

## **THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND**

O you western ocean labourers I would have you all beware  
That when you're aboard of a packet ship no dungaree jumpers wear  
But have a big monkey jacket always at your command  
And think of the cold nor'westers that blow on the Banks of Newfoundland

### *Chorus*

So we'll rub her round and scrub her round with holy stone and sand  
And say farewell to the virgin rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland

One night as I lay in my bunk a'dreaming all alone  
I dreamt I was in Liverpool way up in Marylebone  
With my true love there beside of me and a jug of ale in hand  
When I woke broken hearted on the Banks of Newfoundland

### *Chorus*

We had one Lynch from Ballinahinch, Jimmy Murphy and Mike Moore  
And it was in the winter of sixty-two that them sea boys suffered sore  
For they'd sold their clothes in Liverpool and pawned them out of hand  
Not thinking of cold nor'westers that blow on the Banks of Newfoundland

### *Chorus*

We had one female passenger Bridget Riley was her name  
And to her I had promised marriage and on me she had a claim  
And she tore up her flannel petticoats to make mittens for our hands  
She couldn't see us sea boys freeze on the Banks of Newfoundland

### *Chorus*

O and now we are off Sandy Hook my boys and the land's all covered with snow  
And the tug boat will take our hawser and for New York we will tow  
And when we get into the Black Ball Dock the boys and girls will stand  
And bid adieu to the virgin rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland

### *Chorus*

## **THE NEW YORK TRADER**

To a New York trader I did belong  
And she was built for sea both stout and strong  
Well rigged and well manned and well fit for sea  
She was bound for New York in Ameriky

Well our cruel captain as we did find  
Left half of our provisions behind  
Our cruel captain as we understand  
Meant to starve us all before we made the land

At length our hunger grew very great  
We had but little on board to eat  
And we were in necessity  
All by our captain's cruelty

Our captain in his cabin lay  
And a voice come to him and it thus did say  
"Prepare yourself and your company  
For tomorrow night you shall lay with me"

Well our captain awoke in a terrible fright  
It being the first watch of the night  
And aloud for his bo's'n he then did call  
And he to him related the secret all

"O Bo's'n" says he "it grieves my heart  
To think I acted a villain's part  
And to take what was not my lawful due  
To starve the passengers and the whole ship's crew"

"Now there is one thing more I have to tell  
When I in Waterford town did dwell  
O I killed my master a merchant there  
All for the sake of his lady fair"

"I killed my wife and my children three  
All for that curséd jealousy  
And on my servant I laid the blame  
And hanged he was all for the same"

"O Captain" says he "if that be so  
Pray let none of your ship's crew know  
But keep your secret within your breast  
And pray to God for to give you rest"

Well early next morning a storm did rise  
Which did our seamen much surprise  
The sea was o'er us both fore and aft  
Until scarce a man on our deck was left

O and then our bo's'n he did declare  
That our captain was a murderer  
And this so enraged our whole ship's crew  
That they overboard their captain threw

And when this was done a calm was there  
Our good little ship homeward did steer  
The wind abated and it calmed the seas  
And we sailed safe to Ameriky

And when we came to anchor there  
Our good little ship for to repair  
O the people wondered much to see  
What a poor and distressed shipwrecked crew were we

## **THE GREY COCK**

I must be going no longer staying  
The burning Thames I have to cross  
O I must guided without a stumble  
Into the arms of my dear lass

Now when he came to his true love's window  
He knelt down gently on a stone  
And it is through the pane he has whispered softly  
"My dear girl are you all alone?"

She rose her head from her down soft pillow  
And snowy were her milk white breasts  
Saying "Who's there who's there at my bedroom window  
Disturbing me from my long night's rest?"

"O I'm your love but I can't uncover  
I pray you rise love and let me in  
For I am fatigued by my long night's journey  
And besides I am wet into the skin"

Then she quickly rose and she put on her clothing  
And she swiftly let her own true love in  
O they kissed held hands and embraced one another  
Until that long night was near an end

"Then it's Willy dear O dearest Willy  
Where is that colour you'd sometime ago?"  
"O Mary love the clay has changed me  
I am but the ghost of your Willy O"

"Then it's cock O cock O handsome cockerel  
I pray you not crow until it is day  
For your wings I will make of the fine beaten gold  
And your comb I will make it of the silver grey"

But the cock it crew and it crew so fully  
It crew three hours before it was day  
And before it was day my love had to go away  
Not by the light of the moon nor by the light of the day

"And then it's Willy dear O dearest Willy  
Whenever shall I see you again?"  
"When the fish they fly love and the sea runs dry love  
And the rocks they melt in the heat of the sun"

## **THE COBBLER AND THE BUTCHER**

This is just a little story but the truth I'm going to tell  
All about a cunning cobbler who in Yeovil town did dwell (NB original version said Dover)  
And a jolly butcher with a beautiful wife  
But the cobbler he loved her as dearly as his life  
Singing fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day

One day the butcher went to market to buy himself an ox  
But then the cunning cobbler as sly as any fox  
He put on his Sunday coat and a courting he did go  
To the jolly butcher's wife because he loved her so  
Singing fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day

Now when the little cobbler come into the butcher's shop  
The butcher's wife knew what he meant and she bid him for to stop  
"O" says he "me darling have you got a job for me?"  
And the butcher's wife so saucy said "I'll go up stairs and see"  
Singing *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

So the butcher's wife she went up stairs and gave the snob a call  
"Yes I've got an easy job for you if you have brought your awl  
And if you do it workmanlike some cash to you I'll pay"  
"Well thank you" says the cobbler and he began to stitch away  
With his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

But as the cobbler was at work a knock come at the door  
The cobbler scrambled under the bed and he hid upon the floor  
"O" says he "me darling what will your husband say?"  
But then she let the policeman in along with her to play  
With his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

The cobbler lay there trembling far too terrified to move  
And the policeman says "My dear O my darling O my love"  
The cobbler he was thinking well how he loves his wife  
He feared the old bed would collapse and take away his life  
And his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

But then the butcher come from market in the middle of the night  
The policeman he jumped out of bed and he soon got out of sight  
The butcher's wife so nimbly she locked the bedroom door  
But in her fright she quite forgot the cobbler on the floor  
With his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

And then the butcher got a surprise when he climbed into his bed  
"Something here is very hard" the butcher smiled and said  
She said "It is my rolling pin" which made the butcher laugh  
"How long have you been rolling dough with a policeman's staff?"  
Singing *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

And then the butcher threw the truncheon underneath the bed  
And there it smashed the piddle pot and cracked the cobbler's head  
The cobbler cried out "Murder!" said the butcher "Who are you?"  
"O I am a little cobbler who goes mending ladies shoes"  
With my *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

"Well if you are the little cobbler then come along with me  
I will pay you for your mending before I set you free"  
And then he locked him in the bull pen and the beast began to roar  
And the butcher laughed to see him as he rolled him over and over again  
With his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

And then early in the morning just as people got about  
The butcher smeared his face with blood and then he turned him out  
He pinned a paper on his back and on it was the news  
This cobbler to the bedroom goes to mend the ladies shoes  
With his *fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

And the people all were laughing just to see the cobbler run  
His coat and britches were so torn and they could clearly see his bum  
He run home to his wife but she locked and barred the door  
And she said "That'll teach you not to go out mending anymore"  
*With your fol the riddle I doh, fol the riddle day*

### **THE HERRING'S HEAD**

What'll we do with the old herring's head  
We'll make it into loaves of bread  
Herring's head loaves of bread  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

The herring is the king of the sea  
The herring is the fish for me  
The herring is the king of the sea  
Sing wack faloodle day

And what'll we do with the old herring's eyes  
We'll make 'em into puddings and pies  
Herring's eyes puddings and pies  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's gills  
We'll make 'em into physical pills  
Herring's gills physical pills  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's scales  
We'll make 'em into buckets and pails  
Herring's scales buckets and pails  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's fins  
We'll make 'em into needles and pins  
Herring's fins needles and pins  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's belly  
We'll make it into jams and jelly  
Herring's belly jams and jelly  
And all such things

#### *Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's guts  
We'll make 'em into comic cuts

Herring's guts comic cuts  
And all such things

*Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's back  
We'll make it into a fishing smack  
Herring's back a fishing smack  
And all such things

*Chorus*

And what'll we do with the old herring's tail  
We will make it into a ship with a sail  
Herring's tail a ship with a sail  
And all such things

Herring's tail a ship with a sail  
Herring's back a fishing smack  
Herring's guts comic cuts  
Herring's belly jams and jelly  
Herring's fins needles and pins  
Herring's scales buckets and pails  
Herring's gills physical pills  
Herring's eyes puddings and pies  
Herring's head loaves of bread  
And all such things

*Chorus*

## **GEORGIE**

As I crossed over London Bridge  
It was on one morning early  
There I beheld a fair woman  
Lamenting for her Georgie

"Go fetch to me some little boy  
That can go on an errand quickly  
That can run ten miles in an hour  
With a letter for a lady"

"And saddle to me my milk white steed  
Bridle him so rarely  
That I may go to Newcastle gaol  
To plead for the life of Georgie"

And when she came to Newcastle gaol  
She bowed her head so lowly  
And down on her bended knees she fall  
Saying "Spare me the life of Georgie"

"O it's no murder George have done  
Nor have he killed any  
But he took twelve of the King's fat deer  
And sold them in the army"

The judge looked over his right shoulder  
And seeming very sorry  
He said "I'm afraid you have come too late  
He is condemned already"

"Well six babies I have with me  
And I love them so dearly  
And I would part with them every one  
If you will spare me the life of Georgie"

The judge looked over his left shoulder  
And seeming very hard hearted  
He said "I'm afraid you have come to late  
Because there is no pardon granted"

"Well let George hang in a chain of gold  
Which a few there are not many  
Because he came from a noble life  
And he was loved by a virtuous lady"

### **RUFFORD PARK POACHERS**

They say that forty gallant poachers  
They was in a mess  
They'd often been attackéd  
When their number it was less

*Chorus*  
O poacher bold as I unfold  
Keep up your gallant heart  
And think about those poachers bold  
That night in Rufford Park

The keepers they began the fight  
With stones and with their flails  
But when those poachers started  
Why they quickly turned their tails

*Chorus*

A buck or doe believe it so  
A pheasant or a hare  
Were put on earth for everyone  
Quite equal for to share

*Chorus*

They say that forty gallant poachers  
They was in a mess  
They'd often been attackéd  
When their number it was less

*Chorus*

## THE FALSE HEARTED KNIGHT

It's of a false knight he came from the north land  
And he came a courting me  
He promised to take me down to that north land  
And there his bride make me

"Go and fetch me some of your mother's gold  
And some of your father's fees  
And two of the best horses out of the stable  
Where there stand by thirty and three"

Then she's mounted up on her milk white steed  
And he on the dapple and grey  
And away they did ride to the great waterside  
Hours before it was day

"Jump off jump off your milk white steed  
And deliver it unto me  
For six pretty fair maids I've drowned in here  
And the seventh one you shall be"

"And take off take off that silken gown  
And lie it upon yon' stone  
For I think it's too rich and I think it's too rare  
To rot all in the salt sea"

"Well if I must take off my silken gown  
Then turn your back upon me  
For I don't think it's fit that a villain like you  
A naked woman should see"

"And stoop you down and cut that briar  
That hangs right over the brim  
In case it should tangle my golden curls  
Or tear my lily white skin"

And then she gave him a push and a hearty push  
And she pushed that old false knight in  
Cryin' "Lie in there you false hearted knight  
Lie in there instead of me  
If six pretty fair maids you have drowned in here  
Well the seventh one has drowned thee"

Then she's mounted up on her milk white steed  
And she lead the dapple and grey  
And away she did ride to her father's own house  
Two hours before it was day

And the parrot was up in the window high  
And he cried aloud and did say  
"I'm afraid that some villain he came here last night  
And he carried my lady away"

Well her father he was not quite sound asleep  
But he never heard what that bird did say

So he cryeth "What waketh my pretty Polly  
Two hours before it is day"

"O the old cat was up in the window high  
And that cat he would me slay  
So loud did I cry that help should be nigh  
To drive that old cat away"

"Well done well done my pretty Polly  
No tales you will tell upon me  
Thy cage shall be made of the bright glittering gold  
And the door of white ivory"

## **GYPSY COUNTESS**

Well there came an earl a-riding by  
And a gypsy maid then he did see  
"O nut brown girl" to her he said  
"I want you to come away with me"

"I'll take you up carry you home  
And I'll put a safeguard over you  
Your shoes shall be made of the Spanish leather  
Your silken stockings all of blue"

"All night you lie 'neath the starry skies  
All day you walk in the rain and snow  
Now you shall lie in a feather bed  
Wrapped in the arms of a husband O"

"But I like to lie 'neath the starry skies  
I do not mind the rain and snow  
So I'll be away come night and come day  
To follow away with the gypsies O"

"But I will wed you sweet maid he said  
I will marry you with a golden ring  
You shall dance and merry merry be  
And we shall have such a fine wedding"

"But I'll not marry you kind sir she said  
I'll not wed you with a golden ring  
For I'm free as the wind and I swear I can find  
The man that will make my wedding"

"But no more would you be put in the stocks  
Or trudge about from town to town  
You shall ride in pomp and pride  
In a red embroidered velvet gown"

"But I'll pawn my hat pawn my coat  
Sell my silken stockings blue  
I'll pawn my petticoat then my shift  
To follow away with the gypsies O"

"Because my brothers three no more I'd see  
If I went along with you  
I'd rather be torn by thistle and thorn  
With my bare feet all in the dew"

"Well then I'll lock you up in a castle tall  
Bar you up in a room so high  
You gypsy maid from the green wood glade  
So that never a gypsy shall you find"

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate  
They sang so high and they sang so low  
The lady sits in her chamber late  
And her heart it melted away as snow

They sung so sweet they sung so shrill  
That fast her tears began to flow  
Then she's put down her velvet gown  
Her golden rings and all her show

She's took off her high heeled shoes  
Made of the Spanish leather O  
To run away in the rain and snow  
To follow away with the gypsies O

And it was past midnight when her lord come home  
Where his lady was he would know  
The servants replied on every side  
"O she's gone away with the gypsies O"

"Saddle my horse bridle my mare  
And hang my sword to my saddle bow  
So I may ride to seek my bride  
Who has gone away with the gypsies O"

So they saddled his horse bridled his mare  
And they hung his sword to his saddle bow  
So he could ride to seek his bride  
Who was gone away with the gypsies O

He rode high he rode low  
And he rode through hills and valleys O  
He rode 'til he spied his own fair bride  
Following along with the gypsies O

"What makes you leave your house and lands?  
What makes you leave your money O?  
What takes you abroad from your wedded lord  
To follow away with the gypsies O?"

"I want none of your house and lands  
I want none of your money O  
I don't want to be wed to a lord she said  
I'll follow away with the gypsies O"

"But last night you slept in a feather bed  
Wrapped in the arms of a husband O  
Now you shall sleep on the cold cold ground  
And walk along in the rain and snow"

"But I don't want sleep in a feather bed  
Held in the arms of a husband O  
I'd rather sleep on the cold cold ground  
And walk along in the rain and snow"

"No that will not be I swear" said he  
As he drew his sword from his saddle bow  
Three times he smote on her lily white throat  
Then her red blood down did flow

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate  
And they sang so high and they sang so low  
The lady sits in her chamber late  
And her heart it melted away as snow

### **LADY MAISRY**

O the young men of the North Country  
Have all a wooing gone  
To win the love of Lady Maisry  
But of them she would have none

"O hold your tongues young men said she  
And think no more on me  
For I've given my love to an English lord  
Who promised to marry me"

Then word has to her father gone  
As he put on his shoe  
That Lady Maisry goes with a child  
Unto some English lord

Then in there come her bold father dear  
Stepping on the floor  
He says "they tell to me my daughter Maisry  
That you are become a whore"

"O a whore father a whore father  
That is what I'll never never be  
Though I've given my love to an English lord  
Who promised to marry me"

"But couldn't you have gotten a duke or a lord  
From your own country  
But now you have gone with this English lord  
To bring this shame on me"

"Now where are all my merry young men  
Whom I give meat and fee  
To pull the thistle and the thorn  
To burn her vile body"

Then her father's to the green wood gone  
Her brother has to the broome  
All for to kindle a bold bonfire  
To burn her body in

Then in there come an old woman  
Lady Maisry's nurse was she  
But before she could speak one single word  
A salt tear blinded her eye

"O your father has to the green wood gone  
Your brother has to the broome  
All for to kindle a bold bonfire  
To burn your body in"

And her father he was the first man  
Who tied her to a stake  
And her brother he was the second man  
Who did the fire make

And her mother was the first woman  
Who did the fire fetch  
And her sister she was the second woman  
Who lighted it with a match

They blew the fire and they kindled the fire  
'Til it reach her knee  
"O mother mother quench the fire  
For the smoke it'll smother me"

"O had I but a little footboy  
My errand he could run  
He would run unto gay London town  
And bid my lord come home"

"O nurse go and fetch to me my little footboy  
Who is called my sister's son  
So that he may go and tell to my own true love  
That I am sick at home"

Well the first two miles that little boy walked  
The second two he run  
And he run until he come unto some broad waterside  
And then he's fell upon his breast and he swum  
Until he come to some dry land again  
Then he took to his heels and he run  
And he run until he come to some high park gate  
Where lords were sitting at their meat

"O if you did but know what news I have brought  
Not a bite more would you eat"  
"O is my park gates overthrown  
Or is my walls falling down"

"O your high park gates they are all overthrown  
Your high park walls they are all a falling down

And your Lady Maisry lies sick at home  
And shall die before you can come"

"O mother go and fetch to me my milk white steed  
And saddle it with speed  
So that I may go and kiss her cherry cheeks  
Before they are turned to clay"

"Now where are all my merry young men  
By one by two and three"  
Then he's mounted up on his milk white steed  
To go to his Lady Maisry

They blew the fire and they kindled the fire  
'Til it did reach her head  
"O mother mother quench the fire  
For I am nearly dead"

Then she's turned her head on her right shoulder  
She saw her lord come riding home  
"O mother mother quench the fire  
For I am nearly gone"

Then he's mounted off of his milk white steed  
And he's leapt into the fire  
He was thinking to save his Lady Maisry  
But he had stayed too long

And the Lady she was buried in a cold church yard  
The lord was buried in the choir  
And out of her heart there sprung a sweet rose  
And out of his mouth a sweet briar

And they grew so high unto the church wall  
Until they could not grow any higher  
And there they did twang in a true lover's knot  
For all true lovers to admire

## **AUSTRALIA**

Come all you good people where so ever you may be  
Come listen a while to my story

Now when I was a young man and my age seventeen  
I ought to been serving Victoria our queen  
But those hard hearted judges O how cruel they have been  
To send us poor lads to Australia

I fell in with a damsel she was handsome and gay  
I neglected my work more and more every day  
And to keep her like a lady I went on the highway  
And for that I was sent to Australia

Now the judges they stand with the whips in their hands  
And they drive us like horses to plough up the land  
You should see us poor young fellows working in that gaol yard

How hard is our fate in Australia

Australia Australia I would never see no more  
Worn out by fever cast down to death's door  
But should I live to see say seven years more  
O I would then bid adieu to Australia

### **THE GOLDEN GLOVE**

O it's of a young squire near Tamworth we hear  
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair  
And he promised for to marry her and it was his intent  
All friends and relations they gave their consent

The time was appointed for the wedding day  
A young farmer was chosen to give the bride away  
But as soon as the lady the young farmer did espy  
It overthrew her heart "O my heart!" she did cry

And then she turned from the squire and nothing she said  
Instead of getting married she took to her bed  
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in her mind  
That a way for to have him she quickly did find

Coat waistcoat and trousers she then did put on  
And off she went a'hunting with her dog and gun  
She hunted all around where the farmer he did dwell  
Because in her heart she loved him so well

Well she often times fired but nothing could she kill  
'Til at length the young farmer come into the field  
To converse with him it was her intent  
So with her dog and gun to meet him then she went

"O I thought you would be at the wedding" she cried  
"To wait on the squire and give to him his bride"  
"O no sir I'd rather take a sword all in my hand  
By my honour I would gain her if ever she command"

Well the lady was pleased for to find him so bold  
And gave to him a glove that was floweréd with gold  
She told him she had found it as she came along  
As she was a'hunting with her dog and gun

And then the lady went home with her heart full of love  
And she gave out a notice that she had lost her glove  
"And the man that shall find it and bring it unto me  
No matter who he is my husband he shall be"

Well the farmer was pleased when he heard of the news  
And straight to the lady with her glove he goes  
Saying "Dear and honoured lady it was I picked up your glove  
I hope that you are pleased and will give to me your love"

"O it's already granted" the lady replied  
"It's already granted and I will be your bride"

I'll be mistress of the dairy and go milking my cow  
While the jolly farmer is whistling at the plough"

Now when they were married she told him of the fun  
Of how she went a'hunting with her dog and gun  
And now she's got him so fast in her snare  
She'll love him forever I vow and declare