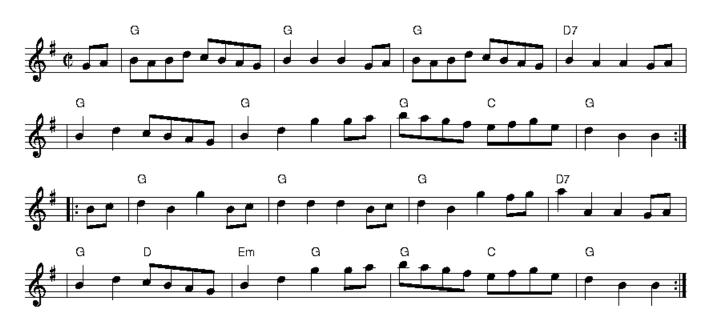
White Cockade



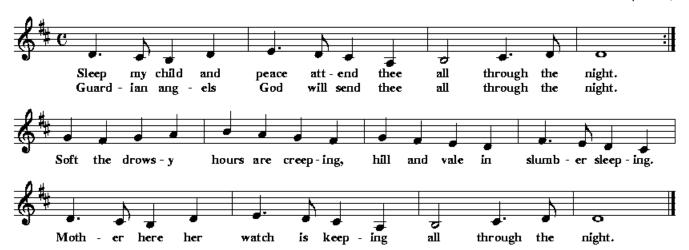
A Costa De Galicia



2

All through the night

anon. (Wales)



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:

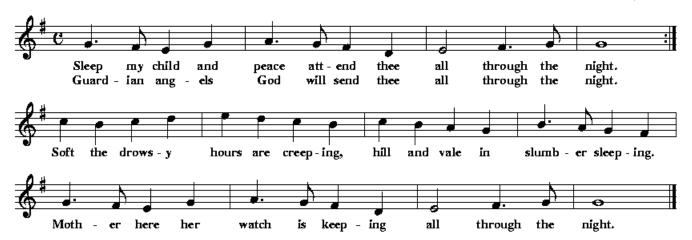
Though I roam a minstrel lonely, all through the night, my true harp shall praise thee only, all through the night.

Love?s young dream, alas, is over yet my strains of love shall hover near the presence of my lover, all through the night.

From Musica Viva – http://www.musicaviva.com the Internet center for free sheet music downloads.

All through the night

anon. (Wales)



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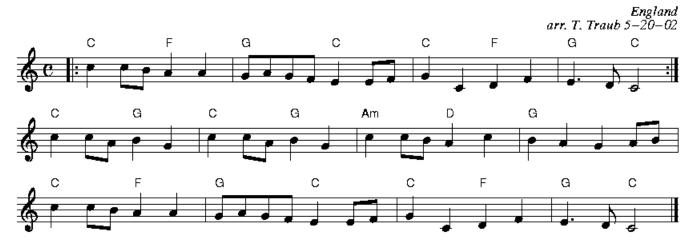
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From Musica Viva – http://www.musicaviva.com the Internet center for free sheet music downloads.

An English Country Garden



An English Country Garden (2x)



An English Country Garden (2x)







Annie Laurie



Annie Laurie

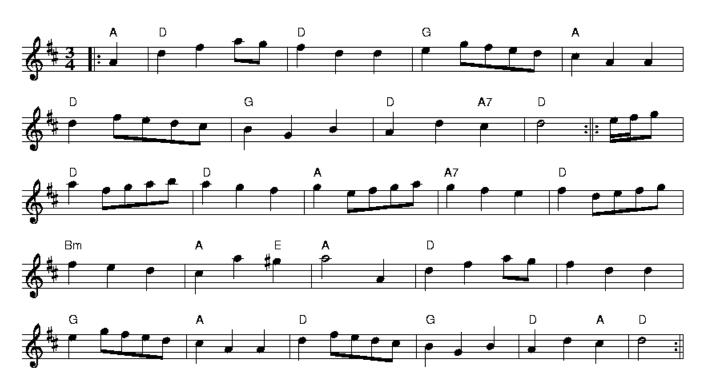


6





The Ash Grove



Ballad Of Glencoe



Ballad Of Glencoe



Banish Misfortune



Barbara Allen

English





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."

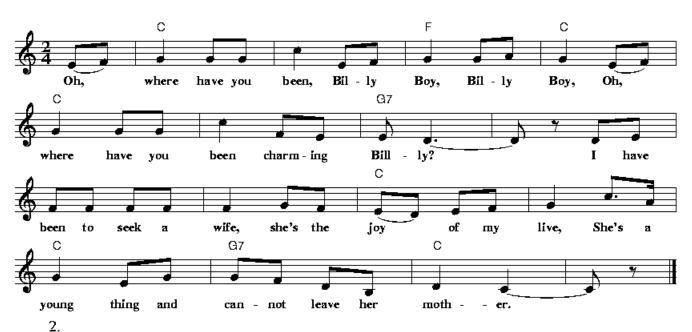
Believe me if all those endearing young charms

My Lodging is in the Cold Ground Spanish walz



- Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly today,
 Were to change by tomorrow, 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

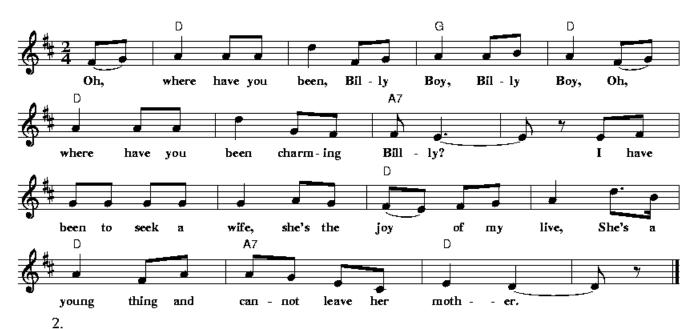


Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?

