

# Pubsinger Lyrics, v2.0

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Boar=s Head Carol

The boar=s head in hand bear I  
 Bedecked with bays and rosemary  
 And I pray you, my masters, be merry,  
 Quod estis in convivio.

Caput apri defero, redens laudes domino. (2x)

The boar=s head, as I understand,  
 Is the rarest dish in all the land  
 When thus bedecked with a gay garland  
 Let us servire cantico.

Caput apri defero, redens laudes domino (2x)

Our steward hath provided this  
 In honor of the king of bliss  
 Which on this day to be served is  
 In reginency atrio.

Caput apri defero, redens laudes domino. (2x)

The boar=s head in hand bear I,  
 Bedecked with bays and rosemary,  
 And I pray you, my masters, be merry  
 Quod estis in convivio.

Caput apri defero, redens laudes domino. (3x)

Canaan=s Land

Farewell my friends, I=m bound for Canaan,  
 I=m traveling through the wilderness.  
 Your company has been delightful,  
 You do not leave my mind distressed.  
 I go away behind to leave you,  
 Perhaps never to meet again,  
 But if we never have the pleasure,  
 I hope we meet on Canaan=s land.

### Chastity Belt

(The lover)            Oh pray, gentle maid, will you be my lover?  
                               Condemn me no longer to mourn and to weep.  
                               My heart it is breaking, deny me no longer,  
                               Let down your drawbridge and I=ll enter your keep.

Enter your keep, nonny nonny  
 Enter your keep, nonny nonny  
 Let down your drawbridge and I=ll enter your keep.

(The Amaiden@)      Oh, I thank you kind sir, but I am no maiden.  
                               I=m the wife of Sir Osbourne that cunning old Celt.  
                               He=s off to the wars, for ten years or longer,  
                               And he=s taken the key to my chastity belt.

Chastity belt, nonny nonny  
 Chastity belt, nonny nonny  
 Taken the key to my chastity belt.

(The lover)            Well fear not, gentle maid, for I know a locksmith.  
                               He lives in the village, let us visit his shop.  
                               He=s wise in his craft, locks pose him no problem.  
                               Let us discover if he can unpick your lock.

Unpick your lock, nonny nonny  
 Unpick your lock , nonny nonny  
 Let us discover if he can unpick your lock.

(The locksmith)       Kind sir, Gentle maid, oh, I must speak of sorrow.  
                               All my wisdom, my craft, well they=re to no avail,  
                               Osbourne, that cad, he had a head on his shoulders:  
                               That nasty old Celt, he=s fitted a Yale.

Fitted a Yale, nonny nonny  
 Fitted a Yale, nonny nonny  
 That nasty old Celt, he=s fitted a Yale.

(Osbourne)            AWell I=m back from the wars, with news of disaster@  
                               Said Sir Osbourne, whose ship had come in with the tide.  
                               AWhile me craft it was passin= through the Straits of Gibraltar,  
                               I most, uh, carelessly dropped the key over the side.@

Over the side, nonny nonny  
 Over the side, nonny nonny  
 Carelessly dropped the key over the side.

(The maiden)            AThen alas, and alack, I=m trapped here forever.@  
                                  When up spoke the page boy, AFear not,@ said he.  
                                  AIf my lady will allow me once more to retire to her chamber,  
                                  I will undo the lock with my duplicate key.@"

Ha! Duplicate key, nonny nonny  
 Duplicate key, nonny nonny  
 I=ll undo the lock with my duplicate key.

### Come Landlord

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
 Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
 For tonight we=ll merry merry be  
 For tonight we=ll merry merry be  
 For tonight we=ll merry merry be  
 Tomorrow we=ll be sober

And here=s to the man who drinks weak ale and goes to bed quite sober  
 And here=s to the man who drinks weak ale and goes to bed quite sober  
 Fades as the leaves do fade  
 Fades as the leaves do fade  
 Fades as the leaves do fade  
 And drops off in October

And here=s to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite mellow...  
 Lives as he ought to live...  
 And dies a happy fellow

And here=s to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother...  
 She=s a very foolish lass...  
 She=ll never get another

And here=s to the girl who steals a kiss and comes back for another...  
 She=s a boon to all mankind...  
 Too soon she=ll be a mother

And if I had more bricks and stones I=d build my chimney higher...  
 It would stop the neighbor=s cat...  
 From pissing in my fire  
 Come walk with me all in the park and don=t be so particular...  
 If the grass is very very wet...  
 We=ll do it perpendicular

### Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken sailor...?  
 Way, hey, up she rises, way, hey, up she rises, way, hey, up she rises  
 early in the morning  
 Put him in a long boat till he=s sober...  
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor...  
 Put him into bed with the Captain=s daughter...  
 (You=ve never seen the Captain=s daughter...!)  
 Keelhaul him till he=s sober...  
 Take him and shake him and try to wake him...  
 Put him in the bunk with his pants on backwards...  
 Tie him to the mainmast till he=s sober...  
 That=s what you do with a drunken sailor...!

### Elf Glade

Yes they=re real/ no, they can=t be/ yes, they are  
 I=ve seen them walking out beyond the wooded garden  
 Through the town and through the valley.  
 Yes, they=re real/ no, they can=t be/ yes, they are you are not hearing  
 For I say I=ve seen them drinking in the Tavern of the Moon.

Steel and mail and gilded crossbows  
 Feather of the ancient wind bird  
 Wide as wonder, tall as starlight  
 Lords of Earth and Lords of Fire, Life the love that they desire  
 Lords of Earth and Lords of Fire, Life the love that they desire.

Yes, they=re real/ no, they can=t be/ come with me and see what might be  
 /I=m afraid/ O, you are childish, nothing kills that does not know ye.

Come here now/ no, I fear thee/ did I say that I would lead ye  
 /We have walked too far this night, out beyond the firelight/  
 Come here now/ No, I fear thee/ Come with me for I will take thee  
 Dancing now with all my brothers, I am real and like the others.

Yes they=re real, no, you told me, yes, I said you should believe me  
 Now we have you wrapped in darkness, now we=ll keep you never leaning  
 Trade your life for not believing.

### Geordie

There was a battle in the north and nobles there were many  
 And they have killed Sir Charlie Haye and laid the blame on Geordie

He has written a long letter and sent it to his lady  
 You must come up to Edinburgh town to see what news of Geordie

When first she looked the letter on she was both red and rose  
 But she=d not read a word but two she grew pale as the lily

Go fetch to me my good grey steed my men shall all go with me  
 For I shall neither eat nor drink till Edinburgh town shall see me

And first appeared the fatal block and then the axe to head him  
 And Geordie coming down the stairs with bands of iron upon him

But though he was chained in fetters strong with iron and steel so heavy  
 There was no one in all the court so fine a man as Geordie

O, she=s down on bended knee I=m sure she=s pale and weary  
 O pardon, pardon noble king, and give me back my Geordie

Go bid the heading man make haste the king replied full lordly  
 O noble king take all that=s mine and give me back my Geordie

The Gordons came and the Gordons ran and they were stark and ready  
 And aye the word among them all was Gordons keep ye ready

An aged lord at the king=s right hand said noble king but hear me  
 Let her count out five thousand pounds and she may have her dearie

Some gave her marks, some gave her crowns, some gave her dollars many  
 And she=d laid out five thousand pounds and she=s gotten again her laddie.

She=s looked blithe in her Geordie=s face and says dear I=ve bought thee Geordie  
 But the blood would=ve flowed upon the green before I lost my laddie

He clasped her by the middle small and kissed her lips so rosy  
 The fairest flower of womankind is my sweet bonny lady

### Grendel

Dumb as dirt and twice as mean, such a son makes mother crazy  
 Foul as sewers I have seen, ugly, loutish, large and lazy  
 That=s the child I=ve had to raise, what=s a Mom to do?  
 Drag him to our ocean cave, and stay to watch him too.

Son of mine, you=ve been a disappointment since your birth  
 Now I=ve got to bury you in this cold northern earth  
 I know you would be sorry if you weren=t so very dead  
 But you never listened to a word I said.

Everybody=s got to rest, even I get sleepy  
 Sonny left our little next on errands cruel and creepy  
 Came back with a haunch of Man gnawed down to the bone  
 Left each night from that day on, while I slept like a stone.

Vikings gathered in their hall, heroes all in war delighting  
 When my Grendel came to call he was met with mighty fighting  
 One among them took his arm, ripped it off for good  
 Chased him to our ocean home and killed him where he stood.

When I found my wine was spiked, it was far too late to aid him  
 Though there wasn=t much I liked, I was often glad I=d made him  
 So I must avenge him now, what=s a Mom to do?  
 If he was yours anyhow, I bet that you would too.

### Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill  
 Down through the valley so shady,  
 He whistled and he sang >til the greenwoods rang.  
 And he won the heart of a lady.

La-da-o, la-do-o-a-day,  
 La-de-o, la-de-ay-de,  
 He whistled and he sang >til the greenwoods rang  
 And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father=s castle gates  
 She left her own fine lover  
 She left her servants and her estate  
 To follow the gypsy rover  
 Her father saddled his fastest steed

And roamed the valleys all over  
 Sought his daughter at great speed  
 And the whistling gypsy rover

He came at last to a mansion fine  
 Down by the river Claydee  
 And there was music and there was wine  
 For the gypsy and his lady

Father, he=s no gypsy free  
 But lord of these lands all over  
 And I shall stay >til my dying day  
 With my whistling gypsy rover.

#### Husband with no Courage

As I walked out one May morning  
 To view the leaves and the fields a springing  
 I saw two maidens standing by,  
 And one of them he hands was wringing

Oh dear oh. Oh dear oh. Me husbands got no courage in him. Oh dear oh.

All sorts of vitals did I provide,  
 All sorts of meats that=s fittin= for him  
 Both oyster pies and rhubarb too  
 But nothing will put courage in him.

My husband can dance and caper and sing  
 And do anything that=s fittin= for him  
 But he cannot do the thing I want  
 Because he=s got no courage in him.

For 7 long years I=ve made his bed  
 And every night I=ve lain beside him  
 But this morning I woke with my maidenhead  
 Which proves he=s got no courage in him.

Come all pretty maids where=er you be  
 Don=t marry a man before you try him  
 Lest you should sing a song like me  
 Now me husband=s got no courage in him.  
 I wish me husband he was dead



And in his grave I=d quickly lay him  
 Then I would try another one  
 That=s got a little courage in him.

### I=m a Rover

Though the night be dark as dungeon  
 Not a star shining up above  
 I will be guided without a stumble  
 Into the arms of my one true love

I=m a rover, seldom sober,  
 I=m a rover of high degree  
 It=s when Im drinkin=, I=m always thinkin=  
 How to gain my loves company

I stepped up to her bedroom window  
 Kneeling gently upon the stone  
 I rapped upon her bedroom window  
 My darling dear do you lie alone

### Chorus

She raised her head from her snowy pillow  
 Her arms crossed gently about her breast  
 Who is that at my bedroom window  
 Disturbing my from my long night=s rest

### Chorus

It=s only me your own true lover  
 Open the door lass and let me in  
 For I have been on a long nights journey  
 And I am drenched unto the skin

### Chorus

Up she rose and put on her clothes  
 And she opened the door and she let me in  
 We both shook hands and embraced each other  
 Until the morning, we lay as yin

### Chorus

The cocks were cawing, the birds were whistling  
 The streams ran freely about the brae  
 So fare the well lass for I must leave thee  
 For this long night has turned to day

Chorus

### Irish Ballad

About a maid I=ll sing a song,  
 sing rickety tickety tin.  
 About a maid I=ll sing a song,  
 who didn=t have her family long;  
 Not only did she do them wrong,  
 she did every one of them in, them in, she did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,  
 sing rickety tickety tin.  
 One morning in a fit of pique,  
 she drowned her father in the creek;  
 the water tasted bad for a week,  
 And we had to make do with gin, with gin, we had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,  
 sing rickety tickety tin  
 Her mother she could never stand,  
 and so a cyanide soup she planned;  
 her mother died with the spoon in her hand,  
 and her face in a hideous grin, a grin, her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister=s hair on fire,  
 sing rickety tickety tin.  
 She set her sister=s hair on fire,  
 and as the flames grew higher and higher;  
 she danced around the funeral pyre,  
 playing the violin, olin, playing the violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,  
 sing rikety tikety tin.  
 she weighted her brother down with stones,  
 and sent him off to Davy Jones;  
 all they ever found were some bones,  
 and occasional pieces of skin, of skin, occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,  
sing rikety tikety tin.  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
she cut her baby brother in two;  
and served him up as an Irish stew,  
and invited the neighbors in, bors in, invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the guards came by,  
sing rikety tikety tin.  
and when at last the guards came by,  
her little pranks she did not deny;  
for to do so she would have had to lie.  
and lying she knew was sin, a sin, lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I=ll not prolong,  
sing rikety tikety tin.  
my tragic tale I=ll not prolong,  
and if you did not enjoy my song,  
you=ve yourselves to blame if it=s too long;  
You should never have let me begin, begin, should never have let me begin.

### Johnny be Fair

Well Johnny be fair, and Johnny be fine, and wants for me to wed  
And I would marry Johnny but me father up and said  
AI hate to tell ye daughter what your mother never knew  
For Johnny is a son of mine and so is kin to you@

Jimmy...

Billy...

Well you never seen a girl so sad or sorry as I was  
The boys in town were all me kin and me father was the cause.  
If life should thus continue, I shall die a single miss  
So I think I=ll go to mother and complain to her of this.

Well daughter haven=t I taught you to forgive and to forget.  
And if your father sowed his oats well still you needn=t fret.  
Your father may be father to all the boys in town but still,  
He=s not the one who sired you, so marry whom you will.

### Johnny Booger

Old Johnny Booger he lived by himself

As long as he happened to have his health  
 Johnny took ill so he got himself a wife  
 For to take care of him for the rest of his life

Oh I do believe, I will believe  
 Old Johnny Booger was a gay old booger  
 And a gay old booger was he.

Now old Mrs. Booger, she had a bad leg  
 The doctor ordered her to bed  
 The doctor called John and said to him, son  
 You=ve got to rub your wife=s left leg with Gin

Chorus

Now old Johnny Booger he thought it was a sin  
 To rub his wife=s left leg with gin  
 So Johnny took the gin and he poured it down his throttle  
 And rubbed his wife=s left leg with the bottle

Chorus

Old Johnny Booger went a-walkin= one day  
 Down by the river he did stray  
 Johnny fell in and he started to shout  
 But there was no booger there for to pull the booger out

Chorus

God made the bees, and the bees made honey  
 God made man, and man made money  
 God made the devil and the devil made sin  
 But he had to dig a whole for to put the booger in

Chorus

### Leatherwing Bat

Hi! Said the little leatherwing bat  
 I=ll tell you the reason that  
 The reason that I fly by night  
 Is because I=ve lost my hearts delight.

How dee dow dee didde um day

How dee dow dee diddle um day  
 How dee dow dee diddle um day  
 Hay la lee lee li lee lo.

Hi said the blackbird sitting on a chair  
 Once I courted a lady fair  
 She proved fickle and turned her back  
 And ever since then, I=ve dressed in black

Hi! Said the woodpecker sitting on a fence  
 Once I courted a handsome wench  
 She got scared and from me fled,  
 And ever since then my head=s been red.

Hi! Said the little turtle dove  
 I=ll tell you how to win her love -  
 Court her night and court her day,  
 Never give her time to say AOh, nay!@

Hi! Said the bluejay and away he flew,  
 If I were young then I=d have two  
 If one were faithless and chanced to go  
 I=d have the other string to my bow.

### Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes  
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
 Where me and my true love won=t ever meet again  
 On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

Oh, you take the high road, and I=ll take the low road  
 And I=ll be in Scotland before you  
 And me and my true love won=t ever meet again  
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

>Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen  
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond  
 Where in purple hue, the hieland hills we view  
 And the moon comin= out in the gloamin=

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring  
 While in sunshine the waters are sleepin=  
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again

Tho= the woeful may cease from their greetin=

### Old Man Came Courtin Me

An old man came courtin= me, Hey hing-dorum-down  
 An old man came courtin= me, me bein= young  
 An old man came courtin= me, sayin= he would marry me  
 Maids when you=re young, never wed an old man

For he=s got no fa-lorum, fi-diddle-di-dorum-down  
 He=s got no fa-lorum, fi-diddle-day  
 He=s got no fa-lorum, he=s lost his ding-forum-down  
 Maids when you=re young, never wed an old man

On our honeymoon...  
 He lost the key to our room

When we had gone to bed...  
 It lay like it was dead

So I threw my leg over him...  
 Damn nearly smothered him

When he was fast asleep...  
 Out of bed I did creep  
 Into the arms of a waitin= young man!

Who has got his fa-lorum, fi-diddle-di-dorum-down  
 Got his fa-lorum, fi-diddle-di-day  
 Got his fa-lorum, and a DAMN big ding-dorum-down!  
 Maids when you=re young never wed an old man

(So I smacked her upside the head, hey ding-dorum-down  
 I smacked her upside the head, me being OLD  
 I smacked her upside the head, she went right back to bed  
 Maids when you=re young, don=t annoy an old man!)

### Parting Glass

Oh, all the money that e=er I spent,  
 I spent it in good company.  
 And all the harm that e=er I done,  
 Alas, it was to none but me.

