

SONGS FOR DRINKING

A SONGBOOK BY
WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

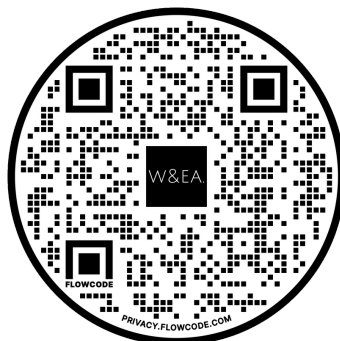
Songs for Drinking is a collection of songs we have shared with our community at live events over the years. They are best sung with a few friends and your favorite beverage. We hope you enjoy them as much as we do.

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.



SONG LIST

(BY PAGE NUMBER)

DRINKING SONGS

ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK	1
THE BARLEY MOW	2
CHARLIE MOPPS	4
COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL	6
A DROP OF GOOD BEER	7
DRUNK LAST NIGHT	9
THE DRUNKEN BOY	10
FATHOM THE BOWL	11
GLORIOUS BEER	12
THE GOOD OLD LEATHERN BOTTLE	14
A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY	15
HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER	16
LITTLE BROWN JUG	17
THE MOONSHINER	19
MOUNTAIN DEW	20
THE RATTLIN' BOG	22
RYE WHISKEY	23
SHOVE AROUND THE JUG	24
WHEN THE BOWL GOES ROUND	26
WHISKEY JOHNNY	29

SEA SHANTIES & MARITIME SONGS

A LONG TIME AGO	30
ALL FOR ME GROG	31
BLOW THE MAN DOWN	33
BLOOD RED ROSES	34
BULLY IN THE ALLEY	35
CLEAR AWAY THE TRACK	36
DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE	37
DRUNKEN SAILOR	38
FISH IN THE SEA	40
GENERAL TAYLOR	41
HAUL AWAY JOE	42
LEAVE HER JOHNNY	44
LOWLANDS AWAY	46

SONG LIST

(BY PAGE NUMBER)

SEA SHANTIES & MARITIME SONGS CONT.

NELSON'S BLOOD	47
RANDY DANDY O	49
REUBEN RANZO	50
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI	51
SALLY BROWN	52
WELLERMAN	53

ST. PATRICK'S DAY / ROBERT BURNS NIGHT

AULD LANG SYNE	55
BLACK VELVET BAND	56
THE DRUNKEN SCOTSMAN	57
FINNEGAN'S WAKE	59
JUG OF PUNCH	62
NANCY WHISKEY	64
THE HUMORS OF WHISKEY / PADDY'S PANACEA	65
RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW	68
WHISKEY IN THE JAR	69
THE WILD ROVER	72

OKTOBERFEST

BIER HER	73
EIN PROSIT	74
IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRÄUHAUS	76
O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN	77
SCHENK VOLL EIN	79
TRINK, TRINK, BRÜDERLEIN TRINK	81

FRANCE & ITALY

BAN BOURGUIGNON	82
BEVILO TUTTO	83
C'EST A BOIRE QU'IL NOUS FAUT	84
CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE	86

BAWDY SONGS

BANG BANG LULU	88
ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER	89

COCKTAILS AND ARTWORK

COCKTAILS

100 YEAR OLD CIGAR	18
APPLE CIDER SPAGHETT	8
BOBBY BURNS	54
BOURBON LEMONADE	25
BOURBON PROSECCO PUNCH	63
CLASSIC SHANDY	75
DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP	24
FLANNEL SHIRT	27
GROG	32
GUINNESS OLD FASHIONED	61
HIGHLAND GOLD	28
HORSEFEATHER	43
HOT GROG	32
IRISH REVOLVER	71
NELSON'S BLOOD	48
NELSON'S BLOOD NO. 2	48
RANYE WEST	75
SPAGHETT	8

ARTWORK

17TH CENTURY NAVAL SHIP	39
BAN BOURGUIGNON - CELEBRATION	82
BEER STEIN	12
THE BARLEY MOW	3
COUPE COCKTAIL	54
DIAMOND HEAD HAWAII	51
DRUNKEN SCOTSMAN	58
FISH IN THE SEA	40
FRENCH WINE	87
KERRY MOUNTAINS	69
MOONSHINER	20

ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. The lyrics are: "no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink a - no-ther lit-tle drink would-n't do us a-ny harm A - no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink would-n't do us a-ny harm."

no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink a - no-ther lit-tle drink would-n't do us a-ny harm A -
no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink, a - no-ther lit-tle drink would-n't do us a-ny harm.

Oh, there was a little hen and she had a wooden leg
The best little hen that ever laid an egg
she laid more eggs than any hen on the farm
And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm

We had a little duck and a lot of green peas
A quart of ginger beer and some Stilton cheese
Then we felt such a pain in the shade of the palm
And another little drink wouldn't do it any harm

I went to a ball dressed as a map of France
Said a girl, "Show me how the French advance"
When she reached the firing line I should shouted in alarm
And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm

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,

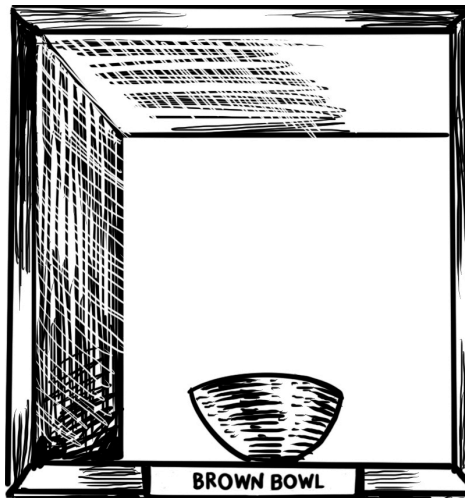
here's good luck (Good luck!) Good luck to the Bar - ley Mow. (mow, mow mow)

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

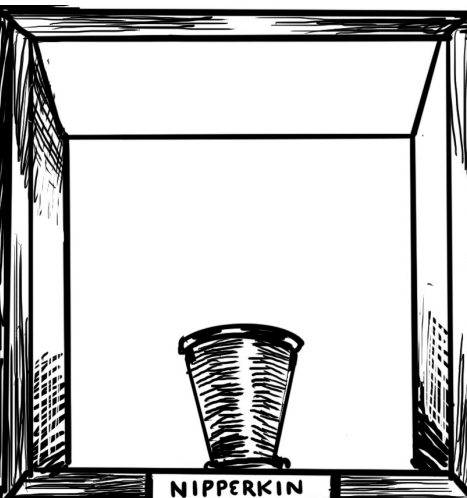
the landlady
their daughter
the drayer
the bookie
the brewer
the company

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.

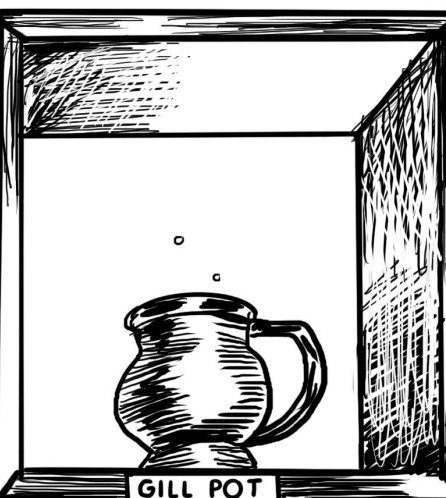
AS THE BARLEY MOW IS A SONG CELEBRATING BEER - THE GOAL OF THE SONG IS TO FINISH A BEER BY THE END OF THE SONG. THE WORDS "GOOD LUCK" ARE SHOUTED WHERE INDICATED BY (X), AND YOU SHOULD TAKE A SWIG OF BEER AFTER THE FIRST "GOOD LUCK" IN EACH VERSE.



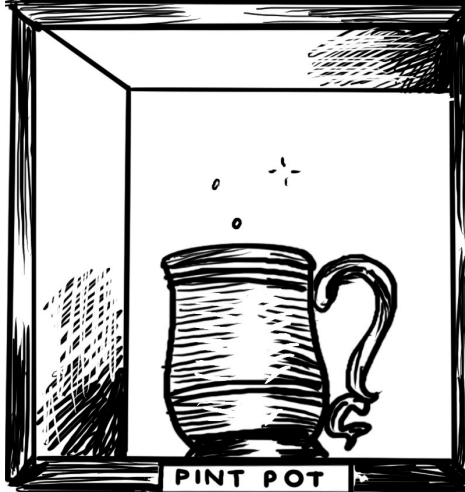
BROWN BOWL



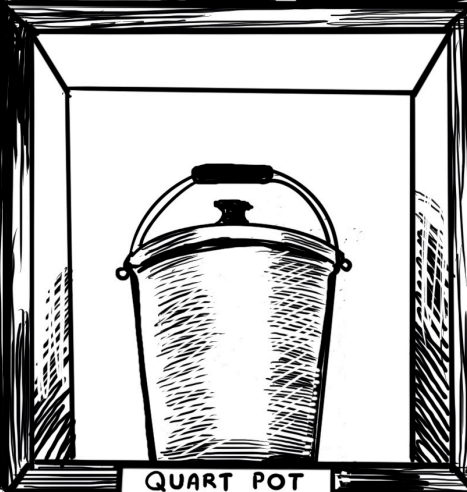
NIPPERKIN



GILL POT



PINT POT



QUART POT



GALLON



BARREL



LANDLORD, LANDLADY + DAUGHTER



PRAYER



BOOKIE



BREWER



THE COMPANY

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)

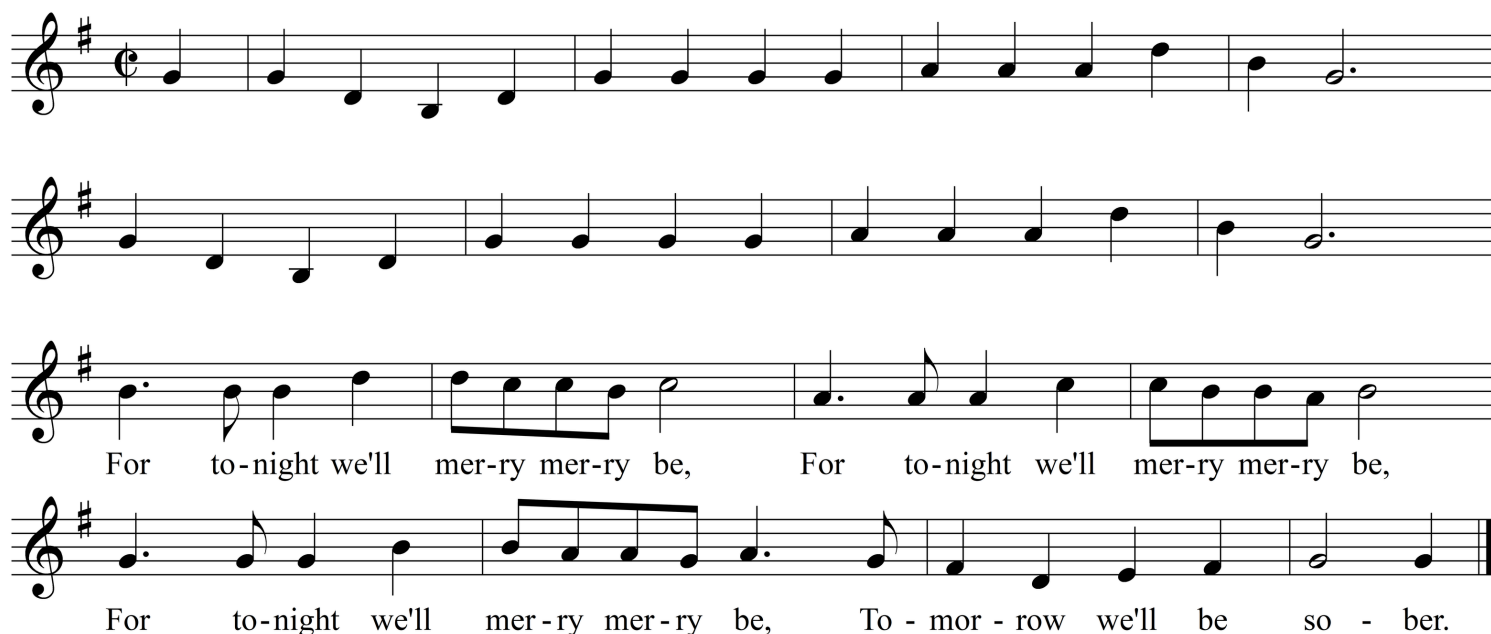
A barrel of malt, a bucket of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
It's only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax. **(1 2 3 4 5)

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

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.

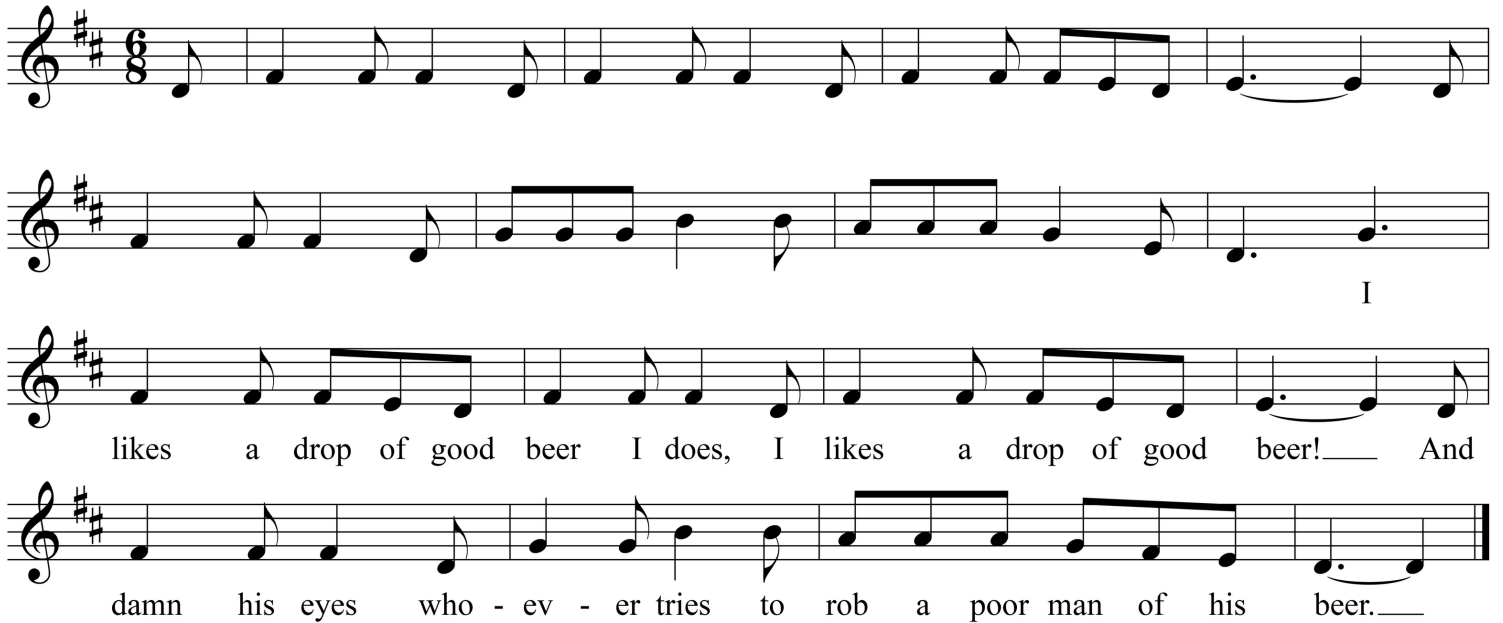
The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed quite mellow -
He lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

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.

A DROP OF GOOD BEER



Come one and all, both great and small,
With voices loud and clear,
And let us sing, bless Billy the King,
Who bated the tax upon beer.

My wife and I, feel always dry,
At market on Saturday night,
Then a noggin of beer, I never need fear,
For my wife always says it is right.

Let Ministers shape the Duty on Cape
And cause Port wine to be dear,
So that they keep, the bread and meat cheap,
and give us a drop of good beer.

In harvest field, there's nothing can yield
The laboring man such good cheer,
To reap and sow, and make barley grow,
And to give them a skinfull of beer.

In drinking of rum, the maggots will come,
and soon bald pates will appear;
I never goes out, but I carried about,
My little pint noggin of beer.

SPAGHETT

12 OZ MILLER HIGH LIFE
(OR OTHER LIGHT BEER)
1.5 OZ APEROL
.5 OZ LEMON JUICE

COMBINE INGREDIENTS IN A GLASS.
STIR.

ALTERNATIVELY, AND FOR AUTHENTICITY, TAKE A HEALTHY SWIG OF YOUR BEER AND ADD THE APEROL AND LEMON JUICE DIRECTLY TO YOUR BOTTLE.

APPLE CIDER SPAGHETT

12 OZ MILLER HIGH LIFE
(OR OTHER LIGHT BEER)
1.5 OZ APEROL
.1 OZ CHILLED APPLE CIDER

COMBINE INGREDIENTS IN A GLASS.
STIR.

A FALL TAKE ON A SUMMER COCKTAIL. FANCY IT UP BY ADDING A LEMON WEDGE AND A SPRIG OF THYME TO YOUR GLASS OR BOTTLE.

WHAT THE HECK IS A SPAGHETT?

"THE SPAGHETT COCKTAIL WAS CREATED BY BARTENDER REED CAHILL AT WET CITY BREWING IN BALTMORE, MARYLAND. "WE NAMED IT SPAGETT BECAUSE IT'S A BASTARDIZED APEROL SPRITZ, WHICH IS AN ELEGANT ITALIAN COCKTAIL. AND THE CHARACTER IN THE 'TIM & ERIC' SKIT IS A WEIRDO EATING SPAGHETTI," SULLIVAN SAID, NOTING THAT AN APEROL SPRITZ IS TYPICALLY BUILT WITH ACTUAL CHAMPAGNE INSTEAD OF THE CHAMPAGNE OF BEERS. "[IT] SEEMED TO CHARACTERIZE THE COCKTAIL AND IDEA OF THE COCKTAIL PERFECTLY.""

IN THE END, DRINKS ARE MEANT TO BE FUN AND DELICIOUS - AND THE SPAGHETT IS BOTH. THE RATIOS ABOVE ARE APPROXIMATE AND SHOULD BE ADJUSTED TO TASTE.

• <https://depauliaonline.com/55300/artslife/spagett-a-cheap-regional-crowd-pleasing-cocktail/>

DRUNK LAST NIGHT

The musical score is written for a single voice in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score consists of seven lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The final line of the score ends with a double bar line.

We were drunk last night, we were drunk the night be - fore. We're
gon - na get drunk to - night like we've ne - ver been drunk be - fore, for
we are the boys of the royal ar - til - ler - y
Glo - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous!_____
One keg of beer for the four_____ of us, and
glo - ry be to god that there is - n't a - ny - more of us for
one of us could drink the bloom - in lot.

THE DRUNKEN BOY

The musical score is written on four staves in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. The lyrics are: 'ne-ver get drunk an - y - more, an - y - more. I'll ne-ver get drunk an - y - more. I'll keep my - self from the bar - room door I'll ne-ver get drunk an - y - more.'

ne-ver get drunk an - y - more, an - y - more. I'll ne-ver get drunk an - y - more. I'll
keep my - self from the bar - room door I'll ne-ver get drunk an - y - more.

I once had a fortune
Locked up in my trunk
Spent it all on gamblin'
One night when I was drunk

Seven long years I been married
Wish I was single again
A woman never knows her troubles
Until she's married to a man

Down to the barroom he staggered
Fell down on the floor
The last word he ever uttered
I'll never get drunk any more

FATHOM THE BOWL

me the punch la - dle, I'll fath - om the bowl. I'll
fath-om the bowl, I'll fath-om the bowl. Give me the punch la - dle, I'll fath-om the bowl.

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to me song;
I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum:
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum;
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.
But stout and strong cider are England's control.

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease,
For she does as she likes and she says as she please.
My wife she's a devil, her heart's black as coal.

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea.
With no stone at his head, but what matters to he?
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.

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!_

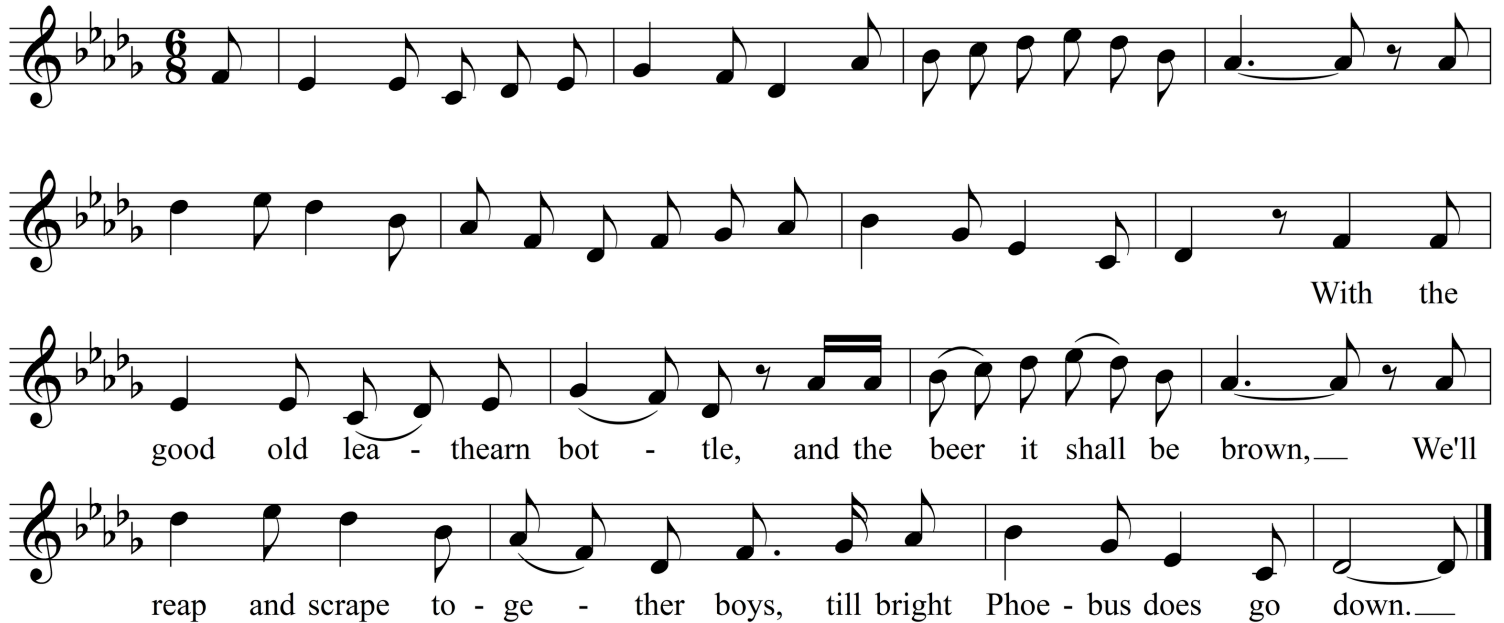


I won't sing of whiskey and water;
For whiskey and beer will not rhyme.
The working man can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than ten bucks a time.
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear.
I allude to that grand institution:
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer...

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...

THE GOOD OLD LEATHERN BOTTLE



Come all you lads and lasses,
together let us go
Into some pleasant cornfield
our courage for to show

With reaphook and the sickle
so well we'll clear the land
The farmer says, "Well done, my lads,
here's liquor at your command."

By daylight in the morning,
when birds do sweetly sing,
They are such charming creatures,
they make the valley ring.

Then in comes lovely Nancy,
the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature,
I must begin to pray

See how she gathers, binds iit,
she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it some waggoner
to fill the farmer's barns.

Now harvest's done and ended,
the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market boys,
we must thresh in the barn.

Here's a health to all you farmers,
likewise to all you men,
I wish you health and happiness
till harvest comes again.

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 and 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, key of B-flat major. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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

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

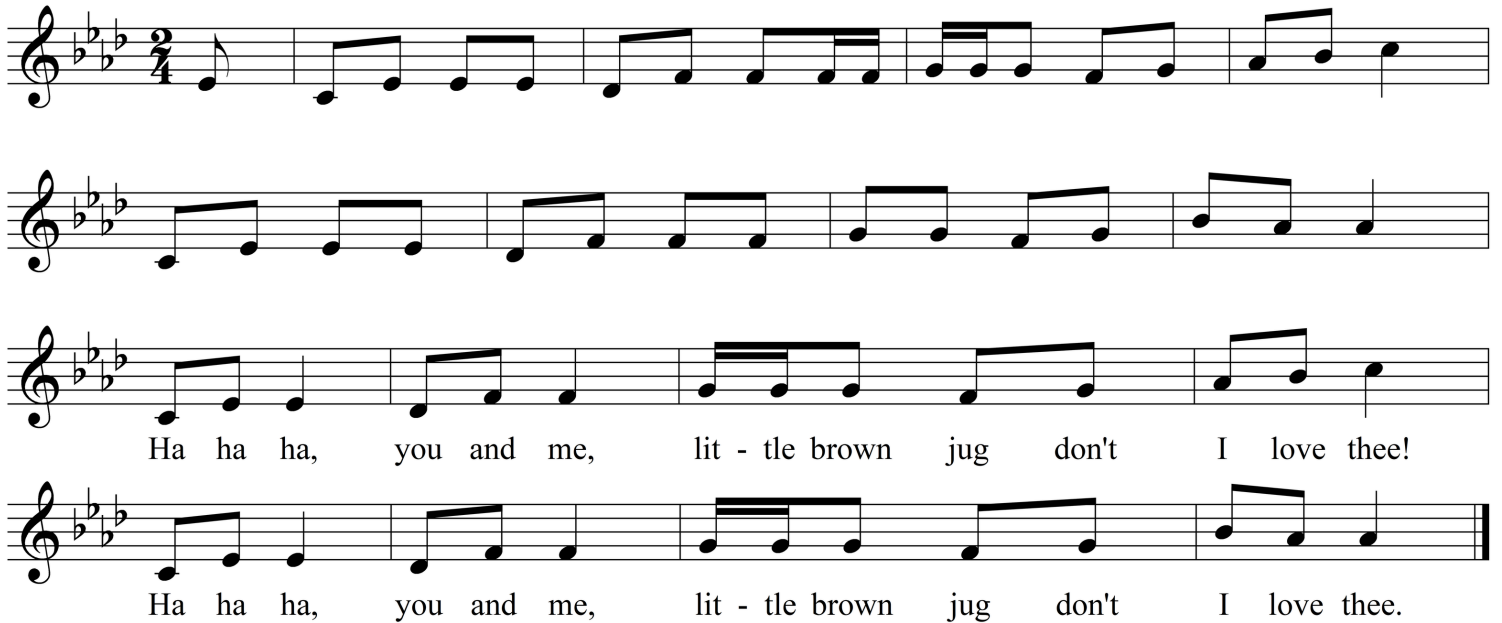
Here's to good old brandy... it makes me feel so randy.

