

Lanlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl -trad (english)

G D<sub>7</sub>  
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,  
D<sub>7</sub> G  
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,  
G C D<sub>7</sub> G G C  
for tonight we'll merry be, for tonight we'll merry be, for tonight we'll merry be . . .  
D<sub>7</sub> G  
tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks good ale and goes to bed quite mellow (x2)  
lives as he ought to live (x3)  
and wakes a jolly good fellow

Here's to the man who drinks pure water and goes to bed quite sober (x2)  
falls as the leaves do fall (x3)  
he'll be dead before October.

Here;s to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother (x2)  
she's a foolish, foolish thing (x3)  
for she'll not get another

here's to the girl who steals a kiss and stays to steal another (x2)  
she's a boon to all mankind (x3)  
for she'll soon be a mother.

## Shores of Atlantia

Words by--  
Music by—

Invading foemen heed our song

Best return back to your homelands

lest your lives will not be long

long on the shores of Atlantia.

Your dreams of Plunder all are wrong . . .

All such hopes are but illusion

Atlantian warriors all are strong

born on the shores of Atlantia.

Serve ye not as another king's pawns

fighting not for lives or homelands

for you'll learn of hammers and tongs

and anvils on the shores of Atlantia

So if you'd live to see the dawn

see your homes, embrace your children

then ye best had get thee gone

gone from the shores of Atlantia,

gone from the shores of Atlantia.

## **If I was a Blackbird**

### **Female perspective...**

I am a young maiden, my story is sad  
For once I was carefree and in love with a lad  
He courted me sweetly by night and by day  
But now he has left me and gone far away

Chorus:

Oh if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in  
And in the top rigging I would there build my nest  
And I'd flutter my wings o'er his broad golden chest

He sailed o'er the ocean, his fortune to seek  
I missed his caresses and his kiss on my cheek  
He returned and I told him my love was still warm  
He turned away lightly and great was his scorn

He offered to take me to Donnybrook Fair  
To buy me fine ribbons, tie them up in my hair  
He offered to marry and to stay by my side  
But then in the morning he sailed with the tide

My parents they chide me, and will not agree  
Saying that me and my true love married should never be  
Ah but let them deprive me, or let them do what they will  
While there's breath in my body, he's the one that I love still

### **Male perspective...**

I am a young sailor, my story is sad  
For once I was carefree and a bold sailor lad  
I courted a lassie by night and by day  
But now she has left me and gone far away

Chorus:

Oh if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in  
And in the top rigging I would there build my nest  
And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lily-white breast

Or if I was a scholar and could handle a pen  
One secret love letter to my true love I'd send

And I'd tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain  
Since she's gone and left me in yon flowery glen

I sailed o'er the ocean, my fortune to seek  
Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my cheek  
I returned and I told her my love was still warm  
But she turned away lightly and great was her scorn

I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair  
And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair  
I offered to marry and to stay by her side  
But she said in the morning she sailed with the tide

My parents they chide me, and will not agree  
Saying that me and my false love married should never be  
Ah but let them deprive me, or let them do what they will  
While there's breath in my body, she's the one that I love still

### **The Blackbird's Lament**

by Eoghan Og mac Labhrainn

I am a young blackbird, I can whistle and sing  
I follow the vessel my true love sails in  
And in the top rigging, I there build my nest  
And flutter my wings, o'er her lily white breast.

If I were a fisherman, and had rod and reel  
I'd spend my days fishing and filling my creel  
And when the day's over, when I longed for rest  
I'd spend the cold evening in the arms that I love best

Oh, but I am a blackbird, etc.

If I were a soldier, and could handle the sword  
I'd fight for her honor and swear by her word  
And then she would love me, her handsome young knight  
And we'd be together through darkness and light

Oh, but I am a blackbird, etc.

If I were a scholar, and could handle the pen  
One secret love letter to my true love I'd send  
I'd tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain  
That I can ne'er touch her, nor whisper her name

Oh, but I am a blackbird, etc. . .

Love, it does blind me, for I cannot see  
That me and my false love, married could never be  
Though I've never told her, and I never will  
While there's breath in my body, she's the one that I love still

For I am a blackbird, I can whistle and sing  
And when the day rises, my song it will bring  
I'll sing for my true love, my song strong and true  
With a voice that no man could have, I'll swear my love for you.

For I am a blackbird, I can whistle and sing  
I follow the vessel my true love sails in  
and in the top rigging, I there build me nest  
And flutter my wings o'er her lily white breast

# The Life of the Bard

Chorus: Sing ho! For the life of the bard  
Though the road is long and the way is hard  
For the soul of the bard is free  
O the life of the bard for me!

I've sung for the lords and ladies fair, and for the peasantry  
I've sung for the children in the village fair, who dance so merrily  
I've sung at night by the firelight, and told of days of yore  
To the yeomen bold and the captains old, as they gird up for war

Chorus

A troubadour he welcome is at every hearth and town  
From the mountain's door to the boggy moor I travel up and down  
And the price of bread, a roof o'er my head, is naught but a merry poem  
Happy and glad is the minstrel lad who can call the world his home

Chorus

So give me a seat, some friends to meet, and a cup of good strong ale  
Of noble steeds and gallant deeds of knights I'll spin my tale  
And when I die, please let me lie with my harp upon my breast  
And the turtledove and the stars above will sing me to my rest

Chorus sing ho! For the life of the bard  
Though the road is long and the way is hard  
For the soul of a bard is free  
O the life of the bard for me, oh the life of the bard for me  
O the life of the bard for me

## A Dark and A Roving Eye

Well, as I roved out in the evening,  
Along the nights career

I spied a lofty clipper ship,  
And off to her I steered

I hoisted all me sig-a-nals,  
That she so quickly knew,

Ah, but when she saw my bones in black  
She immediately hauled to

Chorus: Oh, she'd a Dark and a roving eye,  
And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets  
She were a nice girl, a decent girl,  
But one of the rakish kind.

Well, she said, "Kind sir, excuse me  
For being out so late,  
For if me parents knew of this,  
Then sad would be me fate.  
For me father, he's a minister,  
A true and honest man,  
But me mother, she's a dancin' girl,  
And I do the best I can"

Chorus

Well, so I deemed her company  
For a sailor'lad like me,  
I kissed her once and I kissed her twice—  
She said, "Be nice to me!"  
Well, I fondled her and cuddle her,  
And found, to my surprise—  
She were nothing but a fire-ship  
Rigged out in a disguise.

Chorus

Well, come all ye saucy sailors  
Who sail the seven seas  
And likewise all ye 'prentice lads,  
This warning take from me:  
Steer far clear of lofty fire'ships,  
For me the money's well'spent  
Ah, for one's burned all me money up,  
And left me broke and bent.

Repeat chorus twice

## The Ramblin Rover

(Words and Music: Andy M. Stewart)

Chorus:

Oh, there're sober men and plenty, and drunkards barely twenty,  
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl.  
But give me a ramblin' rover, Frae Orkney down to Dover.  
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment from merciless employment,  
Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school.  
And they save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander,  
See the world and rove and wander and are happier as a rule.

Chorus:

I've roamed through all the nations in delight of all creations,  
And enjoyed a wee sensation where the company, it was kind.  
And when partin' was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure  
To the good friends that we treasure for they always are in our mind.

Chorus:

If you're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got Colitis,  
You've gallopin' bollockitis and you're thinkin' it's time you died,  
If you been a man o' action, though you're lying there in traction,  
You will get some satisfaction thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

Oh, there's sober men and plenty, and drunkards barely twenty,  
There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl.  
But give me a ramblin' rover, frae Orkney down to Dover.  
We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

# A Lullaby for Atlantia

Music: Anna MacKenzie

Lyrics: Anna MackKenzie

A lady rocks her child to sleep,  
Hey ho, hush my child,  
And I'll sing you a song of the sea so deep,  
Hey ho, my child  
By this sea there is a castle,  
Hey ho, hush my child  
Where lives great ladies lords and vassals,  
Hey ho, my child  
From this castle rules a king,  
Hey ho, hush my child,  
Whose glory and honor we do sing,  
Hey ho, my child  
With this king there rules a queen,  
Hey ho, hush my child,  
Such beauty as hers is rarely seen,  
Hey ho, my child  
The land they rule is truly rare,  
Hey ho, hush my child,  
For the land they rule is Atlantia fair,  
Hey ho, my child,  
So rest ye gently my sweet babe,  
Hey ho, hush my child,  
For safe in Atlantia are you laid,  
Hey ho, my child.

# The Wild Rover

(Traditional)

GC

I've been a wild rover for many a year,

G D7 C

And I've spent all my 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.

Chorus

D7 D

And it's no, nay, never

D C

No, nay, never, no more,

C G C

Will I play the rover

G D7 G

No never, no more.

I went to an ale house I used to frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay.  
Such custom like yours I could have any day.

Chorus...

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,  
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,  
And I'll take you upstairs, and I'll show you the rest."

Chorus...

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

Chorus...

## Scarborough Fair

trad. (From Child Ballad #2, the Elfin Knight)

*Am* *G* *Am*  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

*C* *Am* *D* *Em*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

*Am* *C* *G*  
Remember me to the one that lives there

*Am* *G* *Em* *Am*  
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt . . .

Parsley . . .

Without any seam or fine needle work

Then she'll be . . .

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well

Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn

Which never bore blossom since adam was born

O will you buy me an acre of land

Between the sea foam and the salty sea sand

O will you plow it with a ram's horn

And sow it all over with one peppercorn

O will you reap it with a sickle of leather?

And tie it all up with a peacock's feather

And when you have done and finished your work

Then come to me for your cambric shirt