

# PUB SING



WITH MIKE PAGNANI

# CHANTIES

*Ch1*  
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

Pay me oh Pay me  
***Pay me my Money Down!***  
Pay me or go to Jail  
***Pay me my Money Down!***

Thought I heard our Captain say / Tomorrow is our sailing day

Soon as the boat was clear of the bar / He knocked me down with the end of a spar

I wish I was Mr. Howard's Son / Sit in the house and drink good rum

I wish I was Mr. Steven's Son / Sit on the dock and watch work done

*Ch2*  
DRUNKEN SAILOR

***Weigh-Hey an' up she rises***  
***Weigh-Hey an' up she rises***  
***Weigh-Hey an' up she rises***  
***Early in the morning***

What do you do with a drunken sailor  
***What do you do with a drunken sailor***  
What do you do with a drunken sailor  
***Early in the morning***

Shave his face with a rusty razor...  
Throw him by the leg in a runnin' bowline...  
Soak him in oil 'til he sprouts a flipper...  
Put him in the scuppers with the hosepipe on him...  
Give him a taste of the salt and water...  
Stick to his back a mustard plaster...

Note: While there are more verses than could fit on a single page, the above are all considered to be traditional verses.

*Ch3*  
BARRET'S PRIVATEERS

Oh the year was 1778

***How I wish I was in Sherbrook Now!***

When a letter of Marque came from the King  
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

***God Damn Them All!***

***I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold***

***Fire no gun, Shed no Tear***

***Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax Pier***

***The last of Barrett's Privateers!***

Oh Eclid Barrett cried the town...

...For Twenty good men all fisherman who would make for him the Antelope's Crew...

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight...

...With a list to the side and her sails in rags with the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and the jags...

On the King's Birthday we set to sail...

...We were 91 days to Montego Bay, pumping like antelope all the way...

On the 96<sup>th</sup> day we sailed again...

...When a bloody great Yankee hove into sight. With our cracked 4 pounders we made to fight...

The Yankee lay lowdown with gold...

...She was broad and fat and loose in the sways but to catch her too the Antelope 3 whole days...

At length we stood to cables away...

...Our cracked 4 pounders made an awful din, but with one great ball the Yank stove us in...

The Antelope shook and pitched to the side...

...Captain Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs and the maintruck carried off both me legs...

Now here I sit in my 23<sup>rd</sup> year...

...It's been 6 years since we sailed away and I just made Halifax yesterday...

*Ch4*  
BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Weigh-Hey Blow the Man Down  
Weigh-Hey Blow the Man Down  
Weigh-Hey Blow the Man Down  
Gimme some time to Blow the Man Down

When the Black Baller is Ready for Sea  
***Weigh-Hey Blow the man down!***  
That is the time you will see such a spree  
***Gimme some time to blow the man down!***

There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all/They all ship for sailors aboard the Black Ball  
Lay aft here ye lubbers, lay aft one and all/I'll none of you dodgers aboard the Black Ball  
When the Black Baller is clear of the land/Tis then you will hear the great word of command  
It's now we are sailing on ocean so wide/Where deep and blue waters dash by our side  
And now my fine boys, we're rounding the rock/And soon oh soon we will be on the dock

*Ch5*  
LEAVE HER JHONNY, LEAVE HER

Oh the times were hard and the wages low  
***Leave her Johnny, leave her***  
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow  
***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 do blow***  
***and it's time for us to leave her***

I thought I heard the old man say / You can go ashore and take your pay  
Oh her stern was foul and the voyage long / and the wind was bad and the gales were strong  
And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim / and we'll heave the hungry packet in  
And now it's time to say goodbye / for the old peirhead's a drawing nigh

## *Ch6* South Australia

In South Australia I was born

***Heave Away, Haul Away!***

*In South Australia 'round Cape Horn*

***We're Bound for South Australia***

***So Haul away you Rolling Kings***

***Heave Away! Haul Away!***

***Haul Away We're Bound to Sing***

***We're Bound for South Australia***

As I walked out my morning fair... Twas was there I met miss Nancy Blair...

There Aint but one thing grieves my mind ... To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind...

O when we whallop round Cape Horn... You'll wish to God you'd never been born...

I wish I was in Austraila's strand... With a glass of whisky in my hand...

Poor Adelaide's a grand old town... With plenty of drink to go around...

Note: Full credit to "Rise Up Sining" from whence this version is copied (almost) word for word.

## *Ch7* Cape Cod Girls

Cape Cod girls ain't got no combs

**Haul away, haul away**

They brush their hair with codfish bones

**And we're bound away for Australia**

**So heave 'er up, my bully bully boys**

**Haul away, haul away**

**Heave her up and don't you make a noise**

**And we're bound away for Australia**

Cape Cod kids ain't got no sleds... They slide down the hills on codfish heads...

Cape Cod girls ain't got no frills... They tie their hair with codfish gills...

Cape Cod cats ain't got no tails...They lost them all in the northeast gales...

*C8*  
MINGULAY BOAT SONG

*Heel Y'ho boys, Let her go boys  
Bring her head round to the weather  
Heel Y'ho Boys Let her go boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

What care we though, white the minch is  
What care we for wind and weather  
Let her go boys every inch is  
Wearing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting on the quayside  
Looking seaward from the heather  
Pull her 'round boys and we'll anchor  
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Ships return now, heavy laden  
Mothers holdin' bairns a cryin'  
They'll return though ere the sun sets  
They'll return to Mingulay

Note: There are a great many versions of this traditional song. Credit for some of the lyrics mainly seems to go mainly to HS Robertson, and later, Richard Thompson.

**OLD TIME  
&  
AMERICAN  
FOLK**

*OT1*  
WALKIN' CANE

Oh hand me down, my walkin' cane  
*Oh hand me down, my walkin' cane*  
*Oh hand me down my walkin' cane*  
I'm gonna leave on a midnight train.

Oh hand me down, My bottle of corn  
*Oh hand me down, My bottle of corn*  
*Oh hand me down, My bottle of corn*  
I'm gonna get drunk sure as you were born

I got drunk and went to jail / had nobody to go my bail  
Mama please, wont you go my bail/ Get me outta this goddamn jail  
Cause the meat is tough and the beans are bad/ Oh my Lord I cant eat that!  
The Devil chased, me 'round a stump/ I thought he'd catch me at every jump  
If I should die in Tennessee/ Send my bones home COD  
But if I die, in New York State, Send my bones home one way freight  
Oh some folks say, it aint no fun / When a song like this goes on and on

*OT2*  
CRAWDAD SONG

*I'll get a line and you get a pole, Honey!*  
*I'll get a line and you get a pole Babe!*  
*I'll get a line and you get a pole*  
*and we'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole*  
*Honey, Baby, Mine*

*Yonder come a man with a sack on his back*  
*Man fell down and broke his sack, see them crawdads back to back*

*Wake up old man you slept to late*  
*Wake up old man you slept to late, crawdad man done passed my gate*

*I heard the duck say to the drake*  
*I head the duck say to the drake, aint no crawdads in that lake.*

*Watcha gonna do when the lake runs dry*  
*Watcha gonna do when the lake runs dry, sit on the bank and cry cry cry*

*OT3*  
GROUNDHOG

Shoulder up your gun and whistle up your dog  
***Shoulder up your gun and whistle up your dog***  
***We're off to the woods to hunt a ground hog***  
***Oh! Groundhog***

Run here Sally with a ten foot pole / Pry that whistle pig outta his hole  
Yonder comes Sally with a snigger and a grin / groundhog gravy all over her chin  
Ya eat up the meat and save the hide / best darn shoestring ever been tied  
Children scream and the children cry / love my groundhog baked or fried  
Meat's in the larder and the butter's on the shelf/ if you want any more you can sing it  
yourself!

*OT4*  
HOT CORN COLD CORN

***Hot corn cold corn bring along a demijohn***  
***Hot corn cold corn bring along a demijohn***  
***Hot corn cold corn bring along a demijohn***  
***Faretheewell Uncle Bill see you in the mornin'***  
***Yes Sir!***

***Upstairs down stairs out in the kitchen***  
***Upstairs down stairs out in the kitchen***  
***Upstairs down stairs out in the kitchen***  
***See Uncle Bill just a rarin' and a pitchin'***  
***Yes Sir!***

***Old Aunt Peggy Comin' fillem all up again / Aint had a drink since I can't remember  
when, Yes Sir!***

***Preacher is a comin' and the children are a cryin' / Chickens are a runnin' and the  
feathers are a flyin' Yes Sir!***

***All I need to keep me happy Two little boys to call me pappy***  
***One's named Paul, One's named Davy, One likes ham the other likes gravy***

Note: Although this is a traditional song, the final verse may have been written or remembered by Jerry Garcia, as they first  
appear in his versions of this song

*OT5*  
E-Ri-Ee

Oh the E-Ri-Ee was rising, and the Gin was getting low  
And I scarcely think I'll get a drink 'til we get to Buffalo-o-o  
Til we get to Buffalo

We were 40 miles from Albany, forget it I never shall,  
What a terrible storm we had that night at on the E-Ri-ee Canal...

We were loaded down with barley, we were chock full up on rye  
And the Captain he looked down on me with his goddamn wicked Eye...

Our Captain came on up on deck with a spyglass I his hand,  
The fog it was so 'tarnal thick he couldn't spy the land...

Two days out form Syracuse the vessel struck a shoal  
We were like to all to be foundered on a chunk o' Lackawanna coal...

We hollered on the Captain, on the towpath treadin' dirt  
He jumped aboard and stopped the leak with his old flannel shirt...

Our cook she was a grand 'ol Gal she wore a ragged dress  
We hoiseted her upon the pole as a signal of distress...

The winds began to whistle, and the waves began to roll  
And we had to reef our royals on the raging Canal...

When we got to Syracuse, the off mule he was dead  
The nigh mule got the staggers to we cracked him on the head...

O the girls are in the police Gazette, the crew are all in jail...  
And I'm the only livin' sea cooks son that's left to tell the tale...

Note: Thanks to "Rise Up Singing" for the lyrics, but to Pete Seeger for the spirit of this song.

# PUB SONGS

*P1*  
ALL FOR ME GROG

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog  
It's all for me beer and tobacco  
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin  
Now across the Western Ocean I must wander*

Where are me Boots, Me noggin' noggin' boots  
They're all gone for beer and tobacco  
For the heels are all worn out and the toes are kicked about  
And the soles are lookin' out for better weather

Where I is my shirt, my noggin noggin shirt  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they are all torn  
And the tail is looking out for better weather

I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed  
Since I first came ashore from me slumber  
For I spent all my dough on the lassies you don't know  
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where is my bed, my noggin noggin bed  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
Well I lent it to a whore and the sheets are all tore  
and the springs are lookin' out for better weather

*P2*  
IN HEAVAN THERE IS NO BEER

In heaven there is no beer  
That's why we drink it here  
And when we are gone from here  
All our friends will be drinking all the beer

In heaven there is no wine  
So let's drink til we feel fine  
And when we leave it all behind  
All our friends will be drinking all the wine

In heaven there is no sex  
So let's do that next  
And when our muscles cannot flex  
All our friends will be having all the sex

Im Himmel gibt's kein Bier  
Drum trinken wir es hier  
Denn sind wir nicht mehr hier  
Dann trinken die andern unser Bier

Note: the chorus is a series of "LA"s following the melody. The louder the better

*P3*  
BOOZING

And what are the joys of the single young man?

***Why Boozing bloody well boozing!***

And what is he doing whenever he can?

***Why Boozing bloody well boozing!***

Well you may think I'm wrong or you may think I'm Right

I'm not here to argue, I know you can fight

But what do you think we are doing tonight but

***Boozing bloody well boozing***

***Boozing Boozing Just you and I***

***Boozing Boozing When we are dry***

***Some do it openly some on the sly***

***But we all are bloody well boozing***

And what are the joys of the poor married man? ...

And what is he doing whenever he can? ...

He comes home at night and he gives his wife all

He does all the shopping, makes many a call

But what brings him home hanging on to the wall? ...

And what does the moral majority down? ...

And what are they banning in every town? ...

They get on TV and they yell and they shout

They shout about things they know nothing about

But what are they doing when the lights are all out? ...

*P4*  
THE BARLEY MOW

Here's good luck to the pint pot  
***Good luck to the Barley Mow!***  
Jolly good luck to the pint pot  
***Good luck to the Barley Mow!***

***To the pint pot, half a pint, gil pot, half a gil, quarter gil, and a brown bowl***  
***Here's good luck***  
***Good luck to the Barley Mow***

Here's good luck to the quart pot...

***To the quart pot, pint pot, half a pint, gil pot, half a gil, quarter gil, nipperkin, and a brown bowl***  
***Here's good luck***  
***Good luck to the Barley Mow!***

Here's good luck to the...  
Half Gallon  
Gallon  
Half Barrel Barrel  
Landlord  
Landlady  
Daughter  
Brewer  
Company

Note: Cumulative Songs such as this have a repetitive section that grows longer and longer as more words are added.

*P5*  
THE RATTLIN' BOG

***Ho Ro the Rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o  
Ho Ro the Rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o***

And in the bog there was a hole, a rare hole a rattlin' hole  
And the hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

And in that hole there was a tree, a rare tree a rattlin tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog  
down in the valley-o

And on the tree there was a branch, a rare branch a rattlin'  
branch  
And the branch on the tree and the tree in the hole and the  
hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

And on that branch there was a nest...

