

LYRICS TO *SIT DOWN BESIDE ME* - CURTIS & LORETTA © 2001

1. DO YOU LOVE AN APPLE?

Traditional - England

1. Do you love an apple, do you love a pear?
Do you love a laddy with curly brown hair?
Oh, yes, I love him, I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.
2. He stood on the corner, a pipe in his mouth,
Two hands in his pockets, he whistled me out,
But still I love him, I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.
3. Before I got married, I'd sport and I'd play,
Now the cradle, it gets in my way,
But still I love him, I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.
4. Before I got married, I wore a black shawl,
Now that I'm married I wear overalls,
But still I love him, I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.
5. He works on the pier, for nine bob a week,
Come Saturday night, he comes bowling home drunk,
But still I love him, I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.
6. Do you love an apple, do you love a pear?
Do you love a laddy with curly brown hair?
Oh yes I love him I can't deny him,
I'll be with him wherever he goes.

2. NEXT MARKET DAY

Traditional - British Isles

1. A maid gone to comber, her markets to learn,
To run for her mama three hanks of fine yarn,
She met with a young man along the highway,
Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

*CHO. Sit down beside me, I mean you no harm,
Sit down beside me, this new tune to learn,
Here are three guineas your mama to pay,
So lay by your yarn till the next market day.*
2. They sat down together the grass it was green,
The day was the fairest that ever was seen,
The look in your eye beats the morning in May,
I could sit by your side till the next market day.
3. The maid she went home but the words that he'd said,
The air that he played her still rang in her head,
She says, "I'll go find him, by land or by sea,
Till he learns me that tune called The Next Market Day."

3. BRIAN BORU'S MARCH

Instrumental
Traditional - Ireland

4. WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

Ravenscroft - England, 1609

*CHO. We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez-moi, je vous emprie,
Lately come forth of the low country,
With never a penny of money.*

1. Here good fellow I'll drink to thee,
Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.
2. Here good fellow I'll sing you a song,
Sing for the brave and sing for the strong,
To all those living and those who have gone,
With never a penny of money.
3. And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardonnez-moi, je vous emprie,
Pays for the shot whatever it is,
With never a penny of money

5. ONE MORNING IN MAY

Traditional - England

1. One morning, one morning one morning in May,
I spied a young couple a making their way,
One was a maiden so bright and so fair,
And the other was a soldier, and a brave volunteer.
2. Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee,
Where are you going my pretty lady?
I am a going to the banks of the sea,
To see the water rising, hear the nightingale sing.
3. Well they had not been standing but a minute or two,
When out from their knapsacks their fiddles they drew,
And the tunes they were playing made the valleys all ring,
To see the water rising, hear the nightingale sing.
4. Pretty lady, pretty lady, 'tis time to go o'er,
Oh no pretty soldier, let's play one tune more,
For I'd rather hear these fiddles and the touch of these strings,
Than to see the water rising, hear the nightingale sing.
5. Oh soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?
Oh no pretty maiden, that never can be,
I've a wife in old England, and children twice three,
Two wives and these children are too many for me.

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ONE MORNING IN MAY (Continued)

6. So I'll go back to London and I'll stay there one year,
It's often I will think of you my dear,
And when I return it will be in the spring,
To see the water rising, hear the nightingale sing.

7. One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I spied a young couple amaking their way,
One was a maiden so bright and so fair,
And the other was a soldier and a brave volunteer.

6. MAID IN BEDLAM

Traditional - England

1. Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, so sweetly for to sing,
Her chains she rattled in her hand, and thus replied she,
"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

2. Oh cruel were his parents, that sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the galleon that bore my love from me,
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've
ruined me,
And I love my love because I know my love loves me.

3. With straw I weave a garland, I weave it very fine,
With roses, daisies, lilies, I mix the England thyme,
And I present it to my love, when he returns from sea,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

4. Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land,
And hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of
hand,
He flew into her snow white arms, and thus replied he,
"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

5. So now these two are married, and happy may they be,
As turtle doves together in love and unity,
Oh pretty maids with patience wait, that have thy loves at
sea,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

7. FAREWELL TO TALWAITHE

Traditional - Scotland

1. On the coast of Talwaithe at dear Normanville,
In the dear land of Krیمان I bid you farewell,
We're bound off for Greenland we're ready to sail,
In hopes to find riches a-hunting the whale.

