

Michael Finnegan

The was an old man called Michael Finnegan
He grew whiskers on his chinnigin
The wind came up and blew them in again
Poor old Michael Finnegan (begin again)

Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Finnegan begin again, Finnegan begin again
Poor old Michael Finnegan

Michael Finnegan drinking gin again
Filled his skin again drinking gin again
Hit his shinnigin, made a dinnigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan

Strike The Bell

Up on the poop deck and walking about,
There is the second mate so steady and so stout;
What he is a-thinkin of he doesn't know himself
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

**Strike the bell second mate, let us go below;
Look well to windward you can see it's gonna blow;
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch just longing for their bunks;
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell,
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Forward on the forecastle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny standin', a longin' fer to shout
Lights' a-burnin' bright sir and everything is well,
He's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands
Graspin at the helm with his frostbitten hands
Lookin' at the compass though the course is clear as hell
He's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands
Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand,
What he is a-thinkin of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin' the bell.

Chorus:

Thousands or more

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
since we've learned a new act to drive sorrows away
sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away
since we've learned a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe awakes so high up the sky
with her red rosy cheek and her sparkaling eye
sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye
with her red rosy cheek and her sparkaling eye

If you ask me for credit you'll find I have none
with my bottle and friend you will find me at home
find me at home, find me at home, find me at home
with my bottle and friend you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as them that's got thousands or more
thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or more
I'm as happy as them that's got thousands or more

Trad. Copper family

Thula Thula

Traditional Zulu, Arr.Deal

Thula, Thula mama, Thula Thula mama

Thula, Thula mama, Thula Thula Thula

Thula Thula mama, Thula Thula mama

Thula, Thula mama babu samtata

Samtata, sambakeyah keya, wasu kay wa

Babu watu, ay babu samtata

Samtata, sambakeyah keya, wasu kay wa

Babu watu, ay babu tula tula

Minnie o' Shirva's Cradle Song

Traditional Shetland lullaby. Harmony arrangement © Craig; Morgan; Robson

Da boatie sails an da boatie rowes
Dey set dir sails and dey hail dir towes
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie lamb,
Da faider is comin awa fae fram.

Da sheep dey baa, and da craas dey craa,
Dey flap dir wings an dey flee awa,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie flee,
Aald Daa'll be comin wi shalls ta dee.

Da burnie rins an da burnie rowes,
Da lambs dey dance ower da hedder-cowes
Hush a baa-baa, me treasure dear,
Dey'll naebody hurt dee whin Mam is near.

Da laverick lifts and he sings tae aa,
Da Winter comes wi da caald an snaa,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie flooer,
Lang willie is löin ahint da door.

Da mares dey bö! an da kye comes hame,
We lay wis doon in da Gödie's name,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie ting,
He covers wis aa wi His holy wing.

Da boatie sails an da boatie rowes
Dey set dir sails and dey hail dir towes
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie lamb,
Da faider is comin awa fae fram.

Jim along Josie

American folk song Arr. Deal

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Jo

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Josie

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Jo

Walk Jim along, Jim along Josie

Walk Jim along, Jim along Jo

Walk Jim along, Jim along Josie

Walk Jim along, Jim along Jo

Hop Jim along, Jim along Josie

Hop Jim along, Jim along Jo

Hop Jim along, Jim along Josie

Hop Jim along, Jim along Jo

Run Jim along, Jim along Josie

Run Jim along, Jim along Jo

Run Jim along, Jim along Josie

Run Jim along, Jim along Jo

Minnie o' Shirva's Cradle Song

Traditional Shetland lullaby. Harmony arrangement © Craig; Morgan; Robson

Da boatie sails an da boatie rowes
Dey set dir sails and dey hail dir towes
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie lamb,
Da faider is comin awa fae fram.

Da sheep dey baa, and da craas dey craa,
Dey flap dir wings an dey flee awa,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie flee,
Aald Daa'll be comin wi shalls ta dee.

Da burnie rins an da burnie rowes,
Da lambs dey dance ower da hedder-cowes
Hush a baa-baa, me treasure dear,
Dey'll naebody hurt dee whin Mam is near.

Da laverick lifts and he sings tae aa,
Da Winter comes wi da caald an snaa,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie flooer,
Lang willie is löin ahint da door.

Da mares dey bö! an da kye comes hame,
We lay wis doon in da Gödie's name,
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie ting,
He covers wis aa wi His holy wing.

Da boatie sails an da boatie rowes
Dey set dir sails and dey hail dir towes
Hush a baa-baa, me peerie lamb,
Da faider is comin awa fae fram.

The Nightingale

My sweetheart come along
Don't you hear the fond song
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
You shall hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valley below, as she sings in the valley below.

Pretty Betsy don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go.
You shall hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valley below, as she sings in the valley below.

"Pray leave me alone,
I have hands of my own;
Along with you sir, I'll not go
For to hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valley below, as she sings in the valley below".

Pray, sit yourself down,
With me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow.
You'll hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet Nightingale,
As she sings in the valley below, as she sings in the valley below.

The couple agreed
To be married with speed,
And soon to the church they did go.
No more she's afraid
For to walk in the shade
Or to sit in those valleys below, or to sit in those valleys below.

Yo yo yo

Yo yo yo
Karma mono yo no nick cow
Yo yo yo yo
Yo yo yo yo

SENUA DE DENDE

Senua de dende senua
Senua de dende senua
Senua de dende, Senua de dende
Senua de dende senua