



# **The Neighborhood Singaround**

**Songbook**



# The Concept



*The Neighborhood Singaround was born of a desire to have a British folk club-style singaround in Denver.*

*The point is to get together and sing because it's fun.*

*At some point or another, I think we all hear the message that you have to be "a good singer" to sing, and that musical ability is somehow innate*

*Neither of these things is true*

*Singing is a fundamental form of human expression, and like anything else, skill comes from doing, so let's do!*

*The goal is to sing, first and foremost. If you have skill at it, awesome! If you think you sound like a screeching cat, we love cats here!*

*(and anyway you probably sound better than you think)*

*-Sophie, Cooper, and the Neighborhood Regulars*

# How it works



*We go around the room and take turns leading/singing songs*

*Instruments are not unwelcome, but there will be an emphasis on unaccompanied singing*

*Anyone who wants to sing solo or lead a group song is welcome to. No one is required to.*

*Everyone is encouraged to join in on choruses and/or hum or harmonize! If a song has a chorus, the singer may teach it to the group, but usually we'll just sort of pick it up*

*We will go around the room - if you want to sing, go for it! If not, feel free to pass and we'll go onto the next person*

*We'll go for about two hours or until we're all sung out*

*This songbook is a guide, but singers are not limited to its contents*

*If you have suggestions for additions/corrections/amendments to the songbook, email Sophie at [SundaySeaSongs@gmail.com](mailto:SundaySeaSongs@gmail.com)*

# What can I sing?



*While we tend towards “traditional folk songs” here, we generally take the Steve Roud definition of “folk song” to heart: A folk song is a song sung by a folk singer; a folk singer is a singer that sings folk songs.*

*We love our shanties and Scottish border ballads and our Irish laments, but we also love Les Miserables and The Hunger Games.*

*In other words, just sing the song - it’s fine, honest!*

*That said, folk music (especially the “traditional” stuff) comes from every place and time, and some sentiments (and lyrics) have been left behind for a reason.*

## *Some basic guidelines:*

- if you don't know what a word you've encountered means, look it up before singing it*
- if a song you like has an offensive verse/line/word, leave it out! there are generally plenty of variations on these lyrics to choose from - heck, rewrite it yourself! #TheFolkProcess*
- if you are in doubt, ask. you won't be banished for making a mistake.*

*if you have concerns about someone else's song choice (anyone's!), please bring them to Sophie as soon as you are comfortable doing so and they will handle it*

# Songbook



*Presented here are some chorus-y offerings to get us started, but please bring anything you like (chorus-y or otherwise!)*

1. Roll the Old Chariot (Nelson's Blood)
2. Haul Away Joe
3. Spanish Ladies
4. Shove Around the Jug
5. Pleasant and Delightful
6. Wild Mountain Thyme
7. Mariah's Gone
8. Paddy Works on the Railway
9. Drinkin' That Wine
10. South Australia
11. Barrett's Privateers
12. Sam's Gone Away
13. Fire Down Below
14. Bones in the Ocean
15. Seeds of Love
16. Country Life (Eggs for Breakfast)
17. Mingulay Boat Song
18. The Parting Glass
19. Farthest Field
20. The Goodnight Song

*Most of the songs listed are "traditional." For those, I've given the sources for the versions included here, indicated by "lyrics from/adapted from." Some songs have become "traditional" by way of being sung in these settings, but if a composer is known, credit is indicated by "written by."*

# 1. Roll the Old Chariot

*Lyrics adapted from  
Songs of the Sailor, ed. Glenn Grasso; Danny Spooner; and Riggy Rackin*



Well a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
*A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm*  
*A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm*  
*And we'll all fall in behind*

## CHORUS

*And we'll roll the old chariot along*  
*We'll roll the old chariot along*  
*We'll roll the old chariot along*  
*And we'll all fall in behind*

Oh a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm  
*A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm*  
*A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm*  
*And we'll all fall in behind*

Oh a night on the shore wouldn't do us any harm...

Oh a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm...

*improv some verses!*

## 2. Haul Away Joe

*Lyrics adapted from  
Songs of the Sailor, ed. Glenn Grasso*



When I was a little boy, or so my mother told me  
*Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe*  
That if I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would grow all mouldy  
*Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe*

### CHORUS

*Away, haul away, we'll haul and sing together*  
*Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe*  
*Away, haul away, we'll haul for better weather*  
*Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe*

King Louis was the king of France before the Revolution  
But then he got his head chopped off, spoiled his constitution

St. Patrick was a gentle man, he came from decent people  
In Dublin town, he built a church and on it put a steeple

# 3. Spanish Ladies

*Lyrics from  
Jerry Bryant and the Starboard Mess*



Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain  
For we've received orders to sail for old England  
We hope in a short time to see you again

## CHORUS

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors  
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas  
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England  
From Ushant to Scilly, tis 35 leagues*

We hove our ship to with a wind from sou'west boys  
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear  
Tis 45 fathoms with a white, sandy bottom  
We squared our main yard and up channel did steer

The first land we sighted, it is called the Dodman  
Next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight  
We sailed on by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dungeness  
And we hove our ship to off the south Foreland Light

The signal was given for the grand fleet to anchor  
And all in the Downs that night for to lie  
Let go your shank painter, likewise your cat stopper  
Haul in your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let every man drink up his full bumper  
And let every man toss of his full glass  
We'll sing and be jolly and drown melancholy  
And here's to the health of each true hearted lass!



# 4. Shove Around the Jug

*Lyrics adapted from  
Cliff Haslam*



I courted a girl in Albany  
One in Montreal  
One in Philadelphie  
But the best in Lewiston Falls

## **CHORUS**

*Shove around the jug me boys  
Chorus around the room  
We're the boys who fear no noise  
Although we're far from home*

Amsterdam or Liverpool  
Rome or Syracuse  
If you've ever been to Lewiston Falls  
It's the only place you'd choose

When I came on from Ireland  
I was just a lad  
But working these canal boats  
Is the only life I've had

A dollar in the tavern  
Is very easy spent  
If I'd had it in Ireland  
I'd have to pay down rent

The drinks are in the tavern  
The fish is in the sea  
The cork is in the bottle  
But the whiskey is in me!

# 5. Pleasant and Delightful

*Lyrics from Louisa Jo Killen*



It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn  
And the green fields and the meadows were all covered in corn;  
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green tree  
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day  
*And the larks they sang melodious (3×) at the dawning of the day*

Now a sailor and his true love were a-walking one day.  
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.  
I'm bound for the East Indies where the loud cannons roar  
And I'm going to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore  
*And I'm going to leave you Nancy (3×) you're the girl that I adore."*

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew,  
Saying, "Take this, dearest William, and my heart will go too."  
And as they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,  
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell,"  
*Saying, "May I go along with you?" (3×) "Oh no, my love, farewell"*

"Fare thee well my dearest Nancy, no longer can I stay,  
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchors aweigh,  
And the ship she lies waiting for the fast flowing tide,  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride  
*And if ever I return again (3×), I will make you my bride."*

# 6. Wild Mountain Thyme

*Lyrics adapted from Don Sineti and Jon Boden*



Oh, the summer time has come  
And the trees are sweetly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows among the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

## CHORUS

*And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All among the blooming heather,  
Will you go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower  
By yon clear crystal fountain.  
And on it I shall pile  
All the flowers of the mountain.  
Will you go, lassie, go?

And if my true love were gone,  
I would surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

# 7. Mariah's Gone

*Lyrics from Melrose Quartet*



## **CHORUS:**

*Morning's come and Mariah's gone  
Morning's come and Mariah's gone  
Morning's come and Mariah's gone  
And it's early in the morning*

Oh she's gone and I can't go  
Oh she's gone and I can't go  
Oh she's gone and I can't go  
And it's early in the morning

Never did I know her mind....

Trouble, trouble is my name...

## 8. Paddy Works on the Railway

*Lyrics from Songs of the Sailor, ed. Glenn Grasso*



In eighteen hundred and sixty one  
I put my corduroy britches on  
The American railroad had just begun  
Working on the railway

### CHORUS

*Fiddle me or-ree-or-ree-ay*  
*Fiddle me or-ree-or-ree-ay*  
*Fiddle me or-ree-or-ree-ay*  
*Working on the railway*

In eighteen hundred and sixty two  
I'm lookin' around for something to  
do  
Lookin' around for something to do  
But work upon the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty three  
I thought that I should go to sea  
But the American railroad hired me  
I'm working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty four  
I found my back was mighty sore  
Found my back was mighty sore  
From working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty five  
I found myself more dead than alive  
Found myself more dead than alive  
From working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty six  
I found myself in a whale of a fix  
Stepped in a pile of dynamite sticks  
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty seven  
My children now they numbered  
eleven  
Boys I'd four, girls I'd seven  
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and sixty eight  
I finally got rich but far too late  
I was pickin' pearls at the Pearly  
Gates  
Working on the railway

# 9. Drinkin' That Wine

*Menhaden fishing song*

*Lyrics adapted from Bob Walser, James Carpenter, and Chris Maden*



If my mother asks for me  
Tell her that death done summon me  
*You oughta been there 10,000 years*  
*Drinkin' that wine*

