

THE JOLLY ROGERS

LOOSE CANNONS

El Matador (Jane Bowers/Irving Burgess)

Ay, Torero, she's here. Ay, matador.
I feel her eyes. They are wide with excitement and fear.
I feel her heart for it cries when the horns are too near.
I will bold, brave, and swift will I be.
And I will be numero uno, torero fino. She'll dream tonight of me.

[CHORUS]

Ole, ole, ole! *Pasa!*
Viva el matador!
Ole, ole, ole! *Venga!*
Viva el matador!

Ay, Torero, she is here. Ay, matador.
I see her smile and I see there the reason she came.
Toro, come closer. Come here and I'll whisper her name.
You may be brave and as bold as you're black.
But I will be numero uno, torero fino, toro come back.

[CHORUS]

Toro, aqui. Closer, closer, closer, closer!

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Get Up Jack, John Sit Down (traditional)

Ships may come, and ships may go
As long as the sea does roll.
Each sailor lad, just like his dad,
He loves the flowing bowl.
A trip ashore, he does adore
With a girl that's plump and round.
When your money's all gone, it's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

**Come along, come along,
You jolly brave boys,
There's lots of grog in the jar.
We'll plough the briny ocean
With the jolly roving tar.**

When Jack gets in, it's then he'll steer,
For some old boarding house.
They'll welcome him with run and gin;
They'll feed him on pork scouse.
He'll lend and spend and not offend,
Till he lies drunk on the ground.
When your money's all gone, it's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

[CHORUS]

Then he'll sail aboard some ship,
For India or Japan.
In Asia there, the ladies fair,
All love the sailor man.
He'll go ashore and on a tear,
And he'll buy some girl a gown.
When your money's all gone, it's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

[CHORUS]

When Jack gets old and weatherbeat,
Too old to roam about.
In some rum shop, they'll let him stop,
Till eight bells calls him out.
He'll raise his eyes up to the skies,
Sayin' "Boys, we're homeward bound."
When your money's all gone, it's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

[CHORUS] x2

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Tae the Beggin' (traditional)

Of all the trades that I do ken, well the beggin is the best.
For when a beggar's weary he can aye sit down and rest.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

An' I'll gang tae the cobbler, An' gar him sort my shoon;
An inch thick tae the bottom, An' clooted weel taebune.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

An' I'll gang tae the tailor, Wi' a wab o' hodden gray,
An' gar him mak' a cloak for me, to help me night and day.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

An' I'll gang tae the tanner, an' I'll gaer him mak' a desh,
And in it ma ha three ha'pence, for I canna will be less.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

And when that I begin my trade, I'll let me beard grow strang;
Nor pare my nails this year or day, For the beggars wear them lang.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

An' I will seek my lodgin', before that it grows dark,
When each good man is getting' hame, and a new hame fray his work.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

If beggin' be as good as trade, An' as I hope it may,
It's time that I was oot o' here, An' haudin doon the brae.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

I am a little beggerman, an' beggin' I have been,
For three score or more on this little isle of green.
Up from the Leffey, down to the zoo, and I go by the name of ol' Johnny Dhu.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

Of all the trades that I do ken, well the beggin' is the best.
For when a beggar's weary he can aye sit down and rest.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.
Tae the beggin' I will go, will go. Tae the beggin' I will go.

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Stop Peckin' My Chrome (Stahl)

Well I was headed to a sware last Saturday night.
Well I was walking out the door, but I had left on the light.
All of a sudden, much to my surprise,
It sounded like my Cadillac was being vandalized!

Well I walked all the way around my big 'ole Deville,
I call her "Cruella", my sweet convertible thrill.
On the car I couldn't find a bump or a dent,
But then I realized I left my cash inside by accident!

Unnerved and frustrated, I was headed back out,
When I heard it again, of that I have no doubt.
Then I saw a little bird, yeah, he was the thumper.
Attacking his reflection in my chromium bumper!

**Hey, you! Stop peckin' my chrome!
Why don't you shuffle on home, baby,
And just leave me alone!**

Well I was working in a bar for less than minimum wage,
The manager was screaming at me, red with rage.
He said, "The ice bin's almost empty boy, the tap is runnin' dead,
And the trash is overflowing", so I stopped him cold and said:

[CHORUS]

Well my girl was chewing off my ear just the other night,
She said, "You trashed my house so nasty, and you don't treat me right!
You're playing with your friends every night and every day!
And then I threw my arms up in the air, what else could I say?"

[CHORUS]

<Let's shuffle on home, JP...>

**Hey, you! Stop peckin' my chrome!
Hey, you! Stop peckin' my chrome!
Why don't you shuffle on home, baby,
And just leave me alone!**

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Honor Bright (Peter Yeates)

Well, in 1925,
Dublin was a hive
Of activity, 'cause change was a-comin' down.
Frank Duff wasted no time
With his ladies of the L. of M.
They set about to clear out Monto town.

And across the city quays,
A girl from the Liberties
Was doin' all she could just to get by.
Oh, the green that was her beat
And the lads that she loved to meet
All knew her by the name of "Honour Bright".

**Who was it did it, and who can tell us why?
And some, they say, said she was no loss.
Everybody knew
It was a doctor and the screw
Left her in a ditch near Lamb Doyle's Cross.**

Well, that evening in June,
"Her Honour" was in tune
As she headed for her turf just to meet her star.
When two men in a car did show
Near the top of Merrion Row
And to their delight she stepped inside the car.

Well, they quickly turned the keys,
And this girl from the Liberties
Was never again to see the broad daylight.
For on the Ticknock mountain grounds,
They laid her body down,
And they killed the girl we knew as "Honour Bright".

[CHORUS]

Now, in 1975,
Dublin was a hive
Of activity, 'cause change was a-comin' down.
Oh, the folks, they planned to meet.
They were goin' to clear the streets
From Merrion Square and Mount Street to Lansdowne.

Well, on the same side of the quays,
A ghost of the Liberties
Was doin' all she could just to get by.
Oh, the green that was her beat

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And the lads that she used to meet
Are the retrospective view of "Honour Bright".

[CHORUS] x2

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Captain Kidd (traditional)

My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.
Oh, my name is Captain Kidd;
God's laws I did forbid.
And most wickedly I did,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
Most wickedly I did, as I sailed.

I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed.
Oh, I murdered William Moore,
And left him in his gore,
Thirty leagues from shore,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
Thirty leagues from shore as I sailed.

And being crueller still,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
And being crueller still,
As I sailed.
And being crueller still,
The gunner I did kill.
And his precious blood did spill,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
His precious blood did spill, as I sailed.

I was sick and nigh to death,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
I was sick and nigh to death,
As I sailed.
I was sick and nigh to death,
And I vowed at every breath,
To walk in wisdom's ways,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
To walk in wisdom's way, as I sailed.

My repentance lasted not,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
My repentance lasted not,
As I sailed.
My repentance lasted not,
My vow I soon forgot.

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Damnation is my lot,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
Damnation is my lot, as I sailed.

To Execution Dock,
I must go, I must go.
To Execution Dock,
I must go.
Oh, to Execution Dock,
Lay my head upon the block.
God's laws no more I'll mock,
As I sail, as I sail.
God's laws no more I'll mock, as I sail.

My name was Captain Kidd,
When I sailed, when I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd,
When I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd;
God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
And most wickedly I did, as I sailed.

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Bonnie Pirate Laddie (w: Hanover m: traditional)

Hey! Ho! 'Way we go!
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
Hey! Ho! 'Way we go!
Bonnie pirate laddie!

Did you sail o'er Teach's grave?
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
Here his call from under the waves?
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

Then you go up the mainmast high.
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
A slow, fat vessel for to spy.
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

Take that vessel with powder and shot.
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
See how brave the Captain fought.
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

You go on board to rob her hold.
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
Carrying out chests of gold.
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

Then you'll give her a strong broadside.
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
Send her to the depths to die!
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

Then you'll steer for port once more.
Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!
Get yourself a painted whore!
Bonnie pirate laddie!

[CHORUS]

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Then you'll see Execution Dock.

Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!

See them crows start to flock.

Bonnie pirate laddie!

Hey! Ho! Up you go!

Bonnie laddie, pirate laddie!

Hey! Ho! Up you go!

Bonnie pirate laddie!

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Uncloudy Day (Josiah Alwood)

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies
They tell me of a home far away.
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day.

Oh, the land of a cloudless day
Oh, the land of an uncloudy day
Oh, well they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone
They tell me of a home far away
Where the tree of life in eternal blossom blooms
Shares its fragrance through an uncloudy day

[CHORUS]

Oh, the land (The land of the cloudless day)
Oh, the land (The land of the cloudless day)
Oh, well they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day
(I said well...)
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day
Oh, they tell me of an uncloudy day

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The Smuggler (traditional)

The boat lies South of Ailsa Craig, in the waning of the light,
There's thirty men in Lendalfit, to make our burdens light,
And there's thirty horse at Hazelholm, with the halters on their heids,
All set this night upon yon height, if wind and water speeds.

**Smugglers drink on the Frenchman's wine,
And the darkest night is the smuggler's time.
Away we ran from the excise man,
It's a smuggler's life for me, it's a smuggler's life for me.**

Oh, lass ye hae a cosy bed, and cattle ye have ten,
Can ye no live a lawful life, and live wi` lawful men?
But must I live with hamely goods, when there`s foreign gear sae fine
Must I drink at the waterside, and France sae full of wine?

[CHORUS]

O well, I'd like to see ye Kate, with a baby on thy knee
But my heart is now with a gallant crew, that ploughs through the angry sea
The bitter gales, the tightest sales, the sheltered bay our goal
It's a wayward life, it's the smugglers strife, it's the joy of the smugglers soul.

[CHORUS]

And when at last the sun comes up and the cargo`s safely stored,
Like sinless saints to church we`ll go, God`s mercy to afford,
And there`s champagne fine for communion wine, And the parson drinks it too
With a smile he prays "Forgive these men, for they know not what they do."

[CHORUS]

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Silvestik (Tri Yann)

Etre parrez Pouldergat ha parrez Plouare
ez euz tudjentil iaouang o sevel eunn arme
evit monet d'ar brezel, dindan mab ann Dukez
en deuz dastumet kalz tud euz a beb korn a Vreiz;

Evit monet d'ar brezel, dreist ar mor, da Vro-Zoz.
Me'm euz ma mab Silvestik e ma int ouz e c'hortoz;
me'm euz ma mab Silvestik ha n'em euz nemet-han
a la da heul ar strollad, gand marc'heien ar ban.

Evit monet d'ar brezel, dindan mab ann Dukez
evit monet d'ar brezel, dreist ar mor, da Vro-Zoz.

Eunn noz e oann em gwele, ne oann ket kousket mad,
me gleve merc'hed Kerlaz a gane son ma mab;
ha me sevel em' c'haonze raktal war ma gwele:
- Otrou Doue! Silvestik, pelec'h oud-de-breme?

Marteze em oud ousspenn tric'hant ieo deuz va zi
pe tolet barz ar mor braz d'ar pesked da zibri;
mar kerez bea chommet gant da vamm ha da dad,
te vize bet ereujed bremañ, ereujed mad;

Achuet oa ann daou vloaz, achuet oa ann tri :
- Kenavo d'id, Silvestik, ne n'az gwelinn ket mui;
mar kaffenn da eskern paour tolet gand ar mare,
oh! me ho dastumefe hag o briatefe...

Ne oa ked he c'homz gant-hi, he c'homz peurlavaret,
pa skoaz eul lestr a Vreiz war ann ot, hen koliet,
pa skoaz eul lestr a Vro penn-da-benn dispennet
kollet gant-han he raonnou hag he wernou breet.

Leun a oa dud varo; den na ouffe lavar,
na gout pe gelt zo amzer n'en deuz gweiet ann douar.
He Silvestik ao eno, hogen na mamm na ad,
na mignon n'en doa, siouaz! Karet he zaou-lagad.

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A Port in Every Girl (The Jolly Rogers)

Oh, a girl in every port
Is the call of the sea.
But a port in every girl
Is why it's a pirate's life for me!

**For me, for me!
As you can plainly see;
A port in every girl,
It's a pirate's life for me!**

At the tender age of 15 years I went unto the sea.
And in the port of Dublin town, a maiden came to me.
She took me by me mizenmast and led me far astray...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the tender age of 16 years I went unto the sea.
And in the port of old Rangoon a Geisha came to me.
She fed me rice and treat me nice, and down with her I lay...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the tender age of 17 years I went unto the sea.
And in the port of old Marseille, a mamsel came to me.
I dined on her puff pastries and showed her my éclair...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the tender age of 18 years I went unto the sea.
And in the port of Napoli a senora came to me.
I danced around her olive grove and she uncorked my wine...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the tender age of 19 years I went unto the sea.
And in the port of Tripoli a harem came to me.
I rode their magic carpet and they polished up my lamp...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the tender age of 20 years I went unto the sea.

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And in the port of old Melbourne a sheila came to me.
She played with my boomerang and I jumped her kangaroo...
And as far away as London town, it's said you could hear me say...

[CHORUS]

At the ripe old age of 21 I came home from the sea.
And in the port of London town the women came to me.
They'd heard about my pillaging as I stepped off of the quay,
And all throughout old London town it's said you could hear me say...

Oh, a girl in every port was my call to the sea.
But port in every girl was far too much for me...

[CHORUS]

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Biddie McGraw (Matt McGinn)

Well, I'll tell you all a story - that will give you all a shock!
It's all about the murder on the St. John's Dock.
The girl is question was Bidy McGraw –
She strangled two sailors with the straps of her bra!

With me too-rye-yaah
Foddle-diddle-daah
Too-rye, oo-rye, oo-rye-yaah
With me too-rye-yaah
Foddle-diddle-daah
Too-rye, oo-rye, oo-rye-yaah

Now they tried to get her without foreign liquor,
But smart as they were, she was quicker!
She remembers the story told by her Ma,
As she quickly untied the straps of her bra.

[CHORUS]

Well, she wrapped one around the big fella's head,
And flung him in the Liffey like a crust of bread!
The little one laughed and he said, "Ha, ha!"
So she stuffed his gob with rest of her bra!

[CHORUS]

Well, she got home about quarter to one,
Very happy and contented at a job well done.
She ups and tells her Ma and her Pa,
"Thanks be to Jesus I was wearing me bra!"

[CHORUS]

Now, if you're a young girl that likes sailors at night,
Be sure that the straps of your bra are tight.
Remember the story of Bidy McGraw –
Keep one hand on your knickers and the other on your bra!

[CHORUS]

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Donegal Danny (Coulter, Martin)

I remember the day that he came in;
Windy, cold and damp.
He was a giant of a man in an oilskin coat,
And a bundle which told he was a tramp.
He stood at the bar and called a pint,
And he turned and he gazed into the fire.
On a night like this, to be safe and dry,
Is my one and only desire.

**So here's to those that are dead and gone,
To friends that I loved dear.
And here's to you and I'll bid you adieu,
Singin' "Donegal Danny was here, me boys"
Singin' Donegal Danny was here.**

Then in a voice that was hushed and low,
He said "Listen, I'll tell you a tale".
How a man of the sea became a man of the roads,
And never more would set sail.
I fished out of Howth and Killybegs,
Ardglass and Baltimore.
But the cruel sea has defeated me,
And I never sail her no more.

[CHORUS]

That fateful night in the wind and the rain
We set sail from Killybegs town.
There were five of us from sweet Donegal,
And one from county Down.
We were fishermen and we loved the sea,
And we never counted the cost.
But I never thought 'ere that night was done,
That my fine friends would all be lost.

[CHORUS]

Then the storm it broke and it drove the boat,
On the rocks about ten miles from shore.
As we fought the tide, we hoped inside,
To see our homes once more.
Then we struck a rock and hold the bow,
And all of us knew that she'd go down.
So we jumped right into that icy sea,
And prayed to God we wouldn't drown.

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But the ragin' sea was a-risin' still,
As we struck out for the land.
And she fought with all her cruelty,
To claim that gallant band.
By Saint John's point in the early dawn,
I dragged myself on the shore.
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done to me,
And vowed to sail her no more.

[CHORUS]

Ever since that day I've been on the road,
Travelin' and trying to forget.
That awful night when I lost my friends,
I can see their faces yet.
Oft' times at night when the tides are high,
Or the wind is biting at my skin.
I can hear the cries of drowning men,
Floating over the wind.

[CHORUS] x2

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Journey's End (The Jolly Rogers)

We've watched the stripes go by,
Rolling down the road,
For more miles than I know.
And later when the drive started getting long,
There was always more to go.

**If we never sail again,
Take up good times with our friends.
We can look back at our highway home,
And our journeys never end.**

We've gone and played our parts,
On many a stage,
From AZ to Saint Louey.
We've slept in hotels, and tents and cars,
And still home called to me.

We've left the road behind;
And flown our last flight,
We play our parts at home.
When the day is done, and we rest in our beds,
It feels good not to roam.

[CHORUS]

But we do not forget,
The friends we have met,
Or the joys that we have shared.
When all is said and done, we sit and talk,
And we wonder how they fair.
So while we sit at home,
We think of our friends,
Scattered, who knows where?
And though we are content, there's a part of us,
That wishes we were there.

**If we never sail again,
Take up good times with our friends.
We can look back at our highway home,
And our journeys never end.
And our memories never end...**

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Roseville Faire (Staines)

Oh, the night was clear,
the stars were a-shinin'
and the moon came up, so quiet in the sky.
The people gathered 'round,
and the band was a-tunin'.
I can hear them now,
Playin' "Comin' Through The Rye."