2. So goodbye to my comrades for awhile we must part,
And likewise the dear lass that first won my heart.
Oh the cold coast of Greenland my love will not chill,
And the longer my absence more lovin' she'll feel.

FAREWELL TO TALWAITHE (Continued)

3. Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail,
The crew they are anxious to follow the whale,
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow,
Where the land and the ocean is covered with snow.

4. Oh the cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare,
No seed time or harvest is ever known there,
And the birds here sing sweetly in mountain and dale,
But there's no bird in Greenland to sing to the whale.

5. Oh there's no habitation for a man to live there,
And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear,
There'll be no temptation to tarry long there,
With our ship under full, homeward we'll sail.

8. GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

Traditional - England

1. In sixteen hundred and seventy four,
Of March the 18th day,
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast,
And for Greenland bore away brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

2. The lookout on the main mast he stood,
A spyglass in his hand,
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish," he
cried,
"And she blows at every span brave boys.
And she blows at every span."

3. The captain stood on the quarter deck,
The ice was in his eye,
"Over haul, over haul, let your jib sheets fall,
And go put your boats to sea brave boys,
And go put your boats to sea."

4. The boats were lowered, and the men put out,
The whale was full in view,
Resolved, resolved was each whaler-man bold,
For to steer where the whale fish blew brave boys,
For to steer where the whale fish blew.

5. The harpoon struck and the line paid out,
With a single flourish of his tail,
He capsized our boat, and we lost five men,
And we did not catch that whale brave boys,
And we did not catch that whale.

6. The losin' of them five jolly men,
It grieved our captain sore,
But the losin' of that big whale fish,
Oh it grieved him ten times more brave boys,
Oh it grieved him ten times more.

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GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

(Continued)

6. "Up anchor now," our captain he cried,
"For the winter stars do appear,
And it's time we left this cold country,
And for the homeland we did steer, brave boys
And for the homeland we did steer."

7. Now Greenland is a barren land,
A land that bears no green,
Where there's ice and snow,
And the whale fishes blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen brave boys,
And the daylight's seldom seen.

9. STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Traditional - Ireland

1. In Bainbridge town in the County Down,
One morning last July,
Down the old boreen comes a sweet colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet.
To the crown of her nut brown hair,
Such a winsome elf that I pinched myself
For to see was she really there.

*CHO. From Bantry Bay down to Derry Kay,
And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen like the sweet Colleen,
She's the star of the County Down.*

2. As I onward sped sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feelin' rare
I said, "Aye" to a passerby
"Who's that girl with the nut brown hair?"
He smiles at me and he says to me,
"She's the gem of old Ireland's crown
She's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Ban
She's the star of the County Down."

3. At the harvest fair she'll surely be there
And I'll dress in me Sunday clothes,
With me boots shined bright, and me hat cocked right,
For a smile from the nut brown rose,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Till my plow be rusting brown,
Until smiling bright by my own firelight,
Is the star of the County Down.

10. NO, JOHN, NO

Traditional - England

1. On yonder hill there lives a lady,
But her name I do not know,
I will court her for her beauty, Will she answer yes or no?

NO, JOHN, NO (Continued)

*CHO. No John No, No John No,
No John, No John, No John, No*

2. She is a fair and handsome creature,
And to woo her I will go,
I'll ask her if she'll be my true love,
will she answer yes or no?

3. And if walking in the garden,
plucking flowers all wet with dew,
If I told you that I loved you,
could I walk and talk with you?

4. Tell me why oh tell me truly,
tell me why you scorn me so?
Tell me why when asked a question t
hat you always answer no.

5. My father was a Spanish merchant
and before he went to sea,
He told me to be sure and answer
"No" to all you said to me.

6. And if walking in the garden and I asked you to be mine,
If I told you that I loved you would you then my heart
decline?

11. HARVEST HOME

Instrumental
Traditional - British Isles

12. THE BLACK VELVET BAND

Traditional - Ireland

*CHO. Oh, her eyes they shone like diamonds,
You would think she was queen of the land,
With her hair thrown over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

1. It was in the town of Tralee
An apprentice to trade I was bound,
With aplenty of bright amusement,
To see my days go round.
Till misfortune & ruin came over me,
Which caused me to stray from my land,
Far away from my friends and companions,
To follow her black velvet band.

2. As I went walking down Broadway,
Not intending to stay very long,
I met with a frolicksome damsel,
As she came tripping along,
A watch she pulled out of her pocket,
And slipped it right into my hand,
On the very first day that I met her
Bad luck to her black velvet band

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THE BLACK VELVET BAND (Continued)

3. Before judge and jury next morning,
We both of us did appear,
And a gentleman claimed his jewellery,
And the case against us was clear.
For seven long years transportation,
Right into to "Van Dieman's Land,"
Far away from my friends and companions,
To follow her black velvet band.

4. Oh all you young Irish lads,
A warning take by me,
Beware of those ticklesome colleens,
That are knocking around in Tralee,
They'll treat you to whiskey and porter,
Until you're not able to stand
And before you've time for to leave them,
You're into Van Dieman's land.

14. ROSIN THE BOW

Traditional - British Isles

1. I've travelled all over this world,
Now into another I go,
I'll find good quarters awaiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
I'll find good quarters awaiting to
Welcome old Rosin the Bow.*

2. When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
Advice you will hear from below,
Send down a hogshead of whiskey,
To drink with old Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. To drink with old Rosin the Bow,
To drink with old Rosin the Bow,
Send down a hogshead of whiskey
To drink with old Rosin the Bow.*

3. Now get you a dozen stout fellows
And line them all up into rows,
To drink out of half gallon bottles,
To the memory of Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. To the memory of Rosin the Bow,
To the memory of Rosin the Bow,
To drink out of half gallon bottles,
To the memory of Rosin the Bow.*

4. Take those dozen stout fellows,
And let them all stagger and go,

ROSIN THE BOW (Continued)

To dig a great hole in the meadow,
And in it put Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. And in it put Rosin the Bow,
And in it put Rosin the Bow,
And dig a great a hole in the meadow,
And in it put Rosin the Bow.*

5. Take those half gallon bottles,
Put one at me head and me toe,
With your diamond ring scratch upon 'em
The name of old Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. The name of old Rosin the Bow,
The name of old Rosin the Bow,
With your diamond ring scratch upon 'em,
The name of old Rosin the Bow.*

6. I feel that old tyrant approaching,
That tired and remorseless old soul,
I lift me glass in his honor,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. And drink to old Rosin the Bow,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow,
I lift me glass in his honor,*

And drink to old Rosin the Bow.
7. Now you can tune up me fiddle,
And rosin the hair on me bow,
And take the cork out the bottle,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow.

*CHO. And drink to old Rosin the Bow,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow,
Take the cork out of the bottle,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow.*

15. FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Traditional - Ireland

1. Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
A gentleman Irish, mighty odd,
He had a tongue both rich and sweet,
To rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of a tipling way,
With the love of the liquor old Tim was born,
To help him in his way each day,
He'd a drop of the cratur every morn.
*CHO. Wack-fal-de-da, now dance to your partner,
Round the floor your trotters shake,
Wasn't it the truth I told you,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.*

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FINNEGAN'S WAKE (Continued)

2. One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from a ladder and broke his skull,
They carried him home his corpse to wake,
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his head.

3. His friends assembled for the wake,
Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tea and cakes,
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see,
Yerra, Tim Avorneen, why did you die,
Ah, shut your mouth says Paddy McGee.

4. Then Biddy O'Brien took up the call,
Oh Biddy says she, you're wrong I'm sure,
But Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor.
'Twas then the might war did rage,
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelleigh law did all engage,
And a row and ruction soon began.

5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head,
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed him fallin' on the bed,
The liquor splattered over Tim.
Bedad he revives and see how he rises,
And Timothy rising from his bed,
Says "Fling your whiskey round like blazes,
Thundering Jesus, did you think me dead?"

16. PARTING GLASS

Traditional - Ireland

1. Of all the money that ere I spent,
I spent it in good company,
Of all the harm that ere I did,
Alas, it was to none but me,
And all I want, from lack of wit,
Alas to memory I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be with you.

2. If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town,
That surely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
Alas she has my heart enthralled,
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be with you.

3. Of all the comrades that ere I've had,
They're sad to see me going away,
Of all the sweethearts that ere I had,
They'd wish we one more day to stay,
And so it's cast unto my lot,
That I shall rise and you shall not,
I gently rise and softly call,
Goodnight and joy be with you all.