Yes, she bade me to come in, let me kiss her on her chin, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

- 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 sever, 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

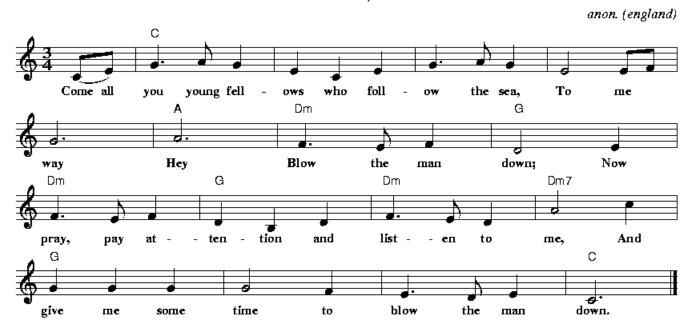


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14

Blow the man down Sea shanty

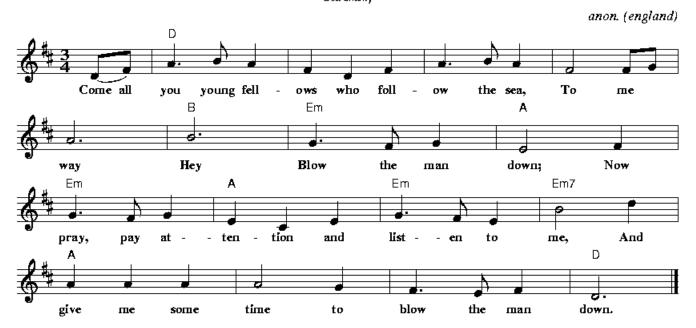


Come all you young fellows who follow the sea, To me way Hey Blow the man down; Now pray, pay attention and listen to me, And give me some time to blow the man down.<

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.

Blow the man down Sea shanty



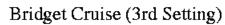
Come all you young fellows who follow the sea, To me way Hey Blow the man down; Now pray, pay attention and listen to me, And give me some time to blow the man down.<

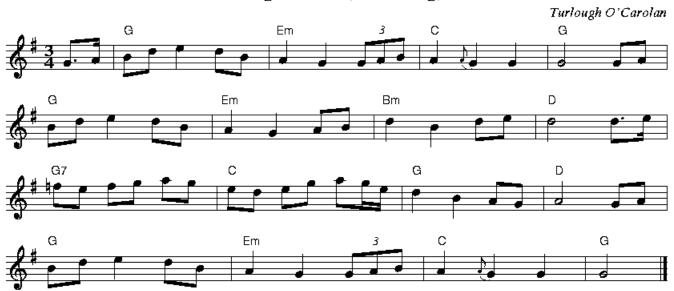
Come all you young fellows who follow the sea, To me way Hey Blow the man down; Now pray, pay attention and listen to me, And give me some time to blow the man down.

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.

Bonapart Crossing the Rhine







Turlough O'Carolan

moderate

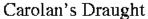
Camp Meeting on the Fourth of July



Camp Meeting on the Fourth of July



Captain O'Kane





Carolan's Draught



Castle of Dromore October Winds

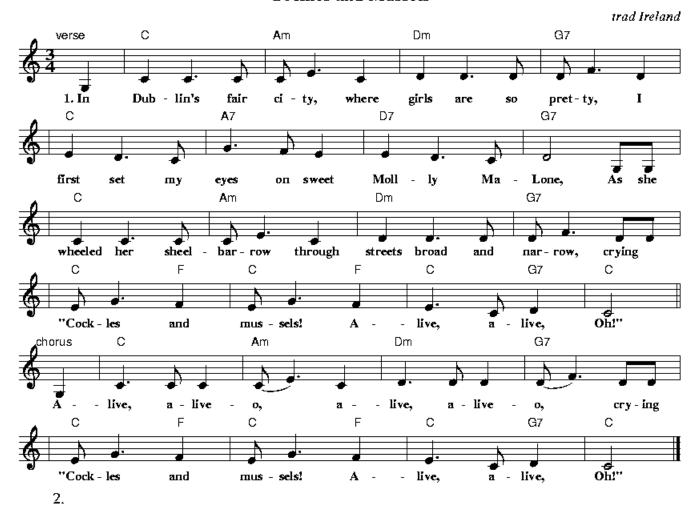


Childgrove

England 1701



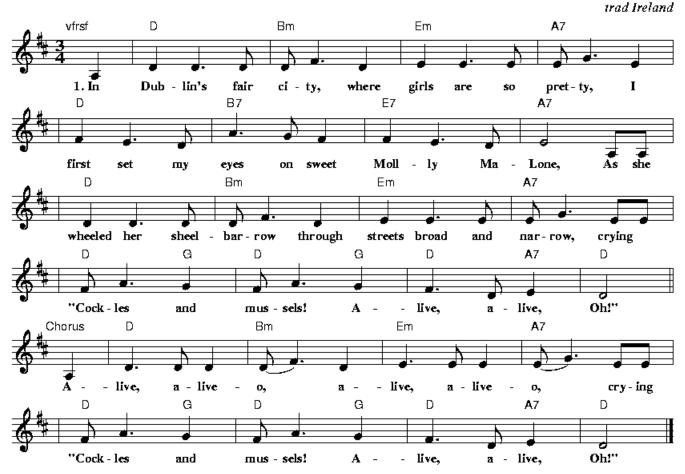
Cockles and Mussels



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!"

Cockles and Mussels



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Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: 'Nettleton' Asahel Nettleton, 1812.
Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal", 1921.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.





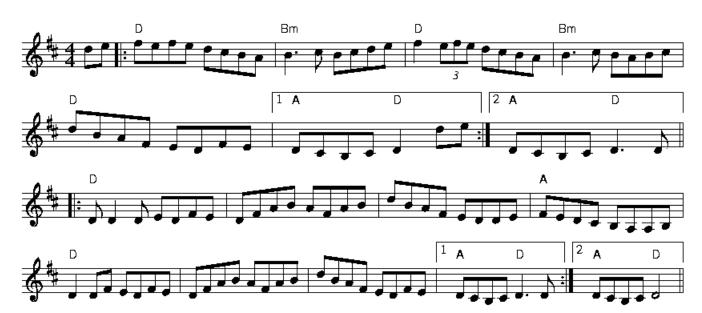
Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: 'Nettleton' Asahel Nettleton, 1812.
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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



Eleanor Plunkett



Farewell to Whiskey



Farewell to Whiskey



Fourth of July



Galician Waltz



Go Tell Aunt Rhodie



Great Silkie



Great Silkie



Greensleeves



Greensleeves



Greensleeves (2)



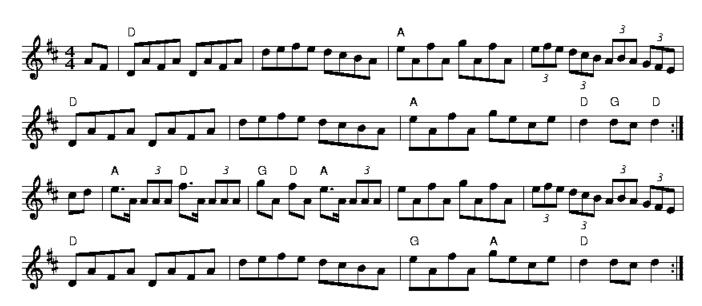
Grey Selchie of Sule Skerry



Gypsy Rover

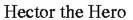


Harvest Home

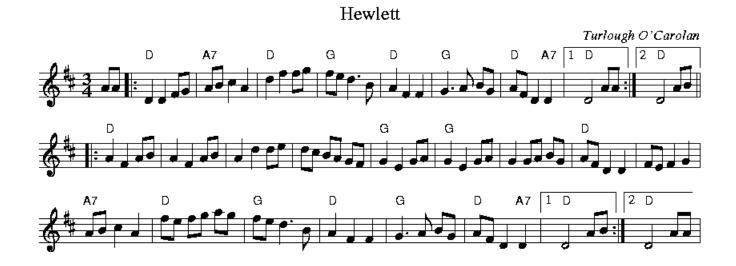


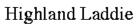
Small Pin Cushion Carrick Fergus













Highland Laddie



I gave my love a cherry

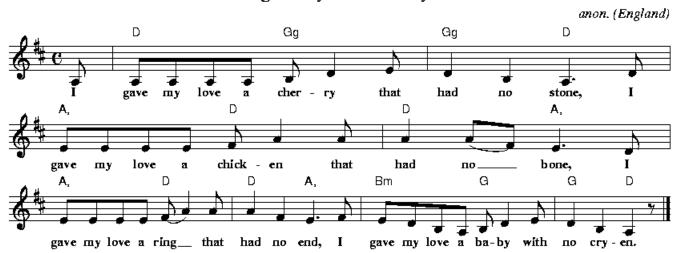


I gave my love a cherry that had no stone, I gave my love a chicken that had no bone, I gave my love a ring that had no end, I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

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 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.

I gave my love a cherry



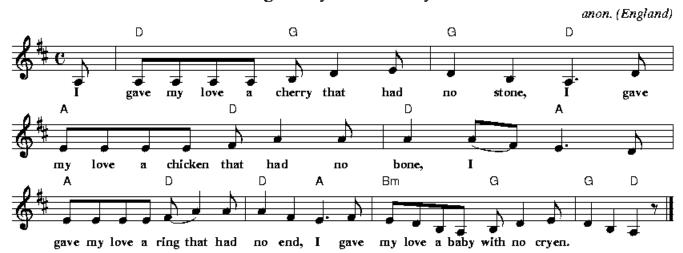
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A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone, A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone, A ring when it's rolling, it has no end, A baby when it's sleeping, has no cryen.

From Musica Viva – http://www.musicaviva.com the Internet center for free sheet music downloads.

I gave my love a cherry



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,

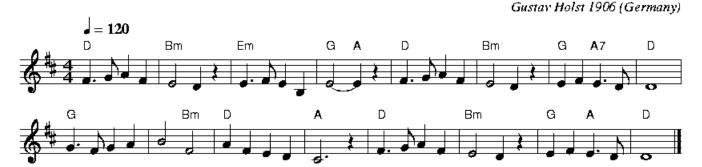
I gave my love a baby with no cryen.

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 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.

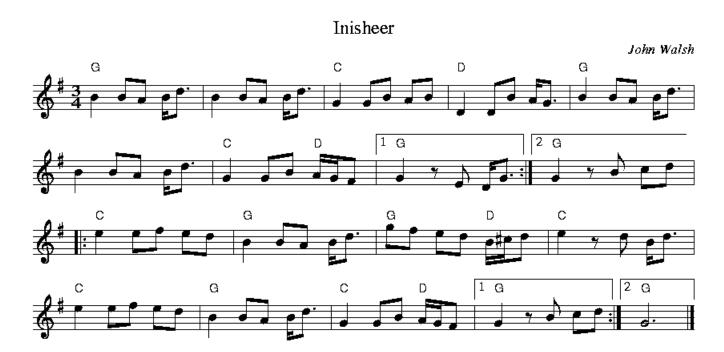
From Musica Viva – http://www.musicaviva.com the Internet center for free sheet music downloads.

