

MUSICA VITAE



SONGS FOR FOLK SINGS

REVISED MARCH 2025

SONGBOOK.THADHUGHES.XYZ



'T WAS FINE BECAUSE 'T WAS LOUD!

COVER ART BY KARL FRÖHLICH

SACRED HARP

Sacred Harp singing is a tradition of sacred choral music that originated in New England and was later perpetuated and carried on in the American South. The name is derived from The Sacred Harp, a ubiquitous and historically important tunebook printed in shape notes. The work was first published in 1844 and has reappeared in multiple editions ever since. Sacred Harp music represents one branch of an older tradition of American music that developed over the period 1770 to 1820 from roots in New England, with a significant, related development under the influence of "revival" services around the 1840s. This music was included in, and became profoundly associated with, books using the shape note style of notation popular in America in the 18th and early 19th centuries.

"*Sacred Harp ist a capella Heavy Metal*," so saith some.

Being four-part in proper form, the music is not included here, but can be improvised/inspired/simplified from the original. The original numbers for the songs are included for reference.

ETERNAL DAY (383)

Oh what of all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host appear
And worship at Thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Oh what hath Jesus bought for me,
Before my ravished eyes?
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there,
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

SOAR AWAY (455)

I want a sober mind,
An all sustaining eye,
To see my God above,
And to the heavens fly.

***I'd soar away above the sky,
I'd fly-y-y-y (and fly)
to see my God above.
I'd fly, fly, fly
to see my God above!***

I want a Godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee my God,
And sees the tempter fly.

I'd soar away above the sky...

O DEATH

Won't you spare me over til another year
Well what is this that I can't see
With ice cold hands takin' hold of me

Well I am death, none can excel / I'll open the door to heaven or hell
Whoa, death someone would pray / Could you wait to call me another day

The children prayed, the preacher preached
Time and mercy is out of your reach
I'll fix your feet til you cant walk / I'll lock your jaw til you cant talk

I'll close your eyes so you can't see / This very hour, come and go with me
I'm death I come to take the soul / Leave the body and leave it cold

To draw up the flesh off of the frame
Dirt and worm both have a claim
O, Death - O, Death

Won't you spare me over til another year
My mother came to my bed / Placed a cold towel upon my head

My head is warm my feet are cold / Death is a-movin upon my soul
Oh, death how you're treatin' me / You've close my eyes so I can't see

Well you're hurtin' my body / You make me cold
You run my life right outta my soul / Oh death please consider my age

Please don't take me at this stage / My wealth is all at your command
If you will move your icy hand / Oh the young, the rich or poor
Hunger like me you know / No wealth, no ruin, no silver no gold
Nothing satisfies me but your soul

O, death
O, death
Wont you spare me over til another year
Wont you spare me over til another year
Wont you spare me over til another year

I'LL FLY AWAY

Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away
I'll fly away, oh, Glory
I'll fly away, oh, Glory
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

IN THE HIGHWAYS

In the highways, in the hedges
If He calls me, I will answer
In the highways, in the hedges
If He calls me, I will answer
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord
If He calls me, I will answer
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord
I'll be somewhere workin'
I'll be somewhere workin'
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord
I'll be somewhere workin' for my Lord

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine
The other night, dear
As I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you
In my arms
When I awoke, dear
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take
My sunshine away
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are gray
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take
My sunshine away

33

SWEET PROSPECT (65)

SAVE, MIGHTY LORD (70B)
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
Save, mighty Lord!
He whom I fix my hopes upon.
Save, mighty Lord!
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
*That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!*

O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

Oh, the transporting...

Oh, save, save mighty Lord, and...
The way the holy prophet went,
Save, mighty Lord!
The road that leads from banishment.
Save, mighty Lord!
Are felt and feared no more.

Oh, the transporting...

Oh, save, save, mighty Lord, and...

What wondrous love is this!

To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing; I will sing;
Who is the great I Am,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

Oh, my soul, oh my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul?

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous crown,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul.

2

And when from death I'm free
I'll sing on; I'll sing on;
I'll sing and joyful be,
Throughout eternity
I'll sing on.

WONDROUS LOVE (159)

GREEN STREET (198)

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Let angels prostrate fall!

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the royal diadem!
And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him Lord of all!

...

PLENARY (162)

Hark! from the tomb
a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry,
Ye living men,
come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay
must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise,
the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

Great God! Is this
our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward
to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

SPAN OF LIFE (379)

My span of life will soon be gone
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
Oh, that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs.

Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me.
But Thou my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the Cornerstone.

So comforted and so sustained
With dark events I strove,
And found them rightly understood,
All messengers of love;
With silent and submissive awe,
Adored a chast'ning God,
Revered the terrors of His law,
And humbly kissed the rod.

DESIRE FOR PIETY (76B)

'Tis my desire with God to walk,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.
And with His children pray and talk,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

Cry Amen, pray on
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

WEIGHT OF ETERNAL GLORY

I grew up in Jackson County
In a West Virginia farmhouse
We had many hands a-working
And so many miles to tread
I asked Mama how she's able
To go one day to another
She took up the family Bible
Looked at me, and then she said

***I am suffering under the weight of eternal glory
I find my place in the Good Lord's story
I keep His promises by my bed
Take the hand of the Loving Savior
Guides my way while I still stay here
You can find the same way yourself, dear
If you just let yourself be led***

Found myself down in Nashville
In a place just off of Broadway
Sitting at the bar was a lovely cowgirl
She had a teardrop in her eye
I said, "Lady, do I know you
If I don't, then I think that I'd like to"
She just turned to me with sadness
And said, "Honey, I'm not gonna lie"

Was a late night in December
I was traveling through the canyon
My truck went off the road near the highway
I was barely left alive
The nurse that took my hand said "Mister
The doctors said you are barely stable"
She put the cross into my hand
I looked her in the face, and then I cried

Stop, etc.

DOWN TO THE RIVER TO PRAY

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

O sisters let's go down
Let's go down, come on down
Come on sisters let's go down
Down in the river to pray

O brothers let's go down...
O fathers let's go down...
O mothers let's go down...
O sinners let's go down...

JACOB'S LADDER

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, (x3)
Children, do you love my Jesus? (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

Every round goes higher, higher, (x3)
If you love Him, why not serve Him? (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

Rise, shine, give God glory, (x3)
Soldiers of the cross.

Keep those lamps trimmed, now
Keep those lamps trimmed
Midnight's comin' in
Wont you keep those lamps trimmed?

My soul waits for more than sentinels
The Lord, for He comes with mercy

Got no time to waste, now
Got no time to waste
Bridgroom's coming soon
Aint got no time to waste

From the depths I cry
Lord, for He comes with mercy

WHITE (288)

Ye fleeting charms of earth farewell,
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks another home.
A brighter world on high.

I'm a long time traveling here below,
I'm a long time traveling away from home,
I'm a long time traveling here below,
To lay this body down.

Farewell, my friends, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love;

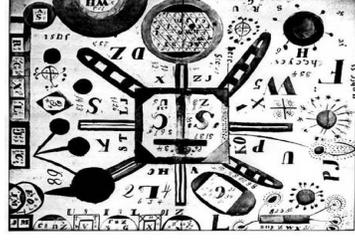
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

I'm a long time traveling...

NORTHFIELD (155)

How long, dear Savior,
Oh how long?
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, (x3)
And bring the promised day.

From the third heaven,
where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down, (x3)
Adorned with shining grace.



CONFIDENCE (279)

Away, my unbelieving fear;
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of His face;
But shall I therefore let Him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

WINDHAM (38B)

Broad is the road that leads to death
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could never attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Ant.
5.

S Alve, Re-gí-na, * ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi-ae : Vi-ta,
Ma-ry, we hail thee, mo-ther and queen com-pa-ssion-ate: Ma-ry,

dulcé-do, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamámus, éxsu-
our com-fort, life and hope, we hail thee. To thee we ex-iles, chil-dren

les, fí-li- i Hevae. Ad te suspi-rámus, geméntes et flentes
of eve lift our cry-ing, to thee we are sigh-ing, as mournful and weeping,

in hac lacrimá-rum valle. E-ia ergo, Advo-cá-ta nostra,
we pass through this vale of sor-row. Turn now therefore, O our in-ter-cess-or,

il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-córdes ócu-los ad nos convérte. Et
those thine eyes of pi-ty, and lo-ving kindness up-on us si-inn-ers. Here

Je-sum, bene-díctum fructum ventris tu-i, no-bis post hoc
after, when our earthly ex-ile shall be end-ed, show us Je-sus

exsí-li-um osténde. O cle-mens : O pi- a : O
the ble-ssed fruit of th-y womb. O gen-tle, O ten-der, O...

dulcis * Virgo Ma-rí- a.
gracious Vir-gi-in Ma-ry.

WITCHITA LINEMAN

I am a lineman for the county, And I drive the main road
Searchin' in the sun for another overload

I hear you singing in the wire, I can hear you through the whine
And the Wichita lineman - is still on the line

I know I need a small vacation, but it don't look like rain
And if it snows that stretch down south, won't ever stand the strain

And I need you more than want you, and I want you for all time
And the Wichita lineman - is still on the line

FIVE FEET HIGH AND RISING

How high's the water, Mama?

(two) feet high and risin'

How high's the water, Papa?

She said it's (two) feet high and risin'

We can make it to the road in a homemade boat
That's the only thing we got left that'll float
It's already over all the wheat and the oats
Two feet high and risin'

Well, the hives are gone I've lost my bees
The chickens are sleepin' In the willow trees
Cow's in water up past her knees
Three feet high and risin'

Hey, come look through the window pane
The bus is comin', gonna take us to the train
Looks like we'll be blessed with a little more rain
Four feet high and risin'

Well, the rails are washed out north of town
We gotta head for higher ground
We can't come back till the water goes down
Five feet high and risin'
Well, it's five feet high and risin'

THE ANGELUS

The angel of the LORD brought good tidings to Mary, * and she conceived
 by the Holy Ghost. Hail Mary, full of grace, the LORD is with thee: blessed
 art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Je-sus. * Holy
 Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death-
 Amen. Behold the handmaid of the LORD, * be it unto me according to thy
 word. Hail Mary... And the word was made flesh, * and dwelt among us
 . Hail Mary... Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, * that we may be worthy of
 the promises of Christ. We beseech thee O LORD, pour thy grace into our
 hearts, that as we have known the Incarnation of thy Son, Jesus Christ, by the
 message of an angel, so by His Cross and passion we may be brought to the
 glory of his resurrection, through this same Jesus Christ our LORD, * Amen.

Well, John Henry was a little baby
 Sittin' on his daddy's knee
 He pick up a hammer and a little piece of steel,
 And cried, "Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

Now the captain he said to John Henry,
 "I'm gonna bring that steam drill around
 I'm gonna bring that steam drill out on these tracks
 I'm gonna knock that steel on down, God, God..." (x2)

John Henry told his captain,
 "Lord, man ain't nothin' but a man
 But efore I let that steam drill beat me down
 I'm gonna die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

John Henry driving on the right side
 That steam drill driving on the left
 Says, "Fore I'll let your steam drill beat me down
 I'm gonna hammer myself to death, Lord, Lord, ..." (x2)

Well, captain said to John Henry,
 "What is that storm I hear?"
 John Henry said, "That ain't no storm Captain
 That's just my hammer in the air, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

John Henry said to his shaker
 "Shaker, why dont you sing?
 'Cause I'm swigin' thirty pounds from my hips on down
 Yeah, listen to my cold steel ring, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

John Henry, he hammered in the mountains
 His hammer was striking fire
 But he worked so hard; it broke his heart
 John Henry laid down his hammer and died, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

Well, now John Henry, he had him a woman
 By the name of Polly Ann
 She walked out to those tracks
 Picked up John Henry's hammer
 Polly drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

Well every, every Monday morning
 When the blue bird he begin to sing
 You could hear John Henry from a mile or more
 You could hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord..." (x2)

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless king
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified;
no angels in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends their burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save;
his glories now we sing
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the potentate of time,
creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
for thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

CHRIST IS RISEN (APPALACHIAN)

Christ is ris - en from the dead, tram-pling down
death by death, and up - on those in the tombs be -
stow - ing life.

Christ is ris - en from the dead, tram-pling down death by death,
and up - on those in the tombs be - stow - ing life.

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
Three conductors, 25 sacks of mail
All along the southbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Passing trains that have no name
An' freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

***Good morning, America, how are ya?
Said don't you know me? I'm your native son
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done***

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again
The passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

In 1814 we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

*We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
There wasn't as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico*

We looked down a river and we seed the British come
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said, "We could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eye"
We held our fire 'til we seed their faces well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and gave 'em

Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannonballs 'n powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind

Yeah, they ran through the briers and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

COME HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST

*Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
and make our hearts your place of rest;
come with your grace and heav'nly aid,
and fill the hearts which you have made.*

To you, the Counselor, we cry,
to you, the gift of God most high,
the fount of life, the fire of love,
the soul's anointing from above.
Drive far away our wily foe,
and your abiding peace bestow;
with you as our protecting guide,
no evil can with us abide.

In you, with graces sevenfold,
we God's almighty hand behold
while you with tongues of fire proclaim
to all the world his holy name.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
and you, from both, as Three in One
that we your name may ever bless
and in our lives the truth confess.

Your light to ev'ry thought impart,
and shed your love in ev'ry heart;
the weakness of our mortal state
with deathless might invigorate.
Praise we the Father and the Son
and Holy Spirit, with them One,
and may the Son on us bestow
the gifts that from the Spirit flow!

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Eternal are Your mercies, Lord.
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Eternal truth attends Your word.
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Your praise will sound from shore to shore,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
'Til suns shall rise and set no more.

From all that dwell beneath the skies,
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Let our Redeemer's name be sung
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SONG OF KINGS

Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus
Intende exaudi
orationem meam

Converte nos Deus
Averte iram Tuam
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus

Beata Maria
Salve Regina Mea

Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus meus
Intende exaudi
orationem meam

Paratum cor meum
Cantabo psalmum dicam
Afferte honorem
Domino maiestatis

Converte nos Deus
O salutaris noster
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus noster

Laudate Rex noster
Angeli Archangeli
Afferte honorem
Domino maiestatis

Laudemus, Oremus
Gloria, Alleluia

Venite, Videte
Rex noster, Alleluia
Rex meus et Deus
Rex meus Deus noster

AVE MARIA

Ave Maria
Gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Maria, gratia plena
Ave, ave dominus
Dominus tecum
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus
Et benedictus fructus ventris
Ventris tuae, Jesus.
Ave Maria

Ave Maria
Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Ora pro nobis
Ora, ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Et in hora mortis nostrae
Ave Maria...

DE PROFUNDIS

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine;
Domine, exaudi vocem meam
Fiant aures tuæ intendentes
In vocem deprecationis meæ
Si iniquitates observaveris
Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?
Quia apud te propitiatio est;
Et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine
Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus:
Speravit anima mea in Domino
A custodia matutina usque ad noctem
Speret Israël in Domino
Quia apud Dominum misericordia
Et copiosa apud eum redemptio
Et ipse redimet Israël
Ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus

SIXTEEN TONS

Some people say a man is made outta mud
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

***You load 16 tons, what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store***

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded 16 tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul"

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion
Can't no high toned woman make me walk the line

If you see me comin', better step aside
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't get you
Then the left one will

RYE WHISKEY

Jack o' Diamond, Jack o' Diamond, I know you of old
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold
It's a whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all

***And it's a whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry
If I don't get rye whiskey, well, I think I will die***

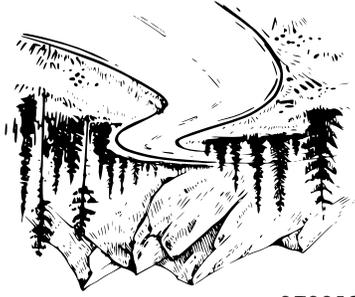
It's a beefsteak when I'm hungry, Rye whiskey when I'm dry
Greenbacks when I'm hard up, and Heaven when I die
I'll a-go up around the holl-er and I'll build me a still
I'll sell you a gallon for a five dollar bill



COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads



All my memories gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour, she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin'
That I should've been home yesterday, yesterday

I'M JUST AN OLD CHUNK OF COAL

Hey, I'm just an old chunk of coal
But I'm gonna be a diamond some day
I'm gonna grow and glow 'til I'm so blue pure perfect
I'm gonna put a smile on everybody's face

I'm gonna kneel and pray every day
Lest I should become vain along the way
I'm just an old chunk of coal now, Lord
But I'm gonna be a diamond some day

I'm gonna learn the best way to walk
I'm gonna search and find a better way to talk
I'm gonna spit and polish my old rough-edged self
'Til I get rid of every single flaw

I'm gonna be the world's best friend

I'm gonna go 'round shaking everybody's hand
Hey, I'm gonna be the cotton pickin' rage of the age
I'm gonna be a diamond some day

25

O SONS & DAUGHTERS

O sons and daughters of the King,
whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
today the grave has lost its sting.
Alleluia!

That Easter morn at break of day,
the faithful women went their way
to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

An angel clad in white they see,
who sat and spoke unto the three,
"Your Lord has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard
that some had seen the risen Lord,
he doubted the disciples' word.
Lord, have mercy!

At night the apostles met in fear,
among them came their Master dear
and said, "My peace be with you here."
Alleluia!

"My pierced side, O Thomas, see,
and look upon my hands, my feet;
not faithless but believing be."
Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
he saw the feet, the hands, the side.
"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.
Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen
and yet whose faith has constant been,
for they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

10

GAUDETE

Gaudete, gaudete!
Christus est natus
Ex Maria virgine,
gaudete!

Tempus adest gratiae
Hoc quod optabamus,
Carmina lactatae
Devote reddamus.

Gaudete...

Deus homo factus est
Natura mirante,
Mundus renovatus est
A Christo regnante.

Gaudete...

Ezechielis porta
Clausa pertansitur,
Unde lux est orta
Salus inventitur.

Gaudete...

Ergo nostra conto
Psallat iam in Iustro;
Benedicat Domino
Salus Regi nostro.

Gaudete...

SEA SHANTIES

A sea shanty, chantey, or chanty is a genre of traditional folk song that was once commonly sung as a work song to accompany rhythmical labor aboard large merchant sailing vessels.

EARLY IN THE MORNING

What do we do with a drunken sailor? (x3)
Early in the morning?

Way hay and up she rises (x3)
Early in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...
Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober...
Stick him in the scupper with a hosepipe on him...
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter...
That's what we do with a drunken sailor...
Early in the morning!

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT

Oh, we'd be alright,
if the wind was in our sails (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind...

And we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along! (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, we'd be alright
if we make it round The Horn...
Well a nice wash below
wouldn't do us any harm...
Well a drop of Nelson's Blood
wouldn't do us any harm...
Well a night on the town
wouldn't do us any harm...

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE

Haul on the bowline,
homeward we are going

***Haul on the bowlin',
the bowlin' haul!***

Haul on the bowline,
before she start a-rolling

Haul on the bowline,
the Captain is a-growling

Haul on the bowline,
so early in the morning

Haul on the bowline,
to Bristol we are going

Haul on the bowline,
Kitty is my darling

Haul on the bowline,
Kitty comes from Liverpool

Haul on the bowline,
It's far cry to pay day

BIG IRON

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
Hardly spoke to folks around him, didn't have too much to say
No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip
For the stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip

It was early in the morning when he rode into the town
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around
He's an outlaw loose and running, came the whisper from each lip
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of 24
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and 19 more

Now the stranger started talking, made it plain to folks around
Was an Arizona ranger, wouldn't be too long in town
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead
20 men had tried to take him, 20 men had made a slip
21 would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly, it was time for them to meet
It was 20 past 11 when they walked out in the street
Folks were watching from the windows, everybody held their breath
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death

There was 40 feet between them when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today
Texas Red had not cleared leather 'fore a bullet fairly ripped
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
Oh, he might have went on living but he made one fatal slip
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

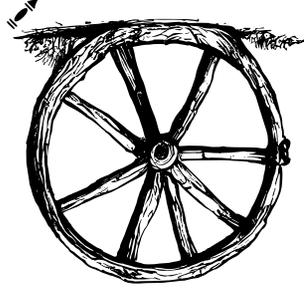
Big iron, big iron
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip
Big iron on his hip

COUNTRY, etc.

