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Being A Pirate

Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses an ear
Oh it drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck
and someone says hey what's that ear?
Well you can wear your glasses, you don't attract lasses
and folks have to shout so you'll hear
Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses an ear.

Chorus (X2)

Oh, it's all part of being a pirate, you can't be a pirate, without all your parts

Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses a hand
Well it squirts and it spurts and it bloody well hurts,
pain only a pirate can stand
Well a nice metal hook, is a fashionable look, but then you can't play in the band
Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a hand

Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses an eye
It stings like the blazes, it makes you make faces, but you can't let your mates see you
cry
Well a dashing black patch, will cover the hatch and make sure your socket stays dry
Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses an eye

Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a leg.
It hurts like the dickens your pace never quickens, hobbling around on a peg
Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you tarry
and now you can't kneel down and beg
being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a leg.

Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a whatsit?
You didn't choose it but you'd sure hate to lose it and your hoping somebody spotsit.
Then the doc comes along and sews it back on or he ties it up tight and he knotsit.
Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a whatsit.

Chorus X4

Finnegan's Wake

words and music by traditional

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet,
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way
but for the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on his way each day,
he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
round the flure yer trotters shake
Bend an ear the truth be told,
yes lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim got rather full,
his head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and
they carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
and laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
and a barrel of porter at his head

His friends assembled at the wake,
and Widow Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tay and cake,
then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Tim, auvreem! O, why did you die?",
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the cry,
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
and sent her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage,
t'was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
and a row and a ruction soon began

Mickey Maloney ducked his head
when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed,
the liquor scattered over Tim's

Tim revives see how he rises
Timothy rises from the bed
throwing that whiskey around like blazes
Tunnimindale day do you think I'm dead

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
Now I'll save up my wages with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

[Chorus] *And it's no, nay, never <4 claps>*
No, nay, never, no more <clap>
For I've played the wild rover
No, never, no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me Nay
Such a custom as yours we can get any day

chorus

Then out of my pockets I took sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskeys and wines of the best
Come on upstairs and I'll show you the rest

chorus

You can keep all your whiskey and your beer likewise too
For not another penny am I spending with you
For the money I've got, I'm taking good care
And I never will play the wild rover no more

chorus

If I had all the money that I left in your care
It would plough all my lands and my family rear
It would thatch all my houses, it would build me a barn
It would buy me a coat for to keep my back warm

chorus

I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they forgive me, as oft times before
Oh I never will play the wild rover no more

chorus x 2

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver

[Chorus] *musha ring dumma do damma da <4 claps>*
whack for the daddy 'ol, <clap, clap> whack for the daddy 'ol
there's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

chorus

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

chorus

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

chorus

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny

chorus

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

chorus x 2

RAMBLIN' ROVER

[Chorus] *There's sober men a-plenty, and drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety who have never yet kissed a girl
But give me a ramblin' rover, and from Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over, and together we'll face the
world*

There's many that feign enjoyment for merciless employment
Their ambition this deployment since the minute they left the school
They save and scrape and ponder, while the rest go out and squander
See the world and rove and wander and are happier as a rule

chorus

I've roamed through all the nations, delighted in all creation
Enjoyed a wee sensation where the company it was kind
And when parting was no pleasure I've drunk another measure
To the friends we always treasure because they're always there in our minds

chorus

You're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got colitis
You've galloping bollockitis and you're thinking it's time you died
If you've been a man of action and you're lying there in traction
You'll get some satisfaction thinking "Jesus, at least I tried"

chorus x 2

THE OLD DUN COW

[Chorus] *And there was Brown upside down
Lapping up the whiskey on the floor.
“Booze, booze!” The firemen cried
As they came knocking on the door <clap, clap>
Oh don't let them in till it's all drunk up
And somebody shouted MacIntyre {MACINTYRE!}
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire*

Some friends and I in a public house
playing a game of chance one night
When into the pub a fireman ran
His face all a chalky white
“What's up,” says Brown, “Have you seen a
ghost
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?”
“My Aunt Mariah be buggered!”, says he
“The bleeding pub's on fire!”

