

SONGS
FOR
DRINKING

A SONGBOOK BY
WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

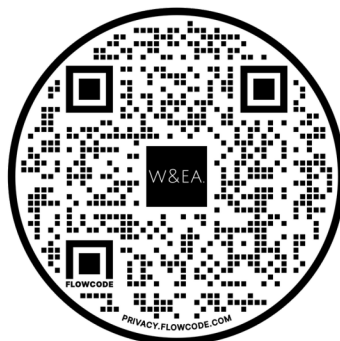
Songs for Drinking is a collection of songs we have shared with our community at live events over the years. They are best sung with a few friends and your favorite beverage. We hope you enjoy them as much as we do.

The songs are formatted such that the lyrics for the chorus are written in under the melody, and verse lyrics are included separately. Songs may be sung with as many or as few verses as you wish. Many of these songs, though traditional, have had lyrics removed, added, or changed over the years. You are encouraged to adjust lyrics as necessary or even make up verses of your own.

Also included is a collection of cocktails and drink recipes - because what good is a drinking song, if not accompanied by a quality drink.

Original artwork commissioned for this songbook was created by Gala Bent. Gala Bent is an artist/illustrator/educator living in Seattle with her artist/photographer husband Zack Bent and her three sons. She teaches full time at Cornish College of the Arts and pursues a hybrid mix of studio-based practice and project-based illustration with inspiration supplied by science, music, theology, poetry and contemplation of natural forms. Gala is represented by J.Rinehart Gallery in the Northwest.

whateverandeveramen. was founded in 2012 by Brad Pierson. For more information about the group, follow the QR code below.



WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

SONG LIST

DRINKING SONGS

THE BARLEY MOW
CHARLIE MOPPS
COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
GLORIOUS BEER
A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY
HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER
LITTLE BROWN JUG
THE MOONSHINER
RYE WHISKEY

ST. PATRICK'S DAY/ BURNS NIGHT

AULD LANG SYNE
BLACK VELVET BAND
THE DRUNKEN SCOTSMAN
FINNEGAN'S WAKE
JUG OF PUNCH
NANCY WHISKEY
RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW
WHISKEY IN THE JAR
THE WILD ROVER

SEA SHANTIES

ALL FOR ME GROG
BLOW THE MAN DOWN
BLOOD RED ROSES
BULLY IN THE ALLEY
DRUNKEN SAILOR
HAUL AWAY JOE
LEAVE HER JOHNNY
NELSON'S BLOOD
RANDY DANDY O
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI
SALLY BROWN
WELLERMAN

OKTOBERFEST

EIN PROISIT
IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS
O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN
TRINK, TRINK, BRÜDERLEIN TRINK

COCKTAILS

BOBBY BURNS
CLASSIC SHANDY
DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP
GROG
HOT GROG
NELSON'S BLOOD
NELSON'S BLOOD NO. 2
RANYE WEST

THE BARLEY MOW

Here's good luck to the pint pot,— Good luck to the Bar - ley Mow (Good luck!)

Jol - ly good luck to the pint pot, Good luck to the Bar - ley Mow, Oh the

pint pot, half a pint, gill pot, half a gill quar-ter gill nip-per-kin and the brown bowl,

here's good luck (Good luck!) Good luck to the Bar - ley Mow. (mow, mow mow)

the quart pot
the half gallon
(the) gallon
the half barrel
the barrel
the landlord

the landlady
their daughter
the drayer
the bookie
the brewer
the company

THIS IS AN ADDITIVE SONG, WHERE EACH VERSE GETS LONGER THAN THE PREVIOUS BY ADDING NEW WORDS. VERSE TWO: "HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO THE QUART POT...OH THE QUART POT, PINT POT, HALF A PINT, ETC.," AND SO ON.

AS THE BARLEY MOW IS A SONG CELEBRATING BEER - THE GOAL OF THE SONG IS TO FINISH A BEER BY THE END OF THE SONG. THE WORDS "GOOD LUCK" ARE SHOUTED WHERE INDICATED BY (X), AND YOU SHOULD TAKE A SWIG OF BEER AFTER THE FIRST "GOOD LUCK" IN EACH VERSE.

CHARLIE MOPPS

He
might have been an Admi - ral___ a Sul - tan or a King.
And to his prai - ses___ We shall al - ways sing.____
Look what he has done for us: he's filled us up with cheer.
God bless Char - lie Mopps, the man who in - vent - ed
Beer.____
(Beer, beer, beer, tid - dl - ly Beer, beer, beer, beer)

A long time ago, way back in history,
When all they had to drink was nothing but cups of tea,
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mopps,
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

At *Earnest and at Wildside and Quenched & Tempered as well,
One thing I can be sure of: it's Charlie's beer they sell.
So come along you lucky lads - at 11 o'clock we'll stop.
For five short seconds we'll remember Charlie Mopps. **(1 2 3 4 5)

A barrel of malt a bucket of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax. **(1 2 3 4 5)

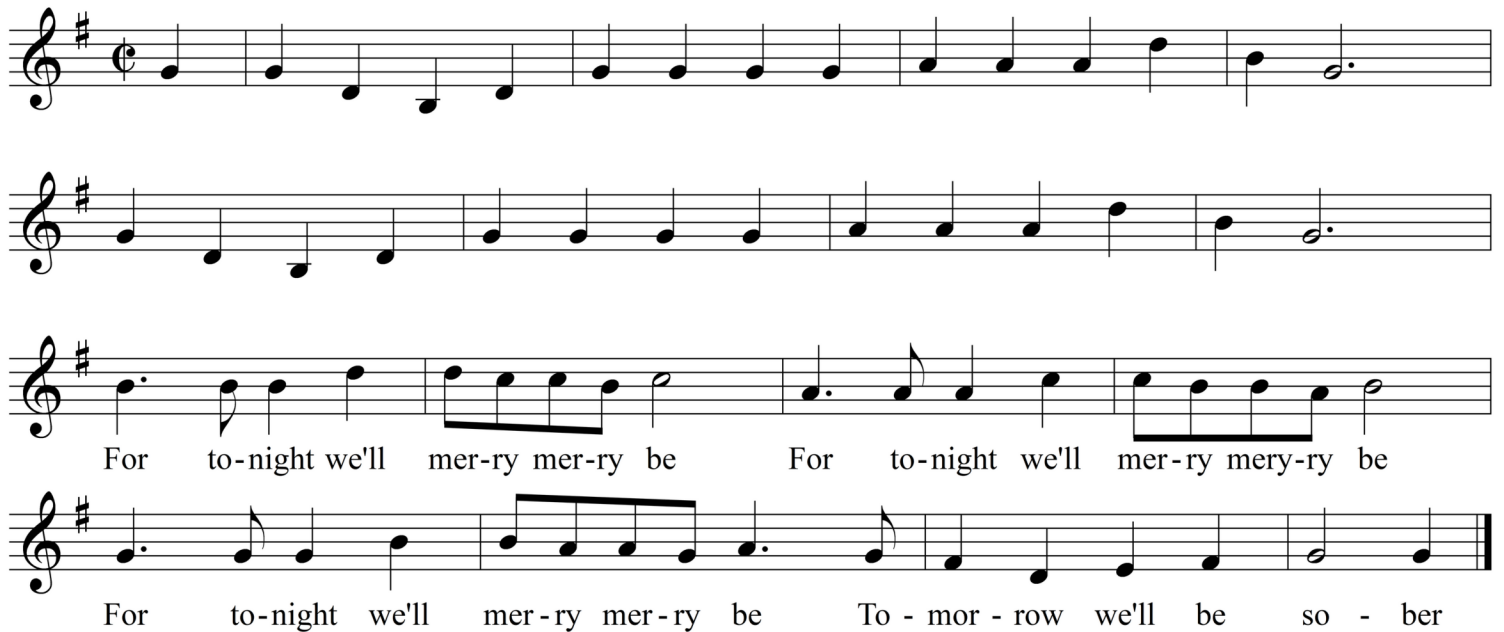
NOTE: CHARLIE MOPPS DID NOT INVENT BEER. CHARLIE MOPPS IS NOT, AS FAR AS WE KNOW, A REAL PERSON. BUT HIS NAME DOES RHYME WITH BARLEY & HOPS, AND SOMEONE CERTAINLY DESERVES A BIT OF CREDIT FOR INVENTING THIS WONDERFUL DRINK.

*THESE ARE BREWERIES IN DOWNTOWN TOLEDO. FEEL FREE TO CHANGE THESE TO THE NAMES OF YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL BREWERIES

**WHISPERED

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL



Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl
Until it doth run over.
Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl
Until it doth run over.

The man who kisses a pretty girl,
And goes to tell his mother -
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

The man who drinketh small beer, And
goes to bed quite sober -
He fades as the leaves do fade,
That drop off in October.

The maiden who enjoys a kiss
And comes back for another -
She's a boon to all mankind,
And soon to be a mother.

The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed quite mellow -
He lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

Come into the garden now
And don't be so particular -
For if the grass is very wet,
We'll do it perpendicular.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half seas over -
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

If I had a pile of bricks
I'd build my chimney higher.
That would stop the neighbor's cat
From pissing in the fire.

GLORIOUS BEER

Beer, Beer, glo - ri - ous beer, Fill your - selves right up to here.

Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it, Stick to your old - fash - ioned beer.

Don't be a - fraid of it, drink til you're made of it, Now all to - ge - ther a cheer!

Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it: Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous beer!_



I won't sing of whiskey and water
For whiskey and beer will not rhyme.
The working man can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than ten bucks a time.
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear.
I allude to that grand institution:
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer...

It's the daddy of all lubricators;
The best thing there is for the neck.
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so let us drink to her health boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here...

So up, up with the brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer.
It's good for you when you are hungry;
You can eat it without any fear.
So mop up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill,
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to the company here, here, here...

A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

Here's a health to the com-pa - ny and one to my lass. Let's
drink and be mer - ry all out of one glass. Let's
drink and be mer - ry all grief to re - frain, For we
may and might ne - ver all meet here a - gain.

