

LYRICS - THE WORLD IS OLD TONIGHT

The World Is Old Tonight, The Morning Dew

Traditional shepherd's carol from the Ritchie Family,
Traditional Irish Reel

Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals

Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: Chinese erhu, violin

Torrin Ryan: uilleann pipes

The world is old tonight, the world is old
The stars around the fold do show their light
Do show their light
And so they did and so, a thousand years ago
And so we'll do, my love, when we lie cold

The world is still tonight, the world is still
The snow on vale and hill like wool lies white
Like wool lies white
And so it did and so, a thousand years ago
And so we'll do, my love, when we lie still

Spanish Lady

Traditional Irish

Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals

Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, vocals

John Cerrigione: bass

Uriah Donnelly: piano

As I was walking through Dublin City
About the hour of twelve at night
It was there I spied a fair pretty female
Washing her feet by candlelight
First she washed them, then she dried them

Over a fire of amber coals
And in all my life I never did meet
A maid so neat about the soles

CHORUS: She had twenty eighteen sixteen fourteen
Twelve ten eight six four two none
She had nineteen seventeen fifteen thirteen
eleven nine seven five three and one

I stopped to look but the watchman passed
Said he, young fellow, now the night is late
And away with you home or I will wrestle you
Straight away to the Bridewell gate
I got a look from the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of amber coals
And in all my life I never did meet
A maid so neat about the soles...**CHORUS**

As I walked back through Dublin City
As the dawn of day was o'er
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
When I was weary and footsore
She had a heart so filled with loving
And her love she longed to share
And in all my life I never did meet
a maid who had so much to spare...**CHORUS**

I've wandered north and I've wandered south
To Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid its hand upon me
Cold as a fire of ashey coals

And gone is the lovely Spanish lady
neat and sweet about the soles
'Round and 'round goes the wheel of fortune
Where it rests now wearies me
Oh fair young maids are so deceiving
Sad experience teaches me...**CHORUS**

Saddle and Ride

Lyrics and music by Daniel Dutton
Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals, whistle
Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, vocals

Mist and Rain
All through the night
Leaves come rustling down

I hear the sea
The waves of the tide
Call me to saddle and ride
Call me to saddle and ride

Bonny, my gray
Fly through the night
Bring us to the morning's pale light

Sand and sea
Wave and tide
Call me to saddle and ride
Call me to saddle and ride

I've Got a Mother Gone to Glory

Traditional Primitive Baptist hymn, from Jean Ritchie

Aubrey Atwater: vocals

Elwood Donnelly: vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals

I've got a mother gone to glory
I've got a mother gone to glory
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore
Away up in heaven, Away up in heaven
I've got a mother gone to glory
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore

Some bright day I'll go and see her
Some bright day I'll go and see her
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore
Away up in heaven, Away up in heaven
Some bright day I'll go and see her
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore

I've got a father gone to glory
I've got a father gone to glory
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore
Away up in heaven, Away up in heaven
I've got a father gone to glory
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore

Some bright day I'll go and see him
Some bright day I'll go and see him
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore
Away up in heaven, Away up in heaven
Some bright day I'll go and see him
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore

That bright day may be tomorrow
That bright day may be tomorrow
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore
Away up in heaven, Away up in heaven
That bright day may be tomorrow
Look away, over yonder on the golden shore

The Jamestown Homeward Bound

Traditional American forecastle song
Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals, whistle
Elwood Donnelly: mountain dulcimer, vocals
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, cello

The farmer's heart with joy is filled
When the crops are good and sound
But who can feel the wild delight
Of the sailor's homeward bound?
For three long years have passed away
Since we left old freedom's shore
Our long-felt wish has come at last
And we're homeward bound once more
And we're homeward bound once more

To where the sky's as clear as the maiden's eye
Who longs for our return
To the land where milk and honey flows
And liberty was born
So fill our sails with the favoring gales
And with shipmates all around
We'll give three cheers for our starry flag
And the Jamestown Homeward Bound
And the Jamestown Homeward Bound

And now we have arrived in port
And stripping's our last job
And friendly faces look around
In search of Bill or Bob
They see that we are safe at last
From the perils of the sea
Saying, welcome, Columbia's mariners
To your homes and liberty
To your homes and liberty

So fill our sails with the favoring gales
And with shipmates all around
We'll give three cheers for our starry flag
And the Jamestown Homeward Bound
And the Jamestown Homeward Bound

