

COMMUNITY CHOIR
COLLECTION

FOLK



FABER *ff* MUSIC

A Mhairead nan Cuiread (Wiley Margaret)

Scottish Gaelic lyrics

Tha mulad, tha mulad,
Tha lionn-dubh arm fhèin,
Hì rì hoireann ò, hì rì hoireann ò.
Tha de mhingean air m' aire,
Nì nach aidich mo bheul,
Hì rì rì o ho, roho hì hoireann ò.

M' an òganach ghasda,
Ùr-mharcach nan steud,
M' an taca seo 'n uiridh,
Bu thoil leat m' fhurann ro cheud,

Cha mhò ort mi' m bliadhna,
Na eunlaith nan speur,
Tha sac trom air mo chridhe,
Nach tog fidheal nan teud,

Chan innis mi dham phiuthar,
Meud mo chumh' as do dhèidh,
Na dham mhàthair a rug mi,
Chuir mi cudtrom na ceum,

Ach a Mhairead nan cuiread,
'S dàn a chuir thu arm breug,
Thilg thu arm-sa mar ailis,
Nach b' uilear dhomh 'm bréid,

Gu robh leanabh am pasgadh,
Fo asna mo chlàibh,
Cuim nach innseadh tu' n fhìrinn,
Mar a dh'innsinn ort fhèin,

Ann an làthair mo thighearna,
Far am bithinn 's tu rèidh,
Thilg thu arm-sa mar dhearrais,
Gu robh m' athair an èis,

Cha b' ionann dha m' athair,
'S dha d' athair-sa fhèin,
Cha b' ionann dhan taighean,
'N àm laighe don ghrèin,

'S ann a gheibhte, 'n taigh m' athar-s',
Cinn is cnamhan an èisg,
'S ann a gheibhte, 'n taigh m' athar-s',
Cinn is casan an fhèidh,

Phonetic translation

A Vye-rut nun koo-rut

Ha moo-lat, ha moo-lat,
Ha lee-un do a-rum hayn,
Hee ree haw-run o, hee ree haw-run o.
Ha jih vee-yun ayr mah-rih,
Knee nach a-jeech moe vale,
Hee ree ree o ho, roho hee haw-run o.

Man awww-kun-uch ghasda,
Ooor-var-kuch nun sh-chayd,
Man ta-ch-ka shaw noo-ree,
Boo hul let moo-ran row ch-yate,

Cha voe orsh-ch meem blee-u-nuh,
Na ee-un-lie nan spare,
Ha sach-k trawwm air mow chree-uh,
Nach toke feel nun chayt,

Chan eensh mi gham few-her,
Mayt mow choo as dough yay,
Na gham vaa-her a rook me,
Choor me koo-chum na kyame,

Ach a Vye-rut nun koo-rut,
Sdaan a choor oo a-rum brake,
He-lick oo armsa mar aah-lish,
Nach booler ghawm bray-ch,

Goo raw len-iv um pass-kug,
Foe asna moe chlay-v,
Kooeem nach een-sugh toon knee-reen,
Mar a yeen-sheen orsht hay-n,

Awwn an laaa-her moe he-ur-nuh,
Far am bee-eeen stoo ray,
He-lick oo a-rumsa mar yar-ish,
Goo row ma-her an nyaysh,

Cha byoo-nun gha ma-her,
Sga da-her-sa hay-n,
Cha byoo-nun ghan te-hun,
Nawwm lie-yih don ghayn,

Sawwn a yiv-chin tiy da-hers,
Keen is crav-un an nyae-shk,
Sawwn a yiv-chin tiy ma-hers,
Keen is ka-sun an nyae,

Pronunciation guide

When next to an a, o, or u, **ch** as in 'loch'.
Otherwise **ch** as in 'chair'.

To pronounce a Gàidhlig 'd' or 't' sound, put your tongue behind your top teeth.

Gh = tired g sound.

Literal translation

Wiley Margaret

Sadness, sadness,
Melancholy am I,
Hì rì hoireann ó, hì rì hoireann ó.
There is such despair in me,
Which my lips will not confess,
Hì rì rì o ho, roho hì hoireann ó.

About the fine youth,
Young rider of steeds,
Around this time last year,
You liked my banter above hundreds,

This year you like,
The birds of the air as much,
There is a heavy load on my heart,
That no stringed fiddle will lift,

I wouldn't tell even my sister,
How much I mourn you,
Or the mother who bore me,
On whose footsteps I weighed,

But wiley Margaret,
Boldly you lied about me,
You cast up to me the slander,
That I needed a wife's kertch,

That there was a child hidden,
Behind my ribcage,
Why couldn't you tell the truth,
As I would about you?

In the presence of my Lord,
Where you and I would be on equal
terms,
You cast up to me, for spite,
That my father was poor,

My father was different,
From your father,
And their houses were different,
At the time of sun setting,

In your father's house,
Heads and bones of fish were to be found,
In my father's house,
Heads and feet of deer.

All In A Row

Now harvest comes on and the reaping's begun,
The fruits of the earth we gather them in.
Now harvest comes on and the reaping's begun,
The fruits of the earth we gather them in.
So now let us wait til the season begin,
And at night let us hallo boys, all in a row.
All in a row, all in a row,
And at night let us hallo boys, all in a row.

Now early next morning our sickles we grind,
And away to the corn fields to reap and to bind.
Now early next morning our sickles we grind,
And away to the cornfields to reap and to bind.
And the foreman looks back and he sees them behind,
And he gives a loud hallo, 'bring well to the bind'.
'Bring well to the bind, bring well to the bind',
And he gives a loud hallo, 'bring well to the bind'.

'Well done' says the farmer behind and before,
We'll have a fresh Cornish and a half pint of beer.
'Well done' says the farmer behind and before,
We'll have a fresh Cornish and a half pint of beer.
So jolly boys all to the cud we will go,
And at night we'll say 'hallo, all well done hey ho'.
'All well done hey ho, all well done hey ho',
And at night we'll say hallo, 'all well done hey ho'.

What pleasure we go through in the heat of the day,
Some reaping, some mowing, some making of hay.
What pleasure we go through in the heat of the day,
Some reaping, some mowing, some making of hay.
It's a merry employment wherever we go,
And at night we'll say hallo, 'all well done hey ho'.
'All well done hey ho, all well done hey ho',
And at night we'll say hallo, 'all well done hey ho'.

Our harvest's all in, oats and barley all bound,
Success to the farmer that ploughs up the ground.
Our harvest's all in, oats and barley all bound,
Success to the farmer that ploughs up the ground.
And for his wheat arrishes to turnips I sow,
Here's an end to my song, with a 'hallo hey ho'.
With a 'hallo hey ho, with a hallo hey ho',
Here's an end to my song, with a 'hallo hey ho'.

An Acre Of Land (Scarborough Fair)

My father left me an acre of land,
There goes this ivory.

My father left me an acre of land,
And a bunch of green holly and ivory.