In the Bleak Midwinter



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.

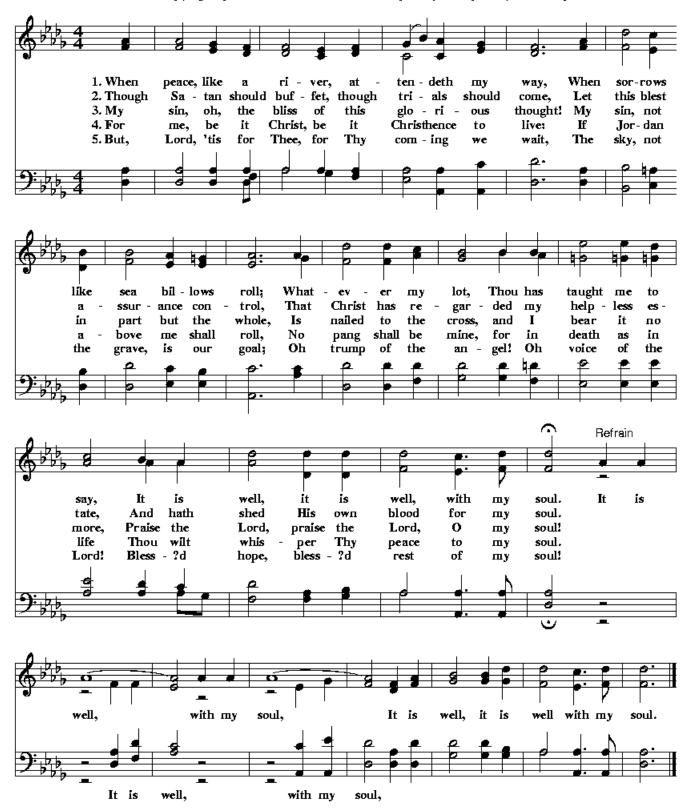
(Christina Rosetti, 1872)



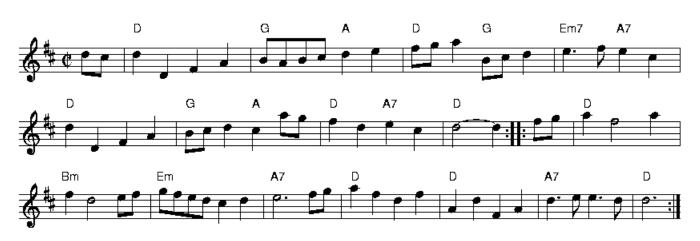
It Is Well With My Soul

(also known as When Peace Like a River)

Words: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873. Music and Setting: 'It Is Well' or 'Ville Du Havre' Phillip P. Bliss, 1876. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2010 Revision.



Jack's Maggot



JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR

Bampton

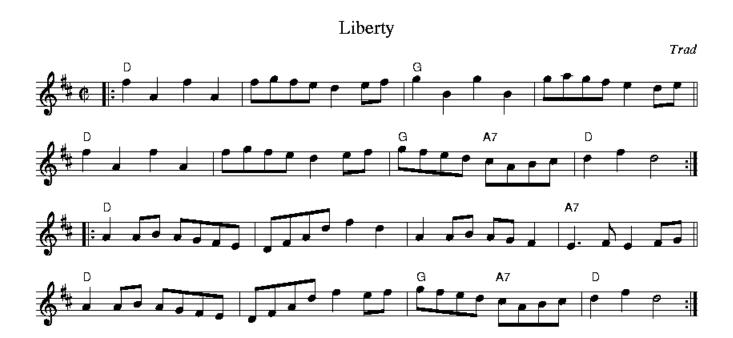
Lady Mary



Lavender's Blue

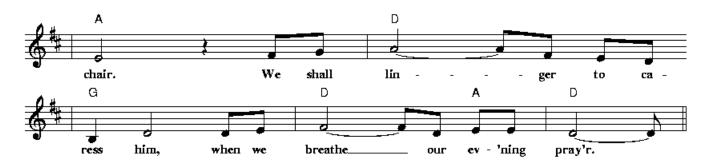
Traditional English





Life's Railway to Heaven





Loch Tay boat song



Lord Morpeth's Reel. HSJJ.028



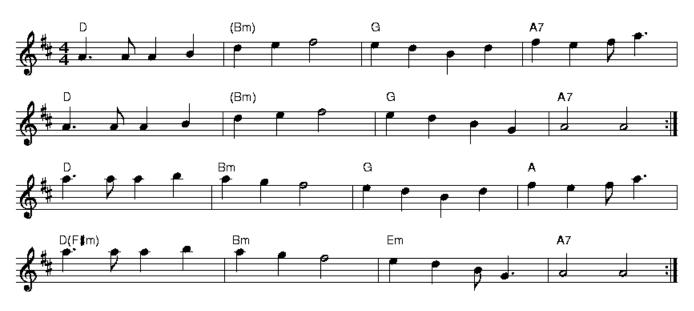
Lorena



Lorena



Mairi's Wedding



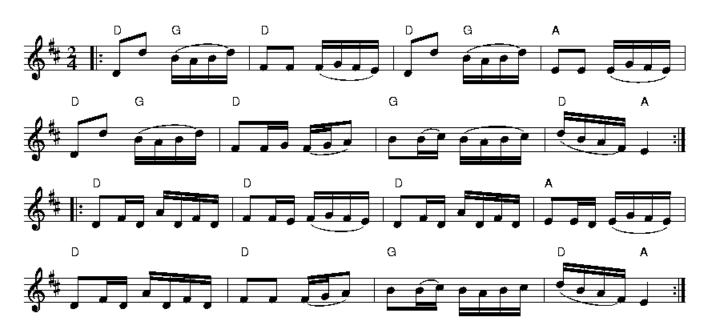
$\underset{\text{Rory of the Hills}}{\text{March of the Kings of Laois}}$