And in that nest there was an egg...

And on that egg there was a bird...

And on that bird there was a flea...

*P6*

## THE MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS BEER

***...I am the man the very fat man who waters the workers beer  
I am the man the very fat man who waters the workers beer  
And what do I care if it makes them ill  
Or makes them terribly queer, I've a car a yacht and an  
aeroplane  
And I waters the workers beer***

Now when I makes the workers beer, I puts in strychnine  
Some methylated spirits and a drop of kerosene  
But since a brew so terribly strong,  
Would make them terribly queer  
So I reaches my hand for the watering can and I waters the workers  
beer...

Now a drop of beer is good for a man whose thirsty and tired and hot  
And I sometimes has a drop myself from a very special lot  
But a strong and healthy working class  
Is the thing that I most fear  
So I reaches my hand for the watering can and I waters the workers  
beer...

Oh ladies fair and beyond compare & be ye maid or wife  
Please sometime lend a thought for one as who leads a sorry life  
With the water rates so shockingly high  
and malt so terribly dear  
There isn't the profit there used to be in watering workers beer...

# CELTIC SONGS

C1

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over, the far famed Kerry mountains  
I came on Captain Farrell and his money he was counting  
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier  
I said stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver...

***...Mush a Ring Dumma Do Dumma Dah \*clap clap clap clap\*  
Whack for the daddy ol, Whack for the daddy ol  
There's whiskey in the jar...***

Now I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in my pocket and I brought 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 to be sure it was no wonder  
But Jenny took me charges and she filed them up with water  
Then called for Captain Farrell to be ready for the Slaughter...

It was early in the morning, when I awoke for travel  
The guards were all around me and likewise Farrell  
I first produced my pistol for she'd thrown away my rapier  
But I could not shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken...

Now if anyone can save me it's me brother in the army  
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Kilarny  
And together we'll go roving in the hills of Kilkenny  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darlin sportlin Jenny...

Now there's some as take delight, in the drinkin and the rovin  
And some as take delight in the gamblin and the smokin  
But me a take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courtin pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early...

C2  
THE MOONSHINER

*I'm a rambler I'm a gambler I'm a long way from home  
And if you don't like me then leave me alone  
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry  
And if moonshine don't kill me I'll live til I die*

I've been a moonshiner for many a year  
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
So give me a holler to set up me still  
And I'll sell you a gallon for a ten dollar bill...

I'll go to some holler in this count-er-y  
10 gallons of wash I can go on a spree  
No women to follow the world is all mine  
Oh I love none so well as I love thee moonshine

Oh moonshine dear moonshine oh how I love thee  
You killed me old father and now you'll try me  
God bless all moonshiners God bless all moonshine  
Your breath is as sweet as the dew on the vine

Note: While this song is listed in the Celtic section, and is likely an Irish tune originally, the oldest known lyrics place it as song of American origin.

C3  
THE BLACK VELVET BAND

*...Her eyes the shone like the diamonds  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band*

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprentice to trade I was bound  
And many an hour's sweet happiness  
did I spend in the neat little town

A sad misfortune came o'er me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band...

I took a stroll down on Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I spy but this a pretty fair maid  
Com tripping along the highway

She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swan's  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band...

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And a gentleman passing us by,  
Well I knew that she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her rougueish black eye

A gold watch she took from my pocket  
And slipped it right into my hand  
And the very first thing that I said was  
Bad luck to the black velvet band...

Before the Judge and the Jury  
The next morning I had to appear  
When the judge he said you man to me  
You're case it is proven quite clear

I'll give you 7 years of hard servitude  
To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band...

So come all you jolly young fellows  
A warning take from me  
When you're out upon the town me lads  
Beware of those pretty colleens

They'll feed you up with strong drink, me lads  
Til you are unable to stand  
And the very next thing that you'll know is  
That you've landed in Van Diemen's land...

C4  
THE IRISH ROVER

On the Fourth of July, 1806  
We set sail from the sweet Cove of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the Grand City Hall in New York  
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft  
And oh, how the wild wind drove her  
She stood several blasts, she had twenty seven masts  
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  
We had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs and six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk  
And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance  
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and day  
That he longs for the shore and a charming young whore  
Who will melt all his troubles away  
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout  
For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid, he is never afraid  
An old salt from the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord! What a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned  
And I'm the last of The Irish Rover

Note: This is a traditional song attributed first to J. M. Croft

C5

## THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many's the year  
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

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

I went into 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 "a custom as yours I can have any day"

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said I'd have whiskey 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

