

Random BURP folk songs, v0.2, 26 July 2022

I'll Fly Away		2
Down Where the Drunkards Roll		3
Caledonia		4
Cotton Mill Girls		5
John Ball		6
Pay Ma My Money Down		7
Prickle-Eye Bush		8
Wild Mountain Thyme		9
Wild Rover		10
Golden Vanity		11

## I'll Fly Away

[G] Some bright morning when this life is over

[C] I'll fly a- [G] way

[G] To that home on God's celestial shore

I'll [D] fly a- [G] way

### CHORUS

[G] I'll fly away oh glory

[C] I'll fly a- [G] way, in the morning

[G] When I die hallelujah, by and by

I'll [D] fly a- [G] way

[G] When the shadows of this life have gone

[C] I'll fly a- [G] way

[G] Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly

I'll [D] fly a- [G] way

[G] Oh how glad and happy when we meet

[C] I'll fly a- [G] way

[G] No more cold iron shackles on my feet

I'll [D] fly a- [G] way

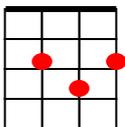
[G] Just a few more weary days and then

[C] I'll fly a- [G] way

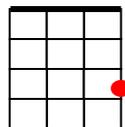
[G] To a land where joys will never end

I'll [D] fly a- [G] way

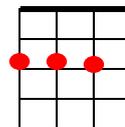
G



C



D



## **Down Where the Drunkards Roll** Richard Thompson – 2011 gig edition

### *Bob solo*

G See the boys out walking, the D boys they look G so fine,  
C Dressed up in G green velvet, their C silver buckles G shine,  
G Soon they'll be bleary eyed, D under a keg of C wine,

### *Bob, Sue F & Martin only*

C Down where the drunkards D roll,  
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

G See that lover standing, D staring at G the ground,  
He's C looking for the G real thing, C lies where all G he found,  
G You can get the real thing; it will D only cost a C pound.

### *Everybody: with restraint!*

C Down where the drunkards D roll,  
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

### *Sue F solo vox, Bob, Martin and Sue F ukes*

There G goes a troubled woman, she D dreams a troubled G dream,  
She C lives out on the G highway, C she keeps her money G clean,  
G Soon she'll be returning to the D place where she's C the queen,

### *Everybody: with restraint!*

C Down where the drunkards D roll,  
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

### *Bob solo*

G You can be a gambler who D never drew a G hand,

### *Bob, Sue F & Martin only*

C You can be a G sailor, C never left dry G land,

### *Bob solo:*

G You can be Lord Jesus, all the D world will under- C stand.

### *All, come in gently, make it swell*

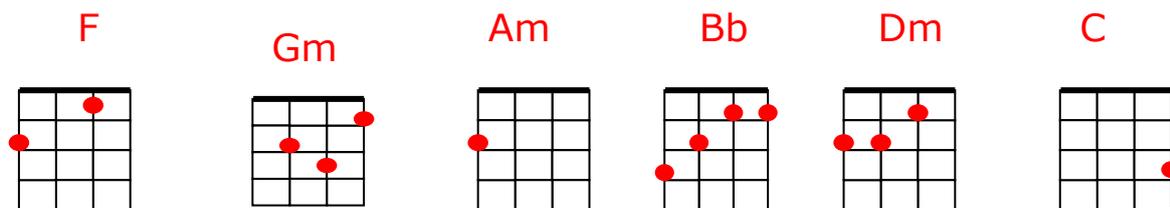
C Down where the drunkards D roll,  
C Down where the drunkards D roll.

### *All: voices only – no ukes*

C Down where the drunkards D roll.

# Caledonia

Dougie MacLean.



Intro: [F] [Gm] [Am] [Bb]

[F] I don't know if [Gm] you can see the [Am] changes that have come [Bb] over me  
In these [F] last few days I've [Gm] been afraid that I [Am] might drift a- [Bb] way  
So I've been [F] telling old stories, [Gm] singing songs that [Am] make me think about  
[Bb] where I came from  
And [F] that's the reason [Gm] why I seem so [Am] far away to- [Bb] day

**Chorus:** Ah but [F] let me tell you that I [C] love you and I [Dm] think about you all the  
[Bb] time  
Caledonia you're [F] calling me and now I'm [C] going [F] home  
But if I should become a [C] stranger you know that [Dm] it would make me more than  
[Bb] sad  
Caledonia's been [C] everything I've ever [F] had **In-between:** [F] [Gm] [Am] [Bb]