The Minstrel Boy



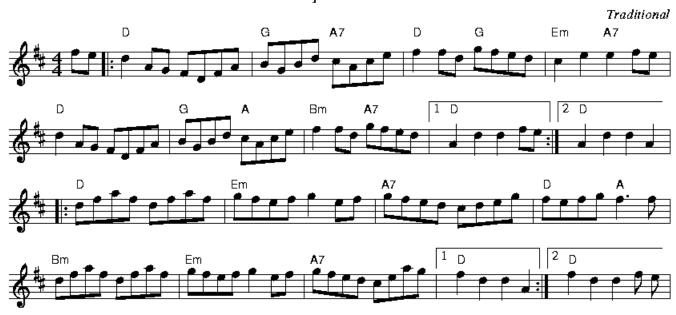
Miss McCloud's Reel



Morpeth Rant



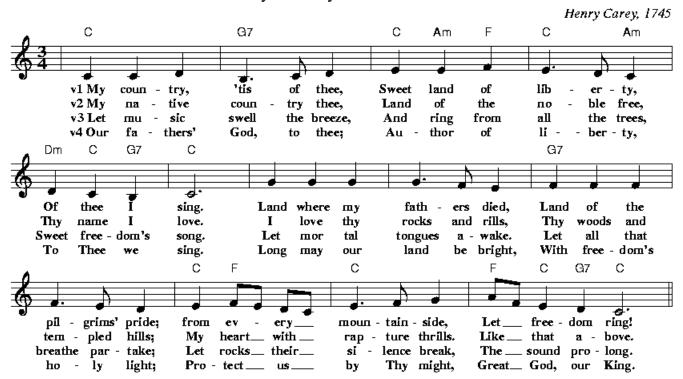
Morpeth's Rant



Morrison's Jig



My Country 'Tis Of Thee



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. Ganse (1822-1891). st. 6 by Edward H. Bickersteth, Jr. (1825-1906). Music: 'Bethany (Mason)' Lowell Mason, 1856. Setting: Lowell Mason, 1859. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2008 Revision.



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



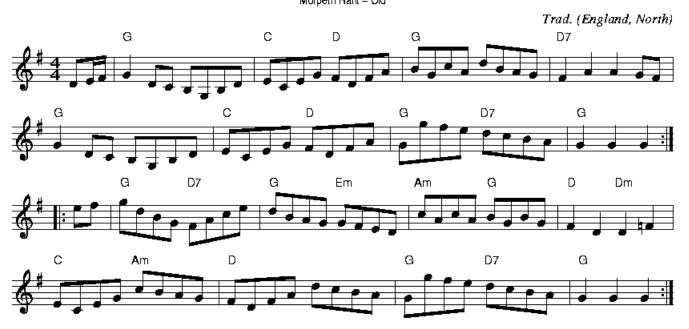
Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be - 2 voices



Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be - 2 voices



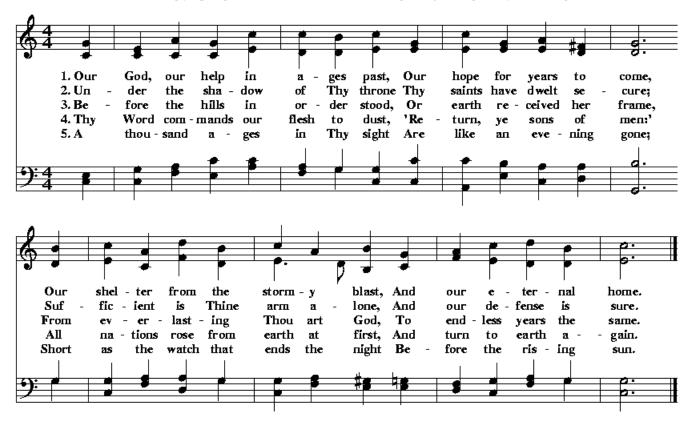




Our God, Our Help In Ages Past

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719. Music: 'St. Anne' William Croft, 1708.

Setting: composite found in "The Lutheran Hymnary", 1913.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.



- 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.
- 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



Over the Waterfall



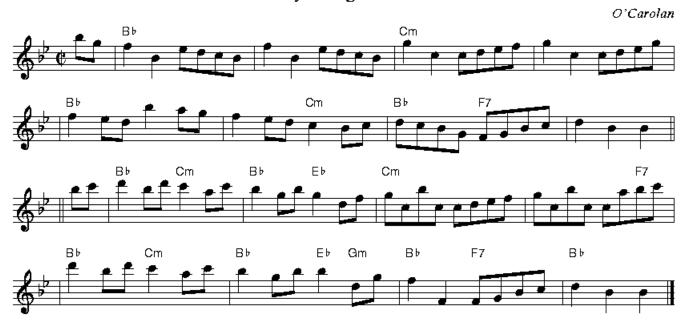
Planxty Fanny Power



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



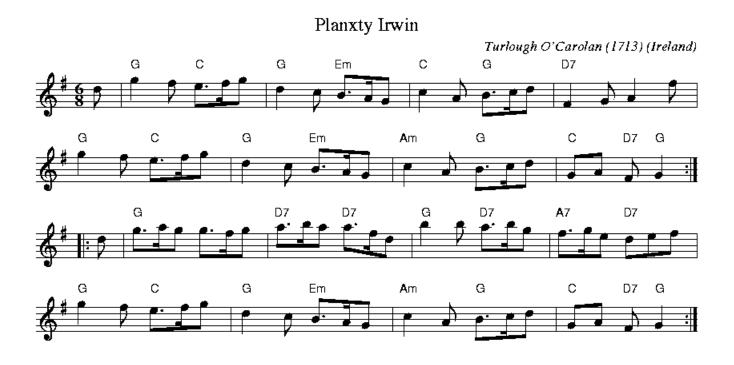
Planxty George Brabazon

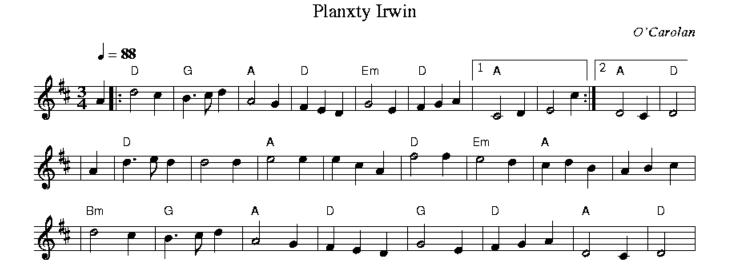


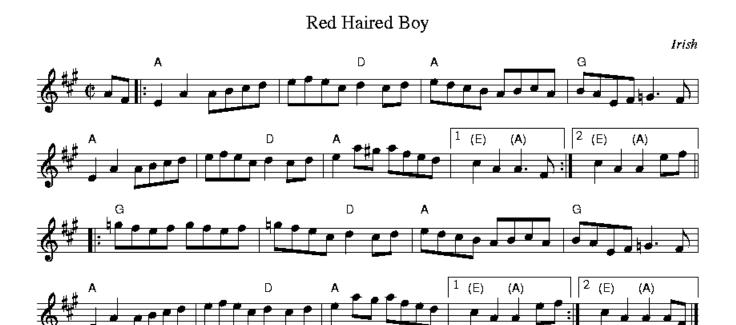
Planxty George Brabazon

Turlough O'Carolan (1730) (Ireland)

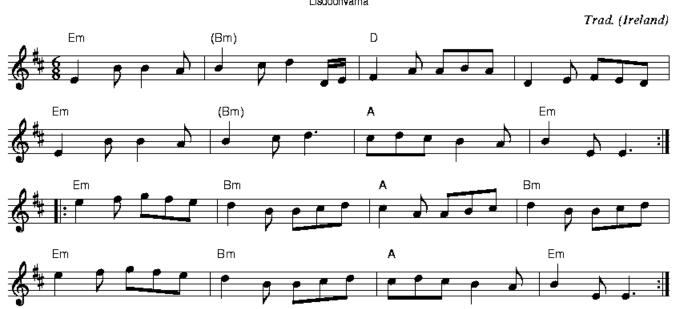








The Road to Lisdoonvarna



Rock of Ages



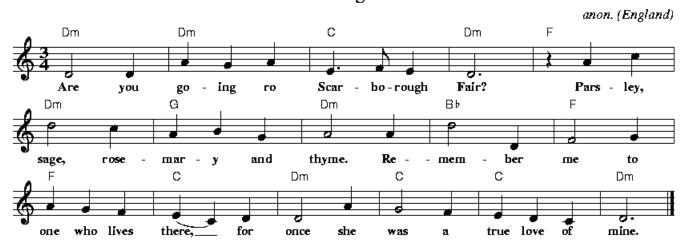
Rosin the Bow



Sally Gardens, Down by the Maids of the Mourne Shore



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 ne 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,

"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 com, For once he was...

"Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather," Parsley, sage...

"And bing it up with a peacock's feather, For once he was...

62 Songs from before and of the period of the American Revolutionary War

"When he has done and finished his work," Parsley, sage...

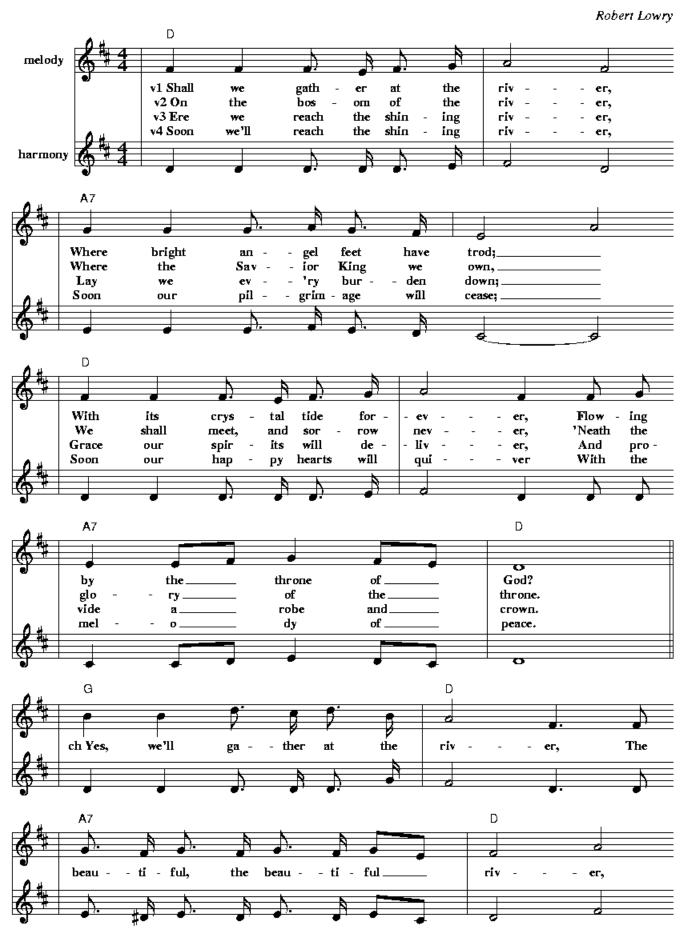
"O tell him to come and he'll have his shirt, For once he was...

