

Folk Family Chorus Lyrics

Sunday 20 July

Blaydon Races

I went to Blaydon Races, 'twas on the ninth of June.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two on a summer's
afternoon.

I took the bus to Balmtraes and she was heavy laden.
Away we went up Collingwood Street,
That's on the way to Blaydon,

Chorus

And it's O ... my lads,
You should a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folks a long the road,
Just as they were stannin'.
There was lots of lads and lasses there,
All wi' smilin' faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road
To see the Blaydon Races.

We flew past Armstrong's factory and up by the 'Robin
Adair',
Just gannin' down by the railway bridge, the bus wheel
flew off there,
The lasses lost their crinolines and the veils that hide
their faces,
I got two black eyes and broken nose, gannin' to the
Blaydon Races.

Chorus

When we got the wheel put on, away we went again.
But them that had their noses broke, they went back

over home.
Some went to the dispensary and some to the Doctor
Gibbs's
And some to the Infirmary to mend their broken ribses.

Chorus

Now when they got to Paradise, there was bonny game
begun.

There was four and twenty on the bus, man, how they
danced and sung.

They called on me to sing a song, I sung them 'Paddy
Fagan'.

I danced a jig and I swung my twig, the day I went to
Blaydon.

Chorus

Eriskay Love-lilt

Chorus

Vair me oro van o
Vair me oro van ee
Vair me oro o ho
Sad am I without thee

When I'm lonely my dear heart,
Dark the night or wild the sea
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Chorus

You're the music of my heart,
Harp of joy I long to see
You're my guidance by night
Strength and light art to me.

Chorus

Hal-an-tow

Take the scorn to wear the horn,
It was the crest when you was born,
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too.

Chorus

Hal-an-tow; jolly rumble-o.
We were up, long before the day-o,
To welcome in the summer, to welcome in the May-o,
For summer is icumen in and winter's gone a-way-o!

Robin Hood and Little John,
They've both gone to the fair-o,
And we shall to the merry green wood
To hunt the buck and hare-o.

Chorus

What happened to the Spaniards,
Who made so great a boast-o?
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-o!

Chorus

God bless Aunt Mary Moses
And all her power and might-o,
Send us peace to England,
Send peace by day and night-o.

Chorus

Skye Boat Song

Speed bonny boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air.
Baffled our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Speed bonny boat like a ...

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield.
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Speed bonny boat like a ...

Though the waves leap, soft shall he sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Speed bonny boat like a ...

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scattered the loyal men.
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again!

Speed bonny boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye,
Over the sea ... to Skye.

The Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching,
As you shall quickly hear.

Chorus

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night
In the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night
In the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the game-keeper, for him we did
not care,
For we can wrestle and fight my boys,
And jump our anywhere.

Chorus

As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And, taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive my boys,
And through the woods did steer.

Chorus

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a
crown,
We sold him for a crown my boys,
I did not tell you where.

Chorus

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper
That will not sell his deer.

Chorus

The Mermaid

One Friday morn when we set sail
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fairy pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her
hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus

While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy seas did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were up, up a-loft,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
'I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And this night she a widow will be.'

Chorus

And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair hair'd boy was he;
'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me, for me, for me,
And this night they will weep for me.'

Chorus

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus

The Three Pirates

Three pirates came to London town, Yo-ho! Yo ho!
Three pirates came to London town, Yo-ho! Yo ho!
Three pirates came to London town to see the king put
on his crown,
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

At first they came to a wayside inn, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
At first they came to a wayside inn, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
At first they came to a wayside inn and said 'Good
landlord let us in.'
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh landlord have you good red wine, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you good red wine, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you good red wine, enough to fill this
cask of mine?
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh yes sirs I have good red wine, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have good red wine, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have good red wine, enough to fill this cask
of thine.
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh landlord have you bags of gold, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you bags of gold, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you bags of gold, enough to fill the
afterhold?
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh yes sirs I have bags of gold, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have bags of gold, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have bags of gold, enough to fill the
afterhold.
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh landlord have you daughters fair, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you daughters fair, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord have you daughters fair, with laughing eyes
and curly hair?
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh yes sirs I have daughters fair, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have daughters fair, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sirs I have daughters fair, with laughing eyes and
curly hair.
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh landlord will she marry me, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord will she marry me, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh landlord will she marry me and sail with me across
the sea?
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

Oh yes sir she will marry you, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sir she will marry you, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Oh yes sir she will marry you and sail with you across
the blue.
Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho you lubbers, Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
Yo-ho!

The Water of Tyne

I cannot get to my love if I would dee
The water of Tyne runs between her and me
And here I must stand with a tear in my e'e
Both sighing and dying my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman my bonny hunny?
O where is the boatman? Bring him to me
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey
Or bring her across that rough water to me.

I cannot get to my love if I would dee
The water of Tyne runs between her and me
And here I must stand with a tear in my e'e
Both sighing and dying my sweetheart to see.

Turn the glasses over

I've been to Harlem, I've been to Dover,
I've travelled this wide world all over,
Over, over, three times over,
Drink what you have to drink and turn the glasses over.

Sailing east, sailing west, sailing across the ocean,
Better watch out when the boat begins to rock
Or you'll lose your girl in the ocean.