I ploughed it with my ram's horn,
I sowed it with my pepper box,

I harrowed it with my bramble bush,
I reaped it with my little penknife,

I sent it home in a walnut shell,
I threshed it with my needle and thread,

I winnowed it with my handkerchief,
I sent it to mill with a team of great rats,

The carter brought a curly whip,
The whip went pop and the waggon it stopped,

An Eeos Hweg (Sweet Nightingale)

Kernowek (Cornish)

Ow huv-kolon gwra dos,
A ny glywydh y'n koos,
An eos ow kana pur hweg?
A ny glywydh hy lev,
A woles a sev,

*Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?*

Na fyll, Betty ger,
Na vydh yn ahwer,
Dha gelorn y'n degav dhe'th vos.
A ny glywydh hy lev,
A woles a sev,

Ogh, gas dhymmo kres,
My, y'n degav gans es,
Ke dhe gerdhes, ny vynn timer mos.
A ny glywydh hy lev,
A woles a sev,

Esedh dhymmo, sur,
Genev vy y'n leur,
Yn-mysk an brialli y'n lann.
A ny glywydh hy lev,
A woles a sev,

Akordys ens i,
A dhemedhi devri,
Ha distowgh dhe'n eglos dhe vos.
A ny glywydh hy lev,
A woles a sev,

Phonetic translation

An Eeos Hweg

Ow huv-kolon gwra dos,
A ni glewyth y'n koos,
An eos ow kana pur hweg?
A ni glewyth he lev,
A woles a sev,

*In nansow ow kana mar deg?
In nansow ow kana mar deg?*

Na fill, Betty ger,
Na vith in ahwer,
Tha gelorn i'n degav the'th vos.
A ni glewyth he lev,
A woles a sev,

Och, gas thymmo kres,
Meh, in degav gans es,
Ke the gerthes, ni vynn timer mos,
A ni glewyth he lev,
A woles a sev,

Eseth dhymmo, sur,
Genev ve in leur,
In-misk an briallee in lann,
A ni glewyth he lev,
A woles a sev,

Akordis ens ee,
A dhemedhi devri,
Ha distowch the'n eglos the vos,
A ni glewyth he lev,
A woles a sev,

Pronunciation guide

Ow	as in English 'crow'.
U	as in English 'green'.
Y	as in English 'system'.
Dh	as in English 'the'.
Gh	as in Scottish 'loch'.
Ew	as in Cornish dialect 'ew'.
Eu	as in French 'fleur'.

Alternative English lyrics

Sweet Nightingale

My sweetheart come along,
Don't you hear the sweet song,
Of the beautiful nightingale flow?
You will 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 the banks where the primroses grow.
You will hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet nightingale,

Pray leave me alone,
I've hands of my own,
And along with you I'll not go.
For to hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet nightingale,

Pretty Polly, don't fail,
And I'll carry your pail,
Straight home to your cottage we'll go.
We will hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet nightingale,

The two lovers agreed,
To be married with speed,
And straight to the church they did go.
Now no more she's afraid,
To go down in the shade.

An Seandhuine Dóite (The Dotish Old Fellow)

Gaeilge (Irish Gaelic)

Chuir mé mu sheandhuine 'steach ins' chófra,
Ól bainne ramhair 'sag ithe aráin eorna.
Dá gcuradh sé ceann amach bhainfí an tsórn de,
'Sdfhuíg an cuid eile gna cailíní óga.

*'Sóro sheandhuine, sheandhuine dhóta,
'Sóro sheandhuine, 'smarig a phós thú.
'Sóro sheandhuine, sheandhuine dhóta
Cúradh 'smealladh 'smarig a phós thú.*

(Variant last line, choruses 2 and 3):

Dá mbeinn ag a doras dá bheire mé beo ort.

A bhfuínte mo sheandhuine báite bpoll mónaidh,
Mhuinéal a bhrisfí 'sa chosa bheith leonte.
Théinn abhaile 's thabhairfainn aire dá thórramh,
Siúlfainn amach leis na buachaillí óga.

Chuir mé mo sheandhuine go Srádbaile an Róba,
Bhí coc ina hata is buclaí na bróga.
Bhí trúir á mhealladh is ceathar á cóiriú,
'S chuala mé Gailling nack rachaidh sé leofa.

Chuir mé mo sheandhuine siar go Diarraigh,
'Náit a raibh corradh is dhá chéad cliabh air.
Chraip a chuid laggins is thit a cuid fiacla,
Tháinig sé 'bhaile na bhromaistín bliana.

Chuir mé mo sheandhuine go dTír na hÓige,
D'imigh mé liom mo dhul chun mo phósadh.
Ag filleann abhaile dom ard tráthnóna,
Cé a bhí romham ach a sheandhuine dhóta.

Phonetic translation

Curr may mo hamina shtock ins cofra,
Ol binna rovver segg ee haraw norna.
Daw gurra shay kyann amock vwinhee on shrone de,
Steeg on cwid ella gna colleenee oga.

*Soro hamina, hamina gota,
Soro hamina, smorig a fose who.
Soro hamina, hamina gota,
Coora smolla smorig a fose who.*

(Variant last line, choruses 2 and 3):
Dawmen egg a durrass daw verra may byo urt.

A vweeche mu hamina bweta boll mona,
Vwenel a vrish-he sa cussa veh leontee.
Hehin awalla soorin arra daw horiv,
Shooling amock lesh ne bookally oga.

Curr may mu hamina gu Shrodboll on Rowba,
Vee cuck na hotta iss buckley na broga.
Vee troor aw volla iss caher aw coroo,
Skulla may Golliv nock rockig shay lofa.

Cur may mu hamina sheer gu Deerig,
Nawit a rev curra iss gaw cade cleev er.
Crap a cwid lagginsh iss hit a cwid feecla,
Honig shay volla na brumashteen bleena.

Cur may mu hamina gu Teer na hOga,
Dim may lum mu gul cun mu fosa.
Egg fillin avolla dum erd trawnona,
Kay a vee rome ock a hamina gota.

Pronunciation guide

All syllabic e's' have to be sounded, and all r's have to be fully sounded (rhotic).

Literal translation

The Dotish Old Fellow

I sent my old fellow into the closet,
Drinking old milk and eating corn bread.
If his he put his head out, I would take his nose off,
And throw out the rest for the laughing young girls.

*Oh my old fellow, old fellow you dote,
And oh my old fellow, it's sorrow you married.
Oh my old fellow, old fellow you dote,
Pity and sadness it's sorrow you've married.*

(Variant last line choruses 2 and 3):
If I was at the door I may not find you alive.

Look at my old fellow stuck in a bog hole,
His neck would be broken and his legs sprained.
I would go home and take care of his wake,
And then I'd go out with all the young fellows.

I sent my old fellow to Ballinarobe,
A cock in his hat and big buckles in his shoes.
There were three singing sadly and four carrying him,
And I heard from Galway that he didn't go rotten.

I sent my old fellow west to Diarraigh,
The place he was buried with two hundred branches covering him.
His pants shrunk and his teeth all fell out,
But then he came home within a year.

I sent my old fellow to The Land of the Youth,
Left him there and I went to get married.
And one odd evening as I came in the door,
Who stood before me but my old fellow the dote.

Annie Laurie

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew.
'Twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gi'ed me her promise true.
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be.

*Aye for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I would lay me doon and dee.
Aye for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I would lay me down and dee.*

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her neck is like the swan.
Her face it is the fairest,
That 'er the sun shone on.
That 'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e.

Like dew on the gowans lying,
Is the fall o' her fairy feet.
Like winds in the summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me.

Braes: hills

Gowans: white or yellow flowers/daisies

Ar Hyd Y Nos (All Through The Night)

Cymraeg (Welsh)

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant,

Ar hyd y nos.

Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant,

Ar hyd y nos.

Golau arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch,

Ar hyd y nos.

O mor siriol gwena seren,

Ar hyd y nos.

I oleuo'i chwaer ddaearen,

Ar hyd y nos.

Nos yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,

Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyrddydd,

Rhown ein golau gwan i'n gilydd,

Ar hyd y nos.

Phonetic translation

Are Hee Du Norse

Hall amrantire ser thewedant,

Are hee du norse.

Dumma forth ee vraw goregoneeyant,

Are hee du norse.

Galleye arall iw turwoollooch,
Ee arethangoss gweer bridverthooch,
Tileeer nevoyth mewn tawellooch,

Are hee du norse.

Awe more sireeol gwena seren,

Are hee du norse.

Ee oleyeoy chwire thyaren,

Are hee du norse.

Norse you heneyent pan thou custith,

Ond ee harthee deen eye hoyrtheeth,

Rown eyen goleye gwan een geelith,

Are hee du norse.

Pronunciation guide

Welsh spelling **dd** sounds like English 'th' in 'other' and not in 'thing'.

ll sounds like 'l' but with a hiss - put your tongue into the shape you would use to say 'l' and then blow.

ch sounds like 'ch' in the German word for I 'ich' and not the soft 'ch' in 'church'.

th sounds like 'th' in 'thing' and not 'th' in 'other'.

Alternative English Lyrics

All Through the Night

Ev'ry star in heaven is singing,
All through the night.

Hear the glorious music ringing,
All through the night.

Songs of sweet ethereal lightness,
Wrought in realms of peace and whiteness,
See, the dark gives way to brightness,
All through the night.

Look, my love, the stars are smiling,
All through the night.

Lighting, soothing and beguiling,
All through the night.

So, when age brings grief and sorrow,
From each other we can borrow,
Faith in our sublime tomorrow,
All through the night.

Arrane Ben Drogh Hraghtalagh (The Smuggler's Wife's Song)

Gaelg (Manx)

Jeeagh quoi ta cheet! T'an fer ny Keeshyn,

Chaddil oo my Laala!

Shirraghey son ushtey bio ny feeyney,

Chaddil oo my Laala!

Oghene, lhiannoo meein,

Chaddil oo my Laala!

Hig yn fer-thie 'sy thie anmagh,

As cha bee noiraanaght echey,

Cuin vees ny Sostynee cheet orrin,

Cha vow ad red erbee meereiltagh,

Lhig daue shirr ayns thie ny baatey,

Beggan aynjee nish agh skeddan!

Phonetic Translation

A-rairn ben drokh hrakh-ta-lakh (short 'a' like in apple)

Djeech kwoy ta tchit! Tan fur nuh Key-shun,

Ca-ddil ooh muh Lay-la!

Shi-rack-uh sonn ush-tya byoh nuh fee-nuh, [sonn with short 'o']

Ca-ddil ooh muh Lay-la!

Okh heen, leeyann-oo meen,

Ca-ddil ooh muh Lay-la!

Hig un fur-tie suh tie ann-makh,

Az ha bee no-rair-nakht egg-uh, [ha with a short 'a' like happy]

Coon viss nuh Soh-sta-nee tchit o-rin, [short 'o']

Ha vow ad rud err-bee mee-rail-takh,

Lig dow shirr uns tie nuh bare-thuh,

Be-gun own-djee nish okh ska-thun! [ska with short 'a']

Literal Translation

The Smuggler's Wife's Song

See the excise men are coming,
Sleep my little baby!
They'll be seeking wine and whiskey,
Sleep my little baby!

Oh, child of mine,
Sleep my little baby!

Daddy's late and we must warn him,
This run he'll have nothing illegal,

The Englishmen may board us,
They'll discover nothing wrong,

Let them search the boat and house,
There's nothing in there now but herrings!

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
And days of auld lang syne, my dear,
And days of auld lang syne.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.
We've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
Sin' auld lang syne.
We've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae sported i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine.
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
Sin' auld lang syne.
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And ther's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine.
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Alternative lyrics

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
For the sake of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Auld lang syne: old long since/for old times' sake

Stoup: handled jug or dish

Braes: hills

Gowans: white or yellow flowers/daisies

Braid: broad

Aye Waukin O

Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour.
The water runs o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

*Aye waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie.
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.
Aye waukin O.*

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie.
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping.
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een with greeting.

Simmer: summer

Heugh: cliff

Waukin: waking

Wauk: wake

Nane: none

Lanely: lonely

Lave: rest

Bleer: blur

The Bedmaking

*Oh! my father he was a good old man,
He sent me to work when I was young.
My missus and I we never could agree,
Because that my master he would love me.*

My missus she sent me all up aloft,
To make up her bed both neat and soft.
My master followed after with a gay gold ring,
Saying, "Betsy, take this for your bedmaking."

My missus came upstairs all in a great haste,
And caught master's arms all around my waist.
From the top to the bottom she did him fling,
Saying, "Master, take that for your bedmaking."

Oh! first in the kitchen and then in the hall,
And then in the parlour among the ladies all.
And they all asked me where I had a-been,
I told them, "Up aloft a-bedmaking."

My missus she turned me out of door,
She called me a nasty impudent whore.
And the weather being wet and my shoes being thin,
I wished myself back at the bedmaking.

When six months were over and seven months were past,
This pretty little maid grew stout about the waist.
She could scarcely lace her stays nor tie her apron string,
And then she remembered the bedmaking.

When eight months were over and nine months were gone,
This pretty little maid bore a lovely son.
She took him to the church and had him christened John,
And sent him home again to this gay old man.

Boannie Tammie Scolla

Whaur hes du been aa de day,
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?
Whaur hes du been aa de day,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

Up a bank and doon a brae,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
Up a bank and doon a brae,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Whit is du been doin dere'
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?
Whit is du been doin dere'
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

A'm been seekin me a wife,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
A'm been seekin me a wife,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Whan's du gaan ta merry her,
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?
Whan's du gaan ta merry her,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

At de back o' Hallamass,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
At de back o' Hallamass,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Whit wye will du get her hame,
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?

Whit wye will du get her hame,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

Ah'll pit her oan de muckle mare,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
Ah'll pit her oan de muckle mare,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Whaur's du gaan ta mak her sit,
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?
Whaur's du gaan ta mak her sit,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

In bye i' de muckle shair,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
In bye i' de muckle shair,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Whit's du gaan ta gie'r ta aet,
Boannie Tammie, Boannie Tammie?
Whit's du gaan ta gie'r ta aet,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?

A coarn o' meal apun a plaet,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
A coarn o' meal apun a plaet,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Dats whit ah'll gie her ta aet,
Boannie Minnie, Boannie Minnie.
Dats whit ah'll gie her ta aet,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

Brae: hill

Hallamass: feast of All Saints, the 1st of November

Hame: home

Muckle very large

Shair: chair

Gaan: going

Gie'r: give her

Aet: eat

Coarn: corn

Plaet: plate

Bonny At Morn

The sheep's in the meadows, and the
Kye's in the corn.
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

*Canny at neet,
Bonny at morn.
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.*

The bird's in the nest, aye and the
Troot's in the burn.
Thou hinders thee mother, at
Every turn.

We're all laid idle, wi'
Keeping the bairn.
For the lad will not work, and the
Lass will not lairn.

Kye: cow

Troot: trout

Broom of the Cowdenknowes

How blythe was I each morn to see,
My lass come o'er the hill.
She tripped a burn and ran to me,
I met her with good will.

*O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
Fain would I be in my ain country,
Herding my father's yowes.*

We neither herded ewes nor lamb,
While the flock near us lay.
She gathered in the sheep at night,
And cheered me all the day.

Hard fate that I should banished be,
Gone way o'er hill and moor.
Because I loved the fairest lass,
That ever yet was born.

Farewell, ye Cowdenknowes, farewell,
Farewell all pleasures there.
To wander by her side again,
Is all I crave or care.

Byker Hill

If I had another penny,
I would have another gill.
I would make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill.

*Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
Collier lads for ever more.
Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
Collier lads for ever more.*

The pitman and the keelman trim,
They drink bumble made from gin.
Then to dance they do begin,
To the tune of Elsie Marley.

When first I went down to the dirt,
I had no cowl nor no pitshirt.
Now I've gotten two or three,
Walker Pit's done well by me.

Geordie Charlton he had a pig,
He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig.
All the way to Walker Shore,
To the tune of Elsie Marley.

Cliffs Of Dooneen

You may travel far far from your own native land,
Far away o'er the mountains, far away o'er the foam.
But of all the fine places that I've ever been,
Sure there's none can compare with the cliffs of Dooneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day,
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay.
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen,
Making homes for their young round the cliffs of Dooneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there,
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare.
Oh the town of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen,
From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Dooneen.

Fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well for a while,
And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind.
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been,
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Dooneen.
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Dooneen.

Come Write Me Down

Come write me down, ye powers above,
The man that first created love.
For I've a diamond in my eye where all my joys and comforts lie,
Where all my joys and comforts lie,
Where all my joys and comforts lie.

I will give you gold, I will give you pearl,
If you can fancy me, dear girl.
Rich costly robes that you shall wear,
If you can fancy me, my dear,
If you can fancy me, my dear.

It's not your gold shall me entice,
To leave off pleasures to be a wife.
For I don't mean or intend at all,
To be at any young man's call,
To be at any young man's call.

Then go your way you scornful dame,
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same.
For I don't care but I shall find,
Some other fair maid to my mind,
Some other fair maid to my mind.

Oh, stay young man don't be in haste,
You seem afraid your time will waste.
Let reason rule your roving mind,
And unto you I will prove kind,
And unto you I will prove kind.

So to Church they went the very next day,
And were married by asking as I've heard say.
So now that girl she is his wife,
She will prove his comforts day and night,
She will prove his comforts day and night.

So now his trouble and sorrow is past,
His joy and comfort has come at last.
That girl to him always said nay,
She will prove his comforts night and day,
She will prove his comforts night and day.

Country Carrier

I am a country carrier, a jovial soul am I,
I whistle and sing from morn till night and trouble I defy.
I've one to bear me company, of work she does her share,
She's not my wife, but upon my life she's a rattling old bay mare.

*Then round goes the wheels and troubles I'll defy,
It's jogging along together, my boys, my rattling mare and I.*

It's up and down the countryside my mare and I do go,
The folks they kindly greet us as we journey to and fro.
The children they all cheer and the old ones stop and stare,
They lift their eyes with great surprise to Joe and his old bay mare.

Now when the loads are heavy and she's trolling up the hill,
I by her side assists her for she works with such good will.
She knows I love her well enough because the whip I spare,
I'd rather hurt myself than hurt my rattling old bay mare.

Now when the town we reach at last she rattles over the stones,
She lifts her hoofs so splendidly, not one of your lazy drones.
Then clear the road for Joseph comes, you crawlers all take care,
With a driver smart and a carrier's cart it's Joe and his old bay mare.

I would not change my station for the noblest in the land,
I would not be Prime Minister or anything so grand.
I would not be an alderman to live in luxury,
There's not an estate would separate my rattling mare and I.

Danny Boy

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 roses falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come you back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be.
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be.
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Deryn y Bwn O'r Banna (The Bittern Of The Beacons)

Cymraeg (Welsh)

Deryn y Bwn o'r Banna,
Aeth i rodio'r gwylia.
Lle disgynnodd o ar i ben, ar i ben,
Bwm, bwm, bwm, bwm,
Ond i bwn o fala.

Deryn y Bwn a gododd,
Y fala i gyd a gariodd.
Dros y Banna i farchnad Caer, farchnad Caer,
Bwm, bwm, bwm, bwm,
Ac yno'n daer fe'u gwerthodd.

Fala, fala filoedd,
Fala melyn laweroedd.
Y plant yn gwaeddi am fala'n groch, fala'n groch,
Bwm, bwm, bwm, bwm,,
Rhoi dima goch am gannoedd.

Deryn y Bwn aeth adra,
Yn ôl dros ben y Banna.
Gwaeddai, "Meistres, O gwelwch y pres, gwelwch y pres,
Bwm, bwm, bwm, bwm,
A ges i wrth werthu fala."

Phonetic translation

Derin u Bun or Banna

Derin u Bun or Banna,
Eyeth ee rodeeor gwileeye.
Llair discunoth or ar eye ben, ar eye ben,
Bom, bom, bom, bom,
Ond ee bun or vala.

Derin u Bun a godoth,
U valeye gee a gareeoth.
Dros u Banna ee varchnad Cyer, varchnad Cye-,
Bom, bom, bom, bom,
Ac unon dire vey gwerthod.

Vala, vala vealoyth,
Vala melin laweroyth.
U plant un goythee am valan gorch, valan gorch,
Bom, bom, bom, bom,
Roy dima gorch am ganoyth.

Derin u Bun eyeth adra,
Un orl dros ben u Banna.
Gwhyth-eye: "Mystress Or gwelooch u press, gwelooch u press,
Bom, bom, bom, bom,
A guess ee oorth werthee galla."

Literal translation

The Bittern Of The Beacons

The Bittern of the Beacons went for a trip during the holidays.
He fell headlong into a heap of apples.

The Bittern got up and carried all the apples over the Beacons to Carmarthen market.
He sold them importunately.

Apples, thousands of apples. The children loudly demanded them.
They gave only a halfpenny for hundreds.

The Bittern returned home over the Beacons.
He shouted, "Mistress, see the money I got by selling apples".

The Galway Shawl

Near Oranmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May.
I spied a colleen who looked so charming,
She nearly stole my heart away.

*She wore no jewels, no costly diamonds,
No paint, no powder, no none at all.
She wore a bonnet with ribbons on it,
And around her shoulders was a Galway shawl.*

As we were walking she kept on talking,
Until her cottage came into view.
She asked me in to meet her father,
And, to please him, play 'The Foggy Dew'.

She sat me down beside the hearthstone,
Fornest her father, who was six feet tall.
And soon her mother had the kettle boiling,
While I kept on thinking on the Galway shawl.

I played 'The Blackbird', 'The Stack of Barley',
'The Evening Glory', and 'The Foggy Dew'.
She sang each note like an Irish linnet,
Whilst the tears ran down from her eyes of blue.

I left it early the next morning,
To walk the road to Donegal.
My heart near broke as she cried and kissed me,
But my heart remains 'neath the Galway shawl.

Gower Wassail

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout all this town,
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our wassail is made of good ale and cake,
Some nutmeg and ginger, the best we could get.

*Fol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dol,
Lol dee dol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dee,
Fol dee derol, lol dee der dee,
Sing too-ra-li-doh.*

Our wassail is made of an el'berry bough,
Although my good neighbour we'll drink unto thou.
Beside all on earth we have apples in store,
Pray let us come in for tis cold by the door.

We know by the moon that we are not too soon,
And we know by the sky that we are not too high.
We know by the stars that we are not too far,
And we know by the ground that we are within sound.

Now master and mistress, thanks to you we'll give,
And for our jolly wassail as long as we live.
And if we should live till another New Year,
Perhaps we may call and see who do live here.

The Gypsy Girl

My father's the king of the gypsies, it's true,
My mother she learned me some camping for to do.
With me pack all on me back my friends all wish me well,
And so I'm off to London Town some fortunes for to tell.

As I was a walking through fair London streets,
A handsome young squire I chanced for to meet.
He viewed my brown cheeks and he liked them so well,
He said, "My pretty gypsy girl, can you my fortunes tell?"

"Why yes, kind sir, come give to me your hand,
For I see that you have houses fine, you've riches and you've land.
Though those fairer girls are dainty you must put them all aside,
For I'm the little gypsy girl that is to be your bride."

So it's farewell to the gypsy world and a-camping on the green,
No more amongst my brothers and sisters I'll be seen.
For I once was a gypsy girl but now I'm a squire's bride,
With servants for to wait on me and in me carriage ride.

Harbwr Corc (Cork Harbour)

Cymraeg (Welsh)

Yn harbwr Corc yr oeddwn, ryw fore gyda'r dydd,
Gyda'r dydd, o hogie bach, ryw fore gyda'r dydd.
A phawb oedd yno'n llawen, 'doedd yno neb yn brudd,
Neb yn brudd, o hogie bach, 'doedd yno neb yn brudd.

'O Rhisiart', medde Morus, a Morus, medde Twm,
Medde Twm, o hogie bach, a Morus, medde Twm.
'Well inni riffio'r hwylie, cyn dêl y tywydd trwm',
Tywydd trwm, o hogie bach, cyn del y tywydd trwm.

