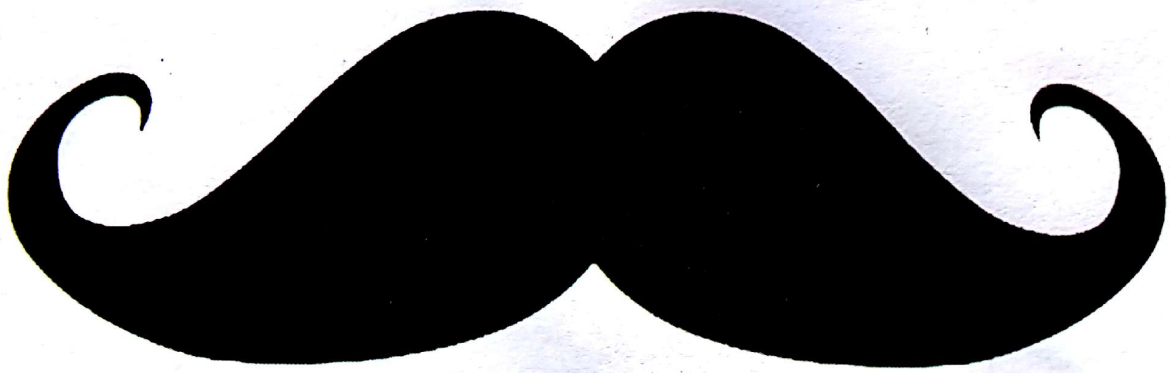


The Lipweasels



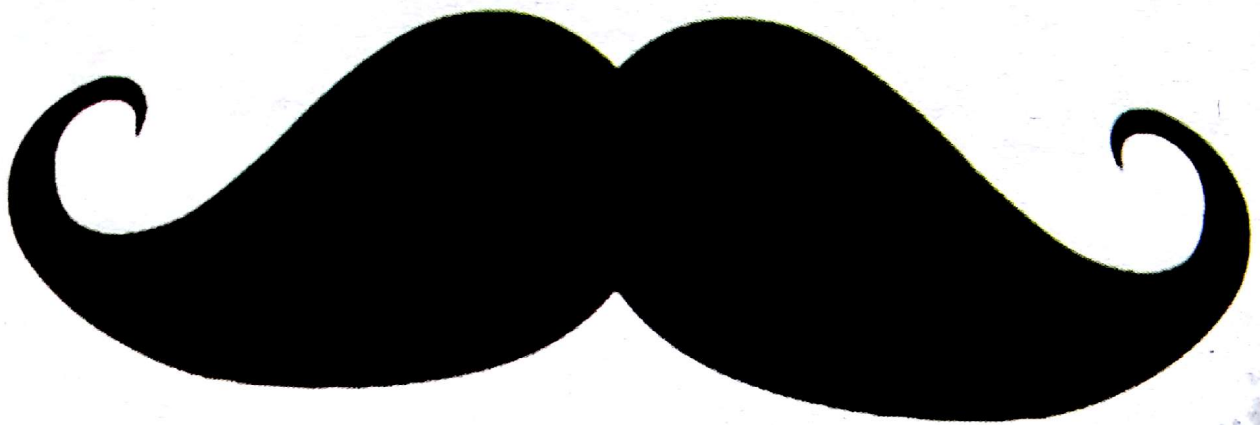
Community Song Book

Second Edition

March 2017

THE LIPWEASELS

WELCOME YOU TO A
SIMPLY SPLENDID EVENING
OF SONG, DANCE AND
CONVIVIALITY.



“ALL HAIL THE HIRSUTE”

1. Pay me my money down

Well, I thought I heard the Captain say,
Pay me my money down,
Tomorrow is my sailing day,
Pay me my money down.

*Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.*

Soon as that boat was clear of the bar,
Pay me my money down,
Well, he knocked me down with a six foot spar,
Pay me my money down.

*Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.*

Well if I'd been a rich man's son,
Pay me my money down,
I'd sit on the river and watch it run,
Pay me my money down.

*Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.*

INSTRUMENTAL

Well, wish I was that Mr Gates,
Pay me my money down,
Haul my money round in crates,
Pay me my money down.

*Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.*

Well, 40 nights, nights at sea,
Pay me my money down,
Captain worked every dollar out of me.
Pay me my money down.

Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down.
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.

Pay me. Pay me, Pay me. Pay me,
Pay me my money down.
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down.

2. I'll tell me ma

I'll tell me Ma when I get home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pulled me hair, they stole me comb,
But that's all right till I get home.
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the belle of Dublin city,
She is a courting, 1 2 3,
Pray won't you tell me who is he?

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her,
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell saying:
"Ah my true love are you well?"
Out she comes, white as snow, rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
Old Johnny Morrissey says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

And the snow come whistling through the sky,
She's as nice as apple pie, She'll get her own man by and by,
And when she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma when she gets home,
Let them all come as they will,
It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE – REPEAT FINAL VERSE

3. Sosban Fach

It's all in Welsh – good luck!

Mae bys Mary Ann wedi brifo
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn dda – **Hey! Hey!**
Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Jonni bach – **Hey! Hey!**

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tan,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Jonni bach.

Dai bach yn soldiwr,
Dai bach yn soldiwr,
Dai bach yn soldiwr,
A gwt ei grys e mas.

Mae bys Mari Ann wedi gwella
A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd – **Hey! Hey!**
Mae'r baban yn y cryd yn ddistaw
A'r gath nawr yn cysgu mewn heddd – **Hey! Hey!**

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tan,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath nawr yn cysgu mewn heddd.

4. The Welcome Table

*I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sit at the welcome ta – ble,
Sit at the welcome table one of these days.*

I'm gonna feast on milk and honey
Oh yes, I'm gonna feast on milk and honey one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna feast on milk and honey
Feast on milk and honey one of these days, one of these days

*I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sit at the welcome ta – ble,
Sit at the welcome table one of these days.*

I'm gonna to tell God how you treat me,
Yes, I'm gonna to tell God how you treat me one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna to tell God how you treat me
Tell God how you treat me one of these days

*I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sit at the welcome ta – ble,
Sit at the welcome table one of these days.*

All God's children gonna sit together,
Yes, all God's children gonna sit together one of these days (hallelujah)
All God's children gonna sit together
All God's children gonna sit together, one of these days,

*I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sit at the welcome ta – ble,
Sit at the welcome table one of these days.*

5. I'll fly away

Some bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly away.
To that home on God's celestial shore, I'll ... fly away.

I'll fly away oh glory, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die Halleluiah by and by, I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone, I'll fly away.
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly.

I'll fly away oh glory, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die Halleluiah by and by, I'll fly away

Instrumental Verse

Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away.
No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll ... fly away.

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away.
To a land where joys will never end, I'll ... fly away.

I'll fly away oh glory, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die Halleluiah by and by, I'll fly away

I'll fly away oh glory, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die Halleluiah by and by, I'll fly away

6. Will you wear red?

Will you wear white?

Oh my dear, oh my dear,

Will you wear white, Jenny Jenkins?

No I won't wear white, For the colour's much too bright

I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy

Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me

Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear green? Oh my dear, oh my dear,

Will you wear green, Jenny Jenkins?

No, I won't wear green, It's the colour of a bean!

I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy

Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me

Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear pink? Oh my dear, oh my dear

Will you wear pink, Jenny Jenkins?

No, I won't wear pink, I'd rather drink ink!

I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy

Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me

Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll

Will you wear yellow?

Oh my dear, oh my dear,

Will you wear yellow, Jenny Jenkins?

No, I won't wear yellow, For I'd never get a fellow!

I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy

Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me

Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear blue?
Oh my dear, oh my dear,
Will you wear blue, Jenny Jenkins?
No, I won't wear blue, And neither should you!
I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy
Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me
Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear beige?
Oh my dear, oh my dear,
Will you wear beige, Jenny Jenkins?
No, I won't wear beige, I'm not the right age!
I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy
Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me
Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

Will you wear red? Oh my dear, oh my dear,
Will you wear red, Jenny Jenkins?
No I won't wear red, I'd rather be dead!
I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy,
Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me,
Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

What will you wear?
Oh my dear, oh my dear,
What will you wear, Jenny Jenkins?
I'll just go bare,
With a ribbon in my hair!
I'll buy me a foldy-roldy, tildy-toldy,
Seek-a-double, use-a-cozza roll to find me
Roll, Jenny Jenkins, roll!

