



WALKING OLIVER
JASPER LODGE, FERRERS ROAD, LEWES, EAST SUSSEX BN7 1PY
WWW.WALKINGOLIVER.CO.UK
INFO@WALKINGOLIVER.CO.UK

Paul Austin Kelly & Richard Durrant Oliver unleashed on British Isles

1. Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate
They sang so high, they sang so low
The lady sat in her chamber late
Her heart it melted away like snow

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill
That fast her tears began to flow
She laid down her silken gown
Her golden rings and all her show

Then she took off her high-heeled shoes
All made of Spanish leather-o
She went in the street in her bare, bare feet
All out in the wind and the weather-o

“O saddle to me my milk-white steed
And go and fetch my pony-o
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o”

He rode high and he rode low
Rode through woods and copses, too
Until he came to an open field
And there he spied his lady-o

“What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasure for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
To follow the wraggle taggle gypsies-o?”

“What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my treasure-o?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I’m off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!”

“Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed
With the sheets turned down so bravely-o
And tonight you’ll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!”

“What care I for a goose-feather bed?
The sheets turned down so bravely-o!
Tonight I’ll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!”

2. The Little Woman and the Pedlar

There was a little woman so I’ve heard tell
Fol dol diddle diddle day
And she went to market her eggs for to sell
Fol dol diddle diddle day
She went to market on a market day
And she fell asleep on the king’s highway
Fol de rol de diddle dol , fol dol day
Fol dol diddle diddle day

There come by a pedlar whose name was Stout
Fol dol diddle diddle day
And he cut her petticoats all around and about
Fol dol diddle diddle day
He cut her petticoats up to her knees
Which made the old woman to shiver and sneeze
Fol de rol de diddle dol, fol dol day
Fol dol diddle diddle day

When the little woman began to awake

Fol dol diddle diddle day
She began to shiver and she began to shake
Fol dol diddle diddle day
She began to shake and she began to cry
“Lord ha’ mercy on me, this is none of I!”
Fol de rol de diddle dol, fol dol day
Fol dol diddle diddle day

“If this be I, as I suppose it be,”
Fol dol diddle diddle day
“I’ve a little dog at home and he knows me,”
Fol dol diddle diddle day
“If it be I he will wag his little tail,
And if it not be I he will bark and rail.”
Fol de rol de diddle dol, fol dol day
Fol dol diddle diddle day

When the little woman went home in the dark
Fol dol diddle diddle day
Her little black dog he began for to bark
Fol dol diddle day
He began to bark and she began to cry
“Lord ha’ mercy on me, this is none of I.”
Fol de rol de diddle dol, fol dol day
Fol dol diddle diddle day

3. Henry, My Son

“Where have you been all the day, Henry my Son?
Where have you been all the day, my beloved one?”
“Courtin’ Mother, courtin’ Mother
Make my bed for I’m sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!”

“What have you had to eat, Henry my son?
What have you had to eat, my beloved one?”
“Eels, dear Mother, eels, dear Mother
Make my bed for I’m sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!”

“Who gave them eels to you, Henry my boy?”

Who gave them eels to you, my saveloy?"
"My sweetheart, Mother, my sweetheart, Mother.
Make my bed for I'm sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!"

"What colour were them eels, Henry my boy?
What colour were them eels, my pride and joy?"
"Green and yeller, green and yeller.
Make my bed for I'm sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!"

"O, you've been poisoned, Henry my son!
O, you've been poisoned, my careless one."
"Poisoned, mother? Poisoned, mother?
Make my bed for I'm sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!"

"What'll you give to your sweetheart, Henry my son?
What'll you give to your sweetheart, my precious one?"
"A rope to hang her, a rope to hang her.
Make my bed for I'm sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!"

"What'll you give to your mother, Henry my love?
What'll you give to your mother, my turtle dove?"
"Love and kisses, love and kisses.
Make my bed for I'm sick in me head
And I want to lay down and die!"

4. The Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill
Bound through the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of the lady

REFRAIN

Wah-dee-doo, Wah-dee-doo wah day
Wah-dee-doo, wha-dee-day
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of the lady

She left her father's castle gate
She left her own fond lover
She left her servant and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover

(repeat REFRAIN)

Her father saddled his fastest steed
He roamed the valley all over
He sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover

(repeat REFRAIN)

He rode till he came to a mansion fine
Down by the river Clayde
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady

(repeat REFRAIN)

"He is no gypsy, my father," she said
"But lord of freelands all over
And I will stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover"

(repeat REFRAIN)

5. The Carrion Crow

A carrion crow sat on an oak
With a ling-dong dilli dong ki-ro me
Watching a tailor mending a cloak
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
Hey fa-lee fa-lay fa-lero, hey fa-lee fa-lero-lee
Up jumped John, ringing on his bell
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me

O, wife, o wife bring me my bow
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me

That I may shoot this carrion crow
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
Hey fa-lee fa-lay fa-lero, etc.

Well, the tailor fired but he missed his mark
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
And he shot his old sow right bang through the heart
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
Hey fa-lee fa-lay fa-lero, etc.

O wife, o wife bring brandy and a spoon
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
For our old sow, she's gone in a swoon
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
Hey fa-lee fa-lay fa-lero, etc.

Now the old sow died and the bells did toll
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
And the little pigs mourned for the old sow's soul
With a ling-dong dilly-dong ki-ro me
Hey fa-lee fa-lay fa-lero, etc.

6. Cockles & Mussels

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes upon Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through the streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive-o!"

REFRAIN

Alive, alive-o

Alive, alive-o

Crying, "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive-o!"

She was a fishmonger and sure twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow through the streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive-o!"

(repeat REFRAIN)

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels! Alive, alive-o!"

(repeat REFRAIN)

7. The Delight in the Spinning Wheel

Words by P.A. Kelly, Music from an ancient Welsh harp melody

I had a wife who completed my life
And the joy of love was flowing, ever flowing through our days
While time has passed her sweet memory lasts
And the dreams that haunt me haunt the wheel
Where her white hands had played

REFRAIN

All through the winter she'd sit by the window
Sweetly tantalising with her spinning wheel
Til my head was spinning, ever spinning as the spinning wheel

The sunlight at noon spreads its warmth through the room
And the rays make shadows, spinning shadows growing ever long
We sat as one when the day's work was done
Now the wheel sits basking, ever asking where's its mistress gone

(repeat REFRAIN)

A love can bring loss and we've all paid the cost
And I've paid the price for such a love as I've lost in my life
But I can't forget and I'll never regret
That first day in cold mid-winter when she said she'd be my wife

8. Widdicombe Fair

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce lend me your grey mare
All along, down along, out along lee—
For I want to go down to Widdicombe Fair

REFRAIN

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all

And when will I see again my grey mare?
All along, down along, out along lee—
By Friday soon or Saturday noon

(repeat REFRAIN)

Then Friday came and Saturday noon
All along, down along, out along lee—
But Tom Pearce's mare had not yet trotted home

(repeat REFRAIN)

Tom Pearce he go up to the top o' the hill
All along, down along, out along lee—
And he seen his ol' mare down a-making her will

(repeat REFRAIN)

Tom Pearce's old mare she done took sick and died
All along down along out along lee—
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried

(repeat REFRAIN)

But this ain't the end of this shocking affair
All along down along out along lee—
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career

(repeat REFRAIN)

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
All along down along out along lee—
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghostly white

(repeat REFRAIN)

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans
All along down along out along lee—
From Tom Pearce's mare and a rattling of bones

(repeat REFRAIN)

9. Geordie

As I walked out o'er London Bridge
One misty morning early
I overheard a fair pretty maid
Was lamenting for her Geordie

"My Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain
'Tis not the chain of many
He was born of king's royal breed
And lost to a virtuous lady"

REFRAIN

He never stole a cow, never stole a calf
He never hurted any
He stole sixteen of the king's royal deer
And he sold them in Bohenny

"Go bridle me my milk-white steed
Go bridle me my pony
I will ride to London's court
To plead for the life of my Geordie"

(repeat REFRAIN)

"Two pretty babies have I born
The third lies in my body
I'd freely part with them every one
If you'd spare the life of my Geordie"

The judge looked o'er his left shoulder
He said, "Fair maid, I'm sorry,"
He said, "Fair maid, you must be gone
For I cannot pardon Geordie."

He never stole a cow, never stole a calf
He never murdered any
He stole sixteen of the king's royal deer
And he sold them in Bohenny

10. Johnny's Lost his Marbles

Johnny's lost his marbles
Johnny's lost his marbles
Johnny's lost his marbles
Down in Granny's yard.

Johnny's searched all over
Johnny's searched all over
Johnny's searched all over
Down in Granny's yard.

But still he cannot find them
Still he cannot find them
Still he cannot find them
Down in Granny's yard

So he fetched a big broom-handle
So he fetched a big broom-handle
So he fetched a big broom-handle
Down in Granny's yard

He shoved it up the drainpipe
He shoved it up the drainpipe
He shoved it up the drainpipe
Down in Granny's yard

But still he could not find them
Still he could not find them
Still he could not find them
Down in Granny's yard

So Johnny fetched a terrier
So Johnny fetched a terrier
So Johnny fetched a terrier
Down in Granny's yard

And he rammed him up the drainpipe
And he rammed him up the drainpipe
And he rammed him up the drainpipe
Down in Granny's yard

But still he could not find them
But still he could not find them
But still he could not find them
Down in Granny's yard

Johnny got some gunpowder
Johnny got some gunpowder
Johnny got some gunpowder
Down in Granny's yard

He lit a match and dropped it
He lit a match and dropped it
He lit a match and dropped it
And he blew up Granny's yard

Johnny's found his marbles
Johnny's found his marbles
Johnny's found his marbles
Down in Granny's yard

They'd been in his left-hand pocket
They'd been in his left-hand pocket
They'd been in his left-hand pocket
Not in Granny's yard

11. The Golden Vanity

Oh, there was a lofty ship and she sailed on the sea
And the name of that ship it was the Golden Vanity
She feared she would be taken by a Spanish galilee
As she sailed along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
She sailed along the lowland sea

And we hadn't been a-sailing a week but scarcely three
When the lookout man had sighted a Spanish galilee

And he says we'll all be sunk to the bottom of the sea
As we sailed along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
We sailed along the lowland sea

Then up steps the cabin boy just the age of twelve and three
And he says to the captain, "What will you give to me
If I swim alongside of your Spanish galilee
And I sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
Sink her in the lowland sea?"

"Oh, I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And the hand of my daughter if you will be so bold
As to swim alongside of that Spanish galilee
And to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
Sink her in the lowland sea."

Then that boy he bared his breast and overboard jumped he
And swam till he came to that Spanish galilee
Then with his little drilling tool he bored holes three
And he sank her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
He sank her in the lowland sea.

Then the cabin boy turned round and back again swam he
And he called for the captain to haul him from the sea
But the captain would not heed for his daughter needed he
So he left him in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
Left him in the lowland sea.

Then the crew they hauled him up but on the deck he died
And they wrapped him in his blanket so very soft and wide
Then they cast him overboard to drift upon the tide
And he sank beneath the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
He sank beneath the lowland sea.

Oh, there is a lofty ship and she sails on the sea
But she sails without a cabin boy the age of twelve and three
And she fears she will be taken by a Spanish galilee
As she sails along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands
She sails along the lowland sea.

12. Trottin' to the Fair

Trottin' to the fair
Me and Moll Maloney
Seated I declare
On a single pony
How am I supposed to know that Molly's safe behind
With our heads in, oh, that awkward, awkward way inclined?

By her gentle breathin'
Whispering past my ear
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me here

Thus on Dobbins back
I discoursed the darling
Til upon our track
Leapt a mongrel snarling
"Ah," say Moll, "I'm frightened, frightened that the pony'll start!"
And her pretty hands she tightened round my happy heart

Till I asked her
'May I steal a kiss or so?'
And my Molly's blue eyes
Didn't answer no

Trottin' to the fair
Me and Moll Maloney
Seated I declare
On a single pony
How am I supposed to know that Molly's safe behind
With our heads in, oh, that awkward, awkward way inclined?

By her gentle breathin'
Whispering past my ear
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me here

13. My Bonnie

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
O bring back my Bonnie to me

O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea
O blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me

REFRAIN

Bring back, bring back
O bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my Bonnie to me

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead

(repeat REFRAIN)

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
O bring back my Bonnie to me

14. What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Early in the morning?

REFRAIN

Hooray, up she rises!
Hooray, up she rises!
Hooray, up she rises!
Early in the morning

Put him in the brig until he's sober
Put him in the brig until he's sober
Put him in the brig until he's sober
Early in the morning

(repeat REFRAIN)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Early in the morning

(repeat REFRAIN)

Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Early in the morning

(repeat REFRAIN)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Early in the morning

(repeat REFRAIN)

Put him in the scuppers with the deck hose on him!
Put him in the scuppers with the deck hose on him!
Put him in the scuppers with the deck hose on him!
Early in the morning

(repeat REFRAIN)

FIDDLE TUNES

15: Dance to your Daddy

Dance to your daddy
My little laddie

Dance to your daddy
My little man

Thou shalt have a fish
Thou shalt have a fin
Thou shalt have a haddock
When the boat comes in
Thou shalt have a codling
Boiled in a pan
Dance to your daddy
My little man

Dance to your daddy
My little laddie
Dance to your daddy
My little lamb

When thou art a man
And fit to take a wife
Thou shalt wed a maid
And love her all your life
She shall be your lassie
Thou shalt be her man
Dance to your daddy
My little lamb

All arrangements by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant