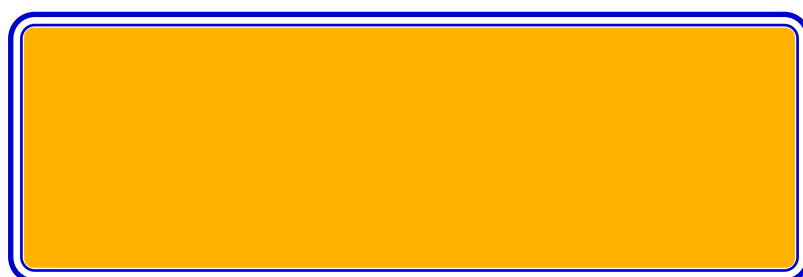




Walter Erhardt ♦ Klaus Klötzer ♦ Ulrich Skrabak



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1 Blowin' In The Wind

1. How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they' re forever banned?

Ch.: The answer, my friend,
Is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

2. How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist
Before they' re allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn' t see?

3. How many times can a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

2 If I Had A Hammer

1. If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land,
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning
I'd hammer out love between my brothers
And my sisters, all over this land.

2. If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land,
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out warning,
I'd ring out love between my brothers
And my sisters, all over this land.

3 Five Hundred Miles

1. If you miss the train I'm on,
You will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles.

2. Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two,
Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles
From my home.
Five hundred miles (4x),
Lord, I'm five hundred miles
From my home.

3. Not a shirt on my back,
Not a penny to my name,
Lord, I can't go a-home this-a-way
This-a-way, (4x)
Lord, I can't go a-home this-a-way.

4. If you miss the train I'm on,
You will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles.

3. If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening, all over this land,
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out warning,
I'd sing out love between my brothers
And my sisters, all over this land.

4. If I got a hammer, and I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing, all over this land,
It's a hammer of justice, it's a bell of freedom,
It's a song about love between my brothers
And my sisters, all over this land. Ooh-ooh...

4 Scarborough Fair

1. Are you going to Scarborough fair,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.
2. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Without any seam or needlework,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
3. Tell her to wash it on yonder dry well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
4. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
5. Oh, will you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Between the sea foam and the sea sand,
Or never be a true lover of mine.
6. Oh, will you plough it with a lamb's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Or never be a true lover of mine.
7. Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,
Or never be a true lover of mine.
8. And when you have done
And finished your work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you'll be a true lover of mine.
9. Are you going to Scarborough fair,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

5 Whiskey In The Jar

1. As I was a-going over
The far-famed Kerry Mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell
And his money he was counting
I first drew my pistol
And then drew my rapier saying
'Stand and deliver, for you are my bold deceiver'
- Ch.: Musha ringum a-durum a-dah,
Whack fol the daddy-o, whack fol the daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar.
2. He counted out his money
And it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.
She sighed and swore she loved me
And she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women
For they always lie so easy.
3. I went into my chamber
All for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels,
And sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my pistols
And she filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrell
To get ready for the slaughter.
4. 'Twas early in the morning
Before I rose to travel,
The guards were all around me
And likewise Captain Farrell.
I then drew my pistol
For she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water,
So a prisoner I was taken.
5. They put me in jail without judge or writing,
For robbing Captain Farrell on Kilgarry mountain.
But they didn't take my fists
So I knocked the sentry down,
And bade a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo town.
6. Now some take delight
In the fishin' and the fowlin'
And others take delight
In the carriages a-rollin' .
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courtin' pretty lassies
In the mornin' oh so early.

6 Mingulay Boat Song

Ch.: Heelya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Swing her head round and draw together,
Heelya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Sailors:

What care we though white the Minch,
What care we for wind and weather,
Heelya ho, boys, and we'll anchor,
As the sun sets in Mingulay. Heelya ho...

Women:

We are waiting by the harbour,
We've been waiting since break of day-o,
We are waiting by the harbour
As the sun sets on Mingulay. Heelya ho...

7 The Wild Rover

1. I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

Ch.: And it's no, nay, never,
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No, never, no more.

2. I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit but she answered me 'nay,
Such custom as yours I can get any day.'

8 All Around My Hat

Ch.: All around my hat
I will wear a green willow, and
All around my hat,
For a twelve-month and a day,
And if anyone should ask me
The reason why I'm wearing it,
It's all for my true love who's far, far away.

1. Fare thee well cold winter
And fare thee well cold frost
Nothing have I gained,
But my own true love I've lost.
I'll sing and I'll be merry when occasion I do see,
He's a false deluding young man,
Let him go, farewell he.

2. The other night he brought me
A fine diamond ring,
But he thought to have deprived me
For a far, far better thing.
But I being careful like lovers ought to be,
He's a false deluding young man,
Let him go, farewell he.

3. The quarter pound of reasons
And a half a pound of sense,
A small sprig of time and as much of prudence,
You mix them all together
And then you will plainly see:
He's a false deluding young man,
Let him go, farewell he.

3. So I took from my pocket a handful of gold
And on the round table it glittered and rolled.
She said 'we have whiskeys and wines of the best,
What I told you before, it was only in jest.'

4. I'll go home to my parents,
Confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

9 Dirty Old Town

1. I met my love by the gas works door,
Dreamed a dream by the old canal,
Kissed my boy by the factory wall,
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
2. The moon is shifting behind a cloud,
Cats are crawling along the beat,
Springs a girl in the street at night,
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
3. I heard a whistle coming from the docks
And a train set the night on fire,
Smelled the spring on a smoke-filled air,
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
4. I'm gonna get me a nice sharp axe,
Shining steel tempered in a fire,
Cut you down like an old dead tree,
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

10 Hobo's Lullaby

Ch.: Go to sleep you weary hobo,
Let the towns drift slowly by,
Can't you hear the steel rails humming,
That's the hobo's lullaby.

1. I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning gray
Lift your head and smile at trouble,
You'll find peace and rest some day.

11 The Road To Dundee

1. Cold winter was howling
O'er moor and o'er mountain
And wild was the surge of the dark rolling sea,
When I met about daybreak a bonnie wee lassie
Who asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.
2. Says I, 'my young lassie, I canna weel tell ye
The road and the distance I canna weel gie,
But if ye permit me to gang a wee bittie
I'll show ye the road and the miles tae Dundee.'
3. At once she consented and gave me her arm
Ne'er a word did I spier wha the lassie might be.
She appeared like an angel in feature and form
As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.
4. At length wi' the Howe o' Strathmartine behind us
And the spires of the toon in full view we could see,
She said, 'gentle sir, I'll never forget ye,
For showing me so far on the road to Dundee.'
5. I took the gowd pin from the scarf on my bosom
And said, 'keep ye this in remembrance o' me,'
Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie
Ere I parted wi' her on the road to Dundee.
6. So here's to the lassie, I ne'er will forget her
And ilka young laddie that's listening to me,
And never be sweer to convoy a young lassie
Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee,
Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee.

2. Now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Let tomorrow come and go,
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar
Safe from all the wind and snow.

3. I know the police cause you trouble,
They cause you trouble everywhere,
But when you die and go to heaven
You'll find no policeman there.

(Chorus 1x gesungen, 1x gesummt)

12 Never Wed An Old Man

1. An old man came courting me, hey ding doorum di,
An old man came courting me, me being young,
An old man came courting me,
Saying 'would you marry me'
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

Ch.: 'Cause he's got no faloorum, fal diddle-i-oorum,
He's got no faloorum, fal diddle fal day
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding doorum,
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

2. When we went to church, hey ding doorum di,
When we went to church, me being young,
When we went to church, he left me on the lurch
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

3. When we sat down for tea, hey ding doorum di,
When we sat down for tea, me being young,
When we sat down for tea he started teasing me
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

4. When we went to bed, hey ding doorum di,
When we went to bed, me being young,
When we went to bed he lay like he was dead
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

5. So I threw my leg over him, hey ding doorum di,
I threw my leg over him, me being young,
I threw my leg over him, damn well near smothered
him Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

6. When he went to sleep, hey ding doorum di,
When he went to sleep, me being young,
When he went to sleep out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man.

Ch.: And I found his faloorum...
He got my ding doorum...

7. A young man is my delight, hey ding doorum di,
A young man is my delight, me being young,
A young man is my delight
He'll kiss you day and night
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

8. Then we did sport and play, hey ding doorum di,
Then we did sport and play, me being young,
Then we did sport and play until the break of day
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

Ch.: 'Cause he's got faloorum he's got his ding doorum

13 Fiddler's Green

1. As I walked by the dockside
One evening so fair
To view the salt water
And take the sea air
I heard an old fisherman
Singing a song:
Won't you take me away, boys,
My time isn't long;

Ch.: Wrap me up in my oil skin and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen,
Just tell me ould ship-mates
I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green.

2. Now Fiddler's Green
Is a place I heard tell
Where the 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.

3. When you get on the docks
And the long trip is through,
There's pubs, there's clubs,
And there's lassies there, too,
Where the girls are all pretty
And the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum
Growing from every tree.

4. 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 my old squeeze-box
As we sail along
With the wind in the rigging
To sing me a song.

14 The Flower Of Scotland

1. Oh Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward tae think again.
2. The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now which those so dearly held
That stood against him, proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward tae think again.
3. Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain,
But we can still rise now, and be the nation again
That stood against him, proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward tae think again.
4. Oh Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again, tae think again.

15 The Leaving Of Liverpool

1. Farewell to you, my own true love,
I am going far, far away,
I am bound for California
And I know that I'll return some day.
- Ch.: So fare thee well, my own true love,
For 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.

16 Colours

1. Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair
In the mornin' when we rise,
In the mornin' when we rise,
That's the time, that's the time I love the best.
2. Blue is the colour of the sky
In the mornin' when we rise,
In the mornin' when we rise,
That's the time, that's the time I love the best.
3. Green's the colour of the sparkling corn
In the mornin' when we rise,
In the mornin' when we rise,
That's the time, that's the time I love the best.
4. Mellow is the feeling that I get
When I see her, mm-hmm,
When I see her, uh-huh,
That's the time, that's the time I love the best.
5. Freedom is a word I rarely use
Without thinking, mm-hmm
Without thinking, mm-hmm
Of the time, of the time, when I've been loved.

2. I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship
Davey Crockett was her name,
And her captain's name was Burgess
And they say that she's a floating hell.
3. Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

17 The Town I Loved So Well

1. In my memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gas-yard wall,
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell.
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane,
Past the jail and down behind the fountain.
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
In the town I loved so well.
2. In the early morning the Shirt Factory horn
Called women from Craigeen,
The Moor and The Bog
While the men on the dole played the mother's role,
Fed the children and then walked the roads.
And when times got rough
There was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining.
For deep inside was a burning pride
For the town I love so well.
3. There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that all we could understand,
I remember the day that I earned my first pay
As I played in a small pick-up band.
Then I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me;
For I'd learned about life and I found me a wife
In the town I loved so well.
4. But when I returned how my eyes were burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed-out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze.
Now the army's installed by the old gas-yard wall
And the dammed barbed-wire
Gets higher and higher.
With their tanks and their guns
Oh, my God, what have they done
To the town I love so well.
5. Now the music's gone but they still carry on,
Though their spirit's been bruised, never broken.
They will not forget for their hearts are all set
On tomorrow and peace once again.
For what's done is done, and what's won is won,
And what's lost is lost and gone forever;
I can only pray for a bright brand-new day
In the town I love so well.

18 Will The Circle Be Unbroken

- Ch.: Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by;
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.
1. I was standing by the window
On a cold and cloudy day
When I saw the hearse come rolling
For to carry my mother away.
 2. Lord, I told the undertaker,
'Undertaker, please drive slow
For this body you are hauling,
Lord, I hate to see her go.'
 3. For I followed close behind her,
Tried to cheer up and be brave;
But my sorrows, I could not hide them
When they laid her in the grave.
 4. Went back home, Lord,
My home was lonesome,
Since my mother she was gone.
All my brothers and sisters crying
What a home, so sad and lone.

19 Where Have All The Flowers Gone

1. Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them everyone,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

2. Where have all the young girls gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the young girls gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands everyone,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

3. Where have all the young men gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the young men gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the young men gone?
They're all in uniform,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

4. Where have all the soldiers gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the soldiers gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've gone to graveyards everyone,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

5. Where have all the graveyards gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the graveyards gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
They're covered with flowers everyone,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

6. Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them everyone,
When will they ever learn,
When will they ever learn?

20 Roddy McCorley

1. See the host of fleet-foot men
who sped with faces wan
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Along the banks of Bann.
They come with vengeance in their eyes
Too late, too late are they,
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today.

2. Up the narrow street he steps
Smiling proud and young.
About the hemp-rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung,
There was never a tear in his blue eyes,
Both sad and bright are they,
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today.

3. When he last stepped up that street
His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart earnest band.
For Antrim town, for Antrim town,
He led them to the fray,
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today.

4. There is never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray,
Than he who marches to his fate
On the Bridge of Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way,
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today.

21 Ye Jacobites

Ch.: Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear.
Ye Jacobites by name, yer faults I will proclaim,
Yer doctrines I maun blame,
You will hear, you will hear,
Yer doctrines I maun blame, I maun blame.

1. What is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law,
What is right and what is wrong by the law,
What is right and what is wrong,
The weak airm and the strong,
The short sword and the long for to draw, for to draw,
The short sword and the long for to draw.

2. What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar,
What makes heroic strife famed afar;
What makes heroic strife, tae whet the assassin's knife,
And haunt a parent's life with bloody war, bloody war,
And haunt a parent's life with bloody war.

3. So let yer schemes alone in the state, in the state,
Let yer schemes alone in the state;
So let yer schemes alone, adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone tae his fate, tae his fate,
And leave a man undone tae his fate.

22 All For Me Grog

Ch.: And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,
All for me beer and tobacco,
Well, I spent all my tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

1. 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 out for better weather.

2. 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 out for better weather.

3. I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed
Since first I came ashore from me slumber,
For I spent all me dough
On the lassies, don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

23 The Spanish Lady

1. As I came down through Dublin City
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady
Washing her feet by the candlelight.
First she washed them, then she dried them,
Over a fire of amber coal,
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about her soul.

Ch.: Whack for the toora loora laddie,
Whack for the toora loora lay,
Whack for the toora loora laddie,
Whack for the toora loora lay.

2. As I came back through Dublin City
At the hour of half past eight,
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
First she tossed it then she brushed it,
On her lap was a silver comb,
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam.

3. As I went back through Dublin City
As the sun began to set,
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady
Catching a moth in a golden net.
When she saw me then she fled me
Lifting her petticoat over her knee,
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

4. I've wandered north and I've wandered south
Through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close,
Up and around by the Glouster Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house.
Old Age has laid her hand on me,
Cold as a fire of ashy coals,
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.

24 Last Thing On My Mind

1. It's a lesson too late for the learnin' ,
Made of sand, made of sand.
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'
In your hand, in your hand.

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

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

3. As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you.
Each song in my breast dies a-mournin'
Without you, without you.

4. As we walked on my thoughts went on tumblin'
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subway's grumblin'
Underground, underground.

25 Lord Franklin

1. 'Twas homeward bound one night on the deep
In my hammock I fell asleep,
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

2. With a hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May,
To seek a passage around the pole
Where we poor seamen do sometimes go.

3. Through cruel hardships they mainly strove,
The ship on mountains of ice was drove,
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one who ever came through.

26 Skye Boat Song

Ch.: Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
'Onward' , the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare.

2. Though the waves leap soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

3. Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield;
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

4. Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

4. From Baffin Bay where the whalefishes blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know,
The fate of Franklin no man can tell,
Where Lord Franklin and his sailors dwell.

5. And now my burden it gives me pain
For my long lost Franklin I would sail the main
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give
Just to know if Franklin on earth does live.

6. 'Twas homeward bound one night on the deep
In my hammock I fell asleep,
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

27 Rambling Boy

1. He was a man, and a friend always,
He stuck with me in the hard old days;
He never cared if I had no dough,
We rambled round in the rain and snow.

Ch.: And here's to you, my rambling boy,
May all your rambling bring you joy.
Here's to you, my rambling boy,
May all your rambling bring you joy.

2. In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,
We thought we'd try to work one day;
The boss said he had room for one,
Said my old pal we'd rather bum.

3. Late one night in a jungle camp,
The weather it was cold and damp,
He got the chills, and he got them bad,
They took the only friend I had.

4. He left me here to ramble on,
My rambling pal is dead and gone;
If when you die you go somewhere
I bet you a dollar he's a-ramblin' there.

28 I Know Where I'm Going

Ch.: I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me;
I know who I love,
But the de'il knows who I'll marry.

1. I wear stockings of silk
And shoes of bright green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair
And a ring for every finger.

29 Teach Your Children

1. You who are on the road
Must have a code that you can live by;
And so become yourself
Because the past is just a good-bye.

Teach your children well
Their father's hell did slowly go by;
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks the one you'll know by.

Ch.: Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you, you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you.

2. And you of tender years
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by;
And so please help them with your youth
They seek the truth before they can die.

Teach your parents well
Their children's hell did slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks and the one you'll know by.

Ch.: Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you, you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you.

2. Feather beds are soft
And painted rooms are bonnie,
But I would trade them all
For my handsome winsome Johnny

3. Some say he is bad
And some say he is bonnie,
Fairest of them all
Is my handsome winsome Johnny.

30 Puff, The Magic Dragon

1. Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called Honalee.
Little Jacky Paper loved that rascal Puff
And bought him strings and sealing wax
And other fancy stuff.

Ch.: Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist
In a land called Honalee. (2x)

2. Together they would travel
On a boat with billowed sails,
Jacky kept a lookout perched
On Puff's gigantic tail.
Noble kings and princes
Would bow whenever they came,
Pirate ships would lower their flags
When Puff roared out his name.

3. A dragon lives forever,
But not so little boys,
Painted wings and giant's rings
Make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened,
Jacky Paper came no more,
And Puff, that mighty dragon,
He ceased his fearless roar.

4. His head was bent in sorrow
Green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play
Along that Cherry Lane.
Without his life-long friend
Puff could not be brave,
So Puff, that mighty dragon,
Sadly slipped into his cave.

31 Will You Go, Lassie, Go

1. Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.

Ch.: And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.

2. I will build my love a bower
By yon cool crystal fountain,
And round it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain,
Will you go, lassie, go.

3. I will range through the wild
And the deep glen so dreary
And return wi' all the spoils
To the bower of my dearie,
Will you go, lassie, go.

4. If my true love she'll not come
Then I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go.

32 Nancy Spain

1. Of all the stars that ever shone not one
Does twinkle like your pale blue eyes,
Like golden corn at harvest time your hair.
Sailing in my boat the wind
Gently blows and fills my sail,
Your sweet scented breath is everywhere.

2. Daylight peeping through the curtains
Of the passing nighttime is your smile,
The sun in the sky is like your laugh.
Come back to me, Nancy,
Linger for just a little while,
Since you left these shores
I know no peace nor joy.

33 The Keeper

1. A keeper would a-hunting go
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green-o.

Ch.: Jacky boy! *Master?* Sing ye well? *Very well!*
Hey down! *Ho down!* Derry, derry, down!
Among the leaves so green-o.
To my hey, down, down!
To my ho, down, down!
Hey down! *Ho down!* Derry, derry, down!
Among the leaves so green-o.

2. The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe he trimmed he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green-o.

3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again,
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.

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

Ch: No matter where I wander
I'm still haunted by your name,
The portrait of your beauty stays the same.
Standing by the ocean wondering
Where you've gone, if you'll return again,
Where is the ring I gave to Nancy Spain.

3. On the day in spring when the snow
Starts to melt and streams to flow,
With the birds I'll sing to you a song.
In the while I wander down by
Bluebell Grove where wild flowers grow,
And I'll hope that lovely Nancy will return.

34 From Clare To Here

1. Oh, there's four who share the room
As we work hard for the crack;
And getting up late on Sunday
I never get to mass.

Ch.: It's a long, long way from Clare to here,
It's a long, long way from Clare to here,
Oh, it's a long, long way,
It gets further day by day,
It's a long, long way from Clare to here.

2. When Friday night comes around
And he's only in the fighting,
My Ma would like a letter home
But I'm too tired for writing.

3. And the only time I feel alright
Is when I'm into drinking,
It eases off the pain a bit
And levels out my thinking.

4. Well, it almost breaks my heart
When I think of Josephine,
I promised to be coming back
With pockets full of green.

5. I dream I hear the piper play
But maybe it's a notion.
I dream I see white horses play
Upon that other ocean.

35 John B. Sails

1. We come on the sloop John B.
My grandfather and me,
Round Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night we got into a fight,
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

Ch.: So hoist up the John B. sails,
See how the main sail sets,
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home,
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

2. Well, the first mate he got drunk,
And destroyed all the people's trunk,
A constable came aboard, take him away,
Sherriff Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break-up, I wanna go home.

3. Well, the poor cook he got fits,
Throw 'way all the grits,
Then he took and eat up all my corn,
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
Oh, this is the worst trip since I been born.

36 Oh No, John!

1. On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know,
I'll go and court her for her beauty
She must answer 'yes' or 'no' .
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

2. My father was a Spanish captain
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me then he left me
Bid me always answer 'no' .
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

3. Oh Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow,
Will you take me for your lover,
Madam, answer 'yes' or 'no' .
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

37 Cockles And Mussels

1. In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
She wheels her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.'

Ch.: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o,
Crying 'cockles and mussels,
Alive, alive-o.'

2. She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.'

3. She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.'

4. Oh Madam, I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free,
I will give you silken dresses,
Madam, will you marry me?
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

5. Oh Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

6. Then I will stay with you forever
If you will not be unkind,
Madam, I have vowed to love you,
Would you have me change my mind?
Oh, no John, no John, no John, no!

38 The Ash Grove

1. Down yonder green valley
Where streamlets meander
When twilight is fading I pensively rove.
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird
Was cheerfully singing
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing
Ah, then little thought I how soon we should part.

2. Still glows the bright sunshine
O'er valley and mountain
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree.
Still trembles the moonbeam
On streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me.
With sorrow, deep sorrow my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, oh tell me where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf
Down by the Ash Grove

39 This Land Is Your Land

Ch.: This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forests to the gulfstream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

1. As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that endless valley,
This land was made for you and me.

2. I roamed and rambled
And followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

3. When the sun was shining and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me.

40 The Bog Down In The Valley-O

Ch.: O-ro, the rattling bog,
The bog down in the valley-o,
O-ro, the rattling bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

1. And in that bog there was a *tree*,
A rare tree and a rattling tree,
With a tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

2. And on that tree there was a *limb*,
A rare limb, a rattling limb,
With a limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

3. And on that limb there was a *branch*,
A rare branch, a rattling branch,
With a branch on the limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

4. And on that branch there was a *twig*
A rare twig and a rattling twig
With a twig on the branch,
And a branch on the limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

5. And on that twig there was a *nest* ...

6. And in that nest there was an *egg* ...

7. And in that egg there was a *bird* ...

8. And on that bird there was a *feather* ...

9. And on that feather there was a *flea*
A rare flea and a rattling flea,
With a *flea* on the feather
And the *feather* on the bird,
And the *bird* in the nest,
And the *nest* on the twig
And the *twig* on the branch,
And a *branch* on the limb,
And the *limb* on the tree,
And the *tree* in the bog,
And the *bog* down in the valley-o. O-ro ...

41 Take Me Home, Country Roads

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River,
Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains growin' like the breeze.

Ch.: Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma
Take me home, country roads.

2. All my mem'ries gather round her,
Miner's lady stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,
The radio reminds me of my home far away,
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

42 Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

1. Ain' t gonna work on the railroad,
Ain' t gonna work on the farm,
Lay 'round the shack till the mail train comes back
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Ch.: Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay 'round the shack till the mail train comes back
Then I'll roll in my sweet baby's arms.

2. Can't see what's the matter with my own true
love,
She done quit writing to me,
She must think I don't love her like I used to,
Ain't that a foolish idea.

3. Now where were you last Friday night
While I was locked up in jail,
Walking the streets with another man
Wouldn't even try to go my bail.

4. Mama's a ginger-cake baker,
Sister can weave and can spin,
Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,
Just watch that old money roll in.

43 Southbound Passenger Train

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
I'm gonna buy me a ticket just as long as my arm,
I'm gonna ride that train, babe, all night long.

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
Till I hear that old conductor say
'All out for Birmingham.'

I got a letter from my doll babe,
Way down from Birmingham,
She's the cutest little doll babe
That lives in Birmingham.

'Cause she's so sweet, Daddy, she's so neat, Daddy,
When she walk-a she knock-a you off your feet,
She is some mama, way down from Birmingham.

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
I hear the engineer say 'put your shovel in the coal',
Stick your head out the window,
Watch the drivers roll.

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
Till I hear that old conductor say
'All out for Birmingham.'

When I hear that whistle blow 'woooohooo'
It's music to my ear,
And when I'm with my doll babe,
I don't shed no lonesome tear.

'Cause she's so sweet, Daddy, she's so neat, Daddy,
When she walk-a she knock-a you off your feet,
She is some mama, way down from Birmingham.

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
I'm gonna buy me a ticket just as long as my arm,
I'm gonna ride that train, babe, all night long.

I'm gonna ride, gonna ride, I mean, I mean,
That southbound passenger train,
That southbound passenger train,
Till I hear that old conductor say
'All out for Birmingham.'

44 Jug Of Punch

1. As I was sitting with jug and spoon
On one fine morn' in the month of June
A birdie sang on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Ch.: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
A birdie sang on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

2. What more diversion could a man desire
Than to court a girl by a winter fire,
A Kerry pippin to crack and crunch
Aye and on the table a jug of punch.

Ch.: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
A Kerry pippin to crack and crunch
Aye and on the table a jug of punch.

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

Ch.: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo ... Just lay me down ...

45 Come Landlord

1. Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Come, 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.

Ch.: Wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lido
Wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lido
Wake for the fal-lal-lal-lal-lay
Tomorrow is a holiday.

2. The man who drinketh small beer
And goes to bed quite sober (2x)
Fades as the leaves do fade (3x)
That fall off in October.

46 John Peel

1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Ch.: For the sound of his horn
Brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds
Which he ofttimes led,
Peel's 'view halloo' would awaken the dead
Or the fox on his lair in the morning.

2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day
Now he has gone far, far away
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

3. The man who drinketh strong beer
And goes to bed quite mellow (2x)
Lives as he ought to live (3x)
And dies a jolly good fellow.

4. But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half seas over (2x)
Will live until he die, perhaps (3x)
And then lie down in clover.

5. The man who kisses a pretty girl
And goes to tell his mother (2x)
Ought to have his lips cut off (3x)
And never kiss another.

6. Whiskey is the remedy
For every kind of evil (2x)
But in the course of time (3x)
It sends you to the deevil.

47 City Of New Orleans

1. Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail;
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
All along on a southbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields;
Passing trains that have no name
And freightyards full of old black men
And the graveyards full of rusted automobiles.

Ch.: Good morning, America, how are you,
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son,
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
And I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done

2. Dealin' card games
With the old men in the club-car
Penny a point and no one's keeping score;
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
You can feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor.
And the sons of pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel,
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rocking to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee;
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,
Through the Mississippi darkness
Rolling down to the sea.
But all the towns and people seem
To fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news;
The conductor sings his songs again,
The passengers will please refrain,
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

48 Bye-Bye, Love

Ch.: Bye-bye love, bye-bye happiness,
Hello loneliness, I think I'm gonna cry;
Bye-bye love, bye-bye sweet caress,
Hello emptiness, I feel like I could die,
Bye-bye my love, bye-bye.

1. There goes my baby with someone new,
She sure looks happy, I sure am blue,
She was my baby till he stepped in,
Good-bye to romance that might have been.

2. I'm through with romance,
I'm through with love,
I'm through with counting the stars above.
And here's the reason why I'm so free:
My lovin' baby is through with me.

49 Island In The Sun

1. This is my island in the sun
Where my people have toiled
Since time begun,
Tho' I may sail on many a sea
Her shores will always be home to me.

Ch.: Oh island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand,
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forests, waters, your shining sand.

2. When morning breaks the heaven on high
I lift my heavy load to the sky,
Sun comes down with a burning glow
Mingles my sweat with the earth below.

3. I see woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for her family,
I see man at the water's side
Casting nets at the surging tide.

4. I hope the day will never come
That I can't awake of the sound of drum
Never let me miss carnival
With calypso songs philosophical.

50 Bottle Of Wine

Ch.: Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,
When you going to let me get sober.
Let me alone, let me go home,
Let me go back to start over.

1. Rambling around this dirty old town,
Singing for nickles and dimes.
Time' sgetting tough and I ain't got enough
To buy a little bottle of wine.

2. Little hotel, over the hill,
Dark as the coal in the mine.
Blankets are thin I just lay there and grin
'Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

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

4. Well, the preacher will preach,
The teacher will teach,
The miner will dig in the mine.
I ride the rods trusting in God
Hugging my bottle of wine.

51 LAST NIGHT I HAD

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before,
I dreamed that all the world agreed
To put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room
And the room was filled with men
And the paper they were sighning said
They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and circled round
And grateful prayers were made.

52 Turn, Turn, Turn

1. To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born, a time to die,
A time to plant, a time to reap,
A time to kill, a time to heal,
A time to laugh, a time to weep.

2. To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to build up, a time to break down,
A time to dance, a time to mourn,
A time to cast away stones,
A time to gather stones together.

3. To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time of love, a time of hate,
A time of war, a time of peace,
A time you may embrace,
A time to refrain from embracing.

4. To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven.

And the people on the streets below
Were dancing round and round
With swords and guns and uniforms,
All scattered on the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before,
I dreamed that all the world agreed
To put an end to war.

53 Streets Of London

1. Have you seen the old man
In the closed down market
Kicking up the papers with his worn-out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride
Hand held loosely at his side,
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news.

Ch.: So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand
And lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something
To make you change your mind.

2. Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the streets of London,
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking,
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

3. In the all-night cafe at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own,
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea lasts an hour then he wanders home alone.

4. Have you seen the old man
Outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with
The medal ribbons that he wears?
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care.

55 Dona, Dona

1. On a wagon bound for market
There's a calf with a mournful eye,
High above him there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky.

Ch. How the winds are laughing
They laugh with all their might,
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And half the summer's night.
Dona dona dona dona, dona dona dona don,
Dona dona dona dona, dona dona dona don.

54 Sailing

1. I am sailing, I am sailing
Home again 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free.

2. I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird 'cross the sky,
I am flying, passing high clouds
To be near you, to be free.

3. Can you hear me, can you hear me,
Through the dark night far away?
I am dying, forever trying
To be near you, to be free.

4. We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again 'cross the sea,
We are sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free.

5. I am sailing, I am sailing
Home again 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free.

2. 'Stop complaining', said the farmer,
'Who told you a calf to be,
Why don't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow so proud and free?'

3. Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why,
But whoever treasures freedom
Like the swallow has learned to fly.

56 Mull Of Kintyre

Ch.: Mull of Kintyre,
Oh mist rolling in from the sea,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh Mull of Kintyre.

1. Far have I travelled and much have I seen,
Dark distant mountains and valleys of green,
Past painted deserts the sunset's on fire
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

2. Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain
Still take me back where my memories remain,
Flickering embers grow higher and higher
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre.

3. Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen,
Oh carry me back to the days I knew then,
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre.

57 Early One Morning

1. Early one morning
Just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing
In the valley below.

Ch.: 'Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so.'

2. 'Remember the vows that
You gave to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r
Where you vow'd to be true.'

3. 'Oh, gay is the garland
And fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden
To bind on thy brow.'

4. Thus sang the maiden
Her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maiden
In the valley below.

58 Leavin' On A Jet Plane

1. All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go,
I'm standing here outside the door,
I hate to wake you up and say good-bye;
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn',
The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn,
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Ch.: So kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me,
Hold me like you'll never let me go;
I'm a-leavin' on a jet plane,
Don't know when I'll be back again,
Ooh babe, I hate to go.

2. There's so many times I've let you down,
So many times I've played around,
I'll tell you now they don't mean a thing.
Every place I go I'll think of you,
Every song I sing I'll sing for you,
When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring.

3. Now the time has come to leave you,
One more time let me kiss you,
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.
Dream about the days to come,
When I won't have to leave you alone,
About the times I won't have to say.

59 Irene, Good Night

Ch.: Irene, good night, Irene,
Irene, good night,
Good night, Irene, good night, Irene,
I'll see you in my dreams.

1. Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down.
Now me and my wife are parted,
I'm gonna take a little trip downtown.

2. Sometimes I live in the country,
Sometimes I live in the town,
Sometimes I have a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

3. Stop your ramblin', stop your gamblin',
Stop stayin' out late at night.
Go home to your wife and your fam'ly
And sit by the fireside bright.

60 Surrounded By Water

1. They say that the lakes of Killarney are fair,
That no stream like the Liffey can ever compare;
If it's water you want
You'll find nothing more rare
Than the stuff they make down by the ocean.

Ch.: The sea, oh the sea is gradh geal mo croide*,
Long may it stay between England and me.
It's a sure guarantee
That some hour we'll be free,
Oh, thank God we're surrounded by water.

2. Tom Moore made his "waters"
Meet fame and renown,
A great lover of anything dressed in a crown.
In brandy the bandy old Saxon he'd drown
But throw ne'er a one in the ocean.

3. The Scots have their whiskey,
The Welsh have their speech,
Their poets are paid about tenpence a week,
Provided no hard word on England they speak,
Oh Lord, what a price for devotion.

4. The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew,
'Ye will in your vikings', said Brian Boru
And threw them back into the ocean.

5. Two foreign old monarchs in battle did join,
Each wanting their head on the back of a coin,
If the Irish had sense
They'd drowned both in the Boyne
And partition thrown into the ocean.

*gradh geal mo croide : great joy of my heart

62 Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

61 Ye Banks And Braes

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care?
Ye break my heart, ye warbling bird,
That warbles on the flow'ry thorn.
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

2. Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
By morning and by ev'ning shine
To hear the birds sing o' their loves
As fondly once I sang o' mine,
Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree;
But my fause lover stole the rose
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

3. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care?
Ye break my heart, ye warbling bird,
That warbles on the flow'ry thorn.
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares
We have already come,
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,
And grace will lead us home.

4. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

63 Charlie Is My Darling

Ch.: Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling
The young chevalier.

1. 'Twas on a Monday morning
Right early in the year
When Charlie came to our town,
The young chevalier.
2. As he came marching up the street
The pipes played loud and clear,
And all the folk came running out
To meet the chevalier.
3. Wi' highland bonnets on their heads
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's rights
And the young chevalier.
4. They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord
The young chevalier.
5. Oh, there were many beating hearts
And many a hope and fear,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young chevalier.

64 Come By The Hills

1. Oh come by the hills to the land
Where fancy is free,
And stand where the peaks meet the sky
And the lochs meet the sea,
Where the rivers run clear
And the bracken is gold in the sun,
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait
Till this day is done.
2. Oh come by the hills to the land
Where life is a song,
And sing while the birds fill the air
With their joy all day long,
Where the trees sway in time
And even the winds sing in tune,
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait
Till this day is done.

65 The Shearin's No For You

1. It was in the month of May,
My bonnie lassie-o (2x)
It was in the month of May
When the floo'ers they are gay
And the lambs they sport and play,
My bonnie lassie-o.

Ch.: Oh the shearin's no for you,
My bonnie lassie-o (2x)
Oh the shearin's no for you,
For yer back it winna boo,
And yer belly's roarin' fu', my bonnie lassie-o.

2. Do you mind on yonder hill,
My bonnie laddie-o (2x)
Do you mind on yonder hill,
When you swore you would me kill,
If you dinna hae yer will, my bonnie laddie-o.
3. Oh it's I'll no kill you deid,
My bonnie lassie-o (2x)
Oh it's I'll no kill you deid,
Nor mak' yer body bleed,
Nor marry you with speed, my bonnie lassie-o.
4. Oh the pipes do loudly play,
My bonnie lassie-o (2x)
Oh the pipes do loudly play
And the troops they march away,
And it's here I cannot stay, my bonnie lassie-o.

3. Oh come by the hills to the land
Where legend remains,
Where stories of old fill the heart
And may yet come again,
Where our past has been lost
And a future has still to be won,
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait
Till this day is done.

4. Oh come by the hills to the land
Where fancy is free,
And stand where the peaks meet the sky
And the lochs meet the sea,
Where the rivers run clear
And the bracken is gold in the sun,
Ah, but cares of tomorrow can wait
Till this day is done.

66 Crooked Jack

1. Come Irishmen both young and stern
With adventure in your soul,
There are better ways to spend your days
Than working down a hole.

Ch.: I was tall and true, all of six foot two
But they broke me across the back,
By a name I'm known and it's not my own,
They call me Crooked Jack.

2. The ganger's blue-eyed boy was I
Big Jack could do no wrong,
And the reason simply was because
I could work hard hours and long.

3. I've seen men old before their time,
Their faces drawn and grey,
I've never thought so soon would mine
Be lined the self-same way.

4. And I've cursed the day that I went away
To work on the Hydro-Dams
For sweat and tears or hope and fears
Bound up in shuttering jams.

5. And they say that honest toil is good
For the spirit and the soul,
But believe me, boys,
It's for sweat and blood
That they want you down a hole.

67 Rogues In A Nation

1. Farewell to all our Scottish fame,
Farewell our ancient glory,
Farewell even tae our Scottish name
So famed in martial story.
Now Sark runs over the Solway sands
And Tweed runs tae the ocean,
Tae mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

2. What force or guile could ne'er subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

3. I would that ere I saw the day
That treason thus should sell us,
My old grey head had lain in clay
With Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll make this declaration:
We were bought and sold for English gold,
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

68 Westering Home

Ch.: Westering home, and a song in the air,
Light in the eye, and it's good-bye to care,
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one!

1. Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay,
Speak o' the riches and joys of Cathay!
Eh, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day
To find yourself nearer to Isla. And it's...

2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the west,
Canty, and couthy, and kindly, the best?
There I would hie me and there I would rest
At hame with my ain folk in Isla. And it's...

69 Twa Recruitin' Sairgeants

1. Twa recruitin' sairgeants came frae the Black Watch
To markets and fairs some recruits for to catch,
But a' that they listed was forty and twa
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

Ch.: For it's over the mountain and over the main
Through Gibraltar to France and to Spain,
Put a feather tae yer bonnet
And a kilt aboon yer knee
And list my bonnie laddie
An' come awa' wi' me.

2. Wi' yer tattie poorins an' yer meal an' kail,
Yer soor sowen so'ens an' yer ill-brewed ale,
Wi' yer buttermilk an' whey an' yer bread firedraw,
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

3. Laddie oh ye dinna ken the danger that ye're in,
If yer horses wis tae fleg an' yer ousen wis tae rin,
This greedy old fairmer he winna pay yer fee,
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

4. It is intae the barn an' it's oot o' the byre,
This old fairmer thinks we'll never tire,
For it's a slavery job of a very low degree,
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

5. Oh laddie if ye've got a sweetheart an' a bairn,
Ye'll easily get rid of that ill-spun yarn,
Twa rattles o' the drum an' that'll pay it a',
So list my bonnie laddie an' come awa'.

70 I'm A Rover

Ch.: I'm a rover and seldom sober,
I'm a rover o' high degree,
It's when I'm drinking I'm always thinking
How to gain my love's company.

1. Though the nicht be as dark as dungeon,
No' a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the airms o' my ain true love.

2. He steppit up to her bedroom window
Kneelin' gently upon a stone,
He rappit at her bedroom window:
'Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?'

3. She raised her head from her snaw-white pillow,
Wi' her airms aboot her breast:
'Wha is that at my bedroom window
Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?'

4. 'It's only me, your ain true lover,
Open the door and let me in,
For I hae come on a lang, lang journey
And I'm near drenched to the skin.

5. She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,
She openend the door and she let him in,
They baith shook hands
And embraced each other,
Until the mornin' they lay as one.

6. The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin',
The burns ran free abune the brae,
'Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie
And the fairmer I must obey.'

7. 'Noo, my lass, I must gang an' leave thee,
And though the hills they are high above
I will climb them wi' greater pleasure
Since I been in the airms o' my love.

71 Springhill Mining Disaster

1. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Deep in the dark of the Cumberland Mine,
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
In roads that never saw sun nor sky,
Roads that never saw sun nor sky.
2. In the town of Springhill you don't sleep easy,
Often the earth will tremble and roll;
When the earth is restless miners die,
Bone and blood is the price of coal,
Bone and blood is the price of coal.
3. In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia,
Late in the year of fifty-eight,
The day still comes and the sun still shines
But it's dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine,
Dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine.
4. Three days passed when the lamps gave out
And Cailab rushed and got up and said:
'We've no more water or light or bread,
So we'll live on songs and hope instead,
We'll live on songs and hope instead.
5. Listen for the shouts of the black-faced miners
Listen through the rubble for the rescue teams;
Three hundred tons of coal and slag,
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam,
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam.
6. Twelve days passed and some were rescued
Leaving the rest to lie alone,
Through all their day they dug a grave,
Two miles of earth is a marking stone,
Two miles of earth is a marking stone.

73 Mairi's Wedding

- Ch.: Step we gaily, on we go,
 Heel for heel and toe for toe
 Arm in arm and row on row,
 All for Mairi's wedding.
1. Over the hillways, up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling through the town,
All for the sake of Mairi.

72 Jock Stewart

1. Oh, my name is Jock Stewart,
I'm a canny gaun man,
And a roving young fellow I've been.

Ch.: So be easy and free
 When you're drinking with me,
 I'm a man you don't meet ev'ry day.
2. I have acres of land,
I have men at command,
I have always a shilling to spare.
3. Now I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot
All down by the river Kildare.
4. So come fill up your glass
With brandy and wine
And whatever the cost I will pay.

2. Red her cheeks like rowans are,
Bright her eyes as any star,
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Mairi.
3. Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's our toast for Mairi.

74 Greensleeves

1. Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company.

Ch.: Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

2. If you intend thus to disdain
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so I still remain
A lover in captivity.

3. Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So I must meditate alone
Upon her insincerity.

4. Greensleeves now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still your lover true,
Come once again and love me.

75 Both Sides The Tweed

1. What's the spring, breathing jasmine and rose,
What's the summer with all its gay train,
Or the splendour of autumn to those
Who've bartered their freedom for gain?

Ch.: Let the love of our land's sacred rights
To the love of our people succeed,
Let friendship and honour unite
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

76 Loch Lomond

1. By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to go
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Ch.: Oh, you'll take the high road
And I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love
Will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
Of Loch Lomond.

2. 'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

3. The wee birdies sing
And the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the flowers are sleeping,
But the broken heart
Kens nae second spring again
Though the woeful may cease from their greeting.

77 THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland home
And wandered forth with me.
Though flowers decked the mountainside
And fragrance filled the vale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale.
Was the Rose of Allandale,
Was the Rose of Allandale,
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale.

2. Where'er I wandered, east or west,
Though fate began to lour,
A solace still she was to me
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lashed our lonely barque
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.
'Twas the Rose of Allandale,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

3. And when my fevered lips were parched
On Afric's burning sands,
She whispered hopes of happiness
And tales of distant lands.
My life has been a wilderness
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not linked my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allandale.
The Rose of Allandale,
The Rose of Allandale,
Had fate not linked my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

78 ONLY OUR RIVERS

1. When apples still grow in November,
When blossoms still grow on each tree,
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.

I wander her hills and her valleys
And still through my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom,
And only her rivers run free.

2. I drink to the death of her manhood,
Those men who would rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage,
To bring back their rights where denied.

Oh where are you now when we need you,
What burns where the flame used to be,
Are you gone like the snows of last winter
And will only our rivers run free?

3. How sweet is life, but we're crying,
How mellow the wine that we're dry,
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying,
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.

What good is in youth when it's ageing,
What joy is in eyes that can't see
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers,
And still only our rivers run free?

4. When apples still grow in November,
When blossoms still grow on each tree,
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.

79 A Bunch Of Thyme

1. Come all you maidens young and fair,
All you that are blooming in your prime,
Always beware and keep your garden fair,
Let no man steal away your thyme.
2. For thyme, it is a precious thing,
And thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its flavours along with all its joys,
Thyme brings all things to my mind.
3. Once I had a bunch of thyme,
I thought it never would decay;
Then came a lusty sailor
Who chanced to pass my way
And stole my bunch of thyme away.
4. The sailor gave to me a rose,
A rose that never would decay,
He gave it to me to keep me reminded
Of when he stole my thyme away.
5. Come all you maidens young and fair,
All you that are blooming in your prime,
Always beware and keep your garden fair,
Let no man steal away your thyme.
6. For thyme, it is a precious thing,
And thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its flavours along with all its joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

80 Four Green Fields

1. 'What did I have?' said the fine old woman,
'What did I have?' this proud old woman did say.
'I had four green fields, each one was a jewel,
But strangers came and tried to take them from me.
But my fine strong sons,
They fought to save my jewels
They fought and they died,
And that was my grief', said she.
2. 'Long time ago', said the fine old woman,
'Long time ago', this proud old woman did say,
'There was war and death, plundering and pillage,
My children starved by mountain, valley and stream,
And their wailing cries,
They reached the very heavens,
And my four green fields
Ran red with the blood', said she.

81 Sally Gardens

1. Down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens
With her little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree.
But I being young and foolish
With her did not agree.
2. In a field down by the river
My love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish
And now I am full of tears.
3. Down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens
With her little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree.
But I being young and foolish
With her did not agree.

3. 'What have I now?' said the fine old woman,
'What have I now?' this proud old woman did say,
'I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage,
In stranger's hands who tried to take it from me,
But my sons have sons
As brave as were their fathers,
And the four green fields
Will bloom once again', said she.

82 The Cliffs Of Dooneen

1. You may travel far, far
From your own native home,
Far away o'er the mountains,
Far away o'er the foam,
But of all the fine places
That I've ever seen
There's none to compare
With the Cliffs of Dooneen.

2. Take a view o'er the mountains,
Fine sights you'll see there,
You'll see the high rocky mountains
On the west coast of Clare,
Oh, the towns of Kilkee
And Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes
Of the Cliffs of Dooneen.

3. It's a nice place to be
On a fine summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers
That ne'er do decay,
Oh, the hare and lofty pheasant
Are quite plain to be seen
Making homes for their young
Round the Cliffs of Dooneen.

4. Fare thee well to Dooneen,
Fare thee well for a while
And to all the fine people I'm leaving behind,
To the streams and the meadows
Where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes
Of the Cliffs of Dooneen.

83 The Rare Ould Times

1. Raised on songs and stories,
Heroes of renown,
The passing tales and glories that once was
Dublin Town
The hallowed halls and houses,
The haunting children's rhymes
That once was part of Dublin
In the rare ould times.

Ch.: Ring a-ring a-rosey, as the light declines
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times.

2. Oh, my name it is Sean Dempsey,
As Dublin as could be,
Born hard and late in Pimlico
In a house that ceased to be.
By trade I was a cooper,
Lost out to redundancy,
Like my house that fell to progress
My trade's amemory

And I courted Peggy Dignan,
As pretty as you please,
A rogue and a child of Mary,
From the Rebel Liberties.
I lost her to a student chap
With skin as black as coal,
When he took her off to Birmingham
She took away my soul.

3. Oh, the years have made me bitter,
The gargle dims my brain,
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing
And nothing seems the same,
The Pillar and the Met have gone,
The Royal long since pulled down,
As the great unyielding concrete
Makes a city of my town.

4. Fare thee well, sweet Anna Liffey,
I can no longer stay
And watch the new glass cages
That spring up along the quay.
My mind's too full of memories,
Too old to hear the chimes,
I'm a part of what was Dublin in the rare ould times.

84 The Nightingale

1. As I went a-walking one morning in May,
I spied a young couple who fondly did stray,
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair
And the other was a soldier and a bold grenadier.

Ch.: And they kissed so sweet and comforting
As they clung to each other,
They walked arm in arm along the road
Like sister and brother,
They walked arm in arm along the road
Till they came to a stream
And they both sat down together
To hear the nightingale sing.

2. From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
And he played her such merry tunes
That you ever can hear,
And he played her such merry tunes
That the valley did ring,
And they both sat down together
To hear the nightingale sing.

3. 'Oh soldier, oh soldier, will you marry me?'
'Oh no, my sweet maiden, that never can be,
For I have my own wife at home
In my own countree,
And she is the sweetest little thing
That you ever did see.'

4. 'Now I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskeys
Instead of cool beers,
And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together, love,
To hear the nightingale sing.

85 Yarmouth Town

1. In Yarmouth town there lived a man
And he kept a little tavern down by the strand,
The landlord had a daughter fair
A pretty little thing with the golden hair.

Ch.: Won't you come down,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down
To Yarmouth town,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down
To Yarmouth town.

2. At night there came a sailor man
And he asked the daughter for her hand.
'Oh, why should I marry you,' she said,
'I have all I want without being wed.'

3. 'But if with me you do want to linger
I'll tie a piece of string all around my finger
And as you pass by just pull on the string
And I'll come down and let you in.'

4. At closing time the sailor man,
He is gone to the tavern down by the strand,
And as he passed by he's pulled on the string
And she's come down and she's let old Jack in.

5. Now he's never seen such a sight before
'Cause the string round her finger was all she wore
Ah, won't you come down...

6. The sailor stayed the whole night through
And early in the morning went back to his crew,
And then he told them about the maiden fair,
The pretty little thing with the golden hair.

7. Well the news it soon got around
And the very next night in Yarmouth town
There was fifteen sailors pulling on the string
And she's come down and she's let them all in.

8. So all young men that to Yarmouth go
If you see a little girl with her hair hanging low,
Well, all you got to do is pull on the string
And she'll come down and she'll let you in.

86 Wabash Cannonball

1. From the great Atlantic Ocean
To the wide Pacific shore,
From sunny California
To ice-bound Labrador,
She's mighty tall and handsome,
She's known quite well by all,
She's the mighty combination
Of the Wabash Cannonball.

Ch.: Oh, listen to the jingle,
To the rumble and the roar,
As she glides along the woodlands,
Through the hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of engine,
Hear those lonesome hoboes squall
While travelling through the jungle
On the Wabash Cannonball.

2. This train, she runs to Memphis,
Mattoon and Mexico,
She rolls through East St. Louis
And she never does it slow.
As she flies through Colorado
She gives an awful squall,
They tell her by the whistle,
The Wabash Cannonball.

3. Our eastern states are dandy,
So the people always say,
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way,
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
On the Wabash Cannonball.

4. Now here's to Boston Blackey,
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
By hoboes in this land.
His earthly days are over
And the curtains round him fall,
We'll carry him home to victory
On the Wabash Cannonball.

87 Long Hard Road

1. When you wake up in the mornin'
And you ain't got a dime,
It's a hard road that you're on,
And the sun is shinin'
But it feels like rain,
It's a hard road that you're on.

Ch.: It's a long hard road
From the east to the west,
Gotta keep on travelling,
You've gotta do your very best,
'Cause most of us are stopping
To take a rest,
It's a long hard road that you're on.

2. If your skin is black
And the others' is white,
It's a hard road that you're on,
You gotta keep your hands beside you
But you still got to fight,
It's a hard road that you're on.

3. If you happen to be born
On the wrong side of town
It's a hard road that you're on,
You gotta learn how to swim
Else you're bound to drown,
It's a hard road that you're on.

4. When you've tried all the kicks
Till you're on the main line,
It's a hard road that you're on,
If you're not made of steel
It's the end of the line,
It's a hard road you were on.

88 I Can't Help But Wonder

1. It's a long and dusty road,
It's a hot and heavy load,
And the folks I meet ain't always kind.
Some are bad and some are good,
Some have done the best they could,
Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind.

Ch.: And I can't help but wonder
Where I'm bound, where I'm bound,
Can't help but wonder
Where I'm bound.

2. I have been around this land
Just a-doin' the best I can
Tryin' to find what I was meant to do.
And the faces that I see
Are as worried as can be
And it looks like they are wonderin', too.

3. I had a little gal one time,
She had lips like sherry wine,
And she loved me till my head went plumb insane.
But I was too blind to see
She was driftin' away from me
And one day she left on the mornin' train.

4. I've got a buddy from home
But he started out to roam,
And I hear he's out by Frisco Bay.
And sometimes when I've had a few
His voice comes ringin' through,
And I'm goin' out to see him some old day.

5. If you see me passin' by
And you sit and wonder why
And you wish that you were a rambler, too.
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor,
Lace them up and lock the door,
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you.

89 Leaving London

1. With a dark and rolling sea
Between my true love and me
I keep walking through this cold, hard town.
While I wait for better days
I could use a place to stay,
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down.

Ch.: If I could beg, steal or borrow
A ticket on some ship or plane
I'd be in London tomorrow
To fly to my own love again.

2. Up at dawn to change my shirt
And to wash away the dirt,
Then it's over to American Express.
Not one letter did I find,
No, she didn't send one line
Though I know she has my forwarding address.

3. Last night the Troubador
Was so full they barred the door
And I sang a song she knows quite well.
But it wouldn't take too long
To make up another song
For a lonesome and a last farewell.

90 The Winds Are Singing Freedom

Ch.: The winds are singing freedom,
They sing it everywhere,
They sing it on the mountainside
And in the city square.
They sing of a new day dawning
When our people shall be free,
Come and join us all for freedom,
Let it ring from sea to sea.

1. In the battle streets of Belfast
You can hear the people cry
For justice long denied them
And the cry will fill the sky.
But the winds of change are blowing
Bringing hope from dark despair,
A new day is dawning
You can feel it in the air.

2. Too long our people suffered
The misery and the tears
And foreign rulers used our land
For about eight hundred years.
It's a long road has no turning
And I know it soon will be
A day of justice dawning
When our people shall be free.

3. There's a time laid out for laughing,
And there's a time laid out to weep,
There's a time laid out for sowing,
And a time laid out to reap.
There's a time to love your brothers,
There's a time for hate to cease,
If you sow the seeds of justice
Then you'll reap the fruits of peace.

91 The Wind In The Willows

1. As I was a-walking one mornin' in spring
I met with some travellers in an old country lane.
One was an old man, the second a maid,
And the third was a young boy
Who smiled as he said:

Ch.: "With the wind in the willows
And the birds in the sky
There's a bright sun to warm us
Wherever we lie.
We have bread and fishes
And a jug of red wine
To share on our journeys
With all of mankind."

2. I asked them to tell me
Their name and their place
That I might remember
Their kindness and grace.
"My name is Joseph, this is Mary, my wife,
And this is our young son who is a delight."

Ch.: "With the wind in the willows
And the birds in the sky
There's a bright sun to warm us
Wherever we lie.
We travelled the whole world
By land and by sea
To tell all the people how they can be free.

3. So sadly I left them in that old country lane
For I knew that I never would see them again.
One was an old man, the second a maid,
And the third was young Jesus
Who smiled as he said:

Ch.: "With the wind in the willows
And the birds in the sky
There's a bright sun to warm us
Wherever we lie.
We have bread and fishes
And a jug of red wine
To share on our journeys
With all of mankind."

92 All The Children

1. Little children hiding in the shadows
Waiting for the changing of the day,
Watching for a break between the showers
When they can come out and start to play.

Ch.: And we're singing of the times
When the sun will always shine
And all the cars and tanks will fade away,
People will be one
And the fighting will be done
And all the little children they can play.

2. I can hear you saying it's impossible
Just look at the blood upon the road,
But I don't think that it's impossible
For now we see that all our blood is red.

3. It seems that cure is better than prevention
If not then Dr John would have no pain,
And all the kings and queens
Would have no pensions
If all the little children they could play.

4. I don't suppose a man will stop his struggling
If he's lying with his back upon the ground,
It's only when every man is standing
That peace and justice can be found.

93 The Times They Are A-Changing

1. Come gather round, people, wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown,
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth saving,
Then you better start swimming
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changing.

2. Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide,
The chance won't come again,
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin',
For the loser now will be later to win,
For the times they are a-changing.

3. Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call,
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,
For he who gets hurt will be he who has stalled,
There's a battle outside and it's ragin',
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls,
For the times they are a-changing.

4. Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand,
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command,
Your old road is rapidly agein',
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changing.

5. The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast,
The slow one now will later be fast,
And the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin',
And the first one now will later be last,
For the times they are a-changing.

94 Help Me Make It Through The Night

1. Take that ribbon from your hair,
Shake it loose and let it fall,
Laying soft upon your skin
Like the shadows on the wall.

2. Come and lay down by my side
Till the early morning light,
All I'm taking is your time,
Help me make it through the night.

Ch.: I don't care what's right or wrong,
I don't try to understand,
Let the devil take tomorrow,
Lord, tonight I need a friend.

3. Yesterday is dead and gone
And tomorrow's out of sight,
And it's sad to be alone,
Help me make it through the night.

95 Killing Me Softly With His Song

Ch.: Strumming my pain with his fingers,
Singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song,
Killing me softly with his song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song.

1. I heard he sang a good song,
I heard he had a style,
And so I came to see him
And listen for a while.
And there he was, this young boy,
A stranger to my eyes

2. I felt all flushed with fever,
Embarrassed by the crowd,
I felt he found my letters
And read each one out loud.
I prayed that he would finish
But he just kept right on

3. He sang as if he knew me
In all my dark despair,
And then he looked right through me
As if I wasn't there.
But he was there, this stranger,
Singing clear and strong.

96 Freight Train

1. Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Please don't tell 'em what train I'm on
So they won't know what route I've gone.

2. When I die, Lord, bury me deep
Way down on old Chestnut Street,
So I can hear old Number Nine
As she comes a-rolling by.

3. When I'm dead and in my grave,
No more good times here I'll crave,
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them I'm gone to sleep.

4. When I die, Lord, bury me deep
Way down on old Chestnut Street,
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them I'm gone to sleep.

5. Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Please don't tell 'em what train I'm on
So they won't know what route I've gone.

97 Way Downtown

Ch.: Way downtown, foolin' around,
Took me to the jail.
Oh me, and it's oh my,
Ain't no one to go my bail.

1. It was late last night when Willie came home,
I heard him a-rappin' at the door.
He's a-slippin' and a-slidin' with his new shoes on,
Poppa said 'Willie don't you rap no more.'

2. I wish I was over at my sweet Sally's house
A-sittin' in that big armchair.
One arm around my old guitar
And the other one around my dear.

3. Well, this old shirt is about all I got,
And a dollar is all that I crave.
'Cause I brought nothing with me
Into this old world,
Gonna take nothing into my grave.

98 Me And Bobby McGhee

1. Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for the train,
I was feeling near as faded as my jeans,
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,
It rode us all the way to New Orleans.
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was playing soft while Bobby sang the blues,
With the windshield wipers slapping time
I was holding Bobby's hand in mine
And we sang every song the driver knew.

Ch.: Freedom's just another word
For nothing left to lose
Nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's free,
Feeling good was easy Lord,
When Bobby sang the blues
And feeling good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGhee.

2. From the coalmines of Kentucky
To the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,
Through all kinds of weather,
Through everything we've done,
You know, Bobby baby kept me from the cold.
One day out near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
She's looking for the home I hope she'll find,
And I'll trade all my tomorrows
For a single yesterday,
To be holding Bobby's body next to mine.

99 My Old Kentucky Home

1. The sun shines bright
On my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the folks there are gay.
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright.
By 'n' by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Ch.: Weep no more, my lady,
Oh weep no more today,
We will sing one song
For the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

2. They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by that old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart
With sorrow where all was delight.
The time has come when the darkies have to part
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the poor folks may go,
A few more days and the trouble will end
In the field where sugar-canes may grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

100 San Francisco Bay Blues

I got the blues from my baby
Left me by the San Francisco Bay
The ocean liner took her far away,
Didn't mean to treat her so bad,
She was the best girl I ever have had,
She said good-bye, made me cry,
I wanna lay down and die.

Haven't got a nickel,
Ain't got a lousy dime,
If she don't come back,
I think I'm gonna lose my mind,
If she ever comes back to stay
It's gonna be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby
Down by the San Francisco Bay.

Sittin' down lookin' from the back door,
Wonderin' which way to go,
This woman I'm so crazy about
She don't want me no more;
Got to take a freight train
'Cause I'm feelin' blue,
Ride all the way to the end of the line,
Thinkin' only of you.

Meanwhile in another city,
Just about to go insane,
Seems like I heard my baby,
The way she used to call my name,
If she ever comes back to stay
It's gonna be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby
Down by the San Francisco Bay.

If she ever comes back to stay
It's gonna be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby
Down by the San Francisco Bay, hey-hey-hey,
Walking with my baby
Down by the San Francisco Bay, hey-hey-hey,
Walking with my baby, walking with my baby
Down by the San Francisco Bay.

101 Drugstore Truck Driving Man

Ch.: He's a drugstore truck driving man
He's a head of the Ku-Klux-Klan,
When summer comes rollin' round
We'll be lucky to get out of town.

1. He's been like a father to me,
He's like the only D.J. you can hear after three,
I'm an all-night singer in a country band
And if he don't like me he don't understand.

2. He's got him a house on the hill,
And he can play country records
Till you've had your fill.
And he's a lawman's friend, he's an all-night D.J.,
Sure don't think much like the records he plays.

3. He don't like resistance, you know,
And he sat in last night in a big TV show,
And he's got him a medal that he won in the war,
Weighs five hundred pounds
And it sleeps by the door.

102 Nine-Pound Hammer

1. This nine-pound hammer is a little too heavy,
For my size, well, for my size.

Ch.: Roll on, Buddy, (roll on, Buddy)
Don't you roll so slow (don't you roll so slow)
Just how can I roll (how can I roll)
When the wheels won't go.
Roll on, Buddy, (roll on, Buddy)
Put your load of coal (put your load of coal)
How can I pull (how can I pull)
When the wheels won't go.

2. It's a long way to Harlan,
It's a long way to Hazard,
Just to get a little booze, just to get a little booze.
Now when I'm long gone
You can make my tombstone
Out of number nine coal, out of number nine coal.

3. This nine-pound hammer killed John Henry,
But it won't kill me, but it won't kill me.

4. Well, I'm goin' up the mountain,
Just to see my Baby,
And I ain't a-comin' back, and I ain't a-comin' back.

103 The Night They Drove Old Dixie ...

1. Virgil Caine is my name
And I drove on the Danville train,
Till so much cavalry came
And tore up the tracks again.
In the winter of sixty-five
We were hungry, just barely alive,
I took the train to Richmond that fell,
It was the time I remember oh so well.

Ch.: The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the bells were ringing,
The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the people were singing,
They went na, na-na na-na-na,
Na-na na-na, na-na-na na-na.

2. Back with my wife in Tennessee
And one day she said to me,
'Virgil, quick come and see,
There goes Robert E. Lee.'
Now I don't mind going chopping wood
And I don't care if the money's no good,
Just take what you need and leave the rest
But they should never have taken the very best.

3. Like my father before me
I'm a working man,
And like my brother before me
I took a rebel stand.
Well, he was just eighteen, proud 'n' brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave,
I swear by the blood below my feet
You can't raise a Caine back up
When he's in defeat.

104 Blue Moon Of Kentucky

Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue,
Blue moon of Kentucky, just a-keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.

It was on one moonlit night
With the stars shining bright,
The wind blowing high,
My love said good-bye.

Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue,
Blue moon of Kentucky, just a-keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.

It was on one moonlit night
With the stars shining bright,
The wind blowing high,
My love said good-bye.

Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.

Blue moon, well, blue moon,
Blue moon keep on shining bright,
Well, blue moon keep on shining bright,
Bring my baby back tonight,
Blue moon keep on shining bright.

I say blue moon of Kentucky
Just a-keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.
Well, blue moon of Kentucky
Just a-keep on shining,
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.
Shine on, the woman's gone and left me blue.

105 Hard Ain't It Hard

Ch.: And it's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard
To love one that never did love you,
And it's hard, and it's hard,
Ain't it hard, great God,
To love one that never will be true.

1. There is a house in this town
That's where my true love lays around,
Takes other women right down on his knee
Tells them a tale he won't tell me.
2. Well, don't you go to drinkin' and gamblin',
Don't go there your sorrows to drown.
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,
The meanest old place in this town.
3. Well, the first time I've seen my true love
He was a-walking by my door,
The last time I've seen his false-hearted smile
He was dead on his coolin' board.

106 Columbus Stockade

1. Way down in Columbus Georgia,
Want to be back in Tennessee.
Way down in Columbus Stockade
Where my friends all turned their backs on me.

Ch.: You can go and leave me if you want to,
Never let me cross your mind.
In your heart you love another
Leave me, darlin', I don't mind.

107 Bonnie Dundee

1. To the Lords o' Convention
'Twas Claverhouse spoke
'Ere the king's crown go down,
There are crowns to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.'

Ch.: Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men,
Unhook the west port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

2. Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward
And the drums they are beat,
But the provost douce man says 'just let it be,
For the town is well rid o' that devil Dundee.
3. There are hills beyond Pentland
And lands beyond Forth,
There are lords in the South,
There are chiefs in the North,
There are brave downie wassles
Three thousand times three
Cryin' hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.
4. So away to the hills, to the lee and the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox,
So tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' yer glee,
For ye no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

2. Last night as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
When I woke I was mistaken,
I was peeping through the bars.

3. Many hours with you I've rambled,
Many nights with you I've spent alone.
Now you've gone, you've gone and left me,
And broken up our happy home.

108 Mac Pherson's Farewell

1. Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strong,
Fareweel, fareweel to thee.
MacPherson's time will no be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Ch.: Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly
Sae dauntin'ly gaed he,
He played a tune and danced it a-roond
Below the gallows tree.

2. It was by a woman's treacherous hand
That I was condemned to dee.
Below a ledge at a window she stood,
A blanket she threw o'er me.

3. There's some come here to see me hanged
And some to buy my fiddle.
But before that I do part wi' her
I'll break her through the middle.

4. He took the fiddle into his hands
And he broke it o'er a stone.
Says 'there's no other hand shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone.'

5. Oh, little did my mother think
When first she cradled me
That I would turn a rovin' boy
And die on the gallows tree.

109 The Whistling Gypsy Rover

1. The gypsy rover came over the hill,
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of the lady.

Ch.: Hah dee doo, ah dee doo dah day,
Ah dee doo, ah dee day dee;
He whistled and he sang
Till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of the lady.

2. She left her father's castle gate,
She left her own true lover;
She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover.

3. Her father saddled his fastest steed,
Roamed in the valleys all over;
He saught his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover.

4. He came at last to a mansion fine,
Down by the river Claydy;
And there was music, and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

5. 'He's no gypsy, my father', said she,
'But Lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover.'

110 A-Roving

1. In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

Ch.: A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

2. Her eyes are like two stars so bright
Mark well what I do say,
Her eyes are like two stars so bright
Her face is fair, her step is light
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

3. Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
Mark well what I do say,
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

4. I love this fair maid as my life,
Mark well what I do say,
I love this fair maid as my life,
And soon she'll be my little wife,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

5. And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Mark well what I do say,
And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Why, soon like mine 'twill be the same,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

111 A Man's A Man For A' That

1. Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that,
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, for a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but a guinea stamp,
We dare be poor for a' that.

2. What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey and a' that
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man though e'er so poor
Is king o' men for a' that.

3. You see yon birkie called a lord,
Who struts and stares and a' that
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a fool for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His ribband star and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

4. A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's above that might,
Good faith he keeps for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
Shall win the fight for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the whole world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

112 Carrickfergus

1. I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygrand.
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
The deepest ocean for my love to find.
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
And neither have I the wings to fly.
I wish I had a handsome boatman
To ferry me over to my love and die.
2. My childhood days bring sad reflections
Of happy times I spent long ago.
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all passed on now like melting snow.
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.
Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus,
On that long road down to the sea.
3. Now in Kilkenny it is reported
On marble stones there as black as ink,
With gold and silver I would support her
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.
For I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober,
A handsome rover from town to town.
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,
So come all you young men and lay me down.

114 My Walking Shoes

Ch.: My walking shoes don't fit me any more,
My walking shoes don't fit me any more,
Stay on your side of town,
Honey, I won't get around,
My walking shoes don't fit me any more.

113 On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At

1. Where hast tha been since I saw thee
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,
Where hast tha been since I saw thee?
Where hast tha been since I saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at, on Ilkley Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.
2. I've been a-courting Mary Jane,
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at,
I've been a-courting Mary Jane,
I've been a-courting Mary Jane,
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at, on Ilkley Moor baht 'at,
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.
3. Tha'll go and catch thy death of cold...
4. Then we shall have to bury thee...
5. Then 'tworms will come and eat thee oop...
6. Then 'tdooks will come and eat oop 'tworms...
7. Then we will come and eat oop 'tdooks...
8. The we will all have eaten thee...
9. Then we will have our loved ones back...

1. It's a long way from here to over yonder,
My feet they are getting mighty sore,
I ain't coming back you may demand and wonder
My walking shoes don't fit me any more.
2. I'll be a long time gone from my baby,
You'll never hear me knock upon your door,
For it's you who's the cause that I am crazy,
My walking shoes don't fit me any more.

115 The Foggy Dew

1. As down the glen one Easter morn'
To a city fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
No pipe did hum, no battle drum
Did beat out its wild tattoo,
But the Angelus bell over Liffey's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew.
2. 'T was Britannia bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
Or the shore of the great North Sea.
Oh had they died by Pearse's side
Or fallen by Cathlan Brugha,
Their names would keep where the Fenians sleep
Who fell in the foggy dew.
3. Right proudly high over Dublin town
We flung out our flag of war.
It was better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sudel Barr.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men come hurrying through,
While Britannia's Huns with their long-range guns
Hailed in hell through the foggy dew.
4. As back through the glen I rode again
My heart with grief was sore.
For the gallant band of fighting men
I never would see no more.
And to and fro in my grief I go,
I think gallant comrades of you,
For slavery fled, oh glorious dead
When you fell in the foggy dew.
For slavery fled, oh glorious dead
When you fell in the foggy dew.

116 Botany Bay

- Ch.: Farewell to your bricks and mortar,
Farewell to your dirty lies,
Farewell to your gangways
And your gang planks
And to hell with your overtime.
For the good ship Ragamuffin
Is lying at the quay
For to take old Pat
With a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay.
1. While on my way down to the quay
Where the ship at anchor lay
To command a gang of navvies
That I was told to engage.
I stopped in for to drink awhile
Before I go away
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay.
 2. Well, the boss came up this morning,
And he said, 'well Pat, you know,
If you didn't get those navvies out
I'm afraid you'll have to go'.
So I asked him for my wages
and demanded all my pay
And I told him straight we would all emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay.
 3. And when I reach Australia
I'll go and search for gold,
There's plenty there for digging up,
Or so I have been told.
Or else I'll go back to my trade
And a hundred bricks I'll lay,
Because I live for an eight hour shift
On the shores of Botany Bay.

117 Spancil Hill

1. Last night as I lay dreaming
Of pleasant days gone by,
Me mind bein' bent on rambling,
To Ireland I did fly,
I stepped on board a vision
And followed with a will,
Till next I came to anchor
At the cross near Spancil Hill.

2. Delighted by the novelty,
Enchanted by the scene
Where in my early boyhood
So often I had been,
I thought I heard a murmur
And I think I hear it still,
It's that little stream of water
That flows down Spancil Hill.

3. Being on the twenty-third of June,
The day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters
In crowds assembled there,
The young, the old, the brave and the bold,
Their duty to fulfil,
At the parish church of Clooney,
A mile from Spancil Hill.

4. I went to see my neighbours,
To hear what they might say,
The old ones were all dead and gone,
And the young ones turning grey.
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
Sure he used to make my britches
When I lived in Spancil Hill.

5. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
She's as fair as any lily and gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me,
Saying 'Johnny, I Love you still'.
Ah, she's Nell, the farmer's daughter,
The pride of Spancil Hill.

6. I dreamt I held and kissed her
As in the days of yore,
She said 'Johnny you're only joking,
As many's the time before'.
The cock he crew in the morning,
He crew both loud and shrill,
I awoke in California,
Many miles from Spancil Hill.

118 Black Velvet Band

1. As I went walking down Broadway,
Not intending to stay very long,
I met with a frolicsome damsel
As she came a-tripping along.
A watch she pulled out of her pocket
And slipped it right into my hand
On the very first day that I met her,
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band.

Ch.: Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
You'd think she was queen of the land,
With her hair thrown over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

2. 'Twas in the town of Tralee
An apprentice to trade I was bound
With a-plenty of bright amusement
To see the days go round
'Till misfortune and trouble came over me,
Which caused me to stray from my land,
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the Black Velvet Band.

3. Before judge and jury next morning
Both of us had to appear,
A gentleman claimed his jewellery
And the case against us was clear.
Seven long years transportation,
Right down to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band.

4. Oh, all you brave young Irish lads,
A warning take by me:
Beware of the pretty young damsels
That are knocking around in Tralee.
They'll treat you to whiskey and porter
Until you're unable to stand,
And before you have time for to leave them,
You are unto Van Dieman's Land.

119 Home Boys Home

1. Oh when I was a young boy
Sure I longed to see the world,
To sail around the sea in ships
And see the sails unfurled.
I went to seek my fortune
On the far side of the hill,
I've wandered far and wide
And of travel I've had my fill.

Ch.: And it's home boys home,
Home I'd like to be
Home for a while in the old countree,
Where the oak and the ash
And the bonnie rowan tree
Are all growing greene in the old countree.

2. Well I left my love behind me
And I sailed across the tide,
I said that I'd be back again
And take her for my bride.
But many years have passed and gone,
And still I'm far away,
I know she is a fond true-love
And waiting for the day.

3. Now I've learned there's more to life
Than to wander and to roam,
Happiness and peace of mind
Can best be found at home,
For money can't buy happiness
And money cannot bind,
So I'm going back tomorrow
To the girl I left behind.

120 Dark As A Dungeon

1. Come and listen, you fellows, so young and so fine,
And seek not your fortune in the dark dreary mine,
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till the stream of your blood runs as dark as the Coal.

Ch.: Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the danger is double and the pleasures are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,
Well, it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

121 Lord Of The Dance

1. I danced in the morning
When the world was young,
I danced in the moon, the stars, and the sun.
I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Ch.: Dance, dance, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance, said he,
And I lead you all wherever you may be,
I lead you all in the dance, said he.

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

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

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

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

2. There's many a man I have known in my day
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

3. I hope when I'm gone and the ages shall roll
My body will blacken and turn into coal,
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
And pity the men who dig in my bones.

122 Hello, Mary Lou

Ch.: Hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,
Sweet Mary-Lou I'm so in love with you,
I knew, Mary-Lou, we'd never part,
So hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart.

1. Passed me by one sunny day,
Flashed those big brown eyes my way,
And ooh, I wanted you forever more,
I'm not the one that gets around
I swear my feet stuck to the ground,
And though I never did meet you before.

Ch.: I said: Hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,
Sweet Mary-Lou I'm so in love with you,
I knew, Mary-Lou, we'd never part,
So hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart.

2. I saw your lips, I heard your voice,
Believe me, I just had no choice
Wild horses couldn't make me stay away.
I Thought about a moonlit night
My arms around you good and tight
That's all I had to see for me to say:

Ch.: Hey, hey, hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart..
Sweet Mary-Lou I'm so in love with you,
I knew, Mary-Lou, we'd never part,
So hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,
So hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart,
Yes hello, Mary-Lou, goodbye heart.

124 Cottonfields

When I was a little bittle baby
My mama would rock me in the cradle
In them old cottonfields back home,
It was down in Louisiana
Just about a mile from Texarcana
In them old cottonfields back home.

123 Little Boxes

1. Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,
Little boxes, little boxes,
Little boxes, all the same.
There's a green one, and a pink one,
And a blue one, and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

2. And the people in the houses
All went to the university
Where they were put in boxes
And they all came out the same.
And there's doctors, and lawyers,
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

3. And they all play on the golf course,
And drink their martinis dry,
And they all have pretty children,
And the children go to school.
And the children go to summer camp,
And then to the university
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same.

4. And the boys go into business,
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
There's a green one, and a pink one,
And a blue one, and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

Oh when them cottonballs get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton
In them old cottonfields back home.
It was down in Louisiana
Just about a mile from Texarcana
In them old cottonfields back home.

125 Black Is The Colour

1. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair.
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

2. I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes.
I wish the day it soon would come
When she and I could be as one.

3. I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I ne'er can be.
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death a thousand times.

4. Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair.
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

126 For Baby (For Bobby)

1. I'll walk in the rain by your side,
I'll cling to the warmth of your hand,
I'll do anything to keep you satisfied,
I'll love you more than anybody can.
And the wind will whisper your name to me,
Little birds will sing along in time,
The leaves will bow down when you walk by
And morning bells will chime.

2. I'll be there when you're feeling down
To kiss away the tears if you cry.
I'll share with you all the happiness I've found,
A reflection of the love in your eyes.
And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow,
Whisper all the joy that is mine.
The leaves will bow down when you walk by
And morning bells will chime.

3. I'll walk in the rain by your side,
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand,
I'll do anything to help you understand,
I'll love you more than anybody can.
And the wind will whisper your name to me,
Little birds will sing along in time,
The leaves will bow down when you walk by
And morning bells will chime.

127 Midnight Special

1. Well, you wake up in the morning,
You hear the work-bell ring,
And a-marching to the table
You see the same old thing.
Ain't no food upon the table
And a fork up in the pan,
But you better not complain, boy,
You get in trouble with the man.

Ch.: Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me,
Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me.
Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me,
Let the midnight special
Shine a everlovin' light on me.

2. Yonder comes Miss Rosie,
How in the world did you know,
By the way she wears her apron
And the cloak she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
She comes to see the governor,
She wants to free her man.

3. If you're ever in Houston
Well, you better do right,
You better not gamble,
And you better not fight.
For the Sherriff will grab you,
And the boys will bring you down,
The next thing you know, boy,
Oh, you're prison bound.

128 Weave Me The Sunshine

Ch.: Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine
Out of the falling rain
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow
And fill my cup again.

1. Well, I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble
Shine on me again,
The proud and the mighty, all have stumbled,
Shine on me again.

2. They say that the tree of loving,
Shine on me again,
Grows on the banks of the river of suffering,
Shine on me again.

3. If only I can heal your sorrow,
Shine on me again,
I'll help you to find a new tomorrow,
Shine on me again.

4. Only you can climb the mountain,
Shine on me again,
If you want to drink at the golden fountain,
Shine on me again.

129 When I'm Gone

1. There's no place in the world I belong,
When I'm gone,
I won't know the right from the wrong,
When I'm gone,
You won't find me singing these songs,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

2. I won't see the passing of the time,
When I'm gone,
The pleasures of love will not be mine,
When I'm gone,
My hand can't pour the red wine,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

3. And I can't breathe the freezing air,
When I'm gone,
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares,
When I'm gone,
I won't be asked to do my share,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

4. I can't be running from the rain,
When I'm gone,
I can't even suffer from the pain,
When I'm gone,
Can't say who's to praise or who's to blame,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

5. I can't see the gold of the sun,
When I'm gone,
The mornings and the evenings will be one,
When I'm gone,
I can't be singing louder than the guns,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

6. I can't tell the foolish from the wise,
When I'm gone,
I can't question how, when or why,
When I'm gone,
I can't be laughing at their lies,
When I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here,
Yes, I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

130 Who Will Sing For Me

1. Oft' I sing with my friends
When death's cold form I see.
When I reach my journey's end,
Tell me who will sing for me.

Ch.: I wonder who will sing for me,
When I come to the cross
By the silent sea,
Tell me who will sing for me.

2. When my friends have gathered round
And they look down on me,
Will they turn and walk away
Or will they sing one song for me?

3. And so I'll sing until the end
And helpful try to be,
Ever knowing there are some
Who will sing one song for me.

131 What Have They Done To The Rain

1. Just a little rain falling all around,
The grass lifts its head to the heavenly sound,
Just a little rain, just a little rain,
What have they done to the rain?

Ch.: Just a little boy standing in the rain,
The gentle rain that falls for years,
And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,
And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,
And what have they done to the rain?

2. Just a little breeze out of the sky,
The leaves nod their heads as the breeze blows by,
Just a little breeze with some smoke in its eye,
What have they done to the rain?

Ch.: Just a little boy standing in the rain,
The gentle rain that falls for years,
And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,
And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,
And what have they done to the rain?

132 When The Fiddler Has Played His Last ...

1. When the fiddler has played
His last tune for the night
And the singer has sung his last song,
All the mandolins and guitars
And banjos are quiet,
And the loud, noisy crowd has gone home.

Ch.: There's nothing as quiet
As a night with no music,
Or as dark as a night with no stars,
And nothing as lonesome
As a cold lonely room,
Wondering all night where you are.

2. As we walked together the music was playing
Whispering soft through the trees,
With your arms around me
I whispered "I love you"
The words seemed to float on the breeze.

3. Now (Chris) has played her last tune for the night
And (Brian) has sung his last song,
All the flutes and guitars and harmonicas are quiet,
And all the good friends have gone home.

133 Stewball

1. Oh, Stewball was a race horse,
And I wish he were mine,
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

2. His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold,
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

3. Oh the fair grounds were crowded
And Stewball was there,
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

4. And away up yonder, ahead of them all
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin' my noble Stewball.

5. I bet on the gray mare and I bet on the bay
If I bet on old Stewball I'd be a free man today.

6. Oh, the looner she hollered,
And the turtle dove moaned,
I'm a poor boy in trouble,
I'm a long way from home.

134 Walk Right In

1. Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Everybody's talking
'Bout a new way of walking
Do you wanna lose your mind;
Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

2. Walk right in, set back down,
Baby, let your hair hang down.
Walk right in, set back down,
Baby, let your hair hang down.
Everybody's talking
'Bout a new way of walking
Do you wanna lose your mind;
Walk right in, set back down,
Baby, let your hair hang down.

3. Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Everybody's talking
'Bout a new way of walking
Do you wanna lose your mind;
Walk right in, set back down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

135 There But For Fortune

1. Show me the prison,
Show me the jail,
Show me the prisoner
Whose life has gone stale.

Ch.: And I'll show you a young man
With so many reasons why,
And there but for fortune
Go you or I, you or I.

2. Show me the alley,
Show me the train,
Show me the hobo
Who sleeps out in the rain.

136 Pastures of Plenty

1. It's a mighty hard row
That my poor hands have hoed,
My poor feet have travelled one hot dusty road,
Out of your Dust Bowl and westward we rolled,
And your deserts was hot,
And your mountains was cold.

2. I have worked in your orchards
Of peaches and prunes,
I've slept on the ground in the light of the moon,
On the edge of your city you will see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

3. California, Arizona, we make all your crops,
And it's up north to Oregon to gather your hops,
Dig the beets from your ground,
Take the grapes from your vines,
You place on your tables your light, sparkling wine.

4. Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
From the Grand Coulee Dam
Where the water runs down,
Every state in this Union us migrants has been,
And we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win.

5. Well, it's always we ramble, this river and I,
All along your green valley I'll work till I die,
My land I'll defend with my life, need it be,
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.

3. Show me the whiskey
Stains on the floor,
Show me the drunkard
As he stumbles out the door.

4. Show me the country
Where the bombs had to fall,
Show me the ruins
Of the buildings once so tall.

Ch.: And I'll show you a young land
With so many reasons why,
And there but for fortune
Go you or I, you or I.

137 Sing Me Back Home

1. The warden led a prisoner
Down the hallway to his doom
I stood up to say good-bye
Like all the rest.
And I heard him tell the warden
Just before they reached my cell:
“Let my guitar play
And a friend do my request”

Ch.: Let him sing me back home
A song I used to hear,
Make my old memories come alive;
Just take me away
And turn back the years,
Sing me back home before I die.

2. I recall last Sunday morning
When a choir from down the street
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs.
And I heard him tell the singers
There's a song my daddy knew
Can I hear it once before you move along.

Ch.: Won't you sing me back home
A song I used to hear,
Make my old memories come alive;
Just take me away
And turn back the years,
Sing me back home before I die.

138 Early Morning Rain

1. In the early mornin' rain
With a dollar in my hand,
With an achin' in my heart,
And my pockets full of sand.
I'm a long way from home,
Lord, I miss my loved one so,
In the early morning rain
With no place to go.

2. Out on runway number nine,
Big '707' set to go.
And I'm out here in the grass
With a pain that ever grows.
Now, the liquor tasted good,
And the women all were fast,
There she goes, my friend,
She'll be rolling down at last.

139 I Am A Pilgrim

1. I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelling through this wearisome land.
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord,
And it's not, not made by hand.

2. I've got a mother, a sister and a brother
Who have gone this way before.
I am determined to go and see them, good Lord,
Over on that other shore.

3. I'm going down to the river of Jordan
Just to bathe my wearisome soul.
If I can just touch
The hem of his garment, good Lord,
Then I'd know he'd take me home.

4. Now when I'm dead, lying in my coffin,
All of my friends all gather round
They can say that
He's just lying there sleeping, good Lord,
Sweet peace his soul has found.

5. I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelling through this wearisome land.
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord,
And it's not, not made by hand.

3. Hear the mighty engines roar,
See the silver wing on high.
She's away and westward bound
Far above the clouds she'll fly.
Where the mornin' rains don't fall,
And the sun always shines,
She'll be flyin' o'er my home
In about three hours time.

4. This old airport's got me down,
It's no earthly good to me,
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
As cold and drunk as I could be.
You can't jump a jet plane
Like you can a freight train,
So I'll best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain.

140 Pack Up Your Sorrows

1. No use crying, talking to a stranger,
Naming the sorrows you've seen,
Too many bad times, too many sad times,
Nobody knows what you mean.

Ch.: But if somehow you could
Pack up your sorrows,
And give them all to me,
You would lose them,
I know how to use them,
Give them all to me.

2. No use rambling, walking in the shadows,
Trailing a wandering star,
No one beside you, no one to guide you,
And nobody knows what you are.

3. No use gambling, running in the darkness,
Looking for a spirit that's free,
Too many wrong times, too many long times,
Nobody knows what you see.

4. No use roaming, lying by the roadside,
Seeking a satisfied mind,
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walking behind.

141 Long Black Veil

1. Ten years ago, on a cold dark night,
There was someone killed
'Neath the town hall light.
The people that saw they all agreed
That the slayer who ran
Looked a lot like me.

2. The judge said: "Son,
What is your alibi?
If you were somewhere else,
Then you won't have to die."
I spoke not a word
Though it meant my life,
For I had been in the arms
Of my best friend's wife.

142 Careless Love

1. Careless love, oh careless love,
Careless love, oh careless love,
Careless love, oh careless love,
You see what careless love has done.

2. When I wore my apron low,
When I wore my apron low,
When I wore my apron low,
You'd follow me through rain and snow.

3. Now my apron strings won't pin,
Now my apron strings won't pin,
Now my apron strings won't pin,
You pass my door and you won't come in.

4. You pass my door, you pass my gate,
You pass my door, you pass my gate,
You pass my door, you pass my gate,
But you won't get by my '38'.

5. How I wished that train would come,
How I wished that train would come,
How I wished that train would come,
And take me back where I come from.

6. You see what careless love can do,
You see what careless love can do,
You see what careless love can do,
Make you kill yourself and your sweetheart, too.

Ch.: She walks these hills
In a long black veil,
She visits my grave
When the night winds wail,
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
Nobody knows, but me.

3. The scaffold was high
And eternity near,
She stood in the crowd
And shed not a tear.
But sometimes at night
When the cold winds moan,
In a long black veil,
She cries o'er my bones.

143 Troubled And I Don't Know Why

Ch.: I'm troubled and I don't know why,
I'm troubled and I don't know why,
Well the trouble on my mind
Is drivin' me blind,
I'm troubled and I don't know why.

1. Oh, what did the morning say,
Oh, what did the morning say,
When it rose from the night
With a dark, dreary light
Seein' another old wearyday.

2. What did the newspaper tell,
What did the newspaper tell,
When it rolled in the door,
And it lay on the floor
Sayin' things even aren't so well.

3. What did the television squall,
What did the television squall,
When it roared and it boomed,
And it bounced around the room,
And it never said nothing at all.

4. What did the movie screen lecture,
What did the movie screen lecture,
Well it heated and it froze,
And it took off all its clothes,
And I laughed in the middle of the picture.

144 Aragon Mill

1. At the east end of town
At the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall
That says Aragon Mill.

2. But there s no smoke at all
Coming out of the stack
For the mill has shut down
It ain't never coming back.

Ch.: And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

3. There's no children at all
In the narrow empty streets
For the looms have all stopped
It's so quiet I can't sleep.

Ch.: And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

4. Now the mill has shut down
It's the only life I know
Tell me where will I go,
Tell me where will I go.

5. For I'm too old to work
And I'm too young to die
There's no place to go
For my family and I.

Ch.: And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

6. At the east end of town
At the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall
That says Aragon Mill.

7. But there s no smoke at all
Coming out of the stack
For the mill has shut down
It ain't never coming back. And the only tune...

145 Both Sides Now

1. Bows and flows of angel hair,
And ice cream castles in the air,
And feather canyons everywhere,
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun,
They rain and snow on everyone,
So many things I would have done,
But clouds got in my way.

Ch.: I've looked at clouds
From both sides now,
From up and down and still somehow
It's clouds illusions I recall,
I really don't know clouds at all.

2. Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As every fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show,
You leave them laughing when you go,
And if you care don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.

Ch.: I've looked at love
From both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall,
I really don't know love at all.

3. Tears and fears and feeling proud
To say I love you right out loud,
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say I've changed,
Well, something's lost, but something's gained
In every living day.

Ch.: I've looked at life
From both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall,
I really don't know life at all.

Ch.: I've looked at clouds
From both sides now,
From up and down and still somehow
It's clouds illusions I recall,
I really don't know clouds at all.

146 Green, Green

Ch.: Green, green, it's green they say,
On the far side of the hill,
Green, green, I'm going away,
To where the grass is greener still.

1. Oh, I told my mama
On the day I was born
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.
You know, there ain't no woman
Gonna settle me down
I just gotta be travellin' on.

2. Now there ain't nobody
In this whole wide world
Gonna tell me how to spend my time,
I'm just a good lovin' ramblin' man
Say, Buddy, can you spare me a dime.

3. Yeah I don't care
When the sun goes down
Where I lay my weary head
Green, green valley or rocky road
It's there I'm gonna make my bed.

147 Joe Hill

1. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you or me,
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
"I never died" said he, "I never died" said he.

2. "The Copper Bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe" says I,
"Takes more than guns to kill a man"
Says Joe, "I didn't die", says Joe "I didn't die."

3. And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes,
Says Joe "What they can never kill
Went on to organize, went on to organize."

4. From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill,
Where workers stand up for their rights
It's there you find Joe Hill,
It's there you find Joe Hill.

148 Star of the County Down

1. Close to Bambridge Town in the county Down
One morning last July
Down the boreen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so neat from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf I'd to pinch myself
To make sure I was really there.

Ch.: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down.

2. As she onward sped sure I shook my head
And I gazed with a feeling rare,
And I says, says I, to a passer-by
"Who's the girl with the nut-brown hair."
He smiled at me and he says to me
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down."

3. At the harvest fair she'll be surely there
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright
And my hat cocked right
For a smile from the nut-brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Till my plow is a rust-coloured brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down.

150 Long Time Friends

Ch.: I'm looking for some long time friends,
I'm looking for some long time friends,
Life's a long and twisting road,
Many curves and unseen bends,
So I'm looking for some long time friends.

1. Good friends tend to slip out of your reach
If you walk too tall and keep too straight a path,
With your eyes so far ahead
That you can't see by your side
You will never find your long time friends.

149 Thirsty Boots

1. You've long been on the open road,
You've been sleeping in the rain,
From dirty words and muddy cells
Your clothes are soiled and stained,
But the dirty words and muddy cells
Will soon be judged insane,
So only stop to rest yourself
Till you go off again.

Ch.: So take off your thirsty boots
And stay for a while
Your feet are hot and weary
From a dusty mile,
And maybe I can make you laugh,
Maybe I can try
I'm just looking for the evenin',
The mornin' in your eyes.

2. But tell me of the ones you saw
As far as you could see,
Across the plains from field to town
A-marchin' to be free,
And of the rusted prison gates
That tumbled by degree,
Like laughing children one by one
They look like you and me.

3. I know you are no stranger down
The crooked rainbow trails,
From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills
Of slandered shackled jails.
But the voices drift up from below
As the walls they're being scaled,
Yes, all of this and more, my friend,
Your song shall not be failed.

2. There are women that I hold close to my heart,
And men I hope will always be part of my life.
You've got to know each heart is real
And each life can touch your own,
And the world will be your long time home.

3. It's a wide world with many ways to live,
Many ways to love and many ways to give,
I'm not so sure I want to find
Just one soul to blend with mine,
So I'm looking for some long time friends.

151 Down in Your Mines

Ch.: No, you won't get me down
Underground in your mines
Away from the trees and the flowers so fine,
Down in the dark where the sun never shines,
No, you won't get me down in your mines.

1. They dig for the coal for the most of their lives
Away from the children, away from their wives
They make others rich in the heat and the dark
But who's going to work
When they're too old to work?

2. There's many a miner has died underground
He's died all alone when the roof tumbled down,
Down in the dark underneath the great beams,
And he's choked out his life
In the gas-filled old seams.

3. I'll work in the factories, I'll work on your farms,
Of the broke stone the muscles
Stand out on me arms,
I've been in your army, and I've been out to sea,
But, by Christ, you won't make a coal miner of me.

153 Farewell tae the Haven

1. I'm leavin' the fishin', the life I have known,
The battles with nature that nobodys won,
The fish stocks are dwindlin'
And the shoals hard to find,
I'm leavin' the fishin' tae work on the land.

Ch.: Farewell tae the haven, my heart it is sad,
The drifters I'm leavin' tae work on the land.

2. My faithers were drifters, my grandfaithers tae
My brother's the skipper on the 'Elena Mae',
And I worked at the fishin', just as soon as I could,
So leavin's no easy, the sea's in my blood.

3. I'll miss the wee boats though,
My thoughts are there yet,
Wi' the lads on the Jeannie, a-haulin' the nets.
We worked hard together, we laughed hard as well,
Cursin' the weather and ridin' the swell.

4. I'll work in the wire mill, it's a good job they say,
I'll start and I'll finish the same time every day,
The money is constant,
And my wife she seems pleased,
But I'll miss the fishin', and I'll miss the sea.

152 Knockin' on Heaven's Door

1. Mama, take this badge off of me,
I can't use it any more.
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see,
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Ch.: Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door,
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.

2. Mama, put my guns in the ground,
I can't shoot them anymore.
That long black cloud is comin' down,
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

3. Mama, wipe the blood from my face,
I can't see to it any more.
It's a feelin' I just can't trace,
And I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

154 If I Only Knew How

1. If I only knew how to turn the tide of time back,
If I only knew how to take those words I sad back,
I could write a different story with a happy end,
I could make amends,
If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)

2. If I only knew how to restrain
A heart that's wandered
If I only knew how to regain a love I squandered,
Like the spendthrift sailor I'd just let it slip away,
I'd begin with yesterday,
If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)

3. If I only knew how to phrase my feelings dearly
If I only knew why the words I write are merely
Shadows of the sonnets I here singing in my mind
I'd reveal them, unconfined,
If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)

4. If I only knew how to heal the hurt that haunts you
If I only knew how to ease the ache that haunts you
I could take you in my arms
And purge you of your pain,
I could win your love again,
If I only knew how, if I only knew. (2x)

155 I'm Sad And I'm Lonely

1. I'm sad and I'm lonely,
My poor heart will break,
My sweetheart loves another,
Lord, I wished I was dead.
2. My cheeks once was red as
The buds on a rose,
But now they are whiter
Than the lilies that grow.
3. Young ladies take warning,
Take warning from me,
Don't place your affections
In a young man so free.
4. He'll hug you and kiss you
And he'll tell you more lies
Than there's cross-ties on a railroad
Or stars in the skies.
5. Well, I'll build me a cabin,
In the mountain so high,
Where the blackbirds can't see me
Nor hear my sad cry.

156 Sixteen Tons

1. Some people say a man is made out of mud
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood and skin and bone
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.
- Ch.: You load sixteen tons and what do you get:
Another day older and deeper in debt,
St. Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.
2. I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,
I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine,
I loaded sixteen tons of number one coal
And the straw boss hollered "Well bless my soul!"
 3. I was born one morning in the drizzling rain
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.
I was raised in the bottoms by a momma hound,
I'm mean as a dog, but I'm gentle as a lamb.
 4. If you see me coming, you better step aside,
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.
I got a fist of iron and a fist of steel,
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

157 Oklahoma Hills

1. Many a month has come and gone,
Since I wandered from my home
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born.
Many a page my life has turned,
Many lessons I have learned,
And I feel like in those hills where I belong.
- Ch.: Way down yonder on the Indian Nation
Ride my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.
Way down yonder on the Indian Nation,
A Cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma Hills where I was born.
2. But as I sit here today, many miles I am away
From the place I rode my pony through the draw,
Where the oak and the black jack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze,
And I feel back in those hills where I was born.
 3. As I turn life a page, to the land of the great Osage
In those Oklahoma Hills where I was born,
Where the black oil rolls and flows
And the snow white cotton grows,
And I feel back in those hills where I was born.

158 Ho-ro, My Nut-Brown Maiden

- Ch.: Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden,
He-ree, my nut-brown maiden,
Ho-ro, ro, maiden,
For she's the maid for me.
1. Her eyes so brightly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In wakin and in in dreaming,
She's evemore with me.
 2. Oh Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land and on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
 3. And when with blossom laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonnie glen.

159 Age

1. I've been up and down and around
And 'round and back again,
I've been in so many places
I can't remember where or when,
And my only boss was the clock on the wall
And my only friend never really was a friend at all.

Ch.: I've traded love for pennies,
Sold my soul for less
Lost my ideals in that long tunnel of time.
I've turned inside out and around about
And back again, found myself right back
Where I started again.

2. Once I had myself a million
Now I've only got a dime,
The difference don't seem quite as bad today.
With a nickel or a million
I was searching all the time
For something that I've never lost or left behind.

3. And now I'm in my second circle
And I'm heading for the top,
I've learned a lot of things along the way.
I'll be careful while I'm climbing
'Cause it hurts a lot to drop,
When you're down nobody gives a damn anyway.

161 Copper Kettle

1. Get you a copper kettle,
Get you a copper coil,
Cover with new made corn mash
And never more you'll toil.

Ch.: You just lay there by the jitterbugs
While the moon is bright,
Watch them jugs a-filling
In the pale moon light.

2. My granddaddy made whiskey
My daddy made it too,
We ain't paid no whiskey tax
Since seventeen ninety-two. We just lay...

3. Build you your fire of hickory ,
Hickory and ash and oak
And don't use no green or rotten wood
As they'll get you by the smoke. As you lay...

4. Get you a copper kettle,
Get you a copper coil,
Cover with new made corn mash
And never more you'll toil. You'll just lay...

160 I'll Tell Me Ma

Ch.: I'll tell my ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is courting one, two, three
Hey, won't you tell me, who is she?

1. Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
Knock at the door and they ring the bell,
Say, my only true love, are you well.
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
Our Jenny Murry says she will die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

2. Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high
And snows come tumbling through the sky.
She's as sweet as apple pie,
She'll get her own one by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

162 Catch The Wind

1. In the chilly hours and minutes
Of uncertainty I want to be
In the warm hold of your lovin' mind.

2. To feel you all around me
And to take your hand along the sand,
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind.

3. When sundown pales the sky
I want to hide a while behind your smile,
And ev'rywhere I'd look, your eyes I'd find.

4. For me to love you now
Would be the sweetest thing,
It would make me sing,
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind.

Diddy-ee de-dee...

5. When rain has hung the leaves with tears,
I want you near to kill my fears,
To help me to leave all my blues behind.

6. For standin' in your heart
Is where I want to be and long to be,
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind.

163 Shady Grove

1. Peaches in the summertime,
Apples in the fall,
If I can't get the girl I love
I don't want none at all.

Ch.: Shady grove, my little love,
Shady grove, I know,
Shady grove, my little love,
I'm bound for shady grove.

2. Wished I had a banjo string
Made of golden twine,
Every tune I'd play on it
I wished that girl was mine.

3. Wished I had a needle and a thread
fine as I could sew,
I'd sew that pretty girl to my side
And down the road I'd go.

4. Some come here to fiddle and to dance,
Some come here to tarry,
Some come here to fiddle and to dance,
I come here to marry.

5. Every night when I go home,
My wife, I try to please her,
The more I try the worse she gets,
Damned if I don't leave her.

6. Shady grove, my little love,
Shady grove, my darlin',
Shady grove, my little love,
I'm going back to Harlan.

164 Universal Soldier

1. He's five foot two and he's six foot four,
He fights with missiles and with spears,
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen,
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.

2. He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist, and a Baptist, and a Jew,
And he knows he shouldn't kill,
And he knows he always will,
Kill you for me, my friend, and me for you.

3. And he's fighting for Canada,
He's fighting for France, he's fighting for the USA,
And he's fighting for the Russians ,
He's fighting for Japan,
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.

4. And he's fighting for democracy,
He's fighting for the Reds,
He says it's for the peace of all,
He's the one who must decide
Who's to live and who's to die;
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

5. But without him how would Hitler
Have condemned them at Dachau,
Without him Caesar would have stood alone,
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,
And without him all this killing can't go on.

6. He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame,
His orders come from far away, no more;
They come from here and there and you and me
And brothers can't you see,
This is not the way we put the end to war

165 A Place in the Choir

Ch.: All God's creatures got a place in the choir.
Some sing low and some sing higher.
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire.
Some just clap their hands, their paws,
Or anything they got now.

1. Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans in the big tattoo,
And the old cow goes moo'.

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle,
Where the honey-bee hums and the cricket fiddles,
The donkey brays and the poney neighs.
And the old grey badger sighs. *(Chorus)*

2. Listen to the top with the little birds singing,
And the melodies and the high notes ringing,
And the hoot-owl cries over everything
And the blackbird disagrees.

Singing in the night-time , singing in the day,
And the little duck quacks and he's on his way,
And the other hasn't got much to say,
And the porcupine talks to himself. Oh, *(Chorus)*

3. It's a simple song, a little one, sung everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear
The dopey alligator and the hawk above.
The sly old weasel and the turtle-dove. *(Chorus)*

166 The House of the Rising Sun

1. There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun,
It's been the ruin of many poor boy
And God, I know I'm one.
2. My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gamblin' man,
Way down in New Orleans.
3. Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's gone a-drunk.
4. Oh mothers, tell your children
Not to do what I have done,
And spend their lives in sin and misery,
In the house of the Rising Sun.
5. Well I've got one foot on the platform,
The other foot's on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

168 Garden Song

Ch.: Inch by inch, row by row,
I'm going to make this garden grow,
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
And a piece of fertile ground.
Inch by inch, row by row,
Someone bless these seeds I sow,
Someone warm them from below
Till the rain comes tumb(e)ling down.

1. Pulling weeds and picking stones,
We are made of dreams and bones,
I feel the need to grow my own
'Cause the time is close at hand.
Grain for grain, sun and rain,
I find my way in nature's chain,
I tune my body and my brain
To the music of the land.
2. So plant your rows straight and long,
And tend to them with care and song,
Mother earth can keep you strong
If you give her love and care.
An old crow watching hungrily
From his perch in yonder tree,
In my garden I'm as free
As that feathered thief up there.

167 Bonnie Ship 'The Diamond'

1. The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound
And the quay it is all garnished with bonnie lassies round.
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky.
Ch.: And it's cheer up, my lads, let your hearts never fail,
For the bonnie ship 'The Diamond'
Goes a-fishing for the whale.
2. Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies stand around,
Wi' their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down.
Don't you weep, my bonnie lass, though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.
3. Here's a health to the 'Resolution' likewise the 'Eliza Swan'
Here's a health to the 'Battler of Montrose'
And the 'Diamond' ship of fame.
We wear the trousers of the white and the jackets o' the blue,
When we return to Peterhead we'll hae sweethearts enoo.
4. It'll be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame,
With a ship that's full of oil, my lads, and money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing 'Hushabye, my dear.'

169 Spin, Spin, Spin

1. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,
The harlekin dances in a costume of green, spin around,
But under his make-up his age can't be seen, spin around,
But where are you spinnin', when will you kno-ow
That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.
 2. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,
You look out on the city
From your penthouse so high, spin around,
But your pedestal's your prison
And so is your hide, spin around,
But where are you spinnin', when will you kno-ow
That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.
 3. Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,
Your views are your conscience
They make everything seem alright, spin around,
Take a white one, go to sleep,
Take a red one, stay up all night to spin around,
But where are you spinnin', when will you kno-ow
That life is for livin', that it isn't a show.
- Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around,
Spin, spin, spin, spin away, spin away,
Spin, spin, spin, spin around, spin around ... (fade out)

170 No Man's Land

1. Well how do you do Private Willie McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside.
And I rest for a while in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day, Lord, and I'm nearly done.
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916
I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

Ch.: Did they beat the drum slowly,
Did they sound the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er you
As they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sing the 'Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play the 'flowers of the Forest'?

2. Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,
And tho' you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart are you forever nineteen.

Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane,
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained,
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

3. Well the sun's shining now on these green fields of France,
The warm wind blows gently, the red poppies dance.
The trenches have vanished long under the plow,
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned

4. And I can't help but wonder, Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,
For Willie McBride it all happened again,
And again and again and again and again.



171 Old Woman Who Swallowed A fly

1. I know an old woman who swallowed a *fly*;
I don't know why she swallowed the fly;
Perhaps she'll die.

2. I know an old woman who swallowed a *spider*
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider that caught the fly
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

3. I know an old woman who swallowed a bird;
Now how absurd to swallow a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

4. I know an old woman who swallowed a *cat*
Now fancy that, to swallow a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

5. I know an old woman who swallowed a *dog*
What a hog, to swallow a dog.

She swallowed the dog to catch the cat, etc.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

6. I know an old woman who swallowed a *goat*
She just opened her throat, and swallowed a goat.
She swallowed the goat to catch the *dog*,
She swallowed the dog to catch the *cat*, etc.
She swallowed the cat to catch the *bird*,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

7. I know an old woman who swallowed a *cow*
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat, etc.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
Perhaps she'll die.

8. I know an old woman who swallowed a *horse*
She's dead ... of course!

172 Now I'm Easy

1. For nearly sixty years I've been a Cocky,
Of droughts and fires and floods I've lived through plenty.
This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood,
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

2. I married a fine girl when I was twenty,
But she died when giving birth when she was thirty.
No flying doctor then, just a gentle old black gin,
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

3. She left me with two sons and a daughter
On a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for water.
So my care was rough and ready,
But they grew up fine and steady,
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

4. My daughter married young and went her own way,
My sons lie buried by the Burma railway.
So on this land I've made my own I have carried on alone
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy, now I'm easy.

174 Song For Ireland

1. Walking all the day by tall towers
Where falcons build their nests.
Silver winged they fly, they know
The call of freedom in their breasts.
Saw Black Heads against the sky
With twisted rocks they run to the sea.

Ch.: Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea
And sang a song for Ireland.

2. Talking all the day with true friends
Who try to make you stay,
Telling jokes and news, singing songs
To pass the time away.
We watched the Galway salmon run
Like silver darting, dancing in the sun.

3. Drinking all the day, in old pubs
Where fiddlers love to play.
Saw one touch the bow, he played
A reel which seemed so grand and gay.
Stood on Dingle beach and cast,
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

4. Dreaming in the night, I saw a land
Where no one had to fight.
But waking in your dawn, I saw you
Crying in the morning light.
While lying where the falcons fly,
They twist and turn all in your air blue sky.

173 It's Good To See You

Ch.: It's good to see you, so good to see you,
Oh how I missed you since I've been gone.
'Cause I've crossed the oceans,
Travelled through many lands,
It's good to see you, to be in your home.

1. There's something in me that needs to wander,
There's many a land I have to see.
When I am far away in a land of strangers
I know my good friends think of me.

2. When a man is down, down on his fortune,
He stands alone, sometimes alone.
He looks around him, looking for an open hand,
Sometimes there's one, sometimes there's some.

3. Oh it's a wonder, when it comes to friendship,
No matter how far away, no matter how long,
There's a constant thread that's never broken,
It ties me to my friends at home.

175 Blue Tail Fly

1. When I was young, I used to wait
On the boss and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Ch.: Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care,
Jimmy, crack corn, and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

2. And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being rather shy,
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

3. One day he rides around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
'The Devil take the blue-tail fly!'

4. The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

5. They laid him under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see,
'Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
Victim of a blue-tail fly.'

176 Caledonia

1. I don't know if you can see
The changes that have come over me,
In these last few days I've been afraid
That I might drift away.
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs
That make me think about where I came from,
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today.

Ch.: Let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time,
Caledonia you're calling me
And now I'm going home.
For if I should become a stranger,
You know that it would make me more than sad,
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

2. I have moved and I've kept on moving,
Proved the points that I needed proving,
Lost the friends that I needed losing,
Found others on the way.
I have kissed the ladies and left them crying,
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying,
I have traveled hard sometimes with conscience flying,
Somewhere in the wind.

3. Now I'm sitting here before the fire,
The empty room, the forest choir,
The flames that couldn't get any higher,
They've withered now they've gone.
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear,
And I know what I will do tomorrow,
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow,
Well, I will disappear.

178 Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

1. From Derry quay we sailed away
On the twenty-third of May,
We were taken on board by a pleasant crew
Bound for Americay
Fresh water we did take on
five thousand gallons or more,
In case we'd run short going to New York
Far away from the Shamrock shore.

2. We sailed three days we were all sea sick
Not a man on board was free,
We were all confined unto our bunks
And no one to pity poor me.
No father kind nor mother dear
To lift up my head it was sore,
Which makes me think more on the lassie I left
On Paddy's green Shamrock shore.

177 The Sounds of Silence

1. Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains within the sound of silence.

2. In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone,
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night and touched the sound of silence.

3. And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more,
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voices never shared,
And no one dared disturb the sound of silence.

4. 'Fools', said I 'you do not know,
Silence like a cancer grows,
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might reach you,
But my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence.

5. And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made,
And the sign flashed its warning
In the words that it was forming,
And the sign said the words of the prophets
Are written on the subway walls and tenement halls,
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

3. So fare thee well, sweet Liza dear,
Likewise unto Derry town,
And twice farewell to my comrades brave
Who do dwell on that sainted ground,
If fame or fortune shall favour me
And I have money in store,
I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left
On Paddy's green Shamrock shore.

4. We safely reached the other side
After fifteen and twenty days,
We were taken as passengers by a man
And led round in six different ways.
So each of us drank a parting glass
In case we'd never meet more,
And we bid farewell to old Ireland
And Paddy's green Shamrock shore.

179 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye

1. While going the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo,
While going the road to sweet Athy, haroo, haroo,
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a tear in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry:
"Johnny I hardly knew ye."

Ch.: With drums and guns and guns and drums, haroo, haroo,
With drums and guns and guns and drums, haroo, haroo,
With drums and guns and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew you,
My darling dear you look so queer,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

2. Where are your eyes that looked so mild, haroo, haroo,
Where are your eyes that looked so mild, haroo, haroo,
Where are your eyes that looked so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled,
Why did you run from me and the child,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

3. Where are the legs that used to run, haroo, haroo,
Where are the legs that used to run, haroo, haroo,
Where are the legs that used to run
When first you went to carry a gun,
Indeed your dancing days are done,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

4. You haven't an arm you haven't a leg, haroo, haroo,
You haven't an arm you haven't a leg, haroo, haroo,
You haven't an arm you haven't a leg,
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg,
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

5. It grieved my heart to see you sail, haroo, haroo,
It grieved my heart to see you sail, haroo, haroo,
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Though from my heart you took leg-bail;
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.



180 Banks of the Ohio

1. I asked my love to take a walk,
To take a walk, just a little walk,
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

Ch.: And only say that you'll be mine,
In no other's arms entwine,
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

2. I held a knife against his breast
As into my arms he pressed,
He cried "My love, don't you murder me,
I'm not prepared for eternity."

3. I wandered home 'tween twelve and one,
I cried "My God, what have I done,
I killed the only man I loved,
He would not take me for his bride."

181 Fair And Tender Ladies

1. Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men,
They're like the stars on a summer morning,
First they'll appear and then they're gone.

2. They'll tell to you some loving story,
They'll make you think that they love you well,
Straight 'way they'll go and court some other,
And leave you there in grief to dwell.

3. Love is handsome, love is charming,
Love will please you while it's new,
But love grows cold as love grows older,
Fades away like morning dew.

4. If I had known before I courted,
I never would have courted none,
I'd a-locked my heart in a box of golden,
Pinned it up with a silver pin.



182 John O' Dreams

1. When midnight comes and people homeward tread,
Seek out your blankets and your feather bed,
Home comes the rover, his journey's over,
Yield up the nighttime to old John O' Dreams. (2x)

2. Across the hill the sun has gone astray,
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away.
The stars are flying, your candles dying,
Yield up the darkness to old John O' Dreams. (2x)

3. Both man and master in the night are one,
Some things are equal when the day is done.
The prince and the ploughman, the slave, the freeman,
All find their comfort in old John O' Dreams. (2x)

4. When sleep it comes the dreams come running clear,
The hawks of morning cannot reach you here,
Sleep is your river, float on for ever,
And for your boatman choose old John O' Dreams. (2x)

183 Crazy Man Michael

1. Deep in the forest not in the green,
Crazy man Michael was walking.
He met with a raven with eyes black as coal,
And shortly they were a-talking.

“Your future your future I will tell to you,
your future as oft as you ask me.
Your true love will die by your own right hand
and your crazy man’s mind it will haunt you.”

2. Crazy man Michael he ranted he raved,
He beat the four winds with his fist-o.
He laughed and he cried, he cursed and he swore,
For his mad mind was trapped in a den-o.

“You speak with an evil, you speak with a hate,
You speak for the devil that haunts you.
For is she not the fairest in all this fine land,
Your sorcerer’s words are to taunt me.”

3. He took out a dagger of fine Flanders steel,
And struck down the raven through the heart-o.
The bird it flew high, the earth it did spin,
And the quiet world did wonder, then startled.

“Oh, where is the raven that I struck down dead?
Back there a-lying on the ground-o
I see but my true love with a wound so red,
Where her proud heart once it did pound-o.”

4. Crazy man Michael he wanders, he walks,
He talks to the night and the day-o.’
His voice it is clear and his speech is insane,
And he longs for to be far away-o.

Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes,
He asks the wild woods for their pardon.
For his true love lies buried in yonder cold ground,
And he is the keeper of the garden.



184 Jock o’ Hazeldean

1. Why weep ye by the tide, lady,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride,
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely tae be seen.
But aye she loot the tears doon fa’
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

2. Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry those cheeks so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And Laird of Langleydale
His step is first in peaceful hall,
His sword in battle keen.
But aye she loot the tears doon fa’
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

3. A chain o’ gold ye shall nae lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair.
Nor mettled hound nor managed hawk
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you the foremost of them all
Shall ride our Forest Queen.
But aye she loot the tears doon fa’
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

4. The kirk was decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer’d fair,
The priest and bridegroom ’wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there.
They searched for her in bower and hall,
The lady wasnae seen,
She’s o’er the border and awa’,
Wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean.

185 My Irish Molly-O

1. Molly dear now did you hear
The news that’s goin’ round?
Down in a corner of my heart
A love is what you’ve found.
And every time I gaze into
Your Irish eyes so blue,
They seem to whisper “Darling boy,
My love is all for you.”

Ch.: Oh Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet a-cushla dear,
I’m fairly off my trolley,
My Irish Molly, when you are near.
Springtime, you know, is ring time,
Come dear, now don’t be slow,
Change your name, go out with game,
Begorra wouldn’t I do the same,
My Irish Molly-O.

2. Molly dear now did you hear
I furnished up the flat.
Three little cosy rooms with bath
And a ‘welcome’ on the mat.
It’s five pounds down and two a week,
We’ll soon be out of debt.
It’s all complete, except, they haven’t
Brought the cradle yet.

3. Molly dear now did you hear
What all the neighbours say,
About the hundred sovereigns
You have safely stowed away?
They say that’s why I love you,
Ah, but Molly, that’s a shame.
If you had only ninety-nine
I’d love you just the same.

186 Mothers, Daughters, Wives

Ch.: The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
And in between your husbands
Marched away with drums and guns,
And you never thought to question,
You just went on with your lives
'Cause all they'd taught you who to be
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

1. You can only just remember,
The tears your mothers shed
As they sat and read their papers
Through the lists and lists of dead,
And the gold frame held the photographs
That mothers kissed each night,
And the doorframes held the shocked and silent
Strangers from the fight. (*Chorus*)

2. It was 21 years later with children of your own
The trumpet sounded once again
And the soldier boys were gone
So you made their guns and drove their trucks
And tended to the wounds
And at night you kissed the photographs
And hoped for safe returns.

3. And after it was over, you had to learn again,
To be just wives and mothers
When you'd done the work of men.
So you worked to help the needy
And you never trod on toes,
And the photos on the mantelpiece
Set a happy family pose. (*Chorus*)

4. Then your daughters grew to women
And your little boys to men,
And you prayed that you were dreaming
When the call-up came again.
But you bravely smiled and held your tears
As they proudly waved good-bye,
And the photos on the mantelpiece
They always made you cry.

5. And now you're getting older
And in time the photos fade,
And in widowhood you sit back
And reflect on the parade
Of the passing of your memories
How your daughters changed their lives
Seeing more to their existences
Than just mothers, daughters, wives. (*Chorus*)

187 Daughters And Sons

1. They wouldn't hear your music
And they pulled your paintings down,
They wouldn't read your writing
And they banned you from the town.
But they couldn't stop your dreaming
And the victory you've won,
For you sowed the seeds of *freedom*
In your daughters and your sons

Ch.: In your daughters and your sons,
In your daughters and your sons,
You sowed the seeds of *freedom**
In your daughters and your sons.
(* 2. *justice*, 3. *equality*, 4. *peace*)

2. Your weary smile it proudly hides
The chain marks on your hands,
As you bravely strived to realise
The rights of every man.
And though your body's bent and low
A victory you've won,
For you sowed the seeds of *justice*
In your daughters and your sons.

3. I don't know your religion
But one day I heard you pray,
For a world where everyone can work
And children they can play.
And though you never got your share
Of the fruits that you have won,
You sowed the seeds of *equality*
In your daughters and your sons.

4. They taunted you in Belfast
And they tortured you in Spain,
And in that Warsaw ghetto
Where they tied you up in chains.
In Vietnam and in Chile
When they came with tanks and guns,
It's there you sowed the seeds of *peace*
In your daughters and your sons.

5. And now your music's playing,
And the writing's on the wall
And all the dreams you painted
Can be seen by one and all.
And now you've got them thinking
And the future's just begun,
For you sowed the seeds of *freedom*
In your daughters and your sons.

188 Johnny Lad

1. I bought a wife in Edinburgh
For a bawbee,
I never got a penny back
Tae buy tobacco wi'.

Ch.: And wi' you and wi' you
And wi' you Johnny lad
I'll dance the buckles off my shoes
Wi' you my Johnny lad.

2. Now Samson was a mighty man
And he fed on fish and chips,
He buckled 'roond the Galagate
Just pickin' up the nips.

3. Now Salomon and David
Led very wicked lives
They winched every evening
With other people's wives.

4. The Duke was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey,
The Queen was in the treasury
And she was counting money.

5. Every Catholic has our sympathy
For really feeling ill,
How can you love your neighbour
When the Pope has banned the pill.

6. Now Johnnie was a bonnie lad
He was a lad o' mine,
I've never had a better lad
And I've had twenty-nine.

7. Yes, Johnnie was a bonnie lad
Until they took him in,
He had this operation
And now they call him Mary.

189 Rolling Home

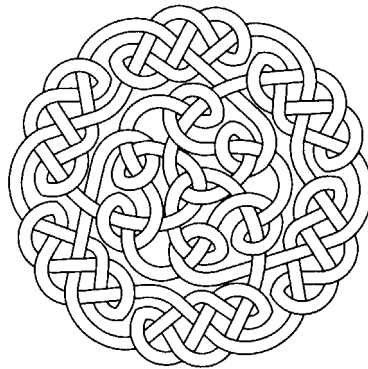
Ch.: Rolling Home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old Scotland,
Rolling home fair land to thee.

1. Ten thousand miles now lies behind us
Ten thousand miles or more to roam
Soon we'll see our native country,
Soon we'll greet our native home.

2. Up aloft amidst the rigging
Blows the wild and rushing gale,
Straining every spar and backstay,
Stretchin' stitch in every sail.

3. Westwards, ever westwards,
To the setting of the sun,
And it's homewards, ever homewards,
To the land where we were born.

4. We will leave you our best wishes
We will leave your rocky shores,
For we're bound to dear old Scotland
We'll return to you once more.



190 Tae the Beggin'

1. Oh, of a' the trades that I do ken
The beggin' is the best,
For when a beggar's weary
He can sit him doon and rest,

Ch.: Tae the beggin' I will go, will go
Tae the beggin' I will go

2. And I will tae the tailor
Wi' a wab o' hodden grey,
And gar him mak' a cloak for me
Tae hap me night and day,

3. And I will tae the cobbler
And I gar him sort my shoon,
An inch thick tae the bottom
And clooted weel abune,

4. And I will tae the turner
And I'll gar him mak' a dish,
And it maun haud three chappins
For I cannae dae wi' less,

5. And yet ere I begin my trade
I'll let my beard grow strang,
Nor pare my nails this year or day
For the beggars wear them long,

6. And I'll gang seek my lodgings
Afore that it grows dark,
Just when the guidman's sitting doon
In a new hame frae his work,

7. And maybe the guidman will say,
"Guidman, ye'll hae yer meal,
Ye're welcome tae yer broose the nicht
Likewise yer breid and kail,"

8. Noo, if beggin' be as good a trade
And as I hope it may,
It's time that I was oot o' here
And haudin' doon the brae,



191 Shining River

1. Outside my door when I was young there flowed a shining river,
Gleaming in the summer sun it used to shine like silver,
And the banks were lined with willow trees and tall green waving rushes,
And songbirds sang in the summer breeze and nested in the bushes,

Ch.: Don't you think it's time we got together to save our shining river,
It will soon be gone forever, ah, don't you think it's time, time, time.

2. The willow trees have long since gone, the birds are getting fewer,
And where my river used to run there's just an open sewer.
And the banks are lined with factories, grey towers of bricks and mortar,
There's smog and dust in the summer breeze, and poison in the water.

3. And where the silver gum did stand,
Where bloomed the yellow wattle,
Now there's only old tin cans
And piles of broken bottles.
And the banks are lined with mud and silt,
The river's thick with slime,
And you ask me who must bear the guilt
When the fault is yours and mine.

192 Jamie Raeburn's Farewell

1. My name is Jamie Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born,
My place and habitation I'm forced to leave with scorn,
Frae my place and habitation it's I must gang awa'
Far frae the bonny hills and dales of Caledonia.
2. It was early on one morning, just by the break of day,
The turnkey he came to us and unto us did say:
"Arise ye hapless convicts arise ye one and a'
This is the day you are to stray from Caledonia."
3. We all arose, put on our clothes, our hearts were full of grief,
Our friends that stood around the coach could grant us no relief,
Our parents, wives and sweethearts, too, their hearts were broke in twa
Tae see us leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.
4. Farewell, my dearest mother, I'm vexed for what I've done.
I hope none cast up to you the race that I have run,
I hope God will protect you when I am far awa',
Far frae the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.
5. Fareweel, my honest faither, you were the best of men,
And likewise my ain sweetheart, it's Catherine is her name.
No more we'll walk by Clyde's clear stream or by the Broomielaw,
But I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

193 The Hills of Connemara

- Ch.: Gather up the pots and the old tin can,
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran,
Run like the devil from the excise man,
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.
1. Keep your eyes well peeled today,
The excise man is on his way,
Searching for the mountain tay
In the hills of Connemara.
 2. Swing to the left and swing to the right,
The excise man will dance all night,
Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara.
 3. A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,
A bottle for poor old Father John,
To help the poor old man along
In the hills of Connemara.
 4. Stand your ground, it is too late,
The excise man is at the gate,
Glory be to God, he's drinking it nate
In the hills of Connemara.



194 Work o' the Weavers

1. We're all sat together here to sit and to crack
With glasses in our hands and the work upon the back,
There's nae a one among us would neither mend nor mak'
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.
- Ch.: If it wasnae for the weavers what would we do
We wouldnae ha'e claithes made o' oor wool,
We wouldnae ha'e a coat made o' black or blue
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.
2. There's some folk independent
Ae' other tradesmen's wark,
For women need nae barber an' dykers need nae clerk,
There's nae a one amang 'em tae take a coat or sark,
If it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.
 3. There's smiths and there's wrights,
There's mason chieles an' a',
There's doctors and ministers and them that live by law,
Our friends who live far away in South America
They all need the work o' the weavers.
 4. Noo the weavin' is a trade that never can fail
As lang as we need cloth to keep another hale,
So let us all be merry on a pitcher of good ale
And drink to the work o' the weavers.

195 Blow, Boys, Blow

1. It's advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo
Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go.
- Ch.: Singing blow ye winds in the morning
Blow ye winds hi-ho
Haul away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.
2. They send you to New Bedford, a famous whaling port,
And give you to some land-sharks to board and fit you out.
 3. They tell you of the clipper ships a-running in and out
And how you'll take five hundred sperm
Before you're six months out.
 4. And now we're out to sea, my boys,
The wind comes on to blow,
One half on deck is sick above, the other half below.
 5. The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squinting at the sails,
When all at once the lookout sights
A mighty school of whales.
 6. Then lower down the boats, my boys,
And after him we'll travel
But if you get too near his fluke he'll kick you to the devil.
 7. And now that he is ours, my boys, we'll tow him alongside
And over with your blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide.

196 The Boxer

1. I am just a poor boy,
Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of mumbles,
Such are promises. All lies and jest,
Still a man hears what he wants to hear,
And disregards the rest, mm-hmm-hmm.

2. When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers,
In the quiet of the railway station
Running scared, laying low,
Seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go,
Looking for the places only they would know.

Ch.: Lie-la-lie, lie-la lie-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,
Lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie la-la-lie-la-lie.

3. Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,
Just a come-on from the whores
On Seventh Avenue. I do declare,
There were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there, ooh-la-laa la-la-la-la-laa

4. Now the years are rolling by me
They are rocking evenly
And I am older than I once was
And younger than I'll be that's not unusual,
No it's not strange after changes upon changes
We are more or less the same,
After changes we are more or less the same. Lie...

5. Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
Wishing I was gone, going home
Where the New York City winters
Aren't bleeding me, leading me,
To going home.

6. In the clearing stands a boxer,
And a fighter by his trade,
And he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove
That laid him down or cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving,"
But the fighter still remains, yes he still remains.

Ch.: Lie-la-lie, lie-la lie-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,
Lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie la-la-lie-la-lie.

197 Pub With No Beer

1. It's lonesome away from your kindred and all
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call.
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer.

2. Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come
There's a far away look on the face of the bum,
The maid's gone all cranky, the cook's acting queer,
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

3. The stockman rides up with his dry, dusty throat,
He comes up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat,
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
When the barman says sadly "The pub's got no beer."

4. There's a dog on the veranda, for his master he waits,
While the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates,
He hurries for cover, he cringes in fear,
It's no place for a dog in a pub with no beer.

5. Old Billy the blacksmith the first time in his life
Has come home cold sober to his darling wife.
He walks in the kitchen, she says "you're early, my dear",
Then he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer.

198 Yesterday's People

1. Words which are wasted, words which are weak,
What do we live on and what do we seek,
Some way to love them and some way to speak
To yesterday's people with yesterday's dreams.

2. They've lived in this world for so many years,
Fought in the wars, but still long for peace,
But now they look back at what might have been,
For yesterday's people with yesterday's dreams.

Once my soul it would rise
To the sound of love singing,
But the sounds of my childhood
Have long been forgotten.
I could dance with no tiring
From morning till evening,
But my old heart is wasted
And my body is feeble.

3. Once we were young we, too, had our dreams
To climb every mountain and to see everything,
But now we grow older and colder, it seems,
We're yesterday's people with yesterday's dreams.

199 Fields of Athenry

1. By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling
"Michael, they are sending you away,
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn',
Now the prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

Ch.: Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

2. By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free,
Against the Famine and the Crown
I rebelled, they ran me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

3. By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star falling,
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,
But she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay,
It's lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

200 Passin' Through

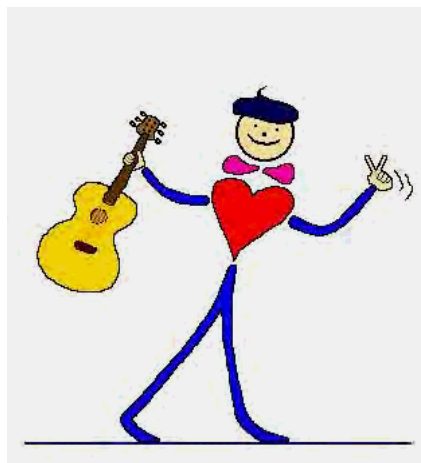
Ch.: Passin' through one more time,
Passin' through one more time,
Need no reason to ride the blind,
Passin' through one more time.

1. Sky had ears, trees could talk,
Oceans whisper, hills could walk,
Gimme a smile and I'll give you mine,
Passin' through one more time.

Ch.: Passin' through one more time,
Passin' through one more time,
Need no reason to ride the blind,
Passin' through one more time.

2. Make the best, blue or gray,
Livin' that old cookbook cliché,
Friends and lovers you'll leave and find,
Passin' through one more time.

Ch.: Passin' through one more time,
Passin' through one more time,
A smile a day will soothe your mind,
Passin' through one more time.





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UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT IN THE HOME
OF AN ABSENT-MINDED PIPER



Walter Erhardt ❖ Klaus Klötzer ❖ Ulrich Skrabak