

# three jolly fishermen

There were three jolly fishermen; they went out to sea.  
There were three jolly fishermen; they went out to sea.  
They threw their nets in to the sea  
And pulled them in by one, two, three,  
To see what they had got, had got,  
To see what they had got.

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# chiall mo làmh a lùths

My hand has lost its power

Chiall mo làmh a lùths,  
Chiall mo làmh a lùths,  
Chiall mo làmh a lùths,  
Thrèig an lùdag mi.

*Hyaal mo lav a loos,  
Hyaal mo lav a loos,  
Hyaal mo lav a loos,  
Hyaig an lutag me.*

*My hand has lost its pow'r,  
My hand has lost its pow'r,  
My hand has lost its pow'r,  
The little finger's gone.*

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# ally bally BEE

Coulter's Candy

## Original words

*Ally bally, ally bally bee,  
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee;  
Waitin' for a wee penny  
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.*

Mammy gimme ma thrifty doon,  
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon  
Wi' a basket on his croon  
Sellin' the Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Little Annie's greetin' tae,  
Sae whit can puir wee Mammy dae?  
But gie them a penny atween them twae  
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Ally bally, ally bally bee,  
When ye grow up you'll go tae sea:  
Makin' pennies for your daddy and me  
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Come my boy, my wee, wee man:  
Run doon that road as fast as y'can;  
Pay your money tae the sweetie man  
For a big bag of Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

# ally Bally BEE

Coulter's Candy

## Anglicised version

*Ally bally, ally bally bee,  
Sitting on your mammy's knee;  
Waiting for a wee penny  
To buy more Coulter's Candy.*

Mammy's given my moneybox down,  
Here's old Coulter coming round  
With a basket on his crown  
Selling Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Little Annie's crying too,  
So what can poor wee Mammy do?  
But give them a penny between them two  
To buy more Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Ally bally, ally bally bee,  
When you grow up you'll go to sea:  
Making pennies for your daddy and me  
To buy more Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

Come my boy, my wee, wee man:  
Run down that road as fast as you can;  
Pay your money to the sweetie man  
For a big bag of Coulter's Candy.

[CHORUS]

# nelson's blood

Roll the old chariot along

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,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

*So we'll roll the old chariot along,  
We'll roll the old chariot along,  
We'll roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind!*

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm, (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind!

[CHORUS]

# my bonny lad

Have you seen owt on my bonny lad,  
And are you shooah he's weel oh?  
He's gone ower land with a stick in his hand,  
He's gone to row the keel-o.

Yes, I've seen your bonny lad,  
'Twas on the sea I spied him,  
His grave is green, but not with grass,  
And you'll never lie beside him.

---

*Have you seen my bonny lad,  
And are you sure he's well oh?  
He's gone over land with a stick in his hand,  
He's gone to row the keel-o.*

*Yes, I've seen your bonny lad,  
'Twas on the sea I saw him,  
His grave is green, but not with grass,  
And you'll never lie beside him.*

# the handloom weaver's lament

You gentlemen and tradesmen that ride about at will,  
Look down on these poor people, it's enough to make you crill.  
Look down on these poor people as you ride up and down,  
I think there is a god above will bring your pride right down.

*You tyrants of England, your race may soon be run,  
You may be brought unto account for what you've surely done.*

You pull down all our wages, shamefully to tell;  
You go into the markets and you say you cannot sell.  
And when that we do ask you when these bad times will mend,  
You quickly give an answer: when the wars are at an end.

[CHORUS]

We look on our poor children, it grieves our heart full sore:  
Their clothing it is worn to rags while we can get no more.  
With little in their bellies, they off to work must go,  
Whilst yours do dress as manky as monkeys in a show.

[CHORUS]

You go to church on Sundays; I'm sure it's nowt but pride:  
There can be no religion when humanity's thrown aside.  
If there's a place in heaven as there is in the Exchange,  
Our poor souls must not come near like lost sheep they must range.

[CHORUS]

With the choicest of strong dainties, your table's overspread;  
With good ale and strong brandy to make your faces red.  
You called a set of visitors, it is your whole delight;  
You lay your heads together to make our faces white.

[CHORUS]

You say that Bonyparty, he's been the spoil of all,  
And that we've got good reason for to pray for his downfall.  
Well Bonyparty's dead and gone and it is plainly shown  
That we have bigger tyrants and Boneyes of our own.