Beaver Creek

Traditional American
Aubrey Atwater: banjo, vocals, feet
Elwood Donnelly: vocals, harmonica
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals
John Cerrigione: bass

Way down yonder on Beaver Creek
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh
The gals all grow to be ten feet
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh

CHORUS: Kee me ky mo beetle bug jingle
Me hee my ho pretty Betty winkle
Tit tat pitty pat blue eyed pussy cat
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh

Way down yonder and not far off
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh
The jay bird died of the whooping cough
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh...**CHORUS**

Our dog went out to get a bone
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh
He looked at me and I run'ded home
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh...**CHORUS**

Our cow won't give milk in the summer
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh
So we have to take it from her
Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh...**CHORUS**

Resignation

Text: Isaac Watts 1719, Tune: Southern Harmony

Aubrey Atwater: guitar, vocals

Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals

My shepherd will supply my need
Jehovah is His name
In pastures fresh, he makes me feed
Beside the living stream
He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways
He leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace

When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay
One word of thy supporting breath

Drives all my fears away
Thy hand in sight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread
My cup of blessings overflows
Thine oil anoints my head

The sure provisions of my god
Attend me all my days
Oh may thy house be mine abode
And all my work be praise
There would I find a settled rest
While others go and come
No more a stranger nor a guest
But like a child at home

Morning Come, Maria's Gone

Traditional, from Jean Ritchie
Aubrey Atwater: banjo, vocals
Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals
Kevin Doyle: djembe
Torrin Ryan: uilleann pipes

Kissing game rhyme:

I wonder where Maria's gone
I wonder where Maria's gone
I wonder where Maria's gone
So early in the morning

She has gone and I can't go
She has gone and I can't go
She has gone and I can't go

So early in the morning

Give her a kiss and march on through
Give her a kiss and march on through
Give her a kiss and march on through
So early in the morning

Now we promenade one, two, three
Now we promenade one, two, three
Now we promenade one, two, three
So early in the morning

Jean's song:

CHORUS: Mornin' come and Maria's gone
Mornin' come and Maria's gone
Mornin' come and Maria's gone
And it's early in the morning

O she's gone and I can't go
O she's gone and I can't go
O she's gone and I can't go
And it's early in the morning...**CHORUS**

Never could I know her mind
Never could I know her mind
Never could I know her mind
And it's early in the morning...**CHORUS**

Trouble, trouble is my name
Trouble, trouble is my name
Trouble, trouble is my name
And it's early in the morning...**CHORUS**

Bold Riley

Traditional forecastle shanty

Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals

Elwood Donnelly: harmonica, guitar, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals

Oh the rain it rains all day long

Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley

And the northern wind it blows so strong

Bold Riley-o has gone away

CHORUS: Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear-o

Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley

Goodbye my darling, goodbye my dear-o

Bold Riley-o has gone away

Well come on, Mary, why so glum

Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley

Come White Stocking Day you'll be drinking rum

Bold Riley-o has gone away...**CHORUS**

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay

Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley

Get bending me lads, it's a hell of a way

Bold Riley-o has gone away...**CHORUS**

Bonnie James Campbell

Traditional, Child Ballad #210

Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals

Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals

High upon highlands and low upon Tay
Bonny James Campbell rode out on a day
He saddled, he bridled, so gallant rode he
Home came his good horse but never came he
Home came his good horse but never came he

Out came his mother, a-weeping full sore
Out came his new bride, a-tearing her hair
My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn
My barn is to build and my baby unborn
My barn is to build and my baby unborn

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee
His hounds running by him, his hawk flying free
Home came his good horse but never came he
Home came his good horse but never came he

Empty the saddle, all bloody to see
Home came his good horse but never came he

Shule Aroon

Traditional Irish American

Aubrey Atwater: guitar, vocals, whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals

Uriah Donnelly: piano

CHORUS: Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Time can only heal my woe
Since the lad of my heart from me did go
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier

I wish I were on yonder hill
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill
Until every tear would turn a mill
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier...**CHORUS**

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a coat of steel
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier...**CHORUS**

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
And around the world I'll beg my bread
Til I find my love alive or dead
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier...**CHORUS**

Will the Weaver

Traditional, from Almeda Riddle, *Greer's Ferry, Arkansas*
Aubrey Atwater: vocals, hand clapping
Elwood Donnelly: hand clapping

Neighbor, neighbor it's well I met you
I'm gonna tell this for to fret you
Will the Weaver's at your door
He went in, was seen no more

He ran home all in a wonder
He kicked the door, it roared like thunder
Who's that, the weaver cried
That's my husband, you'd better hide

Up the chimney he did venture
In at the door her husband entered

Searched the house, the room all around
Not a sign of a man he found

While up the chimney he was gazing
There he saw in all amazing
Poor little Willie, wretched soul
Settin' up a-straddle of the pot-rack pole

Oh my lad I'm glad I found you
I'll either kill, hang, or drown you
Thus he thought but nothing spoke
I'm gonna stuff you well with smoke

Just to please his own desire
Built himself a rousing fire
Poor little Willie wretched soul
Still set a-straddle of the pot rack pole

He kindled on some more fuel
His wife cried, precious jewel,
I'll forever be your wife,
If you'll spare my Willie's life

Catched him by the heels and jerked him
With his fists so well he worked him
Every lick, thus he spoke
Come no more and stock my smoke

Who's as black as Will the Weaver
He's as black as a chimney sweeper
All his face, hands, and clothes
Two black eyes and a bloody nose
He ran home his wife she met him
Up with the broom and down she fetched him

Turned his black all into red
Hush, Will the Weaver's dead

Willie of Winsbury

Traditional, Child Ballad #100

Aubrey Atwater: guitar, whistle, vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, cello

The king has been a prisoner
And a prisoner long in Spain
While Willie of the Winsbury
Has laid long with his daughter at home

What ails you, what ails you, my daughter, Janet?
For you look so pale and wan
Oh have you had any sore sickness
Or yet been sleeping with a man?

No, I have not had any sore sickness
Nor yet been sleeping with a man
Oh it is for you my father dear
Abiding so long in Spain

Cast off, cast off your berry brown gown
You stand naked upon the stone
That I may know you by your shape
If you be a maiden or no

And she's cast off her berry brown gown
She stood naked upon the stone
Her apron was low and her haunches were round
Her face was pale and wan

Oh was it with a king or a duke or a knight
Or a man of wealth and fame
Or was it with one of my serving men
Who's lately come out of Spain?

No, it wasn't with a king or a duke or a knight
Or a man of wealth and fame
Oh it was with Willie of Winsbury
I could bide no longer alone

And the king has called his merry men all
By forty and by three
He said, fetch me this Willie of Winsbury
For hanged he shall be

And when they came the king before
He was clad in all the red silk
His hair was like the strands of gold
And his skin was as white as the milk

And it is no wonder, said the king,
That my daughter's love you should win
For if I was a woman as I am a man
My bedfellow you would have been

And will you marry my daughter, Janet?
By the truth of your right hand
Oh, will you marry my daughter, Janet?
I'll make you the lord of my land
Oh yes I will marry your daughter, Janet
By the truth of my right hand

Oh yes I will marry your daughter, Janet
But I'll not be the lord of your land

And he's mounted her on a milk-white steed
And himself on a dappled grey
He's made her his lady of as much land
As they shall ride on a warm summer's day

I've Been a Foreign Lander

Traditional, from Jean Ritchie
Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals
Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals
Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals
Torrin Ryan: uilleann pipes

I've been a foreign lander
Full seven long years and more
Among the bold commanders
Where the thundering cannons roar
I've conquered all my enemies
Both all on land and sea
It is my dearest duel
Your beauty has conquered me

If I should build a ship my love
Without the wood of tree
That ship would burst asunder
If I prove false to thee
If ever I prove false, my love
The elements will turn
The fire will freeze to ice, my love
The sea will rage and burn

Don't you remember Queen Ellen
All in her flowery reign
As she walked out of her paradise
To cleanse the golden chain
Her beauty and behavior
None with her could compare
But you my dearest darling
Are more divinely fair

I wish I was a turtledove
Just fluttering from my nest
I'd sing so clear in the morning
With the dew all on my breast
So sweetly would be the music
So doleful and sad the tune
I'd sing so clear in the morning
In the beautiful month of June

I wish I was ten thousand mile
All on some lonesome shore
Or among the rocky mountains
Where the wild beasts howl and roar
The lark, the lilly owl, the eagle
And the little swallow too
I would give them all, my dearest love
If I was married to you