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.

100 YEAR OLD CIGAR

1.75 OZ AGED RUM

.5 OZ BENEDICTINE

.5 OZ CYNAR

.25 OZ ISLAY SCOTCH WHISKEY

1 DASH AROMATIC BITTERS

ABSINTHE

IN A MIXING GLASS, ADD BITTERS, SCOTCH,

BENEDICTINE, CYNAR, AND RUM

ADD ICE AND STIR

SPRAY CHILLED NICK & NORA WITH ABSINTHE

STRAIN AND POUR

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON TIKTOK BY @HIGHPROOFPREACHER - THE ORIGINAL 100 YEAR OLD CIGAR RECIPE WAS CREATED BY MAKS PAZUNIAK AT JUPITER DISCO IN BUSHWICK, A NEIGHBORHOOD IN BROOKLYN

INGREDIENT SPOTLIGHT: CYNAR

CYNAR IS AN AMARO - AN ITALIAN LIQUEUR MADE FROM A NEUTRAL BASE SPIRIT, INFUSED WITH HERBS, CITRUS, ROOTS, FLOWERS OR OTHER BOTANICALS. IN THE CASE OF CYNAR, THE UNIQUE AND SOMEWHAT SURPRISING INGREDIENT IS ARTICHOKE. WITH A SMOOTH, SLIGHTLY SWEET FLAVOR, AND A LOWER ABV THAN MANY AMARI, CYNAR IS BELOVED AS BOTH AN APERITIF AND DIGESTIF (BEFORE OR AFTER DINNER DRINK). IT IS DELICIOUS ON IT'S OWN, IN MORE LIQUOR FORWARD COCKTAILS, OR EVEN ADDED AS A SHOT IN BEER (NOT UNLIKE THE SPAGHETT).

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!

MOUNTAIN DEW

musical score for "MOUNTAIN DEW" in 4/4 time, featuring lyrics and melody lines.

O, they
call it that good ol' moun-tain dew An' them that re-fuse it are few I'll
hush up my mug, you can fill up my jug - with some good ol' moun - tain dew



There's a big holler tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
You go down the ben an' you come back again
With a jug full of good ol' mountain dew

Well, my Uncle Nort, he's pawed-off an' short
He measures about four-foot-two
But he think he's a giant when ya give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old Aunt June bought some brand new perfume
It has such a sweet smellin' fume
But to her surprise when she had it in her eyes
They put nothin' but good ol' mountain dew

Well, the preacher rode by an' his head heisted high
Said his wife had come down with the flu
An' he thought just by force, just sell him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill's got a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in th' sky get so drunk they can't fly
From just smellin' that good ol' mountain dew

THE RATTLIN' BOG

Oh, row, the rat - tlin' bog, the bog down in the val - ley, oh,

Oh row, the rat - tlin' bog, the bog down in the val - ley, oh.

(And) In that bog there was a hole, rare hole and a

rat - tlin' hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the val-ley, oh.

And in that hole there was a **tree**, rare tree and a rattlin' tree.

And the tree in the hole, and the the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley, oh.

Bough
Limb
Branch
Twig
Leaf

Nest
Bird
Egg
Yolk

Chick
Wing
Feather
Flea
Speck

THIS IS AN ADDITIVE SONG, WHERE EACH VERSE GETS LONGER AND INCLUDES THE WORDS TO THE PREVIOUS VERSE. WANT TO MAKE IT A LITTLE MORE CHALLENGING? TRY AND FINISH EACH VERSE IN A SINGLE BREATH.

RYE WHISKEY



Rye



whisk-key, rye whis-key, rye whis-key I cry. If I don't get rye whis-key, I sure-ly will die.

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.

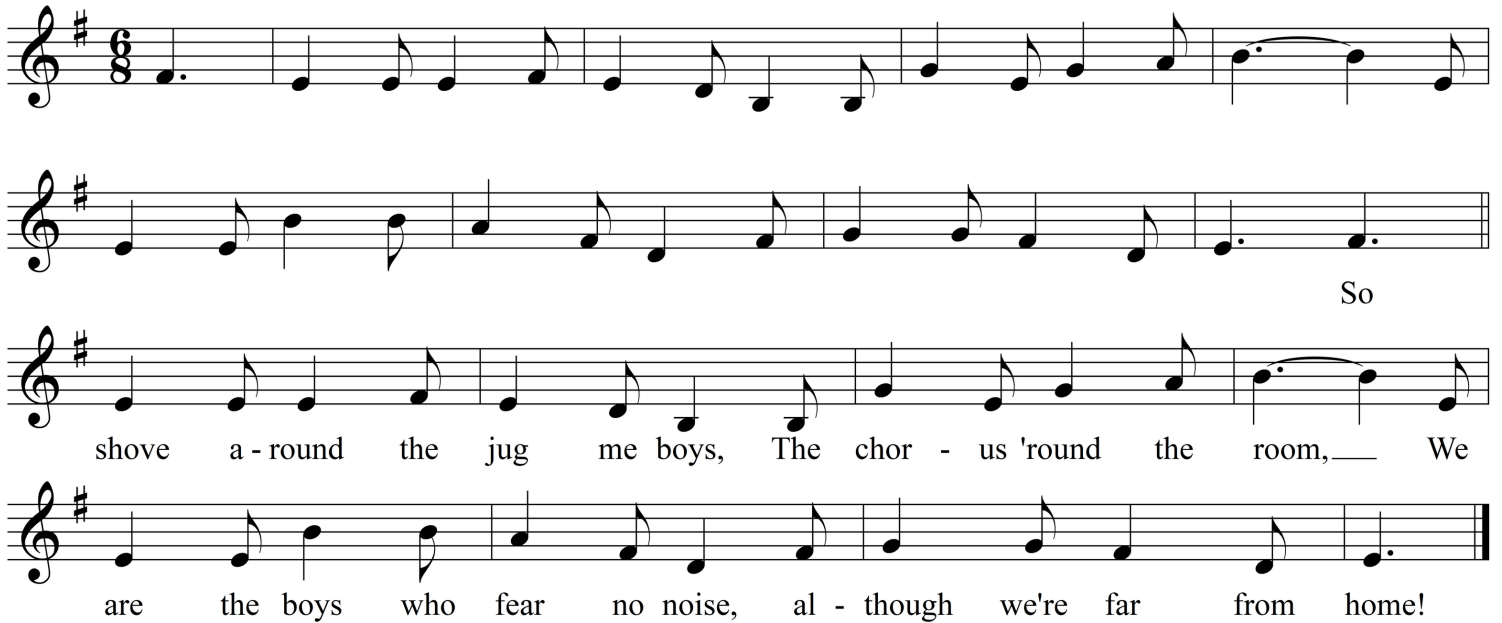
Oh, whiskey, you villain,
You've been my downfall.
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,
But I love you for all.

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.

SHOVE AROUND THE JUG



Well, I courted a girl in Albany,
One in Montreal,
One in Philadelphia
But the best in Lewiston Falls

A dollar in a tavern
Is very easy spent
If I had it in Ireland,
I'd have to pay down the rent

When you get to Albany
Give the girls a call.
There's not a gal to be compared,
With the one's from Lewiston Falls.

Amsterdam or Liverpool,
Rome or Syracuse,
If you've ever been to Lewiston Falls
It's the only place you'd choose

When I came on from Ireland
I was just a lad.
But working these canal boats
Is the only life I've had.

A drunkard in the tavern
A fish in the sea!
The cork is in the bottle,
But the whiskey is in me!

BOURBON LEMONADE

2 OZ BOURBON
1 OZ FRESH SQUEEZED LEMON JUICE
1 OZ SIMPLE SYRUP
1-3 OZ SODA WATER
1 DEHYDRATED LEMON WHEEL, OPTIONAL

ADD BOURBON, LEMON JUICE, SIMPLE
SYRUP AND ICE TO A SHAKER AND SHAKE
WELL. ADD ICE TO ROCKS GLASS. STRAIN
SHAKEN MIXTURE OVER ICE. TOP WITH
SODA WATER.
GARNISH WITH LEMON WHEEL.

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON INSTAGRAM BY @MUDDLENMIX

WHEN THE BOWL GOES ROUND

WORDS BY GEORGE COOPER

STEPHEN FOSTER
ED. PIERSON

5

When the bowl goes round, when the bowl goes round We'll all be jol-ly fel-lows while when bowl goes round.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first line. A second line of music begins with a measure rest marked '5'. The lyrics are placed below the first line of music, with some words aligned under specific notes.

In the bosom dwells no sigh, While the goblet's brimming high,
All the world is filled with treasure, When the bowl goes round,
Darkling sorrows take their flight, In the wine's rich ruby light,
And the hours are winged with pleasures, When the bowl goes round.

Sweeter far the fair one smiles, Dearer all her pleasing wiles,
And the many joys she brings us, When the bowl the goes round,
Gleefully the wine we sip, With her name up-on each lip,
And no blighting sadness sings us, When the bowl goes round.

Who would shun the social board, Fly the place where mirth is stored,
And the jocund song is ringing, When the bowl goes round,
Here we join the merry band, Here we grasp the friendly hand,
Golden pleasures ever bringing, When the bowl goes round.

FLANNEL SHIRT

2 OZ WHISKEY

.5 OZ MAPLE SYRUP

1.25 OZ LEMON JUICE

1 OZ HARD CIDER

2 DASHES BITTERS

1 ORANGE TWIST

IN A SHAKER, ADD WHISKEY, MAPLE SYRUP,
LEMON JUICE, CIDER, AND BITTERS.

SHAKE WITH ICE.

STRAIN INTO A ROCKS GLASS

GARNISH WITH AN ORANGE TWIST

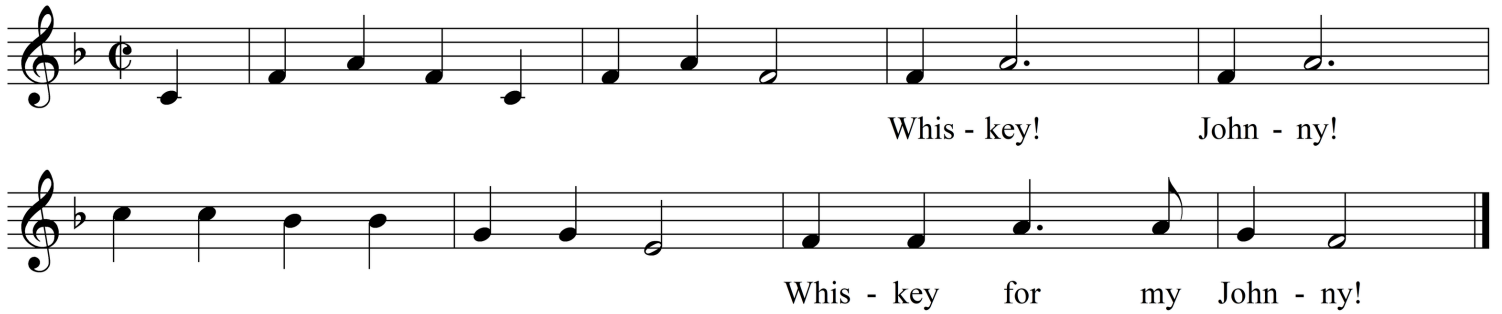
THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON TIKTOK BY @TIPSYAPP

HIGHLAND GOLD

1OZ SCOTCH WHISKY
.5OZ LEMON JUICE
.5OZ HONEY
1 LEMON PEEL

ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO SHAKER,
FILL COMPLETELY WITH ICE
AND SHAKE VIGOROUSLY.
STRAIN INTO ROCKS GLASS OVER ICE.

WHISKEY JOHNNY



Oh, whiskey is the life of man,
I drink whiskey when I can.

Whiskey from an old tin can,
I drink whiskey when I can.

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
I drink it new, I drink it old.

Whiskey makes me feel so sad,
Whiskey killed my poor old dad.

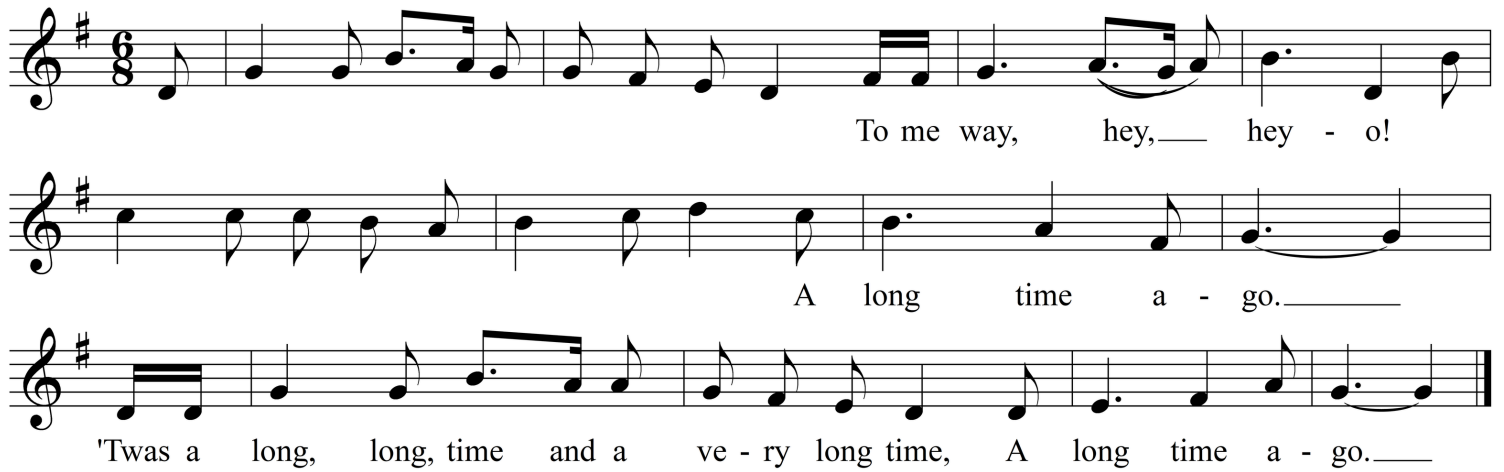
Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
And whiskey drove my mother mad.

I thought I heard the old man say,
I'll treat my crew in a decent way.

Whiskey up and whiskey down,
And whiskey all around the town.

Oh, whiskey here and whiskey there,
Oh, I'll have whiskey everywhere.

A LONG TIME AGO



A way down south where I was born.

O! early on a summer's morn.

I made up my mind to go to sea.

A smart Yankee packet lay out in the bay.

She was waiting a fair wind to get under way.

If she hasn't a fair wind she's lying there still.

In Portsmouth town where I was born.

'Twas there I joined the boys in blue.

And in Portsmouth town there lived a girl.

And this young girl I loved her so well.

ALL FOR ME GROG

Swung



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 INGREDIENTS 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 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

Way, Hey, Blow the man down.

Gim-me some time to blow the man down.

Blow the man down bul-lies, Blow the man down. Way, hey, blow the man down.

Blow him right back in - to Liv-er - pool town. Gim-me some time to blow the man down.

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

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

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

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

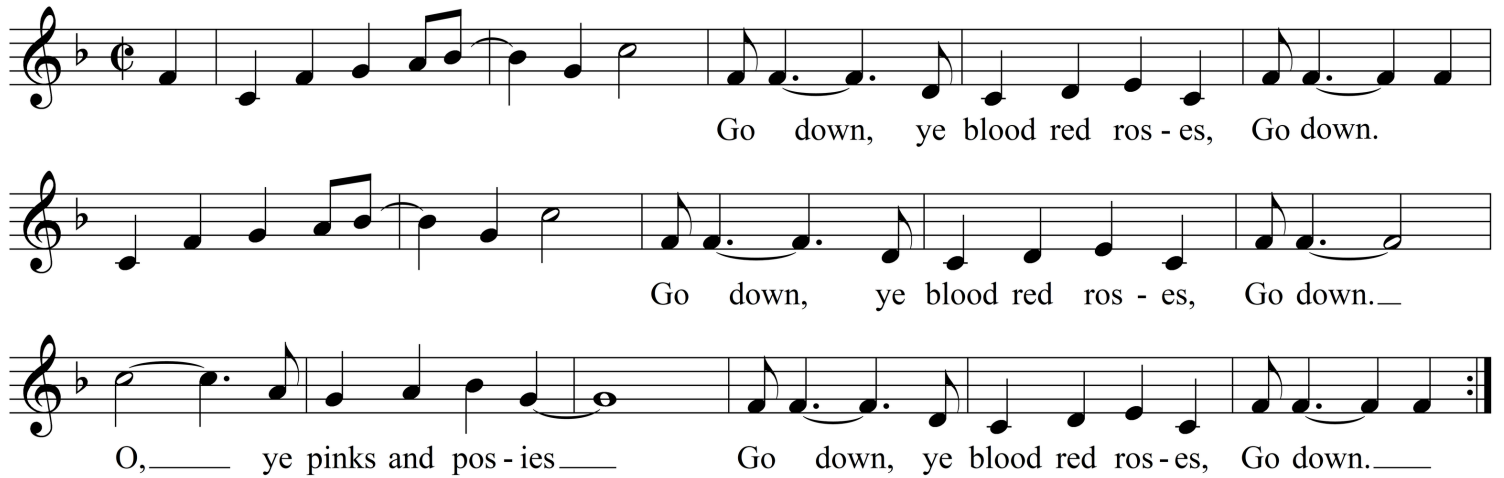
I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong.
If you buy me a drink, then I'll sing you a song.