chorus

“Oh well,” says Brown, “What a bit of luck
Everybody follow me
And it's down to the cellar
If the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree.”
So we went on down after good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or
more
Till we were all quite pissed

chorus

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine
tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
<knock, knock>
Started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
“Hold on,” says Brown, “that ain't allowed
Ya can't do that thing here
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine
tub
When we got Guinness beer.”

chorus

Then there came from the old back door
The Vicar of the local church.
And when he saw our drunken ways
He began to scream and curse
“Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!
You've taken to a drunken spree!
You drank up all the Benedictine wine
And you didn't save a drop for me!”

chorus

And then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof caved in.
We were almost drowned in the firemen's
hose
But still we were gonna stay
So we got some tacks and some old wet
sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat drinking the finest Rum
Till we were bleary-eyed

chorus

Later that night, when the fire was out
We came up from the cellar below.
Our pub was burned, our booze was drunk
Our heads was hanging low
“Oh look,” says Brown with a look quite
queer
Seems something raised his ire
“Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,
It closes on the hour!”

chorus x 2

THE MERMAID

[Chorus] *The ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors are skipping at the top
With the landlubbers lying down below, below, below
With the landlubbers lying down below*

'Twas a Friday morn when we set sail and we were not far from land
Our captain he spied a mermaid so fair with a comb and a spyglass in her hand

chorus

Well up spoke the captain of our gallant ship and a fine spoken man was he
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom. We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

chorus

Well up spoke the mate of our gallant ship and the spawn of the devil was he
Man the capstan round, boys, haul on the lines. You'll work to the bottom of the sea

chorus

Well up spoke the cook of our gallant ship and a greasy old butcher was he
I care much more for my pots and my pans than I do for the bottom of the sea

chorus

Well up spoke the grog master of our gallant ship and an old dirty boozier was he
Seal me in a cask for I'd much rather drown in me rum than in the sober salt sea

chorus

Well up spoke a sailor of our gallant ship and secretly a maiden was she
I never had the chance to lay a sailor man so I shall die with my virginity

chorus

Well one time around spun our gallant ship and two times around went she
Then three times around spun our gallant ship and she sank to the bottom of the sea

chorus x 2

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was a walking down Paradise
Street

Way, hey, blow the man down

A pretty young damsel I chanced for
to meet

***Give me some time to blow the
man down***

She was round in the counter and
bluff in the bow

Way, hey, blow the man down

So I took in all sail and cried, "Way
enough now"

***Give me some time to blow the
man down***

So I tailed her my flipper and took
her in tow

Way, hey, blow the man down

And yardarm to yardarm away we
did go

***Give me some time to blow the
man down***

But as we were going she said unto
me

Way, hey, blow the man down

"There's a spanking full-rigger just
ready for sea"

***Give me some time to blow the
man down***

But as soon as that packet was
clear of the bar

Way, hey, blow the man down

The mate knocked me down with
the end of a spar

***Give me some time to blow the
man down***

It's starboard and larboard on deck
you will sprawl
Way, hey, blow the man down
For Kicking Jack Williams
commands the Black Ball
**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

So I give you fair warning before we
belay
Way, hey, blow the man down
Don't ever take heed of what pretty
girls say
**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

Blow the man down, bullies, blow
the man down
Way, hey, blow the man down
Blow the man down, bullies, blow
him away
**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

ALL FOR MY GROG

[Chorus] ***It's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog
It's all for my beer and tobacco
I spent all my tin on the lassies, drinking gin
So across the western ocean I must wander***

Where are my boots, my noggin,
noggin boots
All gone for beer and tobacco
The leather's all worn out and the
soles are kicked about
Now my toes are looking out for
better weather

chorus

Where is my shirt, my noggin,
noggin shirt
All gone for beer and tobacco
The collar's all worn out and the
front is kicked about
Now my tails are looking out for
better weather
chorus

Where is my bed, my noggin, noggin
bed
All gone for beer and tobacco
I loant it to a whore and now it's all
a-wore
And the springs are looking out for
better weather

chorus

Where is my wench, my noggin,
noggin wench
All gone for beer and tobacco
Her lips are all worn out and her front is kicked about
Now her tail is looking out for better
weather

chorus

I feel sick in the head and I haven't
been to bed
Since first I came ashore with my
plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes,
and I'm full of pains and aches
And I think that I shall push out
over yonder

chorus

We're Here To Drink the Whiskey

Captain Silver commandeered half the Spanish fleet
A dozen Brigs and fishing rigs to make the day complete
Went down to a dusty tavern with a weary and thirsty crew
Crying Landlord throw away the cork we'll likely have a few

Chorus:

**We're all here to drink the whiskey, we're all here for nothing less
Raise your glass and toast your neighbor, turn and toast the rest
For it's 1, 2, 3 rounds, we sure are glad you're here.
We're here to drink the whisky and then we'll drink the beer.**

Lord Fattysham of Hanley too his pleasure one might say,
from serving sherry in the garden, in the evening of the day
He shared with the cooks and chambermaids, his hospitality
till eventually it was 17 and two and four for tea

Chorus

It was 4 in the morning on New Year's Day, we all said goodnight
The wife and I fell into bed and snuffed out all the lights
and just as we were nodding off, came a pounding at the door
and in came McNamara with a bloody bagpipe corp.

You Don't Know Jack

**Oh do you know a sailor, goes by the name of Jack
Tattoo on his forearm and a pigtail down his back
You'll often see him by his ship or at the alehouse door
More than once I caught him sleeping right on the barroom floor.**

Chorus

**He took off with me wallet and he didn't bring it back
But if you don't know any sailors then you don't know Jack**

**Well Jack he's got the nicest smile, even when he's sober
He's nice as peas in springtime, he'd never make a soldier
He's never lift a finger in malice or in strife
and he's never done an honest day of labor in his life**

**Now Jack he likes the ladies, but he's only got one eye
I'm sure it keeps him busy when the girlies pass him by
but certain girls aren't worth a glance or so he says to me
Cause if they still got all their clothes on, then what's poor Jack to see**

**Jack asked me out to dine with him and gave a little wink
Said he would buy the dinner if I would buy the drink
Filet mignon and lobster it was really all quite fine
but he forgot his wallet and had to borrow mine.**

Chorus (X2)

The Plankhouse Mermaid

Twass Friday Morn when we set sail
and we were not far from the land
Captain Joel he spied a topless mermaid
and his drool dripped down to his hand

Chorus

The ocean waves will roll
and the stormy winds will blow
while we poor sailors are skipping at the top
with the landlubbers lying down below, below, below
With the landlubbers lying down below

Well Captain Mike spoke up, this is no surprise
and a jabber jaw of a Captain was he
This beautiful mermaid has warned us of our doom
we shall sink to the bottom of the sea

Well Glenda Quartermaster, of our gallant ship
and a fine little lass was she
her compass doesn't work and she's one of few words
So we'll sink to the bottom of the sea

Well William First mate of our gallant ship
and scurvy man of God was he
I think the lord can save my butt from this tragedy
but you all will sink in the sea

Well Brian woke up on our gallant ship
and a bilge rat sea dog was he
I will cling to my keg and my fine cigars
I won't sink to the bottom of the sea

The three times around spun our gallant ship
and three times around went she
three times around spun our gallant ship
and she sank to the bottom of the sea

Well Marie the Commodore of our valiant fleet
and a shrewd business woman is she
I lost me a crew and I'll shed a tear
but I'll buy a new crew Thursday

Chorus X2

Rosabella

One Monday Morning in the month of May
One Monday morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the old man say
The Rosabella will sail today

(Chorus)

We're going onboard the Rosabella
We're going onboard the Rosabella
We're going onboard way down to board
The Saucy Rosabella

She's a deep water ship and we're a deep water crew (X2)
You can hang to the coast but you're damned if ya do
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

All around cape horn in the month of May (X2)
All around Cape Horn is a bloody long way
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

Now the Girls of Marcus Hook they make me greave (X2)
They spend all me money and cause me to leave
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus (X2)

Beer, Beer, Beer

A long time ago, way back in history,
when all there was to drink was nothin but cups of tea.
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,
and he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,
and to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer beer
tiddly beer beer beer.

The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well
one thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell
so all ye lads a lasses at eleven O'clock ye stop
for five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops 1 2 3 4 5

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
the kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
40 pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax, 1 2 3 4 5

He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,
and to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer beer
tiddly beer beer beer.

The Lord bless Charlie Mops!

The Rare Old Mountain Dew (Traditional) (Cape2)

D G D A
 Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way,
 D G D A D
 But give me enough of that fine ol' stuff that's made near Galway Bay.
 D BM
 And policemen all, from Donegal, from Sligo and Leitrim too
 D G D A D
 We'll give them the slip then we'll take a sip of the rare old mountain dew.

D G D A
 At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still, where the smoke curls up to the sky;
 D G D A D
 By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell, there's the poteen brewing nearby.
 D Bm

D G D A D
 And it fills the air, with an odor rare, that betwixt both me and you,
 D G D A D
 When home you stroll you can take a bowl or a bucket of the mountain dew.

D G D A
 Now learned men who've used the pen have wrote your praises high;
 D G D A D
 O sweet poteen, from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye.
 D Bm
 Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills whether pagan, Christian or Jew,
 D G D A D
 Take off your coat and grease your throat with the rare old mountain

Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus:]

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

[Chorus]

We Used to Sail

We used to sail to London and there we put ashore
We used to sail to London, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for some dresses, I have some of that onboard
A dress she wanted, jumper I did, and now we don't sail there no more.

We used to sail to Paris, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Paris, we did but we don't anymore.
A lady asked me for pastries, I have some of that onboard
A cake she wanted, lay her I did, that's why we don't sail there no more.

We used to sail to Lisbon, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Lisbon, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for fruit one day, I have some of that onboard
An orange she wanted, squeeze her I did, that's why we don't sail there no more

We used to sail to Oxford, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Oxford, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for some topsoil, I have some of that onboard
Dirt she wanted, Soil her I did, that's why we don's sail there no more

We used to sail to Montrose, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Montrose, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me to gamble, we can do that onboard
Cards she wanted, Poker I did, that's why we don't sail there no more.

We used to sail to Dublin, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Dublin, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for tools one day, I have some of those onboard
Hardware she wanted, nail her I did, that's why we don't sail there no more

We used to sail to Ipswich and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Ipswich, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for roses, I have some of those onboard
A flower she wanted, pluck her I did, that's why we don't sail there no more

We used to sail to Bordeaux, and there we put ashore
We used to sail to Bordeaux, we did but we don't anymore
A lady asked me for spices, I have some of that onboard
Cinnamon she wanted, stick her I did, that's why we don't sail there no more

Now we sit at the star hotel, tis where we put ashore
Here we sit at the star hotel, like a thousand times before
A lady asked me for some whiskey, I have some of that onboard
Liquor she wanted.....I poured her a drink. And now she's face down on the floor.

The Grand Pubs of Yorkshire

I'm a traveling man that for certain, Some folks think that drinking's me job
But I need a small ale just to tell a tall tale, for which people would pay a few bob

I've traveled all over this country, I've drunk in the east and the west
but from Lancing to Whit, I can march double quick,for the pubs up in Yorkshire are best

Chorus

**So here's to the grand pubs of Yorkshire, the White Feather, Star and the Plow
The Admirals Bend and the Parson's revenge, Oh I wish I was drinking there now**

Now of London I've not much to tell thee, and Devon's got cream cheese and tea
and Kent's got it meads but it's better in Leeds, where John Tetley the brewer for me

In Birmingham town I got stranded, It's down in the Midlands you know
Where the beer is all flat, I could never drink that and the barkeeps are all bloody slow

Chorus

There's a chap called McEwen in Scotland, and the beer that he brews isn't bad
but the secrets he knew for the beer that he brewed,he stole from a Yorkshire lad

I once knew a chap went to Ireland, where the beer is so dark that it's black
but the whiskey is fine and the girls there divine, so I don't think that he's coming back

Chorus

Now I know what some people are thinking, for to leave such a heaven I'm mad
oh when I left my home and decided to roam, I didn't think beer could be bad

I've traveled all over this country, I've drunk in the east and the west
but from Lancing to Whit, I can march double quick,for the pubs up in Yorkshire are best

Chorus X2