All through the night

Sleep my child and peace attend thee all through the night.
Guardian angels God will send thee all through the night.

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber sleeping.
Mother here her watch is keeping all through the night.

Sleep my child and peace attend thee all through the night.
Guardian angels God will send thee all through the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber sleeping.
Mother here her watch is keeping all through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping all through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping all through the night,
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
visions of delight revealing,
breathes a pure and holy feeling all through the night.

Alternative 2nd verse:

Though I roam a minstrel lonely, all through the night,
my true harp shall praise thee only, all through the night.
Love's young dream, alas, is over yet my strains of love shall hover near the presence of my lover, all through the night.

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An English Country Garden

England
arr. T. Traub 5–20–02

An English Country Garden (2x)

England
arr. T. Traub 5–20–02

An English Country Garden (2x)

England
arr. T. Traub 5–20–02
Songs from before and of the period of the American Revolutionary War

Ash Grove

Lusher & Spillman (Wales)

\[MUSIC_NOTATION\]

\[LYRICALLY\]

Always in a manger, no crib for His bed, The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head; The stars in the heavens looked down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay. The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes, But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle to watch lullaby.
Ballad Of Glencoe
Barbara Allen

In Scarlet town where I was born, there was a fair maid dwellin'.
Made every youth cry Well-a–day. Her name was Barb’ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May, when green buds they were swellin',
Young Willie Grove on his death-bed lay, for love of Barb’ra Allen.

He sent his man unto her then to the town where he was dwellin'.
You must come to my master, dear, if your name be Barb’ra Allen.

So slowly, slowly she came up, and slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came: "Young man, I think you’re /
dying."

He turned his face unto the wall, and death was drawing nigh him.
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, and be kind to Bar’bra Allen

As she was walking o’er the fields, she heard the death bell knellin',
And ev’ry stroke did seem to say, unworthy Barb’ra Allen.

When he was dead and laid in grave, her heart was struck with sorrow.
"Oh, Mother, Mother, make my bed, for I shall die tomorrow."

And on her deathbed she lay. She begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day that she did e’er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all, and shun the fault I fell in,
Henceforth take warning by the fall of cruel Barb’ra Allen."
Believe me if all those endearing young charms

My Lodging is in the Cold Ground
Spanish waltz

Traditional
Thomas Moore (Ireland)

1. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
   Which I gaze on so fondly today,
   Were to change by tomorow, and fleet in my arms,
   Like fairy gifts, fading away,
   Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
   Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
   And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
   Would entwine itself verdantly still!

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
   and thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
   That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
   To which time will but make thee more dear!
   No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
   But as truly loves on to the close;
   As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
   The same look which she turned when he rose!
Billy Boy

C
Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy, Oh,

G7
where have you been charming Billy? I have

C
been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my live, She's a

G7
young thing and cannot leave her mother.

2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
   Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?
   Yes, she bade me to come in, let me kiss her on her chin,
   She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

3. Did she set for you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
   Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy?
   Yes, she set for me a chair, but the bottom wasn't there,
   She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

4. Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
   Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
   She can bake a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink her eye,
   She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

5. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
   How old is she, charming Billy?
   She's three time six and four times seven, twenty-eight and eleven,
   She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

6. Can she sing a pretty song, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
   Can she sing a pretty song, charming Billy?
   She can sing a pretty song, but gets the words all wrong,
   She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
Billy Boy

Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?
Yes, she bade me to come in, let me kiss her on her chin,
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6.
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Can she sing a pretty song, charming Billy?
She can sing a pretty song, but gets the words all wrong,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
Blow the man down
Sea shanty

Come all you young fellows who follow the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down;
Now pray, pay attention and listen to me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.

Come all you young fellows who follow the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down;
Now pray, pay attention and listen to me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down
And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.
Come all you young fellows who follow the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down;
Now pray, pay attention and listen to me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.

Come all you young fellows who follow the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down;
Now pray, pay attention and listen to me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,
To me way Hey Blow the man down
And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me,
And give me some time to blow the man down.
Bonapart Crossing the Rhine

Bridget Cruise (3rd Setting)
Camp Meeting on the Fourth of July

Captain O’Kane

Turlough O’Carolan

Moderate
Castle of Dromore

October Winds

Childgrove

England 1701
Cockles and Mussels

1. In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty, I
   first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, As she
   wheeled her barrow through streets broad and narrow, crying
   "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive, Oh!

chorus

   Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o, crying
   "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive, Oh!

2. She was a fish monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
   For so were her father and mother before.
   And the each pushed their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
   Crying "Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive, oh!

3. She died of a "fever," and no one could save her,
   And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
   But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
   Crying "Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive, oh!"
Cockles and Mussels

1. In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, As she wheeled her sheel-bar-row through streets broad and narrow, crying

"Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive, Oh!"