## CHORUS

*Drinkin' that wine, wine, wine*  
*Drinkin' that wine, oh yes my lord*  
*You oughta been there 10,000 years*  
*Drinkin' that wine*

Anybody ask you about that time  
Everybody's dead and gone on high  
*You oughta been there 10,000 years*  
*Drinkin' that wine*

When I get to the Promised Land  
Ain't gonna stop 'til I shake my Father's hand

Two white horses side by side  
One of these days I'm bound to ride

Ain't but one thing I've done wrong  
Staying in the wilderness for far too long

# 10. South Australia

*Lyrics adapted from Stan Hugill*



In South Australia, I was born  
*Heave away, haul away*  
In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn  
*We're bound for South Australia*

## CHORUS

*Haul away you rolling king*  
*Heave away, haul away*  
*Haul away, you'll hear me sing*  
*We're bound for South Australia*

Oh South Australia's my native home  
*Heave away, haul away*  
From there I never more will roam  
*And we're bound for South Australia*

Oh South Australia's my native land  
Rich in lizards, flies, and sand

Oh I wish to hell I'd never been born  
As I go rambling 'round Cape Horn

Oh there's only one thing grieves my mind  
To leave miss Nancy Blair behind

# 11. Barrett's Privateers

*Written by Stan Rogers*



Oh the year was 1778  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
A letter of marque came from the king  
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

## CHORUS

*Goddamn them all!*  
*I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold*  
*We'd fire no guns, shed no tears*  
*Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier*  
*The last of Barrett's Privateers*

O Elcid Barrett cried the town  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
For twenty brave men all fishermen who  
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening site  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
She'd list to the port and her sails in rags  
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way



# 11. Barrett's Privateers, cont'd



On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
When a great big Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
She was broad and fat and loose in stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length she stood two cables away  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs  
And the main truck carried off both me legs

Now here I lay in my twenty-third year  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
It's been six years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday

# 12. Sam's Gone Away

*Lyrics adapted from Cliff Haslam*



Oh I wish I was a cabin boy aboard a man o' war  
*Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war*

## CHORUS

*Pretty work, brave boys*

*Pretty work, I say!*

*Sam's gone away, aboard a man o' war*

I wish I was a gunner aboard a man o' war  
*Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war*

I wish I was a bosun...

I wish I was an officer...

I wish I was the captain...

I wish I was a ship's cat...

# 13. Fire Down Below

*Lyrics adapted from Richard Adrianowicz*



I thought I heard the old man say  
*Fire down below-oh-oh-oh-ohh, boys*  
*Fire down below*

You can go ashore and get your pay  
*Fire down below-oh-oh-oh-ohh, boys*  
*Fire down below*

But I don't care what the captain say...

Cause two pound ten won't pay me way...

I'll run away at the break of day...

Because I can no longer stay...

I'll go to my girl round Frisco Bay...

I know very well it's with me she will stay...

Because she know I have twelve month pay...

And we'll go down to the Midway Plaisances...

To see the pretty girls do the hoochy-coochee dances...

# 14. Bones in the Ocean

*Written by Dave Robinson, The Longest Johns*



Oh, I bid farewell to the port and the land  
and I paddle away from brave England's white sands  
To search for my long ago forgotten friends  
to search for the place I hear all sailors end

As the souls of the dead fill the space of my mind  
I'll search without sleeping 'til peace I can find  
I fear not the weather, I fear not the sea  
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?  
When their bones in the ocean forever will be

Plot a course to the night, to a place I once knew  
To a place where my hope died, along with my crew  
So I swallow my grief and face life's final test  
to find promise of peace and the solace of rest

As the souls of the dead fill the space of my ears  
Their laughter like children, their beckoning cheers  
My heart longs to join them, sing songs of the sea  
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?  
When their bones in the ocean forever will be

When at last before my ghostly shipmates I stand  
I shed a small tear for my home upon land  
Though their eyes speak of deaths filled with struggle and strife  
their smiles, below, say I don't owe them my life

# 14. Bones in the Ocean, cont'd



As the souls of the dead fill the space of my eyes  
and my boat listed over and tried to capsize  
I'm this far from drowning, this far from the sea  
I remember the living, do they think of me?  
When my bones in the ocean forever will be

Now that I'm staring down at the darkest abyss  
I'm not sure what I want, but I don't think it's this  
As my comrades call to stand fast and forge on  
I make sail for the dawn 'til the darkness has gone

As the souls of the dead live fore'er in my mind  
as I live all the years that they left me behind  
I'll stay on the shore but still gaze at the sea  
I remember the fallen and they think of me  
For our souls in the ocean together will be

I remember the fallen and they think of me  
for our souls in the ocean together will be

# 15. Seeds of Love

*Lyrics from Melrose Quartet*



I sowed the seeds of love  
It was all in the spring  
*In April May and in June likewise*  
*While small birds they do sing x2*

My garden was planted well  
With flowers everywhere  
*But I hadn't the liberty to choose for myself*  
*The flowers that I loved dear x2*

My gardener he stood by  
And I asked him to choose for me  
*He chose me the violet the lily and the pink*  
*But those I refused all three x2*

In June there's a red rose bud  
And that's the flower for me  
*For often have I plucked at the red rose bud*  
*Til I gained the willow tree x2*

Come all you false young men  
Don't leave me to complain  
*For grass that has often been trampled underfoot*  
*Given time it will rise again x2*

# 16. Country Life

*Lyrics from The Watersons*



## CHORUS

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

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow,  
And that is how the seasons round they go.  
But if all the times if choose I may  
't would be rambling through the new-mown hay

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

# 17. Mingulay Boat Song

*Written by Sir Hugh Robertson, lyrics adapted from the London Sea Shanty Collective*



## CHORUS

*Heel yo ho boys, let her go boys,  
Bring her head round into the weather,  
Heel yo 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?  
When we know that every inch is,  
*Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

When the wind is wild with shouting,  
And the waves mount ever higher,  
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward,  
*Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

Ships return now heavy laden,  
Sweethearts holding bairns a-crying,  
They return now as the sun sets,  
*Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

Sweethearts waiting by the pierhead,  
Or looking seaward from the heather,  
Heave her 'round boys and we'll anchor,  
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay



# 18. The Parting Glass

*Lyrics adapted from Bounding Main and Les Barstow*



Of all the money ere I had, I spent it in good company,  
And all the harm I've ever done, alas was to none but me.  
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall.  
*So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you all.*

If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile,  
There is a fair maid in this town who sorely has my heart beguiled.  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall.  
*So fill me to the parting glass – goodnight, and joy be with you all.*

Of all the comrades ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,  
And all the sweethearts ere I had, they wish me one more day to stay,  
But since it falls unto my lot that I should go and you should not,  
*I'll gently rise and softly call, goodnight and joy be with you all.*

A man may drink, and not get drunk  
A man may fight, and not be slain  
A man may court a pretty [fair/young] maid  
and perhaps be welcomed back again.

But since it has so ought to be  
By a time to rise and a time to fall  
Come fill to me the parting glass  
*Good night and joy be with you all*

# 19. Farthest Field

*Written by David Dodson*



There is a land high on a hill  
Where I am going, there is a voice that calls to me  
The air is sweet, the grasses wave  
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

## CHORUS

*Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field*

The sun will rise, the sun will set  
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there  
The fragrant flowers, the days and hours  
Will not be counted, and peaceful songs will fill the air

I know one day I'll leave my home  
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair  
And when I'm called and counted in  
That final tally, I know that I will see you there

Oh my dear friends, I truly love  
To hear your voices lifted up in radiant song  
Though through the years we all have made  
Our separate choices, we've ended here where we belong

# 20. Here's a Health to the Company

*Lyrics from Kevin Conneff and the Chieftains*



Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme  
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine  
Come lift up your voices all grief to refrain  
For we may or might never all meet here again

## CHORUS

*So here's a health to the company and one to my lass  
Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass  
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain  
For we may or might never all meet here again*

And here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well  
For style and for beauty, there's none can excel  
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits upon my knee  
There's no man in this wide world as happy as me

Our ship lies at anchor and she's ready to dock  
And I wish her safe landing without any shock  
And if ever we meet again, by land or by sea  
I will always remember your kindness to me

# 21. The Goodnight Song

*Written by Jim Boyes, from the recording by Cliff Haslam*



I have travelled far from this island strand  
From the icy waste, to the burning sand  
Ploughed the raging sea, seen the verdant land  
Been at home in a place far away

## CHORUS

*So goodnight my friends, as the dawn comes pale  
And the eastern wind brings the threat of gale  
Keep a hold on hope through the darkest veil  
And we'll meet further on the down the road*

Many differences but much the same  
Though the ways are strange and have different names  
A friendly face breaks a thousand chains  
And a smile breaks the lock on the door

We have joined in song, laughed the night away  
Swapped our tales of woe, kept the clouds at bay  
In the morning clear, we'll be on our way  
But we'll meet further on down the road

So let's drink a health to good times gone by  
When our spirits soared and we touched the sky  
And we'll bid farewell, but not goodbye  
For we'll meet further on down the road