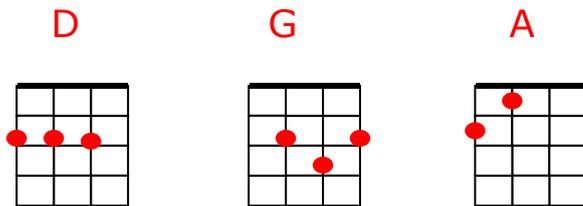
[F] I have moved and [Gm] kept on moving [Am] proved the points that I [Bb] needed  
proving  
[F] Lost the friends that I [Gm] needed losing found [Am] others on the [Bb] way  
[F] I have tried and I've [Gm] kept on trying; [Am] stolen dreams, yes there's [Bb] no  
denying\*  
I have [F] travelled hard, with [Gm] conscience flying [Am] somewhere with the [Bb]  
wind

**Chorus**

Now I'm [F] sitting here be- [Gm] fore the fire, the [Am] empty room, the [Bb] forest choir  
The [F] flames that couldn't get [Gm] any higher: they've [Am] withered, now they've  
[Bb] gone  
But I'm [F] steady thinking, my [Gm] way is clear and [Am] I know what I will [Bb] do  
tomorrow  
When the [F] hands have shaken and the [Gm] kisses flow: Oh [Am] I will disap- [Bb]  
pear

**Chorus; no in-between!!!**

## Cotton Mill Girls



I [D] worked in a cotton mill [G] all of my life  
[D] Ain't got nothing but this [A] Barlow knife  
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

### Chorus:

It's [D] hard times, [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
[D] Hard times, [A] Cotton Mill Girls  
It's [D] hard times, [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
[D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

In [D] 1915 we [G] heard it said  
[D] Move to cotton country and [A] get ahead  
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

From [D] Gilmore to Bartow's a [G] long long way,  
Down [D] Cartecay from [A] Ellijay  
And it's [D] hard Times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
[D] Hard times [A] every- [D] where

[D] Us kids worked twelve [G] hours a day  
For [D] fourteen cents of [A] measly pay  
It's [D] hard times [G] Cotton Mill Girls,  
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

[D] When I die don't [G] bury me at all  
Just [D] hang my body on the [A] spinning room wall  
[D] Pickle my bones in [G] alcohol,  
It's [D] hard times [A] every- [D] where

## John Ball (Sydney Carter)

[G] Who'll be the lady, [C] who will be the [D] lord,  
[C] When we are ruled by the [D] love of another?  
[G] Who'll be the lady, [C] who will be the [D] lord,  
In the [C] light that is coming in the [D] morn- [G] ing.

Chorus:

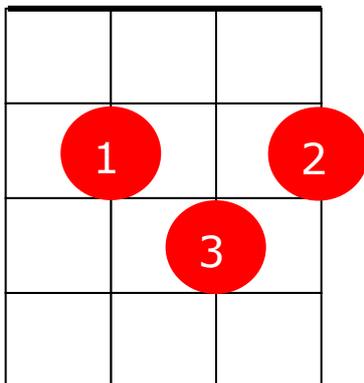
[D] Sing, John Ball and tell it to them all, Long live the day that is dawning! And I'll [G] crow like a cock, I'll [C] carol like a [G] lark, In the [C] light that is coming in the [D] morn- [G] ing.
---

[G] Eve is the lady, [C] Adam is the [D] lord,  
[C] When we are ruled by the [D] love of another,  
[G] Eve is the lady, [C] Adam is the [D] lord,  
In the [C] light that is coming in the [D] morn- [G] ing.

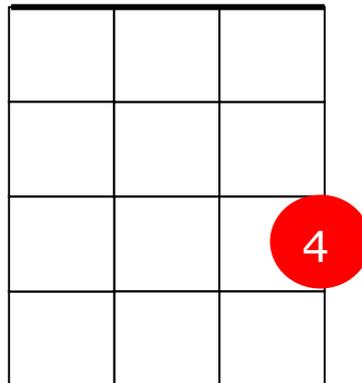
[G] All shall be ruled by [C] fellowship I [D] say,  
[C] All shall be ruled by the [D] love of one another,  
[G] All shall be ruled by [C] fellowship I [D] say,  
In the [C] light that is coming in the [D] morn- [G] ing.

[G] Labour and spin for [C] fellowship I [D] say,  
[C] Labour and spin for the [D] love of one another.  
[G] Labour and spin for [C] fellowship I [D] say,  
In the [C] light that is coming in the [D] morn- [G] ing.