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme.
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine.
Come lift up your voices all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well,
For her style and her beauty, sure none can excel.
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits on my knee.
There's no man in this wide world as happy as me.

Our ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock.
I wish her safe landing, without any shock.
If ever I should meet you by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness to me.

Here's a health to the friendships that we hold so dear,
A health to the sweethearts we once held so near,
A health to such true loves as fortune bestowes;
May the future make friends of all of our foes.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink it down, drink it down! Here's to good old beer, drink it down, drink it down! O — Here's to good old beer it makes you have no fear, Here's to good old beer — drink it down, down, down. But we won't get drunk, no we won't get drunk, by the light of the sil-ver-y moon. — Ha ha ha Ha ha ha Ha ha ha Rol-ling, rol-ling, rol-ling, rol-ling, roll-ing home, dead drunk!

The musical score is written on five staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second and third staves contain the second line, the fourth staff contains the third line, and the fifth staff contains the fourth line. The lyrics are: 'Here's to good old beer, drink it down, drink it down! Here's to good old beer, drink it down, drink it down! O — Here's to good old beer it makes you have no fear, Here's to good old beer — drink it down, down, down. But we won't get drunk, no we won't get drunk, by the light of the sil-ver-y moon. — Ha ha ha Ha ha ha Ha ha ha Rol-ling, rol-ling, rol-ling, rol-ling, roll-ing home, dead drunk!'

Here's to good old whiskey... it makes me feel so frisky.

Here's to good old wine... it makes me feel so fine.

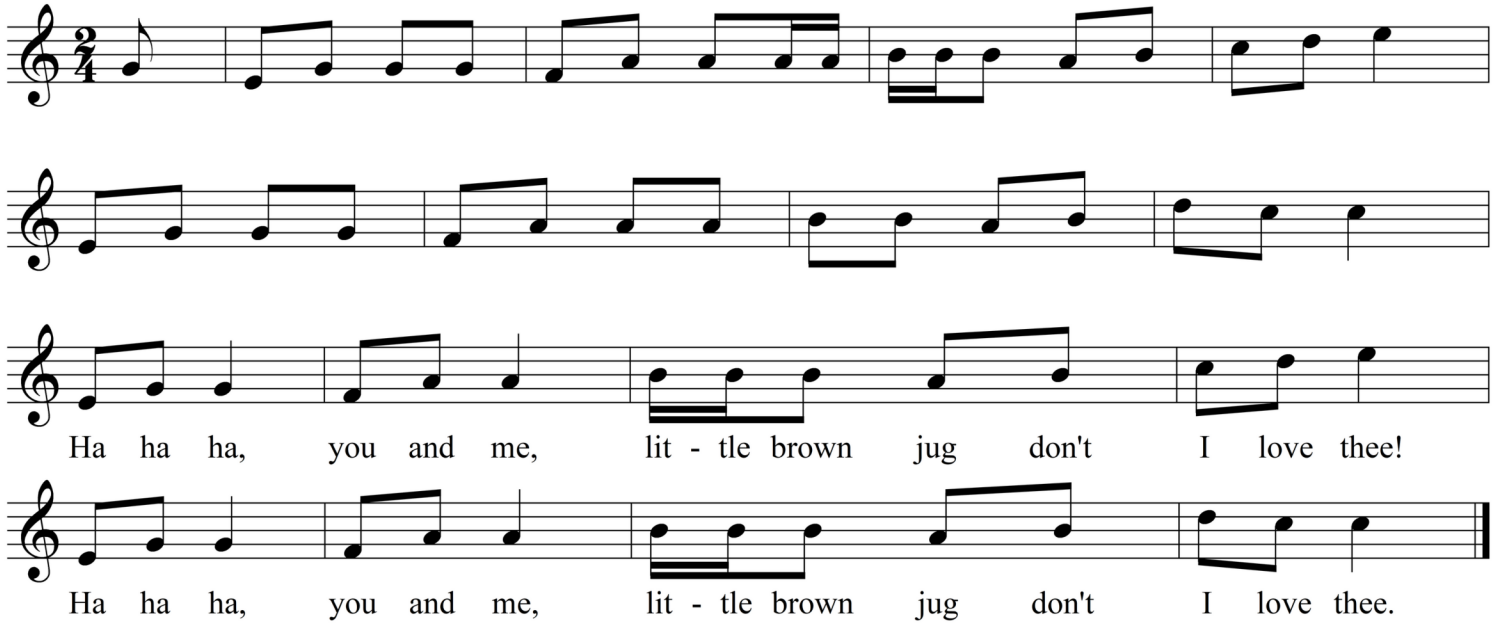
Here's to good old brandy... it makes me feel so randy.

Here's to good old gin... it makes me want to sin.

Here's to good old rum... it makes me act so dumb.

Here's to good old scotch... oh scotchy-scotchy-scotch.

LITTLE BROWN JUG



Me and my wife live all alone
In a little log hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
And don't we have a lot of fun!

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk;
Feed her up on oats and hay,
And milk her twenty times a day.

When I go toiling on the farm
I take the little jug under my arm;
Place it under a shady tree,
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

I bought a cow from Farmer Jones,
And she was nothing but skin and bones;
I fed her up as fine as silk,
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

'Tis you that makes me friends and foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes;
But, seeing you're so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes.

And when I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet
And then you know that I will keep.

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were gathered together in one place,
I'd let them go without a tear
Before I'd part from you, my dear.

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violet's blue and so are you;
And yet, I guess, before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.

THE MOONSHINER



I've been a moonshiner for many a year.
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
I'll go to some hollow, I'll set up my still,
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten dollar bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country;
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree.
No woman to follow, the world is all mine,
I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Oh moonshine, dear moonshine, oh how I love thee.
You killed my old father, but ah, you try me.
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine;
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

I go to the bar to drink with my friends,
You'd never believe all the money I spend.
The whole world's a bottle, and life but a dram:
When the bottle gets empty it ain't worth a damn!

RYE WHISKEY



I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry,
If the hard times don't kill me,
I'll lay down and die.

But the ocean ain't whiskey
And I ain't a duck,
So we'll round up the cattle
And then we'll get drunk.

I'll tune up my fiddle,
And I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome
Wherever I go.

Sweet milk when I'm hungry,
Rye whiskey when I'm dry,
If a tree don't fall on me,
I'll live till I die.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink rum,
Sometimes I drink brandy,
At other times none.

I'll buy my own whiskey,
I'll make my own stew,
If I get drunk, madam,
It's nothing to you.

But if I get boozy,
My whiskey's my own,
And them that don't like me
Can leave me alone.

I'll drink my own whiskey,
I'll drink my own wine,
Some ten thousand bottles
I've killed in my time.

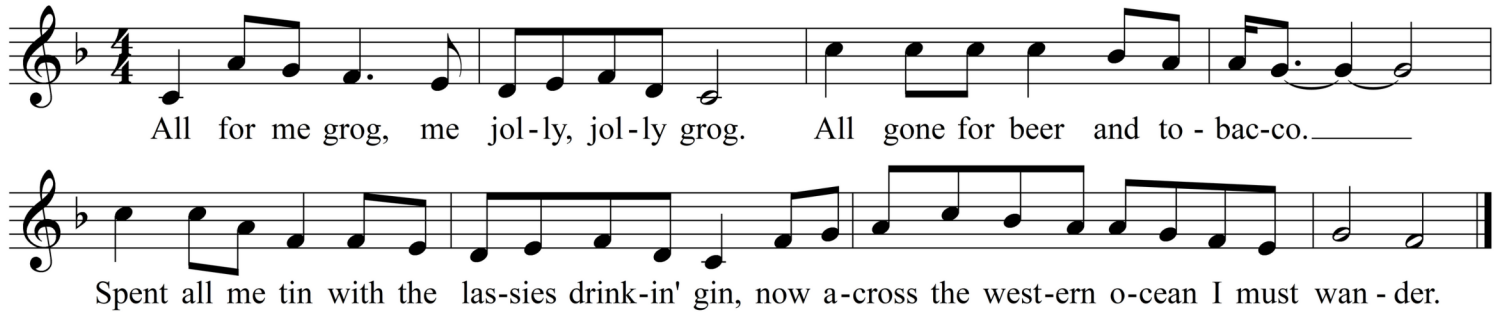
Oh, whiskey, you villain,
You've been my downfall.
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,
But I love you for all.

I've no wife to quarrel
No babies to bawl;
The best way of living
Is no wife at all.

If the ocean was whiskey,
And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
To get one sweet suck.

You may boast of your knowledge
An' brag of your sense,
'Twill all be forgotten
A hundred years hence.

ALL FOR ME GROG



Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all sold for beer and tobacco.
For the heels are worn, the toes they are all torn,
And my feet are lookin' out for better weather.

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the sleeves are worn, the tail is all torn,
And the collar's lookin' out for better weather.

Where is me bed, me noggin', noggin' bed?
It's all sold for beer and tobacco.
The mattress got worn out, and the sheets are all torn up,
And the springs are lookin' out for better weather.

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with all me plunder.
Well, I spent all me dough, on the lasses don't ya know,
Now they're all lookin' out for better weather.