WAGON WHEEL

Headin' down south to the land of the pines
 I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
 Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights
 I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
 Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
 And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

*So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel
 Rock me mama any way you feel
 Hey... mama rock me
 Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
 Rock me mama like a southbound train
 Hey... mama rock me*



Runnin' from the cold up in New England
 I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
 My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
 Oh, north country wint'ers keep a-gettin' me down
 Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town
 But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more
 Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
 I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
 But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap
 To Johnson City, Tennessee
 And I gotta get a move on before the sun
 I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one
 And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

WELLERMAN

Before the boat had hit the water
 The whale's tail came up and caught her
 All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
 When she dived down below (Huh!)
 No line was cut, no whale was freed
 The Captain's mind was not on greed
 But he belonged to the whalerman's creed
 She took that ship in tow (Huh!)
 For forty days, or even more
 The line went slack, then tight once more
 All boats were lost, there were only four
 But still that whale did go
 As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
 The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
 The Wellerman makes his a regular call
 To encourage the Captain, crew, and all

There once was a ship that put to sea
 And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
 The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
 Blow, me bully boys, blow (Hah!)

*Soon may the Wellerman come
 To bring us sugar and tea and rum
 One day, when the t'onguin' is done
 We'll take our leave and go*

She had not been two weeks from shore
 When down on her, a right whale bore
 The captain called all hands and swore
 He'd take that whale in tow (Hah!)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Come, all you young fellows who follow the sea
Wey hey, blow the man down!
 And pray pay attention and listen to me
Gimme some time to blow the man down!

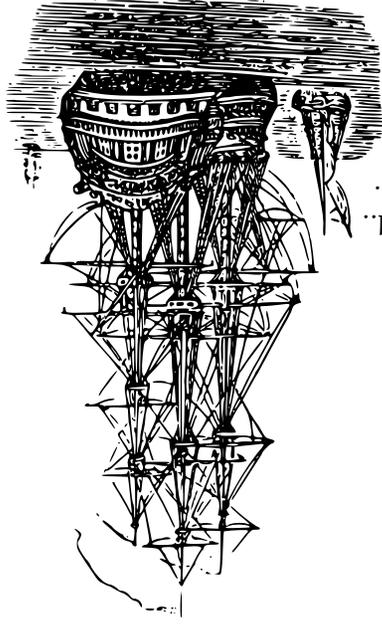
I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong..
 If you buy me a drink, then I'll sing you a song..

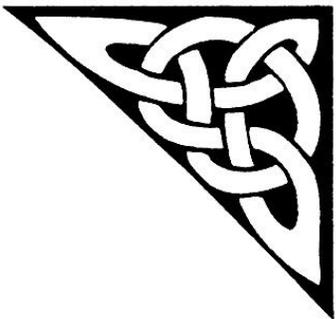
*Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
 Wey hey, blow the man down
 Blow him right back into Liverpool town
 Gimme some time to blow the man down*

There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all..
 They all ship for sailors on board the Black Ball..
 You'll see those poor devils, how they will all scoot..
 Assisted along by the toe of a boot..

It's starboard and larboard on deck they will sprawl..
 For kickin' Jack Williams commands the Black Ball..
 Lay aft now, ya lubbers, lay aft now, I say..
 I'll none of yer dodges on my ship today..

So I'll give you fair warnin' before we delay..
 Don't ever take heed of what charitymen say..





THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

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

**Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry**

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown
I rebelled, they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lived in hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

MARIE'S WEDDING

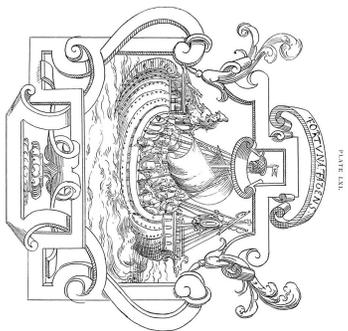
**Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Marie's wedding**

Red her cheeks as rowans are
Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Marie

Over hillways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shielings through the town
All for sake of Marie

Oh plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS



Oh, the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

**Condemn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers**

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Shed a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers /
with the staggers and jags

On the King's birthday, we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety-sixth day, we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders, we made to fight

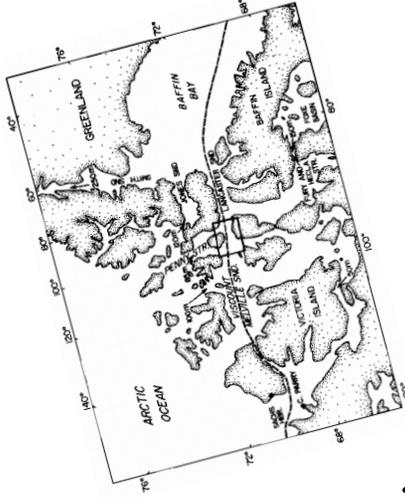
The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length, we stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

NORTHWEST PASSAGE



*Ah, for just one time
I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Frankin
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line
Through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea*

Westward from the Davis Strait
"Tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient
For which so many died
Seeking gold and glory,
Leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

Three centuries thereafter
I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso
Where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me
Then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer
Driving hard across the plain

And through the night, behind the wheel
The mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie,
David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts
And did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

How then am I so different
From the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life
I threw it all away
To seek a Northwest Passage
At the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

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

**One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!**

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

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

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

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



IRISH SONGS

ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS?

Look at the coffin with golden handles.. ... preacher, bloody sanctimonious..
... choir boys, bloody castrati..
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead? ... widow, bloody great female..
Let's not have a snuffle, ... mourners, bloody great hypocrites..
Let's have a bloody good cry ... flowers, all bloody wilted..
And always remember the longer you live, ... tombstone, bloody great boulder..
The sooner you'll bloody well die! ... whiskey, in buckets and bottles..

RATTLIN' BOG

O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o
O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree
With the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb
With the **limb** on the **tree** and the tree in the **bog**
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Repeat, adding a line each time:

Now on that limb there was a **branch**, a rare branch, a rattlin' branch...
Now on that branch there was a **twig**, a rare twig, a rattlin' twig...
Now on that twig there was a **nest**, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest...
Now in that nest there was an **egg**, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg...
Now in that egg there was a **bird**, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird...
Now on that bird there was a **feather**, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather...
Now on that feather there was a **flea**, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea...

MATHEY GROVES

Oh holy day, oh holy day
The first day of the year
Little Mathey Groves to church did go
Some holy words to hear,
(hear, some holy words to hear)

He spied some women dressed in black
As they came into view
Lord Daniel's wife was gaily clad
The flower of the few...

She stepped up to little Mathey Groves
Her eyes cast on the ground
"Oh please oh please come with me stay
As you pass through this town"...

"I cannot stay, I will not stay
I fear 'twill cost my life
For I can see by your finger-rings
That you are Lord Daniel's wife"...

"Lord Daniel's in some distant land
He's left me for to roam
He's taken all his merry men
And I am quite alone..."

Oh please oh please come with me stay
I'll hide you out of sight
I'll pleasure you beyond compare
And sleep with you all night"...

Her little footy-page was a-standing by
Was hearing every word was said
He said, "before the sun goes down
Lord Daniel'll know what's said"...

He ran along the king's highway
He swam against the tide
And before the sun went down
He's standing at Daniel's side...

"What news, what news, my little footy-page
What news do you bring to me?
My castle burned, my tenants wronged,
My wife with a baby?"...

"No harm has come to your house or lands
While you have been away
But little Mathey Groves is a-huggin and a-kissin
On your fair lady gay"...

"If what you say is not the truth
As I take it to be
I'll build a scaffold tower so high
And hang-ed you will be"...

"If what I say is not the truth
And false as false can be
You need not build a scaffold tower,
Just hang me from a tree"...

He gathered all his merry men
And bid them with him go
But warned them not to speak a word
And not a horn to blow...

But all among his merry men
Was one who'd wish no ill
He popped his horn up to his mouth
And he blew both loud and shrill...

"Oh what is this" cried little Mathey Groves
As he sat up in bed
"I fear it is your husband's men
And I will soon be dead"...

"Oh lie back down, my little Mathey Groves
And keep my back from cold
'tis nothing but my father's men
Calling their sheep to fold"...

Little Mathey Groves he lay back down
And soon fell off to sleep
When he woke up Lord Daniel was
A-standing at his bed feet...

Saying, "How do you like my snow-white pillow,
And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my pretty little woman
That's a-laying in your arms asleep?"...

"Very well do I like your snow-white pillow
Very well do I like your sheet,
Much better do I like this pretty little woman
That's a-laying in my arms asleep"...

"Get up, get up, my little Mathey Groves
And go put on your clothes
In England it shall never be said
That I killed a naked man"...

"I can't get up, I won't get up
If fear 'twill cost my life
For you have got two bitter swords
And I ain't got a knife"...

"It's true I've got two bitter swords
They cost me deep in the purse
But you shall have the best of these
And I will take the worst"...

The first stroke that little Mathey made
It hurt Lord Daniel sore
The next stroke that Lord Daniel made
Little Mathey hit the floor...

"Come here, come here my pretty little wife
And set upon my knee
And tell me which you like the best,
Little Mathey Groves or me"...

She looked up in Lord Daniel's face
She saw his jutting chin
Said, "I wouldn't trade little Mathey Groves
For you and all your kin"...

He took her by the lily-white hand
He led her to the hall
He took out his sword and he chopped off her head
And he kicked it against the wall...

"Go dig a grave both wide and deep
To bury these two in
Just kick little Mathey over the side
But lower my sweet wife in"...

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier.
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

*musha ring damma do damma da
whack for the daddy ol
whack for the daddy ol
there's whiskey in the jar*



I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.

She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber,

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,

The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrell.
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,

But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,

If I can find his station down in Killarney.
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Killkenny,

And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving,

But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking.

But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
Hed a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see hed a sort of the tip! lin way
With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was born
And to help him on with his work each day
Hed a drop of the craythur every morn

**Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasnt it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake**

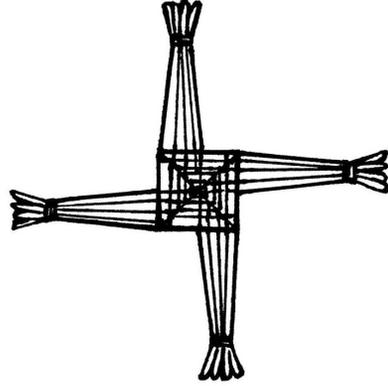
One mornin' Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his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

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"O Biddy, " says she "you're wrong I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage
It was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

WILL YE GO, LASSIE, GO?



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

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

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

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

I'LL TELL ME MA

*I'll tell my ma when I get home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair and stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the Belle of Belfast city
She is a courtin' one, two, three,
Please won't you tell me who is she?*

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fightin' for her
Knock at the door and ring at the bell,
Saying oh my true love, are you well?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come travellin' through the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie,
She'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
and I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
but now I'm returning with gold in great store
and I never will play the wild rover no more

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

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay
such a custom as yours I can have any day

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
she said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best
and the words that you told me were only in jest'

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



GALWAY GIRL

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
Of a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown
Of a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone
With a broken heart and a ticket home
And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
I've traveled around I've been all over this world
Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

AULD LANG SYNE

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

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

And surely you will fill your cup!
And surely I'll fill mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We two have run about the slopes
and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream
from morning sun till dine
But seas between us broad have roared
since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend
And give me a hand o' thine
And we'll take a right goodwill draught
for auld lang syne