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

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

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'.

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs and ties. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

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.

CLEAR AWAY THE TRACK

A musical score for the song 'Clear Away the Track'. It consists of four staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff begins with a repeat sign. The third staff ends with a double bar line. The fourth staff begins with a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line.

Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done?

So clear a - way the track and let the bul - gine run! To me

Hey, Rig-a - jig and a jaunt-ing run! Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done? With

Li - za Lee all on my knee, So clear a - way the track and let the bul-gine run!_____

Oh, the sweetest packet you can find,
Is the "Margaret Evans" of the Blue Star Line!

Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
Oh, it can't get worse, so we're bound to go.

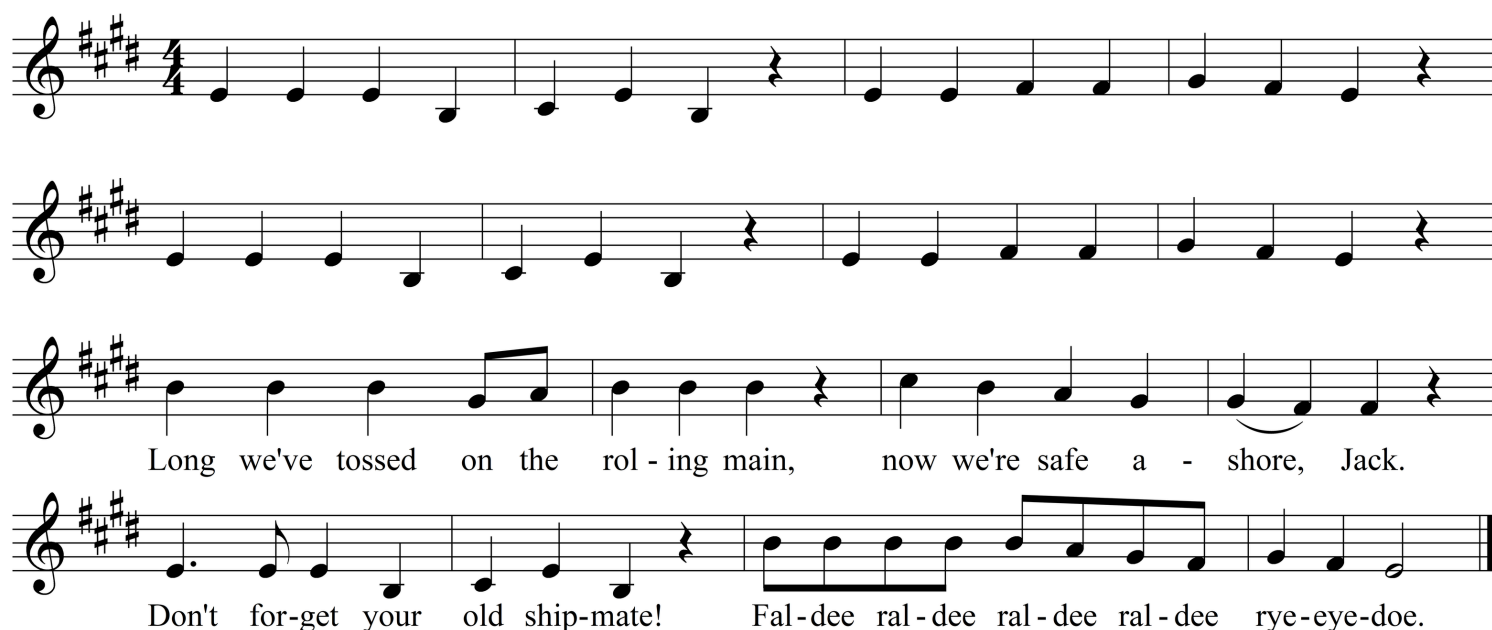
Oh, the winds were foul and the work was hard,
From the Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard.

Oh, we're outward bound for New York Town,
Them bowery gals we'll waltz around.

Oh, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier,
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer.

Oh, and when we're back in Liverpool town,
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!

DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE



Safe and sound at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack
Safe and sound at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound
Four years gone, or nigh, Jack
Was there ever chummies, now
Such as you and I, Jack?

We have worked the self-same gun:
Quarterdeck division
Sponger I and loader you
Through the whole commission

Oftentimes have we laid out toil
nor danger fearing,
Tugging out the flapping sail
to the weather bearing

When the middle watch was on
And the time went slow, boy
Who could choose a rousing stave
Who like Jack or Joe, boy?

There she swings, an empty hulk
Not a soul below now
Number seven starboard mess
Misses Jack and Joe now

But the best of friends must part
Fair or foul the weather
Hand yer flipper for a shake
Now a drink together

DRUNKEN SAILOR

Way, hay, and up she ris es! Way, hey, and up she ris ses!
Way, and up she ris - es, ear - ly in the morn - 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.**