GROG

2 OZ OVERPROOF RUM
.5 OZ LIME JUICE
.25 TSP BROWN SUGAR
1.5 OZ COLD WATER
2 DASHES BITTERS

ADD ALL INGREDIETS TO SHAKER WITH ICE,
SHAKE AND STRAIN INTO
GLASS FILLED WITH ICE.
GARNISH WITH LIME WEDGE

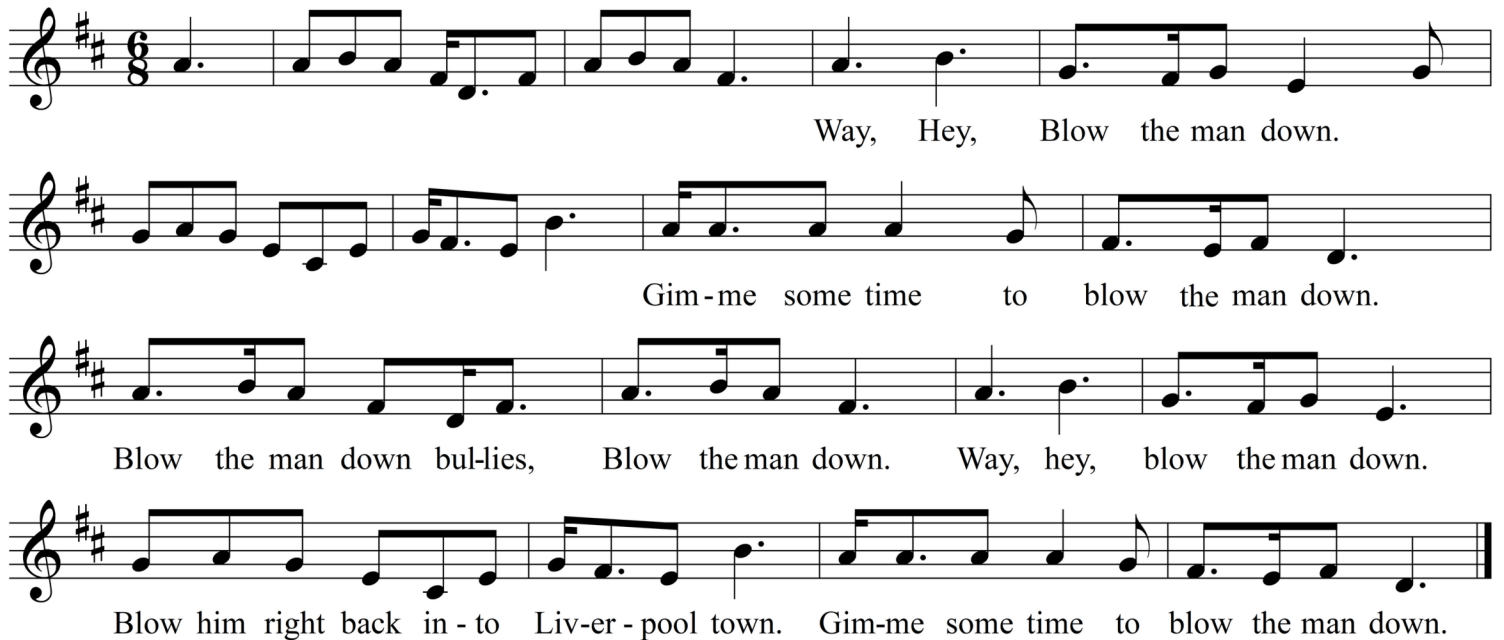
HOT GROG

1 OZ OVERPROOF RUM
1 TSP HONEY
.25 OZ LIME JUICE
2.5 OZ HOT WATER

ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A TODDY
GLASS. STIR TO DISSOLVE HONEY.
GARNISH WITH LEMON PEEL

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CONQUEST OF JAMAICA, RUM BECAME THE DRINK OF CHOICE FOR SAILORS IN THE BRITISH NAVY. PROVIDED ONLY A LIMITED RATION OF BOOZE PER DAY, IT WAS COMMON FOR SAILORS TO SAVE HORDE THEIR RATIONS AND THEN USE THEM ALL AT ONCE FOR A DAY OF SERIOUS DRINKING. IN AN EFFORT TO COMBAT BOTH THE NEGATIVE DISCIPLINARY AND PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF THIS PRACTICE, BRITISH VICE-ADMIRAL EDWARD VERNON ORDERED THAT RUM BE SERVED DILUTED IN 4:1 WATER-TO-RUM RATIO. LATER RECOGNIZED AS OFFICIAL POLICY, THIS REGULATION WAS IN PLACE FOR THE BRITISH NAVY UNTIL 1970.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN



Come all ye young fellows who follow the sea,
And pray pay attention and listen to me.

I'll sing you a song, a song of the sea,
And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me.

I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong.
If you buy me a drink, then I'll sing along.

There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all:
They all ship for sailors on board the Black Ball.

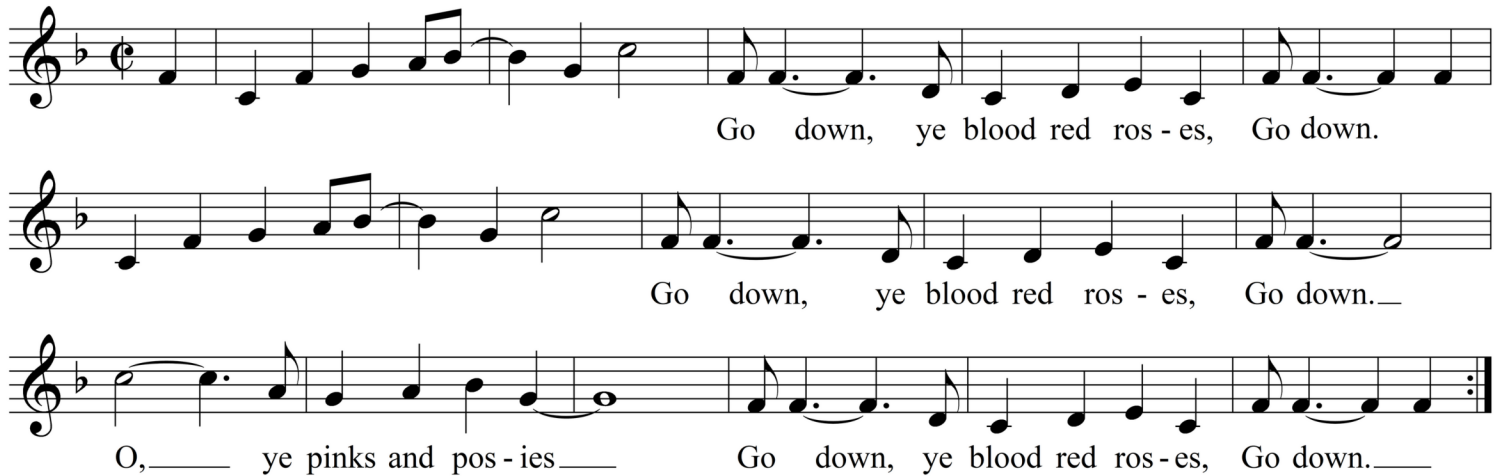
You'll see those poor devils how they will all scoot,
Helped along by the toe of a boot.

It's starboard and larboard on deck they will sprawl,
For kickin' Jack Williams commands the Black Ball.

Lay aft now, ye lubbers, lay aft now I say.
I'll none of yer dodges on my ship today.

So I'll give you fair warning before we belay:
Don't ever take heed of what chanteymen say.

BLOOD RED ROSES



Our boot and clothes are all in pawn. / It's flamin' drafty round Cape Horn.

But it's round Cape Horn that I must go, / For that is where the whale-fish blow.

My dear old mother wrote to me, / Ah son, won't you come home from sea.

It's round the Cape that we must go, / Though we be beaten with rain and snow.

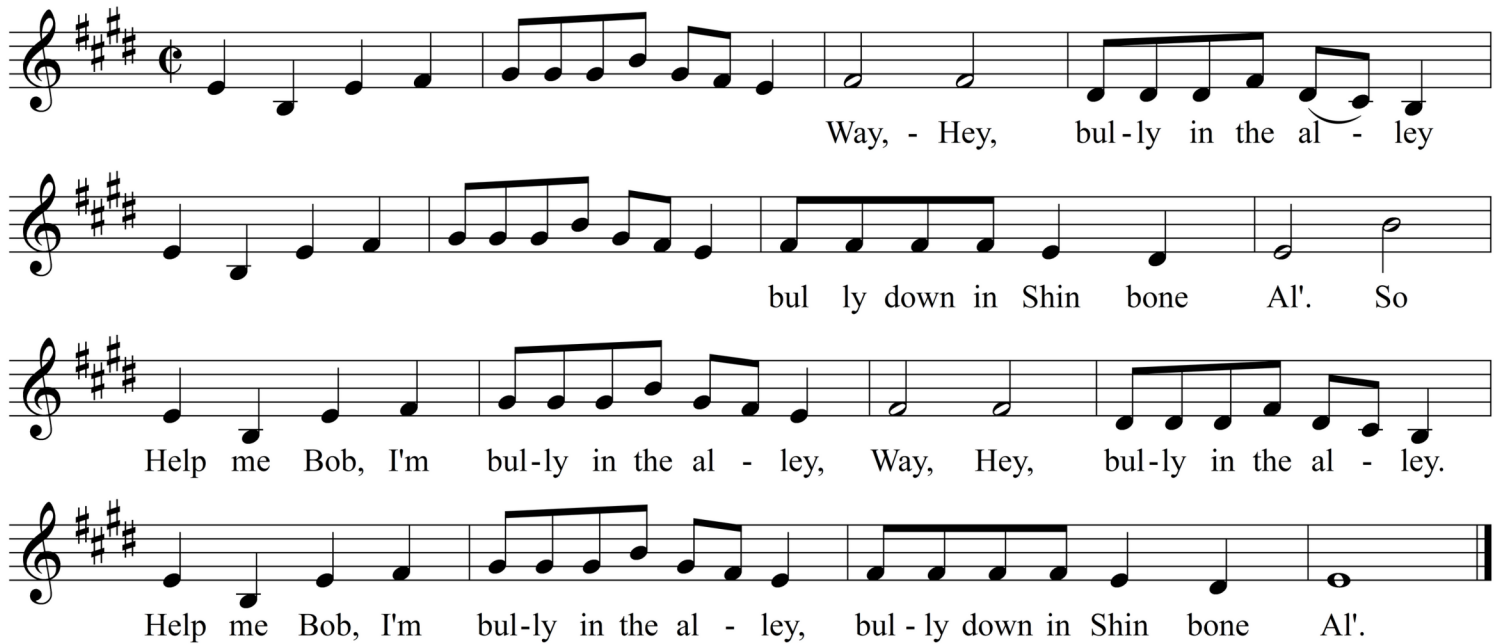
Got your advance, to sea you'll go, / To chase them whales through the frost and snow

Its growl you may, but go you must. / You growl too loud, your head they'll bust.

So rock and shake her is the cry, / The bleedin' topmast sheave is dry.

Just one more pull and that will do, / For we're the boys to pull her through.

BULLY IN THE ALLEY



Way, - Hey, bul-ly in the al - ley
bul ly down in Shin bone Al'. So
Help me Bob, I'm bul-ly in the al - ley, Way, Hey, bul-ly in the al - ley.
Help me Bob, I'm bul-ly in the al - ley, bul - ly down in Shin bone Al'.

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly,
Sally is a girl that I spliced nearly.

For seven long years I courted Sally,
All she did was dilly-dally.

I bought her rum, I bought her gin, oh!
I bought her wine of white and red, oh!

I'll leave Sal and I'll become a sailor,
I'll leave Sal and ship aboard a whaler.

I'll come back and I'll marry Sally,
We'll have kids and count 'em by the tally.

Take in your lines and make her fast boys,
Drop in the pawls, we've heaved enough now.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Way hay and up she ris - es! Way hey and up she ris - ses! Way hay - and up she ris - es ear ly in the mor ning.'

Way hay and up she ris - es! Way hey and up she ris - ses!
Way hay - and up she ris - es ear ly in the mor ning.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him in the longboat till he's sober.

Stick him in a scupper* with a hosepipe on him.

Put him in the brig with the captain's daughter.**

*A HOLE IN A SHIP'S SIDE TO CARRY WATER OVERBOARD FROM THE DECK

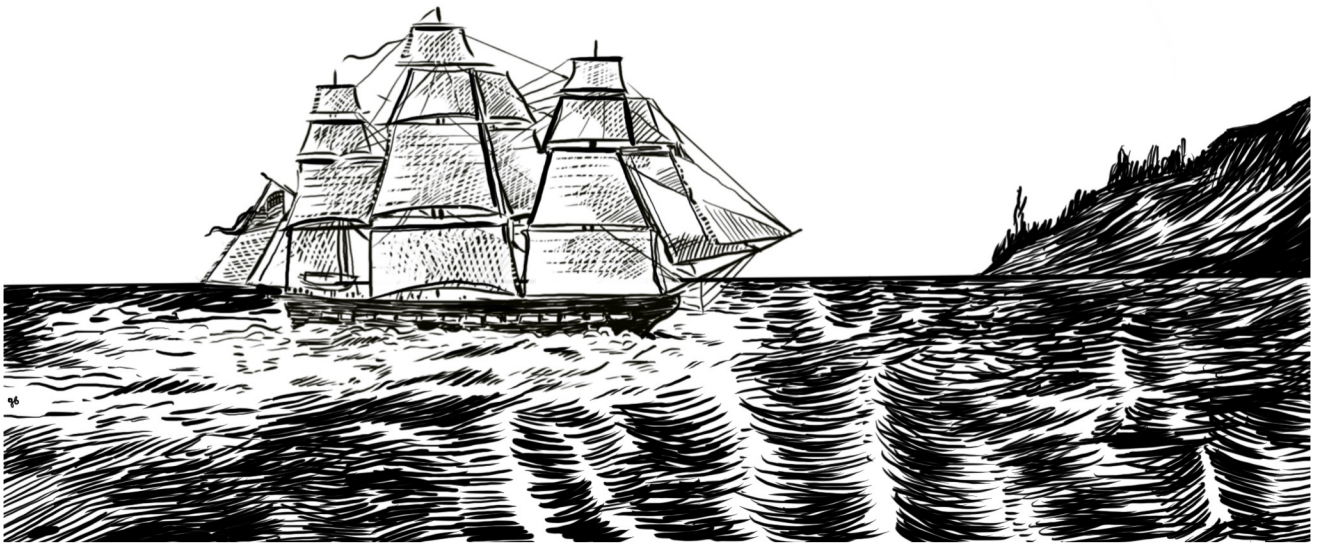
** DOUBLE ENTENDRE: LITERALLY IN BED WITH THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER TO "WAKE HIM UP", OR REFERRING TO A CAT O' NINE TAILS WHIP

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

1.5 OZ. TOLEDO SPIRITS EAST SIDE GIN
0.5 OZ. COINTREAU
0.5 OZ. FERNET BRANCA
0.5 OZ. SWEET VERMOUTH
1-2 DASHES ORANGE BITTERS

ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A MIXING
GLASS AND STIR ON ICE FOR 20
SECONDS. STRAIN INTO A COUPE GLASS
AND GARNISH WITH AN ORANGE PEEL

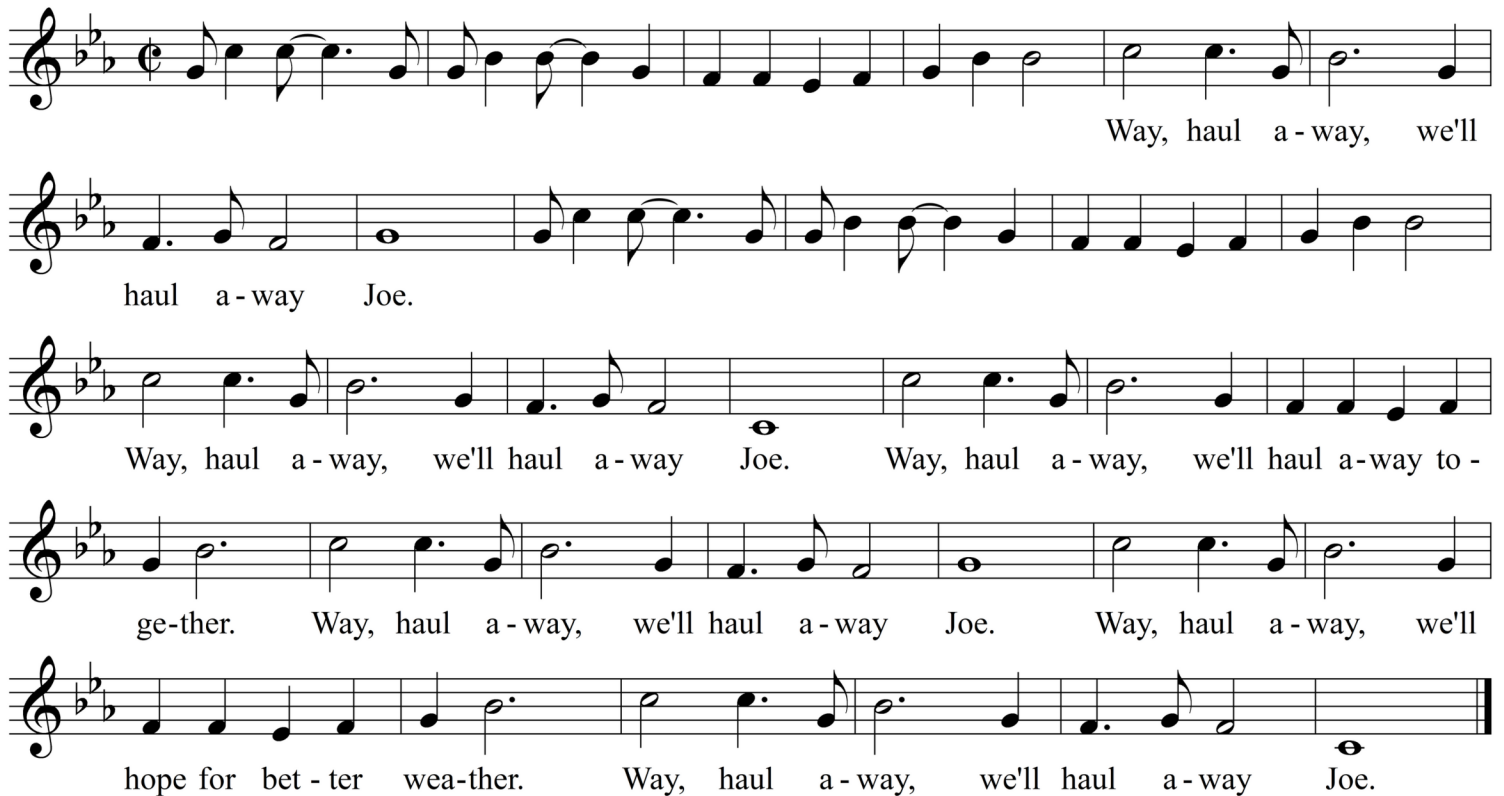


AS THE USS CHESAPEAKE WAS OVERWHELMED BY BRITISH FIRE, A MORTALLY WOUNDED CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE ORDERED HIS OFFICERS "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP. FIGHT HER TILL SHE SINKS." THESE WORDS WERE TAKEN UP BY HIS GOOD FRIEND COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY WHO PROUDLY FLEW THE PHRASE ON THE BATTLE FLAG HIGH ABOVE THE USS LAWRENCE. PERRY AND HIS SHIP WERE INTEGRAL PLAYERS IN THE WAR OF 1812, AS THEIR VICTORY IN THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE PROVED TO PLAY A PIVOTAL ROLE IN THE VICTORY FOR THE UNITED STATES.

THE COCKTAIL IS FIRST SEEN IN CROSBY GAIGE'S "COCKTAIL GUIDE AND LADIES' COMPANION" (1941), AND WHILE IT FELL OUT OF FAVOR SOON THEREAFTER, THE DRINK HAS SEEN A RESURGENCE IN MODERN YEARS.

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

HAUL AWAY JOE



When I was a little lad, or so my mommy told me,
That if I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would grow all moldy.

You call yourself a second mate, you cannae tie a bowline.
You can't even stand up straight, when the packet she's a rollin'.

St. Patrick was a gentleman, he came from decent people.
He built a church in Dublin town and put on it a steeple.

From Ireland he drove the snakes, then drank up all the whiskey.
This made him dance, and sing, and jig - it made him feel all frisky.