7. The Sloop John B

We came on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me,
Around Nassau town we did roam,
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight,
Well, I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

*So hoist up the John B's sail,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, and let me go home,
I wanna go home, why don't they let me go home?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home*

The first mate, he got drunk,
And broke in the captain's trunk,
The constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff John Stone,
Why don't you leave me alone?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

*So hoist up the John B's sail,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, and let me go home,
I wanna go home, why don't they let me go home?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home*

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

The poor cook he caught the fits,
And threw away all my grits,
And then he came and he ate up all of my corn,
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

ACAPELLA

*So hoist up the John B's sail,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, and let me go home,
I wanna go home, why don't they let me go home?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home*

*So hoist up the John B's sail,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, and let me go home,
I wanna go home, why don't they let me go home?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home*

8. Collinda

Colinda was the prettiest girl, in all the bayou land,
And all the boys would dance with her, and try to win her hand,
Her mother would always chaperon, Colinda every night,
She did not want them Cajun boys, to hold her daughter tight.

*Allons dansez collé, dansez collé Colinda
Pendant ta mère n'est pas là, pour faire fâché les vieilles femmes
C'est pas tout le monde, peut danser les valse des vieux temps,
Pendant ta mère n'est pas là, dansez collé Colinda*

INSTRUMENTALS IN BETWEEN

*Allons dansez collé, dansez collé Colinda
Pendant ta mère n'est pas là, pour faire fâché les vieilles femmes
C'est pas tout le monde, peut danser les valse des vieux temps,
Pendant ta mère n'est pas là, dansez collé Colinda*

9. The Irish Rover

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six,
We set sail from the sweet cobh 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 winds drove her,
She'd got several blasts, she'd twenty-seven masts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of stones,
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
We had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs,
Seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million bales 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 his set,
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille,
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet.
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk,
As he rolled the dames under and over,
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
And he sailed in the Irish Rover.

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

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out,
And the ship lost it's way in a fog,
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two,
Just meself 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 dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

10. Folsom Prison Blues

I hear the train a comin' It's rollin' 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine, Since, I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, And time keeps draggin' on

But that train keeps a-rollin' - On down to San Antone

When I was just a baby, My Mama told me, "Son
Always be a good boy, Don't ever play with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno, Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry

But that train keeps a-rollin' - On down to San Antone

I bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee, And smokin' big cigars
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin', And that's what tortures me

But that train keeps a-rollin' - On down to San Antone

Well, if they freed me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little, Further down the line
Far from Folsom Prison, That's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, Blow my blues away

But that train keeps a-rollin' - On down to San Antone

11. What shall we do with a drunken Sailor?

MEDIEVAL JAM

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Earl-aye in the morning.

Chorus:

Way hay and up she rises, Patent blocks o' diff'rent sizes
Way hay and up she rises, Earl-aye in the morning

1. Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
2. Pull out the plug and wet him all over
3. Take 'im and shake 'im, try an' wake 'im
4. Trice him up in a runnin' bowline
5. Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end

MEDIEVAL JAM

6. Give 'im a dose of salt and water
7. Shave his belly with a rusty razor
8. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him

KEEL HAUL ACAPELLA

9. That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor

12. Fisherman's Blues

I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas,
Far away from dry land, and its bitter memories,
Casting you my sweet light with abandonment and love,
No ceiling staring down on me, save the starry sky above.

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

I wish I was the brake man, on a Hartland diesel train,
Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a canon in the rain,
With the beating of the sleepers, and the burning of the coal,
Counting towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul.

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

Oh I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me tight,
And the chains all hung around me will fall away at last,
And on that fine and fateful day I will take thee in my arms,
I will ride the night train, and I will be that fisherman.

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

INSTRUMENTAL

With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh