

A'ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a Maid
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade.

*Chorus: I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid
A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid*

One night I crept from my abode
Mark well what I do say!
One night I crept from my abode
To meet this fair maid down the road.

Chorus

I met this fair maid after dark
Mark well what I do say!
I met this fair maid after dark
And took her to her favorite park.

Chorus

I took this fair maid for a walk
Mark well what I do say!
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had such a loving talk.

Chorus

Her dainty arms wuz white as milk,
Mark well what I do say!
Her dainty arms wuz white as milk,
Her lovely hair wuz soft as silk.

Chorus

Her heart wuz poundin' like a drum,
Mark well what I do say!
Her heart wuz poundin' like a drum,
Her lips wuz red as any plum.

Chorus

I put me arm around her waist
Mark well what I do say!
I put me arm around her waist
Sez she, "Young man, you're in great haste!"

Chorus

I put me hand upon her toe
Mark well what I do say!
I put me hand upon her toe
Sez she, "Young man you're rather low!"

Chorus

I put my hand upon her knee
Mark well what I do say!
I put my hand upon her knee
Sez she, "Young man you're rather free!"

Chorus

I put me hand upon her thigh
Mark well what I do say!
I put me hand upon her thigh
Sez she, "Young man, you're drawin' nigh!"

Chorus

We laid down on a grassy patch,
Mark well what I do say!
We laid down on a grassy patch,
An' I felt such a ruddy ass.

Chorus

She pushed me over on me back,
Mark well what I do say!
She pushed me over on me back,
She laughed so hard her lips did crack.

Chorus

She swore that she'd be true to me
Mark well what I do say!
She swore that she'd be true to me
But spent me pay-day fast and free

Chorus

In three weeks time I was badly bent
Mark well what I do say!
In three weeks time I was badly bent
Then off to war I sadly went.

Chorus

Now when I got home on leave,
Mark well what I do say!
Now when I got home on leave,
A soger had her on his knee.

Chorus



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho they return with Scars?
These are the noble Heroe's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my Breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their Share fall,
Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball;
But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang syne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
A Thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object make me gay:
Since your Return the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do shine,
Streams murmure soft Notes while they
run,
As they did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may pursue the Chase,
And, after a blyth Bottle, end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hourse run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The Heroe pleas'd with the sweet Air
And Signs of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above;
Next Day with Consent and glad Haste
Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine,
Where the good Priest the Couple best;
And put them out of Pine.



THE BEE HIVE

My Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry garden
To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.
As under the bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure
To let me dig within her Mould and roll among her Treasure.
As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a Morn in May, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth.
As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, So under the Mist it is Sunny,
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under feet.
Her Belly is both white and soft, and Downy as any Bunny
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her C_ny.

My Mistress has the Magick Sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain
That she can pleasing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.
Such power hath my tripping Doe, My little pretty Bunny
That many would their Lives forego to play but with her C_ny.



BLACK VELVET BAND

*Chorus: Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Chorus

Oh, one evening late as I rambled
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a gay young deceiver
She was plyin' her trade in a bar.
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison,
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Chorus

Next morning before Judge & jury
For a trial I had to appear
And the Judge, he said, "You young
fellows...
The case against you is quite clear,
And seven long years is your sentence.
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations."
A curse to the black velvet band.

Chorus

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
When ever your out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware the pretty Colleen.
She'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me
lads,
You're landed in Van Dieman's Lands.

Chorus



BLOW THE CANDLES OUT

When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear
The candles all were burning, the moon shone bright and clear.
I knocked upon her window, to ease her of her pain
She rose up to let me in, then barred the door again.

I like your well behaviour, and this I often say
I cannot rest contented, when I am far away.
The roads they are so muddy, we cannot walk about
So roll me in your arms my love, and blow the candles out.

Your father and your mother, in yonder room do lie
A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?
A-hugging one another, without a fear or doubt
So roll me in your arms my love, and blow the candles out.

I prithee speak more softly, of what we have to do
Lest that our noise of talking, should make our pleasure rue.
The streets they are so nigh, love, the people walk about
They may peep in and spy, love, so blow the candles out.

And if we prove successful, love, please name it after me.
Treat it neat and kiss it sweet, and dash it on your knee.
When my three years are over, my time it will be out
And I will pay my debt to you, by blowing the candles out.



CHESTER

Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slav'ry clang her galling chains;
We'll fear them not. We trust in God;
New England's God forever rains.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, too
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd,
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combined.

When God inspired us for the fight
Their lines were broke, their lines were
forc'd,
Their ships were shelter'd in our sight
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise.
Their vet'rans flee before our youth
And generals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful offerings shall we bring,
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud hallelujahs let us sing
And praise his name on every chord.



CUCKOO'S NEST

As I was a walking one morning in May
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say
"I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined
An me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest."

Some like a girl who is pretty in the face
and some like a girl who is slender in the waist
But give me a girl who will wriggle and will twist
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest

Me darling, says she, "I am innocent and young
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue
Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says me, "if you can see it in me eyes
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised
For I live you me dear and I'll marry you I swear
If you'll let me clap my hand on your cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says she, "I can do no such thing
For me mother often told me it was committing sin
Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused
So have no more to do with me cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says me, "it's not committing sin
But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says she, "I cannot you deny"
For you've surely won my heart by the rolling of your eye
Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised
So gently lift your hand into me cuckoo's nest."

This couple they got married and soon they went to bed
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best
And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.



THE CUTTY WREN

Oh where are you going said Milder to Moulder
Oh, we may not tell you said Festel to Fose
We're off to the woods said John the Red Nose
We're off to the woods said John the Red Nose

And what will you do there said Milder to Moulder
We'll shoot the Cutty wren said John the Red Nose.
And how will you shoot us said Milder to Moulder
With bows and with arrows said John the Red Nose.

Oh that will not do said Milder to Moulder
Oh what will you do then said Festel to Fose
Great guns and great cannon said John the Red Nose.
Great guns and great cannon said John the Red Nose.

And how will you fetch her said Milder to Moulder
Oh we may not tell you said Festel to Fose
On four strong men's shoulders said John the Red Nose.
On four strong men's shoulders said John the Red Nose.

Oh that will not do said Milder to Moulder
Oh what will you do then said Festel to Fose
Great carts and great wagons said John the Red Nose.
Great carts and great wagons said John the Red Nose.

Oh how will you cut her up said Milder to Moulder
With knives and with forks said John the Red Nose.
Oh that will not do said Milder to Moulder
Great hatchets and cleavers said John the Red Nose.

Oh, how will you boil her said Milder to Moulder
In pots and in kettles said John the Red Nose.
O that will not do said Milder to Moulder
Great pans and larger cauldrons said John the Red Nose.

Oh who'll get the spare ribs said Milder to Moulder
We'll give 'em all to the poor said John the Red Nose.



DANCE TO THY DADDY

Dance to thy Daddy
My little lady
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear.

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mommy
Dance to thy Daddy,
My little Bear.

You shall have a fishy,
On a little dishie
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat gets in.

You shall have a herring,
On the little dishy
You shall have a herring,
When the boat gets in.

Come here, maw little Jackey,
Now aw've smoke'd mi 'backy,
Let's have a bit o' cracky,
When the boat gets in.

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mommy
Dance to thy Daddy,
My little Bear.

You shall have a fishy,
On a little dishie
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat gets in.

You shall have a mackerel,
On a little dishie
You shall have a mackerel,
When the boat comes in.

Come here, maw little Jackey,
Now aw've smoke'd mi 'backy,
Let's have a bit o' cracky,
When the boat gets in.

Dance to thy Daddy
My little lady
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear.

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mommy
Dance to thy Daddy,
My little Bear.



DIDDLE, DIDDLE
(OR THE KIND COUNTRY LOVERS)

Lavender's green, diddle, diddle
Lavenders blue
You must love me, diddle, diddle
'Cause I love you.
I heard one say, diddle, diddle
Since I came hither
That you and I diddle, diddle
Must lie together.

My hostesse maid, diddle, diddle
Her name was Nell,
She was a Lass, diddle, diddle
That I loved well,
But if she dye Diddle, diddle,
By some mishap,
Then she shall lye, Diddle, diddle
Under the Tap.

That she may drink Diddle, diddle,
When she is dry,
Because she lov'd Diddle, diddle
My Dog and I.
Call up your Maids Diddle, diddle
Set them to work,
Some to make Hay, Diddle, diddle
Some to the Rock.

Some to make Hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to the Corn
Whilst you and I Diddle, diddle,
Keep the bed warm.
Let the birds sing, Diddle, diddle
And the lambs play,
We shall be safe Diddle, diddle
Out of harms way.

James at the George, Diddle, diddle
Sue at the Swan
He loves his maid Diddle, diddle
She loves her man.
But if they chance Diddle, diddle
For to be found,
Catch them i'th Corn Diddle, diddle
Put them ith the pound.

I heard a bird Diddle, diddle
Sing in my Ear
Maids will be scarce Diddle, diddle,
The next New year.
For young men are Diddle, diddle
So wanton grown
That they ne'r mind Diddle, diddle,
Which is their own.

Down in a Dale Diddle, diddle
Where flowers do grow,
And the Trees bud Diddle, diddle
All on a row.
A brisk young Man Diddle diddle
Met with a Maid,
And laid her down, Diddle, diddle
Under the shade.

Where they did play Diddle, diddle
& Kiss & Court,
Like Lambs in May Diddle, diddle
Making fine sport.
There lives a Lass Diddle, diddle
Over the Green,
She sells good Ale Diddle, diddle
Think what I mean.

Oft have I been Diddle diddle
With her i'th the dark
And yet I nere Diddle, diddle
Shot at the mark.
But now my Dear Diddle, diddle
Have at thy bumm
For I do swear Diddle, diddle
Now I am come.

I will be kind Diddle, diddle
Until I dye,
When prethee love Diddle, diddle
My Dog & I.
For thee & I Diddle, diddle
Now are all one,
And we will lye Diddle, diddle
No more alone.



FATHOM THE BOWL

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica it's rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come;
But stout, ale and cider are England's control,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

*chorus: Fathom the bowl, fathom the bowl,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.*

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
No stone for his head, but no matter to he;
There's a clear crystal fountain near England do roll
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus

My wife she do disturb me as I lay at my ease,
She'll do as she will and she'll say as she please;
My wife is the devil, she's black as the coal,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus



FREE AMERICA

That seat of science Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome,
Where now are all their glories ?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway,
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose
For North America.

Proud Albion bow'd to Caesar,
And numerous lords before,
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more;
But we can boast Americans
Have never fall'n a prey,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For Free America.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled,
A paradise of pleasure
New opened in the wild;
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away,
Preserve, preserve, preserve your rights
In Free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants
Beneath this western sky
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty;
The world shall own we're freemen here,
And such will ever be,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For love and liberty.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through her vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster
That scorn to wear a chain.
And blast the venal sycophants
Who dare our rights betray;
Assert yourselves, yourselves, yourselves
For brave America.

Lift up your hearts, my heroes
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you
Shall spread his net in vain;
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'd meet them in array,
And shout huzza, huzza, huzza!
For brave America.

The land where freedom reigns shall still
Be masters of the main,
In giving laws and freedom
To subject France and Spain;
And all the isles o'er ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey,
The prince who rules by Freedom's laws
In North America.



GARRYOWEN

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys who take delight
In smashing limerick lamps at night,
And through the street like sportsters sight,
To carry all before us.

We'll break the windows, we'll break down doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours,
And let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruised.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Our hearts so shout have got us fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such gre'vous thoughts my heart did fill,
Since parting with my Sally.

I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me,
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed to love me.

But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp,
Kind heaven, then, pray guide me.
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in walking,
Until I see the day again,
When Mars shall have res'ind me,
If ever I return that way.
And she should not decline me,
Forever more I'll gladly stay,
With the girl I left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
The only theme should fill my lays,
The Charms of my true lover.

So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy
Kind heaven send me back again
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swans repining.

Ye Gods above! Oh hear my prayer
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves may cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to find her.

The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

It's of a pretty female as you will understand
Her mind was set on rambling into a foreign land
She dressed herself in man's attire and boldly did appear
And she engaged with a Captain to serve him for a year.

The captain's lady being on board, she seemed in great joy
To think that the Captain had engaged such a handsome cabin boy
And many's the time she cuddled and kissed, and she would have liked to toy
But 'twas the Captain found out the secret of the handsome cabin boy

Her cheeks they were like roses, her hair was all a-curl
The sailors often smiled and said, he looks just like a girl
But eating the Captain's biscuit, well, her color it did destroy
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell, the handsome cabin boy.

As through the Bay of Biscay our gallant ship did plough
One night among the sailors there came an awful row
They tumbled from their hammocks for their rest it did destroy
They complained about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy

It's doctor, dearest doctor, the cabin boy did cry
My time has come, I am undone, surely I must die
The doctor ran with all his might, a-smiling at the fun
For to think a cabin boy could have a daughter or a son

Now when the sailors heard the joke, they all began to stare
The child belongs to none of us, they solemnly did swear
And the lady to the Captain said "My dear I wish you joy
For it was either you or I betrayed the handsome cabin boy."

Come all of you bold fellows and we'll drink success to trade
And likewise to the cabin boy who was neither man nor maid
And if the wars should rise again, us sailors to destroy
Well, here's hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin boy.



LILLIBURLERO

Ho, Brother Teague, dost hear the decree,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Dat we shall have a new deputy?
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, Lilliburlero, bullen a la.

Ho, by my soul, it is The Talbot,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
And he will cut all de English throats!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Though, by my soul, the English do prate,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
The Law's on der side and the Devil knows
what!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

But if Dispense do come from the Pope,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
We'll hang Magna Carta and dem in a rope!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

And the good Lord Talbot is made a Lord,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
And with his brave lads he's coming abroad!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
That they will have no Protestant heir!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Oh, but why does he stay behind?
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Ho, by my soul, 'tis a Protestant wind!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Now Tyrconnell is coming ashore,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
And we shall have commissions galore!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

And he dat will not go to Mass,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Shall turn out and look like an Ass!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Now, all the heretics do go down,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
By Christ and Saint Patrick, the Nation's our own!
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

There was an old prophecy writ in a bog,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
That we should be ruled by an ass and a dog.
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Now the prophecy has come to pass,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
For James is the dog and Tyrconnell's the ass.
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.

Here is the last verse that I will sing,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
A toast to Prince William, a Protestant King.
Lilliburlero, bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, &c.



MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Now to the widow of fifty
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen
And here's to the house wife that's thrifty

Chorus:

*Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass
Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize
Now to the damsel with none, Sir
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes
and now to the nymph with but one, Sir

Chorus

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim
Young or ancient, I care not
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim
And let us e'en toast 'em together

Chorus



THE OLD SOLDIERS OF THE KING

Since you all must have singing and won't be said,
"Nay,"
I cannot refuse when you beg and you pray.
I will sing you a song as a poet might say,
Of King George's old soldiers who ne'er run away.

*Chorus: We're the old soldiers of the King,
And the King's own regulars.*

At Lexington we met with Rebels one day,
We got ourselves up in our finest array,
Our heads bid us stand, and our hearts bid us stay,
But our legs were strong-minded and took us away.

Chorus

They fought so unfairly from back of the trees,
If they'd only fought open we'd have beat them with ease,
They can fight one another that way, if they please,
But we don't have to stand for such tactics as these.

Chorus:

We marched into Princeton with fifes and with drums,
With muskets and cannons, with swords and with bombs,
This great expedition cost infinite sums
But some underpaid Doodles they cut us to crumbs.

Chorus:

Our general staff planned the Yankee's defeat,
With stealth we'd surprise them the next time we'd meet,
We marched, not expecting that we might be beat,
So the generals' plan of surprise was complete.

Chorus:

'Tis true that we turned, but that shouldn't disgrace us,
We did it to prove that the foe couldn't face us,
And they've nothing to boast, it's a very plain case,
Though we lost in the fight, we came first in the race.



OVER THE HILLS & FAR AWAY

Hark! now the drums beat up again,
For all true soldiers, gentlemen.
Then let us 'list and march, I say,
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus
Over the hills and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain.
Queen Ann commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

All gentlemen that have a mind,
To serve the Queen that's good and kind.
Come 'list and enter into pay,
Then o'er the hills and far away.

Chorus

Here's 40 shillings on the drum,
For those that volunteer do come,
With shirts and cloathes and present pay,
When o'er the hills and far away.

Chorus

Hear that brave boys and let us go,
Or else we shall be 'pressed you know.
Then 'list and enter into pay,
And o'er the hills and far away.

Chorus

No more from sound of drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Galway beat,
The French and Spainards every day,
When over the hills and far away.

Chorus

The 'prentice Tom he may refuse,
To wipe his angry master's shoes.
For then he's free to sing and play,
O'er the hills and far away.

Chorus

Come on then boys and you shall see,
We every one shall Captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When over the hills and far away.

Chorus



THE PARTING GLASS

Of all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm I've ever done,
Alas! it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

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

If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall,
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.



THE RAKES OF MALLOW

Beauing, belling, dancing, singing,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.
Spending faster than it comes,
Beating Bawds and Whores and Duns,
Bacchus' true begotten sons,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking,
To raise the sinking-fund when sinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.
One time flush of money store,
Then as any poet poor,
Kissing Queens, and then a W--re,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dada dying,
Still for Mallow waters crying,
But when there, good claret plying,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.
Living short, but merry lives,
Going where the D---l drives,
Keeping Misses, but no Wives,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teizing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all our days, in
Raking thus at Mallow.
Thus to end a raking life,
We grow sober, take a Wife,
Ever after live in strife,
Wish again for Mallow.



ROLLING IN THE DEW

O where are you going,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
O I'm a-going a-milking,
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
Makes the milkmaids so fair.

O shall I go along with you,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Why surely you can please yourself,
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.

Supposing I should lay you down,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Then you'd have to pick me up again
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.

Supposing I should dirt your gown
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Why surely it would wash again
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.

Supposing you should be with child,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Then you would be the father of it
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair

What would you do for linen,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
My father he's a linen-draper,
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.

What would you do for a cradle
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Why my brother he's a basket maker,
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.

Supposing I should go to war,
my sweet and pretty fair maid?
With your red rosy cheeks
and your curly black hair?
Then I would follow after you
kind sir, she answered me
For it's rolling in the dew
makes the milkmaids so fair.



ROSIN, THE BEAU

I have travelled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go;
I know that good quarters are waiting,
 To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
 To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
 To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half gallon bottles,
 To the name of old Rosin, the beau.
 To the name of old Rosin, the beau.
And drink out of half gallon bottles,
 To the name of old Rosin, the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out whiskey and water
 To drink to old Rosin, the beau.
 To drink to old Rosin, the beau.
Singing out whiskey and water
 To drink to old Rosin, the beau.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
 And in it toss Rosin, the beau.
 And in it toss Rosin, the beau.
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
 And in it toss Rosin, the beau.

And when I am dead, I reckon
The ladies will all want to know--
Just lift the lid off the coffin,
 And look at old Rosin, the beau.
 And look at old Rosin, the beau.
Just lift the lid off the coffin,
 And look at old Rosin, the beau.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe;
And do not fail to scratch on it
 The name of old Rosin, the beau.
 The name of old Rosin, the beau.
And do not fail to scratch on it
 The name of old Rosin, the beau.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
 Nor even old Rosin, the beau.
 Nor even old Rosin, the beau.
Who spares neither age nor condition,
 Nor even old Rosin, the beau.



WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

We be soldiers three
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee
To all good fellows, wherever they be.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pay for the shot whatever it is.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen.



THE WHITE COCKADE

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The boniest lad that e'er was seen,
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the Field wi' his White Cockade.

Chorus:
O he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk an a bonny lad,
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow;
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

Chorus



YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus:

*Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.*

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

Chorus

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so' tarnal fin-a,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.

Chorus

And then we saw a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple;
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

Chorus

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Chorus

I went as nigh to one myself,
As' Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Chorus

We saw a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

Chorus

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles.

Chorus

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.

Chorus

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For' lasses cake to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

Chorus

But I can't tell half I see
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

Chorus

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I streaked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

Chorus

And there I saw a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

*Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.*