King Louis was the King of France before the revolution.
Then he got his head cut off, and it spoiled his constitution.

Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'.
Well now can't you see the black clouds a-risin'.

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

Leave her, John - ny, leave her.

And it's time for us to leave her.____

Leave her, John - ny, leave her. Oh,____ leave her, John - ny, leave her.____ For the

voy-age is long and the winds don't blow.____ And it's time for us to leave her.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Leave her, John - ny, leave her.' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'And it's time for us to leave her.____'. The third staff continues with 'Leave her, John - ny, leave her. Oh,____ leave her, John - ny, leave her.____ For the'. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The melody continues with the lyrics 'voy-age is long and the winds don't blow.____ And it's time for us to leave her.' The score ends with a double bar line.

THIS SONG WOULD TRADITIONALLY BE SUNG NEAR THE VERY END OF A TRIP, PERHAPS EVEN AS THE SHIP REACHED THE DOCKS, AS A SORT OF "AIRING OF GRIEVANCES" AT THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY. THE LYRICS WERE USED AS A WAY TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE SHIP, RATIONS, AND CREWMATES ALIKE, WITH LITTLE FEAR OF REPERCUSSIONS AS THE VOYAGE WAS ALL BUT OVER.

I thought I heard the Old Man say:
"Tomorrow you will get your pay."

Oh the times are hard and the wages low.
I guess it's time for us to go.

Oh, the wind was foul and the seas ran high.
She shipped it green and none went by.

I hate to sail on this rotten tub.
No grog allowed and rotten grub.

Beware these packet ships, I say:
They'll steal your stores and your clothes away.

She would not wear and she would not stay.
She shipped great seas both night and day.

Oh the work was hard and the voyage was long.
The sea was high and the gales were strong.

Oh now it's time to say goodbye.
Them pilings they is a drawing nigh.

NELSON'S BLOOD



Oh we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails.

Oh we'll be alright if we make it 'round the horn.

A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm.

A drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm.

A roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm.

One more beer wouldn't do us any harm.

A round on the house wouldn't do us any harm.

NELSON'S BLOOD

1.5 OZ COGNAC
1.5 OZ RUBY PORT

ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A MIXING
GLASS AND STIR ON ICE FOR 20
SECONDS. STRAIN INTO A COUPE GLASS
GARNISH WITH A LEMON TWIST..

WHEN THE MOST NOBLE LORD HORATIO NELSON WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR (1805), HIS CREW - HOPING TO PRESERVE HIS BODY FOR THE JOURNEY HOME TO ENGLAND - PLACED HIM IN A BARREL OF BOOZE (BRANDY OR RUM, DEPENDING ON THE ACCOUNT). HOWEVER, BY THE TIME THEY REACHED SHORE, THERE WERE A NUMBER OF HOLES IN THE BARREL AND DECIDEDLY LESS SPIRIT THAN ONE MIGHT EXPECT. THE CREW, HOWEVER, IS RUMORED TO HAVE HAD JUST ENOUGH TO DRINK TO SUSTAIN THEM ON THEIR JOURNEY. AFTER ALL, A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM.

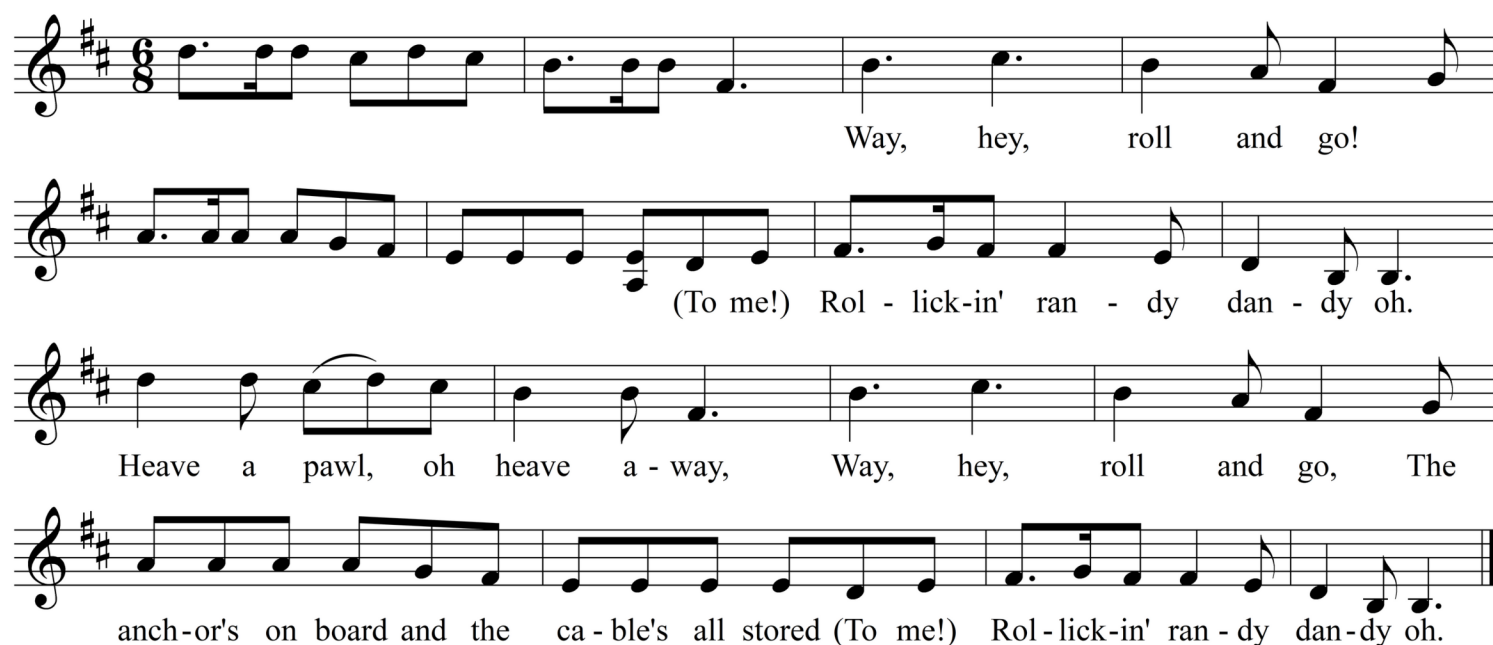
NELSON'S BLOOD NO. 2

1.5 OZ OVERPROOF RUM
1.5 OZ SWEETENED CRANBERRY JUICE
.75 OZ ORANGE JUICE
.75 OZ LIME JUICE
12 ML SIMPLE SYRUP
2 DASHES ANGOSTURA BITTERS

ADD INGREDIENTS TO SHAKER GLASS
WITH ICE. SHAKE FOR 12 SECONDS.
STRAIN INTO ICE FILLED GLASS.
GARNISH WITH LIME AND MINT LEAVES.

THIS RECIPE IS TAKEN FROM THE PUSSEY'S RUM WEBSITE, USED WITH PERMISSION.

RANDY DANDY O



Way, hey, roll and go!

(To me!) Rol - lick-in' ran - dy dan - dy oh.

Heave a pawl, oh heave a - way, Way, hey, roll and go, The

anch-or's on board and the ca - ble's all stored (To me!) Rol - lick-in' ran - dy dan-dy oh.

Now we are ready to head for the Horn.
Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn.

Man stout capstan and heave with a will!
Soon will be driving her 'way down the hill!

Heave away bullies, ye parish-rigged bums!
Take her hands out yer pockets and don't suck her thumbs.

Come breast the bar bullies, heave 'er away!
Soon we'll be rolling away down the bay.

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
where the pretty young girls all come down in flocks.

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay.
Get crackin' me lads, 'tis a hell of a way!

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

A musical score for the song "Rolling Down to Old Maui". The score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i, me boys, Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i. We're home-ward bound from the Arc-tic grounds, Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i."

Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i, me boys, Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i.

i. We're home-ward bound from the Arc-tic grounds, Rol-lin' down to old Mau - i.



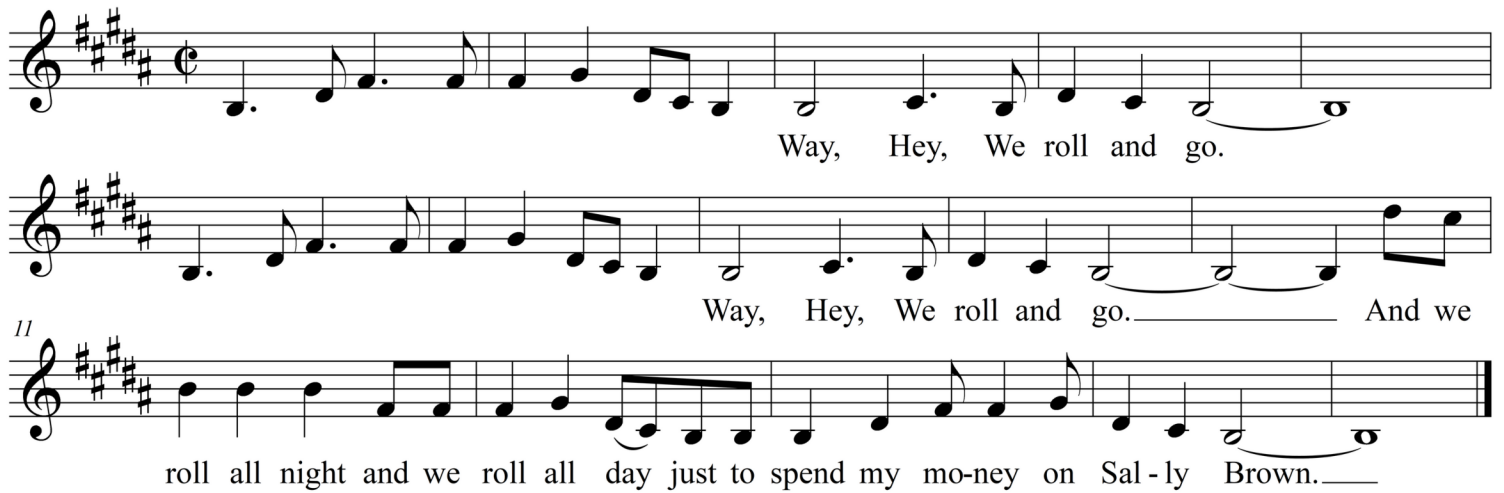
It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the day is done
How hard the winds did blow.
'Cause we're homeward bound,
Tis a grand ol' sound
On a good ship, taut and free.
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain't got far to roam.
Six hellish months have passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain.
Them coconut fronds in them tropical lands
We soon shall see again.
Our stuns'l booms are carried away.
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound.