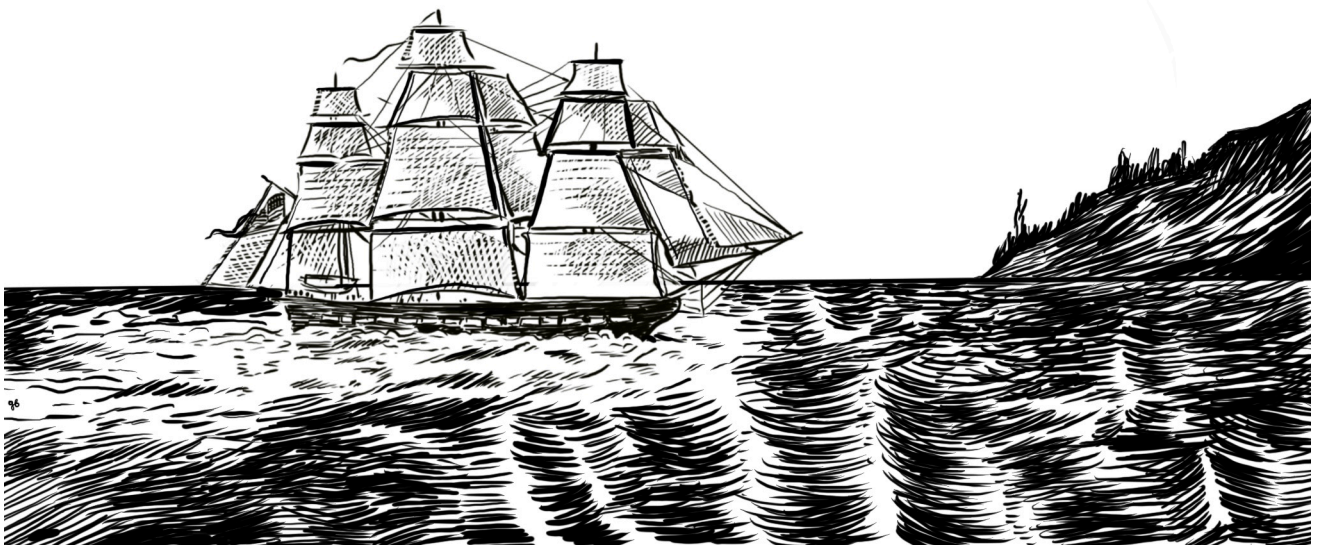
*A HOLE IN A SHIP'S SIDE TO CARRY WATER OVERBOARD FROM THE DECK

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

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

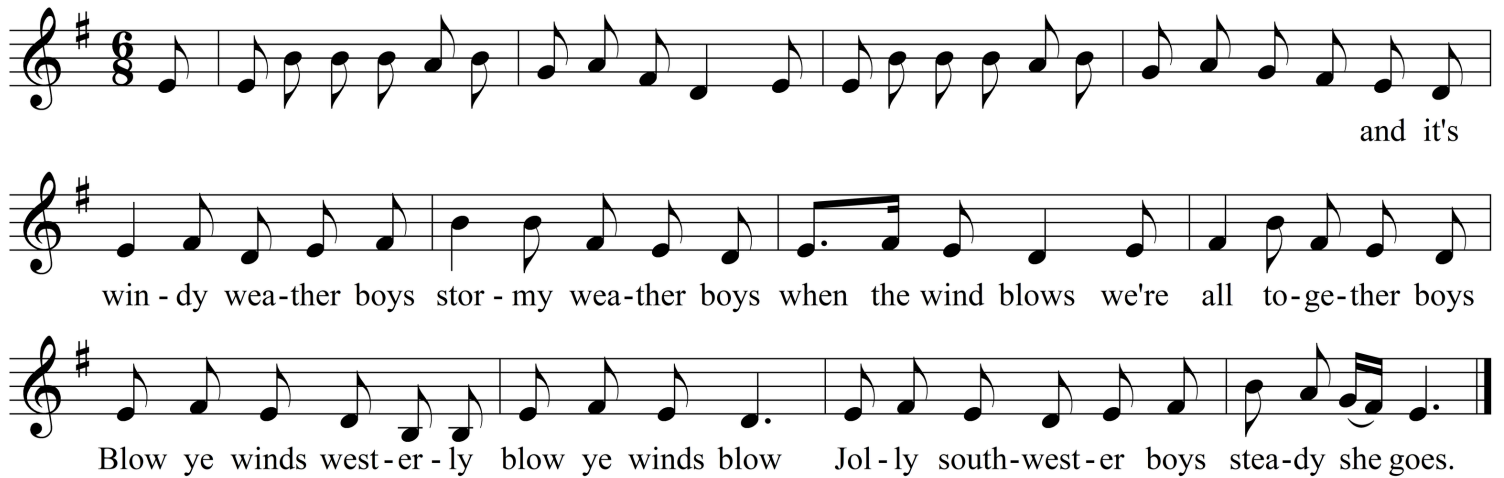
ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A MIXING
GLASS AND STIR ON ICE FOR 20
SECONDS. STRAIN INTO A COUPE GLASS
AND GARNISH WITH AN ORANGE PEEL



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.

FISH IN THE SEA



Come all you young sailor men, listen to me,
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea.

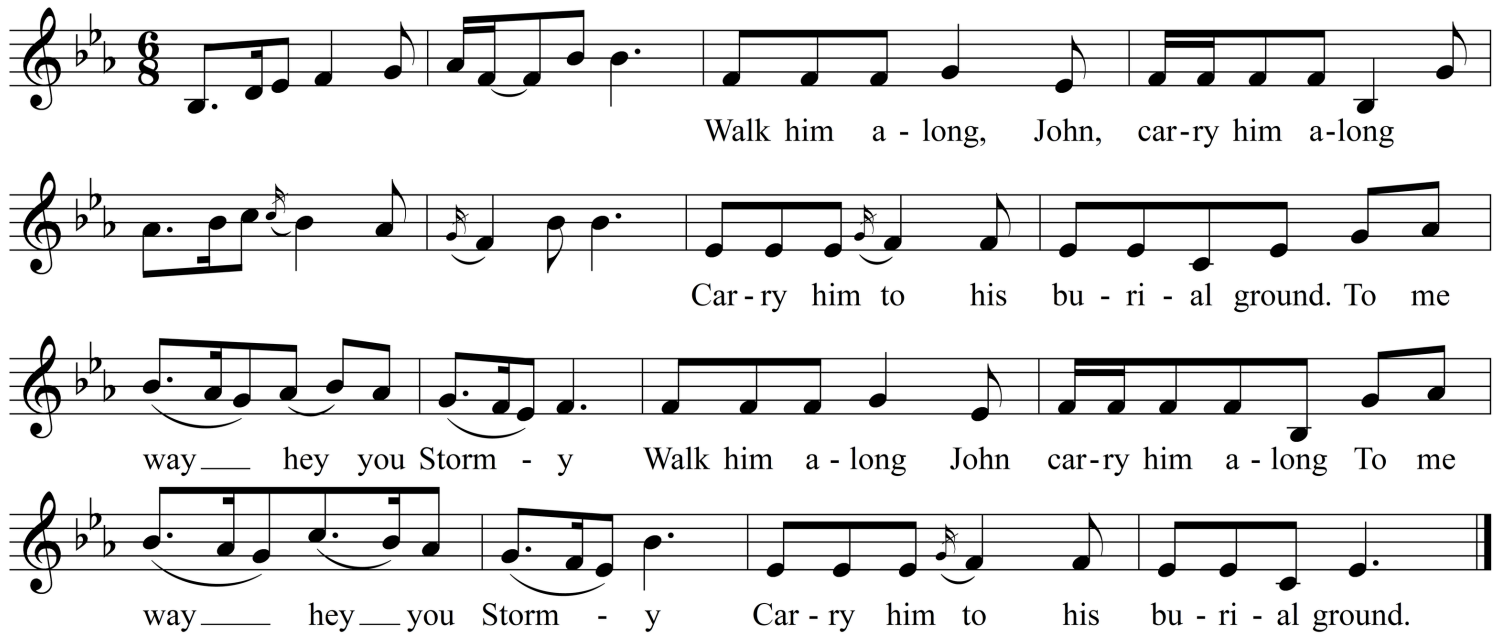
Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail,
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail!

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth,
Saying "You eat the dough, boys, and I'll eat the beef!"

Up jumps the whale, the largest of all,
"If you want any wind, well I'll blow you a squall!"



GENERAL TAYLOR



General Taylor gained the day,
Oh, General Taylor gained the day

Oh, we dig his grave with a silver spade,
And his shroud of the softest silk is made

Oh, I wish I was old Stormy's son,
I'd build a ship ten thousand tons

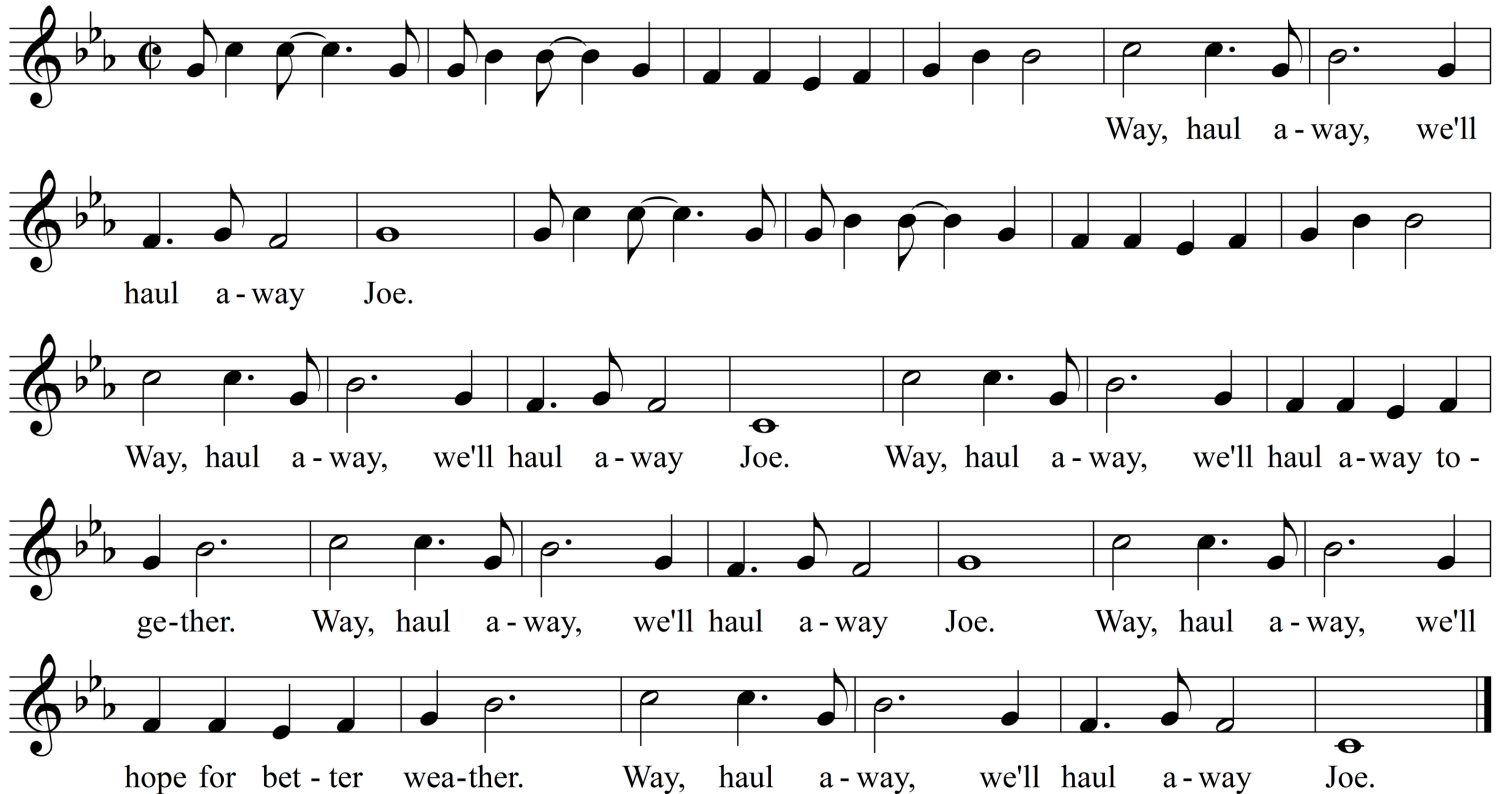
And we lower him down on a golden chain,
On every link we'll carve his name

I'd load her down with ale and rum,
And every shellback should have some

General Taylor's dead and gone,
General Taylor's dead and gone

HAUL AWAY JOE

Swung



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'.