And all I=ve done  
 For want of wit  
 To mem=ry now I can=t recall.  
 So fill to me the parting glass,  
 Good night, and joy be with you all.

Oh, had I the money enough to spend  
 For the leisure for to rest a while,  
 There is a fair maid in this town  
 Who sadly has my heart beguiled.  
 Oh rosy cheeks  
 And ruby lips  
 My own, she has my heart enthralled.  
 But fill to me the parting glass,  
 Good night and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades that e=er I had  
 Are sorry for my going away.  
 And all the sweethearts that e=er I had  
 Would wish me one more day to stay.  
 But since it falls  
 Into my lot  
 That I should rise and you should not,  
 I=ll gently rise, and I will softly call  
 Good night, and joy be with you all.

So fill to me the parting glass,  
 Good night, and joy be with you all.

### Ramblin Rover

O there=s sober men in plenty, and drunkards barely twenty  
 There are men of over ninety who have never yet kissed a girl  
 But gie me a ramblin= rover, and from Orkney down to Dover  
 We will roam the country over and together we=ll face the world!

O there=s many that feign enjoyment for merciless employment  
 Their ambition was 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 they=re happier as a rule.

I=ve roamed thru all the nations, ta=en delight in all creation,  
 And I=ve tried a wee sensation when the company did prove kind,  
 And when parting was no pleasure, I=ve drunk another measure

To the good friends that we treasure for they always are in our minds.

For the lassies young and sprightly, them I courted nightly.  
 Where staying wasn't likely, for I ramble up and down;  
 =Cause life it would be hearty, I'd dance at every party,  
 Meet ramblin= Dan McCarthy and we'll all go out on the town!

If you=re bent with arth-er-itis, your bowels have got colitis,  
 You have gallopin= bollokitis and you=re thinkin= it=s time you died,  
 If you=ve been a man of action, tho you=re lyin= there in traction  
 You may gain some satisfaction sayin= AJaysus, at least I tried!@

### Rattlin= Bog

Hi ho the rattlin= bog and the bog down in the valley-o  
 Rare bog, a rattlin= bog and the bog down in the valley-o

In that bog, there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin= tree-  
 Tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

On that tree, there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin= limb-  
 Limb on the tree, and the tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o

On that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin= branch-  
 Branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the bog, and the bog down in the  
 valley-o

On that branch, there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin= twig-  
 Twig on the branch, and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree...etc

...on that twig there was a nest...  
 ...in that nest there was an egg...  
 ...on that egg there was a bird...  
 ...in that bird was another egg...  
 ...in that egg was another bird...  
 ...from that bird there came a feather...  
 ...from that feather there came a bed...  
 ...on that bed there lay a maid...  
 ...on that maid there was a man...  
 ...from that man there came a babe...  
 ...on that babe there was a hand...  
 ...In that hand there was a seed...  
 ...from that seed came another tree...



Rose

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose, will I ever see thee wed?  
I will marry at thy will sire, at thy will.

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, wedding bells on an April morn.  
Carve thy name on a moss covered stone, on a moss covered stone.

The Scotsman

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair  
And one could tell by how he walked, he=d drunk more than his share  
He staggered on until he could no longer keep his feet  
And stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Ring-ding-diddle-iddle-I-dee-O, ring-ding-diddle-I-O  
And stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by  
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,  
ASee yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built,  
I wonder if it=s true what they don=t wear beneath their kilt.@

## Chorus

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as can bee  
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see  
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt  
Was nothin more than God had graced him with upon his birth

## Chorus

They marveled for a moment, then one said Awe=d best be gone.  
Let=s leave a present for our friend before we move along.@  
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow  
Around the mighty spar the Scotsman=s kilt did lift and show.

## Chorus

The Scotsman woke to nature=s call and stumbled towards the trees  
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees  
And in a startled voice he says, to what=s before his eyes,  
AOch, lad, I don=t know where you=ve been, but I see you=ve won first prize.@

Chorus

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies  
 Farewell and adieu to you daughters of Spain  
 For we=ve received orders for to sail for old England  
 And we hope in a short time to see you again

We=ll rant and we=ll roar like true English sailors  
 We=ll rant and we=ll roar along the salt sea  
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England  
 From Ushant to Scilly be thirty five leagues

We=ll hove our ships to with the wind from the sou=west boys  
 We=ll hove our ships to, deep soundings to take  
 With forty five fathoms and a white sandy bottom  
 So we squared our main yard and up channel did make

Chorus

Now let every man drink off his full bumper  
 And let every man drink off his full glass  
 We=ll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy  
 And here=s to the health of each true hearted lass

Chorus

The Vicar and the Frog

There once was a very very holy vicar  
 Who was walking along the street one day  
 When he heard a little voice say AHello, Vicar.@  
 AHello, Vicar@ the voice did say.  
 So the vicar looked around and all he did see  
 Was a tiny frog sitting on the ground  
 AExcuse me froggie, did you speak to me?  
 Was it you that spoke when I head that sound?@

AOh yes,@ said the frog, Aoh help me vicar,  
 For I=m not really a frog, you see.  
 I=m a choirboy, really, but a wicked fairy  
 Cast a nasty spell on me!@

And the only way I can regain  
 My natural shape, the little frog said,  
 As if someone will take me and lay me in a place  
 Where a holy man has laid his head.

So the vicar took him home and put him on his pillow  
 And there he lay till the break of day  
 And the very next morning (a blessed miracle!)  
 The spell was broken, I'm glad to say.

And there was the choirboy in bed with the vicar.  
 And dare I hope this all makes sense.  
 So there my lord and members of the jury,  
 Rests the case for the defense.

### Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh the summer time is comin', and the leaves are swift returnin'  
 And the wild mountain thyme grows around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go? And we'll all go together  
 To pick wild mountain thyme all around the bloomin' heather  
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower by yon pure crystal fountain  
 And around it I will place all the flowers of our mountain

Chorus

If my true love were to leave me, I would surely find another  
 Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the bloomin' heather

Chorus

Oh the summer time is leavin', and the leaves are fiery burnin'  
 And the wild mountain thyme throws its seeds by bloomin' heather

Chorus

### Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year  
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
 And now I'm returning with gold in great store  
 And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it=s no, nay, never....  
 No, nay, never, no more  
 Will I play the wild rover  
 No never, no more.

I went back to an alehouse I used to frequent  
 And I told the landlady me money was spent  
 I asked her for credit, she answered me nay  
 Such a custom as your=s I can have any day

Chorus

Then I pulled from my pocked gold sovereigns bright  
 And the landlady=s eyes opened wide with delight  
 She said AI have whiskey and ale of the best,  
 Then I=ll take you upstairs and I=ll show you the rest.@"

Chorus

I=ll go back to my parents, confess what I=ve done  
 And I=ll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
 And if they embrace me as oft times before  
 Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

### Wind in the Pipes

Welcome to a moon filled night of strange and wondrous tales  
 Of ancient kings and mystic rings and ships with bated sails  
 Of how I came to be here and where I wish to go  
 And all my deepest secrets which you will come to know.

Settle back and dream a while and come along with me  
 We will walk the ancient forest and sail the deep blue see  
 Oh lend your hearts for where I lead there=s much we have to see  
 From what we are this moment to what we hope to be.

### Witch of the Westmoreland

Pale was the wounded knight that bore the rowan shield  
 Loud and shrill were the raven=s cries that feasted on the field

Saying beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound  
 There=s none but the maid of the winding mere can make thee hale and sound

So turn, turn your stallion=s head till his red mane flies in the wind  
 And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls behind

And clear was the paley moon when his shadow passed him by  
 Below the hill was the brightest star when he heard the owlet cry

Sayin= why do you ride this way and wherefore came you here  
 I seek the witch of the Westmoreland that dwells by the winding mere

And it=s weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way  
 Till through the cleft in the Kirkstane pass the winding water lay

He said lie down my brindle hound and rest you my good grey hawk  
 And thee my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and walk

But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call  
 For I fear ere the sun shall rise this morn you will serve me the best of all

And it=s down to the water=s brim he=s born the rowan shield  
 And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might yield

And wet rose she from the lake and fast and fleet went she  
 One half the form of a maiden fair, and a jet black mare=s body

And loud and shrill he blew till his steed was by his side  
 High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly he did ride

Saying course well my brindle hound and fetch me the jet black mare  
 Stoop and strike my good grey hawk and bring me the maiden fair

Pray sheath thy silvery sword, lay down thy rowan shield  
 For I see by the briny blood that flow=s you=ve been wounded in the field

And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue bound round with a silver chain  
 She=s kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times round again

She=s bound his wound with the goldenrod, full fast in her arms he lay  
 And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day

Ride with your brindle hound at heel and your good grey hawk in hand  
 For there=s none can harm the knight who=s lain with the Witch of the Westmoreland.