O Twm Co bach a Morus, mae'n bygwth gwynt a glaw,
Gwynt a glaw, o hogie bach mae'n bygwth gwynt a glaw.
Daw'r cesyg gwynion allan, a Twm yn ateb 'taw',
Ateb 'taw', o hogie bach, a Twm yn ateb 'taw'.

Daw'r gwynt yn ôl i'r gogledd, cawn eto dywydd teg,
Tywydd teg, o hogie bach, cawn eto dywydd teg.
A bydd y llong yn cerdded, ag asgwrn yn ei cheg,
Yn ei cheg, o hogie bach, ag asgwrn yn ei cheg.

Phonetic translation

Harbur Cork

Un harbwr Cork ur oiythoon, rue vore gudar deeth,
Gudar deeth, or hogee'eye barch, rue vore gudar deeth.
A fawb oiyth unon llawen, doyth unnor neb un breathe,
Neb un breathe, or hogee'eye barch, doyth unnor neb un breathe.

'Or Rishart', methe Morris, a Morris, methe Tum,
Methe Tum, or hogee'eye barch, a Morris, methe Tum,
'Well eenee rivior hoilee'e, kin del u tawith trum',
Tawith trum, or hogee'eye barch, kin del a tawith trum.

Or Tum Core barch a Morris, myn bugooth gwint a glaw,
Gwint a glaw, or hogee'eye barch, myn bugooth gwint a glaw.
Daw'r kesig gwonion allan, a Tum un ateb taw,
Ateb taw, or hogee'eye barch, a Tum un ateb taw.

Daw'r gwint un orl eer gogleth, cawn etoe duweeth teg,
Tawith teg, or hogee'eye barch, cawn etoe duweeth teg.
A beeth u llong un kerthed, ag assgurn un eye cheg,
Un eye cheg, or hogee'eye barch, ag assgurn un eye cheg.

Pronunciation guide

aw sounds like the 'ow' in 'cow'

Literal translation

Cork Harbour

I was in Cork Harbour one morning at the break of day,
And everyone was happy there, no one was sad,

Oh Richard, said Morris, and Morris said Twm,
We'd better reef the sails, before the bad weather sets in,

Oh Twm bach from Caerfarnon and Morris, it's threatening wind and rain,
The white horses will be out, and Twm answering 'quiet',

The wind will return to the North, we'll have fair weather again,
And the ship will walk with a bone in its mouth,

Hog's Eye Man

Oh the Hog's Eye Man is the man for me,
He was born and bred in Tennessee.

*With his Hog's Eye,
And you rowed about the shore says the Hog's Eye Man.*

Oh hand me down my walking cane,
I'm off to see my darling Jane.

Oh where have you been all day long,
You Yankee John with your sea boots on?

Oh Nellie's in the garden picking peas,
And her golden hair hangs down to her knees.

Oh Nellie's in the garden baking dough,
With the cheeks of her arse going chough, chough, chough.

It's a Hog's Eye man and a Hog's Eye crew,
Hog's Eye mate and a skipper too.

Homeward Bound

We're homeward bound I heard them say.

Goodbye, fare ye well! Goodbye, fare ye well!

Our orders came from home today.

Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound to Liverpool town.

We'll stamp at the capstan and heave it around.

And when we get to Liverpool Bar.

They'll be gulls there a-flocking from near and far.

And when we get to the Wallasey gates.

There Sally and Sue for a sweetheart waits.

If I Was A Blackbird

I am a poor girl and my fortune seems sad,
Six months have I courted a young sailor lad.
And truly I loved him by night and by day,
And now in his transport he's sailed far away.

*If I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing,
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in.
And on the top rigging there I'd build my nest,
And lay my head all night on his lily white breast.*

My love's tall and handsome in every degree,
His parents despise him because he loves me.
But let them despise him or say what they will,
While I've breath in my body I'll love my love still.

He promised he'd meet me at bonny brown fair,
With a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my hair.
And if he would meet me I'd crown him with joy,
And kiss those fond lips of my young sailor boy.

If I was a scholar could handle the pen,
Just one private letter to him I would send,
I'd write and I'd tell him of my sad grief and woe,
And far o'er the water with him I would go.

I'm A Romany Rai

I'm a Romani Rai, I'm a true didikai,
I build all my castles beneath the blue sky.
I live in a tent, and I don't pay no rent,
And that's why they call me the Romani Rai.

*Kakka chavvi, dick akai, kakka chavvi, dick akai,
Father's gone to sell a mush a kushti grai.
Kakka chavvi, dick akai, kakka chavvi, dick akai,
And that's why they call me the Romani Rai.*

I'm a Romani Rai, just an old didikai,
My home is a mansion beneath the blue sky.
I was born in a ditch, that's why I'll never grow rich,
And that's why they call me the Romani Rai.

Rai: gentleman

Didikai: Traveller of mixed race

Kakka: don't

Chavvi: boy

Dick: look

Akai: here

Mush: man

Kushti: good

Grai: horse

Johnny Todd

Johnny Todd he took a notion,
For to cross the raging tide.
And he left his love behind him,
Weeping on the Liverpool side.

For a week she wept full sorely,
Tore her hair and wrung her hands.
Till she met another sailor,
Walking on the Liverpool sands.

“Why, fair maid, are you a-weeping,
For your Johnny gone to sea?
If you’ll wed with me tomorrow,
I will kind and constant be.

I will buy you sheets and blankets,
I’ll buy you a wedding ring.
You shall have a gilded cradle,
For to rock your baby in.”

Johnny Todd came back from sailing,
Sailing o’er the ocean wide.
But he found his fair and false one,
Was another sailor’s bride.

All young men who go a-sailing,
For to fight the foreign foe.
Don’t you leave your love like Johnny,
Marry her before you go.

Lay The Bent Tae The Bonny Broom

A lady lived in the North Country,
Lay the bent tae the bonny broom.
And she had lov'ly dochters three,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

There was a knight o' noble worth,
Who also lived intae the north,

Yay nicht when it was cold and wet,
This knight he cam tae a lady's yett,

The eldest dochter she let him in,
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin,

The second dochter she made the bed,
And holland sheets sae fine she's laid,

The youngest dochter sae fair and bright,
She's lain abed wi' this noble knight,

If you can answer me questions three,
It's then fair maid I will marry thee,

Oh what is louder than the horn?
And what is sharper than the thorn?

Well thunder's louder than the horn,
And hunger's sharper than the thorn,

Oh what is longer than the way?
And what is deeper than the sea?

Oh love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea,

What is greener than the grass?
And what more wicked than a woman e'er was?

Oh envy's greener than the grass,
And the de'il more wicked than a woman e'er was,

As soon as she that fiend did name,
He's flown awa' in a bleeze o' flame,

Miner's Lifeguard

A miner's life is like a sailor's,
Aboard ship to cross the waves.
Ev'ry day his life's in danger,
Still he ventures, being brave.
Watch the rocks, they're falling daily,
Careless miners always fail.
Keep your hand upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scale.

*Union miners stand together,
Do not heed the owner's tale.
Keep your hand upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scale.*

You've been docked and docked again boys,
You've been loading three for one.
What have you to show for working,
When your mining days are done?
Worn out boots and worn out miners,
Blackened lungs and faces pale.
Keep your hand upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scale.

In conclusion, bear in memory,
Keep this watchword in your mind.
Workers' strength cannot be broken,
When in union they're combined.
So stand up tall and stand together,
Victory for you'll prevail.
Keep your hands upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scale.

Mountains Of Mourne

Oh, Mary this London's a wonderful sight,
With the people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the street.
At least when I asked them that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold.
But for all that I found there I might as well be,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I believe that, when writing, a wish you expressed,
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed.
Well, if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,
They don't wear a top to their dresses at all.
O, I've seen them meself, and you could not, in throth,
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be starting them fashions now, Mary Machree,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I've seen England's King from the top of a bus,
I never knew him, though he means to know us.
And though by the Saxon we once were oppressed,
Still, I cheered - God forgive me - I cheered with the rest.
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore.
When we've got all we want, we're as quiet as can be,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course,
Well, now he is here at the head of the force.
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand,
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand.
And there we stood talking of days that are gone,
While the whole population of London looked on,
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me,
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh never you mind,
With beautiful shapes nature never designed,
And lovely complexions all roses and cream,
But let me remark with regard to the same,
That if of those roses you venture to sip,
The colours might all come away on your lip.
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

My Husband's Got No Courage In Him

As I walked out one May morning,
To view the fields and leaves a-springing,
I saw two maidens standing by,
And one of them her hands was wringing.

*Oh, dear, oh! What shall I do?
My husband's got no courage in him.
Oh, dear, oh!*

All sorts of victuals I provide,
All sorts of meats that's fitting for him,
With oyster pie and rhubarb too,
But nothing will put courage in him.

My husband's praised where'er he goes,
And everyone looks well upon him,
With his handsome foot and his well-shaped leg,
But all won't put no courage in him.

My husband he can dance and sing,
Do anything that's fitting for him,
But he can't do the thing I want,
Because he's got no courage in him.

I wish my husband he was dead,
And in the grave I quickly lay him,
Then I'd try some other one,
That's got some little courage in him.

Myn Mair (Mary's Name)

Cymraeg (Welsh)

Fy hatling gyflwynaf dros enaid dan glo,
Fy nghanwyll offrymaf yn eglwys y fro,
'R offeren weddia' saith seithwaith yn daer,
Er cadw ei enaid anfarwol, Myn Mair.

Myn Mair, Myn Mair.

Sant Pawl a Sant Peder, holl seintiau y nef,
A Mair, Mam y Duwdod, eiriolwch yn gref,
Dros iddo gael heddwch a gwerthfawr ryddhad,
Paradwys agored, a breichiau ei Dad.

Mam Iesu'r brydferthaf o ferched y byd,
Morwynig Frenhines y nefoedd i gyd,
Dlos lili y dyffryn, gwiw rosyn y nef,
Eiriola dros enaid fy nghyfaill yn gref.

Phonetic translation

Mun Mire

Vur hatling gufloynav dros eneyed dan glore,
Vur nhangnoil ovreemav un egloys u vro,
Rofferen wetheea sighth sighthwhyth un dire,
Er cadoo eye eneyed anvarool, Mun Mire.

Mun Mire, Mun Mire.

Sant Pawl a Sant Pedder, hol seyenteeeye u nev,
A Mire, Mam u Dewdod, eyerioloch un grev,
Dros eetho geyel hethooch a gwairthvow reethhard,
Paradoos agored, a breych ee'eye eye Dard.

Mam Yeseer brudverthaf or verched u beed,
Moroineeg Vrenheenes u nevoyth ee geed,
Dlors lily u duffrin, gwiw rossin u nev,
Eyereeorla dros eneyed vurn guveyell un grev.

Literal translation

Mary's Name

My hatling I'll offer for a locked soul,
My candle I'll burn in the parish church,
And I'll pray the mass deeply seven times over seven,
To save his immortal soul, in Mary's name.

In Mary's name, in Mary's name.

St Paul and St Peter, and all saints of heaven,
And Mary, God's Mother, intercede strongly,
That he may have peace, and worthy release,
The open paradise of his Father's protection.

Mother of Jesus, fairest of the world's women,
Maiden Queen of the whole heaven,
Fair lily of the valley, priceless rose of heaven,
Intercede strongly for my friend's soul.

New York Girls

As I walked down to New York town a fair maid I did meet,
She asked me back to see her place, she lived on Barrack Street.

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

And when we got to Barrack Street we stopped at forty-four,
Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door.

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

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

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

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone,
There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in that room.

Looking round that little room there's nothing I could see,
But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me.

With a barrel for a suit of clothes down Cherry Street forlorn,
Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn.

So sailor lads take warning when you land on New York shore,
You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore.

Ny Kirree Fo Niaghtey (The Sheep Under The Snow)

Gaelg (Manx)

Lurg geurey dy niaghtey,
As arragh dy rio.
Va ny shenn chirree marroo,
As ny eayin beggey bio.

*Oh! irree shiu my vochillyn,
As gow shiu da'n clieau.
Ta ny kirree fo niaghtey,
Cha dowin as v'ad rieau.*

Shoh dooyrt Nicholas Raby,
As eh 'sy thie ching.
"Ta ny kirree fo niaghtey,
Ayns Braid-farrane-fing."

Shoh dooyrt Nicholas Raby,
Goll seose er y lout.
"Dy row my hiaght bannaght,
Er my ghaa housaue mohlt."

"Kirree t'ayms ayns y Laggan,
Kirree-goair 'sy Chlieau-Rea.

Phonetic translation

Nuh Kirree Foe Nyaktuh

Lurg gyow-ruh thuh nyak-tuh,
Az a*-rack thuh ryoh.
Va nuh shann ki-rree ma*-roo,
Okh nay-uhn be-gguh byoh.

*Oh! i-rree shoe muh vo-kill-yun,
Az gow** shoe dairn klyoo.
Ta* nuh ki-rree foe nyak-tuh,
Ho do-win az vad ryoo.*

Shore doo-ert Nicholas Ray-bee,
Az ay suh tie ching. **(ch like in chalk)**
Ta nuh ki-rree foe nyak-tuh,
Ans braird fa*-rairn fing.
Shore doo-ert Nicholas Ray-bee,
Gull sewse air uh lout.**

Kirree keoie Coan-ny-Chistey,
Nagh jig dy bragh veih."

Dirree moonjer Skeyyll Lonan,
As hie ad er-y-chooyl.
Hooar ad ny kirree marroo,
Ayns Laggan Varooyl.

Dirree moonjer Skeyyll Lonan,
As Skeyylley Chreest neesht.
Hooar ad ny kirree beggey,
Ayns Laggan Agneash.

Ny muilt ayns y toshiaght,
Ny reaghyn 'sy vean.
Eisht ny kirree trome eayin,
Cheet geiyrt orroo shen.

Ta mohlt aym son y Nollick,
As jees son y Chaisht.
As ghaa ny three elley,
Son yn traa yioyms baase.

"Thuh row** muh shakh va-nakht,
Air muh gair how-sairn mult."

"Ki-rree tems suh La-ggun,
Ki-rree gore suh Clyoo-Ray.
Ki-rree kye Cor-nnuh-Kish-tyuh,
Nak djig thuh brairk vye."

Djih-ree mun-juh Skee-ul Lo*-nun,
Az hi ad air uh cool.
Hoo-uh ad nuh ki-rree ma*-roo,
Uns La-ggun Vah-rule.
Djih-ree mun-juh Skee-ul Lo*-nun,
Az Skee-lyuh Creest nyiss.
Hoo-uh ad nuh ki-rree be-gguh,
Uns La-ggun A-gnaysh.

Nuh mwilt uns uh tozh-akt,
Nuh rair-kun suh vein.
Airsh nuh ki-ree trom (n)ay-un,
Chit guy-urt o*-roo shen.

Ta molt emm sonn uh No-llick,
Az djeess sonn uh Kaysht.
Az gair nuh tree ell-ya,
Sonn uh traír yow**-ums bairss.

*** short vowel (a as in happy, o as in pot)**
****rhymes with ow!**

Alternative English Lyrics

The Sheep Under the Snow

Today a deep snow fall,
Last night a sharp frost.
Oh the young lambs are living,
But the old sheep are lost.

*Oh arise you my shepherd,
And away to the hill.
For the old sheep are dying,
And the snow's falling still.*

The master of Raby,
Lay sick on his bed.
With the cry of lost ewes,
Like a fire in his head.

Said the master of Raby,
"I am sick and alone.
My sheep cry for succour,
My men yield them none."

"I have sheep at the Laggan,
I have goats on Clieau Rea.

On the cliffs of Coan-y-Chistey,
My ewes go astray."

Then out went the shepherds,
In darkness and dread.
And high on the mountain,
They found the sheep dead.

The whole flock lay smother,
In a drift on the hill.
And over their bodies,
The snow gathered still.

Said the master of Raby,
My sheep cry in vain.
And while I lay helpless,
None headed my pain.

And so they all perished,
For want of your skill.
And over their bodies,
The snow gathers still.

Pleasant Month Of May

Tw'as in the pleasant month of May in the springtime of the year,
And down by yonder meadow there runs a river clear.
See how the little fishes how they do sport and play,
Causing many a lad and many a lass to go there a-making hay.

Then in comes the scytheman that meadow to mow down,
With his old leathered bottle and the ale that runs so brown.
There's many a stout and labouring man comes here his skill to try,
He works, he mows, he sweats and blows and the grass cuts very dry.

Then in comes both Tom and Dick with their pitch-forks and their rakes,
And likewise black-eyed Susan the hay all for to make.
There's a sweet, sweet, sweet and a jug, jug, jug, how the harmless birds do sing,
From the morning till the evening as we were a-haymaking.

It was just at one evening as the sun was a-going down,
We saw the jolly piper come a-strolling through the town.
There he pulled out his tapering pipes and he made the valley ring,
So we all put down our rakes and forks and left off haymaking.

We call-ed for a dance and we tripp-ed it along,
We danced all round the haycocks till the rising of the sun.
When the sun did shine such a glorious light and the harmless birds did sing,
Each lad he took his lass in hand and went back to his haymaking.

Sandy Is A Sailor

Sandy is a sailor,
He works in Ferryhill.
He gets his peys on Setterdays,
Tae buy a half a gill.

*Come rinkle, trinkle, tra la la,
Tra la la, tra la la.
Rinkle, trinkle, tra la la,
An a bonny bunch o roses.*

He gings tae kirk on Sunday,
A half an oor late.
Taks the buttons aff his shirt,
And he pits them on the plate.

I can wash a sailor's shirt,
An I can wash it clean.
I can wash a sailor's shirt,
An I'll hing it on the green.

If you'll ging doon tae see his ship,
Ye'll never get him in.
Ye'll fin' him in the Hairy Bar,
Drinkin back the gin.

Sans Day Carol

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary bore Jesus, who was wrapped up in silk.

*And Mary bore Jesus, our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.
Holly, holly,
And the first tree in the greenwood, it was the holly.*

Now the holly bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary bore Jesus, who died on the cross.

Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary bore Jesus, who died for us all.

Now the holly bears a berry, as blood is it red,
Then trust we our Saviour, who rose from the dead.

Alternative Kernowek Lyrics

Karol Sen Day

Greun gwynn eus dhe'n gelynnen, mar wynn avel rew,
Ha dineythys o Yesu, an unn Mab a Dhuw.

*Ha Yesu yw Selwador dhyn, a'gan prenas gans Y woos,
Ha'n gelynnen o an kynsa ow tevi y'n koos.
Kelynnen wynn!
Ha'n gelynnen o an kynsa ow tevi y'n koos.*

Greun glas eus dhe'n gelynnen, mar las avel hwenn,
Ha breusys o Yesu, ha krowsys y'n prenn.

Greun du eus dhe'n gelynnen, mar dhu avel glow,
Ha marow o Yesu, ha gorrys y'n fow.

Greun rudh eus dhe'n gelynnen, mar rudh avel ros,
Ha dasserghys o Yesu, ha fedhys an nos.

Phonetic translation

Greun gwynn eus the'n gelinen, mar wynn avel rew,
Ha dineythys o Yesu, an unn Mab a Thuw.

*Ha Yesu iw Selwador thin, agan prenas ganz ee woos,
Ha'n gelinen o an kinza oh tevee in koos.
Kelinen win!
Ha'n gelinen o an kinza oh tevee in koos.*

Greun glaz eus the'n gelinen, mar laz avel hwen,
Ha breuzis o Yesu, ha krowsys i'n prenn.

Greun do eus the'n gelinen, mar thu avel glow,
Ha marow o Yesu, ha gorrys in foe.

Greun ruth eus then gelinen, mar ruth avel roz,
Ha dasserhys o Yesu, ha fethis an noz.

Pronunciation guide

Ow	as in English 'crow'.
U	as in English 'green'.
Y	as in English 'system'.
Dh	as in English 'the'.
Gh	as in Scottish 'loch'.
Ew	as in Cornish dialect 'ew'.
Eu	as in French 'fleur'

The Scarlet And The Blue

I once was a jolly ploughboy, and I ploughed in the fields all day,
When a very funny thought came to my mind, I'd like to march away.
For I'm sick and tired of the country life, of the place where I was born,
So I took the good King's shilling, and I'm off tomorrow morn.

Hurrah for the Scarlet and the Blue, helmets glist'ning in the sun,
Bayonets flash like light'ning to the beating of a milit'ry drum.
And no more will I go harvesting or gathering the golden corn,
For I took the good King's shilling, and I'm off tomorrow morn.

Well I'll leave behind my old smock coat, and I'll leave behind my plough,
And I'll leave behind my old grey mare, for I'll not need her now.
Ther's a flag in dear old England, floating proudly in the sky,
And the watchword of our soldiers is, 'We'll conquer or we'll die.'

There's just one thing that grieves my mind and that's my Nelly dear,
I hope that she'll be proud of me when I am far from here.
And if ever I return again I'll let you all see me,
As I take my Nelly to the church, a sergeant's wife to be.

She Moved Through The Fair

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
As he stepp'd away from me and this he did say,
"It will not be long, love, til our wedding day."

As she stepped away from me, and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.
And then she turned homeward, with one star awake,
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Well the people are saying that no two were wed,
For one had a sorrow that never was said.
And she smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in,
So softly she came that her feet made no din.
As she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

Siuil A Ruin

English/ Gaelge

I wish I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
'Til every tear would turn a mill,
Is go dtheidh tu a mhuirnin slan.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
When the flax is spun, I'll sell my wheel,
I'll buy my love a suit of green,

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
For all my parents wish me dead,

It's often I sat on my true love's knee,
And many the false story he told to me!
He told me things that never could be,

I wish I were on the top of a wall,
The top of a castle would be higher than all,
I'd view the hurl and I'd spy the ball,
And I'd know my true love among them all,

Alternative Gaelge Lyrics

Siuil, siuil, siuil a ruin,
Siuil go socair agus siuil go ciuin,
Siuil go doras agus ealaigh liom,
Is go dtheidh tu a mhuirnin slan.

Phonetic translation

Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Shule go succir agus, shule go kewn,
Shule go durrus oggus aylig lume,
Iss guh day thu a vourneen slaun.

Literal translation

Creep, creep, creep, my love,
Creep securely, and creep quietly,
Creep to the door and steal away with me,
And may you get clear away, my love.

The Star Of The County Down

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down,
One morning in July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two white feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself,
To be sure I was really there.

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

As she onward sped I shook my head,
And I gazed with a feeling rare,
And I said, says I, to a passerby,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
He smiled at me, and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down."

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit,
Since my roving career began,
But fair and square I surrendered there,
To the charms of young Rose McCann.
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet,
Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent,
From the star of the County Down.

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there,
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies,
On the heart of the nut-brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Though with rust my plow turns brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.

Suo Gân (Lullaby)

Cymraeg (Welsh)

Huna blentyn yn fy mynwes,
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon.
Breichiau mam sy'n dyn am danat,
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron.
Ni cha dim amharu'th gyntun,
Ni wna undyn â thi gam.
Huna'n dawel, anwyl blentyn,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun.
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon.
Tithau'n gwenu'n ol dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen,
Gura, gura ar y ddor.
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig,
Sua, sua ar lan y mor.
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma,
Ddim i roddi iti fraw.
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes,
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

Phonetic translation

Seeo Gan

Heena blentin un vee munwess,
Kleed a chuness udiw hon.
Breyechee'eye mam seen deen am danat,
Kareead mam see dan vu mron.
Nee cha dim amharryth guntin,
Nee na eenden a thee gam.
Heenan dawel, anoil blentin,
Heenan voin ar vron du fam.

Heenan dawel, hennor, heena,
Heenan voin, ur tloose eye lean.

Pam ur oyt un hour un gwenee,
Gweneen direeon un du heen?
Eye unileeon vree seen gwenee,
Arnat tee un gweneen llon.
Titheyen gweneen ol dan heeno,
Heenon dawel ar vum ron?

Peyed ag ovnee, dim ond dyelen,
Geera, geera ar ur thor.
Peyed ag ovnee, ton varch eenig,
Seea, seea'ar lan u more.
Heena blentin, nid oiys umma,
Thim ee rothee eetea vraw.
Gwenan dawell un vu munwess,
Ar ur engil gwonion draw.

Alternative English Lyrics

Lullaby

Sleep my baby in my bosom,
Warm and cosy may you rest.
Mother's arms are round you tightly,
Mother's love is in my breast.
Not a thing shall mar your resting,
Nor a person do you harm.
Be at rest, my darling baby,
Sleep my baby, on your mam.

Sleep in peace tonight, my beauty,
Sweetly sleep, my work of art.
Why have you just started smiling,
Smiling gently in your heart?
Could it be some angels smiling,
Down on you, in smiling rest?
With you smiling back and sleeping,
Slumb'ring sweetly on my breast?

Fret you not, 'tis but an oak leaf,
Beating, beating at the door.
Fret you not, a lonely wavelet's,
Murm'ring, murm'ring on the shore.
Sleep my child, here there is nothing,
Nothing that can frighten you.
Smile in peace upon my bosom,
On the distant angels true.

Unst Boat Song

Norn

Starka virna vestilie,
Obadeea, obadeea,
Starka virna vestilie,
Obadeea, monye.

Stala, stoita, stonga, raera,
Whit says du, da bunshka baera?
Whit says du, da bunshka baera?
Litra mae vee drengie.

Saina, papa wara,
Obadeea, obadeea,
Saina, papa wara
Obadeea monye.

Alternative English lyrics

Stronger wind comes from the wester,
Curse the weather, curse the weather,
Stronger wind comes from the wester,
Trouble for the sailors.

Stow the shrouds, the yards and sails,
Dear old ship, she'll ride the gales,
Dear old ship, she'll ride the gales
Give the best you can, boys.

Bless the ship, almighty father,
Curse the weather, curse the weather,
Bless the ship, almighty father,
Trouble for the sailors.

Vive la Compagnie!

Dgèrnésiais (Guernsey)

Que chaque bouan haumme remplle sen verre,

Vive la Compagnie.

Et beve a la santai notre classe glorieuse,

Vive la Compagnie.

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!

Vive l'a-mour! Vive l'amour!

Vive la Compagnie!

Que chaque d'vous mariai beve la santai d'sa faumme,

La jouaie de sent'heur, et la pllague de sa vie,

V'nai rempfillir vos verres j'vous dounne enne santai,

Santai d'notre ami, qui nous a priai,

Alternative Jèrriais (Jersey) Lyrics

Allons mes bouonnes gens,

Vite un vèrre à la main!

Vive la Compagnie!

Empliez-lé jusqu'au bord,

Épis viédgiz-lé bein,

Vive la Compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,

Vive la Compagnie!

À toutes les jannes fil'yes,

Tch'attendent un amouotheux,

L'vez vos vèrres bein haut,

Ch'est un pliaîsi j'sis seux,

Qué touos l's hoummes mathiés,

Baivent un vèrre en même temps,

Les cheins tchi les picangnent,

Et tchi l's aiment tout l'temps,

Eune dèrnié santé,

Ch'est à touos nous chute fais,

Pliaîsi, prospéthité,

Ridgeu et succès,

Alternative English Lyrics

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass

Vive la compagnie!

And drink to the health of our glorious class,

Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!

Vive l'amour! Vive l'amour!

Vive la compagnie!

Now let every married man drink to his wife,

The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,

Come fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast,
A health to our dear friend, our kind worthy host,

Since all with good humor I've toasted so free,
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,

Let every good fellow now join in a song,
Success to each other and pass it along,

Let every good fellow, now join in our song,
Success to each other, and pass it along,

A Week's Work Well Done

On Monday morning I married a wife,
A-thinking to live a sober life.
It turned out I'd be better dead,
Than rue the day that I got wed.

*Laddy-i-o! Faddy-i-o!
Sing fal-de-lal lal and sing laddy-i-o!*

On Tuesday morning I went to the wood,
A-thinking to do my wife some good.
I cut a twig of holly so green,
The roughest and toughest that ever was seen.

On Wednesday morning I put it to dry,
On Thursday morning I gave it a try.
Until my wife she grabbed my sprig,
And then she broke my holly twig.

On Friday morning to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise.
She opened her clatter and scolded more,
Than ever I'd heard in my life before.

On Saturday morning she started again,
And tanned my hide with my broken cane, and the
Devil came in in the midst of the game,
And stole her away both blind and lame.

On Sunday morning I dined without
A scolding wife or a bawling-out.
So I enjoyed my bottle and friend,
And had a fresh wife at the week's work's end.

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a long year,
I've spent all my money, boys, on fine girls and strong beer.
So for my part I will lay up my money in store,
And it's never will I play the wild rover no more.

*Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
And it's never will I play the wild rover no more.*

I call'd at some ale-house where I used to resort,
The liquor was good, but my money ran short.
I ask'd them to trust me, but their answer was "Nay!
Such a customer as you, my boy, we may have any day."

Then I pull'd out my handfuls of money straightway,
It was only to try them, to hear what they'd say.
"Kind sir, you are welcome to liquor of the best,
What I said to you before, kind sir, was only in jest."

"Oh! no," I replied, "that never will be,
I'll see you all hang'd if I spend one penny.
For a man that's got money, he may sing and may roar,
But a man that's got none must be turn'd out of doors."

You should see the land-lady, at ease in her chair,
With ruffles round her wrists and fine curls in her hair.
It's got by our money, boys, that you very well know,
And for to maintain them, we are fools if we do.

The Wycombe Caning Girl

Twas down by Mendy Street,
A girl I chanced to meet.
She had deep blue eyes and golden hair,
Her smile was warm and sweet.
She blushed and turned away from me,
And still I did not mind.
And underneath her arm she held,
A small bundle of cane.

*She fairly won my heart,
I never wish see her again.
That blue-eyed girl with her hair in curl,
That I met with a bundle of cane.*

Then we agreed we'd meet again,
On top of Tom Burt's Hill.
We talked of happy days in store,
And sweet is the memory still.
We talked of happy days in store,
And it made a sudden stop.
Will you condescend to marry a girl,
Who works in a caning shop?

Now come all you men take my advice,
When to Wycombe Town you go.
Don't talk to pretty caning girls,
Or else they'll serve you so.
They'll steal away your hearts, my boys,
And promise to be true.
Then with some bloody polisher,
They'll waltz away from you.

Ye Banks And Braes

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart ye warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn.
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine.
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree.
But my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! she left the thorn wi' me.

Braes: hills

Sae: so

Fu': full

Wantons: moves playfully

Oft: often

Hae: have

Ilka: each