

Country Life

*I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning,
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their laylum
And hurrah for the life of the country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay.*

In spring we sow after harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
But of all the times if choose I may
I'd be rambling in the new mown hay

Chorus

In summer when the sun is hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot.
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay.

Chorus

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn.
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new mown hay.

Chorus

In winter when the sky is gray
We hedge and ditch our times away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling through the new mown hay

Chorus

Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

Oh, the times was hard and the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
And one more day ashore we'll go,
And it's time for us to leave her.

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

And it's rotten meat and weevily bread,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
And it's pump or drown, the old man said,
And it's time for us to leave her.

Chorus

And it's no more voyages along to the Horn...
Where you wish to God you'd never been born...

Chorus

And she would not steer nowhere nor stay...
And she shipped it green both night and day...

Chorus

Now the rafts have gone and we, the crew...
In one more day, why, we'll go too...

Chorus x2

Mollymauk

Oh the southern ocean is a lonely place
Where the storms are many and the shelter's scarce

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

Over troubled waters and the restless skies

You can see that mollymauk rise and dive

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

Won't you ride the wind and go, white seabird?

Ride the wind and go, mollymauk?

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

See the mollymauk glides on his wide white wings

And oh, what a lonesome song he sings...

And he's got no compass and he's got no gear

And nobody knows how the mollymauks steers...

Chorus

He's the ghost of a sailor as I've heard them say

Whose body had sank, and his soul flew away...

And he's got no haven and he's got no home

Bound evermore to wheel and roam...

Chorus

When I gets too old and can sail no more

Cast me loose far away from the shore...

Cast me loose and set me free

I'll keep that big bird company...

Chorus x2

Chickens in the Garden

When first I went down Yorkshire,
Not many years ago.
I met with a little Yorkshire lass,
And I'd have you's all to know,
She was so blithe, and buxom,
So beautiful and gay,
And when I went to court the girl,
I heard her daddy say,

*Treat me daughter decent,
Don't do her any harm.
And when I die I'll leave you both,
Me tiny little farm.
Me cow, me pig, and me sheep, me goat,
Me stock, me fields, and barn.
And all the little chickens in the garden.*

When first I went to court the girl,
She was so awful shy.
She hardly said a bloomin' word,
While other folks stood by.
As soon as we were on our own,
She made me name the day,
Now listen while I tell you,
What her daddy used to say,

Chorus

Well now I've wed me Yorkshire lass,
So pleasin' to me mind,
I've always been proved true to her,
And she's proved true and kind.
We've got three bairns, they're grow'd up now
With a grand-bairn on the way.
And when I look into their eyes,
I can hear their grand-dad say,

Chorus

If I Were a Blackbird

When I was a young girl my fortune was sad,
I once went a-courting a true sailor lad;
I courted him dearly by night and by day
But now for a sailor he's gone far away.

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

My love's tall and handsome in every degree,
His parents despise him because he loves me;
Although they despise him, and say what they may,
With breath in my body I'll love him always.

Chorus

He promised to meet me at Bonnybrook Fair
And buy me blue ribbons to tie in my hair;
And if I should meet him I'd crown him with joy
And kiss the sweet lips of my true sailor boy.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
When I put out to sea.
When I put out to sea.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Turns again home.
Turns again home.
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark
When I embark.
When I embark.
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
The flood may bare me far.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.
When I have crossed the bar.
When I have crossed the bar.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.
When I have crossed the bar.
When I have crossed the bar.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Back in Durham Gaol

I'm a poor man as honest as they come
I never was a thief until they caught me,
The judge said he saw my hands were red,
No matter how I pled they found me guilty,
There was no bail; off to Durham Gaol,
I went knowing nothing now can save me,
Calamities they always come in threes,
And that's how many months it was he gave me.

*And it's no never in the live-long day,
You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.*

'Twas a grey day when first I went astray,
The devil take the man who came to tempt me,
For in no time my life was one of crime,
And now you see the trouble that it's got me.
There are four bare walls at which to stare,
Me food and me lodgings are all paid for,
You can't see the turning of the key,
To hear it turning back is all you wait for.

Chorus

Sad to say, here I am to stay,
With only iron bars around to lean on,
I get a cold bath to dampen down me wrath,
Though it's barely just a month ago I had one,
And God knows, I need a suit of clothes,
You'd think they could've found a one to fit me
Me boots would be fine if they were both a nine,
I'm walking like a fall of stones had hit me

Chorus

And I'm sure that me mother's heart would break,
To see me in a state of such repentance,
I'm glad she's not around to see,
And I'll be out before she finishes her sentence,
The sun will shine, I'll leave it all behind,
Knowing I've done my time and done my duty,
And out of the gates on the narrow and the straight,
To the place where I have buried all the booty.

Chorus x2

You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.

Bonny at Morn

The sheep's in the meadows, the kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.

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

The bird's in the nest and the trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother in many a turn.
The bird's in the nest and the trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother in many a turn.

Chorus

We're all laid idle wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work and the lass winnot lairn.
We're all laid idle wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work and the lass winnot lairn.

Chorus

Keep You in Peace

*Warm be the sun that shines upon you,
Soft be the winds as they breathe on you,
Smooth be the roads that rise before you,
Keep you in peace till we meet again.*

May you have shelter in storm to hide you,
May you have stars in the night to guide you,
May you have ever a friend beside you,
Keep you in peace till we meet again.

Chorus

May you not lack for good bread to feed you,
May you not lack for good hope to speed you,
And for your singing, a heart to heed you,
Keep you in peace till we meet again.

Chorus

Keep you in peace till we meet again.

John Kanaka

I thought I heard the old man say,
John kanakanaka tu-rai-ay,
Today, today is a holiday,
John kanakanaka tu-rai-ay,

Tu-rai-ay, oh, tu-rai-ay,
John kanakanaka tu-rai-ay,

We'll work tomorrow, but not today,
John kanakanaka tu-rai-ay,
For today, today is a holiday,
John kanakanaka tu-rai-ay,

Chorus

We're bound away at the break of day...
We're bound away for Frisko Bay...

Chorus

We're a Yankee ship with a Yankee crew...
And we're the boys to pull her through...

Chorus

So heave away and haul away...
So heave away and earn your pay...

Chorus

I treat my men in a decent way...
I give 'em wisky three times a day...

Chorus

I thought I heard the old man say...
Today, today is a holiday...

Chorus x2

The Wreck of the Dandenong

Wild and furious blew the blast
And the clouds were hanging round
When the Dandenong from Melbourne sailed,
To Newcastle port was bound.
She had eighty-three poor souls on board,
Through the storm she found her way
And it's sad to relate her terrible fate
It was just off Jervis bay.

*And I dream of you, I dream of sleep,
And I dream of you, I dream of sleep.
I dream of being warm, but through the night,
I have to sail all through this raging storm.*

Steaming through the briny waves,
Her propeller shaft gave way.
And the waters they came pressing in,
Which filled them with dismay.
All hands on board did all they could,
Till at length all hope was gone,
And they hoisted a signal of distress
On board of the Dandenong.

Chorus

It was not long until a barque
With a brisk and lively crew
Came bearing down and the captain cried,
“We’ll see what we can do!”
Came bearing down with might and main,
In spite of wind or wave.
They did all they could as Christians would,
Those precious lives to save.

Chorus

While some in boats they tried to reach
That kind and friendly barque,
And numbers of their lives were saved,
Till night came on pitch dark.
What mortal man then could do more
When the storm increased on strong?
And the rest now sleep in the briny deep,
Along with the Dandenong.

Chorus

Mingulay Boat Song

*Hill you ho, boys; Let her go, boys;
Swing her head 'round, now all together.
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go, boys;
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.*

What care we though white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys! ev'ry inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount ever higher,
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
To see us home, boys, in Mingulay.

Chorus

Wives are waiting on the bank, boys,
Looking seaward from the heather;
Pull her round boys! and we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

When The Snows of Winter Fall

My yard is high with wood now, my cellar deep with coal,
My windows are well battened; I've sealed each crack and hole,
When the storms and winds come raging, I'll not be touched at all,
For I'll be well protected, when the snows of winter fall,
When the snows of winter fall.

My sheep still wander freely, upon the lonely fell,
In the field my horse is grazing, my cattle feed as well,
But come the bleak December, with its rain and sleet and squall,
They'll be safely penned and stabled, when the snows of winter fall,
When the snows of winter fall.

I look out from my doorway, to the trees on yonder rise,
Soon the leaves will turn to yellow as the summer fades and dies,
I'll put on my coat of leather, and my love will don her shawl,
How close we'll draw together, when the snows of winter fall,
When the snows of winter fall.

Through the bitter cold and darkness, our hopes we will keep high,
For we know the warmth of summer will come back by and by,
Then we'll walk into the sunshine wearing neither coat nor shawl,
And together we will listen, just to hear the cuckoo call,
Just to hear the cuckoo call.

I am not a man of riches; I have little that is new,
Some livestock and some chattels, amount to very few,
But my love is here beside me; I need nothing more at all,
She will give her love and comfort, when the snows of winter fall,
When the snows of winter fall.

The Saint Patrick Battalion

My name is John Riley
I'll have your ear only a while
I left my dear home in Ireland
It was death, starvation or exile
And when I got to America
It was my duty to go
Enter the Army and slog across Texas
To join in the war against Mexico

It was there in the pueblos and hillsides
That I saw the mistake I had made:
Part of a conquering army,
With the morals of a bayonet blade.
So in the midst of these poor, dying Catholics
Screaming children, the burning stench of it all,
Myself and two hundred Irishmen
Decided to rise to the call:

*From Dublin City to San Diego
We witnessed freedom denied.
So we formed the Saint Patrick Battalion
And we fought on the Mexican side.
We formed the Saint Patrick Battalion
And we fought on the Mexican side.*

We marched 'neath the green flag of Saint Patrick,
Emblazoned with "Erin Go Bragh,"
Bright with the harp and the shamrock,
And "Libertad para la República."
Just fifty years after Wolfstone,
Five thousand miles away,
The Yanks called us a Legion of Strangers,
And they can talk as they may, but:

Chorus

We fought them in Matamoros,
Where their volunteers were harming the nuns;
In Monterey and Cerro Gordo,
We fought on as Ireland's sons.
We were the red-headed fighters for freedom,
Amidst these brown-skinned women and men;
Side by side we fought against tyranny,
And I daresay we'd do it again.

Chorus

We fought them in five major battles;
Churubusco was the last.
Overwhelmed by the cannons from Boston,
We fell after each mortar blast.
Most of us died on that hillside
In the service of the Mexican state;
So far from our occupied homeland,
We were heroes and victims of fate

Chorus

Charming Hats

Farewell to you my old friends,
It seems that we must part again.
This road we've travelled for so long
Is coming to an end,

Remember all the times we laughed,
And all those merry days we passed,
We look at our old pictures and say,
"My it all went by so fast."

*And all those charming hats are laid away,
I hope they'll be worn again someday,
But until then we must pretend,
That we wear them every day.*

Candles burn for the last time,
We have our rose petals and wine.
Let every glass be filled once more,
And every tear be dried.

Chorus

Farewell to you my old friends,
Farewell to you my old friends.
Farewell to you my old friends.
It seems that we must part again.
And now our only hope is that
We will all meet in the end.

The St. Mary's College Song

Dear Saint Mary's, ever round thee
Cling our hearts since first we found thee,
And our song shall e'er resound thee
Everywhere we roam.
Ever shines thy star the clearest
And of feelings that are nearest,
Surely those are always dearest
Of our college home.

*Swell the rising chorus,
In her praise who for us,
With truth and right as well as might,
Lit up the path before us.
Let our voices loudly flinging
Cheer on cheer in accents ringing.
Rend the heavens with our singing: Alma Mater, Hail!*

Now in cherished mem'ry of thee
Wisdom ever smiles above thee;
Truth and goodness bid us love thee,
Nothing else thy due.
In the fields hath vic'try ever
Crown'd with glory thy endeavor
And defeat disgrace thee never;
Bravo, White and Blue!

Chorus