiny darkened room
Loran does navigation, the sonar says how deep
The Jimmy's three sheets to the wind, the skipper's fast asleep

Ch

Two cans of beer a day, that's your bleeding lot
But now we gets an extra one because they stopped the Tot
So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before

Ch

43. Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Princes' landing stage River Mersey fare thee well
I am bound for California, a place I know right well

Chorus:

So fare thee well my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

I have sailed with Burgess once before, I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along, if not then he's sure in hell

Ch

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street, Anson Terrace and Park Lane
I am bound away for to leave you and I'll never see you again

Ch

I am bound for California by way of stormy Cape Horn
And I will write to thee a letter, love, when I am homeward bound

Ch

I've shipped on a Yankee clipper ship, "Davy Crockett" is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her and they say that she's a floating hell

Ch

44. Lord of the Dance

Sydney Carter

I danced in the morning when the world was young
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance, said he

I danced for the scribes and the Pharisees
They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen James and John
They came with me so the dance went on

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance, said he

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They ripped, they stripped, they hung me high
Left me there on the cross to die

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance, said he

I danced on a Friday when the world turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body, they thought I was gone
But I am the dance, and the dance goes on

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance, said he

They cut me down and I leapt up high
I am the life that will never, never die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the dance, said he

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance, said he
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance, said he

45. Martin said to his man

*Printed in 'Popular Music of the Olden Time', Chappelle Licensed in 1588 to Thomas Orwin.
(NOTE: singers can make up their own verses, intended to be gently insulting!)*

Martin said to his man, fie man fie
Martin said to his man, who's the fool now
Martin said to his man, fill me the cup and then 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, Clouting of St. Peter's shoon
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now

I saw the goose ring the hog, fie, man, fie
I saw the goose ring the hog, who's the fool now
I saw the goose ring the hog, saw the snail bite the dog
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw the hare chase the hound, fie, man, fie
I saw the hare chase the hound, who's the fool, now
I saw the hare chase the hound, Twenty miles above the ground
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, Saw the cheese eat the rat
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a flea heave a tree, fie, man, fie
I saw a flea heave a tree, who's the fool now
I saw a flea heave a tree, twenty miles out to sea
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a maid milk a bull, fie, man, fie
I saw a maid milk a bull, who's the fool now
I saw a maid milk a bull, at every pull a bucket full
Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie
Martin said to his man, who's the fool, now
Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can
Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now

46. Mermaid, The

From Child Ballads No 289, tune from BBC's series 'Singing Together'

One Friday morn when we set sail
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were up, up aloft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below.

Ch

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once did our peril see,
'I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And this night she a widow will be.'

Ch

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair hair'd boy was he;
'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me, for me, for me,
And this night they will weep for me.'

Ch

Then three times round went our gallant ship.
And three times round went she;
Then three times round went our gallant, gallant ship,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Ch

47. Muirsheen Durkin

In the days I went a courtin' I was never tired resortin'
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house beside
But I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and be right famous
And I'd never would return again 'til I'd roam the world wide

Chorus:

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin sure I'm sick and tired of workin'
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney I'll be off to California
Where instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

I've courted girls in Blarney in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown that is the Cobh of Cork
Goodbye to all this pleasure I'll be off to take me leisure
And the next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York

Ch

Goodbye to the girls at home I'm going far across the foam
To try and make me fortune in far America
There's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry
And when I return again I never more will say

Ch

There is a another part to the chorus which can be added:

Nya, nya, nyan nyan nya, skiddly-i do di do di da

Nya, nya, nyan nyan nya, skiddly-i do di da

48. Nelson's Blood (Roll the Old Chariot)

Traditional Lyrics from Shanties from the Seven Seas, by Stan Hugill with some Morris additions

Legend has it that grog acquired the nickname "Nelson's Blood" after Trafalgar (1805). To preserve Lord Nelson's body, it was placed in a barrel of rum. From that time on, grog was known as "Nelson's Blood."

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

Chorus:

And we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Ch

And a little mug of beer wouldn't do me any harm
Oh a little mug of beer... [x2], etc.

And a plate of Irish stew...

And a little slug of gin

Well a night upon the shore...

Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm

And a pint on the landlord

And a drop of Nelson's blood

49. New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway
One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

Chorus:

And away you Santee, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

Ch

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say

Ch

My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

Ch

He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

Ch

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

Ch

I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

Ch

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn

Ch

50. Nutting Girl

Come all you jovial fellows and listen to my song
It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long
It's of a fair young damsel and she lived down in Kent
She rose one summer's morning and she a-nutting went

Chorus:

With me right follal, to me right follal
Wack for the de-rol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had
She threw them all away

It's of a brisk young farmer was ploughing of his land
He called unto his horses and bit them gently stand
As he sat down upon his plough all for a song to sing
His voice was so melodious it made the valleys ring

Ch

Its of a brisk young damsel was nutting in the wood
She heard the ploughboy singing and it charmed her where she stood
His voice was so melodious, 'Draw near,' it seemed to say
So what few nuts that poor girl had she threw them all away

Ch

She then came to young Johnny as he sat on his plough
She said, 'Young man I really feel I cannot tell you how'
He took her to some shady broom and there he laid her down
Says she, 'Young man I think I feel the world go round and round'

Ch

Now come all you young women this warning take by me
And if you should a-nutting go, don't you act so free
If you should stay too late to hear the ploughboy sing
You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring

Ch

51. O Good Ale

It's of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring

Chorus:

O good ale thou art my darling
Thou art my joy both night and morning

It's you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew
Better than one pint I like two

Ch

I love you in the early morn
I love you in daylight, dark or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn or spent
I turn the tap and ease the vent

Ch

It's you that makes my friends my foes
It's you that makes me wear old clothes
But since you come so near me nose
It's up you comes and down you goes

Ch

If all my friends from Adam's race
Were to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one tear
Before I'd part from my good beer

Ch

And if my wife did me despise
Soon I'd give her two black eyes
But if she loved me like I love thee
What a happy couple we should be

Ch

You've caused me debts and I've often swore
That I never would drink strong ale no more
But you for all that I forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live

Ch

52. Old Dun Cow

Some friends and I in a public house were playing dominoes one night
When into the bar the potman ran with his face just like a kite
What's the matter said Brown? Have you seen a ghost? Have you seen your aunt Mariah?
Well me aunt Mariah be blowed says he, me bleedin' pub's on fire!

Chorus:

And there was Brown, upside down lickin' up the whiskey from the floor
Booze! Booze! the fireman cried as they came a-knockin' at the door
Don't let 'em in until it's all mopped up, somebody shouted MACINTYRE!
And we all got blue-blind-paralytic drunk when the old Dun Cow caught fire

On fire, says Brown, what a bit of luck, come along with me shouts he
Down in the cellar if the fire ain't there, we'll have a rare old spree
So we all went down with good old Brown and the booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been 10 minutes there when we were stone blind pissed

Ch

Old Johnson flew to the port wine tub, gave it just a few hard knocks
Started taking off his pantaloons, likewise his boots and socks
Hold hard said Sykes, if you want to wash your feet, we've got some four ale here
Don't go putting your trotters in the port wine mate, when we've got some Watney's beer

Ch

Just then there was such an awful crash, half the bloody roof gave way
We were drowned in the fireman's hose but still we were all gay
We found some sacks, some old tin tacks and we locked ourselves inside
And we got drinking good old Scotch, till we were bleary eyed

Ch

53. Pleasant and Delightful

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
when the fields and the meadows were covered with corn
and the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
and the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day
And the larks, they sang melodious
And the larks, they sang melodious
And the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

A sailor and his true love were a' walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love, I am bound far away
I am bound for the Indies, where the loud cannons roar
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore
(Repeat)

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew (pop)
saying take this, dearest William and my heart will go too
And as he stood embraced her, tears from her eyes fell
Saying may I go along with you, oh no my love, farewell
(Repeat)

So it's fair thee well my Nancy, I can no longer stay
For the topsail is hoisted and our anchor is weighed
And the ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride
(Repeat)

54. Roll Alabama, Roll

CSS Alabama was a screw sloop-of-war built in secrecy for the Confederate States Navy at Birkenhead, United Kingdom, in 1862 by John Laird Sons and Company. She secretly slipped out of Liverpool on 29 July 1862 as the Enrica with a civilian crew and captain to sail to Terceira Island in the Azores where her new captain, Raphael Semmes, took over. She was transformed into a naval cruiser by fitting with British made armaments (32-pounder, naval smoothbores, one 100 pounder and one 110 pounder pivot cannons) and 350 tons of coal. Alabama served as a commerce raider, attacking Union merchant and naval ships over the course of her two-year career, during which she never anchored in a Southern port. She was sunk in battle by the USS Kearsarge in 1864 near the Port of Cherbourg, France. (Wikipedia).

Oh the Alabama's keel was laid.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

'T'was laid in the yard of Johnathon Laird.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

'T'was laid in the yard of Johnathon Laird.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

'T'was laid in the town of Birkenhead.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

Down the Mersey Way she rolled then.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

Liverpool fitted her with guns and men.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

From the Western Isle she sailed forth.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

To destroy the commerce of the North.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

To take her count of prize money.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

Many a sailor lad foresaw his doom.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

When the Kearsarge hove into view.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

'Til a ball from the forward pivot that day.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

Shot the Alabama's stern away.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

Off the three-mile limit in '64.

Roll, Alabama, roll.

The Alabama sank to the ocean floor.

Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

55. Rolling Home

John Tams

Chorus:

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling
When we go rolling home

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Ch

The gentry in their fine array, they prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn
The rich they steal the power, but the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Ch

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory of where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Ch

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together, your labours yours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Ch

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be
Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Ch

56. Sailor's Prayer

Words & Music by Tom Lewis (Chorus: Trad.)

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing,
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner go out whaling,

Chorus:

Oh lord above, send down a dove with beak as sharp as razors,
To cut the throats of them there blokes what sells bad beer to sailors!

Paid off m' 'score' and then ashore, m' money soon was flying,
With Judy Lee upon my knee and in my ear she's lying.

Ch

With m' new-found friends, m' money spends, just as fast as winking,
But when I make to clear the slate the landlord says: "Keep drinking!".

Ch

With m' payoff gone, m' clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving,
Six months' of pay's gone in three days but Judy isn't grieving.

Ch

When the crimp comes round I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking,
Tomorrow morn' sail for The Horn just as the dawn is breaking.

Ch

For one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing,
I'll settle down in my home town, no more I'll go seafaring.

Ch

57. Seven drunken nights

As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be.
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?"
"Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you can not see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me."
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more,
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before.

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up on the rack where my old pipe should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe up on the rack where my old pipe should be
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

The Men of Wight Song Book

And as I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a little baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a thing in my wife's hand when my old thing should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that thing that's in your hand where my old thing should be
Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,
So drunk you can not see
That's a great big rolling pin me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But strawberries hung on a rolling pin I never did see before.

58. South Australia

In South Australia I was born, Heave away, haul away,
In South Australia round Cape Horn, We're bound for South Australia.

Ch.

Haul away you rollin' kings, Heave away, haul away,
Haul away you'll 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.

Ch

I shook her up I shook her down, Heave away, haul away,
I shook her round and round the town, We're bound for South Australia.

Ch

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind, Heave away, haul away,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind, We're bound for South Australia.

Ch

And now we're sailing round Cape Horn, Heave away, haul away,
You'll wish to God you'd never been born, We're bound for South Australia.

Ch.

And now I'm safely on dry land, Heave away, haul away,
With a bottle of whisky in me hand, We're bound for South Australia.

Ch.

59. Southern Vectis Bus Song

Laurie Say, to the tune of Wabash Cannonball

From the grubby sands of Shanklin, if ever you should stray
From Yarmouth down to Ventnor, from Wight to Totland Bay
From Bembridge to The Needles, from Yaverland to Brook
You'll find a Southern Vectis bus wherever you may look
(If you're lucky)

Chorus

Listen to the rumble, the racket and the din
And listen to the jingle of the money rollin' in
Well it's a public company, and it's owned by all of us
So make yourself a provident ride on a Southern Vectis bus

It doesn't really matter if you're off the beaten track
A Vectis bus will pick you up and swiftly bring you back
And if you chance to miss it, well, you mustn't scream or swoon
You know there'll be another one tomorrow afternoon

Ch

Get a 19 out to Newtown, for Niton catch a 10
A 24 to Alverston, gets you there and back again
It doesn't really matter if you live out in the sticks
You can always get to Atherfield no number 36
(Three times a day)

Ch

If you're marooned at Merstone, our service will not fail
From Whitwell or from Wellow, from Chillerton or Chale
From all point of the island we will get you home alright
Provided you don't travel after half-past-nine at night

Ch

Now here's to our conductors, they do a worthy job
You'll always find them smiling when they charge you a couple of bob
And if you feel like quibbling, they'll never wear a frown
They know that in the summer it will cost you half-a-crown

Ch

60. Thousands or more

From The Copper Family Song Book

The time passes over more cheerful and
gay,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive
sorrows away.
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows
away,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive
sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe awakes so high up in the sky
With her red, rosy cheeks and her
sparkaling eye,
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling
eye,
With her red, rosy cheeks and her
sparkaling eye.

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have
none,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at
home.
Find me at home, find me at home, find me
at home,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at
home.

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not
poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands
or more,
Thousands or more, thousands or more,
thousands or more,
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands
or more.

61. Three drunken maidens

There were three drunken maidens
Came from the Isle of Wight
They drunk from Monday morning
Nor stopped till Saturday night
When Saturday night did come me boys,
They wouldn't then go out
These three drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

Then in comes bouncing Sally,
Her cheeks as red as blooms
Move up me jolly sisters,
And give young Sally some room
For I will be your equal
Before the night is out
These four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

There's woodcock and pheasant,
There's partridge and hare
There's all sorts of dainties,
No scarcity was there
There's forty quarts of beer, me boys,
They fairly drunk them out
These four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

But up comes the landlord,
He's asking for his pay
It' a forty pound bill, me boys
These girls have got to pay
That's ten pounds apiece, me boys,
But still they wouldn't go out
These four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

Oh where are your feathered hats,
Your mantles rich and fine
They've all been swallowed up,
In tankards of good wine
And where are your maidenheads,
You maidens brisk and gay
We left them in the alehouse,
We drank them clean away

62. Throw out the lifeline

Edwin S. Ufford, 1888

Throw out the life line across the dark wave;
There is a brother whom someone should save;
Somebody's brother! O who then will dare
To throw out the life line, his peril to share?

Chorus:

Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line!
Someone is drifting away;
Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line!
Someone is sinking today.

Throw out the life line with hand quick and strong:
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten today
And out with the life boat! away, then away!

Ch

Throw out the life line to danger fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

Ch

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the life line and save them today.

Ch

63. UDI for the IOW

Laurie Say

Down in Sunny Africa, things are getting tough
Because of the behavior of a man call Ian Smuff
You may think that he's a traitor and you may think that he's right
But we could follow his example on the Isle of Wight

Chorus:

The Island, the Island, it's the Isle of Wight for me
Where the people are broad minded and the atmosphere is free
I can think of a million places, I would rather be
But I don't give a damn 'cause here I am, it's the Isle of Wight for me

The first thing we must make sure is they don't cut off our booze
And so we'll have to go right out and nationalise Mews
We'll jam the BBC if they try to intervene
And we'll set up pirate radio on the Medway Queen

Ch

We're loyal to Queen Elizabeth but that don't mean a thing
We'll lock Mountbatten in Carisbrook Castle and we'll make Mark Woodnut King
We'll have no more Royal Yacht Squadron, Prince Philip we will ban
And they'll have to hold Cowes Week on the Isle of Man

Ch

Their economic sanctions will sure to hit us hard
We'll sell not another Ronson lighter or a Dixon's greeting card
We'll export no more radar or sand from Alum Bay
And Jim Callahan won't come here for his holiday

Ch

We'll have mounds and mounds of sea-side rock, and nobody to buy 'em
They wont need to send the troops in, they'll just sit and bide their ti-em
And when our economy at last begins to crack
Then we'll ask the British Government to take us back

Ch

64. When Jone's Ale Was New

Traditional

There were 5 jovial fellows
came over the hill together
came over the hill together
to join a jovial crew

Chorus:
and they called for their pints of beer and
bottles of sherry
to carry them over the hills so merry
to carry them over the hills so merry
when Jone's Ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

And the first to come in was a tinker
He was no small beer drinker
He wasn't no small beer drinker
To join our jovial crew
He said, have you any old pots or kettles?
My rivets are made of the very best metals
And I'll soon have them all in fine fettle
When Jones Ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

Ch

And the next to come in was a dyer
And he sat himself down by the fire
He sat himself down by the fire
To join the jovial crew
He told the landlady to her face
The chimney corner was his very own place
And there he would sit and dye his old face
When Jone's ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

Ch

And the next to come in was a soldier
With a flintlock over his shoulder
With a flintlock over his shoulder
To join the jovial crew
Then the landlady's daughter she came in
He kissed her betwixt the nose and the chin
And the pints of beer came rolling in
When Jone's ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

Ch

The next to come in was a mason
And his hammer it needed refacin'
His hammer it needed refacin'
To join the jovial crew
He threw his hammer against the wall
And wished all the church and chapel would
fall
So there would be work for masons all
When Jone's ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

Ch

Now the last to come in was a hatter
And no man could be fatter
And no man could be fatter
To join the jovial crew
And he threw his old hat on the ground
And asked everyone to put in a pound
For then there'd be drinks for all around
When Jone's ale was new me boys
when Jone's Ale was new

Ch

65. Whip Jamboree

Now me lads be of good cheer
For the Irish coast will soon draw near
Then we'll set a course for old Cape Clear
Jenny get your oatcakes done

Chorus:

Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,
Oh you pig tailed sailor boys hanging down behind,
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,
Oh Jenny get your oat cake done.

Now Cape Clear it is in sight
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night,
And we'll shape our course for the Rock Light,
Oh Jenny get your oat cake done. (keep your oat cake warm)

Ch

Now my boys we're off Holyhead;
No more salt beef, no more salt bread.
One man in the chains for to heave the lead,
Oh Jenny get your oat cake done.

Ch

Now my lads we're round the Rock,
All hammocks lashed and chests all locked.
We'll haul her into the Waterloo Dock,
Oh Jenny get your oat cake done.

Ch

Now my lads we're all in dock
We'll be off to Dan Lowrie's on the spot;
And now we'll have a good roundabout,
Oh Jenny get your oat cake done.

Ch

66. White Cockade

T'was on one summer's morning as I went o'er the moss
I little thoughts of listing 'til some soldiers did me cross
They kindly did invite me to take flowing bowl
They advanced me, (they advanced me), they advanced me
some money, a guinea and a crown

T'is true my love's enlisted, and he wears a white cockade
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade
He is a handsome young man, he's gone to serve the king
Oh my very, (oh my very), oh my very
heart is aching all for the love of him

The Sergeant that's enlisted him, oh may he never thrive
In all he turns his hand so long as he's alive
May the very ground he walks upon, the grass refuse to grow
Since he's been the, (since he's been the), since he's been the
very cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

Then he took out his handkerchief to wipe her flowing eyes
Leave off your lamentations, likewise your mournful cries
Leave off your grief and sorrow, while I march o'er the plain
We'll be married, (we'll be married), we'll be married
in the morning when I return again

T'is true my love's enlisted, and he wears a white cockade
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade
He is a handsome young man, he's gone to serve the king
Oh my very, (oh my very), oh my very
heart is aching all for the love of him