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Wahu.
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles,
That deck the Arctic sea,
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for Old Maui.

SALLY BROWN



Oh Sally Brown of New York City.
Sally Brown she's a nice young lady.

Sally's teeth are white and pearly.
Her eyes are blue, her hair is curly.

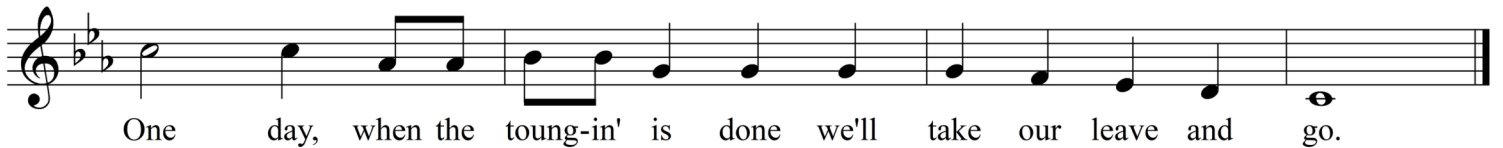
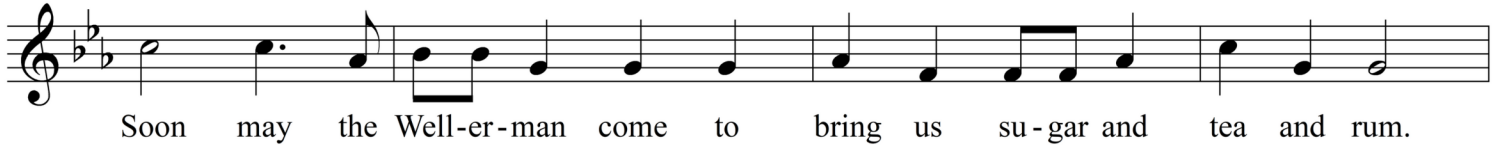
She drinks rum, and I drink whisky.
A couple of drinks and things got frisky.

Seven long years I courted Sally;
Sweetest girl in all the valley.

Seven long years, she wouldn't marry;
I no longer cared to tarry.

I left aboard an ocean liner;
I love her still there is none finer.

WELLERMAN



There once was a ship that put to see
The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her right a whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all

BOBBY BURNS

2 OZ SCOTCH WHISKY
3/4 OZ SWEET VERMOUTH
1/2 OZ BENEDICTINE
2 DASHES PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS

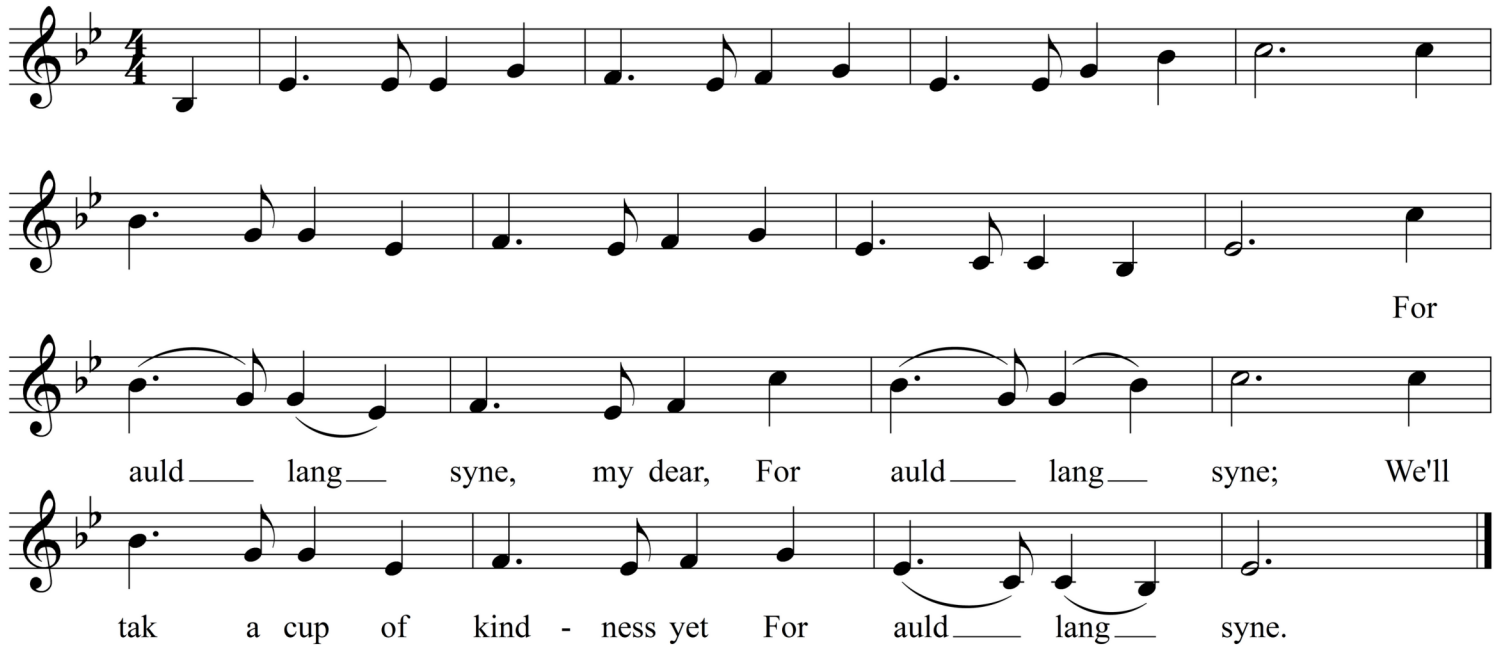
ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A MIXING
GLASS AND STIR ON ICE FOR 20
SECONDS. STRAIN INTO A COUPE GLASS
AND GARNISH WITH AN LEMON PEEL



ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) IS WIDELY REGARDED AS THE NATIONAL POET OF SCOTLAND, AND HE IS CELEBRATED AROUND THE WORLD ON HIS BIRTHDAY (JANUARY 25). WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN. HOSTED OUR FIRST BURNS SUPPER IN 2014 AT LARK RESTAURANT IN SEATTLE. WE CONTINUE TO HOST BURNS' NIGHTS ANNUALLY. WHILE THE BOBBY BURNS COCKTAIL MAY NOT HAVE ORIGINALLY BEEN NAMED FOR THE PLOUGHMAN POET, IT HAS BECOME A FAVORITE COCKTAIL TO ACCOMPANY AN EVENING CELEBRATING THE OLD BARD.

BURNS IS A POET OF PARTICULAR INTEREST FOR CHORAL MUSICIANS, AS HE IS ONE OF FEW POETS FROM THIS TIME PERIOD WHO WERE INVOLVED IN SETTING HIS OWN POETRY TO MUSIC. CONCERNED THAT OLD SCOTS MELODIES WERE BEING LOST TO THE PASSAGE OF TIME, JAMES JOHNSON SET OUT TO COMPILE THESE MELODIES INTO A WRITTEN COLLECTION. CONCLUDING THAT THESE SONGS WOULD HAVE LONGER LIVES PROVIDED TEXT, JOHNSON ENLISTED BURNS TO WRITE POETRY TO ACCOMPANY THE TUNES. IN THIS WAY, CHOIRS HAVE A UNIQUE INSIGHT INTO THE MEANING AND ARTISTIC INTENTION BEHIND MANY OF THESE POEMS.

AULD LANG SYNE



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!
and surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
and pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere,
and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
for auld lang syne.

BLACK VELVET BAND



In a neat little town they call Belfast,
apprentice to trade I was bound.
And many an hour of sweet happiness,
have I spent in this neat little town.
'Till bad misfortune came o'er me,
which caused me to stray from the land,
far away from my friends and relations
betrayed by a black velvet band.

As I went strolling down Broadway,
meaning not for long to stay,
when who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
came a traipsing along the highway.
She was both fair and handsome,
her neck it was just like a swans,
and her hair is hung over her shoulder
tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll with this pretty young maid,
and the gentleman passing us by.
Well I knew she meant the undoing of him
by the look in her roguish black eye.
A gold watch she took from his pocket
and placed it into my right hand,
and the very first thing I said was
bad luck to the black velvet band.

Before the judge and jury
next morning I had to appear,
and the judge he said to me, young man,
"Your case is proven clear."
"We'll give you seven years servitude,
to be spent far away from the land.
Far a way from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band."