[CHORUS]

And now my lads conclude it's time to make an end;  
Let's see if we can form a plan that these bad times may mend.  
Then give us our old prices as we have had before,  
And we can live in happiness and rub off the old score.

# banks of the Nile

'Hark! Hark! the drums are beating; I can no longer stay.  
The bugle it is sounding; come love, I must away.  
We're ordered out of Portsmouth, 'tis many the weary mile  
To join the British Army on the banks of the Nile.'

'Oh Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me here to mourn;  
Don't make me curse and rue the day that ever I was born.  
For the parting of our love would be like parting with my life.  
So stay at home, my dearest love, and I will be your wife.

'I will cut off those yellow locks and I'll go along with you;  
I'll dress myself in velveteen and go and see Egypt too.  
I'll fight and bear your banner while kind fortune upon me smile,  
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile.'

'Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy, with me you cannot go  
For our Col'nel has given orders that no women there can go.  
You will forget your own true love when you are on the shore,  
And you'll think of things that please your mind and new loves will please you more.'

'Cursed be the wars, my love, and how they first began,  
For they have robbed old Ireland of many's a brave young man.  
They've taken our own sweethearts all from our native isle,  
And their bodies lie a-mouldering on the banks of the Nile.'

'When the wars are over, it's home we will return;  
Back to our wives and our sweethearts we left behind at home.  
We'll roll them in our arms all for a little while,  
And go no more to battle on the banks of the Nile.'



# mow me down my meadow

I'll have one man to mow me down my meadow,  
I'll have two men to gather it all together,  
I'll have two men, one man and one more  
To mow me down my meadow that grows before my door.

I'll have three men to mow me down my meadow,  
I'll have four men to gather it all together,  
I'll have four men, three men, two men, one man and one more  
To mow me down my meadow that grows before my door.

I'll have five men to mow me down my meadow,  
I'll have six men to gather it all together,  
I'll have six men, five men, four men, three men, two men, one man and one more  
To mow me down my meadow that grows before my door.

I'll have sev'n men to mow me down my meadow,  
I'll have eight men to gather it all together,  
I'll have eight men, sev'n men, six men, five men, four men, three men, two men,  
one man and one more  
To mow me down my meadow that grows before my door.

I'll have nine men to mow me down my meadow,  
I'll have ten men to gather it all together,  
I'll have ten men, nine men, eight men, sev'n men, six men, five men, four men, three men, two men,  
one man and one more<sup>†</sup>  
To mow me down my meadow that grows before my door.

<sup>†</sup> or 'no more'

# the great silkie

## Original words

An earthly nurse, she sits and sings,  
And aye she sings, 'Ba lilly wean,  
Little ken I my bairn's father,  
Far less the land that he dwells in.'

Then he come one night to her bed fit,  
And a grumly guest I'm sure was he,  
Saying: 'Here am I, thy bairn's father,  
Although I be not comely.'

'I am a man upon the land,  
I am a silkie in the sea,  
And when I'm far frae every strand,  
My home it is in Sule Skerry.'

Then he has tain a purse of gold,  
And he has laid it on her knee,  
Saying: 'Gie to me, my little young son,  
And tack thee up thy nurse's fee.'

'It shall come to pass on a summer's day,  
When the sun shines hot on every stone,  
That I shall take my little young son,  
And teach him for to swim the foam.'

'And thou shalt marry a proud gunner,  
And a very proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
And the very first shot that e're he shoots,  
He'll kill both my young son and me.'

# the great silkie

## Anglicised version

An earthly nurse, she sits and sings,  
And aye she sings, 'Ba lilly wean,  
Little know I my child's father,  
Far less the land that he dwells in.'

Then he came one night to her bed fit,  
And a grumbly guest I'm sure was he,  
Saying: 'Here am I, the child's father,  
Although I am not comely.'

'I am a man upon the land,  
I am a silkie in the sea,  
And when I'm far from every strand,  
My home it is in Sule Skerry.'

Then he has taken a purse of gold,  
And he has laid it on her knee,  
Saying: 'Give to me, my little young son,  
And take thee up your nurse's fee.'

'It will pass on a summer's day,  
When the sun shines hot on every stone,  
That I shall take my little young son,  
And teach him for to swim the foam.'

'And you will marry a proud gunner,  
And a very proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
And the very first shot that e'er he shoots,  
He'll kill both my young son and me.'

# the four loom weaver

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a man knows.  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes.  
Me clogs are all broken and stockings I've none.  
Thee'd hardly gi's tuppence from I've gotten on.

Old Billy O' Bent, he were telling us long,  
We mayn't had better times if I'd nobbut held m' tongue.  
Well, I held m' tongue 'til I near lost m' breath,  
And I feel in m' hear that I'll soon clem to death.

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a man knows.  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes.  
Old Billy were right, but he ne'er were clemmed,  
He'd ne'er picked o'er in his life.

We held out for six weeks, though' each day were the last.  
We tarried and shifted 'til we were quite fast.  
We lived upon nettles while nettles were good.  
And Waterloo Porridge were best to us (as) food.

Our Margaret declares, 'If hoo'd clothes to put on,  
Hoo'd go up t' London and see the great man.  
And if things didn' alter when there hoo'd been,  
Hoo swears hoo'd fight 'til there blood up to th' e'en.'

I'm a four loom weaver, as many a man knows.  
I've nowt to eat and I've worn out m' clothes.  
Stockings I've none, nor looms to weave on;  
I've woven m'sen to far end.

# the BIG ship sails

The big ship sails on the ally, ally-oh,  
The ally, ally-oh, the ally, ally-oh.  
The big ship sails on the ally, ally-oh  
On the last day of September.

The captain said, 'It will never, never do,  
Never, never do, never, never do.'  
The captain said, 'It will never, never do,'  
On the last day of September.

The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea,  
The bottom of the sea, the bottom of the sea.  
The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea  
On the last day of September.

# I'm Bound away

For the sake of you, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
For the sake of you, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away.*

Far across the sea, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
Far across the sea, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away.*

Bound to sail the seas to China,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
Bound aboard an ocean liner,  
*I'm bound away.*

Bound to sail the rolling ocean,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
Bound away without commotion,  
*I'm bound away.*

So dry your tears and have no more sorrow,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
For the packet sails tomorrow,  
*I'm bound away.*

For the sake of you, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away, me lassie,*  
For the sake of you, me lassie,  
*I'm bound away.*

# hey diddle, diddle

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon.  
The little dog laughed to see such fun  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

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# Johnnie's lost his marble

Johnnie's lost his marble (x3)

Down in Granny's yard.

He's lost it up the drainpipe (x3) ...

So he went and got the clothes prop (x3) ...

And he's rammed it up the drainpipe (x3) ...

But still he couldn't fetch it (x3) ...

So he went and got the terrier (x3) ...

And he's tied it to the drainpipe (x3) ...

And he's rammed it up the drainpipe (x3) ...

But still he couldn't fetch it (x3) ...

So he went and got the policeman (x3) ...

And he's tied him to the terrier (x3) ...

And he's rammed him up the drainpipe (x3) ...

But still he couldn't fetch it (x3) ...

So he went and got gunpowder (x3) ...

And he's rammed it up the drainpipe (x3) ...

He set fire to the powder (x3) ...

He's blown up Granny's drainpipe (x3)

And he's blown up Granny's yard.

Johnnie's found his marble (x3)

Down in Granny's yard.

It was in his blooming pocket!<sup>†</sup> (x3)

Down in Granny's yard.

<sup>†</sup>or 'It was right there in his pocket!'



# hard times of old england

Come all brother tradesmen that travel alone,  
O pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone.  
Long time I have travell'd and cannot find none.  
And it's O the hard times of old England,  
In old England, very hard times.

Provisions you buy at the shop, it is true,  
But if you've no money there's none there for you.  
So what's a poor man and his family to do?  
And it's O the hard times of old England,  
In old England, very hard times.

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,  
They will answer you there with a shake and a nod;  
That's enough to make a poor man to turn out and rob.  
And it's O the hard times of old England,  
In old England, very hard times.

You will see the poor tradesmen a-walking the street  
From morning till night for employment to seek.  
And scarcely they have any shoes to their feet.  
And it's O the hard times of old England,  
In old England, very hard times.

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war,  
Been fighting for their King and their country sure.  
Come home to be starved, better have stayed where they were,  
And it's O the hard times of old England,  
In old England, very hard times.

So now to conclude and to finish my song,  
Let us hope that these hard times they will not last long  
And I may soon have occasion to alter my song.  
And sing O, the good times of old England,  
In old England, very good times.

# awake, awake

Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper,  
Wake up, wake up, it's almost day.  
Put your head out at your window  
And listen to what your true love says.

Go then, go then and ask your mother,  
If you my darling bright can be.  
If she says no, I'll court some other,  
And never more shall trouble thee.

Oh, can't you see them clouds arising,  
Who had us with the second sun?  
They will vanish all on that morning,  
When you and I become as one.

# the blacksmith

A blacksmith courted me nine months and better;  
He fairly won my heart, wrote me a letter.  
With his hammer in his hand, he looked quite clever;  
And if I was with my love I'd live forever.

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

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

'What did you promise me when you lay beside me?  
You said you'd marry me and not deny me!'  
'If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you!  
So bring your witness love and I'll ne'er deny you.'

'Oh witness have I none, save God almighty;  
And He'll reward you well for the slighting of me.'  
Her lips grew pale and wan; it made her poor heart tremble  
To think she loved a man and he proved deceitful.

<sup>†</sup>hat

# hills of donegal

Oh, Donegal, the pride of all, my heart still turns to thee,  
With my cottage home, where oft I roamed when I was young and free.  
Big houses grand, in foreign lands, they can't compare at all  
With my cottage bright, on a winter's night, by the hills of Donegal.

Right well I mind, in the harvest time, that dreary, doleful day,  
When leaving all in Donegal, to wander far away.  
In Creeslough town, my friends stood round; I bid farewell to all,  
Then on the ban sure I waved my hand to the hills of Donegal.

When gazing back to Barnesmore gap, at my own dear native hills,  
I felt no shame, for who could blame while there I cried my fill?  
My parents kind ran in my mind, my friends and comrades all;  
But I heaved a sigh, and bade goodbye to the hills of Donegal.

Oh *Grá mo Chroí*,<sup>†</sup> I long to see my native hills again,  
On a foreign shore, my heart is sore, with exiles long in pain.  
Could I but see those mountains free, 't'would compensate for all,  
And I'd live as my forefathers lived, and die in Donegal.

<sup>†</sup>love of my heart

Words by P. J. O'Reilly. Composed by Wilfred Sanderson. Arranged by Damien O'Kane.  
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# dalesman's litany

It's hard when folks can't find their work where they've been bred and born.  
When I was young I always thought I'd bide amang rooits and corn.  
But I've been forced to work in town, sae here's me litany:  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord, deliver me.

When I was courtin' Mary Jane, old squire he says one day:  
'I've got no room for wedded folk, so wilt thou wed or stay?'  
Well I couldn't leave the lass I loved, so to town we had to flee,  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord, deliver me.

I've worked in Leeds and Huddersfield, I've addled honest brass.  
At Bradford, Keighley, Rotherham, I've kept me bairns and lass.  
I've travell'd all three ridin's round and once I went to sea.  
From forges, mills and coalin' boats, good Lord, deliver me.

I've walked at neet down Sheffield lanes, 'twas the same as bein' in Hell:  
Furnaces thrust out tongues of fire that roared like wind on fell.  
I've sammed up coals in Barnsley pits wi' muck up to me knees.  
From Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotherham, good Lord, deliver me.

I've seen grey fog creep over Leeds Brig as thick as Bastille soup.  
I've lived where folks have been stowed away like rabbits in a coop.  
I've seen snow float down Bradford Beck as black as ebony.  
From Hunslet, Holbeck, Wibsey Slack, good Lord, deliver me.

Well now when all our children have flown, to the country we've come back.  
There's forty miles of heathery moor 'twixt us and coal pit stack.  
And oft' as I sit by the fire at neet I laugh and I shout with glee,  
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, good Lord, deliver me.

# so here's to you

When we first met, complete, awkward strangers,  
We didn't know if we could be friends.  
How soon we've come to know each other;  
Now I know we will meet again.

*So here's to you and our time together;  
I'll share with you now a parting glass.  
And bid adieu with a smile and laughter;  
Our time apart will be short and pass.*

We've talked of dreams and the good tomorrows,  
Of yesterday with their dark despair.  
We've had our share of love and sorrow,  
Now we part as friends who care.

[CHORUS]

A long, long road now lies before me,  
And fate will lead me where it will.  
All through the valleys and over mountains,  
I'll not forget, but remember you still.

Words and Music by Alan Bell  
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