Chorus

"Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive, Oh!"

2. She was a fish monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
   For so were her father and mother before.
   And the each pushed their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
   Crying "Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive, oh!"

3. She died of a "faver," and no one could save her,
   And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
   But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
   Crying "Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive, oh!"
Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Setting: “The Evangelical Hymnal”, 1931.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
   Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.

2. Sorrowing, I shall be In
   Till released from sin,
   Yet from what I do inherit, Here Thy praises I'll begin;
   Here I raise my Eben-ezer; Here by Thy great help I've come;
   How His kindness yet pursues me—Mortal tongue can never tell,

3. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
   From the fold of God; He's wond’ring heart to Thee.
   Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee.
   How His kindness yet pursues me—Mortal tongue can never tell,
   Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

4. O to grace how great a debt
   I'm constrained to be
   Cloth'd then in blood washed linen
   How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;
   Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, Take my ransomed soul away;

5. O that day when freed from sinning,
   I shall see Thy lovely face;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
   Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.
   Here I raise my Eben-ezer; Here by Thy great help I've come;

   Copyright: public domain.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I cannot proclaim it well.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.
Send thine angels now to carry Me to realms of endless day.
Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal", 1921.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.
Cumberland Gap
Down by the Sally Gardens

Trad. (Irish)

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.
Drunk at Night and Dry in the Morning

Eighth Of January
Battle of New Orleans

Trad (USA)
Eleanor Plunkett

Turlough O'Carolan (1670–1738) [Ireland]

Farewell to Whiskey

R-14
Irish

Farewell to Whiskey

R-14
Irish
Fourth of July

Bob McQuillen

Galician Waltz

Fernando Largo (Asurrias)
Go Tell Aunt Rhodie

Traditional

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
The one she's been saving,
She died in the mill pond,
She left nine little goslings,
Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
The one she's been saving,
She died in the mill pond,
She left nine little goslings,

Great Silkie

Great Silkie
I gave my love a cherry

anon. (England)

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,
I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cry'en.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cry'en?

A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone,
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone,
A ring when it's rolling, it has no end,
A baby when it's sleeping, has no cry'en.
I gave my love a cherry

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,
I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,
I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
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A ring when it’s rolling, it has no end,
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anon. (England)

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I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

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How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no cryen?

A cherry, when it’s blooming, it has no stone,
A chicken when it’s pipping, it has no bone,
A ring when it’s rolling, it has no end,
A baby when it’s sleeping, has no cryen.

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In the Bleak Midwinter

Gustav Holst 1906 (Germany)

In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long a go.

(Christina Rosetti, 1872)
It Is Well With My Soul
(also known as When Peace Like a River)

Words: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873. Music and Setting: 'It Is Well' or 'Ville Du Havre' Phillip F. Bliss, 1876.

Copyright: Public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll; Whatsoever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well, with my soul. It is well, with my soul,

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought! My sin, not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christendom to live; If Jordan would a grave me shall roll, No pang shall be mine, for in death as in the grave, is our goal; Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the life! Thou wilt whisper, Thy peace to my soul.

5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, The sky not

6. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, Even so, it is well with my soul.

Note that this hymn is sometimes published without the refrain.
Jack’s Maggot

JOHNNY’S SO LONG AT THE FAIR

Lady Mary
Lavender’s Blue

 Tradition English

Liberty

Trad
Life’s Railway to Heaven

Melody: George F. Root (1820–1895); Words: Henry Washburn

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one vacant chair;
2. At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell,
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory evermore will deck his brow,

While we linger to caress him, while we soothe the anguish, how our sweeping

Our evening prayer, When a noble Wil lie fell; How he breathe our heart-strings now.

When aago we gathered joy was

to bear our ban ner through the

day, oh early fallen, in thy

in thick of the fight, and up-

his mild blue eyes, but a

from the pine and cypress, mingle

Our country’s honor, in the

In ru in lie.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one vacant
Loch Tay boat song

Lord Morpeth’s Reel. HSJJ.028

England
Miss McCloud’s Reel

Morpeth Rant

William Shields (1748–1829) (England, Northumberland)
Morpeth’s Rant

Morrison’s Jig
My Country ’Tis Of Thee

Henry Carey, 1745

v1 My country, ’tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
     Dm  C       G7       C       Am       F       C
Of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongues awake. Let all that
To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright, With freedom's
     Dm  C       C       G7       C
    C       F       C       C       C       C
    F       C       G7       C
pilgrims' pride; from every mountain-side, Let freedom ring!
templ'd hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

My Love is Like a Red Red Rose
Nearer, My God, To Thee

Words: st. 1–2 by Sarah F. Adams, 1841; st. 3–5 by Hervey D. Gans (1822–1891); st. 6 by Edward H. Bickersteth, Jr. (1825–1906).