THE DRUNKEN SCOTSMAN



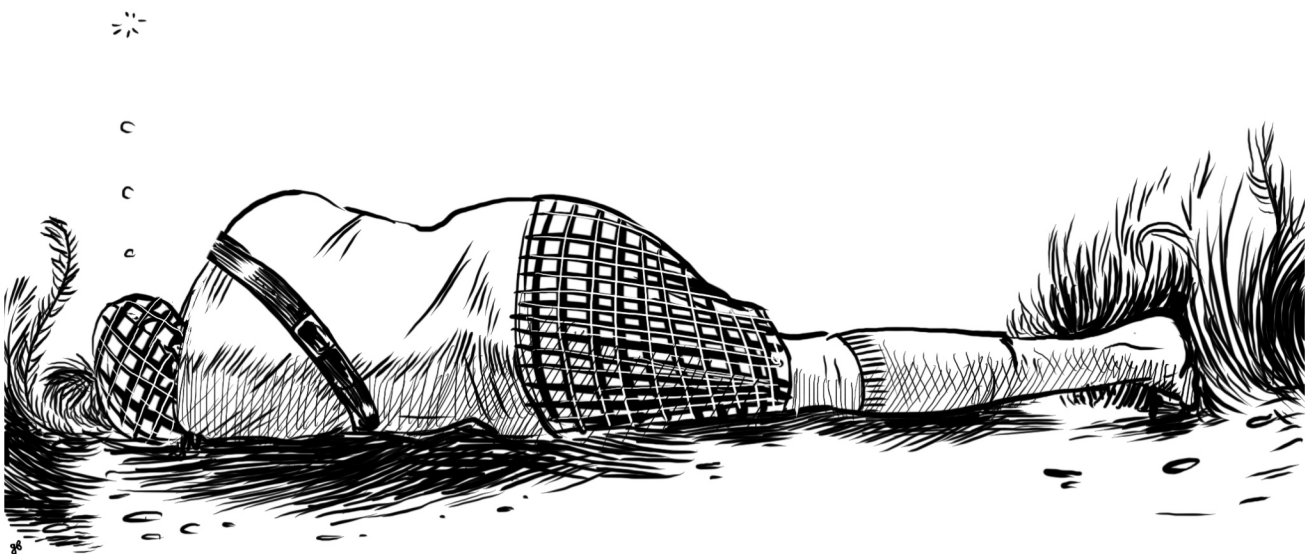
Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly I oh
He 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
See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly I oh
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold, for them to view, beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly I oh
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment, then one said we must 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 bonnie star, the Scot's kilt did lift and show
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly I oh
Around the bonnie star, the Scots kilt did lift and show

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward 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.
O lad I don't know where you been but I see you won first prize
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly I oh
O lad I don't know where you been but I see you won first prize



FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Whack fol the da, now dance to your part - ner Welt the floor your trot-ters shake

Was-n't it the truth I tell you Lots of fun at Fin - ne - gans wake

Tim Finnegan lived on Walkin Street
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod*
Tim had a sort of a tipp' lin' way
With a love of the liquor, poor Tim was born
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a drop of the craythur** every morn

*A TROUGH FOR CARRYING BRICKS AND MORTAR

**WHISKEY

One mornin' Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull
So they carried him home his corpse to wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tea and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen* why did you die?"
"Oh shut your gob" said Paddy McGee

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"O Biddy," says she "you're wrong I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage
It was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh** law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
and the whiskey splattered all over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thundering blazes, do you think I'm dead?"

JUG OF PUNCH

One plea-sant even-ing in the month of June, As I was sit-tin with my glass and spoon, A
small bird sat on an I - vy bunch, and the song he sang was the "Jug O'Punch" Too - ra -
loo - ra - loo, too - ra - loo-ra - lay, too - ra - loo - ra - loo, too - ra - loo-ra - lay. A
small bird sat on an I - vy bunch, and the song he sang was the "Jug O Punch"

One pleasant evening in the month of June,
As I was sittin' with my glass and spoon,
A small bird sat on an Ivy bunch,
and the song he sang was the "Jug O' Punch"

What more diversion can a man desire,
than to sit him down by an alehouse fire?
Upon his knee a pretty wench,
aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

When I'm dying and my drinking's o'er
I will take one drink and then take no more,
When I'm dying and my drinking's o'er
I will take on more drink and then take no more,

And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave,
No costly tombstone will I crave.
Just lay me down in my native peat,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

NANCY WHISKEY



I am a weaver, a Calton weaver
I am a rash and a roving blade
I got silver in my pouches
And I follow a roving trade

As I walked into Glasgow city
Nancy Whiskey I did smell
I walked in, sat down beside her
Seven long years I loved her well

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I loved her, the more she smiled
And I forgot my mother's teaching
Nancy soon had me beguiled

I woke up early in the mornin'
Lying half way off the bed
I tried to rise but was not able
Nancy damn near knocked me dead

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving;
I surely make those shuttles fly
For I'll make more at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in the rovin' trade

All ye weavers, ye Calton weavers
All ye weavers where e're ye be
Beware of whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you as she ruined me!

RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time (C). It consists of five staves. The first four staves contain the melody, and the fifth staff contains the lyrics. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned with specific notes and others spanning across measures. There are three triplets marked with a '3' over the notes. The lyrics are: di-dl-ee-i - um di-dle di - dle - di - dle dum di - dle doo - ri - di-dl-ee-um - day Hi - dee di le-ee-i - um di-dle di - dle - di - dle dum di - dle doo - ri - di-dl-ee-um - day

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
But give me enough of that rare old stuff that's brewed near Galway Bay,
Come policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too,
Oh, we'll give them a slip and we'll take a sip, of the rare old mountain dew

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still, where the smoke curls up to the sky
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell that there's poitin brewin' near by
For it fills the air with a perfume rare, and betwixt both me and you,
As home we stroll, we can take a bowl, or a bucket of the mountain dew

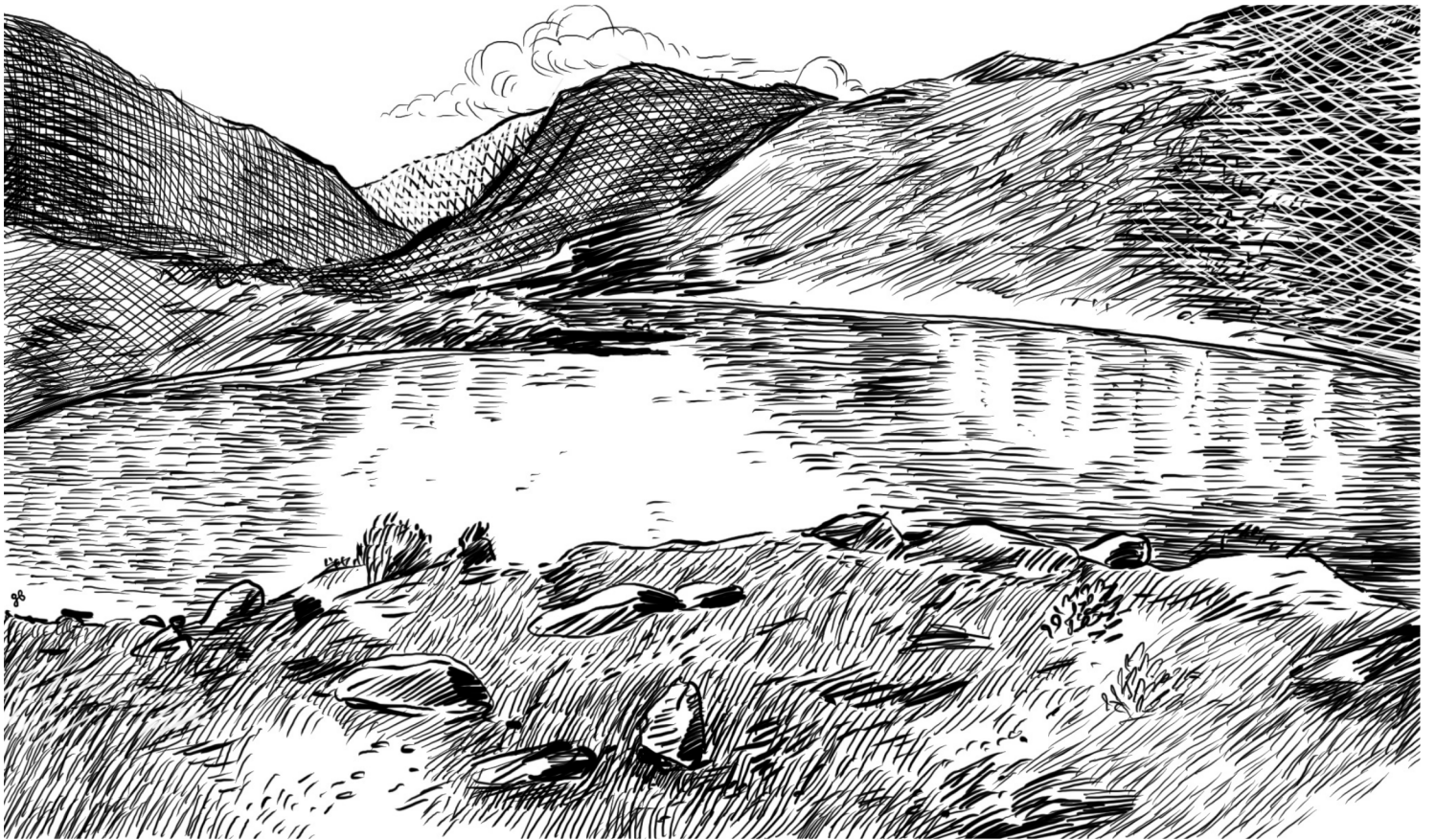
Now the glass that cheers is sweet and clear, like the honey from the bee
The smell is fine and taste sublime, it'll set your senses free
Then your cares and woes, all away they'll fall when you try a drop or two
Whether day or night you can take delight in the rare old mountain dew

Now learned men who use the pen, have sung the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye.
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills, be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
Take off your coat and grease your throat, with a bucket of the mountain dew.

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Musical score for "Whiskey in the Jar" in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The score consists of five staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with musical notation indicating where they fit. The lyrics are: "ring - doo-ma-doo doo-ma - da Mush - a - Whack for my dad - dy o!___ Whack for my dad - dy o!___ there's whis - key in the jar."

ring - doo-ma-doo doo-ma - da Mush - a -
Whack for my dad - dy o!___ Whack for my dad - dy o!___ there's whis - key in the jar.



As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'Twas was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin'
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

THE WILD ROVER

no, nay, ne-ver, (Clap Clap Clap Clap) no, nay, ne-ver no more, will I

play the Wild Ro-ver No ne-ver no more.

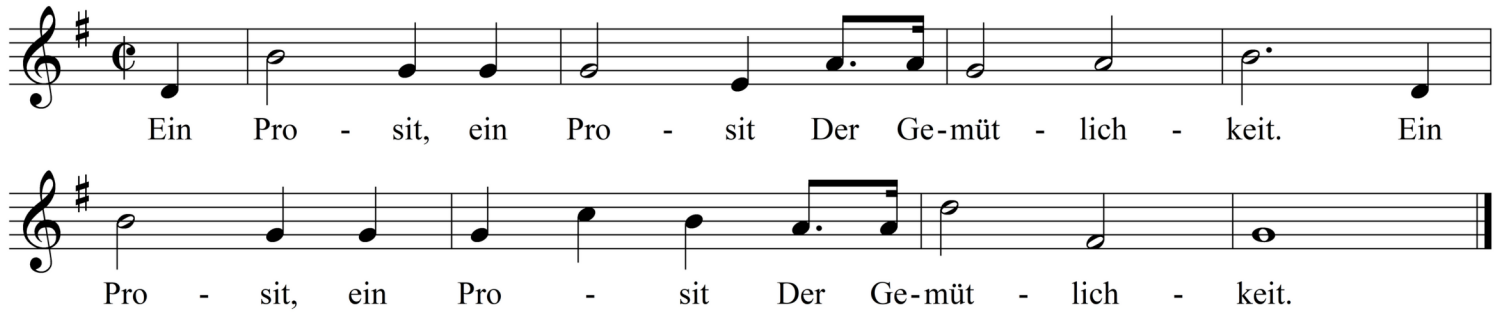
I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay"
Saying, "Custom as yours I can have every day"

I then took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that that I told you were only in jest"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I'd done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've hugged me as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

EIN PROSIT



Eins! Zwei! Drei! G'Suffa!

Zicke, zacke, zicke, zacke. Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!
Zicke, zacke, zicke, zacke. Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!

[DRINK]

CLASSIC SHANDY

EQUAL PARTS:

BEER

(LAGER, PILSNER, PALE ALE, WHEAT ALE)

MIXER

(GINGER BEER, CITRUS SODA, LEMONADE)

POUR BEER AND MIXER INTO PILSNER
GLASS. GARNISH WITH LEMON WEDGE
OR TWIST.

A SHANDY IS A PERFECT WAY TO ENJOY A BEER ON A HOT SUMMER DAY, OR TO
CREATE A LOWER ABV BEVERAGE FOR AN ALL DAY DRINKING EVENT LIKE
OKTOBERFEST.

RANYE WEST

4 OZ RAINIER BEER (OR OTHER LAGER)

1 OZ APEROL

.25 OZ LEMON JUICE

2 DASHES ANGOSTURA BITTERS

FILL WINE GLASS WITH ICE,
ADD ALL INGREDIENTS AND STIR.
GARNISH WITH LEMON PEEL

CREATED BY SEATTLE BARTENDER JEFF STEINER, THIS DRINK COMBINES THE FLAVORS
OF A SHANDY AND A CLASSIC APEROL SPRITZ. WE LOVE THE NOD TO SEATTLE AND
THINK ANY EXCUSE TO KEEP VITAMIN R ON HAND IS A GOOD ONE.

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS



In Mün - chen steht ein Hof - bräu - haus Eins, zwei, g'suf - fa _____ Da
läuft so man - ches Fäss - chen aus Eins, zwei, g'suf - fa _____ Da
hat so man - cher bra - ve Mann Eins, zwei, g'suf - fa _____ Ge -
zeigt was er so ver - tra - gen kann Schon früh am Mor - gen fing - er an Und
spät am A - bend kam er her - aus So schön ist's im Hof - bräu - haus.

*In Munich is the Hofbräuhaus:

One, two, drink up!

There so many kegs are emptied:

One, two, drink up!

There is always some good man:

One, two, drink up!

Who wants to show how much he can drink

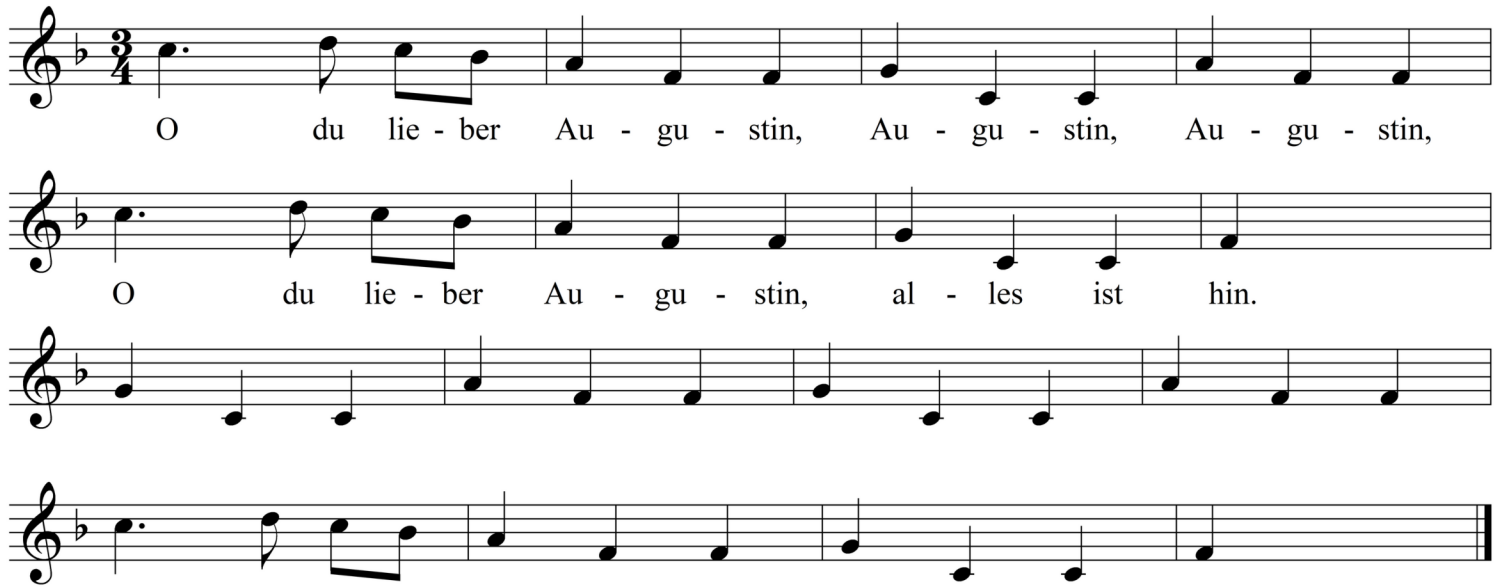
He starts in the early morning

And late in the evening he comes out

Because it's so nice at the Hofbräuhaus.

*THE ABOVE TRANSLATION IS NOT INTENDED TO BE SUNG AND IS INCLUDED ONLY AS A REFERENCE.

O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN



MARX AUGUSTIN WAS A POPULAR 15TH CENTURY VIENNESE MUSICIAN, SO BELOVED THAT HE WAS KNOWN AS "DEAR AUGUSTIN" (LIEBER AUGUSTIN). LEGEND HAS IT THAT ONE EVENING IN 1679, AFTER AN EVENING OF HEAVY DRINKING, AUGUSTIN PASSED OUT AND FELL ASLEEP IN THE GUTTER. HE WAS IN A ROUGH ENOUGH STATE THAT THE LOCAL GRAVEDIGGERS, ASSUMING HE'D FALLEN VICTIM TO THE PLAGUE, PICKED HIM UP AND THREW HIM - AND HIS BAGPIPES - INTO A PIT FILLED WITH BODIES OUTSIDE THE CITY. IN THE MORNING, DISORIENTED AND UNABLE TO GET OUT OF THE PIT, HE BEGAN TO PLAY HIS BAGPIPES. EVENTUALLY HE WAS HEARD BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE WHO WERE ABLE TO RESCUE HIM.

SOMEHOW, THIS ODD AND DISTURBING TALE HAS BECOME A WELL KNOWN FOLKSONG, SUNG BY ADULTS AND CHILDREN ALIKE.

Geld ist weg, Mäd'l ist weg,
Alles hin, Augustin.
O du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin.

*Money's gone, girlfriend's gone,
All is lost, Augustin!
Oh, you dear Augustin,
All is lost!

Rock ist weg, Stock ist weg,
Augustin liegt im Dreck,
O du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin.

Coat is gone, staff is gone,
Augustin lies in the dirt.
Oh, you dear Augustin,
All is lost!

Und selbst das reiche Wien,
Hin ist's wie Augustin;
Weint mit mir im gleichen Sinn,
Alles ist hin!

Even that rich town Vienna,
Broke is it like Augustin;
Shed tears with me with thoughts akin,
All is lost!

Jeder Tag war ein Fest,
Und was jetzt? Pest, die Pest!
Nur ein groß' Leichenfest,
Das ist der Rest.

Every day was a feast,
Now we just have the plague!
Just a great corpse's feast,
That is all that's left.

Augustin, Augustin,
Leg' nur ins Grab dich hin!
O du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

Augustin, Augustin,
Lie down in your grave!
Oh, you dear Augustin,
All is lost!

*TO BE SUNG IN GERMAN, ENGLISH PROVIDED FOR REFERENCE

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

TRINK, TRINK, BRÜDERLEIN TRINK



Trink, trink, Brü-der-lein trink! lass doch die Sor-gen zu Haus! Trink,
trink, Brü-der-lein trink! zieh doch die Stirn nicht so kraus! Mei-de den
Kum-mer und mei-de den Schmerz, dann ist das Le-ben ein Scherz. Mei-de den
Kum-mer und mei-de den Schmerz Ja dann ist das Le-ben ein Scherz.

Drink, drink, drink people drink,
Leave all your troubles at home.
Drink, drink, drink people drink,
Let no one here drink alone.
Forget all your worries, forget all your woes,
Be happy and carefree all day.
Forget all your troubles on such a nice day,
And drink all your troubles away.