You were dressed in blue,
You looked so lovely,
just a gentle flower, of a small-town girl.
You took my hand, we danced to the music,
with a single smile, you became my world.

**And we danced all night,
To the fiddle and the banjo.
Their drifting tune, seemed to fill the air.
So long ago, but I still remember,
When we fell in love, at the Roseville Fair.**

We courted well, we courted dearly,
and we'd sit for hours, in the front porch chair.
Then a year went by, from the time that I met you,
And I made you mine, at the Roseville Fair.

[CHORUS]

So here's a song, for all the lovers,
here's a tune, they can share.
May they dance all night,
to the fiddle and the banjo.
The way we did at the Roseville Fair.

**And we danced all night,
To the fiddle and the banjo.
Their drifting tune, seemed to fill the air.
So long ago, but I still remember,
When we fell in love, at the Roseville Fair.
When we fell in love, at the Roseville Fair.**

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Run, Come See Jerusalem (traditional)

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty nine,
Run come see, run come see.

I remember that day very well.

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty nine.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

That day they were talkin' 'bout a storm on the islands,
Run come see, run come see.

My God, it was a beautiful mornin'.

They were talking 'bout a storm on the islands.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

That day there were three ships leavin' out the harbor
Run come see, run come see.

It was the Ethel, the Myrtle and the Pretoria.

There were three ships leavin' out the harbor
Run come see, Jerusalem.

These ships were bound for a neighboring island,
Run come see, run come see.

With mothers and children on board.

These ships were bound for a neighboring island.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

Now when the Pretoria was out on the ocean,
Run come see, run come see.

Rocking from side to side.

Yes, the Pretoria was out on the ocean.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

My God, when the first wave hit the Pretoria,
Run come see, run come see.

The mothers grabbin hold unto children, by God!

When the first wave hit the Pretoria.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

My God, there were thirty-three souls in the water,
Oh, my God!

Run come see, run come see.

They were swimming and praying to the good Lord God.

There were thirty-three souls in the water.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

My God, now George Brown he was the captain,
Run come see, run come see.

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He shouted, "My children, come pray!"
"Yes", he said, "Come now, witness your judgment"
Run come see, Jerusalem.

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty nine,
Run come see, run come see.

I remember that day very well.

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty nine.
Run come see, Jerusalem.
Run come see, Jerusalem.
Run come see, Jerusalem.

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Johnny Booger (traditional)

I do believe...
I will believe...

Old Johnny Booger, he lived by himself,
Just as long as he had his health.
Johnny fell ill and he took himself a wife,
For to take care of him for the rest of his life.

I do believe.
I will believe.
Old Johnny Booger was a gay old booger,
And a gay old booger was he.

Now old Mrs. Booger she had a bad leg,
The doctor ordered her to bed.
The doctor said, "Now, listen to me John,
You've gotta rub your wife's left leg with gin".

[CHORUS]

Now old Johnny Booger, he thought it was a sin,
To rub his wife's left leg with gin.
He picked up the jug and he poured it down his throttle,
And he rubbed his wife's leg with the bottle.

[CHORUS]

Now old Johnny Booger went a walkin' one day,
Down by the river he happened to stray.
Johnny fell in and he started for to shout,
But there was no Booger there for to pull the Booger out.

[CHORUS]

Now God made the bees...
And the bees made honey...
God made man...
And man made money...
God made the devil and the devil made sin,
But he had to dig a hole for to put the Booger in.

[CHORUS] x2

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Shoals of Herring (McColl)

With our nets and gear we're sailin'.
On the wild and wasteful ocean.
It's out there on the deep,
That we harvest and reap our bread.
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

It was on a fair and a pleasant day,
out of Yarmouth Harbor I was farin'
as a cabin boy on a sailin' lugger,
out to hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

Oh, we left the home grounds in the month of June,
and to canny shields we soon were bearin'
with a hundred cran of the silver darlin's,
that we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now, the work was hard and the hours were long,
and the treatment surely took some bearin'.
And I used to sleep standin' on me feet,
and I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman,
and you're learnin' all about seafarin'.
That's your education, scraps of navigation,
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

In the stormy seas and livin' gales,
I earned the gear that I was wearin'.
Sailed ten thousand miles, caught ten million fishes,
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

And it's night and day we're farin',
Come winter whale, or winter gale.
Sweating or cold; growing up, growing old or dyin'.
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

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The Old Man (Coulter, Quinn)

The tears have all been shed now,
We've said our last goodbyes.
His souls been blessed.
He's laid to rest.
And it's now I feel alone.
He was more than just a father,
A teacher, my best friend.
He can still be heard,
In the songs we shared,
Though now I sing alone.

**No, I never will forget him,
For he made me "what I am".
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
And how I'll miss him, the old man.**

I recall those drives together,
How his words took on new life.
No feelings spared,
His thoughts he shared,
Of anger, joy and strife.
My boyhood flamed his poetry,
For his passion spoke to me.
Each day I'd hear,
His meaning clear,
Rise above Man's inhumanity.

His words fell beyond my grasp at times,
But the night sky brought them back to me.
His straining voice,
Offered me a choice,
That became my life's reality.
At an early age I realized,
You work for what you've got.
You reap what's sewed,
Life's simplest code,
So give it your best shot.

[CHORUS]

I thought he'd live forever,
He was so big and strong.
But moments fly,
And the years pass by,
For a father and a son.

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And suddenly when it happened,
There was so much left unsaid.
No second chance,
To tell him thanks,
For all the things he'd done.

**No, I never will forget him,
For he made me "what I am".
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
And how I'll miss him...
No, I never will forget him,
For he made me "what I am".
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
And how I'll miss him, the old man.**

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Drink up the Cider, George

**Drink up the cider, drink up the cider,
For tonight we'll merry be.
We'll have the milkmaids over, and roll 'em in the clover.
The corn's half done and so are we.**

Drink up the cider George, pass me 'round the jug.
Drink up the cider George; I think you've had enough.
There's still more lader's, half way up her gaters,
And there's still more cider in the jug.

[CHORUS]

Drink up the cider George, old Dee's been goin' far.
Drink up the cider George, he's getting' quite a star.
His cheeks are getting redder, from carvin' up the chedder,
And there's still more cider in the bar.

[CHORUS]

Drink up the cider George, get up off the mat.
Drink up the cider George, put on thee great, big hat.
We're goin' to Ballycarry, to see me brother early,
And there's still more cider in the back.

[CHORUS]

Drink up the cider George, get up off me chest.
Drink up the cider George, it's time you had a rest.
There's nothin' like more cider, to make your smile get wider,
And there's still more cider in the west.

[CHORUS] x2

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Dread (The Jolly Rogers)

When I was a lad at the whorehouse in Kingston,
or should I say one of the many,
When the ladies were bored and the sailors were spent
they used to tell tales for a penny.
So gathered around the table at dusk –
rum, perfume and pirate-sweat mulled in a musk,
Borne of an old whore no more than a husk,
came the name of Bartholomew Roberts.

Well he once was a sailor as common as any,
whose blood e'er ran red in the scuppers,
Who soak in the sweat as they toil for the captain,
from rum bottles swilling their suppers,
But when old Captain Davis was shot in the back,
the crew bayed and howled like leaderless pack,
Throwing dead Davis o'er the side in a sack,
they made Captain of young pirate Roberts.

And he sought and he sank every ship in his path,
as if to reach Hell in a hurry.
His name grew so great that brave men surrendered
lest Roberts unleash his fury,
So horrid the crew once swore to their shame
that a frigate caught fire when he shouted his name,
And as he laughed and danced in the flames,
ships blockaded the dread pirate Roberts.

Now what drove the men who came hunting his hide,
did they come avenging their loved ones?
Did they sail as loyal government agents,
protecting the most valuable trade runs?
No, they cared not for commerce, clan or the Crown,
not the cheap copper coin of a hero's renown,
But the glad weight of gold, melted pure by the pound,
brought the hunters of dread pirate Roberts.

Well his eyes darted 'round like a wild boar at bay;
he knew he'd been trapped at last,
And as he gave orders to sail through the gauntlet
he dreamed of his crimes of the past.
He sat down in his chair and the helmsman did shout:
"My Captain, my Captain, 'tis no time for doubt!"
But o'er his hands the wild blood did spout,
grapeshot killed the dread pirate Roberts.

Well the old crone laughed as if she had thought
the death of the pirate was funny,

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I gave her the last copper coin that I had,
she grinned as she grasped at the money.
She said, "Sea ghosts keen in the crash and the boom,
but the cannon took poor Roberts' throat in his doom,
So silent as snow on the roof of a tomb
is the ghost of Bartholomew Roberts."

THE JOLLY ROGERS

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The Final Squall (Price)

Well, it's been six long days, since they left me here.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

They turned the ship, and then slipped away.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

I did the deed, and must face the cost.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

For a stolen chain, me life I've lost.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

I've robbed a lifetime, both boy and man.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

But I'm left to die, on this strip of land.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

The sea is high, and the sky grows dark.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

Left with a crust of bread, and some Maker's Mark.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

On this strip of reef, covered by the sea.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

The Devil's Breath, comin' to finish me.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

The final squall, comes to claim me.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

The only loss, is my love for thee.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

Now the sea is risin', up to me waist.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

But I'll keep the wind, onto me face.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

She's about the worst squall, that 'ere I seen.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

She'll sweep me away, to Fiddler's Green.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

Now lay me down boys, in Fiddler's Green.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

Where the grub is good, and the women free.

And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

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Well heave away boys, and batten down.
And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"
And I'll turn and face, the final squall.
And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"
And sing, "Haul away, my laddie-o"

THE JOLLY ROGERS

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Goodbye

Well, goodbye,
It's been wonderful knowing you.
It's such a shame there's no more time,
I guess, goodbye.
Well the memories, that we shared
Just aren't the same, since you're not there.
For me to call up, and you'd say,
"How's it going, guy?"
Of regrets, I have none
Although a few things were left undone.
And the pain, stays the same,
Week to week, day to day.
I know I'd feel differently if I had heard you say...

Well, goodbye,
It's been wonderful knowing you.
But when it's time, it's time,
To say, goodbye.
You know I'm proud of what you've done,
Since that accident in '91.
Well we all make mistakes,
That I can't deny.
Well I realized they hurt you so,
Those broken promises, but who could know?
That the time, I could stay,
Which would soon, slip away,
Hold on just a second there's still more that I want to say!

Well, goodbye,
It's been wonderful knowing each and every one of you.
I had a real great time, but I need,
To say goodbye.
To my family, and my friends,
One day, I'll see you all again,
But now it's time, it's time to say goodbye.

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MIDNIGHT BUFFET

Mingulay Boat Song (Robertson)

Heel-ya ho, boys! Let her go boys!
Heave her headround into the weather.
Heel-ya ho, boys! Let her go, boys!
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we how white the spray is,
What care we for the wind or weather?
Heel-ya ho, boys! Let her go, boys!
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

[CHORUS]

Wives are waitin', 'round the pier head,
Or lookin' seaward, from the heather.
Heave 'er 'round boys, then we'll anchor,
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

[CHORUS]

They'll be waitin', anticipatin',
For the end of our adventures.
Don't you cry girl, we're returnin',
To the shores of Mingulay.

[CHORUS] x2

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Morning Glory (traditional)

**One for the Morning Glory,
Two for the early dew.
Three for the man who can stand his ground
And four for the love of you, me girl,
Four for the love of you.**

At the end of the day, I like a little drink,
To raise up me voice and sing.
And an hour or two with a fine, brown brew,
And I'm ready for anything.
At the Crosskeys Inn there were sisters four,
The landlord's daughters fair.
And every night, when he put out the light,
I would tip-toe up the stairs.

[CHORUS]

Well, I got the call from the foreign shore,
To go and fight the foe!
And I got no more of the sisters four,
But still I was set to go.
I sailed away on a ship; the Morning Glory was her name.
And we all fell down, when the rum went 'round,
And we'd get up and start again!

[CHORUS]

Well I'm home once more, to my native shore,
Farewell to the ragin' seas!
And the Crosskeys Inn, it was beckonin',
And my heart was filled with glee.
There on the shore where the sisters four, with bundle upon each knee.
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy,
And they all looked just like...*HIM!*

[CHORUS] x2

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William Bloat (Calvert)

In a mean abode, on the Shankill road,
Lived a man named William Bloat.
And he had a wife, the bane of his life,
That always got his goat.
Then one day at dawn with her nightdress on,
He slit her bloody throat.

Now he was glad, he had done what he had,
As she lay there stiff and still.
'Till suddenly all, of the angry law,
Filled his soul with an awful chill.
So to finish the fun, so well begun,
He decided, himself, to kill.

So he took the sheet, from his wife's cold feet,
And he twisted it into a rope.
And he hanged himself, from the pantry shelf,
'Twas an easy end let's hope.
And with his dying breath, and him facin' death,
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

Now the strangest turn, of the whole concern,
Is only just beginnin'.
Well, he went to Hell - but his wife got well,
And she's still alive and sinnin'!
For the razor blade - was German made!
And the rope was Belfast Linen.

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The Good Ship Calibar (traditional)

Come all ya dry land sailors and listen to me song.
It's only forty verses and I won't detain you's long.
It's all about the adventures of this old Lisburn tar.
Who sailed as man before the mast on the good ship Calibar.

Now the Calibar was a spanking craft, pitch bottomed fore and aft.
Her helm, it stuck out far behind and her wheel was a great big shaft.
With half a gale to fill her sail, she'd do a knot per hour.
She's the fastest craft on the Lagan Canal and she's only one horse power.

Now, the captain was a strapping lad who stood just four foot two.
His eyes was red and his nose was green and his cheeks was a prussian blue.
He wore a leather medal that he won in the Crimea War.
And the captain's wife was the passenger cook on the good ship Calibar.

Now, the captain say to me 'Me lad, look here, me lad' says he.
'Would you like to be a sail-i-ar and sail the raging sea?
Would you like to be a sail-i-ar on foreign seas to roll.
Instead of the road to Portadown with a half a ton of coal'.

It was early the morning, the weather had been sublime.
While going along by the old Queen's Bridge, we heard the Albert chime.
When going along the gaswork straits, a very dangerous part.
We ran ahole on a lump of coal that wasn't marked down on the chart.

Then we all became cunfuse-i-ed and the stormy winds did blow.
The bos'n slipped on an orange peel, fell into the hold below.
'Put on more speed', the captain cried 'for we are sorely pressed'.
But the engineer from the bank replied - *'The horse is doing his best'*

Then we all fell into the water and we all let out a roar.
There was a farmer standing there and he threw us the end of his galloses,
And he pulled us all ashore.
No more I'll be a sailor or sail the raging course.
And the next time I go to Portadown, I'll go by my bloody horse!

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Beggerman (traditional)

[CHORUS]

Well, I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been,
For a-three score or more on the little isle of green.
Up from the Liffey and down to Segue,
And I go by the name of old Johnny Dhu.
Of occupations going, I'm sure begging is the best,
Ah, when a man is tired he can sittin' down to rest.
Beg for his dinner, has nothing else to do,
Then to come around the corner with his old ring-a-doo.

[CHORUS]

I slept in a barn, way down at Currabawn,
A wet rainy night and I slept till the dawn.
Holes in the roof and the rain a-coming thru,
And the rats and the cats they were playing peek-a-boo.
Who should awaken but the woman of the house,
With a white spotted apron and a calico blouse.
She began to frighten so I said boo!
Sure, don't be afraid, love, it's only Johnny Dhu!

[CHORUS]

I met a little flaxen haired girl one day,
Good morning little flaxen haired girl, I did say.
Good morning little beggarman how do you do,
With your bags and your rags and your old ring-a-doo.
Buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie,
and a fine young lady I'll fetch by and by.
Buy a pair of goggles and I'll color them blue,
and an old fashioned lady I'll make her too.

Over the road with me pack on me back.
Over the fields with me great nappy-sack.
Holes in me shoes and me toes a-peeking through,
Singing, skin a ma rink a doodle now, it's only Johnny Dhu.
I must be going to bed, for it's getting late at night,
And the fire's all right, and out goes the light.
Now you've heard the story of me old ring-a-doo.
So good night and God be with you, says old, old Johnny Dhu.

[CHORUS] x2

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Olde Triangle (Behan)

A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing,
And the mice were squealing, in my prison cell.
And the old triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks, of the Royal Canal.

Now to start the morning, the warden bawlin',
'Get out of bed and clean up your cell'.
And the old triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Now, on a fine spring evening, the lag lay dreaming,
and the seagulls wheeling, high above the wall.
And the old triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Now, the wind was rising, and the day declining,
As I lay pining, in my prison cell.
And the old triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Now the wind was sighing, and the day was dying,
As I lay there cryin', in my prison cell.
And the old triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Now, in the female prison, there are seventy five women,
And I wish it was with 'em, that I did dwell.
And the old triangle, could go jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

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Bold Fenian Men (Kearney)

It was down by the glenside, I met an old woman,
a-picking young nettles, she ne'er saw me coming.
I listened a while, to the song she was humming,
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

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

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

Some died by the glenside, some died near the stranger.
And wise men have told us, their cause was a failure.
They loved dear old Ireland, they never feared danger.
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

Well, I went on me way, God be praised that I met her,
Be life long or short, sure I'll never forget her.
We may have good men, but we'll never have better.
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

Some died by the glenside, some died near the stranger.
And wise men have told us, their cause was a failure.
They loved dear old Ireland, they never feared danger.
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

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Galway Girls (traditional)

Galway girls don't use no comb.

Heave away! Haul away!

Well, they comb their hair with a codfish bone.

And we're bound away for the whaling!

And it's heave 'er up me, bully, bully boys!

Heave away! Haul away!

Heave 'er up and don't you make a noise!

And we're bound away for the whaling.

Them Galway boats don't have no sails.

Heave away! Haul away!

All blown off in the northwest gale.

And we're bound away for the whaling.

[CHORUS]

My dear old mother she wrote to me.

Heave away! Haul away!

Son, dear son, come home from sea.

And we're bound away for the whaling!

[CHORUS]

And it's 'round Cape Horn that we must go.

Heave away! Haul away!

That is where them whale-fish blow!

And we're bound away for the whaling!

[CHORUS]

Them Galway girls don't wear no clothes!

Heave away! Haul away!

Galway city just as straight as she goes!

And we're bound away for the whaling!

[CHORUS]

And it's one more pull and that will do.

Heave away! Haul away!

'Cause we're the boys to pull 'er through!

And we're bound away for the whaling!

[CHORUS] x2

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Itches in me Britches (traditional)

I was born of jaunty parents, one day when I was young,
that southern squire and his wife, they gave me native tongue.
That I was a pretty baby, my mother she would vow,
the girls all ran to kiss me, oh, I wish they'd do it now!

**Oh, I wish they'd do it now,
Oh, I wish they'd do it now!
I've got itches in me britches,
And I wish they'd do it now!**

Well when I was only six months old, the girls would handle me.
They'd clutch me to their bosoms, and they'd bounce me on their knee.
They would rock me in the cradle, and if I made a row,
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now!

[CHORUS]

At sixteen months as fine a lad, as ever could be seen,
The girls all liked to follow me, right down to the green.
They'd make a chain of buttercups, drop it on me brow,
then they'd roll me in the clover, oh, I wish they'd do it now!

[CHORUS]

Them Eastend girls would call for me, to swim when it was mild.
Down to the river we would go, to splash about a while.
They would throw the water over me, duck me like a cow,
Then they'd rub me nice all over, oh, I wish they'd do it now!

[CHORUS]

It's awful lonely for a lad, to live a single life.
I think I'll go to the dance tonight, and find meself a wife.
Oh, I've got me six fine brundled pigs, likewise one big, fat sow,
there'll be plenty love and bacon, for the girl who'll have me now!

**For the girl who'll have me now!
For the girl who'll have me now!
There'll be plenty love and bacon,
For the girl who'll have me now!**

**For the girl who'll have me now!
For the girl who'll have me now!
There'll be plenty love and bacon,
For the girl who'll have me now!**

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Grey Funnel Line (Tawney)

Don't mind the rain, or the rolling sea,
The weary night, never worries me.
But the hardest time, in a sailor's day,
Is to watch the sun, as it dies away.
Its one more day, on the Grey Funnel Line.

The finest ship, that sails the sea,
Is still a prison, for the likes of me.
But give me wings, like Noah's dove,
I'll fly above her, to the girl I love.
Its one more day, on the Grey Funnel Line.

Oh, Lord if dreams, were only real,
I'd have my hand, on that wooden wheel.
And with all my heart, I'd turn around,
And tell the boys, that we're homeward bound.
Its one more day, on the Grey Funnel Line.

I'll pass the time, like some machine,
Until blue water turns to green.
Then I'll dance on down, and I'll walk ashore,
And sail the Grey Funnel Line more.
And sail the Grey Funnel Line more.

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Green Fields of France (Bogle)

Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride,
Do you mind if I sit here, down by your graveside?
And rest for awhile, 'neath the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great fallen in 1916.
I hope you died well, and I hope you died clean,
Or Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

**Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fief lowly,
Did they sound the Death March, as they lowered you down?
Did the band play "The Last Post" in chorus?
Did the pipes play the "Flower of the Forest"?**

Now, did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?
Although you died back there in 1916,
In some faithful heart are you forever 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Enclosed down forever, behind a glass pane,
In an old photograph, torn and battered and stained,
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

[CHORUS]

Now look how the sun shines on the green fields of France;
There's a warm summer's breeze, and the red poppies dance.
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds;
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land,
Where the countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.
To a whole generation that was butchered and damned.

[CHORUS]

Now, Willie McBride I can't help wonder why,
If those that lie here know why they had died?
And did they believe when they answered the call,
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?
The sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain,
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain.
For young Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

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[CHORUS] x2

Row, Bullies, Row (traditional)

When I was a youngster, I sailed with the rest,
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the west,
We anchored a day in the harbor of Cork,
And put out to sea for the port of New York,

**And it's row, row bullies row,
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow!**

For thirty-two days we were hungry and sore,
Well the wind was against us and the gales they did roar,
But at Battery Point we did anchor at last
With our jib boom hove to and the canvas all fast,

[CHORUS]

Them boarding house masters, they came aboard in a trice,
A shoutin' and a promisin' all that was nice
And one fat old crib took a fancy to me,
And he said I was foolish to follow the sea.

[CHORUS]

Says he, there's a job as is waitin' for you,
With rations of liquor and nothin' to do,
Now what do you say lad, will you jump her to?
Says I, you old bleeder, I'd damned if I do.

[CHORUS]

But the best of intentions, they never go far
After forty-two days at the door of a bar,
I tossed off me liquor, and what do you think?
That rotten old bastard, he doctored me drink!

[CHORUS]

The next I remember, I awoke in the morn',
On a three skysail yarder bound south 'round the Horn,
With an old suit of oilskins and two pairs of socks,
And an I.O.U. nailed to the lid of me box.

[CHORUS]

So all you young seamen, take warning by me
Keep an eye on your drink when the liquor is free
And pay no attention to rum or a whore
When your hat's on your head and your feet are on shore.

[CHORUS] x2

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Minstrel Boy (Moore)

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

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Greenland Whalers (traditional)

They took us jolly sailor lads,
A-fishing for the whale.
On the fourth day of August in 1864,
Bound for Greenland we set sail.

The lookout stood on the crosstrees high,
With a spyglass in his hand.
“There’s a whale, there’s a whale,
There’s a whale-fish” he cried,
“And she blows at every span”.

The Captain stood on the Quarterdeck,
And a sod of a man was he.
“Overhaul, overhaul,
Let your Davit-tackles fall!”
“And we’ll launch them boats to sea”.

We struck that whale and the line played out,
But she gave a flurry with her tail.
And the boat capsized,
We lost seven of our men.
And we never got that whale.

Now the losing of seven fine seamen,
Oh, it grieved our Captain sore.
But the losing of,
A bloody Sperm Whale.
Oh, it grieved him ten times more.

Now Greenland is a horrid place,
Where us fishing lads have to go.
Where the Rose and the Lilly,
Never bloom in spring.
And there’s only ice and snow.

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Three Score and Ten (traditional)

And its three score and ten,
Boys and men were lost from Grimsby town.
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough,
Many hundreds more were drowned.
Our herring craft, our trawlers,
our fishing smacks, as well.
They long to fight the bitter night,
and battle with the swell.

Methinks I see a host of craft,
Spreading their sails alee.
Down the Humber they do glide,
All bound for the great North Sea.
Me thinks I see on each small craft,
A crew with hearts so brave.
Going out to earn their daily bread,
Upon the restless waves.

[CHORUS]

Methinks I see them yet again,
As they leave this land behind.
Casting their nets into the sea,
The herring shoals to find.
Methinks I see them yet again;
They're all on board all right.
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned off,
And their side lights burning bright.

[CHORUS]

October's night brought such a sight,
'twas never seen before.
There were mast and yards and broken spars,
Come a-washed up on the shore.
There's a-many a heart in sorrow,
There's a-many a heart so brave,
There was many a fine and hearty lad,
That found a watery grave.

[CHORUS]

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Holy Ground (traditional)

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah,
A thousand times adieu.
We are going away from the Holy Ground,
and the girls that we love true.
We will sail the salt sea over,
and when we return to shore.
To see the girls that we once loved,
at The Holy Ground once more.
<*Fine girl you are!*>

You're the girl I adore.
And still I live in hopes to see,
the Holy Ground once more.
<*Fine girl you are!*>

Oh, now the storm is raging,
And we are far from shore;
And this good old ship is tossin' about,
And the rigging is all tore.
And the secret of my mind, my love,
you're the girl I do adore.
But still I live in hopes to see,
the Holy Ground once more.
<*Fine girl you are!*>

[CHORUS]

And now the storm is over,
And we are safe and well.
We will go into a public house,
And we'll 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 will go to sea once more.
<*Fine girl you are!*>

You're the girl I adore.
And still I live in hopes to see,
the Holy Ground once more.
<*Fine girl you are!*>

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I Hate My Life (Take Me from This World)

Music & Lyrics by: Jeffery Lee Righteous

Well, the river,
(Well the river)
Was roaring by.
And the water,
(And the water)
Was rolling high.
And my tears, fell down for you.
<Do-do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do-do>

Like the fishies,
(Like the fishies)
In the sea.
In the water,
(In the water)
I long to be.
And sail out this misery.
<Do-do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do-do>

Well, I asked every bird and fishy that went by.
(Went by, went buy, went buy)
How like them I could live high and dry.
<Ooo, aaah; ooo-aaah, ooo-aaah, ooo-aaah, ooo-aaah, ooo!>

Like the birdies,
(Like the birdies)
In the sky.
From this ground,
(From this ground)
I long to fly.
And sail away from this damn town.
<Do-do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do-do>

But you're the reason,
(You're the reason)
That I'm here.
And like the water,
(Like the water)
Your love's unclear.
And in the mud and the water I will drown.
<Do-do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do-do>

[CHORUS]

I ask you Lord,

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(Ask you Lord)

Why is it me?

To suffer,

(To suffer)

Just like thee.

For a love much more stronger than yours.

And the river,

(And the river)

Was roaring by.

And the water,

(And the water)

Was rolling high.

And my tears, fell down for you.

<Do-do-do-do-do, do-do-do-do-do>

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Goodbye, Fare Thee Well (traditional)

Oh, we're homeward bound to Liverpool town.
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
Well, those Liverpool judies they all will come down.
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

Them gals there on Lime Street we soon hope to meet.
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
And soon we'll be rollin' both sides of the street.
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

We'll meet those fine girls and we'll ring the old bell.
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
With them judies we'll meet there, we'll raise bloody hell!
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

And I'll tell me old woman, when I get back home.
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
Them gals there on Lime Street won't leave me alone!
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound to the girls of the town!
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
So stamp up me bullies, and heave 'er around!
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound I'll have ya's to know.
Goodbye, fare thee well. Goodbye, fare thee well.
And over the water to Liverpool we'll go!
Hurrah! Me boys, we're homeward bound!

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The Christmas Song (AKA: Christmas in Carrick, traditional)

On the road the frost is glistening,
People stream from midnight mass.
Friendly candles glow in windows;
Strangers greet you as they pass.
Home then to the laden table,
Ham and goose and pints of beer,
Whiskey handed 'round in tumblers,
Christmas comes just once a year!

Puddings made with eggs and treacle,
Seeded raisins and brown suet.
Sifted breadcrumbs and mixed spices,
Grated rind and plenty fruit.
Cinnamon, ginger, cloves and nutmeg,
Porter, brandy and old ale.
Don't forget the wine and whiskey,
Christmas comes just once a year!

Women fussing in the kitchen,
Laying the food on every plate.
Men impatient in the hallway,
Gulping porter while they wait.
Who cares if we're poor tomorrow,
Now's the time to spread good cheer.
Pass the punch around the table,
Christmas comes just once a year!

On the road the frost is glistening,
People stream from midnight mass.
Friendly candles glow in windows;
Strangers greet you as they pass.
Home then to the laden table,
Ham and goose and pints of beer,
Whiskey handed 'round in tumblers,
Christmas comes just once a year!

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