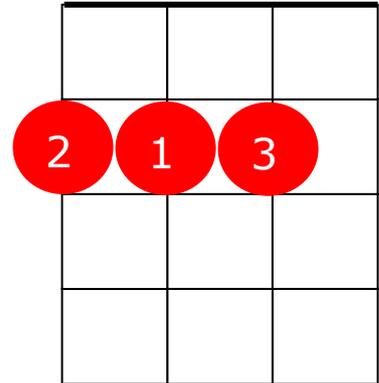
G



C



D



## **Pay Me My Money Down** (Pete Seeger via Bruce Springsteen)

Well, I [G] thought I heard the captain say, "Pay me my [D] money down.

Tomorrow is my sailing day; pay me my [G] money down."

**Pay me. Pay me. Pay me my [D] money down.**

**Pay me or go to jail. Pay me my [G] money down.**

Soon as that boat was clear of the bar, pay me my [D] money down,

Well, he knocked me down with the end of a spar Pay me my [G] money down.

**Pay me. Pay me. Pay me my [D] money down.**

**Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my [G] money down.**

Well if I'd been a rich man's son; Pay me my [D] money down.

I'd sit on the river and watch it run; Pay me my [G] money down.

**Pay me. Pay me. Pay me my [D] money down.**

**Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my [G] money down.**

Well, wish I was Mr. Gates, pay me my [D] money down.

Haul my money in egg crates. Pay me my [G] money down.

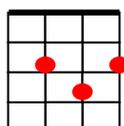
Well, forty days and nights at sea, pay me my [D] money down.

Captain worked every dollar out of me. Pay me my [G] money down.

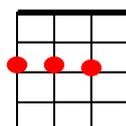
**Pay me. Pay me. Pay me my [D] money down.**

**Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my [G] money down.**

G



D



## The Prickle-Eye Bush

[A] Oh the Prickle Eye [D] Bush  
That [G] pricks my heart full [D] sore [A]  
And if [D] ever I get out of this [G] Prickle Eye [D]  
Bush  
Then I never will get [A] in it any [D] more

Oh [A] hangman, stay your [D] hand  
[G] Stay it for a [D] while [A]  
For I [D] think I see my [G] mother\* [D] coming over  
[A] yonder [D] stile

Oh [A] mother\*, have you brought me [D] gold?  
Or [G] silver to set me [D] free? [A]  
For to [D] save my body from the [G] cold, cold [D]  
ground  
And my neck from the [A] gallows [D] tree

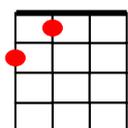
Oh [A] no\*\*, I have not\*\* brought you [D] gold  
Or\*\* [G] silver to set you [D] free [A]  
For to [D] save your body from the [G] cold, cold [D]  
ground  
And your neck from the [A] gallows [D] tree

\*sister/brother/true love

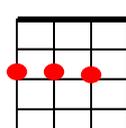
\*\*yes ... have ... and

[A] Oh the Prickle Eye [D] Bush  
That [G] pricks my heart full [D] sore [A]  
[D] Now that I'm out of this [G] Prickle Eye [D] Bush  
Then I never will get [A] in it any [D] more

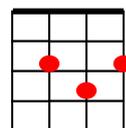
A



D



G



## The Wild Mountain Thyme Trad / Francis McPeake

[D] Oh, the summer [G] time has [D] come  
And the [G] trees are sweetly [D] blooming,  
And the [G] wild [F#m] mountain [Bm] thyme  
Grows a- [Em] round the blooming [G] heather.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] lassie, [D] go?

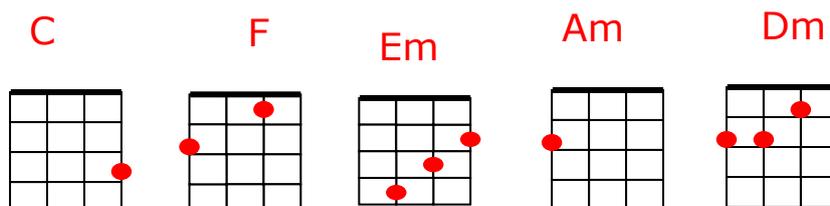
Chorus:

And we'll [G] all go to- [D] gether  
To pull [G] wild [F#m] mountain [Bm] thyme  
All a- [Em] round the blooming [G] heather,  
Will ye [D] go, [G] lassie, [D] go?

I will [D] build my [G] love a [D] bower  
By yon [G] clear and crystal [D] fountain,  
And [G] on it [F#m] I will [Bm] pile  
All the [Em] flowers of the [G] mountain.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] lassie, [D] go?

If my [D] true love [G] she won't [D] have me,  
I will [G] surely find a- [D] nother  
To pull [G] wild [F#m] mountain [Bm] thyme  
All a- [Em] round the blooming [G] heather,  
Will ye [D] go, [G] lassie, [D] go?

[D] Oh, the summer [G] time has [D] come  
And the [G] trees are sweetly [D] blooming,  
And the [G] wild [F#m] mountain [Bm] thyme  
Grows a- [Em] round the blooming [G] heather.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] lassie, [D] go?



## The Wild Rover

I've [F] been a wild rover for many a [Bb] year  
And I've [F] spent all my [Bb] money on [C] whiskey and [F]  
beer  
But [F] now I'm returning with gold in great [Bb] store  
And it's [F] never will [Bb] play the wild [C] rover no [F] more

### Chorus:

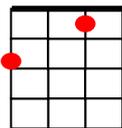
And it's [C] no, nay, never;  
[F] No, nay never, no [Bb] more  
Will I [F] play the wild [Bb] rover  
No [C] never, no [F] more

I went [F] into an alehouse I used to fre- [Bb] quent  
And I [F] told the land- [Bb] lady my [C] money was [F] spent  
I [F] asked her for credit, she answered me [Bb] "Nay:  
Such [F] custom as [Bb] yours I can [C] get any [F] day

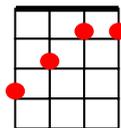
From [F] out of my pocket I pulled sovereigns [Bb] bright  
And the [F] landlady's [Bb] eyes opened [C] wide with de- [F]  
light  
She [F] said "I have whiskeys and wines of the [Bb] best  
And the [F] words that I [Bb] spoke they were [C] only in [F]  
jest"

I'll go [F] back to my parents, confess what I've [Bb] done  
And [F] ask them to [Bb] pardon their [C] prodigal [F] son  
And [F] if they forgive me as oft times be- [Bb] fore  
Then I [F] never will [Bb] play the wild [C] rover no [F] more

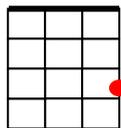
F



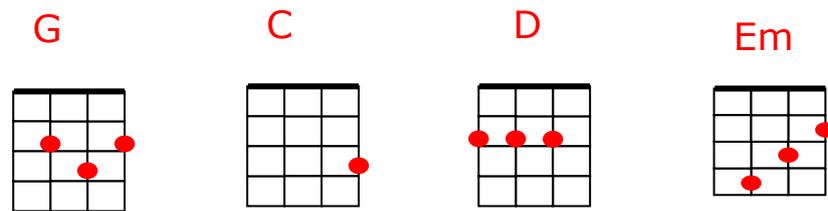
Bb



C



## The Golden Vanity trad, via Sam Kelly



Intro: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

Well there [G] once was a lofty ship that sailed upon the sea  
The [C] name of the ship it was the [D] Golden Vanity  
And [G] one day she came upon the Spanish enemy  
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low  
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
As she [C] sailed upon the [D] lowlands [G] low

In-betweenintro: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

Well [G] up spoke the cabin boy and boldly out spoke he  
He [C] said to the captain

**GIRLS:** "Now [D] what would you give to me  
If [G] I were to swim up to the Spanish enemy  
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low  
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low?"

**ALL:** In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
And [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In-betweenintro: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

**BOYS:** "Well [G] I will give you silver, and I will give you gold  
[C] If you should attempt it's so [D] daring and so bold  
Oh [G] and me lovely daughter's hand in marriage you shall  
hold

If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low  
If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low"

**ALL:** In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
If you [C] sink her in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In-betweenintro: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

Well [G] then the young cabin boy jumped straight into the sea  
And with a [C] rope around his waist he swam up [D] to the  
enemy

And [G] with the hammer bored a hole and then another three  
And he [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low  
And he [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands, [G] low.

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
He [C] sunk her in the [D] lowlands [G] low  
In-between: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

**GIRLS:** "Well [G] oh me captain I have done the deed you  
asked of me

[C] I have sunk the Spanish ship in- [D] to the briny sea  
So [G] won't you throw a ladder down or drownèd I shall be  
Cause I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em]  
low  
I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands [G] low"

**ALL:** In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
I'm [C] sinking in the [D] lowlands [G] low  
In-between: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*

But [G] to the drowning cabin boy the captain paid no heed  
Cause [C] he had made a promise that he [D] never meant to  
keep  
His [G] daughter he would marry to a man with wealth to reap  
So he [C] left him in the [D] lowlands, [G] lowlands [Em] low  
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low

In the [D] lowlands, in the [G] low- [Em] lands  
He [C] left him in the [D] lowlands [G] low  
Outro: [G] *dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum*