

Rolling Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whaler rmen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds did blow
Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
With a good ship, taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui.

Chorus: Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Six hellish months we passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again
Our stuns'l booms are carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound

How soft the breeze through the island trees
Now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is a-waiting our return
Even now their big brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DPYAZUcohmw>

The Flower Of Magherally

One pleasant summer's morning when all the flowers were springing O
Nature was adorning and the wee birds sweetly singing O
I met my love near Banbridge Town, my charming blue-eyed Sally O
She's the queen of the County Down, the flower of Magherally O

With admiration I did gaze upon this blue-eyed maiden O
Adam wasn't half so much pleased when he met Eve in Eden O
Her skin was like the lily white that grows in yonder valley O
She's my queen and my heart's delight, the flower of Magherally O

Her yellow hair in ringlets clung, her shoes were Spanish leather O
Her bonnet with blue ribbons strung, her scarlet cap and feather O
Like Venus bright she did appear, my charming blue-eyed Sally O
She's the girl that I love so dear, the flower of Magherally O

I hope the day will surely come when we'll join hands together O
'Tis then I'll bring my darling home in spite of wind or weather O
And let them all say what they will and let them reel and rally O
I shall wed the girl I love, the flower of Magherally O

(Repeat first verse)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2UqpR2mH940>

To Be a Farmer's Boy

The sun had set behind yon hill across the dreary moor
When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door
Can you tell me where'er I'll be and of one who'll me employ
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

My father's dead, my mother's left with five children great and small
And what is worse for mother still I'm the eldest of them all
Though little I am I would labour hard if you would me employ
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

The farmer's wife cried, Try the lad, let him no longer seek
Yes father do, the daughter cried as tears rolled down her cheek
For those who would work 'tis hard for to want and to wander for employ
Don't let him go, let him stay
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

The farmer's boy grew up a man and the good old couple died
They left the lad the farm they had and the daughter for his bride
Now the lad which was the farm now has often thinks and smiles with joy
To bless the day he came that way
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kACKhi7Da_Y

The Rattlin' Bog

Chorus: Ho ro the rattlin' bog The bog down in the valley-o

Ho ro the rattlin' bog The bog down in the valley-o In that bog there was a tree

In that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree

The tree in the bog In the bog down in the valley-o

And on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb

The limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley – o.

And on that limb there was a branch A rare branch, a rattlin' branch

The branch on the limb The limb on the tree And the tree in the bog In the bog down in the valley-o

And on that branch there was a twig A rare twig, a rattlin' twig

And on that twig there was a nest A rare nest, a rattlin' nest

And in that nest there was an egg A rare egg, a rattlin' egg

And in that egg there was a bird A rare bird, a rattlin' bird

And on that bird there was a feather A rare feather, a rattlin' feather...

And on that feather there was a flea A rare flea, a rattlin' flea The flea on the feather The feather on the bird The bird in the egg The egg in the nest The nest on the twig The twig on the branch The branch on the limb The limb on the tree And the tree in the bog In the bog down in the valley-o

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aLHuu3Ygvns>