From Musica Viva – http://www.musicaviva.com the Internet center for free sheet music downloads.

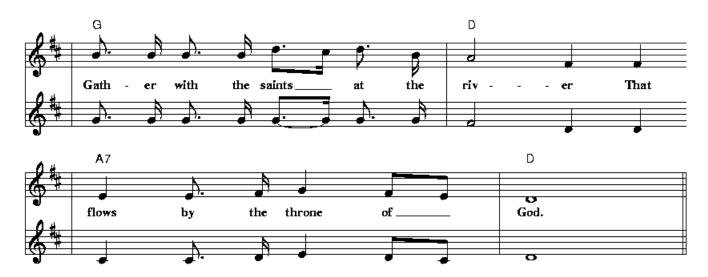
Scarborough Fair



Shall We Gather At The River



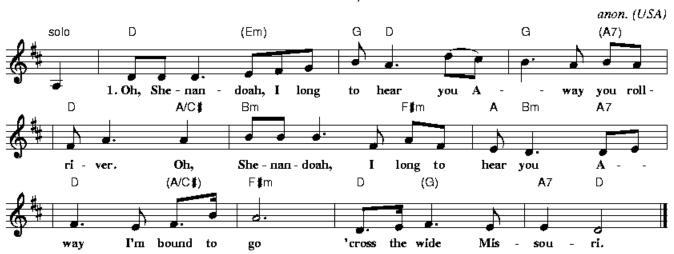




Sheebeg and Sheemore Sheebeg Sheemore Si Beag Si Mór







- 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.

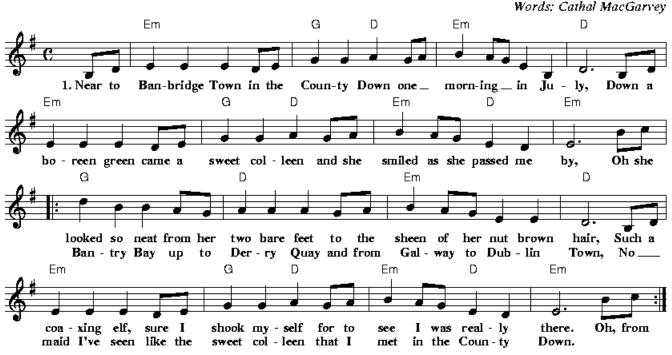
Simple Gifts – #56



Skye Boat Song



Star of 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.

As she onward sped, I shook my head, And I gazed with a feelin' 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."

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

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.





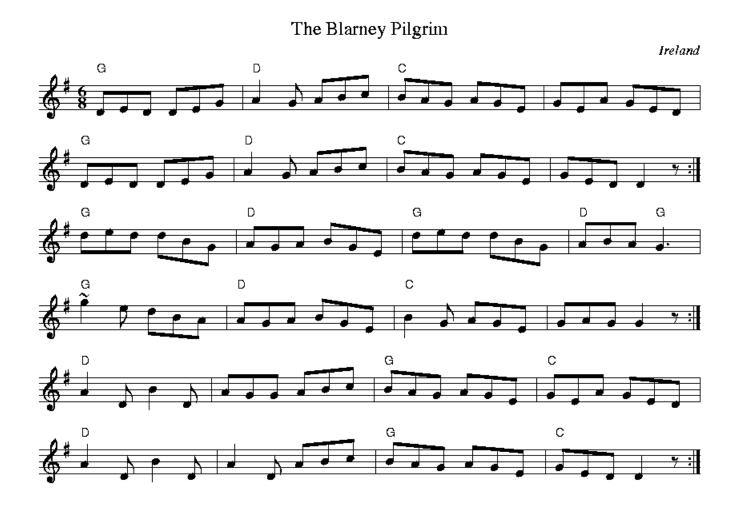
2. As she onward sped, I shook my head,
And I gazed with a feeling rare.
And I said, says I, to a passer—by,
"Who's the maid with the nut—brown hair?"
He smiled at me, and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of all Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann.
She's the Star of the County Down."

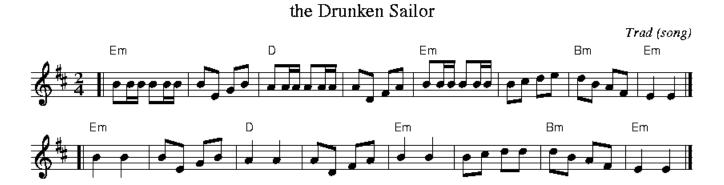
(Chorus)

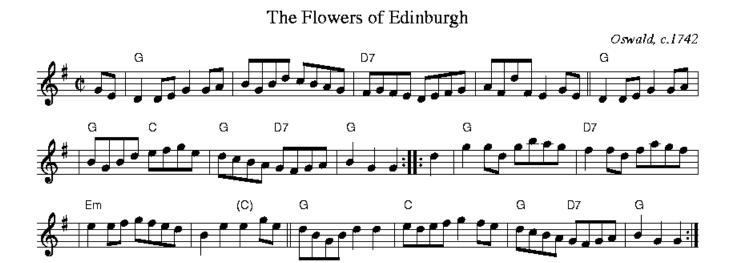
3. At the harvest fair, she'll be surely there.
So, I'll dress in my Sunday clothes.
With my shoes shined bright, and my hat just right,
I'll win the heart of the nut—brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
And my plow will rust and brown,
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the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

