

Fatima Farm

AN EXPERIMENT IN TRADITION

SONGBOOK
2023



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Across the Western Ocean

Sea Shanty

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Above the staff are three chord symbols: C, G, and C. The lyrics are: "Oh the times was hard and the wa-ges low, Am - e - lia where you bound to? Th-e". The second staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes. Above it are seven chord symbols: F, C, Em, Am, C, G, and C. The lyrics are: "Ro - cky Moun - tains are m - y home, Ac - ross the West - ern O - cean." The piece ends with a double bar line.

*Oh the land of promise there you'll see
Amelia, where you bound to?
I'm bound away across the sea
Across the Western Ocean*

*For I'm bound to leave my friends and home
Amelia, where you bound to?
I'm bound away to seek for gold
Across the Western Ocean*

*Oh beware them packet ships I pray
Amelia, where you bound to?
They'll steal your goods and gear away
Across the Western Ocean*

*Oh your mothers, sisters don't you cry
Amelia, where you bound to?
Oh your brothers, lovers say goodbye
Across the Western Ocean*

Amazing Grace

American Folk

G C G

A - ma - zi - ng grace how sweet the sound that saved a —
 Twas grace th - at taught my heart to fear and grace my —
 The Lord h - as prom - ised good to me His word my —
 Through ma - ny — dan - gers toils and snares I have al -
 When we've be - en there ten thou - sand years bright shin - ni - ng

D G

wretch like me I once w - as lost but
 fears re - lieved How pre - ci - ous did that
 hope se - cures His will my — shield and
 rea - dy come Tis grace ha - th brought me
 as the sun We've no le - ss days to

C G D G

now am found was blind b - ut now I see.
 grace ap - pear the hour I — first be - lieved.
 por - tion be as long a - s life en - dures.
 here thus far and grace wi - ll lead me home.
 sing God's praised than when we - 'd first be - gun.

Around the Bend

Mary Verlander

Slow

C G F

John - ny went down a-round the bend His moth - er watched with tear - ful
 John - ny treads down the way Like a flow - er heavy with

Am C G

eyes To leave and find a way to help the mend Is to
 dew Found at first light of dawn - ing day His darl -

F Am C

take a road not know - ing what lies A-round the bend he was called
 ing watch - es; heart weeps a - new, A-round the bend, he must

G F Am Fast Am

for And John-ny went But when he march - es home a-gain
 go And John-ny went

G Am C

how they will cheer Ours is glo - ry our en - e - mies are slain, and our John-ny has re -

G Am G Am G $\text{♩} = 58$

turned His fath - er is glad, his moth - er sings, his darl - ing's heart has joy

C G F

A-round the bend then a-round the bend Our John - ny has went and

2



come

*Johnny tramps down along the line
Musket at his shoulder
Watching for the sign
Fight and be strong and true
Around the bend, was the command
And Johnny went.*

*Johnny looks around
Blood is all he can see
Fam'ly hopes he's homeward bound
Returning with honor and victory
Around the bend, left not to return
But to leave his country free.*

*As raindrops fall increasingly
Throughout a thunderstorm
The days become too many
And their fears begin to grow
His father is sad, his mother mourns
His darling's hearts has broke
Around the bend, looks to be his end
Our Johnny has went and gone.*

*But then the steady beat
Of a soilder marching victoriously
His darling runs out to meet
Johnny who fought for his country
Around the bend, country's free
Because Johnny went.*

Around the Bend

Mary Verlander

Slow

F C Bb

John - ny went down a-round the bend His moth - er watched with tear - ful
 John - ny treads down the way Like a flow - er heavy with

Dm F C

eyes To leave and find a way to help the mend Is to
 dew Found at first light of dawn - ing day His darl -

Bb Dm F

take a road not know - ing what lies A-round the bend he was called
 ing watch - es; heart weeps a - new, A-round the bend, he must

C Bb Dm Fast Dm

for And John-ny went But when he march - es home a-gain
 go And John-ny went

C Dm F

how they will cheer Ours is glo - ry our en - e - mies are slain, and our John-ny has - re -

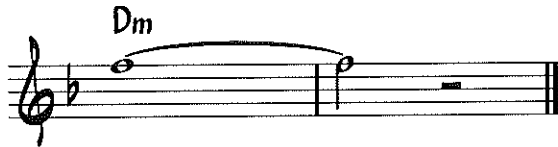
C Dm C Dm $\text{♩} = 58$ C

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F C Bb

A-round the bend then a-round the bend Our John - ny has went and

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Watching for the sign
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*But then the steady beat
Of a soilder marching victoriously
His darling runs out to meet
Johnny who fought for his country
Around the bend, country's free
Because Johnny went.*

Auld Lang Syne

Robbie Burns

Scottish Folk

C G C F



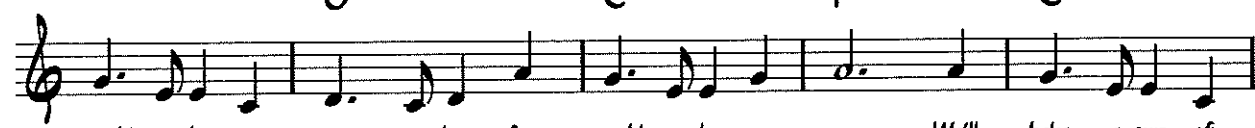
Should auld ac-quian-tance be for-got, and ne-ver brought to mind? Should

C G C F C



auld ac-quan-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For

G C F C



auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, We'll take a cup of

G C F C



kind-ness yet, for auld lang syne.

*We twa ha' ran aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.*

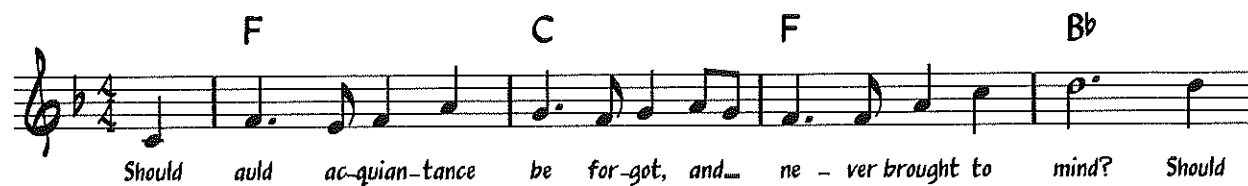
*And here's a hand, my trusty frien'
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

Auld Lang Syne

Robbie Burns


Scottish Folk

F C F Bb



Should auld ac-quan-tance be for-got, and ne-ver brought to mind? Should

F C F Bb F



auld ac-quan-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For

C F Bb F



auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, We'll take a cup of

C F Bb F



kind-ness yet, for auld lang syne.

We twa ha' ran aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien'
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

The Ballad of St. Anne's Reel

Dave Mallett

C F C

He was strand-ed in a ti - ny town on fair Prince Ed - ward Is - land

G F G

Wait - ing for a ship to come and find him A one horse place, a friend - ly face, some

C F C G C

cof - fee and a ti - ny trace of fid - dl - ing in the dis - tance far be - hind him Then a

C F C

dime a - cross the coun - ter then a shy hel - lo, a brand new friend, a

G F G

walk a - long the street in the wint - 'ry weath - er A yel - low light, an o - pen door, and a

C F C G

"Wel - come friend, there's room for more" and then they're stand - ing their in - side to -

C G

geth - er He said, "I've heard that tune be - fore some - where but I

F C G F Am

can't re - mem - ber when Was it on some oth - er friend - ly shore, did I hear it in the wind? Was it

2

writ - ten on the sky a - bove? I think I heard it from some - one I love, But I

ne - ver heard it sound so sweet since then."

*And now his feet begin to tap and a little boy says, "I'll take your cap."
 And he spun off in the magic of her smile.
 And leap the heart within him went when off across the floor he sent
 His clumsy body graceful as a child.
 He said, "There's magic in the fiddler's arm, there's magic in this town.
 There's magic in the dancers' feet and the way they put 'em down."
 People smiling everywhere, boots and fiddles, locks of hair,
 Laughter, old blue suits, and Easter gowns.*

*The sailor's gone, the room is bare, the old piano's sitting there,
 Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack,
 The empty chairs, the wooden floor that feels the touch of shoes no more
 Awaiting for the dancers to come back.
 And the fiddle's in the closet of some daughter of the town,
 The strings are broke, the bow is gone, and the cover's buttoned down.
 But sometimes on December nights when the air is cold and the wind is right,
 There's a melody that passes through the town.*

The Ballad of St. Anne's Reel

Dave Mallett

D G D

He was strand-ed in a ti - ny town on fair Prince Ed - ward Is - land

A G A

Wait - ing for a ship to come and find him A one horse place, a friend - ly face, some

D G D A D

cof - fee and a ti - ny trace of fid - dl - ing in the dis - tance far be - hind him Then a

D G D

dime a - cross the coun - ter then a shy hel - lo, a brand new friend, a

A G A

walk a - long the street in the wint - 'ry weath - er A yel - low light, an o - pen door, and a

D G D A

"Wel - come friend, there's room for more" and then they're stand - ing their in - side to -

D A

geth - er He said, "I've heard that tune be - fore some - where but I

G D A

can't re - mem - ber when Was it on some oth - er friend - ly shore, did I

2

hear it in the wind? Was it writ - ten on the sky a - bove? I think I

heard it from some-one I love, But I ne - ver heard it sound so sweet since then."

And now his feet begin to tap and a little boy says, "I'll take your cap."
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 His clumsy body graceful as a child.
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 People smiling everywhere, boots and fiddles, locks of hair,
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 Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack,
 The empty chairs, the wooden floor that feels the touch of shoes no more
 Awaiting for the dancers to come back.
 And the fiddle's in the closet of some daughter of the town,
 The strings are broke, the bow is gone, and the cover's buttoned down.
 But sometimes on December nights when the air is cold and the wind is right,
 There's a melody that passes through the town.

The Ballad of the Two Waltzes

Mary Verlander

The breeze it blew from the fields to the bay, The
bou - zou - ki, it was ly - ing near - by,

sun was just ris - ing and tak - ing the dew.
Twas not long 'fore the boy took it up. "I

Bright was the light that shone on Gal - way
do not dance, but to play I will try,

Soft was the grass where sat the two.
List - en now to the waltz I have made." The

tune, it flew from the fields to the bay Strong-ly it rose— from there in Athen-ry The

me-lo-dy an-nounced the dawn of the day The way a cock in the morn-ing would cry.

"Beau - ti - ful," she said when it was done. "I
fid - dle, it was hang - ing near - by,

C Em D

wish it was paired with an - oth - er," he said. The
Twas long 'fore the girl did take it up. "Nor

G Bm C D

hint was well layed and the girl — went home,
do I dance, but to play will I try,

C D G

Try - ing to hear an - oth - er waltz to be played.
Hear the wind bring you the waltz I have made." The

G D

tune, it glid - ed 'cross the fields to the bay And

C Em D G Bm

gen - tly as - cend - ed from there in Athen-ry The lul - la - by would bring a chi - ld to lay

C D G

When the moon would ap - pear in the sky.

The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

C F C Am C

When I was a young man I car - ried my pack, And I lived the free

G C F C Am

life of the ... ro-ver. ... From the ... Mur - ray's green ... ba-sin ... to the ... dus - ty out - back, I

C G C G F

waltzed my Ma - til-da all o-ver Then in nine-teen fif - teen my coun-try said

C G F C

"Son, it's time to stop ram - bling there's work to be done." So they

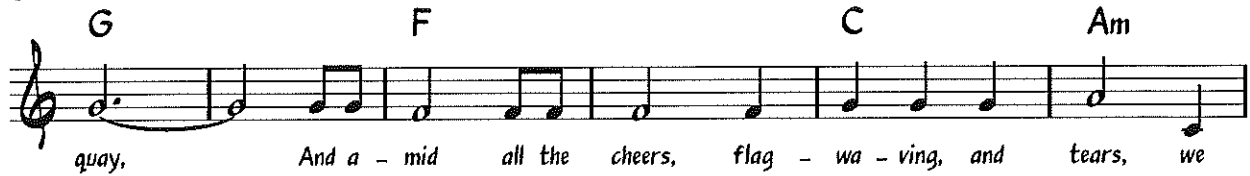
F C Am C G C

gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun, and they sent me a - way to the war.

F C F

And the band played Waltz-ing Ma - til-da, As the ship pulled a - way from the

2



How well I remember that terrible day,
 How the blood stained the sand and the water,
 And how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay,
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well,
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shell,
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia.
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As we stopped to bury our slain,
 We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs,
 Then we started all over again.

Now, those that were left, well we tried to survive
 In a mad world of blood, death, and fire,
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,
 But around me the corpses piled higher.
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
 And when I awoke up in my hospital bed,
 I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead,
 Never knew there were worse things than dying,
 For I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda,
 All around the green bush far and near,
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs,
 No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed,
 And they shipped us back home to Australia.
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane,
 Those proud, wounded heroes of Suvla,
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
 And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me,
 To grieve, and to mourn, and to pity.
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As they carried us down the gangway,
 But nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared,
 Then turned all their faces away.

And now every April I sit on my porch,
 And I watch the parade pass before me,
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march,
 Renewing old dreams of past glory.
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff, and sore,
 The weary old heroes from a forgotten war.
 And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
 And I ask myself the same question.
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 And the old men still answer the call.
 But year after year, their numbers get fewer,
 Someday no one will march there at all.



G C F C 3

til - da with me? And their ghosts may be heard as they march through the — Bil - la - bong

G C

Who'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me?

The Ballad of Jesse James

American Folk

C F C

Jes-se James was a lad, who killed ma-ny a man, He robbed the Glen-dale

G C F C

train, He stole from the rich, he gave to the poor, He'd a hand and a

G C F C

heart, and a brain. Poor Jes-se had a wife to mourn for his life, Three

G C F

child-ren, they were brave, But that dir-ty lit-tle cow'rd that shot Mis-ter

C G C

How'rd, has laid Jes-se James in his grave.

Jesse James was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago bank,
And he stopped that Glendale train.

It was on a Wednesday night, and the moon was shining bright,
He robbed the Glendale train,
And the people did say for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

Oh, the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
They wondered how he'd ever come to die,
It was one of the gang, called little Robert Ford,
Who shot poor Jesse on the sly.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe


American Folk

G




Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is

C G D7




tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath

G B7 Em Am D7 G



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.

C G



Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le -

2

lu - ia! His truth is march - ing on.

*I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.*

*I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."*

*He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.*

*In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.*

*He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,
Our God is marching on.*

Black and Tans

Irish Folk

Am G

I was born on a Dun-l-in Street where the loyal-ist drums do beat And those

Am C

lov-ing Eng-lish feet they tramp-led ov-er us And each and ev-'ry night when my

G Am G Am G Am

Dad would come home tight He'd in-vite the neigh-bors out-side with this cho-rus:

G

O come out you Black and Tans come out and fight me like a man Show your

Am C

wives how you won med-als down in Flan-ders Show them how the I-R-A made you

2

run like hell a-way From the green and love-ly fields of Kil - le - shan - dra.

*O come tell us how you slew them poor Arabs two by two
 Like the Zulu they had spear and bows and arrows
 How you bravely faced each one with your sixteen pounder gun
 Till you frightened them poor natives to their marrow.*

*O come let us hear you tell how you saved the great Parnell
 When you thought him well and truly persecuted
 Where are the cheers and jeers that you bravely let us hear
 When our heroes of '16 were executed.*

*Allen, Larkin and O'Brien how they sung and called you swine
 Robert Emmet who you hung and drew and quartered
 High upon the scaffold high how you butchered Henry Joy
 And the Wexford boys of Corry did you slaughter.*

*Well the time is coming fast and we'll surely come at last
 When each yeoman shall be cut aside before us
 And if we feel the need we shall bravely say, "Godspeed"
 With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus:*

Black and Tans

Irish Folk

I was born on a Dun-l-in Street where the loyal-ist drums do beat And those

lov-ing Eng-lish feet they tramp-led ov-er us And each and ev-'ry night when my

Dad would come home tight He'd in-vite the neigh-bors out-side with this cho-rus:

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 Where are the cheers and jeers that you bravely let us hear
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 Robert Emmet who you hung and drew and quartered
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 And the Wexford boys of Corry did you slaughter.*

*Well the time is coming fast and we'll surely come at last
 When each yeoman shall be cut aside before us
 And if we feel the need we shall bravely say, "Godspeed"
 With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus:*

The Blacksmith

Irish Folk
Arr. Andy Irvine

Em D C D Em

A black-smith court-ed me nine months and bet-ter. He

Em D C D Em G D Em

fair-ly won my heart, wrote me a let-ter. With his ham-mer in his hand he

D Em G D Em

looked quite cle-ver. And if I was with my love I'd live for e-ver.

*But where is my love gone, with his cheeks like roses?
And his good black billycock on decked round with primroses.
I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine and burn his beauty.
And if I was with my love I'd do my duty.*

*Strange news has come to town, strange news is carried.
Strange news flies up and down that my love is married.
I wish them both much joy though they can't hear me,
And may God reward him well for the slighting of me.*

*Don't you remember when you lay beside me?
And you said you'd marry me and not deny me.
If I said I'd marry you it was only for to try you,
So bring your witness love and I'll not deny you.*

*Oh witness have I none save God Almighty.
And may He reward you well for the slighting of me.
Her lips grew pale and wan, it made a poor heart to tremble,
To think she loved a one and he proved deceitful.*

Black Velvet Band

Irish Folk



In a neat lit - tle town they call bel fast ap - prenticed to trade I was
'Til a sad mis - for - tune came ov - er me which caused me to stray from the



bound land And. man - y an ho - ur's sweet hap - pi - ness I spent in that
a - way from my friends and com - pan - i - ons be - trayed by the



neat lit - tle town Her eyes they sh - one like di - monds I thought her the
black vel - vet band



queen of the land with her ha - ir flung ov - er her sh - oul - ders tied



up with a black vel vet band

Verse 2

As I went walking down broadway
not intending to stay very long
I met with this frolicsome damsel
as she came 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.

Verse 3

Before the judge and the jury next morn
both of us did appear
a gentleman claimed his jewelry
the case against us was clear.
Seven long years transportation
right down to Van Dieman's land
far away from my friends and companions
betrayed by the black velvet band.

Blow the Man Down

Sea Shanty

D G

As I was out walk - ing down Pa - ra - dise Street, To me way, hey,

Em A

blow the man down, A sau - cy young dam - sel I chanced for to meet, Give me some

D

time to blow the man down, Blow the man down, bul - lies, Blow the man

G Em A

down, To me way, hey, blow the man down, blow him right back in - to

D

Li - ver - pool town, Give me some time to blow the man down.

But as we were goin' she said unto me:
To me, way, hey, blow the man down!
"There's a spankin' full rigger just ready for sea!"
Gimme some time to blow the man down!

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar
To me way, hey, blow the man down!
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.
Gimme some time to blow the man down!

It's starboard and larboard on deck you will sprawl
To me way, hey, blow the man down!
For Kicking Jack Williams commands the Black Ball.
Gimme some time to blow the man down!

So I give you fair warning before we belay,
To me way, hey, blow the man down!
Don't ever take heed of what pretty girls say!
Gimme some time to blow the man down!

Bonny Charlie

Lady Nairne

Scottish Folk

B♭ E♭ B♭ F

Bon - ny Char - lie's now a - wa, Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;

B♭ E♭ B♭ F B♭

Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he no' come back a - gain.

E♭ F

Will ye no' come back a - gain? Will ye no' come back a - gain.

B♭ E♭ B♭ F B♭

Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be, Will ye no' come back a - gain?

Mony a gallant sodger faught,
Mony a gallant cheif did fa',
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' natures laws;
Mony a traitor wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa'.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the evening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae other sound.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Liting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang,
"Will ye no' come back again?"

Bonny Charlie

Lady Nairne

Scottish Folk

G C G D
Bon - ny Char - lie's now a - wa, Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;

G C G D G
Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he no' come back a - gain.

C D
Will ye no' come back a - gain? Will ye no' come back a - gain.

G C G D G
Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be, Will ye no' come back a - gain?

*Mony a gallant sodger faught,
Mony a gallant cheif did fa',
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.*

*Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' natures laws;
Mony a traitor wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa'.*

*Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the evening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae other sound.*

*Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lifting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang,
"Will ye no' come back again?"*

Bonny Dundee

Scottish Folk

D G D

Tae the Lords o' Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, 'E're the

A D

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So let each ca - va - lier who loves

G D A D

hon - our and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets o' Bon - nie Dun - dee Come

A

fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es and

D A7 D

call out my men, Un - hook the West Port and let us gae

G D A D

free For it's up with the bon - nets o' Bon - ny Dun - dee

Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street
 The bells tae ring backward and the drums tae are beat
 But the provost douce man says just let it be
 For the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

So awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks
 Ere I own a userper I'll couch with the fox
 So a tremble false whigs in the mid'st o' yer glee
 For ye've no see the last o' my bonnets and me

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth
 Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north
 There are brave downie wassles three thousand times three
 Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee

The Bonny Ship The Diamond

Scottish Folk

Am Em Am Em

The Dia-mond is a ship mylads, for the Da - vis straight we're bound. The

Am Em C G Am

quay it is all gar-nished with bon-ny las-ses round. Cap-tain Thomp-son gives the or -

Em Am Em Am Em

- ders to sail the o - cean wide, where the sun it ne - ver sets, mylads, nor

C G Am C

dark-ness dims the sky. For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts ne-ver fail, For the

G D Am

bon - ny ship The "Dia - mond" goes a fish-in for the whale. For it's cheer up me

C G

lads, let your hearts ne - ver fail, For the bon - ny ship The "Dia - mond" goes a

2

C G Am

fish - in for the whale.

*Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
 With shawls all pulled around the and the salt tears running down.
 Well don't you weep my bonny lass, though you be left behind
 For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.*

*Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
 Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame.
 We wear the trousers of the white and jackets of the blue,
 When we get back to Peterhead we'll have sweet hearts anoo.*

*It will be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame,
 Our ship filled up with oil me 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 "Hush-a-by, my dear".*

The Bonny Ship The Diamond

Scottish Folk

Dm Am Dm Am

The Dia-mond is a ship mylads, for the Da - vis straight we're bound. The

Dm Am F C Dm

quay it is all gar-nished with bon-ny las-ses round. Cap-tain Thomp-son gives the or -

Am Dm Am Dm Am

- ders to sail the o - cean wide, where the sun it ne - ver sets, mylads, nor

F C Dm F

dark-ness dims the sky. For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts ne - ver

C G

fail, For the bon - ny ship The "Dia - mond" goes a fish - in for the whale. For it's

Dm F C

cheer up me lads, let your hearts ne - ver fail, For the bon - ny ship The

"Dia - mond" goes a fish - in for the whale.

*Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
 With shawls all pulled around the and the salt tears running down.
 Well don't you weep my bonny lass, though you be left behind
 For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.*

*Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
 Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame.
 We wear the trousers of the white and jackets of the blue,
 When we get back to Peterhead we'll have sweet hearts anoo.*

*It will be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame,
 Our ship filled up with oil me 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 &Hush-a-by, my dear*

Botany Bay

Australian Folk

D A D

Oh, there's Glas - gow and Ber - wick and Pen - ton - ville, There's

G D G

Ports - mouth and good old Dart - moor; But they aren't of

D A D

int-'rest to such as us, For we're bound for a far for - eign shore. Oh...

A D G D

too-roo - lie, too-roo - lie, oo-roo-lay, Too-roo - lie, oo-roo - lie, ay.

G D A D

Too-roo - lie, too-roo lie, oo-roo-lay, Too-roo - lie, oo-roo - lie, ay.

It's not leaving Old England we care about,
Nor sailing for shores far away,
It's the drearily monotony wears us out,
And the prospect of Botany Bay.

Oh, the captain and all the ship's officers,
The bos'n and all of the crew;
The first and the second class passengers
Know what us poor convicts go through.

Oh, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses,
And harken and list to my lay;
Be sure that ye owns all ye touchesses,
Or they'll land you in Botany Bay.

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes

Scottish Folk

B G#m

How blithe was I each morn. to see my lass come. o-ver the hill

B C#m F#

She skipped the burn and ran to me, I met her with good will

B F# E B

Oh the broom, the bon-ny, bon-ny broom. The broom of the

G#m B

Cow - den - knowes; fain would I lie in my own coun - try,

C#m F#

herd - ing my dad - dy's cows

She would oblige me every hour
 Could I but faithful be?
 She won my heart, could I refuse
 What'er she asked of me?

Hard fate that I should banished be,
 Say early in the morn
 Because I loved the fairest lass
 That ever yet was born.

Fareweill, ye Cowdenknows, fareweill
 Fareweill all pleasure there
 To roam again with my lass by my side
 Is all I want or care.

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes

Scottish Folk

G Em

How blithe was I each morn. to see my lass come. o-ver the hill

G Am D

She skipped the burn and ran to me, I met her with good will

G D C G

Oh the broom, the bon - ny, bon - ny broom. The broom of the

Em G

Cow - den - knowes; fain would I lie in my own coun - try,

Am D

herd - ing my dad - dy's cows

*She would oblige me every hour
 Could I but faithful be?
 She won my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er she asked of me?*

*Hard fate that I should banished be,
 Say early in the morn
 Because I loved the fairest lass
 That ever yet was born.*

*Fareweill, ye Cowdenknows, fareweill
 Fareweill all pleasure there
 To roam again with my lass by my side
 Is all I want or care.*

Bully in the Alley

Sea Shanty



Help me Bob I'm bul-ly in the al - ley, Way, hey, bul-ly in the al - ley



Help me bob I'm bul-ly in the al ley bul - ly down in Shin - bone al. So

*Sally is the girl that I loved dearly,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*

*For seven long years I courted little Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
All she did was dilly and dally,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*

*I left my Sal, I went a-sailing,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*


*If ever I get back, I'll marry Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Have six kids and live in Shinbone alley,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*

*I thought I heard the old man saying,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
One more pull and we're belaying,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*

Bury Me Beneath the Willow

American Folk

C F C G



My heart is sad and I'm in sor-row, Weep-ing for the one I love.

C F C G C




When shall I see him, oh, no, ne-ver, 'Til we meet in Heav-en a - bove.

C F C G



So bu-ry me be - neath the wil-low un - der the weep-ing wil-low tree.

C F C G C



When he hears that I am sleep-ing may be then he'll think of me.

Tomorrow was to be our wedding,
But Lord, oh Lord, where can he be?
He's gone, he's gone to find another,
He no longer cares for me.

He told me that he did not love me,
I could not believe this true,
Until an angel softly whispered,
"He no longer cares for you."

Place on my grave a snow white lilly
To prove my love for him was true,
To show the world I died of grieving,
For his love I could not win.

Clementine

American Folk

G

In a cav - ern, in a can - yon, ex - ca - vat - ing for a
 Light she was, and like a fair - y, and her shoes were num - ber
 Drove she duck - lings to the wa - ter ev - 'ry morn - ing just at
 Ru - by lips a - bove the wa - ter, blow - ing bub - bles soft and

D7 G D7

mine. Dwelt a min - er for - ty nin - er and his daugh - ter, Clem - en -
 nine. Her - ring box - es with - out top - ses, san - dals were for Clem - en -
 nine. Hit her foot a - gainst a splin - ter, fell in - to the foam - ing
 fine. Alas for me! I was no swim - mer, so I lost my Clem - en -

G D7

tine. Oh my dar - ling, oh my dar - ling, oh my dar - ling Clem - en - tine, you are
 tine.
 brine.
 tine.

G D7 G

lost and gone for - ev - er dread - ful sor - ry Clem - en - tine.

By The Junipers

The Stillwater Hobos

Well I stole the golden calf from Mister Crowley's hole. He caught me with his mouth before daylight. That's the first time that I saw the freckles on the wall before my flannel shirt-tails turned to night. So come away my turtle dove, don't tarry any more. There's a crime been lingerin' in Salem town. It's funny but it's true that the worst a man can do to walk the river banks without a sound. So come a -

G **C** **D**

G **C** **D**

C **D** **C** **D**

C **D** **G**

G **C** **D**

G **C** **D**

C **D** **G**

way! Come a - way! Leave the bot - tle take the jin And

we'll stand by the Ju - ni - pers as we be - gin a - gain, So come a -

way! Come a - way! Leave the bot - tle take the jin And

we'll stand by the Ju - ni - pers as we be - gin a - agin.

*So I picked up my accordion and played from reel to reel,
And drunk a health to Bertram by the bay,
Devouring northern winds, we'll loudly make amends,
And beg the handsome boatman here to stay.*

*Before the tune was done we hammered out a song,
And played John Hardy's rag against the crowd,
But curfew rang at two, and the purple men in blue,
They knocked the uilleann pipes and bodhran down.*

Carrickfergus

Irish Folk

D E A F#m

I wish I w - as I - n Car - rick - f - er - gus

Bm E A D

On - ly for ni - ghts in Bal - ly - grand I would swim ov -

E A F#m Bm E

er th - e deep - est o - cean on - ly for ni - ghts

A F#m E

in Bal - ly - grand But the sea is wide and I can not swim o -

A F#m D E

ver And nei - ther have I the w - ings to fly If

D E A F#m

I could find me A hand - some bo - ats man to

Bm E A

fer - ry me ov - er love and I

Carrickfergus

Irish Folk

C D G Em

I wish I w - as I-n Car - rick - f-er-gus On-ly for

Am D G C

ni - ghts in Bal-ly - grand I would swim ov - er

D G Em Am D

th-e deep - est o - cean on - ly for ni - ghts

G Em D

in Bal-ly - grand But the sea is wide and I can not swim o -

G Em C D

ver And nei-ther have I the w-ings to fly If

C D G Em

I could find me A hand - some bo-ats man to

Am D G

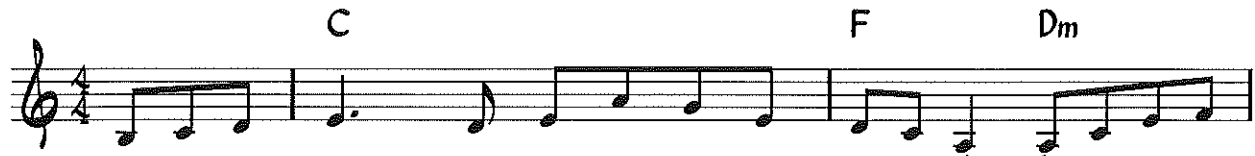
fer-ry me ov - er my love and I

Danny Boy

Londonderry Air

Frederic Weatherly

Irish Folk



Oh Dan - ny boy, the pipes the pipes are call - ing, from glen to
But if he come, when all the flow'rs are dy - ing, and I am



glen and down the moun-tain side. The sum-mer's gone and all the ros - es
dead, as dead I well may be, ye'll come and find the place where I am



fall - ing, It's you it's you must go and I must bide. But come ye
ly - ing, and kneel and say an A - ve there for me; And I will



back when sum-mer's in the mead - ow or when the val - ley's hush'd and white with
hear, tho' soft your tread a - bove_ me, and all my dreams will warm and sweet - er



snow 'Tis I'll be there in sun-shine or in shad - ow oh Dan - ny
be. If you'll not fail to tell me that you love_ me, then I shall



boy oh Dan - ny boy I love you so!
sleep in peace un - til you come to me!

Country Roads

John Denver

E C#m B

Al-most Hea - ven, West Vir - gin - ia, Blue Ridge Moun - tains,
All my mem - 'ries gath - er round her, Min - er's la - dy,

A E C#m

Shen - an - do - ah Riv - er. Life is old there, Ol - der than the trees,
Stran - ger to blue wa - ter. Dark and dus - ty paint - ed on the sky,

B A E

you - nger than the moun - tains, Grow - ing like a breeze, Coun - try roads,
Mis - ty taste of moon - shine, Tear drop in my eye.

B C#m A E

take me home, to the place I be - long, West Vir - gin - ia,

B A E

Moun - tain Mom - ma, take me home, coun - try roads.

C#m B E A

I hear her voice in the morn - in' hours she calls me, The ra - di - o re -

E B C#m D A

minds me of my home, far a - way, And driv - in' down the road I get a feel - in'

E B B7

that I should have been home yes - ter - day, yes - ter - day.

Country Roads

John Denver

C Am G

Al-most Hea - ven,
All my mem - 'ries

West Vir - gin - ia,
gath - er round her,

Blue Ridge Moun - tains,
Min - er's la - dy,

F C Am

Shen - an - do - ah Riv - er.
Stran - ger to blue wa - ter.

Life is old there,
Dark and dus - ty

Ol - der than the trees,
paint - ed on the sky,

G F C

youn - ger than the moun - tains,
Mis - ty taste of moon - shine,

Grow - ing like a breeze,
Tear drop in my eye.

Coun - try roads,

G Am F C

take me home,
to the place I be - long,

West Vir - gin - ia,

G F C

Moun - tain Mom - ma,
take me home,

coun - try roads.

Am G C F C

I hear her voice in the morn - in' hours she calls me, The ra - di - o re - minds me of my

G Am Bb F

home, far a - way,
And driv - in' down the road I get a feel - in'

2

A musical score for a vocal line. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature is C major, indicated by the 'C' chord symbol above the first measure. The time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be 4/4 based on the note values. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "that I should have been home yes - ter - day, yes - ter - day." The chords are C for the first measure, G for the second and third measures, and G7 for the fourth and fifth measures. The piece ends with a double bar line.

C G G7

that I should have been home yes - ter - day, yes - ter - day.

Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of three staves. The first staff contains the lyrics "I met my love by the gas works wall Dreamed a dream" with chord symbols C, F, and C above it. The second staff contains "by the old ca - nal Kissed my girl by the fact' - ry" with chord symbols F, C, F, C, and F above it. The third staff contains "wall Dir - ty old town Dir - ty old town." with chord symbols C, G, and Am above it.

Clouds are driftin' across the moon
 Cats are prowlin' on their beat
 There springs a girl from the streets at night
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren coming from the docks
 I saw a train set the night on fire
 I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe
 Sharpen steel tempered in the fire
 I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I met my love by the gas works wall
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal
 Kissed my girl by the fact'ry wall
 Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl

I met my love by the gas works wall Dreamed a dream
by the old ca - nal Kissed my girl by the fact' - ry
wall Dir-ty old town Dir-ty old town.

Clouds are driftin' across the moon
Cats are prowlin' on their beat
There springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren coming from the docks
I saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.


I'm going to make me a good sharp axe
Sharpen steel tempered in the fire
I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the fact'ry wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Dixie


Daniel Decatur Emmett

D G




I wish I was in the land of cot - ton, old times there are
Old Mis - sus mar - ry Will the Weav - er, Wil - liam was a
His face was sharp. as a butch - er's cleav - er, but that did not
Now. here's a health. to the next old Mis - sus and all the girls that

D A D




not for - got - ten. Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land! In -
gay de - ciev - er. But.
seem to grieve her. Old -
want to kiss us. But.

G




Dix - ie Land where I was born in ear - ly on one
when he put his arm a - round her, he smiled as fierce as a
Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part and died for a man that
if you want to drive a - way the sor - row, come and hear this

D A D




frost - y morn - in'. Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie Land! I wish I was in
for - ty - pound - er.
broke her heart -
song to - mor - row.

G E7 A D G D



Dix - ie. Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand to live and die in

A7 D A7 D A7 D A7



Dix - ie. A - way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie. A - way, a - way, a -

2


D A7 D

way down south in Dix - ie.

Donegal Danny


Irish Folk

C F C F C



I re - mem-ber the night that he came in From the win - t'ry cold... and... damp. A_

Am F G



gi - ant of a man in an oil skincoat and a bun - dle that told he was a tramp. He

C F C F C



stood at the bar and he called a pint then turned and gazed... at the fire On a

Am F G C



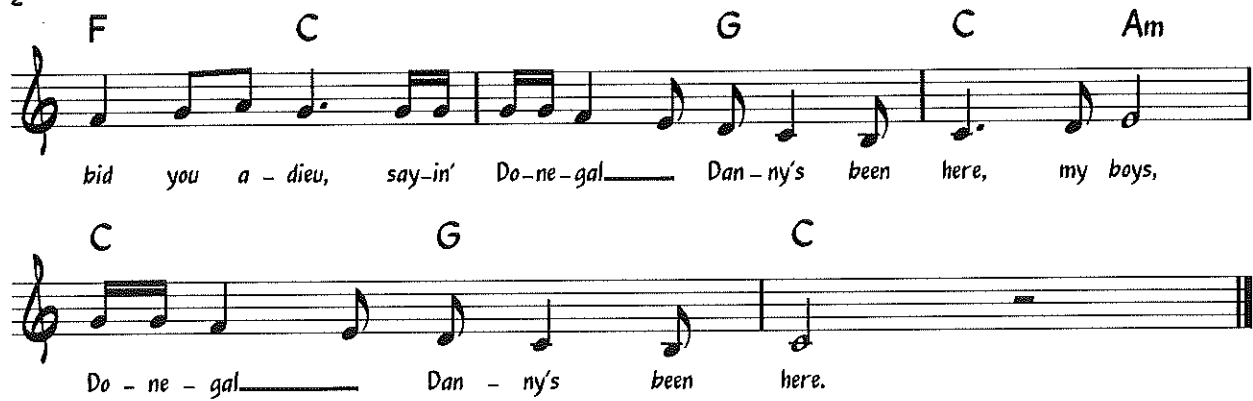
night like this to be safe and dry is my one and on-ly de - sire. So... here's to you that are

F C G C



dead and gone, the friends that I... loved... dear, And... here's to you for I

2



F C G C Am
 bid you a - dieu, say-in' Do-ne-gal Dan - ny's been here, my boys,
 C G C
 Do - ne - gal Dan - ny's been here.

Then in a voice that was hushed and low
 He said, "Listen, I'll tell you a tale,
 How a man of the sea became a man of the road
 And never more will set sail.
 We fished out a boat from Killypeg
 At Glask and Baltimore
 But the cruel sea she'd beaten me
 And I'll end my days on shore.

One fateful night in the wind and the rain
 We set sail from Killypeg town
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal
 And one from County Down.
 We were fishermen who worked the sea
 And never counted the cost.
 But I never thought e'er that night was done
 That my fine friends would all be lost.

Then the storm it broke and drove the boat
 To the rocks about ten miles from shore
 As we fought the tide, we hoped inside
 To see our homes once more.
 Then we struck a rock and hauled a bow
 And all of us knew that she'd go down,
 So we jumped right into the icy sea
 And prayed to God we wouldn't drown.
 But the raging sea was rising still
 As we struck out for the land
 And she fought with all her cruelty,
 To claim that gallant man.
 By St. John's point in the early dawn
 I dropped myself on shore
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done,
 And vowed to sail her never more.

Ever since that night I've been on the road
 Travelin' and trying to forget
 That awful night I lost all my friends
 I see their faces yet.
 And often at night when the sea is high
 And the rain is tearing at my skin
 I hear the crys of drowning men
 Floating over on the wind.

Donegal Danny

Irish Folk

D G D G D




I re - mem-ber the night that he came in From the win - t'ry cold_ and_ damp. A_

Bm G A



gi - ant. of a man ... in an ... oil skin coat ... and a ... bun - dle that told he was a ... tramp. He

D G D G D



stood at the bar and he called a pint then turned and gazed_ at the fire On a

Bm G A



night like this to be safe and dry is my one and on - ly de - sire. So_

D G D A



here's to you that are dead and gone, the friends that I_ loved_ dear, And.

D G D A D Bm



here's to you for I bid you a - dieu, say - in' Do - ne - gal_ Dan - ny's been here, my boys,

Do - ne - gal _____ Dan - ny's been here.

*Then in a voice that was hushed and low
 He said, "Listen, I'll tell you a tale,
 How a man of the sea became a man of the road
 And never more will set sail.
 We fished out a boat from Killypeg
 At Glask and Baltimore
 But the cruel sea she'd beaten me
 And I'll end my days on shore.*

*One fateful night in the wind and the rain
 We set sail from Killypeg town
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal
 And one from County Down.
 We were fishermen who worked the sea
 And never counted the cost.
 But I never thought e'er that night was done
 That my fine friends would all be lost.*

*Then the storm it broke and drove the boat
 To the rocks about ten miles from shore
 As we fought the tide, we hoped inside
 To see our homes once more.
 Then we struck a rock and hauled a bow
 And all of us knew that she'd go down,
 So we jumped right into the icy sea
 And prayed to God we wouldn't drown.
 But the raging sea was rising still
 As we struck out for the land
 And she fought with all her cruelty,
 To claim that gallant man.
 By St. John's point in the early dawn
 I dropped myself on shore
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done,
 And vowed to sail her never more.*

*Ever since that night I've been on the road
 Travelin' and trying to forget
 That awful night I lost all my friends
 I see their faces yet.
 And often at night when the sea is high
 And the rain is tearing at my skin
 I hear the cry of drowning men
 Floating over on the wind*

Don't Come Again

Paul Brady

Swing Em C G Em D Em C G

The first place that I saw my love... it was at a ball I looked at her I gazed at her...

Em D G D

far a-bove them all but aye, she look-ed on me with scorn and dis-dain and the

G Am C G

bon-ny wee las-sie's an-swer was to no come a-gain. Was to no come a-gain... and the

bon - ny wee las - sie's ans - wer was to no come a - gain

*The next place that I saw my love it was at a wake
 I looked at her, I gazed at her, I thought my heart would break
 But aye, she looked on me with scorn and disdain,
 And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again.
 Was to no come again,
 And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again*

*It being six months after a little or above,
 When Cupid shot his arrow and he's wounded my true love,
 He's wounded her severely, which caused her to complain,
 And she's wrote to me a letter, saying you might come again.
 Saying you might come again,
 And she's wrote to me a letter, saying you might come again.*


*Well, I wrote her back an answer, for to let her know,
 While life was in my body, twas there I wouldnae go.
 While life was in my body and while it does remain,
 I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.
 Who said don't come again,
 I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.*

*So come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me.
 Never slight a young man, wherever he may be.
 For it you do, you're sure to rue and cause you to complain
 And you'll aye rue the day that you said don't come again.
 You said don't come again,
 And you'll aye mind the day that you said don't come again.*

Don't Come Again


Paul Brady

Swing Fm Db Ab Fm Eb




The first place that I saw my love— it was at a ball I

Fm Db Ab Fm Eb Ab



looked at her I gazed at her— far a-bove them all but aye, she look-ed on me with

Eb Ab Bbm Db Ab



scorn and dis-dain and the bon-ny wee las-sie's an-swer was to no come a-gain. Was to

no come a - gain_ and the bon-ny wee las - sie's ans - wer was to no come a-gain

The next place that I saw my love it was at a wake
 I looked at her, I gazed at her, I thought my heart would break
 But aye, she looked on me with scorn and disdain,
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 When Cupid shot his arrow and he's wounded my true love,
 He's wounded her severely, which caused her to complain,
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Well, I wrote her back an answer, for to let her know,
 While life was in my body, twas there I wouldnae go.
 While life was in my body and while it does remain,
 I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.
 Who said don't come again,
 I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.

So come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me.
 Never slight a young man, wherever he may be.
 For it you do, you're sure to rue and cause you to complain
 And you'll aye rue the day that you said don't come again.
 You said don't come again,
 And you'll aye mind the day that you said don't come again.

Down By The Glenside

Peadar Keaney

Am G C Em
Twas down by the glen-side I met an old wo-man. A -

Am G C Em Am
pluck-ing young net-tles she ne'er saw me com-ing. I lis-tened a

C G C G
while to the song she was hum-ming. Glo-ry - o, glo-ry - o

Am G Am
to the bold Fen-ian men.

*It's fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming
On strong manly forms, their eyes with hope gleaming
I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreaming
Glory-o, glory-o to the bold Fenian men*

*When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling
They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing
Glory-o, Glory-o to the bold Fenian men.*

*Some died by the hillside, some died near a stranger
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
But they fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
Glory-o, glory-o to the bold Fenian men*

*I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
Be life long or short, I will never forget her
We may have brave men but we'll never have better
Glory-o, glory-o to the bold Fenian men*

Edelweiss

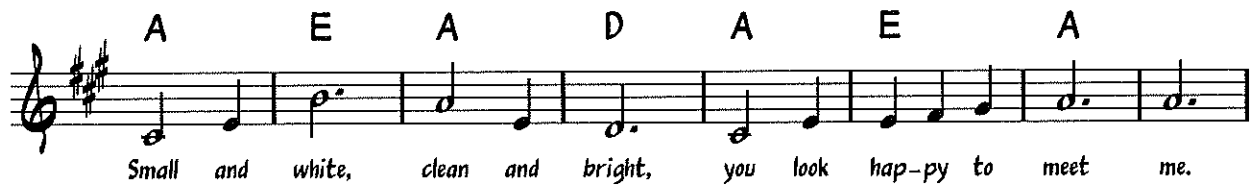
Rogers and Hammerstein

A E A D A F#m Bm E



E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Ev - 'ry morn - ing you greet me.

A E A D A E A



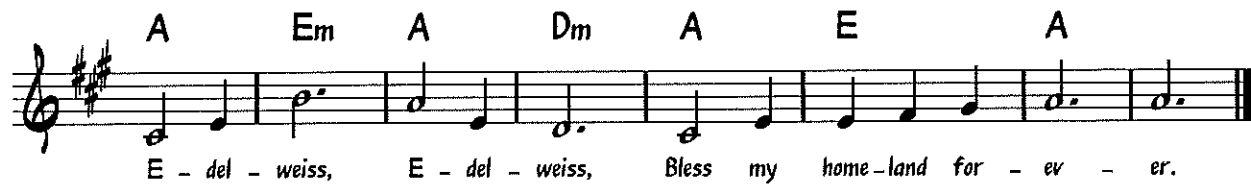
Small and white, clean and bright, you look hap - py to meet me.

E A D B E



Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow for - ev - er.

A Em A Dm A E A



E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Bless my home - land for - ev - er.

Edelweiss

Rogers and Hammerstein

G D G C G Em Am D

E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Ev - 'ry morn - ing you greet me.

The first line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of eight measures. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), and C4 (half). The lyrics are: "E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Ev - 'ry morn - ing you greet me."

G D G C G D G

Small and white, clean and bright, you look hap - py to meet me.

The second line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of eight measures. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), and C4 (half). The lyrics are: "Small and white, clean and bright, you look hap - py to meet me."

D G C A D

Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow for - ev - er.

The third line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of eight measures. The notes are: D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), and D3 (half). The lyrics are: "Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow for - ev - er."

G Dm G Cm G D G

E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Bless my home - land for - ev - er.

The fourth line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of eight measures. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), and C4 (half). The lyrics are: "E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss, Bless my home - land for - ev - er."

Emma's Grove

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

C G

Across gol - den fields at Em - ma's Grove, we've thrown a
 Wring out your dress in a mountain fold. Then steal my
 A - cross a vale so fair and long. I know a

C D

co - ver for the one I love. And the rain comes
 ban - jo with its burd'n of gold. For your braids are
 store - house of vic - try songs. So I'll carry my

C G C

down from a wea - ry loom. The clou - dy de - nim, the cot - ton
 shy, like a co - vey flown. And rust - ling o - ver your wed - ding
 step through yarrow and fern. Through yell - ow pop - pies for - get what I've

Am D G C

moo - n. So I'll sing o'er til you catch your breath. The night - ly
 go - wn In lil - ting rhymes, a sto - ry I'll tell. A black - bird
 lear - ned. But mem - ory's honey, and I know a song. Be true, my

G C G D C

la - bor like night was deaf. And if you're wea - ry, If you want
 call - ing you know him well. And if you were mine. I'd tie a
 blos - som, don't tar - ry long. Though my yoke is hard It's not far I'll

D C G

love, come lie in the fields at Em - ma's Grove.
 bow round ev - ry tree at Em - ma's Grove.
 rove from fields of gold - en at Em - ma's Grove.

Fatima Farm

Mary Verlander

The sun it shines on a world that pines There's sor-row there's grief and des -
pair But let me tell so lis - ten well There's some-one out there who
cares A la-dy who says change your ways Sac - ri - fice can save ma - ny
souls Pray - er can mend, the war will end Nev - er wast - ed will be your
toils It's a life we strive for hap - pi - ly Me, my friends, and my fam - i - ly So
come with cheer you're wel - come here Down the road to Fat - i - ma
Farm. The sun's _____ rays meet child - ren's plays There's
pray - er, food, mu - sic, and s'mores A - round the fire our spirit's rise high - er

Chords: G, Em, C, D, G, Em, C, D, G, C, G, D, Em, G, C, D, G, Em, C, D, G, Em

2

C D G C

Here we al-ways have an o-pen door We en-joy this beau-ti-ful sim-

G D Em G

pli-ci-ty Me, my friends, and my fam-i-ly So come a-long and we'll

D C D G G

sing a song Down the road to Fat-i-ma Farm. If you dream of the

Em C D G

sun-light's beams Rest-ing on such a hap-py place I say friend, we

Em C D G

greet-ings send Come Down the road to Fat-im-a Farm.

Fiddler's Green

John Connolly

C F C Am C

As I walked by the dock-side one even-ing so fair To view the salt

F C G F C

wa-ter and take the salt air I heard an old fish-er-man sing-in' a

Am C F C G

song Won't you take me a-way boys my time is not long Wrap me

C F C F C

up in me oil-skin and jump-per no more on the docks I'll be

G F C Am

seen Just tell me old ship-mates I'm tak-ing a trip mates and

2

I'll see you some - day on Fid - di - lers Green

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

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

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

Fiddler's Green

John Connolly

D G D Bm D

As I walked by the dock-side one even-ing so fair To view the salt

G D A G D

wa-ter and take the salt air I heard an old fish-er-man sing-in' a

Bm D G D A

song Won't you take me a-way boys my time is not long Wrap me

D G D G D

up in me oil-skin and jump-per no more on the docks I'll be

A G D Bm

seen Just tell me old ship-mates I'm tak-ing a trip mates and

2

I'll see you some - day on Fid - di - lers Green

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

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

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

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John
Arr. Mary Verlander

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl call - - - ing Mich - ael they are tak - ing you a - way For you stole Tre - vel - yn's corn so the young might see the morn Now a pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay Low lie the fields of Ath - en - ry where once we watched the small free birds fly Our love was on the wing we had dreams and so - ngs to sing". The guitar chords are indicated above the staff: Bb, Eb, Bb, F, Bb, Eb, F, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F, F7, Bb, Gm, Bb, F, F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, F.

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl
call - - - ing Mich - ael they are tak - ing
you a - way For you stole Tre - vel - yn's corn
so the young might see the morn Now a pri - son ship lies
wait - ing in the bay Low
lie the fields of Ath - en - ry where
once we watched the small free birds fly Our
love was on the wing we had dreams and so - ngs to sing

2

It's so lone - ly round the fie - lds of Ath - en - ry

*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*

*By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry*

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John
Arr. Mary Verlander

G C

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl

G D G C

call - ing Mich - ael they are tak - ing

D D7 G C

you a - way For you stole Tre - vel - yn's corn

G D

so the young might see the morn Now a pri - son ship lies

D7 G

wait - ing in the bay Low

C G Em

lie the fields of Ath - en - ry where

G D D7

once we watched the small free birds fly Our

G C G D

love was on the wing we had dreams and so - ngs to sing

2

It's so lone - ly round the fie - lds of Ath - en - ry


*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*

*By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry*

Flower of Scotland

Roy Williamson

G D



Oh flower of Scot - land when will we see yer like a -
The hills are bare now and aut - umn leaves lie thick and
Those days are passed now and in the past they must re

G C G D




gain that fought and died for yer wee bit
still O'er land that is lost now which those so
main but we can still rise now and be that

G C G



hill and glen And stood a - gainst him proud Ed - ward's ar - my
dear - ly held
na - tion a - gain

C G F G



and sent him home - ward tae think a - gain.

Foggy Dew

Canon O'Neill

Am G Em Am G Am

'Twas down the glen one Eas-ter morn, to a ci-ty fair rode I. When.

Am G Em Am G Am

Ire-land's line of march-ing men in squad-rons passed me by. No

C G Am Em F

pipe did hum and no bat-tle drum did sound its dread, tat-too; But the

Am G Em Am G Am

An-ge-lus bell o'er the Lif-fey's swell rang out in the fog-gy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town,
They hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Then at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath,
Strong men came hurrying through;
While Britannia's huns with their long-range guns,
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas Britannia bade our wild geese go,
That small nations might be free;
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves,
On the shore of the great North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side,
Or fought with Cathal Bruagh;
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep,
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear;
For those who died that Easter tide,
In the springing of the year.
And the world did gaze in deep amaze,
At those fearless men, but few;
Who bore the fight that freedom's light,
Might shine through the foggy dew.

Well back over the glen I rode again
And my heart with grief twas sore,
For I parted then with valiant men
That I never shall see no more.
And to and fro in my dreams I go
And I kneel and I pray for you;
Oh slavery fled, oh glorious dead
When you died in the foggy dew.

Foggy Dew

Canon O'Neill

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn, to a ci - ty fair rode I. When.
 Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 Ire - land's line of march - ing men in squad - rons passed me by. No
 Eb Bb Cm Gm Ab
 pipe did hum and no bat - tle drum did sound its dread. tat - too; But the
 Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 An - ge - lus bell o'er the Lif - fey's swell rang out in the fog - gy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town,
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 For I parted then with valiant men
 That I never shall see no more.
 And to and fro in my dreams I go
 And I kneel and I pray for you;
 Oh slavery fled, oh glorious dead
 When you died in the foggy dew.

Four Green Fields

Tommy Makem

G D G C G G D

"What did I have," said the fine old wo-man, "What did I
 "Long time a - go," "Long time a -
 "What have I now," "What have I

G Am D G D Em

have," this proud old wo-man did say. "I had four green fields,
 go," "There was war and death,
 now," "I have four green fields

G C D G D Em

and each one was a jew-el, But stran-gers came, and
 plun-der-ing and pil-lage. My chil-dren starved in
 and one of them's in bon-dage, In stran-ger's hands, who

C D G D7 G

tried to take them from me. I had fine strong sons, and they
 moun-tain, val-ley and sea, And their wail-ing cries, they
 tried to take it from me. But my sons have sons as

C D C G

fought to save my je-wels. They fought and they died, and
 reached the ve-ry hea-vens. My four green fields ran
 brave as were their fa-thers. My four green fields will

D G

that was my grief," said she.
 red with their blood,"
 bloom once a - gain,"

F G C Am G C

find a whale, me lads For Green-land we sail this mor - ning. We

C F C G

made it west of Green-land and half - way up the strait, when the

C Am G Dm

ice closed round a - bout the ships, to flee it was too late. But he said

C Am F G C Am F G

"Sail, me lads. Through snow and hail, me lads. Though we won't live for glo - ry.

C Am F G C Am G C

Sail, me lads. Through i - cy hell, me lads In Pe - ter-head our ghosts will be by mor - ning.

Am F G C Am F G

And it was "Sail, me lads. The swan pre-vail, me lads. But death will be our glo - ry.

C Am F G C Am G C

Sail, me lads. Til the Dia-mond fails, me lads. Re - mem - ber me, love, this mor - ning.

For Greenland We Sail

Ethan McBride

F Bb F C F Dm
As I walked down the quay, some job for to find, I met a cap-tain who

C F Bb F C
sailed in that line He sailed a-board the Dia-mond And I knew him by his name. They

F Dm C F Dm
called him Cap-tain Thomp-son, right then I was his to claim. And it was "Sail, me lads. Let's

Bb C F Dm Bb C F Dm
find a whale, me lads. And we'll re-turn to glo - ry. Sail, me lads. Let's

Bb C F Dm C F
find a whale, me lads For Green-land we sail this mor - ning. I

F Bb F C
signed on - to that voy - age, and they gave me a ja - cket blue. I

F Dm C F Dm
vowed to re-turn to Pe - ter-head and I bid my love ad - ieu. And it was "Sail, me lads. Let's

Bb C F Dm Bb C F Dm
find a whale, me lads. And we'll re-turn to glo - ry. Sail, me lads. Let's

B \flat C F Dm C F

find a whale, me lads For Green-land we sail this mor - ning. We

F B \flat F C

made it west of Green-land and half - way up the strait, when the

F Dm C Gm

ice closed round a - bout the ships, to flee it was too late. But he said

F Dm B \flat C F Dm B \flat C

"Sail, me lads. Through snow and hail, me lads. Though we won't live for glo - ry.

F Dm B \flat C F Dm C F

Sail, me lads. Through i - cy hell, me lads In Pe - ter-head our ghosts will be by mor - ning.

Dm B \flat C F Dm

And it was "Sail, me lads. The swan pre-vail, me lads. But death will be our

B \flat C F Dm B \flat C F Dm

glo - ry. Sail, me lads. Til the Dia-mond fails, me lads. Re - mem - ber me, love, this

C F

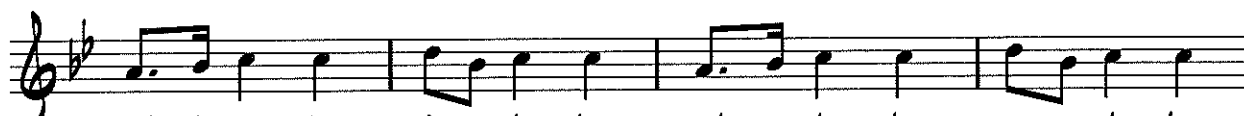
mor - ning.

Gaudeamus Igitur

Anonymous



Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
 U - bi sunt qui an - te nos in mun - do fu - e - re;
 Vi - ta no - stra bre - vis est bre - vi fi - ni - e - tur
 Vi - vat Ac - a - de - mi - a vi - vant Pro - fes - so - res!
 Vi - vat et res - pub - li - ca et qui il - lam re - git
 Pe - re - rat tris - ti - ti - a pe - re - ant dis - cor - di - ae



post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem post mo - le - stam se - ne - ctu - tem
 Va - di - te ad su - pe - ros trans - si - te ad in - fe - ros
 ve - nit mors ve - lo - ci - ter ra - pit nos a - tro - ci - ter
 vi - vat mem - brum quod - li - bet vi - vant mem - bra quae - li - bet
 vi - vat nos - tra ci - vi - tas pat - ron - or - um car - ri - tas
 pe - re - at di - a - bo - lus omn - i - bus cum sor - di - bus



nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.
 u - bi jam fu - e - re, u - bi jam fu - e - re.
 ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur, ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur.
 sem - per sint in flo - re, sem - per sit in flo - re.
 quae nos hic pro - te - git, quae nos hic pro - te - git.
 at - que ir - ri - so - res at - que ir - ri - so - res

The Girls in Old Ireland

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

The musical score is written in 4/4 time on a single treble clef staff. It consists of three lines of music. The first line starts with a C chord and contains the lyrics: 'Well the Girls in Old I - re - land they come to me Bloo - dy Shil - le - lagh clubs - for to'. The second line starts with a G chord, followed by an Am chord, and contains the lyrics: 'set me free I said my la - dy's fair won't you'. The third line contains the lyrics: 'list'n to me And I'll bring you to your bon - nie lass.' Chord changes are indicated by letters C, G, Am, F, and C above the staff.

Well the Girls in Old I - re - land they come to me Bloo - dy Shil - le - lagh clubs - for to
set me free I said my la - dy's fair won't you
list'n to me And I'll bring you to your bon - nie lass.

*In fifty-two the hunger took us by surprise
Water fell into my mother's crying eyes
We wailed just like a dove in the morning cries
And the crops were sick in harvest time*

*But my mother she was wise and she raised me well
She told me all the things that there was to tell
Precious you sure listen cause you need me now
In the years to come I won't be there*

*Just take a hard shillelagh in your hands so strong
Always hold it gently when they do you wrong
But when you hear John Henry's solemn hammer song
God give you strength like turpentine*

*And darling you're a peach tree in the summer sun
With bonnie little branches always on the run
When cold winds shake your branches like a crooked gun
I'll be there my cherub son*

*Like a mocking bird who laughs because there's someone there
To wonder if they ever would discover where
We're hiding in the trees without a worried care
Streetcars in the alleyway*

*Well the Girls in Old Ireland they come to me
Let their bloody kings and clubs be their melodies
A whiskey-fog still burning in my memory
Scattered all along the grass*

The Girls in Old Ireland

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

Musical notation for the song 'The Girls in Old Ireland'. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords: D, A, Bm, G, and D. The lyrics are written below the notes.

D

Well the Girls in Old I - re - land they come to me Bloo - dy Shil - le - lagh

A Bm

clubs for to set me free I said my la - dy's fair - won't you

G D

list'n to me And I'll bring you to your bon - nie lass.

In fifty-two the hunger took us by surprise
Water fell into my mother's crying eyes
We wailed just like a dove in the morning cries
And the crops were sick in harvest time

But my mother she was wise and she raised me well
She told me all the things that there was to tell
Precious you sure listen cause you need me now
In the years to come I won't be there

Just take a hard shillelagh in your hands so strong
Always hold it gently when they do you wrong
But when you hear John Henry's solemn hammer song
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And darling you're a peach tree in the summer sun
With bonnie little branches always on the run
When cold winds shake your branches like a crooked gun
I'll be there my cherub son

Like a mocking bird who laughs because there's someone there
To wonder if they ever would discover where
We're hiding in the trees without a worried care
Streetcars in the alleyway

Well the Girls in Old Ireland they come to me
Let their bloody kings and clubs be their melodies
A whiskey-fog still burning in my memory
Scattered all along the grass

Greenland Whale Fisheries

Sea Shanty

G

Twas in eigh - teen hund - red and fif - ty three on
 The lookout a - p - on th - e cross - tree he stood a
 We struck that wh - ale and the line pa - id out but she
 "To lose that wh - ale," o - ur cap ta - in cried "It
 Oh Greenla - nd i - s a ter - ri - ble place it's a

D G

June the thir - te - enth day when our gal - lant sh - ip h - er
 spy glass i - n h - is hand "There's a whale! There's a wh - ale there's a
 gave a fl - ourish with her tail and our boat cap - siz - ed and four
 grieves my he - art fu - ll sore but to lose four o - f m - y
 land that ne - ver i - s green where there's ice and sn - ow and the

C G D

a - nch - or weighed for Green - land sai - led a - way, brave boys! For
 wh - ale fish" he cried "She blows at e - ver - y span, brave boys! She
 m - en we - re drowned we ne - ver cau - ght th - at whale, brave boys! We
 gal - lant men it grieves me ten ti - mes more, brave boys! It
 wh - ale fish - es blow and day - light is sel - d - om seen, brave boys! And


G C G

Green - land sai - led a way.
 blows at e - ver - y span."
 ne - ver cau - ght that whale.
 grieves me t - en times more."
 day light is sel - dom seen.

Good Old Mountain Dew

American Folk

G




Down the road here from me there's an old hol - low tree where you
 Way___ up on the hill there's an old whis - key still that is
 The___ preach - er came by with a tear in his eye, he
 My___ Un - cle___ Bill has a still on the hill where he
 My___ Aun - tie___ June has a brand new per - fume it
 Mis - ter Roo - se - velt told me just how he felt the___

C G



lay down a dol - lar or two. If you hush up your
 run by a hard work - ing crew. You can tell if you
 said that his wife had the flew. We___ told him he
 runs off a gal - lon or two. The___ birds in the
 has such a sweet smel - ling pu. I - maj - ine her sur -
 day the___ dry law went through. "If your lik - ker's too

D G



mug they will fill up your jug with that good old moun - tain dew.
 sniff and you get a good whiff that they're making old moun - tain dew.
 ought to___ give her a quart of that good old moun - tain dew.
 sky get so high they can't fly on that good old moun - tain dew.
 prise when she had it a - na - lyzed it was good old moun - tain dew.
 red, it will swell up your head, bet - ter stick to moun - tain dew.

C



Oh they call it that good old moun - tain dew, And them that re -

G



fuse it are few. You may go round the bend but you'll come back a -

2

gain For that good old moun - tain dew.

D G

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal line. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eight notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, and F#4. The notes are grouped into four measures: the first measure contains G4 and A4; the second contains B4 and C5; the third contains B4 and A4; and the fourth contains G4 and F#4. The lyrics 'gain For that good old moun - tain dew.' are written below the notes, with 'gain' under G4, 'For' under A4, 'that' under B4, 'good' under C5, 'old' under B4, 'moun -' under A4, 'tain' under G4, and 'dew.' under F#4. Above the staff, the chord 'D' is written above the B4 note and the chord 'G' is written above the G4 note. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Hard Times

Stephen Foster

C F C

Let us pause in life's pleasures and drown our many tears While we
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are
There's a pale sorrow maiden who toils her life away With a

G C

all sup sor-row with the poor There's a song that will linger for -
frail forms fainting at the door Though their voices are sil-ent their
worn heart whose bet-ter days are o'er Though her voice would be mer-ry it's

F C G C

ev-er in our ears: Oh— hard times come a-gain no more It's the song, the sigh of the
plead-ing look will say: Oh— hard times come a-gain no more
cry-ing all the day: Oh— hard times come a-gain no more

F C G C

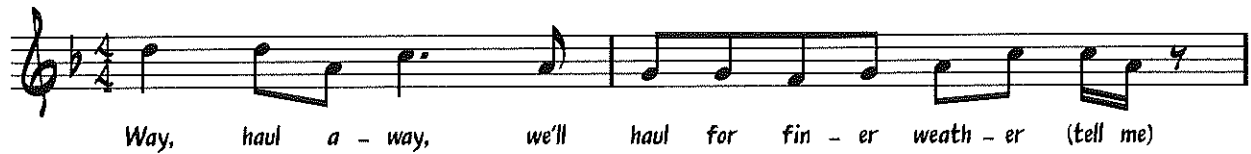
wea-ry Hard times, hard times, come a-gain no more Ma-ny days you have lin-gered a -

F C G C

round my ca-bin door Oh— hard times, come a-gain no more.

Haul Away, Joe

Sea Shanty



*Now when I was a little lad,
me mother always told me
that if I don't kiss the girls,
me lips would all grow moldy.*

*King Louis was the king of France
before the revolution
and then he got his head cut off,
it spoiled his constitution.*

*Saint Patrick was a gentleman
he came from decent people,
he built a church in Dublin town
and on it put a steeple.*

*Once I was in Ireland
a-digging turf and taties
but now I'm on a Yankee ship
a-hauling on the braces.*

*Way, haul away,
rock and roll me over.
Way, haul away,
we'll role me in the clover.*

He Said

Mary Verlander

Dm F

'Twas the year of 'for - ty five My love took my hands and
 He bord - ed the Ter - ror, Left me on the shore a -
 My thoughts tra - vel with my love: Froz'n oceans, my poor sea - man
 'Tis the year of 'fif - ty four, I hear of my love at

C G Dm

said, "I must a - way. To seek a path to find a route A -
 lone. To seek gold and glo - ry, To
 goes. The North - west Pas - sage, the
 last. Ma - ny years of wait - ing,

F C G

cross t'ward the O - ri - ent I go." He
 fol - low Lord Frank - lin, he left Me on my own.
 cur - sed pole he looks, I hope he finds.
 Pray - ing and hop - ing Has come to an end. He

F C G Am

said, "I'll re - turn." How I wish I be - lieved. But that
 said, "I'll re - turn." How I wish that were true.

F C G

ship that leaves ne'er will re - turn.
 ship that left ne'er did re - turn.

Hills of Connemara

Irish Folk

G C G

Gath - er up your pots and your old tin cans, the mash and the

D G

corn the bar - ley and the bran. Run like the dev - il from the

C G D G

ex - cise men keep the smoke from ris - ing Bar - ney.

*Well, keep your eyes well-peeled today,
The excise men, they're on their way,
Searching for the mountain tay,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Well, the mountain breezes as they blow,
Echo down to plains below.
The big tall men are on the go,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Swing to the left now swing to the right.
The excise men, they can dance all night,
Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Well, a gallon for the butcher and big Nick Klein,
A bottle for the poor old Father Stein,
To keep him off that altar wine,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

*Stand your ground, for it's too late,
The excise men, they're at the gate.
Glory be to Paddy for they're drinking it straight,
In the Hills of Connemara!*

Home on the Range

Irish Folk

G C

Oh give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, where the
 How oft - ten at night where the heav - ens are bright with the
 Oh give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand flows
 Where the air is so pure, the zeph - yrs so free, the
 Oh I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours the

G A7 D7 G

deer and the an - te - lope play; where sel - dom is
 lights from the glit - ter - ing stars have I stood there a -
 lei - sure - ly down the stream; where the grace - ful, white
 breez - es so balm - y and light, that I would not ex -
 cur - lew I love to hear scream, and I love the white

C G

heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, and the skies are not
 mazed and asked as I gazed if their glo - ry ex -
 swan goes glid - ing a - long like a maid in a
 change my home on the range, for all of the
 rocks and the an - te - lope flocks, that graze on the

D7 G D7 G

cloud - y all day, Home, home on the range, where the
 ceeds that of ours.
 heav - en - ly dream.
 cit - ies so bright.
 moun - tain - top's green.

Em A7 D7 G

deer and the an - te - lope play; where sel - dom is heard a dis -

Ho for Amerikay

Mary Verlander

And it's ho for Am-er - i - kay I leave with the ris - ing sun,
The place I'll get me for - tune! We'll

All me days — will be bright when I have bet - ter pay. And it's
feast and dance — through the night when

I re-turn some - day. I'm off to a land of gold and I'm
At har - bour there's a fine ship She's

leav - in' wit me spade You may tell me that I'm bold but
wait - in there for me So I'm off on this trip There's

this is the best trade I hear of Ca - li - for - ny way
ma - ny sights to see Fare - well to you maids so fair, fare -

far, far out west — As sure as me name's Rob - bie I'll
well to you good men I'll bring back gems so rare

say fare - well to you rest
We'll all be rich then

I'll Fly Away

Albert E. Brumley

C F C

Some glad morn - ing when this life is o - ver I'll fly a - way

G C

To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore I'll fly a - way

F C

I'll fly a - way oh glo - ry I'll fly a - way

G C

.When I die ha - lle - lu - jah by and by I'll fly a - way

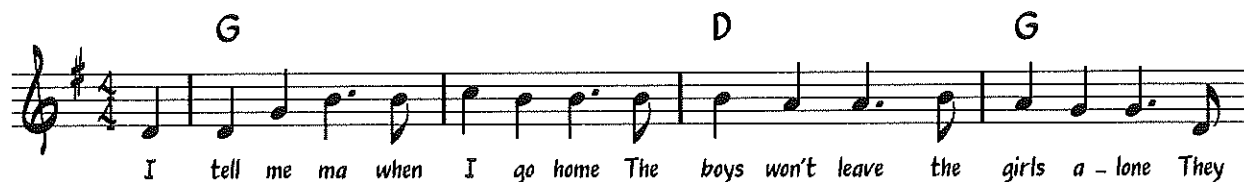
*When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars have flown, I'll fly away*

*Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away
To a land where joys shall never end, I'll fly away*

I'll Tell Me Ma

Irish Folk

G D G



I tell me ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls a-lone They

D G



pull my hair they stole my come But that's al-right till I go home.

C G D



She is hand-some she is pret-ty She is the belle of Bel-fast ci-ty

G C G D G



She is cour-tin' one, two, three! Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her
They knock on the door they ring the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Old Jenny Moury says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the rovin' eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
She'll get a fellow by an' by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

American/Irish Folk

C G Am G F C

T'was on one fine March morn - ing, I bid New Or - leans a - dieu,

G Am G Am F

And I took the ro - ad to Jack - son Town, my for - tune to re - new,

Fm C G Am G Am C F

I cursed all fore - reign mo - ney, no cred - it co - uld I gain,

Fm C G Am G F C

Which filled my heart with long - ing for, the Lakes of Ponch - ar - train

I stepped on board a railroad car beneath the morning sun,
I rode the rods 'til evening and I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me 'til a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with the Creole girl, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said "Me pretty Creole girl, me money here's no good,
If it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out there in the wood,"
"You're welcome here kind stranger, from such sad thoughts refrain,
For me Mammy welcomes strangers, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me to her mammy's house and treated me right well,
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell,
To try to paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, by the Lakes of Ponchartrain."

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that ne'er could be,
For she had got a lover and he was far at sea,
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain,
'Til he'd return to his Creole girl, on the Lakes of Ponchartrain.

It's fare thee well, me Creole girl, I'll never see you more,
I'll never forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore,
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
by the Lakes of Ponchartrain.

The Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

G C G Em D

Fa-re - well to y-ou m-y own tr-ue love I am go-ing fa-r a - way I am

G C G D G

bound for Ca - li - for - ni - ay But I know that I'll be back some - day S-o

D C G D

fare thee well my own tr-ue love and when I re-turn u-ni-ted we will be It's not the

G C G D G

leav-ing o - f Li-ver-pool that grie - ves me But my dar-ling when I think of thee

I have signed on a Yankee sailing ship
 Davy Crockett is her name
 And Burgess is the captain of her
 And they say that he is insane

I have sailed with Burgess one before
 And I think I know him right well
 If a man is a sailor he can get along
 But if not he's in a floating hell

The sun is on the harbour love
 How I wish I could remain
 For I know it will be a long, long time
 Before I see you again

Loch Lomond

Scottish Folk

D G

By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes where the
 'Twas there that we par - ted in yon shad - y glen on the
 The wee bird may sing and the wild flow - ers spring and in

D Bm G D G D

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond where me and my true love will
 steep, steep, side o' Ben Lo - mond where in pur - ple hue the
 sun - shinethe wat - ers are sleep - ing but the bro - ken heart it sees

Em G A D G

ev - er want to gae on the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch
 High - land hills we view and the morn - shines out frae the
 nae sec - ond spring and the world does nae ken how we're

A D G D

Lo - mond. Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road and
 gloam - ing.
 greet - ing.

G D G D Em G A

I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye but me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain on the

D G A D

bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Loch Lomond

Scottish Folk

F Bb

By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes where the
 'Twas there that we par - ted in yon shad - y glen on the
 The wee bird may sing and the wild flow - ers spring and in

F Dm Bb F Bb F

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond where me and my true love will
 steep, steep, side o' Ben Lo - mond where in pur - ple hue the
 sun - shinethe wat - ers are sleep - ing but the bro - ken heart it sees

Gm Bb C F Bb C F

ev - er want to gae on the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh
 High - land hills we view and the morn - shines out frae the gloam - ing.
 nae sec - ond spring and the world - does nae ken how we're greet - ing.

Bb F Bb F

ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye but

Bb F Gm Bb C F Bb

me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain on the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch

C F

Lo - mond.

Loch Tay Boat Song

Boulton / McLeod

C

When I've done my work of day and I
Nig - hean ruadh your love - ly hair has more

F C F

row my boat a - way doon the wa - ters
gla - mour I de - clair then all the

C G

of Loch Tay as the eve - ning light is
tres - ses rare tween Kil - lin and A - ber -

C

fa - ding and I look u - pon Ben Lawers
fel - dy be they lint white, brown or gold

F C

where the af - ter glo - ry glows and I
be they black - er than the sloe they are

F C

think on two bright eyes and the mel - ting
no more worth to me than the mel - ting

G C F

mouth be - low. She's my beau - tious nig - hean
flakes of snow. Her eyes are like the

2

C F C

ruadh my joy and sor - row too
gleam of the sun - light on the stream

F C

and al - though she is un - true well I
and the song the fair - ies sing seems like

G C

can - not live with - out her for my heart's a
songs she sings at mil - king but my heart is

F

boat in tow and I'd give the world to
full of woe for last night she bade me

C F C

know why she means to let me go
go and the tears be - gin to flow

G C

as I sing ho - ree ho - ro.
as I sing ho - ree ho - ro.

Lord Franklin

Canadian Folk

We were home-ward bound one night on the deep.
Swing-ing in my ham - mock I fell a - sleep. I dreamed a dream
and I thought it true con-cer-ning Frank - lin and his
gal - lant crew.

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 must sometimes go.

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 that ever came through.

In Baffin Bay where the whalefishes blow,
The fate of Franklin no man may know.
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell.
Lord Franklin alone with his sailors does dwell.

Now my burden it gives me pain.
For my lost Franklin I would cross the main.
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give,
To say on Earth that my Franklin do live.

Lord Franklin

Canadian Folk

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in the key of E major (indicated by three sharps: F#, C#, G#) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: E, A, F#m, B, and E. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

E A
We were home-ward bound one night on the deep.

F#m B E
Swing-ing in my ham - mock I fell a - sleep. I dreamed a dream

A E F#m B
and I thought it true con-cer-ning Frank - lin and his

A E
gal - lant crew.

*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 must sometimes go.*

*Through cruel hardships they mainly strove.
The ship on mountains of ice was drove.
Only the eskimo in his skin canoe,
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The fate of Franklin no man may know.
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Lord Franklin alone with his sailors does dwell.*

*Now my burden it gives me pain.
For my lost Franklin I would cross the main.
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give,
To say on Earth that my Franklin do live.*

Lord of the Dance

Sydney Carter

19th Century Shaker Tune

G Em Bm Em

I danced in the morn - ing when the world was be - gun and I
 I danced for the scribe and the Phar - i - see but they
 I danced on the sab - bath when I cured the lame, the
 I danced on a Fri - day and the sky turned black; it's
 They cut me down and I leapt up high,

Am D7

danced in the moon and the stars and the sun and I
 would not dance and they would not fol - low me; I
 ho - ly peo - ple said it was a shame; they whipped
 hard to dance with the dev - il on your back; they
 I am the life that - 'll nev - er, nev - er die; I'll

G Em Bm Em

came down from heav - en and I danced on the earth at
 danced for the fish - er - men for James and John; they came
 and they stripped and they hung me high; and they left
 bur - ied my bod - y and they thought I'd gone, but
 live in you if you'll live in me;

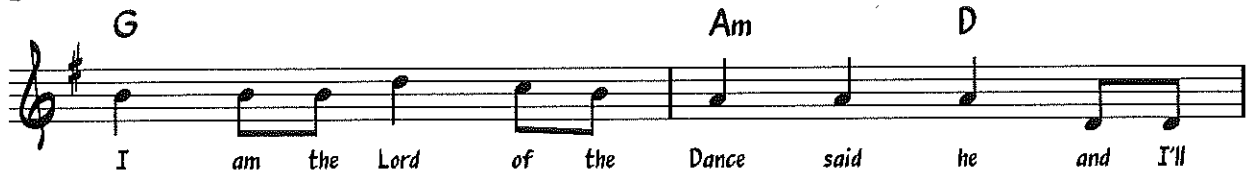
Am D7 C G

Beth - le - hem I had my birth.
 to me and the dance went on.
 me there on the cross to die.
 I am the dane and I still go on.
 I am the Lord of the Dance said he.

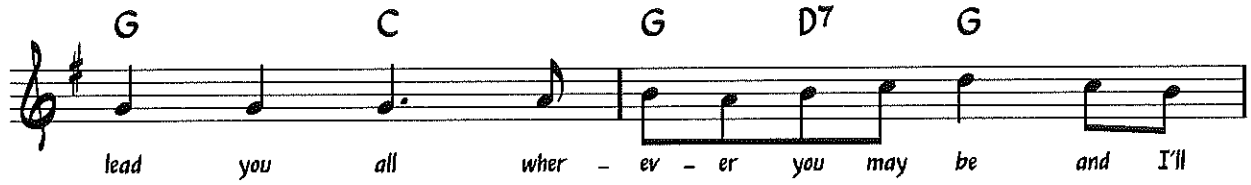
Bm Em

Dance, dance, where - ev - er you may be;

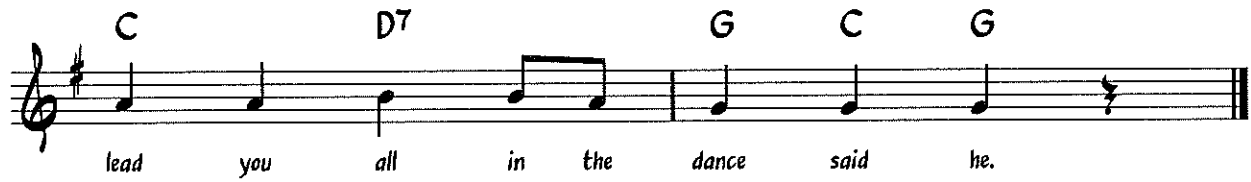
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G Am D
I am the Lord of the Dance said he and I'll



G C G D7 G
lead you all wher - ev - er you may be and I'll



C D7 G C G
lead you all in the dance said he.

The Lowlands of Holland

Scottish Folk

My love has built a bon - ny ship and he's set her on the sea, Wi'
 se-ven score guid. ma - ri - ners for to bear her com - pan - y. There is
 three score is sunk, mylads, and three score dead at sea. And the Low - lands o'
 Hol - land hae twined my love and me.

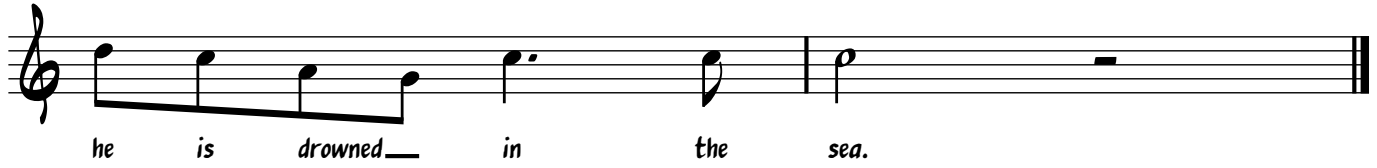
*My love has built another ship and he set her on the main
 Wi' none but twenty mariners for tae bring her safely hame.
 But the weary wind began to rise, the sea began to roull,
 My love then and his bonny ship turned withershins about.*

*There'll neither quiff come on my head nor comb come tae my hair,
 There shall neither coal nor candlelight shine in my bower nae mair.
 Nor will I love another one until the day I dee,
 For I never loved a love but ane and he is drowned in the sea.*

slower C
 Oh, haud yer tongue my daugh - ter dear, be still and be con - tent. There are
 mair lads in Gal - lo - wa', ye need - na' sair la - ment. Oh there is nane in



Gal - lo-wa', there's. nane. at a' for me. For I ne - ver loved a — love but one and.



he is drowned — in the sea.

Love in a Watercan

The Stillwater Hobos

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "This is a love song to whom that I don't know. I took me to a woman's house where wine and water flow. I love a girl like a water shed but she sure don't love me. She's got a sul-len craw-fish head all full of old whis-key".

D G A D

This is a love song to whom that I don't know. I took me to a

G A G D D

wo - man's house where wine and wa - ter flow. I love a girl like a

G A D G

wa - ter shed but she sure don't love me. She's got a sul - len craw - fish head all

A G D

full of old whis - key

But who is she with rosy cheeks,
And hair like trickling fire,
Soft and clear as mountain creeks,
And music in your ear.
And has she got a silver bell,
Beneath that noon-time dress
That's got me in her sunny well,
And near her sighing breast.

This is a love long,
To whom that I don't know.
When you're laughing at my door,
You melt that lasting snow.
This is a love song,
To whom that I don't know.
But I'll take your hand in a watercan,
And a-drinking we will go.

This is a love song,
To whom that I don't know.
I took me to a woman's house,
Where wine and water flow.

The Loyal Brother

Ethan McBride

Swing



Twas in the hun - gry for - ties when Ire - land lay in gloom.

Thou - sands sailed from Er - in's Isle to find a bet - ter home. My

bro - ther and me we made our bets and through the o - cean cold We

sailed a - board a ship to Ca - li - for - nia's fam - ed gold. Oh I ne - ver thought it'd be the end of

my bro - ther, him and me As we sailed a - way from Gal - way bay the shin - ing gold to see.

*I was on my way to market on a dark and frightful day
When a bandit he came to the road and stepped onto the way
"Young lad, do step aside and give to me your purse," he said
When I refused he took it still and left me there for dead.*

*My brother came to look for me a-later on that day
He asked me "John, what happened here, why do you lie this way?
What devil here has done this thing and robbed my brother John?"
And he took me by the hand and led me straightway to our home.*

*The streets of California, no they are not paved with gold
My brother said to me that very night he'd walk the road
"I'd give my house and money and my sweetheart all for you
And I'll go and kill that bandit that robbed you on the road."*

*So my brother he went on that night along that cursed road
And to him the bandit did come up and with him bandits more
My brother drew his pistol and to the foe did see
But returning came another shot, so he gave his life for me.*

The Maid of Fife

Scottish Folk

G

There once was a troop of I - rish dra-goons came march - ing down through.

D G C

Fy - vie - o And the cap-tain fell in love with a ve - ry bon - ny lass and her

G D G

name it was called pret - ty Peg - gy - o.

Well there's many a bonny lass, in the town of Auchterless,
There's many a bonny lass in Garioch;
There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,
But the flower of them all was in Fyvie-o.

So come down the stairs pretty Peggy my dear,
Come down the stair pretty Peggy-o.
Oh come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair;
Bid a long farewell to your mammy-o.

Oh I never did intend soldier's lady for to be,
I never will marry a soldier-o.
And I never did intend to gang to a foriegn land,
And I never will marry a soldier-o.

The colonel he cried mount, mount boys mount
The captain he cried tarry-o.
Oh tarry for a while, for another day or twa,
Til I see if this bonnie lass will marry-o.

Twas early in the morn, the day we marched away,
And oh but the captain he was sorry-o.
The drums they did beat o'er the bonny braes of Gight,
And the band played the bonny lass of Fyvie-o.

Long ere we came to the town of Auchterless,
We had our captain to carry-o.
And 'twas long ere we came to the streets of Aberdeen,
We had our captain to bury-o.

Green grow the birks, on bonnie Ethanside,
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie-o.
The captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid...
He died for the chambermaid of Fyvie-o.

The Mermaid Song

Sea Shanty

G C G

It was Fri - day morn when we set sail and
 Then up spoke the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship and a
 Then up spoke the cook of our gal - lant ship and a
 Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gal - lant ship and a
 Three times a - round went our gal - lent ship and

C D G

we weren't far from the land when our cap - tain he spied a
 well spoken man was he "I have me a wife in
 crazy old butcher was he "I care more for me kettles
 brave young lad was he "There's ver - y a soul in
 three times round went she on the third time

C G C D G

love - ly mer - maid with a comb and a glass in her hand. Oh the
 Sa - lem town and to - night she a wid - ow will be."
 and me pots and pans than I do for the bottom of the sea."
 Sa - lem town who cares one bit for me."
 that she went a - round she sank to the bottom of the sea.

C G D G

o - cean waves may roll and the stor - my winds may blow while - we po - or sail - ors go

C G C D G

skip - ping at the top and the land - lub - bers lie down be - low, be - low, be - low! And the

C D G

land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

Mingulay Boat Song

Sea Shanty

C Dm

Hill you ho boys, let her go boys! bring her head round now all_ to -

F G C Dm

geth - er Hill you ho boys, let her go boys! sail - ing home - ward to

G C

M - in - gu - lay What care we though white_ the minch is?
When the wind is wild_ with shout - ing
Wives are wait - ing on_ the bank or

G C

What care we for wind_ and wea - ther? Let her go boys!
And the waves mount ev - er high - er An - xious eyes turn
Look - ing sea - ward from_ the hea - ther Pull her round boys!

G C

ev - ry inch is wear - ing home - ward to M - in - gu - lay
ev - er sea - ward to see us home boys to M - in - gu - lay
and_ we'll an - chor ere the sun sets at M - in - gu - lay

Mingulay Boat Song

Sea Shanty

E F#m

Hill you ho boys, let her go boys! bring her head round now

A B E

all - to - geth - er Hill you ho boys, let her go boys! sail - ing

F#m B E

home - ward to M-in-gu - lay What care we though white - the
When the wind is wild - with
Wives are wait - ing on - the

B

minch is? What care we for wind - and wea - ther? Let her
shout - ing And the waves mount ev - er high - er An - xious
bank or Look - ing sea - ward from - the hea - ther Pull her

E

go boys! ev - ry inch is wear - ing home - ward to
eyes turn ev - er sea - ward to see us home boys to
round boys! and - we'll an - chor ere the sun sets at

B E

M - in - gu - lay
M - in - gu - lay
M - in - gu - lay

The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore


Irish Folk

D G D Bm G D




The min - strel boy___ to the war is gone in the ranks of death___ you'll
The min - strel fell___ but the foe - man's chain could not bring that proud___ soul

A D G D Bm




find him. His fath - er's sword - he has gird - ed on and his
un - der the harp he loved___ nev - er spoke a - gain for he

G D A D Bm G F#m A




wild harp slung___ be - hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though
tore its chords___ a - sun - der. And said "No chain shall___ sul - ly thee, Thou

Bm D G D G



all the world be - tray___ thee, One sword, at least___ thy___
soul of love and brav - er - y thy songs were made___ for the

D Bm G D A D



rights shall guard, One___ faith - ful harp___ shall praise thee."
pure and free they shall nev - er sound___ in slaver - y

Molly Malone

Cockles and Mussels

Irish Folk

G Em C D

In Dub - lin's fair cit - y where the girls are so pret - ty, I
 She was a fish - mon - ger, but — sure 'twas no won - der, for
 She died of a fe - ver, and — no one could save her, and

G Em C D G

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she pushed her wheel -
 so were her fa - ther and moth - er be - fore. And they each pushed their
 that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone. But her ghost wheels her

Em C D G Em

bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -
 bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -
 bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -

C D G G Em C

live, a - live, oh!" A - live, a - live, oh! — A - live, a - live,
 live, a - live, oh!"
 live, a - live, oh!"

D G Em C D G

oh! — Cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live, oh!"

My Bonnie

Scottish Folk

G C G G A7

My Bon - nie lies ov - er the o - cean my Bon - nie lies ov - er the
 Oh blow ye winds ov - er the o - cean And blow ye winds ov - er the
 Last night as I lay on my pil - low Last night as I lay on my
 The winds have blown ov - er the o - cean The winds have blown ov - er the

D G C G A7

sea my Bon - nie lies ov - er the o - cean Oh bring back my
 sea Oh blow ye winds ov - er the o - cean And bring back my
 bed Last night as I lay on my pil - low I dreamt my poor
 sea The winds have blown ov - er the o - cean And brought back my

D G G A7 D

Bon - nie to me. Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead.
 Bon - nie to me.

G D G A7 D G


me, to me! Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Bon - nie to me.

My Comrade


Adapted poem by Ludwig Uhland

Swiss Folk

F




Fight - ing brave - ly in the bat - tle Gal - lo - pi - ng on and
 An ar - ro - gant ca - vi - li - er Th - e stron - gest of his
 I've av - enged this mor - tal wo - und That thou re - cieved in my
 In my sad - ness how I've wan - dered With - out mean - ing I must
 O Prince pray thee hear my bal - lad List - en to my plead - ing




on Rid - ing in the ranks of ho - rse men th - ou
 corps Lunged at me in thirst of bl - o - od but thy
 stead Deep and deep in - to the dark of night I have
 ride From this o so dead - ly am - bush I have
 call I pray God who loves the so - ld - ier to quick -

C F C



wert my dear - est c - om - rade thou the one I love the
 faith - ful heart showed no - fear and thy heart the lance did
 wept for thee my c - om - rade knee - ling by thy ho - ly
 lost my dear - est c - om - rade I will nev - er laugh a -
 ly place him my c - om - rade At the right of Christ the

F C F



most Thou the one I love the most.
 find And thy heart the lance did find.
 grave Knee - ling by thy ho - ly grave.
 gain I will nev - er laugh a - gain.
 Lord At the right of Christ the Lord.

My Johnny Lad

Scottish Folk

I bought a wife in Ed-in-burgh for a bob - bie And then I got a farth-ing back to

buy to-bac-co with, And wi' you, and wi' you, and wi' you my John-ny Lad, I'll

dance the buck-les off my shoes for you my John - ny Lad.

As I was walkin' Sunday, 'twas there I saw the queen,
A-playing at the football, with the lads of Glasgow green

The captain o' the other side was scorin' with great style,
The queen she called the policeman, and had him thrown in jail

Samson was a mighty man, and he fought with the cuddy's jaw,
He fought a thousand battles wearin' crimson flannel drawers

Napolean was an emperor, and he ruled both land and sea,
He ruled all France and Germany, but he didn't rule Jock McGee

Now Johnny is a bonny lad, he is a lad of mine,
I've never had a better lad, and I've had twenty-nine!

The Night Visiting Song

Luke Kelly

I must a - way now I can no lon - ger tar -
 ry This morn - ing's tem - pest I have to cross
 I must be guid - ed with - out a stum -
 ble In - to the ar - ms I lo - ve the most

*And when he came to his true loves dwelling
 He knelt down gently upon a stone
 And through her window he whispered lowly
 "Is my true love within at home?"*

*Wake up, wake up love it is thine own true lover
 Wake up, wae up love and let me in
 For I am tired love and oh so weary
 And more than near drenched to the skin*

*She's raised her up her down soft pillow
 She's raised her up and she's let him in
 And they were locked in eachother's arms
 Until that long night was past and gone*

*And when that long night was passed and over
 And when the small clouds began to show
 He's taken her hand and they kissed and parted
 Then he saddled and mounted and away did go*

(Repeat first verse)

The Northwest Passage

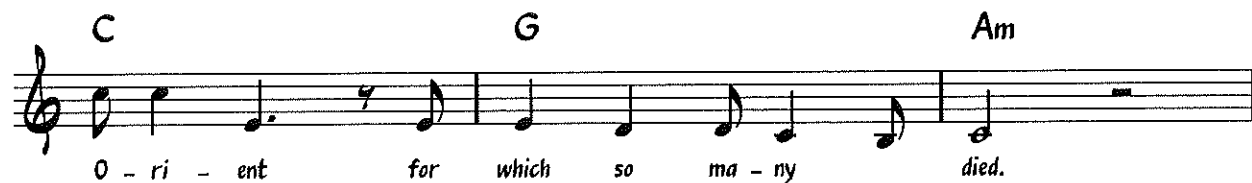
Stan Rogers

F C G C F



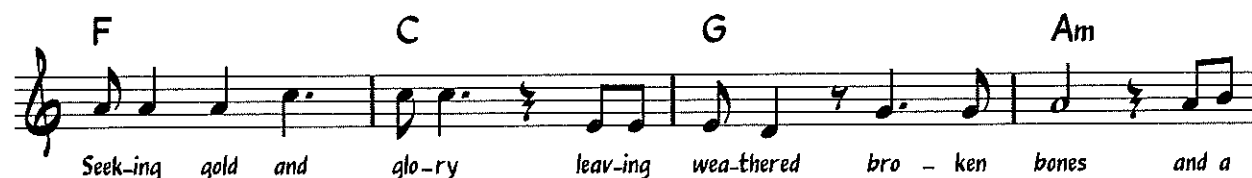
West-ward from the Davis Strait 'tis there'twas said to lie. The sea route to the

C G Am



O - ri - ent for which so ma - ny died.

F C G Am



Seek-ing gold and glo-ry leav-ing wea-thered bro - ken bones and a

F C G F C G



long for - got - lone - ly cairn of stones. Ah, for just one time I would

F Am F C



take the North - west Pas-sage to find the hand of Frank - lin reach-ing

G F C G F



for the Beau-fort sea. Trac - ing one warm line through a land so wide and

2

A musical score for a vocal line. The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. Above the staff, five chords are indicated: Am, F, C, G, and C. The lyrics are: "sa-vage and make a North - west Pas - sage to the sea." The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.

*Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land
 In the footsteps of brave Kelsy, where his sea of flowers began
 Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,
 This tardiest explorer driving hard across the plain.*

*And through the night behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west,
 I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson, and the rest,
 Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
 To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.*

*How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
 Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away,
 To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men,
 And to find there but the road back home again.*

The Northwest Passage

Stan Rogers

G D A D

West-ward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie.

G D A Bm

The sea route to the O-ri-ent for which so ma-ny died.

G D A Bm

Seek-ing gold and glo-ry leav-ing wea-thered bro - ken bones and a

G D A G D A

long for - got - lone - ly cairn of stones. Ah, for just one time I would

G Bm G D

take the North - west Pas-sage to find the hand of Frank - lin reach-ing

A G D A G

for the Beau-fort sea. Trac-ing one warm line through a land so wide and

2

Musical notation for the lyrics "sa-vage and make a North-west Pas-sage to the sea." The notation is on a single staff in G major (one sharp). The chords are Bm, G, D, A, and D. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

sa-vage and make a North-west Pas-sage to the sea.

*Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land
 In the footsteps of brave Kelsy, where his sea of flowers began
 Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,
 This tardiest explorer driving hard across the plain.*

*And through the night behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west,
 I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson, and the rest,
 Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
 To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.*

*How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
 Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away,
 To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men,
 And to find there but the road back home again.*

Notes Across Seas

Mary Verlander

C G Am F

Dear love, 'twas long— since I've last been with you, the shore of Li-ver-pool is far.

C G Am F

It's been— days— since this ship set— sail Bound for A-mer - i - ca we are.

Dm C G F C

Bound for A-mer - i - ca we are Sin-cere - ly, your sail - or boy.

Dear love, I travel through the ice and snow
Around Cape Horn, the freezing cold,
It makes us sailors all pale and worn
It's all worth it we are told.

Dear love, the General Santy Ano
For gold and treasure he fought.
"Remember the Alamo" was the cry
Of Travis, Bowie, and Crockett.

Dear love, the General Zachary Taylor
With Scott he gained the day.
Poor Santy lost both of his legs,
But still he somehow ran away.

Dear love, I yearn for a peaceful life,
We have done our responsibility.
And now we sailors are done with this war
So this is the last note across the sea.

*Last chorus:
Because bound for Liverpool we are
Sincerely, your sailor boy.

Notes Across Seas

Mary Verlander

D A Bm G

Dear love, 'twas long— since I've last been with you, the shore of Li-ver-pool is far.

D A Bm G

It's been— days— since this ship set—sail Bound for A-mer - i - ca we are.

Em D A G D

Bound for A-mer - i - ca we are Sin-cere - ly, your sail - or boy.

Dear love, I travel through the ice and snow
Around Cape Horn, the freezing cold,
It makes us sailors all pale and worn
It's all worth it we are told.

Dear love, the General Santy Ano
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But still he somehow ran away.

Dear love, I yearn for a peaceful life,
We have done our responsibility.
And now we sailors are done with this war
So this is the last note across the sea.

*Last chorus:
Because bound for Liverpool we are
Sincerely, your sailor boy.

Oh, How Lovely is the Evening

English-American Folk Round

1

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning,

2

When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing,

3

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

Oh, You New York Girls

Sea Shanty

As I walked down the Broad-way one ev-en-ing last Ju-ly I
 met a maid, she asked my trade, and a sail-or lad says I. To Tif-fin-y's I took her, I
 did-n't mind ex-pence I bought her a pair of gold ear-rings and they
 cost me fif-teen cents And it's way, San-ty my dear An-nie
 Oh, you New York Girls Can't you dance the pol-ka?

*She said "My lime juice sailor, now take me home you may,
 But when we reached her cottage door she this to me did say,
 "My flash man he's a yankee with his hair cut short behind,
 He wears a pair of black sea boots and he sails in the Black Ball Line.*

*I wrapped my glad rags round me and to the docks did steer,
 I'll never court another lass, I'll stick to rum and beer!
 I joined a yankee blood boat and sailed away next morn,
 Don't mess around with women, boys, you're safer 'round Cape Horn.*

*"And he's homeward bound this evening and with me he will stay
 So get a move on sailor lad, get crackin' on your way!"
 I kissed her hard and proper before her flash man came
 It's fare thee well, you bowry girl, I know your little game.*

Parting Glass

Scottish Folk

C F C G C Em G

Of_ all the mo-ney that ere I had, I_ spent it in_ good. com - pa-ny And of

Am F C G C Em Am C F C

all the harm that. ere I've done a - las it was. to_ none but me. And all_ I've done for

F C Dm Am G Am F

want_ of_ wit to mem - 'ry now I_ can't re-call So_ fill to me the_

C G C Em Am

part - ing glass, Good_ night and joy_ be_ with you all.

Of all the comrades that ere I had,
 They're sorry for my going away
 And of all the sweethearts that ere I had,
 They wish me one more day to stay.
 But since it falls unto my lot
 That I should rise and you should not,
 I'll gently rise and softly call
 Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend
 And leisure time to stay awhile
 There is a fair maiden in this town
 Who surely has my heart beguiled.
 Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
 She alone has my heart in thrall
 So fill to me the parting glass,
 Good night and joy be with you all.

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

American Folk

Em Am

I'm just a poor way-far-ing stran-ger Tra-vel-ing through

B7 Em

this world be-low There is no sick-ness toil or dan-ger In that bright

Am B7 Em C G

land to-which I go I'm go-ing there to see my Fath-er and all my

C B7 Em

loved ones who've gone on. I'm just go-ing ov-er Jor-dan I'm just

Am B7 Em

go-ing ov-er home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
 I know my way is hard and steep
 But beautiful fields arise before me
 Where God's redeemed their vigils keep
 I'm going there to see my Mother
 She said she'd meet me when I come
 I'm just going over Jordan
 I'm just going over home.

Proud Ireland

Mary Verlander

C Em Dm G Am

Proud I-re - land, dear I-re - land, I will al-ways stand by you

C Em Dm G F

Ne-ver will I wear Eng - lands. red, Sham-rock's green is the way to be true.

C G C

I'll fight 'til you're free or I be dead. Rise, boys of Wex - ford,

G Am F C

Do you not hear the call? Kel - ly, the boy from Kil - lane, leads us. You

G Am F C

see how he's strong and brave and tall? Fol - low him we all must.

Rise, bold Shelmaliers,
Do you not hear the call?
Father Murphy from Kilcormack leads us.
You see his faith; he won't let us fall,
Follow him we all must.

Rise, men of Ireland,
Do not let George take over,
Your fields and hills and homes defend.
Give your country the chance to be freed forever,
To be a nation once again.

Raglan Road

Irish Folk

C F C F

On Rag - lan Road of an Au - tem day I saw h-er first and
 On Graf - ton Street in Nov - em - ber we trip-ped light - ly a - long the
 I gave her gifts of the mind I gave h-er sec - ret
 On a qui - et street where old ghosts meet I see h-er walk - ing

C Am F C

knew That her dark hair would weave a snare th - at
 ledge Of a deep rav - ine where can be seen th - e
 signs That's known by art - ists who have known the true
 now A - way from me so hur - rid - ly ah my

G Am F C

I might one day rue I saw the dan - ger yet I walked a -
 worth of pas - sion play The Queen of Hearts still mak - ing tarts and
 gods of sound and stone Her words and tint with - ou - t stint I
 reas - on must al - low That I have loved not as I should a

G C

long the en - chant - ed way And I said let grief be a
 I not mak - ing hay Oh I loved too much and by
 gave her poems to say With her own name there and her
 creat - ure made of clay When the an - gel woes the

F C F C

fal - len leaf at the dawn - ing of the day
 such and such is hap - pi - ness thrown a - way
 long dark hair li - ke clouds ov - er fields in May
 clay he'll lose h - is wings at the dawn of day

Rattlin' Bog

Irish Folk

G C G D G C

Oh ho the ratt-lin' bog the bog down in the val-ley oh Oh ho the ratt-lin bog the

G D G

bog down in the val-ley oh! And in that bog there was a tree a rare tree a ratt-lin' tree

D G

tree in the bog and the bog down in the val - ley oh!

And on this tree there was a limb
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
Limb on the tree
And the tree in bog
And the bog down in the valley oh!

And on this limb there was a branch
A rare branch, a rattlin' branch...

And on this branch there was a twig
A rare twig, a rattlin' twig...

And on this twig there was a nest
A rare nest, a rattlin' nest...

And in this nest there was an egg
A rare egg, a rattlin' egg...

And on this egg there was a bird
A rare bird, a rattlin' bird...

And on that bird there was a feather
A rare feather, a rattlin' feather...

And on that feather there was a flea
A rare flea, a rattlin' flea...

Red is the Rose

Irish Folk

D Bm G A

Come o'er the hills, my bon - ny I - rish lass,
 'Twas down by Kil - lar - ney's green woods that we stayed, And the
 It's not for the part - ing that my sis - ter pains, Its

D Bm G A G D

Come o'er the hills to your dar - ling, You choose the rose love and
 moon and the stars they were shin - ing, The moon shone its rays on her
 not for the grief of my moth - er, 'Tis all for the loss of my

G A D G A D

I'll make the vow, And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.
 locks of gold - en hair, And she swore she'd love me for - ev - er.
 bon - ny I - rish lass, That my heart is break - ing for - ev - er.

Bm G A D Bm G

Red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows, and fair is the lily of the val -

A Bm D G A D

ley, Clear is the wa - ter that flows from the Boyne, But my love is

G A D

fair - er than an - y.

Red River Valley

American Folk

G



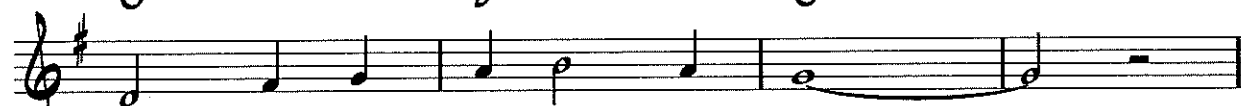
From this val-ley they say you are go-ing I will miss your bright

D G C



eyes and your smile For they say you are tak-ing the sun-shine That

G D G



bright - ened our path - way a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

I've been thinking a long time my darling
Of the sweet words you never would say
Now alas, must my fond hopes all vanish?
For they say you are going away

They will bury me where you have wandered
Near the hills where the daffodils grow
When you're gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you I know

Reilly's Daughter

Irish Folk

G C

As I was sit-ting by the fire, talk-ing to old Reil - ly's daugh-ter,

G C

sud-den-ly a thought came in-to my head, I'd like to mar-ry old Reil - ly's daugh-ter.

G C G

Gid-dy-I - ae, gid-dy-I - ae, Gid-dy-I - ae for the one eyed Reil - ly, gid-dy-I - ae,

D G

(bang, bang, bang) Try it on you're own big drum!

Reilly played on the big bass drum,
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter,
Reilly had a bright red, glittering eye,
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter,
With two pistols in his hands,
Looking for the man who had married his daughter.

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
The colonel, and the major, and the captain sought her,
The sergent, and the private, and the drummer boy too,
But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter.

I caught old Reilly by the hair,
Rammed his head in a pail of water,
Fired his pistols into the air,
A darned sight quicker than I married his daughter!

I got me a ring and a parson too,
Got me a scratch in a married quater,
Settled me down to a peaceful life,
Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.

Remember the Alamo

Jane Bowers

G D G C G

One - hund - red and eigh - ty were chal - lenged by Tra - vis to die,
 Jim Bow - ie lay dy - in', his pow - der was rea - dy and dry,
 A couri - er sent through the bat - tle - ments, blood - y and loud,

D G C G

A line that he drew with his sword when the bat - tle was nigh
 From flat on his back Bow - ie killed him a few in re - ply
 With words of fare - well, and the let - ters he car - ried were proud,

C G

The man who would fight to the death, cross ov - er but
 And young Da - vy Crock - ett was smil - in' and laugh - in', the
 "Grieve not, lit - tle dar - lin', my dyin', If

C G G D

him that would live, bet - ter fly And ov - er the line stepped one -
 chal - lenge was fierce in his eye For Te - xas and freed - om a
 Te - xas is sove - reign and free, We'll ne - ver sur - ren - der and

G C G C

hund - red and sev - en - ty nine. Way up _____ San - ty An - a, we're
 man more than will - ing to die.
 ev - er will lib - er - ty be."

Bm C G

kill - ing your sold - iers be - low _____ So the rest of Te - xas wil know _____

2

Musical notation for a vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The melody consists of the following notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The lyrics are: and re - mem - ber the Al - a - mo. Chord symbols 'D' and 'G' are placed above the first and fifth measures, respectively. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Rifle, Pony, and Me

American Folk

Pur - ple light in the can - yon, That's where I long to
Gon - na hang my som - bre - ro On the limb of a

be, With my three good com - pan - ions, Just my
tree, Go - ing home, sweet - heart dar - lin'

1. C F 2. C F C
rif - le, my po - ny, and me. rif - le, my po - ny, and me.

Whippoorwill, in the willow
Singin' sweet melody
Riding through Amarillo
Just my rifle, my pony, and me.

No more cows to be roped
No more strays do I see
'Round the bend, she'll be waitin'
For my rifle, my pony, and me.

Rifle, Pony, and Me

American Folk

F Bb F

Pur - ple light in the can - yon, That's where I long to
Gon - na hang my som - bre - ro On the limb of a

Bb F Bb

be, With my three good com - pan - ions, Just my
tree, Go - ing home, sweet - heart dar - lin'

1. F Bb 2. F Bb F

rif - le, my po - ny, and me. rif - le, my po - ny, and me.

Whippoorwill, in the willow
Singin' sweet melody
Riding through Amarillo
Just my rifle, my pony, and me.

No more cows to be roped
No more strays do I see
'Round the bend, she'll be waitin'
For my rifle, my pony, and me.

Right Far From Ireland

Ethan McBride

Db Ab Eb

I'll tell you men my tale of woe so you won't do the
The keepers and the law, good men, they found me right to

Fm Ab Db Ab

same. In Ire - land I al - so dwelt, the land my own to
blame. To impose on me a pu - nish - ment and send me off in

Eb Db Ab Eb

tame. Til hun - ger came u - pon the house, en - ough to bring you
shame. And should I flee for fear of shame, lest shame be all I

Fm Ab Db

lame. And a poa - ching man I found my - self on my
see, Far worse will be the charg - es, sure, and

Ab Eb Fm Ab Eb

way to Van Die - man's Land. Van Die - man's Land.
soon they'll find me a - gain.

Ab Bbm Db Eb

Van Die - man's Land. My lov - ing home a - waits me back
My sweet - heart love a - waits me back

2

A^b *D^b* *A^b*

home in Ire - land.
home in Ire - land.

*And when the wind is good, you men
And the tide calls out for a ship,
A chain and a plow call out to me
And off I'll be on the trip
Remember me not, young sirs,
But hear my warning then.
Heed me not and you'll find yourselves
Sent away slaved men.*

*Chorus *fourteen years await me right far from Ireland*

*Chorus *my loving home awaits me back home in Ireland*

Right Far From Ireland

Ethan McBride

C G D Em

I'll tell you men my tale of woe so you won't do the same.
The keepers and the law, good men, they found me right to blame.

G C G D

In Ire - land I al - so dwelt, the land my own to tame. Til
To impose on me a pu - nish - ment and send me off in shame. And

C G D Em

hun - ger came u - pon the house, en - ough to bring you lame. And a
should I flee for fear of shame, lest shame be all I see, Far

G C G D Em

poa - ching man I found my - self on my way to Van Die - man's Land.
worse will be the charg - es, sure, and soon they'll find me a - gain.

G D G Am C

Van Die - man's Land. Van Die - man's Land. My lov - ing home a -
My sweet - heart love a -

2

The musical notation is on a single staff in G major (one sharp). The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The lyrics are: "waits me back home in Ire - land." and "waits me back home in Ire - land." The guitar chords are D, G, C, G.

*And when the wind is good, you men
And the tide calls out for a ship,
A chain and a plow call out to me
And off I'll be on the trip
Remember me not, young sirs,
But hear my warning then.
Heed me not and you'll find yourselves
Sent away slaved men.*

*Chorus *fourteen years await me right far from Ireland*

*Chorus *my loving home awaits me back home in Ireland*

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

C Am F

Oh see the host of fleet foot men who speed with faces

C F C Am

wan From farmstead and from fishers' hut along the

F G C F C

banks of Bann They come with vengeance in their hearts too

Am F G C Am

late, too late are they For young Roddy McCorley goes to

F C

die on the bridge of Toome today

When he last stepped up that street, his shinning 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

Up the narrow streets he boldly steps, smiling, proud and young
Around the hemp rope on his neck his 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

There was never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
Then he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today
True to the last as we say goodbye he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

Oh see the host of fleet foot men who speed with faces
wan from farmstead and from fishers' hut along the
banks of Bann They come with vengeance in their hearts too
late, too late are they For young Roddy McCorley goes to
die on the bridge of Toome today

*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*

*Up the narrow streets he boldly steps, smiling, proud and young
Around the hemp rope on his neck his 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*

*There was never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
Then he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today
True to the last as we say goodbye he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today*

The Rose of Allendale

Scottish Folk

G C G

The morn was fair the ski-es we-re clear no breath came o'er the
 Wher - e'er I wan - dered ea - st o - r west though fate be - gan to
 And when my fe - vered li - ps we-re parched on Af - ric's burn - ing

D G C G C

sea when Ma - ry left her high - la - nd home and wand - ered
 lour a - sol - ace still she w - as t - o me in sor - row's
 sands sh - e whis - pered hopes of hap - pi - ness and tales of

D G D G

for - th with me Thou-gh flow - ers deck'd the moun - tain - side and
 lo - ne - l - y hour Wh - en tem - pests lashed our lone - ly barque and
 dis - ta - nt lands M - y life has been a wild - er - ness un -

C D G C

fra - grance filled th - e vale B - y far the sweet - est flo - w - er
 rent her shiv - 'ri - ng sail O - ne maid - en form with - sto - od th - e
 blest by for - tu - ne's gale H - ad fate not linked my l - ot t - o

G C D G C

there 'twas the Ro - se of Al - len - dale 'Twas the Rose of Al - len - da - le
 storm 'twas the Ro - se of Al - len - dale
 hers the Ro - se of Al - len - dale

Am D C G

'twas the Rose of Al - len - da - le by far the swee - t - est flow - er

2

C D G

there 'twas the Ro - se of Al - len - dale

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time. The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). Above the staff, the letters C, D, and G are positioned over the notes C5, D5, and G4 respectively. Below the staff, the lyrics 'there 'twas the Ro - se of Al - len - dale' are written, with hyphens under 'Ro - se' and 'Al - len - dale' to indicate syllable placement. The staff ends with a double bar line.

Round the Cape

The Longest Johns

Well we're going round the cape. Gold and shores to find. Nine
hun-dred miles of wind and waves smash-ing up the sides We're going round the cape. There
is no o-ther way For trade and king and coun-try-men we'll brave the foam and spray. So
tell my love that I'll be back some-day. It's rock and roll - a, rock and roll - a,
rock and roll a-way. When I re-turn I swear I'm gon - na stay. So
rock and roll - a, rock and roll - a, rock and roll a-way

*I left my home and land to sail a clipper ship
into the parts of my own map that barely have been writ.
I must be out of my mind to leave England in my wake.
But I'll get that silver in my ear. We're going round the cape.*

Chorus

2

Am C Em

It's a long way home but ma - ny miles to go There's a

Am C G Am

gale that's trying to drag us all be - low. And I long to dream of

C Em Am C D

a - ny be-tter fate. But what a - waits the brave a - round the cape

*I heard the sailors say, "By God, you must be mad!
There's waves as tall as houses and the gales'll knock you flat.
And when the storm has fled and the fog is thick as mud,
It's pray for your deliverance and pray you rightly should."*

Chorus 2x

Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

American Folk

G D

Ain't gon - na work on the rail - ro - ad Ain't gon - na work on the farm

G C G

Gon-na lay round this shack til the mail train comes back And roll in my

D G

sweet ba - by's arms Roll in my sweet ba - by's arms Roll in my

D G C

sweet ba - by's arms Gon-na lay round this shack til the mail train come

G D G

back And roll in my sweet ba - by's arms

Where were you last Saturday night
 While I was layin' down in jail?
 You were out walkin' the street with another man
 Wouldn't even try to go my bail

Mama was a beauty operator
 Sissy could weave and spin
 Papa's got an interest in that old cotton mill
 Watch that money roll in

I know your parents don't like me
 They run me away from your door
 If I had my life to live over again
 I wouldn't go back there no more

Salem Town

Joe Bartke, Edited by Taylor Posey

The Breaker Boys

D G D G D

She spins on the banks of love-ly Sa-lem Town. She wore her sun-ny dress,

A D G D G D

flow-ing cot-ton gown. She sang as she talked, she danced as she walked. The ri-ver-boat and fer-ry-man

A G A Bm

joined in verse and sang. The river did flow, the banks were dry. The sun drifts and sways

G A

roll-ing through the sky. The ri-ver touched the o - cean, the o - cean turned to sea, and

Bm A

if that girl is danc - ing, I hope she'll dance for me.

I am a riverman, steamboat is my trade.
 I looked upon the famed banks, and I saw the river maid.
 I listened when she sang, I joined her when she danced.
 The riverboat and ferryman gave me half a chance.
 The river is wide, the clouds are white.
 Up on the shore, I can see the side.
 She wore a dress of cotton, light and folding,
 And if that girl is waiting, I hope she'll wait for me.

She stood on the banks of lovely Salem Town.
 I whispered to the lace of her soft cotton gown.
 We sang as we talked, we danced as we walked.
 The riverboat and ferryman weighed their anchors down.
 The river did flow, the banks were dry,
 The sun drifts and sways, rolling through the sky.
 The river touched the ocean, the ocean turned to sea,
 And if that girl is dancing, I know she'll dance for me.

Sally Rose

Joe Bartke

Swing F Bb

The pret-ti-est girl out West the one I love the best, I'll

C F

have to say is the sweet Sal-ly Rose. With her long, brown hair and

Bb C F

grace be-yond com - pare, Why I love her, on - ly God_ knows. Sal-ly

Bb F

Rose_____ Sal-ly Rose_____ Why do I love you, do you sup-pose?

C F Bb F

Is it the way you sing with me, or the smile_ I re-ceive

C F

ev - 'ry time a joke comes or goes.

Well is her beauty true? Or is her innocence too
 Indeed, it's to the like as I had never seen
 But she shall be respected, I'll give more than's expected,
 And treat her as my very own queen.

F Bb F

Sal-ly Rose had to go miles. and miles a - way, Oh how I wish that

2

C F Bb

she— could have stayed But she's a-cross the o - pen sea far a-way from

F C F


me Still I hope that she will hear me say—

Scotland the Brave

Cliff Hanley

Scottish Folk

D G D



Hark when the night is fal - ling, hear, hear, the pipes are cal - ling,
High in the mis - ty High - lands, Out by the pur - ple is - lands,

G D A




Loud - ly and proud - ly cal - ling down thro' the glen.
Brave are the hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies.

D G D




There where the hills are sleep - ing, Now feel the blood a - leap - ing,
Wild are the winds to meet you, Staunch are the friends that greet you,

G D A D A



High as the spi - rits of the High - land men! Tow'r - ing in gal - lant fame,
Kind as the love that shines from fair maid - en's eyes. Far off in sun - lit places,

D Bm F#m G A



Scot - land my moun - tain hame, High may your proud stand - ards glo - ri - ous - ly wave.
Sad are the Scot - tish faces, Year - ning to feel the — kiss of Scot - tish rain.

D G D



Land of my high en - dea - vour, Land of the shi - ning ri - ver,
Where tro - pic skies are beam - ing, Love sets the heart a - dream - ing,

G D A D



Land of my heart for - ev - er, Scot - land the brave!
Long - ing and dream - ing for the home - land a - gain.

Skye Boat Song

Scottish Folk

G D G C G D

Speed bon-ny boat like a bird on the wing on - ward the sail - ors cry

G D G C G D Em

car - ry the lad that's born to be king ov - er the sea to sky Loud the winds howl
Ma - ny's the lad
Though the waves leap
Burned are their homes

Am Em

loud the waves roar thund - er claps rend the air Baff - led our foes
fought in that day well the clay more did weild When the night came
soft shall ye sleep o - cean's a roy - al bed Rocked in the deep
ex - ile and death scat - ter the loy - al men Yet ere the sword

Am Em D

stand by the shore fol - low they will not dare _____
si - len - tly lay dead on Cul - lo - den's field _____
Flo - ra will keep watch by your wea - ry head _____
cool in the sheath Char - lie will come a - gain _____

South Australia

Sea Shanty

C



In South Aus - tra - lia I was born
 As I walked out one morn - ing fair
 I rung her all night I rung her all day
 There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
 Oh when we lol - lop 'round Cape Horn
 I wish I was on on Aus - tra - lia's strand

G7 C G7 C



Heave a - way haul a - way In South Aus - tra - lia 'round Cape Horn We're
 Heave a - way haul a - way 'Twas there I met Miss Nan - cy Blair We're
 Heave a - way haul a - way I rung her un - til we sailed a - way We're
 Heave a - way haul a - way To leave Miss Nan - cy Blair be - hind We're
 Heave a - way haul a - way You'll wish to God you'd nev - er been born We're
 Heave a - way haul a - way With a glass of whis - key in my hand We're

G7 C G7



bound for South Aus - tra - lia Haul a-way you roll - ing kings Heave a-way haul a-way
 bound for South Aus - tra - lia
 bound for South Aus - tra - lia
 bound for South Aus - tra - lia
 bound for South Aus - tra - lia
 bound for South Aus - tra - lia

C G7 C



All the way you'll hear me sing: We're bound for South Aus - tra - lia!

Southern Mountain Girl

Will Teller

G

Well I was ro - vin' in the sum - mer through Ca - ro - li - na met a

C G

sweet sou-thern girl by the Ten - ne - see line. She had wild, gol - den hair and a

D G

voice that was like a — breeze. As the sun was hanging, Lord, how

C G

late June to be run - ning through the moun - tains down south of Lamm, say - in'

D G

"North-ern boy you bet-ter not lose your way." (clap clap clap) Woah, oh, oh

C G

oh, She's tel-ling me the right things Woah, oh, oh, oh, She's set-ting me

D G

straight She's an e - ven-keel ma - ma when the sum - mer is mean, but she's a

C G

wild eyed pi - xie with a dan - ger - ous gleam. And she's my South - ern moun - tain

2

girl when the day gets late.

*Then it's up through the forest by Blowing Rock,
 And the swift swallows singing across the treetops,
 And we roll through the crescents and the clouds gatherin' over the plains.
 There was thunder and lightning, shadow and fog,
 And we were hootin' and hollerin' like a prairie dog,
 And we danced to the music of the whirling, storming rain.*

*Well twilight falls and the clouds depart,
 And we're lying on our backs looking up at the stars.
 She tells me all her her hopes and her fears why she worries and prays.
 And I know she might not be a beauty queen,
 but there's something 'bout her life that is different and clean.
 I find myself wishin' that I never find the end of the day.*

*Well my time for rovin' is a-endin' fast,
 And I'll go back home to the Great Northwest.
 I know that I might never ever see this girl again.
 But every time I feel that evening breeze,
 Watch the sunlight play on the buckeye trees,
 I long for a woman who is now just a friend of a friend.*

Spancil Hill

Irish Folk

Am G Am

Last night as I lay dre - am - ing of pleas - ant days gone by Me

C G

mind being bent on ramb - l - ing to Ire - land I did fly I

Am C G

stepped on board a vi - sion and I foll - owed wi - th my will Ti - ll

Am G Em Am

next I came to an - chor at the cross of Span - cil Hill

*It was on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there,
The young, the old, the brave, and the bold, their duty to fulfill,
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill*

*I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say,
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young one's turning grey,
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
Ah he used to make me britches when I lived in Spancil Hill*

*I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
She's as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove
And she threw her arms around me, saying: "Johnny, I love you still"
Ah she's Nell the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill*

*I dreamt I held and kissed her, as in the days of yore,
She said: "Johnny, your only joking as many's the time before,"
Then the cock he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill*

Spancil Hill

Irish Folk

Bm A Bm

Last night as I lay dre - am - ing of pleas - ant days gone by Me

D A

mind being bent on ramb - l - ing to Ire - land I — did fly I

Bm D A

stepped on board a vi - sion and I foll - owed wi - th my will Ti - ll

Bm A F#m Bm

next I came to an - chor at the cross of Span - cil Hill

*It was on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,
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St. Therese

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

C G

Dar - lin' mo - ther would you guide my hand? My
 She boarded that ship and she sent it well

D Em C

love, she's in A-mer - i - ca with a te-rry band. Her dark flowin' hair rolls
 Fast and lone - some as a kind fare - well I asked her grace for

G D Em

all down her breast, it's as soft as the night that she went and left.
 twelve lit - tle towns, with a mar-ket in all and o - pen fields a-round.

C G D

San - dy was the ri-ver that she walked. It was out the door and it was
 She took the East, and she took the West E - lizabeth's the girl that

Em C G

off the dock. The thun - der a-head and the steam - boat's dreams of
 I love the best My house was robbed when I shut the door and

D Em

li - ly white smoke and fine raft - ing things.
 load - ed it up with a rust - ed oar. An

C G D C G

oar _____ Bring me a rose Saint The - rese Saint The-rese would you

2



bring me a rose, Saint The - rese, Saint The - rese. All the lit - tle flow - ers are



cov - ered and blest would you bring me a rose, Saint The - rese

I saw her at the market yesterday
 I said hello, but she looked the other way
 She wore a coat of black and two old shoes
 and my eyes were light with the devil's dues.
 I gave her a whistle and three hundred cries
 And there I found a rose as white as lye.
 You can wash with water every day
 but that dirt will stain your hide in that same old way
 That way...

Now two devils danced on a barrel of lime
 You know they're devils, Mama, but you took a bad time
 It was a slipped up jig with iron feet
 That fled like a coward when lovers meet
 But there in the garden I can see you fine
 Your hand full of roses smell better than wine
 To scatter your flowers for the one you love
 As tender as the lightning in the sky above
 Above... above...

Star of the County Down

Irish Folk

Em G D Em

Near to Ban - bridge town in the Coun - ty Down on a morn - ing in Ju -
 As she on - ward sped I scratched my head and I gazed with a feel - ing
 At the har - vest fair she'll sure - ly be there so I'll dress in my Sun - day

D Em G D

ly Down a bo - reen green came a sweet col - leen And she
 quare There I said, said I to a pas - ser - by "Who's the
 clothes And I'll try sheep's eyes and de - lud - th'rin lies On the

Em D Em G

smiled as she passed me by Oh she looked so neat from her
 maid with the nut - brown hair?" Oh he smiled at me and with
 heart of the nut - brown Rose No pipe I'll smoke no

D Em D

two white feet to the sheen of her nut - brown hair Such a
 pride says he: "That's the gem of Ire - land's crown Young Ro -
 horse I'll yoke though my plow wi - th rust turn brown Till a

Em G D Em D Em

coax - ing elf had to shake my - self to be sure I was real - ly there Oh from
 sie Mc - Cann from the banks of Bann she's the star of the Coun - ty Down"
 smil - ing bride by my own fire - side sits the star of the Coun - ty Down

G D Em D

Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay and from Gal - way to Dub - lin town No

2

C G D Em D Em

maid I've seen like the sweet col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the staff, chords are indicated: C, G, D, Em, D, and Em. Below the staff, the lyrics are written: "maid I've seen like the sweet col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down". The piece ends with a double bar line.

Spanish Lady

Irish Folk

G Em C D
As I came down through Dub-lin Ci - ty at the hour of twelve at night,
G Em C D
Who should I see but a Span-ish la - dy wash - ing her feet by can - dle - light.
G D G D
First she washed them, then she dried them, ov - er a fire of am - ber coals, In
G Em C D
all me life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a - bout the soul.
G Em C D
Whack fol the too - ra — loo - ra lad - dy, whack fol the too - ra loo - ra lay

*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 brushed it, then she tossed it, on her lap was a silver comb,
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.*

*As I returned to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady catching a moth in a golden net.
First she saw me, then she fled me, lifted her petticoats o'er her knee
In all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady.*

*I've wandered North, and I have wonder South, through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond, and back by Napper Tandys' house
Auld age has laid her hands on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals...
But there is the love of me Spanish Lady, a maid so sweet about the soul.*

Wellerman

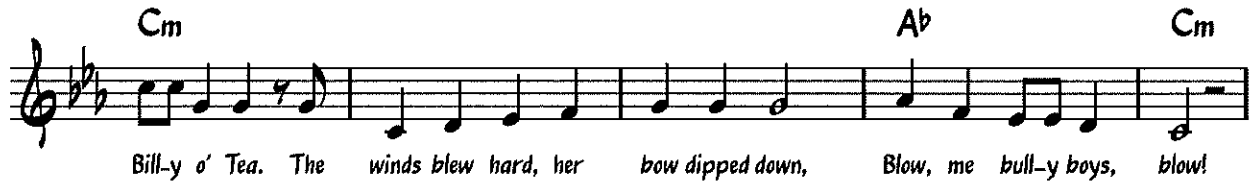
Sea Shanty

Cm Ab



There once was a ship that put to sea, And the name of that ship was the

Cm Ab Cm



Bill-y o' Tea. The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down, Blow, me bull-y boys, blow!

Ab Eb Bb7 Cm



Soon may the Well-er-man come, To bring us su-gar and tea and rum.

Ab Eb Bb Cm



One day when the tonu-in' is done, We'll take our leave and go.

*She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captaion called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.*

*Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and foght her
When she dived down below.*

*No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow.*

*For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go.*

*As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone!
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all!*

Weight of Eternal Glory

Hillbilly Thomists

D G D

I grew up in Jack-son Coun - ty in a West Vir-gin - ia farm house, We had

A D

ma - ny hands a - work - in' and so ma - ny miles to tread. I asked Ma - ma how she's ab - le to go

G D A D

one day to an - oth - er, She took up the fam - ly Bi - ble, looked at me, and then she said,

G D

"I am suf - f'ring un - der the weight of e - ter - nal glo - ry, I find my

A

place in the good Lord's sto - ry I keep His pro - mis - es by my bed. Take the

D G D

hand of the lov - ing Sav - ior, He guides my way while I still stay here. You can

find the same way your-self, dear, If you just let your-self be led."

*Found myself down in Nashville, in a place just off of Broadway,
Sittin' at the bar was a lovely cowgirl, she had a tear drop in her eye.
I said, "Lady, do I know you? If I don't then I think that I'd like to."
She just turned to me with sadness and said, "Honey, I'm not gonna lie."*

*Was a late night in December, I was traveling through the canyon,
My truck went off the road near the highway, I was barely left alive.
The nurse that took my hand said, "Mister, the doctor says you are baely stable."
She put the cross into my hand, I looked her in the face, and then I cried:*

Last chorus:

*"I am suff'ring under the weight of eternal glory,
I find my place in the good Lord's story, I hope in His promises when I'm dead.
Take the hand of the loving Savior, To guide your way while you still stay here.
You can find the same way yourself, dear, if you just let yourself be led."*

We'll Return

Mary Verlander

G C D

I'll see you my boys, at the break of day
 So bid your love fare - well, my boys,
 The day is fine, let's go, my boys,
 Sure, there's chance of tem - pest, my boys,
 But we will be most brave, my boys,

G Bm G

Heave and ho, pull and a - way I'll meet you at the
 Tell them not to
 Let's pray it stays this
 I've heard of sea beasts
 Come what may, we're

C D G D Em

har - bor, my boys, We'll re - turn when our du - ty is done When we've
 cry, my boys,
 way, my boys,
 too, my boys,
 rea - dy, my boys,

C D G Em C

crossed wide seas and we've lived through the storm When our ship is filled with

G D G Bm C

car - go And the tide is call - ing us home When the wind is right and the

2

A musical staff in G major (one sharp) with a treble clef. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4 (D), A4 (D), B4 (D), A4-G4 (G), F#4-G4 (D), E4-F#4 (D), D4-E4 (G), and a whole note G4 (G). The lyrics are: sky all blue We'll re - turn when our du - ty is done.

**Last chorus:*

Waves lead to adventure

Stars will be our guide

Our ship is fast and steady

So we're off and sailing away

The day is bright, but our future unknown

We remain true to our duty

We remain true to our duty

We'll return when our duty is done

When First Unto This Country

American Folk

G D C G

When first un - to this coun - try a stra - nger I came. I
I cour - ted her for love but love I didn't ob - tain. Can you

C D C G

cour - ted a fair maid and Nan - cy was her name.
think of a - ny rea - son or why I should com - plain.

I rode to see my Nancy,
I rode both night and day.
And I stole me a fine horse,
And then I rode away.

They beat me and they banged me,
They fed me on dry beans.
Til I wished to my own self
I'd never been a thief.

The sheriff's men had followed,
And overtaken me.
And they carted me away,
To the penitentiary.

When first unto this country,
A stranger I came.
I courted a fair maid,
And Nancy was her name.

They opened up the door,
And then they threw me in.
And they cut off my beard,
And they shaved off my chin.

I courted her for love,
But love I didn't obtain.
Can you think of any reason,
Or why I should complain?

When the Saints Go Marching In

American Gospel

G

Oh, when the saints go march-ing in Oh, when the saints go

D G G7 C

march-ing in, Oh, Lord I want to be in that num-ber, Oh, when the

G D G G

saints go march-ing in. Oh, when the sun refus-es to shine,
Oh, when they crown Him King of Kings,
Oh, when they crown Him Lord of Lords,

D G

Oh, when the sun re-fuses to shine, Oh, Lord I want to
Oh, when they crown Him King of Kings, Oh, Lord I want to
Oh, when they crown Him Lord of Lords, Oh, Lord I want to

G7 C G D G

be in that num-ber, Oh, when the sun re-fuses to shine.
be in that num-ber, Oh, when they crown Him King of Kings.
be in that num-ber, Oh, when they crown Him Lord of Lords.

Where the Soul Never Dies

To Canaan's Land

American Gospel

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a C chord above it. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "T-o Can-nan's land I'm on my way where the soul of man ne-ver dies". The second staff also begins with a treble clef and a C chord above it. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "M-y dark-est night will turn to day where the soul of man ne-ver dies". Above the second staff, there are G and C chords indicated above the notes.

*Dear friends there'll be no sad farewells
There'll be no tear dimmed eyes
Where all is peace and joy and love
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*A rose is blooming there for me
Where the soul of man never dies
And I will spend eternity
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*A love-light beams across the foam
Where the soul of man never dies
It shines to light the shores of home
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*My life will end in deathless sleep
Where the soul of man never dies
And everlasting joys I'll reap
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*I'm on my way to that fair land
Where the soul of man never dies
Where there will be no parting hand
Where the soul of man never dies.*

Where the Soul Never Dies

To Canaan's Land

American Gospel

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Above the staff, the chord 'D' is written above the first measure and 'A' above the last measure. The lyrics 'T-o Can-nan's land I'm on my way where the soul of man ne-ver dies' are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. Above the staff, the chord 'D' is written above the first measure, 'A' above the second-to-last measure, and 'D' above the final measure. The lyrics 'M-y dark-est night will turn to day where the soul of man ne-ver dies' are written below the staff.

*Dear friends there'll be no sad farewells
There'll be no tear dimmed eyes
Where all is peace and joy and love
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*A rose is blooming there for me
Where the soul of man never dies
And I will spend eternity
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*A love-light beams across the foam
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Where the soul of man never dies.*

*My life will end in deathless sleep
Where the soul of man never dies
And everlasting joys I'll reap
Where the soul of man never dies.*

*I'm on my way to that fair land
Where the soul of man never dies
Where there will be no parting hand
Where the soul of man never dies.*

Whiskey in the Jar

Irish Folk

C Am F

As I was go-ing ov-er the far famed Ker-ry Moun-tains I met with Cap-tain

C

Far-rell and his mon-ey he was count-ing, I first pro-duced my pis-tol and

Am F C

then pro-duced my rap-ier, sayin' stand and de-li-ver for you are a bold de-

G C F

cei-ver Mash-a-ring um a dur um a da, wack for the der-ry-o, Whack for the

C G C

der-ry-o there's whis-key in the jar.

I 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 she swore that she never would decieve me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

If any can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
I think that he is stationed in Cork or Killarney,
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go rovin' in Kilkenny,
I swear he'd treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

I went into my chamber for to take a slumber,
I dreampt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Some take delight in the fishin' and the trappin'
Some take delight in the carraiges a'rollin'
But I take delight in the juice of the barely
And courting pretty women in the morning bright and early.

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.
I then produced my pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

Wild Colonial Boy

Australian - Irish Folk

There was a wild co - lo - nial boy, Jack Dug-gan was his name. He was
 born and raised in I - re - land, in a place called Cas - tle - maine. He was his
 fath - er's on - ly son, his moth - er's pride and joy; How dear - ly did both
 par - ents love their wild co - lo - nial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home;
 And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
 He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoyn
 A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
 A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song;
 Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy;
 They'd all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one.
 Surrender in the Queen's high name, you are a blundering son."
 Jack drew two pistols from his belt and glared upon Fitzroy;
 "I'll fight, but not surrender!" cried the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground,
 He fired a shot at Davis, who fell dead at the sound,
 But a bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy,
 And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

The Wild Rover

Irish Folk

C F

I've been a wild ro-ver for man-y a year And I've
 I went to an ale-house I used to fre-quent And I
 Then out of me pock-et I pulled sove-reigns bright And the
 I'll go back to me par-ents, con-fess what I've done And I'll

C G C

spent all my mon-ey on whis-key and beer But now I'm re-
 told the land-la-dy my mon-ey was spent I asked her for
 land-la-dy's eyes op-ened wide with de-light She said: "I have
 ask them to par-don their prod-i-gal son And if they car-

F C G

turn-ing with gold in great store And I nev-er will play the wild
 cred-it she ans-wered me nay Such a cus-tom as yours I can
 whis-key and wines of the best And the words that I spoke you were
 ess me as oft times be-fore Then I nev-er will play the wild

C G C F

rov-er no more And it's no, nay, nev-er no, nay, nev-er no more
 have an-y day
 on-ly in jest
 rov-er no more

C F C G C

will I play the wild rov-er no nev-er no more

The Wild Rover

Irish Folk

D G

I've been a wild ro-ver for man-y a year And I've
 I went to an ale-house I used to fre-quent And I
 Then out of me pock-et I pulled sove-reigns bright And the
 I'll go back to me par-ents, con-fess what I've done And I'll

D A D

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 whis-key and wines of the best And the words that I spoke you were
 ess me as oft times be-fore Then I nev-er will play the wild

D A D G

rov-er no more And it's no, nay, nev-er no, nay, nev-er no more
 have an-y day
 on-ly in jest
 rov-er no more

D G D A D

will I play the wild rov-er no nev-er no more

Will The Circle Be Unbroken

American Folk

G G7 C G

Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken bye and bye Lord bye and bye.

D G

There's a bet - ter home a - wait - ing in the sky Lord in the sky

G7 C

I was stand - ing by my win - dow On one cold and
Well I told that un - der ta - ker "Un - der - tak - er
I will fol - low close be - hind her Try to hold on
I went back home, Lord, home was lone - some Miss my Moth - er

G

clou - dy day When I saw that hearse come roll - ing
please drive slow For this bo - dy you are haul - ing
and be brave But I could not hide my sor - row
she was gone All my broth - ers, sis - ers cry - ing

D G

For to car - ry my Moth - er a - way
Lord, I hate to see it go
When they laid her in her grave
What a home so sad and a lone

Will Ye Go, Lassie?

Irish Folk

C F C F

Oh the sum-mer time is coming and the trees are sweet - ly
 I will build my love a bower ne - ar yon pure crys - tal
 If my true love she were gone I could nev - er find an -

C F C Am F

bloom-ing and the wild moun-tain thy-me grows a - round the bloom - ing
 foun-tain and on it I will gath-er all the flow - ers of the
 oth - er to pluck wild moun-tain thy-me all a - round the bloom - ing

C F C F

heath - er Will ye go, las - sie — go? and we'll all go to -
 moun-tain
 heath - er

C F C Am F

geth-er to pluck wild moun - tain thy-me all a - round the bloom - ing

C F C

heath - er will ye go, las - sie — go?

Will Ye Go, Lassie?

Irish Folk

D G D G

Oh the sum-mer time is coming and the trees are sweet - ly
 I will build my love a bower ne - ar yon pure crys - tal
 If my true love she were gone I could nev - er find an -

D G D Bm G

bloom-ing and the wild moun-tain thy-me grows a - round the bloom - ing
 foun-tain and on it I will gath-er all the flow - ers of the
 oth - er to pluck wild moun-tain thy-me all a - round the bloom - ing

D G D G

heath - er Will ye go, las - sie — go? and we'll all go to -
 moun-tain
 heath - er

D G D Bm G

geth - er to pluck wild moun - tain thy-me all a - round the bloom - ing

D G D

heath - er will ye go, las - sie — go?

the
VERLANDER FAMILY
and friends