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1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
2. Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
3. Nearer, my Lord, to thee, nearer to thee!
4. Nearer, O Comforter, nearer to thee!
5. But to be nearer still, Bring me, O God,

Even though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.
Who to the cross didst come, dying for me!
Who with my loving Lord Dweltest with me!
Not by the visioned steep, Angels have trod.

Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I’d be nearer, my God to Thee.
Strength then my willing feet, Hold me in service sweet
Grant me thy fellowship! Help me each day to keep
Here where thy cross I see, Jesus, I wait for thee,

6. There in my Father’s home, safe and at rest,
   There in my Savior’s love, perfectly blest; Age
   after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.
Niel Gow's Lament For His Second Wife

Niel Gow's Lament For The Death Of His Second Wife

D Bm A D G D G G A D

D A G D A Bm G D G

D A G D D Bm Em A

D Bm A G D A Bm D
Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be – 2 voices

England
Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be – 2 voices

Old Morpeth Rant

Trad. (England, North)
Our God, Our Help In Ages Past

Setting: composite found in "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.
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1. Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
   Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.
   Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
   Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
   Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
   Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
   Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
   From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
   Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
   From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

4. Thy Word commands our flesh to dust, 'Return, ye sons of men',
   All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth again.
   Thy Word commands our flesh to dust, 'Return, ye sons of men',
   All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth again.

5. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;
   Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
   A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;
   Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
   With all their lives and cares,
   Are carried downwards by the flood,
   And lost in following years.

7. Time, like an ever rolling stream,
   Bears all its sons away;
   They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
   Dies at the opening day.

8. Like flowery fields the nations stand
   Pleased with the morning light;
   The flowers beneath the mower's hand
   Lie withering ere 'tis night.

9. Our God, our help in ages past,
   Our hope for years to come,
   Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
   And our eternal home.

Over the Hills and Far Away

R-28
Over the Waterfall

Planxty Fanny Power

Planxty Fanny Powers (Fannuidh de Paor) (Mrs. Trench)
Planxty George Brabazon

Planxty George Brabazon

\[ J = 110 \]
Planxty Irwin

Turleugh O’Carolan (1713) (Ireland)

Planxty Irwin

O’Carolan

Red Haired Boy

Irish
The Road to Lisdoonvarna

Lisdoonvarna

Trad. (Ireland)
Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady/Thomas Hastings

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Could my tears for ever flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Simply to Thy cross I clinging.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
Rosin the Bow

Sally Gardens, Down by the
Maids of the Mouna Shore

Trad. (Ireland)
Scarborough Fair

"Are you going to Scarborough Fair?"
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
"Remember me to one who lives there,
Once she was a true love of mine.

"Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,"
Parsley, sage...
"Without any seem or needlework,
For once she was...

"Tell her to wash it in yonder well,"
Parsley, sage...
"Where never spring water nor rain ever fell,
For once she was...

"Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,"
Parsley, sage...
"Which never bore flower since Adam was born,
For once she was...

"Now he has asked me questions three,"
Parsley, sage...
"I hope he will answer as many for me,
For once he was a true love of mine."

"Tell him to find me an acre of land,"
Parsley, sage...
"Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
For once he was...

"Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,"
Parsley, sage...
"And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
For once he was...

"Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,"
Parsley, sage...
"And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
For once he was..."
"When he has done and finished his work,"
Parsley, sage...
"O tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
For once he was...

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Scarborough Fair

Trad. (England)

\[\text{ tabs go here }\]
Shall We Gather At The River

Robert Lowry

D

v1 Shall we gather at the river,
v2 On the bosom of the river,
v3 Ere we reach the shining river,
v4 Soon we’ll reach the shining river,

A7

Where bright angel feet have trod;
Where the Saviour for King we own;
Lay we every burden down;
Soon our pilgrim age will cease;

D

With its crystal tide for ever, Flowing
We shall meet, and sorrow never, ’Nneath the
Grace our spirits will deliver, And pro-
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the

A7

by the throne of God?
Glo-ry of the crown.
Vide a robe and peace.
Mel-o-dy of

G

ch Yes, we’ll gather at the river, The

A7

beautiful, the beautiful river,
Shenandoah [D]  
Sea shanty  
anon. (USA)  

1. Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you Away you roll-
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you Away you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter. Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter. Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you, Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you. Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you, Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you. Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.

Simple Gifts — #56  
Shaker Tune  

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free, 'Tis the gift to come down Where we ought to be. And when we find our-selves in the place just right, it will be in the valley of love and de-light. When true sim-pli-ci-ty is gained, bow and to bend we will not be a-shamed. To turn and to turn will be our de-light, 'Til by turn-ing, turn-ing we come 'round right.
Star of the County Down

Words: Cathal MacGarvey

1. Near to Banbridge Town in the County Down one morning in July, Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by, Oh she looked so neat from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut brown hair, Such a Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town, No conumpling elf, sure I shook myself for to see I was really there. Oh, from maid I’ve seen like the sweet colleen that I met In the County Down.

Chorus:
Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay And from Galway to Dublin Town, No maid I’ve seen like the sweet colleen That I met in the County Down.

2. As she onward sped, I shook my head, And I gazed with a feeling rare, And I said, say’s I, to a passer-by “Who’s the maid with the nut brown hair?” Oh he smiled at me and with pride says he “That’s the gem of Ireland’s crown. It’s young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She’s the star of the County Down.”

3. I’ve travelled a bit, but never was hit Since my roving career began But fair and square I surrendered there To the charms of young Rose McCann. I’d a heart to let and no tenant yet Did I meet with in shawl or gown But in she went and I asked no rent From the star of the County Down.

4. She’d a soft brown eye and a look so sly, And a smile like the rose in June. And you hung on each note from her lily-white throat As she lifted an Irish tune. At the pattern dance you were held in a trance As she tripped through a reel or a jig; And when her eyes she’d roll, she’d coax, upon my soul, A spud from a hungry pig.

5. At the Crossroads Fair I’ll be surely there And I’ll dress in my Sunday clothes. With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right For a smile from my nut brown rose. No pipe I’ll smoke, no horse I’ll yoke Till my plough turns rust coloured brown, Till a smiling bride by my own fireside Sits the star of the County Down.
Star of the County Down

Verse
Bm
D
A
Near Banbridge Town, in the County Down
Bm
D
A
One morning in July,
Bm
D
A
Down the bor - een came a sweet colleen,
Bm
D
A
And she smiled as she passed me by.
Bm
D
A
Oh, she looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the crown of her nut brown hair.
Bm
D
A
Such a win - some elf, that I pinched my - self
To be sure I was really there.

Chorus
D
A
Bm
And from Bantry Bay up to Der - ry Quay,
Bm
A
And from Gal - way to Dub - lin town,
Bm
D
A
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen
That I met in the County Down.
2. As she onward sped, I shook my head,
And I gazed with a feeling rare.
And I said, says I, to a passer-by,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
He smiled at me, and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of all Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann.
She's the Star of the County Down."
(Chorus)

3. At the harvest fair, she'll be surely there.
So, I'll dress in my Sunday clothes.
With my shoes shined bright, and my hat just right,
I'll win the heart of the nut-brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
And my plow will rust and brown,
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down.
(Chorus, 2x)

Swallowtail
The Massacre of Glencoe
The Parting Glass
The Water is Wide

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
Neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
and both shall cross, my true love and I.

I leaned back against an oak,
Thinking it was a mighty tree,
But first it bent and then it broke,
So did my love prove false to me.

I put my hand on some soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find,
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower behind.

Oh, love is handsome and love is kind,
Gay as a jewel when it's new,
But love grows old and waxes cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

The water is wide...

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The Wayfaring Stranger

Em

Am

Em

Am C

Em

C G

C B7

Em

C D

Em
What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Words: Joseph M. Scriven, 1855.
Music: "untitled" Charles C. Converse, 1868. Setting: "Book of hymns and tunes", 1874. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
   What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
   We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?
   Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer.

4. Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised Thou wilt all our burdens bear.
   May we ever, Lord, be bringing all to Thee in earnest prayer.

O what peace we oftentimes forget, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows share?

Do your friends despise, forsake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Soon in glory bright unclouded there will be no need for prayer.

All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness; take it to the Lord in prayer.

In His arms He'll take and shield you; you will find a solace there.
Rapture, praise and endless worship will be our sweet portion there.
Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains, I
He counted out his money, it made a pretty penny, I

met with Cap-tain Far-rell and his money he was counting I
put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny, She

first produced my pistol and then put out my rap- ter Say-ing
sigh-ed and she swore she nev- er would betray me But the

stand and de-liver for you are the bold de-ciever With my
devil take the women for they nev-er can be easy

whack follic the doll folk the da (Clap four times) whack folk the dah df oh,

Whack folk the dah de oh There's whis- key in the jar.
Wild Mountain Thyme

Will you go Lassie go
Braes o Balquidder

Trad. (Scotland)

Wondrous Love or Captain Kidd

arr. William R Ward

What wondrous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul,
What wondrous love is this, oh my soul,
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul for my soul,
Wondrous Love or Captain Kidd

What wondrous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul,
What wondrous love is this, oh my soul,
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul for my soul,

Yankee doodle

Richard Shuckburgh?
Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon

Tune: Trad Scotland
Words: Robert Burns