Swallowtail









The Girl I Left Behind Me



The Girl I Left Behind Me



The Kesh Jig



The Massacre of Glencoe

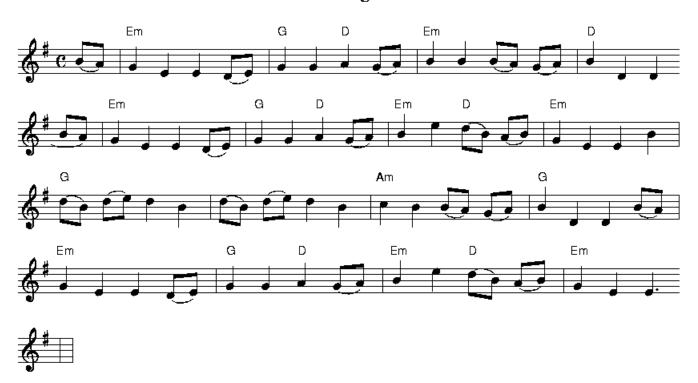


The Old Grey Goose

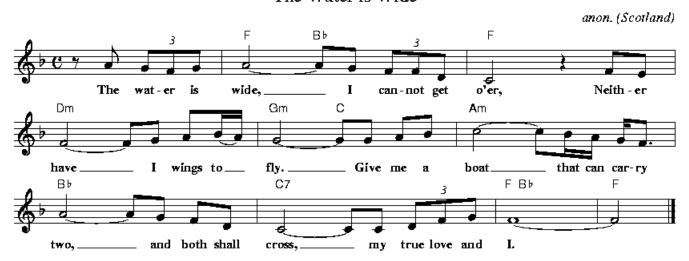


74

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...

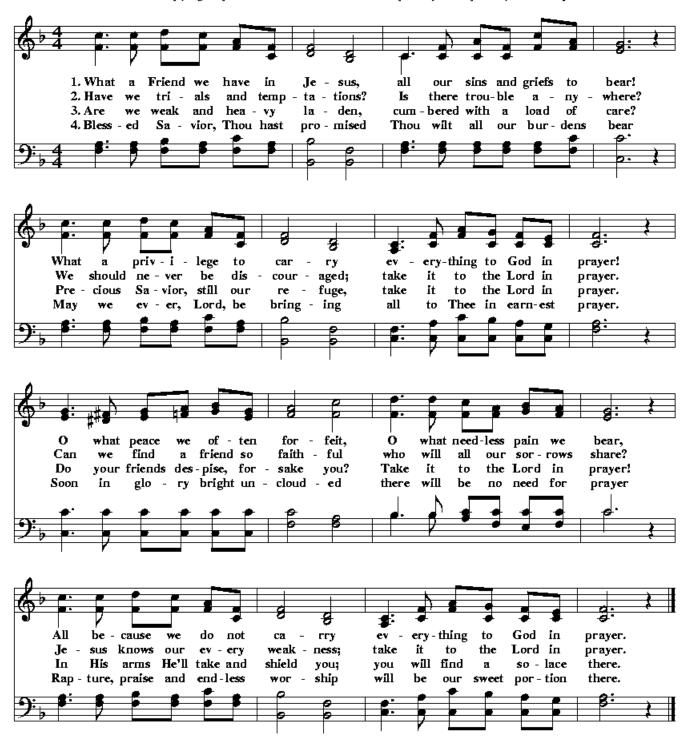
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The Wayfaring Stranger



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.



PRAISE 200

Whiskey in the Jar



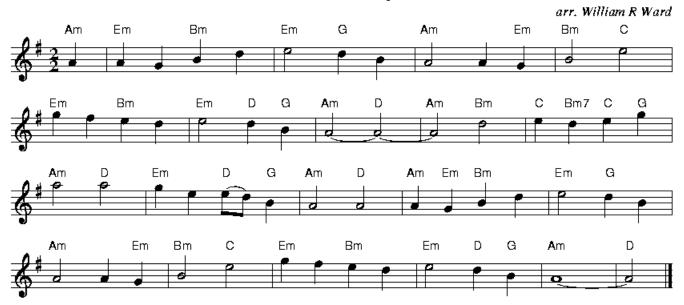
Wild Mountain Thyme

Will you go Lassie go Braes o Balquhidder

Trad. (Scotland)



Wondrous Love or Captain Kidd



What wondrous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul, What wondrous love is this, oh my soul,

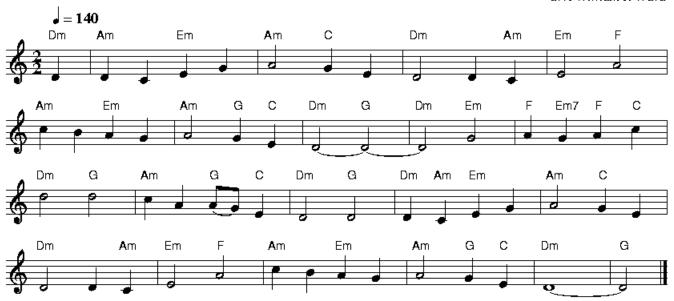
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss

To bear the dreadful curse for my soul for my soul,

To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

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,

To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

Yankee doodle



Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon

