

Graham's Songbook

Volume 1

by Graham Irwin

Lyrics, melody and guitar chords for a dozen well known and not so well known folk songs. I don't pretend that the scores or the chords are 100% accurate, but they (mostly) work for me. I hope they do for you, but feel free to make your own changes if necessary.

Some, but by no means all of the songs I have recorded on my YouTube channel <https://www.youtube.com/c/GrahamIrwin-Paciano>

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Malt's Come Down

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 130$ G Em G C

The gre - - at - est drunk - - ards in all of the town,
Are ve - - - ry glad that the malt's _____ come down.

Chorus

G Em G C

Malt's _____ come down; malt's _____ come down,
From an old an - - gel to a French crown.

There's never a maiden in all of the town
But sleeps all alone now the malt's come down.

The gentleman leaves his porter brown
And drinks with his ploughboy now the malt's come down.

And many's the clergyman with a grim frown,
There's none to the Mass now the malt's come down.

There's many a scholar while donning his gown
Has skipped off his studies now the malt's come down.

And there is a cottage by yonder lea,
This couple's married and does agree.
So maids, be loyal when your love's at sea,
For a cloudy morning.
For a cloudy morning, brings in a sunny day.

Bold Riley

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 120$

Oh the rain it falls all day long. Bold Ri-ley-o, Bold Ri-ley

And the north-ern wind it blows so strong. Bold Ri-ley-o has gone a-way.

Chorus

Good-bye my sweet-heart, good-bye my dear-o. Bold Ri-ley-o, Bold Ri-ley.

Good-bye my dar-lin', good-bye my dear-o. Bold Ri-ley-o has gone a-way.

Well come on Mary, don't look glum
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley
Come White-stockin' Day you'll be drinkin' rum
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Oh the anchor's aweigh and the sails are set
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley
And them Liverpool girls we'll ne'er forget
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley
Get bending, me lads, its a hell-of-a-way
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

I Live Not Where I Love

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 120$

C F G7 Dm G7

Come all you maids that live at a dist -ance. Man -y a mi -le from off _ your swain.

C F G7 Dm C

Come and as -sist me this ve - ry mo -ment. For _ to pass _ a - way _ some time.

F Dm G C F G

Sing - ing sweet - ly and com -plete -ly. Songs of plea - sure and of love.

C F G7 Dm C

For my heart is with him all to -geth -er. Though _ I live _ not where _ I love.

When I sleep I dream about him
 When I wake I find no rest
 For every moment thinking of him
 My heart e'er fixed in his breast
 Although far distance may be assistance
 From my mind his love to remove
 Yet my heart is with him all together
 Though I live not where I love.

All the world shall be one religion
 Living things shall cease to die
 Before that I prove false to my jewel
 Or any way my love deny
 The world shall change and be most strange
 If ever I my mind remove
 For my heart is with him all together
 Though I live not where I love.

So farewell lads and farewell lasses
 Now I think I've got my choice
 I will away to yonder mountain
 Where I think I hear his voice
 And if he calls then I will follow
 Through the world though it is so wide
 For my heart is with him all together
 Though I live not where I love.

Sally Gardens

Based on a poem by WB Yeats

$\text{♩} = 100$

C G F C F G C

Down _ by the _ Sal - ly _ Gar - dens, my _ love and _ I did meet.

G F C F G C

She _ passed the _ Sal - ly _ Gar - dens, with _ lit - tle _ snow - white feet.

Am F G C F G Am

She bid me _ take love ea - - sy, as the leaves grow _ on _ the _ tree.

C G F C F G C

But _ I be - ing young and _ fool - ish, with _ her did _ not a - gree.

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 passed the Sally Gardens, with little snow-white feet
 She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree
 But I being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

Banks Of The Bann

Traditional Irish

♩ = 110

Whe - n fir - - st to this count - ry a ___ stran - ger I came,
 I ___ placed my af - - fec - tion with a maid that wa - s young.
 She be - i - ng fair and ten - der, her waist small and ___ slen - der.
 'Tw - as nat - - ure that ___ formed her for ___ my o - - ver - - throw.

On the banks of the Bann, it was there I first met her
 She appeared like an angel or Egypt's fair queen
 Her eyes were like diamonds or stars brightly shining
 She's one of the fairest in the world that I've seen.

Oh it was her cruel parents that first caused a variance
 Because she is rich and above my degree
 But I do endeavour to gain my love's favour
 Although she is come of a high family.

Oh, my name it is Delaney, it's a name that won't shame me
 And if I had saved money I'd never have roamed
 But drinking and sporting, night rambling and courting
 Are the cause of all my ruin and my absence from home.

Now since I have gained her I'm contented for life,
 I'll put rings on her fingers and gold in her ear.
 We'll live on the banks of the lovely Bann river,
 And in all sorts of splendour I'll style her my dear.

John Barleycorn

Words: Traditional
Tune: JAP Schulz

$\text{♩} = 120$

There were three men came out of the west, Their for - tunes for to try.

And they have made a sol - emn vow, John Bar - ley - corn must die.

They ploughed him in three fur - rows — deep, Laid clods all on his head

And they have made a sol - emn oath, John Bar - ley - corn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time, Till the rains from heaven did fall
John Barleycorn sprang up again, And so amazed them all.
They let him stand till midsummer's day, Till he looked both pale and wan
And little Sir John's grown a long long beard, And so became a man.

Then came men with great sharp scythes, To cut him off at the knee
And they rolled him, they tied him around the waist, And they served him barbarously.
And they hired men with the crab tree sticks, To cut him skin from bone
The miller has used him worse than that, He ground him between two stones.

They wheeled him here, they wheeled him there, They wheeled him into the barn
And they have used him worse than that, They bunged him in a vat.
They worked their will upon John Barleycorn, But he lives to tell the tale
We pour him into an old brown jug, And we call him home-brewed ale.

Just As The Tide Was A-Flowing

Traditional

♩ = 120

C F C G Em Am F G7 C

C F C G Em Am F G7 C

F Dm Am F

C F C G Em Am F G7 C

Her dress it was a white as milk, And jewels did adorn her skin,
 It was as soft as any silk, Just like a lady of honour.
 Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown, Her hair in ringlets hanging down,
 Her lovely brow without a frown, Just as the tide was a-flowing.

I made a bow and said, "Fair maid, How came you here so early;
 My heart by you it was betrayed, And I could love you dearly.
 I am a sailor come from the sea, If you'll accept my company,
 To walk and see the fishes play, Just as the tide was a-flowing.

No more was said, but on her way, We both did gang together;
 The small birds sang, the lambs did play, And pleasant was the weather.
 We both being weary sat us down, Beneath a tree with branches roun
 Then to the church we soon were bound, Just as the tide was a-flowing.

Smuggler

Traditional / Ian McCalman

♩ = 120

The boat rides south of Ail - sa Craig in the wan - ing of the light;
 There's thir - ty men in Len - dal - - fit to make our bur - den light.
 There's thir - ty nags at Haz - el - holm with the hal - ters on their heads,
 All set this night up on your — life if wind and wa - ter speed.

Chorus
 Smug - glers drink of the French - man's wine. And the dark - est night is the smug - gler's time.
 A - way we run from the ex - cise - man. ——— It's a smug - gler's life for me.
 It's a smug - gler's life for me.

Oh lass you have a cosy bed, and cattle you have ten
 Can you not live a lawful life, and live with lawful men
 But must I use old homely goods while there's foreign gear so fine
 Must I drink at the waterside, and France so full of wine.

Though well I like to see you Kate, with the baby on your knee
 My heart is now with gallant crew that plough thro' the angry sea
 The bitter-gales, the tightest sails, the sheltered bay our goal
 It's the wayward life, it's the smuggler's strife, it's the joy of the smuggler's soul.

And when at last the dawn comes up and the cargo safely stored
 Like sinless saints to church we go, God's mercy to afford
 And it's Champagne fine for communion wine and the parson drinks it too
 With a sly wink prays, "Forgive these men for they know not what they do!"

The Gresford Disaster

Anon

♩ = 100

You've heard of the Gres - - ford Dis - - a - - as - - ter;
 Of the ter - - r - - ible price that was paid
 Two hund - red and six - ty - five col - - liers were lost,
 And three men of the res - - cue bri - - gade.

It occurred in the month of September
 At three in the morning, the pit
 Was racked by a violent explosion
 In the Dennis where gas lay so thick.

Now the gas in the Dennis deep section
 Was packed there like snow in a drift
 And many a man had to leave the coal-face
 Before he had worked out his shift.

Now a fortnight before the explosion
 To the shotfirer Tomlinson cried
 "If you fire that shot we'll be all blown to hell!"
 And no one can say that he lied.

Now the fireman's reports they are missing
 The records of forty-two days;
 The collier manager had them destroyed
 To cover up his criminal ways.

Down there in the dark they are lying
 They died for nine shillings a day;
 They have worked out their shift and now they must lie
 In the darkness until Judgement Day.

Now the Lord Mayor of London's collecting
 To help out the children and wives;
 While the owners have sent some white lilies
 To pay for the poor colliers' lives.

Farewell, all our dear wives and our children
 Farewell, all our comrades as well
 Don't send your sons down the dark dreary mine
 They'll be doomed like the sinners in hell.

Plaisir D'Amour

The Joys Of Love

Jean-Paul-Égide Martini (1784)

♩ = 90

Plai - sir d'a - - mour ne dure qu' - un mo - ment

Cha - grin d'a - - mour dure tou - te la vie

The joys of love are but a moment long
The pain of love endures the whole life long

Your eyes kissed mine, I saw the love in them shine
You brought me heaven right there when your eyes kissed mine

My love loves me, a world of wonder I see
A rainbow shines through my window; my love loves me

And now she's gone like a dream that fades in the dawn
But the words stay locked in my heartstrings; my love loves me

(Repeat first verse)

Star Of The County Down

Traditional Irish

♩ = 120

Near to Ban - bridge town in the Coun - ty Down o - ne mo - r - ning last Ju - ly.
 Down a bo - reen green came a sweet col - leen and she smiled as she passed me by.
 She looked so neat from her two bare feet to the sheen on her nut brown hair.
 Such a coax - ing elf I'd to shake my - self to make sure I was real - ly there.

Chorus

From Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay and from Gal - way to Dub - lin town
 No — maid I've seen like the sweet col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

As she onward sped I turned my head
 And I looked with a feeling rare
 I said, says I, to a passer by
 "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"

He smiled at me and he said, said he,
 "She's the gem of Ireland's crown.
 Rosie McCann From the banks of the Bann
 She's the Star of the County Down!"

The harvest fair she'll be surely there
 So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
 With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
 And a smile for my nut brown rose.

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
 Till my plough is a rust coloured brown
 And a smiling bride by my own fireside
 Sits the Star of the County Down.

About the songs

Malt's Come Down

An English folk song from the sixteenth century. A reduction in the price of beer is always cause for great celebration. Verses have been added over time. The first verse is by Gregg Butler[†], the last verse by yours truly.

The Dark Eyed Sailor

A classic broken token ballad. When, after many years, the lovers are reunited, the young man tests his love's fidelity and she proves true. They get married and live happily ever after.

Bold Riley

A sea shanty whose origins seem to be lost in the mists of time. It appears to be traditional but there are no records of the song before the 1960s. The tune most likely started life as a Tobago reel.

I Live Not Where I Live

An Elizabethan madrigal. It is claimed that the song first appeared on broadsheets before the English Civil War (1642).

Sally Gardens

From a poem by William Butler Yeats. It was an attempt by Yeats to reconstruct a song that he had heard sung by an old woman, and was originally entitled 'An Old Song Re-Sung'.

Banks Of The Bann

A delightful separation song from Ireland. The tune, named 'Slane', is used for the hymn 'Lord Of All Hopefulness'. The song is also known as 'The Bonny Brown Girl'.

John Barleycorn

A traditional ballad about the death and rebirth of the Corn God, to the tune 'Wir Pflügen' by J A P Schulz (1747-1800). One of several songs about John Barleycorn.

Just As The Tide Was A-Flowing

A traditional song, believed to be from the south of England, a song about a returning sailor. Not all versions of the song end quite so happily.

Smuggler

This seemingly traditional song was mostly written by Ian McCalman[†] with inspiration from the poem 'A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns' by Hew Ainslie. Ailsa Craig is an island off the west coast of Scotland; Lendalfoot is the closest mainland village to Ailsa Craig.

The Gresford Disaster

This song commemorates one of Britain's worst mining disasters, at the Gresford colliery in Denbighshire, north Wales. On 22 September 1934 an explosion in one of the mine shafts led to the death of 265 miners and three rescuers. The words are by anonymous; the tune, named St Peter, was written by Alexander Robert Reinagle in 1836. The bodies of all but eight colliers remain buried down the pit.

Plaisir D'Amour

A French love song written in 1784 by Jean-Paul-Égide Martini, based on a poem by Pierre Claris de Florian. This version is in French and English.

Star Of The County Down

An Irish ballad. The words are by Cathal MacGarvey (1866–1927) and the melody was also used in an Irish folk song called 'My Love Nell'.

[†] – used with kind permission.