

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

This songbook contains a wide variety of (mostly) well-known traditional songs and shanties. Please let us know if there are any others that we could include.

There is a YouTube link for each as a reminder of the tune – just note that in many cases the lyrics may be different to those in the songbook as in many cases there are several versions.

For the purposes of a good old club singsong, as long as the tune, rhythm and most of the words are the same from everyone, then we'll be able to have a really great time.

Enjoy.....

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Trelawny

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fq1UVqWrWGY>

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

[Chorus:]

And shall Trelawny live,
or shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their Captain brave and bold:
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay:
With 'one and all', and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?"

[Chorus:]

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!
Trelawny he's in keep and hold:
Trelawny he may die:
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

[Chorus:]

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Cornwall My Home

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IK715OGDL_8

I've stood on Cape Cornwall in the sun's evening glow
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn to watch the fishing fleet go,
Watched the sheaved wheels at Geevor as they spun around
And heard the men singing as they go underground

[Chorus:]

And no-one will ever move me from this land
Until the lord calls me to sit at his hand
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone,
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home!

I've left childish footsteps in the soft Sennen sand,
I've chased the maids down there all giggly and tanned
I've stood on the cliff top in a westerly blow
And heard the waves thunder on the rocks far below

[Chorus:]

First thing in the morning, on Chapel Carn Brea
I gaze at the Scillies in the blue far away.
And this is my Cornwall and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here and here I shall die

[Chorus:]

For this is my Cornwall and this is my home!

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Cornish Lads

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zGa7DUSk3TE>

[Chorus:]

Well Cornish lads are fishermen
And Cornish lads are miners too
But when the fish and tin are gone
What are the Cornish boys to do?

From Newlyn town we used to sail
Through rain and mist and lashing gale
The mackerel shoals we hoped to find
And soon we've left Land's End behind

[Chorus:]

I've searched the Seven Stones all around
But not a sign or shoal we've found
Round Island light is now in sight
But Scillies are a barren ground

[Chorus:]

The winding engines used to sing
A melody to Cornish tin
And Geevor lads they all would grin
At pay day on a Friday

[Chorus:]

The water now reclaims the mine
And young men talk of old men's time
And go to work in gold or coal
Or face a life upon the dole

[Chorus:]

The hammer of the auction man
Is the only sound we soon will hear
And visitors will make the noise
And order drinks from Cornish boys

[Chorus:]

We'll do as we have done before
Go out to roam the wild world o'er
Wherever sea or ship are found

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Or there's a hole down underground

[Last Chorus:]

Well Cornish lads are fishermen

And Cornish lads are miners too

So when the fish and tin are gone

That's what the Cornish boys will do

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Lamorna

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rp0H3mQ8Dqg>

[Chorus:]

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

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

Twa-aa-s [Chorus:]

As we got in the cab I asked her for her name,
When she gave it me, well mine it was the same
So I lifted up her veil, for her face was covered over;
To my surprise it was my wife
I'd rode down to Lamorna

Twa-aa-aa-s [Chorus:]

She said, "I knowed 'ee well, I knowed 'ee all the while,
I knowed 'ee in the dark and I did it for a lark, lark, lark.
And for that lark you'll pay, for the taking of my honour,
You'll pay the fare, I do declare,
Away down to Lamorna"

Twa-aa-aa-aa-s [Chorus:]

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Little Lize

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hYBsg1MKTwc>

The other night I had a dream,
The funniest dream of all,
I dreamt that I was kissing you
Behind the garden wall.

[Chorus:]

And she said Little Lize I love you (honey)
Little Lize I love you, I love you in the springtime and the fall, (honey, honey)
Little Lize I love you, Little Lize I love you,
I love you best of all (honey, honey, honey)

Oh tell me honey tell me do,
Who is your turtle dove?
Oh tell me honey, tell me do,
Who is the one you love?

[Chorus:]

I took my honey home last night
Beneath the spreading pine
I placed my arms around her waist
And pressed her lips on mine.

[Chorus:]

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Harry's Song for Cornwall

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SpGi1TNFyel>

When I sing of Cornwall there's one way to begin
To tell the story of the men of copper, fish and tin
From the sea that's all around us, to way below the ground,
The memory of these mighty men is gathered all around

[Chorus:]

So let's hear it for Trelawny may his army never die
Let's hear it for Trevithick with his engine steaming by
Let's hear it for the farmers and for the fishermen
Let's hear it for the miners who we hope will mine again

From the engine houses – scattered round Carn Brea
To the white St Austell landscape sculpted in the china clay
From the harbours here at Newquay, at Padstow and at Looe
The lighthouse on the Wolf Rock shows what Cornishmen can do

[Chorus:]

Cornwall's past is mighty, it was built by mighty men
And as Cornishmen we hope those times will come again
Or do we let our mining and fishing round us fall?
Not if we stick together with our motto "One and All"

[Chorus:]

Now when you cross the Tamar into this promised land,
There's one thing to remember one thing to understand
Cornwall's not a county just sited in the west
Cornwall is a country, the land we love the best

[Chorus:]

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Sweet Nightingale

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0xnPnRMyaTg>

My sweetheart, come a long, Don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow
Don't you hear the fond tale....
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

Pretty Betsy, don't fail, For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go.
You shall hear the fond tale....
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own;
Along with you, sir, I'll not go.
For to hear the fond tale....
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow:
You shall hear the fond tale,...
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

The couple agreed to be married with speed
And soon to the church they did go.
You shall hear the fond tale,...
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

No more's she afraid for to walk in the shade,
Or to sit in these valleys below.
You shall hear the fond tale....
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

For she hears the fond tale....
Of the sweet nightingale

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As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below.

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Camborne Hill

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B8EQthcgloQ>

Going up Camborne Hill, coming down
Going up Camborne Hill, coming down
The horses stood still;
The wheels went around;
Going up Camborne Hill coming down

White stockings, white stockings she wore
White stockings, white stockings she wore
White stockings she wore:
The same as before;
Going up Camborne Hill coming down

I knowed her old father old man
I knowed her old father old man
I knowed her old man:
He played in the band;
Going up Camborne Hill coming down

He heaved in the coal in the steam
He heaved in the coal in the steam
He heaved in the coal:
The steam hit the beam
Going up Camborne Hill coming down

Going up Camborne Hill, coming down
Going up Camborne Hill, coming down
The horses stood still;
The wheels went around;
Going up Camborne Hill coming down

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The White Rose

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-k0JnyzV4MY>

The first time I met you, my darling
Your face was as fair as the rose
But now your dear face has grown paler
As pale as the lily white rose

[Chorus:]
I love the White Rose in its splendour
I love the White Rose in its bloom
I love the White Rose so fair as she grows
It's the rose that reminds me of you

You're fair as the spring, oh my darling
Your face shines so bright, so divine
The fairest of blooms in my garden
Oh lily white rose, you are mine

[Chorus:]

Years pass by so quickly, my darling
Each makes you more precious to me;
But long may we grow close together
Oh, lily-white rose, cling to me

[Chorus:]

Now I am alone, my sweet darling
I walk through the garden and weep
But spring will return with your presence
Oh lily white rose, mine to keep

[Chorus:]
I love the White Rose in its splendour
I love the White Rose in its bloom
I love the White Rose so fair as she grows
It's the rose that reminds me of you

Alternate fourth verse

And now that you've left me my darling
From your grave one single flower grows
I will always remember you darling,
When I gaze on that lily white rose.

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My Grandfather's Clock

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kLNPqo5w7zc>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-odjl7pioo>

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
But it weighed not a pennyweight more

It was bought on the morn on the day that he was born
It was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

Ninety years without slumbering
Tic toc tic toc
His life's seconds numbering
Tic toc tic toc
It stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent when a boy
And through childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy

For it struck 24 when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found,
For it kept perfect time and it had one desire
At the close of each day to be wound

At it kept to its place, not a frown upon its face
At its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died

It rang an alarm in the still of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure had come

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Still the clock kept the time
With a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died"

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Old Time Religion

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-odjl7pioo>

[Chorus:]

Won't you give that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
And it's good enough for me

It was good for me mother
It was good for me mother
It was good for me mother
And it's good enough for me

[Chorus:]

It will take you up to heaven
It will take you up to heaven
It will take you up to heaven
And it's good enough for me

[Chorus:]

It will save you from the fiery furnace
It will save you from the fiery furnace
It will save you from the fiery furnace
And it's good enough for me

[Chorus:]

It was good for the Cornish
It was good for the Cornish
It was good for the Cornish
And it's good enough for me

[Chorus:]

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Hail to the Homeland

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJvyS1SlbJE>

Hail to the Homeland,
Great bastion of the free,
Hear now thy children
Proclaim their love for thee.

Ageless thy splendour,
Undimmed the Celtic flame.
Proudly our souls reflect
The glory of thy name.

Sense now the beauty,
The peace of Bodmin Moor,
Ride with the breaker
Towards the Sennen shore.

Let firm hands fondle
The boulders of Trencrom,
Sing with all fervour, then
The great Trelawny song.

Hail to the Homeland,
Of Thee we are a part.
Great pulse of freedom
In every Cornish heart.

Prompt us and guide us,
Endow us with thy power,
Lace us with liberty
To face this changing hour.

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Let the Lower Lights be Burning

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6moMMha7L-U>

Brightly beams our Father's mercy from his lighthouse evermore
But to us he gives the keeping of the lights along the shore
Let the lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave
Some poor fainting struggling seaman, you may rescue you may save

Dark the night of sin has settled loud the angry billows roar
Eager eyes are watching longing for the lights along the shore
Let the lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave
Some poor fainting struggling seaman, you may rescue you may save

Trim your feeble lamp my brother, some poor sailor tempest tossed
Trying now to make the harbour in the darkness may be lost
Let the lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave
Some poor fainting struggling seaman, you may rescue you may save

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Keep Hauling

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FkNwhbyiA4Y>

When love just seems so far away
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
The tide will flood your heart someday
Keep haulin' boys

When your guidin' star's in cloudy skies
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
You'll find your way to the bright sunrise
Keep haulin' boys

Keep haulin', ho-ooo
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin' boys

If you gave your best and your heart stayed true
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
There's only one thing left to do
Keep haulin' boys

If you fought so hard and you lost your hold
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
Remember fate rewards the bold
Keep haulin' boys

Keep haulin', ho-ooo
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin' boys

Whatever your ship and wherever your sea
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
Whatever your storm or your rocks may be
Keep haulin' boys

Keep haulin', ho-ooo
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin' boys

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Keep haulin', ho-ooo
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin' boys
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin' boys

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No Hopers Jokers and Rogues

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rFeCQQ9fs6E>

[Chorus:]

Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues
We're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes
It might be a ladder to the stars, who knows
Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues.

Leave all your furrows in the fields where they lie
Your factories and offices; kiss them all goodbye
Have a little faith in the dream maker in the sky
There's glory in believing him and it's all in the beholder's eye.

[Chorus:]

Turn off your engines and slow down your wheels
Suddenly your master plan loses its appeal
Everybody knows that this reality's not real
So raise a glass to all things past and celebrate how good it feels.

[Chorus:]

Awash on the sea of our own vanity
We should rejoice in our individuality
Though it's gale force, let's steer a course for sanity.

[Chorus:]

[Chorus:]

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The Shoals of Herring

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uGP2oJnJyVw>

With our nets and gear we are faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean
It's out there on the deep we harvest and reap our bread
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was faring
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

Oh, the work was hard and the hours were long
And the treatment sure it took some bearing
There was little kindness and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

Oh, we fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank
I was a cook and I'd a quarter-sharing
And I used to sleep, standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

Oh, we left the home grounds in the month of June
And to canny Shields we soon was bearing
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
As you're hunting for the shoals of herring

Oh, I earned me keep and I paid me way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten-million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring

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South Australia

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uZdee8OPfn4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wDoPfMc104Q>

In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn

[Chorus:]

We're bound for South Australia
Haul away you rolling king
Heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away, haul away
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

[Chorus:]

I shook her up and shook her down
Heave away, haul away
I shook her round and round the town

[Chorus:]

I run her all night and I run her all day
Heave away, haul away
And I run her until we sailed away

[Chorus:]

But there ain't one thing that grieves me mind
Heave away, haul away
It's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

[Chorus:]

And as we wallop around Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born

[Chorus:]

In South Australia my native land
Heave away, haul away

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Full of rocks and thieves and sand

[Chorus:]

And now we're in Van Diemen's land
Heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

[Chorus:]

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Holy Ground

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yBZU3PW1VVc>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61sMrJOI9_4

Fare thee well my lovely Dinah, a thousand times adieu
For we're going away from the Holy Ground, and the girls we all love true
We will sail the salt sea over, and then return for sure
To see again the girls we love,
And the Holy Ground once more,
Fine girl you are!
You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see the holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are!

And now the storm is raging, and we are far from shore
And the good old ship is tossing about, and the rigging is all tore
And the secret of my life, my love,
You're the girl that I adore
And still I live in hope to see,
The Holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are!
You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see The Holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are!

And now the storm is over, and we are safe and well
We will go into a public house, and sit and drink like hell
We will drink strong ale and porter, we'll make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent, we'll go to sea once more
Fine girl you are!
You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see The Holy Ground once more,
Fine girl you are!

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The Leaving of Liverpool

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uXVnmL1Kvmg>

Fare well to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
For I am bound for California
It's a place that I know right well

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

We are bound for Californiay
By way of stormy Cape Horn
I will write to you a letter love
When I am homeward bound

[Chorus:]

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
Dan Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating shame

[Chorus:]

I have sailed with Burgess once before
He's a man that I know right well
If a man is a sailor, he can get along
And if not, then he is sure in Hell

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

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

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[Chorus:]

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Wild Rover

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b_4KboYi40I

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

[Chorus:]

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

I went into an alehouse that I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, but she answered me nay
Such a customer as you I can get any day

[Chorus:]

Then I took from me pocket, ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whisky and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke were only in jest

[Chorus:]

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And, when they caressed me as oft times before
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

[Chorus:]

[Chorus:]

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All For Me Grog

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5CCq2qvslCM>

[Chorus:]

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

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes
And my head is full off aches
And I'll have to take a path for way out yonder

[Chorus:]

Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots
They're all sold for beer and tobacco
See the soles were gettin' thin
And the uppers were letting in
And the heels are looking out for better weather

[Chorus:]

Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
You see the sleeves they got worn out
And the collar was turned about
And the tail is looking out for better weather

[Chorus:]

Where is me wife me noggin' noggin' wife
She's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see her front it got worn out
And her tail's been kicked about
And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather

[Chorus:]

Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see I sold it to the girls
And the springs they got all twirls
And the sheets they're looking out for better weather

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[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

New York Girls

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wPjJoNqFCwY>

As I walked down through Chatham Street
A fair maid I did meet.
She asked me to see her home,
She lived in Bleeker Street.

[Chorus:]
And away you Santee,
My dear Annie,
Oh you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

And when we got to Bleeker Street,
We stopped at forty four.
Her mother and her sister there
To meet her at the door.

[Chorus:]

And when I got inside the house,
The drinks were passed around.
The liquor was so awful strong,
My head went round and round.

[Chorus:]

And then we had another drink
Before we sat to eat.
The liquor was so awful strong,
I quickly fell asleep.

[Chorus:]

When I awoke next morning,
I had an aching head.
There was I Jack-all-alone,
Stark naked in my bed.

[Chorus:]

My gold watch and my pocket-book
And lady friend were gone.
And there was I Jack-all-alone,
Stark naked in my room.

[Chorus:]

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On looking round this little room,
There's nothing I could see,
But a woman's shift and apron
That were no use to me.

[Chorus:]

With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes
Down Cherry Street forlorn,
There Martin Churchill took me in
And sent me round Cape Horn.

[Chorus:]

Don't mess around with women boys
You're safer 'round Cape Horn

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Drunken Sailor

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sMQtvYBDf0g>

What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Put him in a long boat till his sober
Put him in a long boat till his sober
Put him in a long boat till his sober
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter
Put him in the bed with the captains daughter
Put him in the bed with the captains daughter
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Have you seen the Captain's daughter?
Have you seen the captain's daughter?
Have you seen the captain's daughter?
Early in the morning!

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[Chorus:]

That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
Early in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Irish Rover

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hE9I2p0kLKk>

In the year of Our Lord July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the coal quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall of New York

We'd an elegant craft she was rigged fore and aft
And how the wild winds drove her
She had twenty-seven masts and withstood several blasts
And they called her the Irish Rover

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Charlie Johnny Magurk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McGann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of bone
We had three million bales of nanny goats tails
We had four million barrels of stone

We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost her way in a fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
T'was meself and the captains old dog

The ship struck a rock Oh Lord what a shock
And nearly rolled right over
Turned nine times around then the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Shores of Botany Bay

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_432s60y5w

Oh, I'm on me way down to the quay
Where a big ship now does lay
For to take gang of navvies there
I was told to engage
But I thought I would call in for a while
Before I went away
For to take a trip on and emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

[Chorus:]

Farewell to your bricks and mortar
Farewell to your dirty lime
Farewell to your gangway and your gang plank
And to hell with your overtime
For the good ship Rag o'Muffin
Is lying at the quay
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay

Well the boss came up this morning
And he said "Well Pat, hello
If you don't mix that mortar quick
Be sure you'll have to go"
Well of course he did insult me
I demanded all my pay
And I told him straight I was going to emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay

[Chorus:]

And when I reach Australia
I'll go in search for gold
There's plenty there for digging up
Or so I have been told
Or maybe I'll go back to my trade
Eight hundred bricks I'll lay
For an eight hour shift and an eight bob pay
On the shores of Botany Bay

[Chorus:]

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Sloop John B

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KyQ_qZeO5JA

We come on the Sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, let me go home
Why don't you let me go home
I feel so broke up I want to go home
Let me go home

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home

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I want to go home, let me go home
Why don't you let me go home

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Strike the Bell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TOslwQpP7W0>

Up on the poop deck and walking about,
There is the second mate so steady and so stout.
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know too well,
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

[Chorus:]
Strike the bell second mate, let us go below;
Look ye well to windward you can see its going to blow.
Look at the glass you can see that it has fell,
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch just longing for their bunks;
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell,
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

[Chorus:]
Forward at the forecastle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny standin', a longin' fer to shout,
"Lights are burnin' bright sir and everything is well."
He's wishing that the second mate would, strike the bell.

[Chorus:]
Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,
Lookin' at the compass though the course is clear as hell;
He's wishin' that the second mate would, strike the bell.

[Chorus:]
Nothing in sight, Sir the lights are burning bright
Relieve at the helm and I wish you good night
Dreaming of our sweethearts and we hope that we'll sleep well
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

[Chorus:]
Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand.
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well.
He's thinking more of shortenin' sail than striking the bell.

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[Chorus:]

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Home Boys Home

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eLaL32gdgOs>

Well who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailing on the main,
To gain the good will of his captain's good name,
He came ashore one evening for to be,
And that was the beginning of me old true love and me.

[Chorus:]

And it's home boys home, home I'd like to be,
Home for a while in me own country,
Where the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Rowan tree,
Are all growing greener in the old country.

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me way to bed,
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head,
She tended to me needs like a young maid aught to do,
And then I said to her now would you lep in with me too.

[Chorus:]

Well she jumped into bed making no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm,
Well I hugged her and I kissed her the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night, had been seven years long.

[Chorus:]

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose,
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold,
Saying take this me dear for the mischief that I've done,
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.

[Chorus:]

Well if it be a girl child send her out to nurse,
With gold in her pocket and silver in her purse,
And if it be a boy child, he'll ware the jacket blue,
And go climbing up the riggin' like his daddy used to do

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Mermaid

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a5g61BYew0U>

It was Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land
When our Captain he spied a mermaid so fair
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

[Chorus:]
And the ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors are skippin' in the tops
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below!

[Chorus:]
Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine old man was he!
"This sweet mermaid has warned us of our doom;
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea!"

[Chorus:]
Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,
And a fine spoken man was he!
"I have me a wife in Salem by the sea,
And tonight a widow she will be!"

[Chorus:]
Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a brave young lad was he!
"I have a sweetheart in Plymouth by the sea,
And tonight she'll be weepin' there for me!"

[Chorus:]
Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And a crazy old butcher was he!
"I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea!"

[Chorus:]
Then three times round spun our gallant ship,
And three times round spun she;

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Three times round spun our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea!

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Fiddler's Green

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cBp1uiGHu-M>

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Sign, take me away boys me time is not long

[Chorus:]

Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumpers
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

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

[Chorus:]

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

[Chorus:]

When you land in dock 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 hanging on every tree

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Roll The Old Chariot Along / A Drop of Nelson's Blood

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-CuyLbC2TZo>

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
And we'll all hang on behind...

[Chorus:]

And we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!
We'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!
We'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!
And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, we'd be alright if we make it round The Horn
We'd be alright if we make it round The Horn
We'd be alright if we make it round The Horn
And we'll all hang on behind...

[Chorus:]

Well a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
A night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind...

[Chorus:]

Now, another festival wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, another festival wouldn't do us any harm
Woah, another festival wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind...

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
An' we'll all hang on behind!

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[Chorus:]

Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm.

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

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm.

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

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Sally Brown

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cLLKaERWhMk>

Shipped on board a Liverpool liner
Way hey roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend our money along with sally brown

Sally Brown is a nice young lady
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend my money along with sally brown

She's tall and she's dark and she's not too shady
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend my money along with sally brown

Her mother doesn't like no tarry sailor
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend my money along with sally brown

She once had to marry a one-legged captain
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend our money along with sally brown

Sally wouldn't marry me so I shipped across the water
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend our money along with sally brown

And now I am courting Sally's daughter
Way hay roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend our money along with sally brown.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

I shipped off board a Liverpool liner
Way hey roll and go
And we rolled all night
And we rolled all day
For to spend our money along with sally brown

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wY1fUAPYH3M>

Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound, four years gone, or nigh, Jack.
Was there ever chummies, now, such as you and I, Jack?
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

We have worked the self-same gun, quarterdeck division.
Sponger I and loader you, through the whole commission.
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger fearing,
Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather earring.
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

When the middle watch was on, and the time went slow, boy,
Who could choose a rousing stave, who like Jack or Joe, boy?
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now.
Number seven starboard mess misses Jack and Joe now.
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather.
Hand yer flipper for a shake, now a drink together.
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4fVQwzv5Qfc>

Oh the work was hard and the wages low.
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
I guess its time for us to go
And its time for us to leave her.

[Chorus:]

Leave her Johnny, leave her,
Oh leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh I thought I heard the old man say,
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh tomorrow you will get your pay
And it's time for us to leave her,

[Chorus:]

The winds blew foul and the seas ran high.
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
We shipped up green and none went by
And it's time for us to leave her,

[Chorus:]

The mate was a bucco and the old man was a Turk.
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
And the boatswain was a begger with a middle name of work
And it's time for us to leave her.

[Chorus:]

The old man swears, and the mate swears too,
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
The crew all swear, and so would you
And it's time for us to leave her,

[Chorus:]

The starboard pump is like the crew
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
It's all worn out and will not do
And it's time for us to leave her,

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

[Chorus:]

The rats have gone and we the crew
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
It's the time be-damned that we went too
And it's time for us to leave her,

[Chorus:]

Well I pray that we shall ne're more see
Leave her Johnny, leave her.
A hungry ship, the likes of she
And it's time for us to leave her,

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Heart of Oak

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4NXFCDgyanA>

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year.
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

[Chorus:]

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready; Steady, boys, steady.
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away.
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we can do no more.

[Chorus:]

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

[Chorus:]

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be Justice – her watchword, 'be free.'
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let's sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king.

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Mingulay Boat Song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IOxRfeYHWfM>

[Chorus:]

Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Bring her head round into the weather
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

What care we how white the Minch is
What care we for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

[Chorus:]

Wives are waiting, by the pier heads,
Looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her head round, then you'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay!

[Chorus:]

Ships returning, heavy laden
Mothers holding bairns a'cryin
We'll return boys, when the sun sets
We'll return home to Mingulay!

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Seth Davey (Whiskey on a Sunday)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=idBEhbeHJVk>

[Chorus:]

Come day, go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week,
Whiskey on a Sunday

He sits on the corner of Bevington Bush
Astride of an old packing crate
The three dancing dolls at the end of the plank
As he croons with a smile on his face

[Chorus:]

His tired old hands tug away at the strings
And the dolls they dance to a cheer
A far better show than you ever would see
At the Pivvy or New Brighton pier

[Chorus:]

In nineteen oh five old Seth Davy died
And his songs were heard no more
The three wooden dolls in the jowler bin were laid
And the plank went to mend the back door
His songs will be heard nevermore

[Chorus:]

But some stormy night when you're passing that way
And the wind's blowing up from the sea
You'll still hear the song of old Seth Davy
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

[Chorus:]

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Wild Mountain Thyme

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c3DPPBM3ntl>

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

[Chorus:]
And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower
Near yon pure crystal fountain,
And on it I will build,
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will ye go, lassie go?

[Chorus:]

If my true love, she were gone,
I will surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

When You Were Sweet Sixteen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z265BuKCQrc>

When first I saw the love light in your eye,
I thought the world held naught but joy for me.
And even though we drifted far apart,
I never dream, but what I dream of thee

I love you as I've never loved before,
Since first I saw you on the village green.
Come to me e'er my dreams of love are o'er,
I love you as I loved you,
When you were sweet,
When you were sweet sixteen.

I love you as I've never loved before,
Since first I saw you on the village green.
Come to me e'er my dreams of love are o'er,
I love you as I loved you,
When you were sweet,
When you were sweet sixteen.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LdJT4l6kBuk>

[Chorus:]

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home
There was a band of angels, a-comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home

[Chorus:]

I'm sometimes up, and I'm sometimes down
Comin' for to carry me home
But but I know my soul is heavenly bound
Comin' for to carry me home

[Chorus:]

If you get there before I do
Comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends that I'm a-comin' too
Comin' for to carry me home

[Chorus:]

And now they're comin' for to carry me home

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Land Of My Fathers

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3kUnCwV3AYE>

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion enwogion o fri
Ei gwrol ryfelwr, gwlad garwyr tra mad
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Gwlad Gwlad,
Pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau

O land of my fathers, O land of my love,
Dear mother of minstrels who kindle and move,
And hero on hero, who at honour's proud call,
For freedom their lifeblood let fall.

[Chorus:]
Wales! Wales! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be,
To Cymru my heart shall be true.

O land of the mountains, the bard's paradise,
Whose precipice, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood
Fire the fancy and quicken the blood.

[Chorus:]
For tho' the fierce foeman has ravaged your realm,
The old speech of Cymru he cannot o'erwhelm,
Our passionate poets to silence command
Or banish the harp from your strand.

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Skye Boat Song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4GxCjoZ5yLQ>

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

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Baffled our foe's stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare

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

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

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Land of Hope and Glory

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-tW0QqiT2LU>

Land of Hope and Glory
Mother of the Free
How shall we extol thee
Who are born of thee?
Wider still, and wider
Shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty
Make thee mightier yet!

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned
Once more thy crown is set
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained
Thine Empire shall be strong

Thy fame is ancient as the days
As Ocean large and wide:
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise
A stern and silent pride
Not that false joy that dreams content

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Jerusalem

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rT1HEXNI9c4>

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

I Vow to Thee My Country

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o6ZvyIOSy5A>

I vow to thee my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best.
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know.
We may not count her armies, we may not see her king,
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering.
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Men of Harlech

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TFk-lzm84eY>

Tongues of fire on Idris flaring,
News of foemen near declaring,
To heroic deeds of daring,
Call you, Harlech men.
Groans of wounded peasants dying,
Wails of wives and children flying,
For the distant succour crying,
Call you, Harlech Men.

Shall the voice of wailing,
Now be unavailing,
You to rouse, who never yet
In battle's hour were failing?
This our answer, crowds down pouring,
Swift as winter torrents roaring.
Not in vain the voice imploring
Calls on Harlech men.

Loud the martial pipes are sounding,
Every manly heart is bounding,
As our trusted chief surrounding,
March we, Harlech men.
Short the sleep the foe is taking;
Ere the morrow's morn is breaking,
They shall have a rude awakening,
Roused by Harlech Men.

Mothers, cease your weeping,
Calm may be your sleeping,
You and yours in safety now,
The Harlech men are keeping.
Ere the sun is high in heaven,
They you fear, by panic riven,
Shall, like frightened sheep, be driven,
Far, by Harlech men.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

All Around My Hat

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LGGZhFIhekl>

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

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

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

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

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

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Cliffs of Dooneen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eH8jYhmcaQE>

You may travel far far from your own native home
Far away o'er the mountains far away o'er the
foam But of all the fine places that I've ever seen,
There's none to compare with The Cliffs of Dooneen

Take a view o'er the mountains fine sights you'll see there
You'll see the high rocky mountains on the West coast of
Clare The towns of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes of The Cliffs of Dooneen

Its a nice place to be on a fine Summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay
The hare and lofty pheasant are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young round The Cliffs of Dooneen

Fare thee well to Dooneen fare thee well for a while
And to all the fine people I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes of The Cliffs of Dooneen

You may travel far far from your own native home
Far away o'er the mountains far away o'er the
foam But of all the fine places that I've ever seen,
There's none to compare with The Cliffs of Dooneen

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Derry/Londonderry Air

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UD3zpcWfvbc>

Oh Danny boy, the pipes
The pipes are calling
From glen to glen
And down the mountain side
The summer's gone
And all the flowers are falling
'Tis you, 'tis you
Must go and I must bide

But come ye back
When summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed
And white with snow
'Tis I'll be there
In sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy
I love you so

And when you come
And all the flowers are dying
If I am dead
As dead I may well be
Ye'll come and find
A place where I am lying
And kneel and say
An "Ave" there for me

And I shall hear
Though soft your tread above me
And all my grave
Shall warmer sweeter be
For you will bend
And tell me that you love me
And I shall rest
In peace until you come to me

But if I live
And should you die for Ireland
Let not your dying thoughts
Be just of me
But say a prayer to God
For our dearest Island
I know He'll hear
And help to set her free

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

And I will take your pike
And place my dearest
And strike a blow
Though weak the blow may be
Twill help the cause
To which your heart was nearest
Oh Danny Boy, Oh, Danny boy
I love you so

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Black Velvet Band

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YIZNQ5YeEoQ>

In a neat little town they called Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town
As sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

[Chorus:]

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

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come a-traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck, it was just like a swan
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning, I had to appear
The judge, he says to me:
"Young man, you're case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Betrayed by the black velvet band"

[Chorus:]

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town, me lads
Beware of the pretty cailíns
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads
'Till you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Fields of Athenry

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zr1rzSSMsac>

By a lonely prison wall,
I heard a young girl calling
Michael they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn
So the young might see the morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

[Chorus:]
Low lie, The Fields Of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the Fields of Athenry

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

[Chorus:]

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Dublin in the Rare Old Times

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mMTVa0mUZz4>

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown
The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin town
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting childrens' rhymes
That once was Dublin city in the rare ould times

[Chorus:]

Ring a ring a rosie, as the light declines
I remember Dublin city in the rare ould times

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory

[Chorus:]

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please
A rogue and a child of Mary, from the rebel liberties
I lost her to a student chap with a skin as black as coal
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Carrickfergus

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oRltteoDzXk>

I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Only for nights in Ballygrand
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Only for nights in Ballygrand
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
And neither have I the wings to fly
If I could find me a handsome boatman
To ferry me over my love and I

My childhood days bring back sad reflections
Of happy times there spent so long ago
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all past on now like the melting snow
And I've spent my days in this endless roving
Soft is the grass and my bed is free
Oh to be back now in carrickfergus
On the long winding road down to the sea

Now in Kilkenny it is reported
On marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would transport her
But I'll sing no more now til I get a drink
Cause I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover from town to town
Ah but I'm sick now my days are numbered
Come all me young men and lay me down
Come all me young men and lay me down.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Dirty Old Town

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uqls2BdN33g>

I met my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I'm going to make a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I met my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Town I Loved So Well

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=55OBES98Pj4>

In my memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell

Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
Past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
In the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
Fed the children and then trained the dogs

And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band

There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every tree

Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
To the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

For what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
In the town I loved so well

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Finnigan's Wake lyrics

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YSjR2LqB7cl>

Ah Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentleman Irish mighty odd
Well, he had a tongue both rich and sweet
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
Ah but Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way
With the love of the liquor he was born
An' to send him on his way each day
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

[Chorus:]

Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner
Around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
Well they rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And they laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

[Chorus:]

Well his friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
Well first they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
Then the widow Malone began to cry
"Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see,
Arrah, Tim avourneen, why did you die?"
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Molly McGee

[Chorus:]

Well Mary O'Connor took up the job
"Bidy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Well Bidy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Well civil war did then engage
T'was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

And a row and a ruction soon began

[Chorus:]

Well Tim Maloney raised his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him
He ducked, and landing on the bed
The whiskey scattered over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises
Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes
T'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Muirsheen Durkin

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HY3EJAOLIQw>

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

[Chorus:]

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

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

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Dacey Reilly

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x92hqR9RQR0>

[Chorus:]

Oh poor old Dacey Reilly she has taken to the sup.
Oh poor old Dacey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dacey Reilly.

Oh she walks along Fitzgibbon street with an independent air,
Then it's down by Summerhill up where the people stare
She says it's nearly half past one,
It's time I had another little one,
For the heart of the rowl is Dacey Reilly.

[Chorus:]

Long years ago when men were men and fancied May of Long
Or lovely Beckie Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong,
One woman put them all to shame,
Just one was worthy of the name,
And the name of the dame was Dacey Reilly.

[Chorus:]

She owns a little sweet shop at the corner of her street,
It' ev'ry evening after school I go to wash her feet
But she leaves me there to mind the shop
While she goes out for another little drop
Oh the heart of the rowl is Dacey Reilly.

[Chorus:]

Oh but time went catching up on her like many a pretty whore,
And it's after you along the street before you're out the door,
Their looks all fade and the balance vague,
But out of all that great brigade,
Still the heart of the rowl is Dacey Reilly.

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Kelly the Boy from Killane

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fXvt25lsIZ0>

What's the news, what's the news oh my bold Shelmalier
With your long barrelled guns from the sea
Say what wind from the south brings a messenger here
With the hymn of the dawn for the free

Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth
Goodly news shall you hear Bargy man
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killane

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair
He who rides at the head of your band
Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare
And he looks like a king in command

Ah my boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers
'Mongst the greatest of hero's a man
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly the boy from Killane

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won
And the Barrow tomorrow we will cross
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateway to Ross

All the Forth men and Bargies will march o'er the heath
With brave Harvey to lead in the van
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of death
Will be Kelly the boy from Killane

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross
And it set by the Slaney's red waves
And poor Wexford stripped naked, hung high on a cross
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves

Glory-o, glory-o to her brave sons who died
For the cause of long down trodden man
Glory-o to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride
Dauntless Kelly the boy from Killane

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Lannigan's Ball

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=legKblChggM>

In the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lanigan battered away till he hadn't a pound.
His father died, made him a man again, left him a farm and ten acres of ground.
Myself, to be sure, got free invitations for the boys and girls I might ask.
Having been asked, friends and relations danced like bees around a sweet cask.
There was lashings of drink wine for the ladies, potatoes and cake bacon and tea.
Nolans and Dolans and all the O'Gradys, courting the girls and dancing away.
While songs went round as plenty as water,
The harps that are sounded through Tara's old hall,
Biddie Grey and the rat catcher's daughter singing away at Lanigan's ball.

[Chorus:]

Six long months I spent in Dublin, six long months doing nothing at all,
Six long months I spent in Dublin, learning to dance for Lanigan's ball.
She stepped out, I stepped in again. I stepped out and she stepped in again.
She stepped out, I stepped in again, learning to dance for Lanigan's ball.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical dances all around in a whirligig.
Julie and I soon banished their nonsense, Out on the floor for a reel and a jig.
How the girls all got mad at me for they thought the ceilings would fall.
I spent six months in Brook's Academy learning to dance for Lanigan's ball.

[Chorus:]

Well the boys were merry and the girls all hearty
Dancing around in their couples and groups.
An accident happened; Terence McCarthy,
He put his right leg through Miss Finnerty's hoops.
She fell down in a faint and cried, 'Holy murder!'
Called for her brothers and gathered them all.
Carmody swore he'd go no further till he got revenge at Lanigan's ball.

[Chorus:]

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted
Her cheeks at the same time as red as a rose
Some of the boys decreed she was painted
She took a wee drop too much I suppose
Her sweetheart Ned Morgan so powerful and able
When he saw his colleen stretched out by the wall
He tore the left leg from under the table and smashed all the dishes at Lanigan's Ball

[Chorus:]

Boys oh boys 'tis then there was ructions. I got a belt from Phelim Mc Hugh.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

I soon replied to his introduction, kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Old Casey the piper was near gettin' smothered.
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanter and all.
Boys and girls all got entangled and that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

[Chorus:]

And the latest (Covid-19) version: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cB9XyIORjKg>

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Paddy on the Railway

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ThVaxiUk6cU>

In eighteen hundred and forty one, me corduroy breeches I put on
Me corduroy breeches I put on, to work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty two, from Bartley Pool I moved to Crewe.
I found meself a job to do, workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches,
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty three, I broke me shovel across me knee.
I went to work with the company in the Leeds and Selby Railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches,
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty four I landed on the Liverpool shore
Me belly was empty, me hands were raw from workin' on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty five, when Daniel O'Connell he was alive
Daniel O'Connell he was alive and workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches,
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty six, I changed me trade from carryin' bricks
Changed me trade from carryin' bricks to workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches,
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty seven, poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' ta heaven
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' ta heaven, to work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway,
Poor Paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy britches, Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging
hitches,
I was workin' on the railway

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Step it out Mary

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BAcG1g82DRY>

In the village of Kilgory, there's a maiden young and fair
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair
When the countryman came courtin', he came to her mother's gate
Ridin' on a milk-white stallion, he came at the stroke of eight.

[Chorus:]

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out Mary, if you can
Step it out Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman
Show your legs to the countryman

I have come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair
I have gold and I have silver, I have wealth beyond compare
I will buy her silks and satins and a gold ring for her hands
I will build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command

[Chorus:]

Don't you know I love a soldier, and I promised him my hand
I don't want your gold nor silver, I don't want your goods nor land
Mary's father spoke up sharply: You will do as you are told,
You'll be married on this Sunday, you'll wear the ring of gold

[Chorus:]

In the village of Kilgory there's a deep stream running by
And they found Mary there at midnight, she drowned with her soldier boy
In the cottage there is music, you can hear her father say:
Step it out Mary, my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day.

[Chorus:]

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Rocky Road to Dublin

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0QdbeM2JWYE>

In the merry month of June from me home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblins,
A bran' new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs,
Frightenin' all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus:]

One two three four five, hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road all the ways to Dublin
Whack fol-lol-le-ra

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight, me spirits bright and airy
Took a drop of the pure, keep me heart from sinkin'
That's the Paddy's cure, whenever he's on for drinking
To see the lassies smile, laughin' all the while,
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart-a-bubblin'
And asked if I was hired, wages I required,
Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus:]

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived, a view of that fine city
Well then they took a stroll all among the quality
Bundle it was stole all in the neat locality
Something crossed my mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
Enquirin' for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus:]

From there I got away, me spirits never failin'
Landed on the Quay just as the ship was sailin'
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, made some funny rigs,
Danced some party jigs, the water round me bubblin'
When off Holyhead, wished meself was dead
Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

[Chorus:]

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusin'
Hurrah me soul said I, me shillelagh I let fly
Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobblin'
With a loud hurray, joined in the affray
They quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Whiskey In The Jar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hIWTASnnft4>

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

[Chorus:]

Mush-a ring dum a do dum a da
Whack fol my daddy-o. Whack fol my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

[Chorus:]

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

[Chorus:]

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

[Chorus:]

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

[Chorus:]

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

The Sea Around Us

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uvsvPidMLT8>

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

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

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

[Chorus:]

The Scots have their Whisky, the Welsh have their speech
And their poets are paid about ten pence a week
Provided no hard words on England they speak
Oh Lord, what a price for devotion.

[Chorus:]

The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew,
"Yeh will in yer Vikings" said Brian Boru
And threw them back into the ocean.

[Chorus:]

Two foreign old monarchs in battle did join
Each wanting his head on the back of a coin;
If the Irish had sense they'd drown both in the Boyne
And partition thrown into the ocean.

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Seven Drunken Nights

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dWo-STTfXfQ>

As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?"

Ah, you're drunk! You're drunk, you silly old fool still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled—a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be?"

Ah, you're drunk! You're drunk, you silly old fool still you cannot see
That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled—a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket, sure, I never saw before

And, as I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be?"

Ah, you're drunk! You're drunk, you silly old fool still you cannot see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled—a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure, I never saw before

And, as I went home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be?"

Ah, you're drunk! You're drunk, you silly old fool still you cannot see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled—a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots, sure, I never saw before

And, as I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be?"

Ah, you're drunk! You're drunk, you silly old fool still you cannot see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Well, it's many a day I've travelled—a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Hot Asphalt

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ytvhfn-JjiY>

Good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well
If you'll gather all around me, now, the story I will tell
For I've got a situation and begorra and begob
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob

'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native home
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest down
But now I wear the gansey and around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

[Chorus:]

Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt

The other night a copper comes and he says to me, McGuire
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?
And he planks himself right down in front, with hobnails up, till late
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find your bait

He ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer pranks
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt

[Chorus:]

We quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the copper groan

I'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin' like old Nick
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he melts
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphalt

[Chorus:]

You may talk about yer sailor lads, ballad singers and the rest
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt

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With rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death of cold
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold
In the Kelvingrove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphalt

[Chorus:]

Devoran Pilot Gig Club Songbook

Collections of Sea Shanties

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-CuyLbC2TZo>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BApSzrIYPr4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TdYRJBIvUHw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9C0iUIIe2UA&t=492s>

Irish Ballads & Songs Of The Sea

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vXwilMmjVa4>

Irish Pub Songs

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9n3SL76roeE>

Irish Rebel Songs

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=te6U8IvaZ_E