HORSEFEATHER

2 OZ RYE WHISKEY
.5 OZ FRESH SQUEEZED LEMON JUICE
13 DASHES ANGOSTURA BITTERS
GINGER BEER
1 LEMON WEDGE

IN A HIGHBALL GLASS, ADD RYE WHISKEY,
LEMON JUICE, AND BITTERS.
FILL WITH ICE - TOP WITH GINGER BEER
GARNISH WITH A LEMON WEDGE

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON TIKTOK BY @TIPSYAPP

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 three staves are in common time (C). The fourth staff begins with a 3/2 time signature change. The melody is simple, using mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and ties. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some lines ending in underscores to indicate a long note or a pause.

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.

LOWLANDS AWAY



I dreamed a dream the other night,
My love, she came, all dressed in white.

I dreamed my love came in my sleep,
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.

She came to me at my bedside,
All dressed in white, like some fair bride.

And bravely in her bosom fair,
A red, red rose my love did wear.

She made no sound, no word she said,
And then I knew my love was dead.

NELSON'S BLOOD



And we'll all hang on be - hind._____ And we'll

roll the old cha-ri - ot a - long. We'll roll the old cha-ri - ot a - long. We'll

roll the old cha-ri - ot a - long, and we'll all hang on be - hind._____

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.

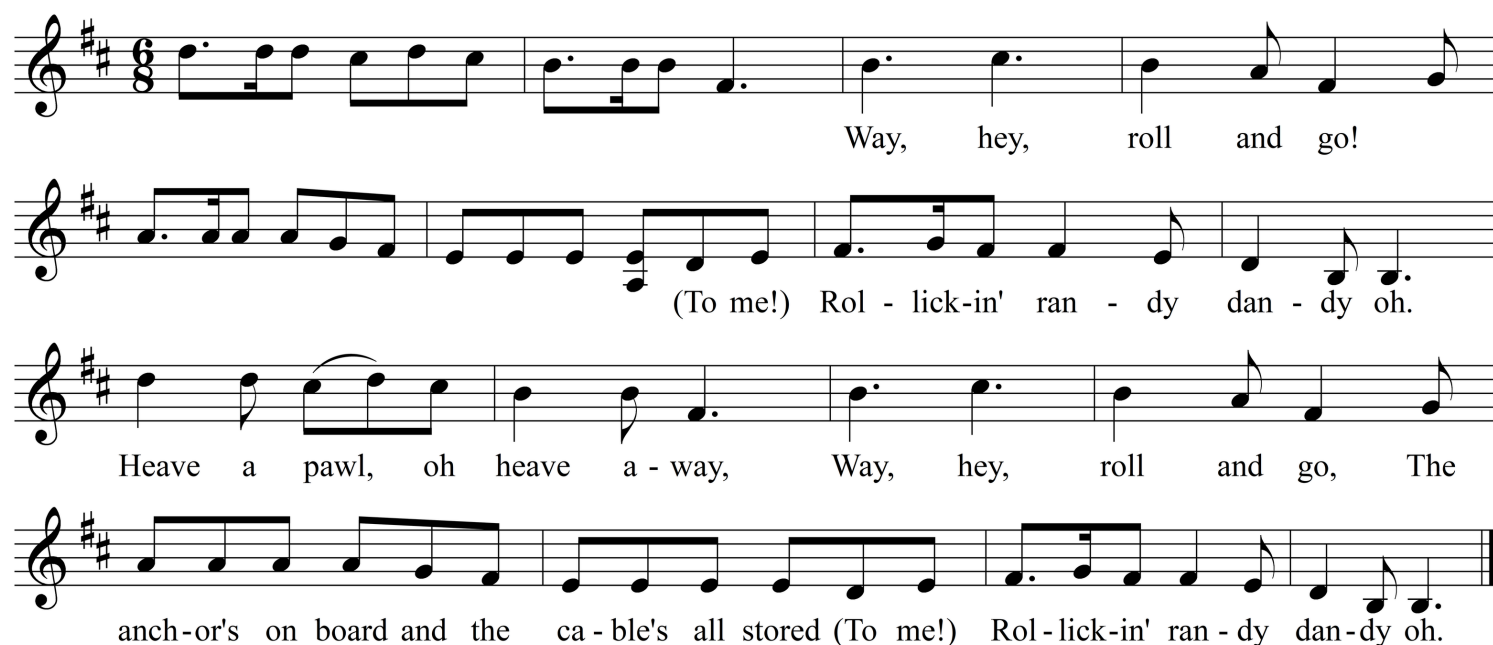
NELSON'S BLOOD NO. 2

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 the 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!

REUBEN RANZO



Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo,
Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo.

Now the captain was a good man,
He took him to the cabin.

Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
So he shipped aboard a whaler.

And he took him to his cabin,
And gave him wine and brandy.

Oh, Ranzo was no beauty,
He couldn't do his duty.

And he taught him navigation,
To fit him for his station.

So they took him to the gangway,
And gave him five and thirty.

And he married the captain's daughter,
And still he sails blue water.

And now he's Captain Ranzo,
Hurrah for Captain Ranzo!

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (indicated by 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, catchy tune with a mix of eighth and quarter 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.



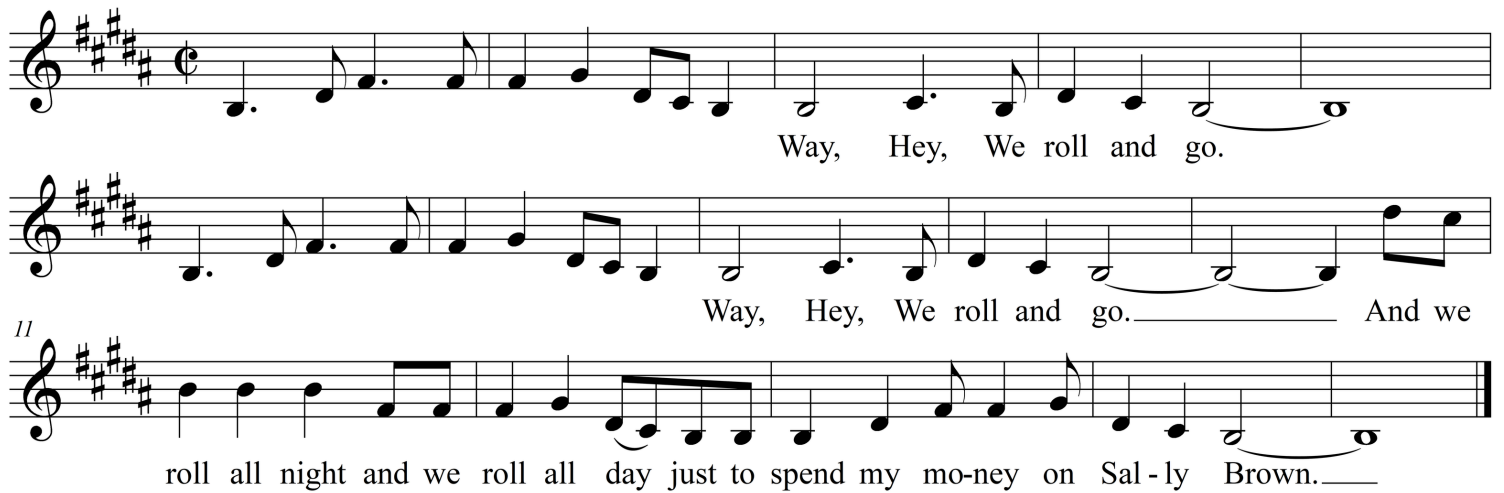
It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the day is done
How hard the winds did blow.
'Cause we're homeward bound,
Tis a grand ol' sound
On a good ship, taut and free.
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui.

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



Way, Hey, We roll and go.

Way, Hey, We roll and go. And we

roll all night and we roll all day just to spend my mo-ney on Sal-ly 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

Soon may the Well-er-man come to bring us su-gar and tea and rum.

One day, when the tounge-in' is done we'll take our leave and go.

There once was a ship that put to sea,
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 a right 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

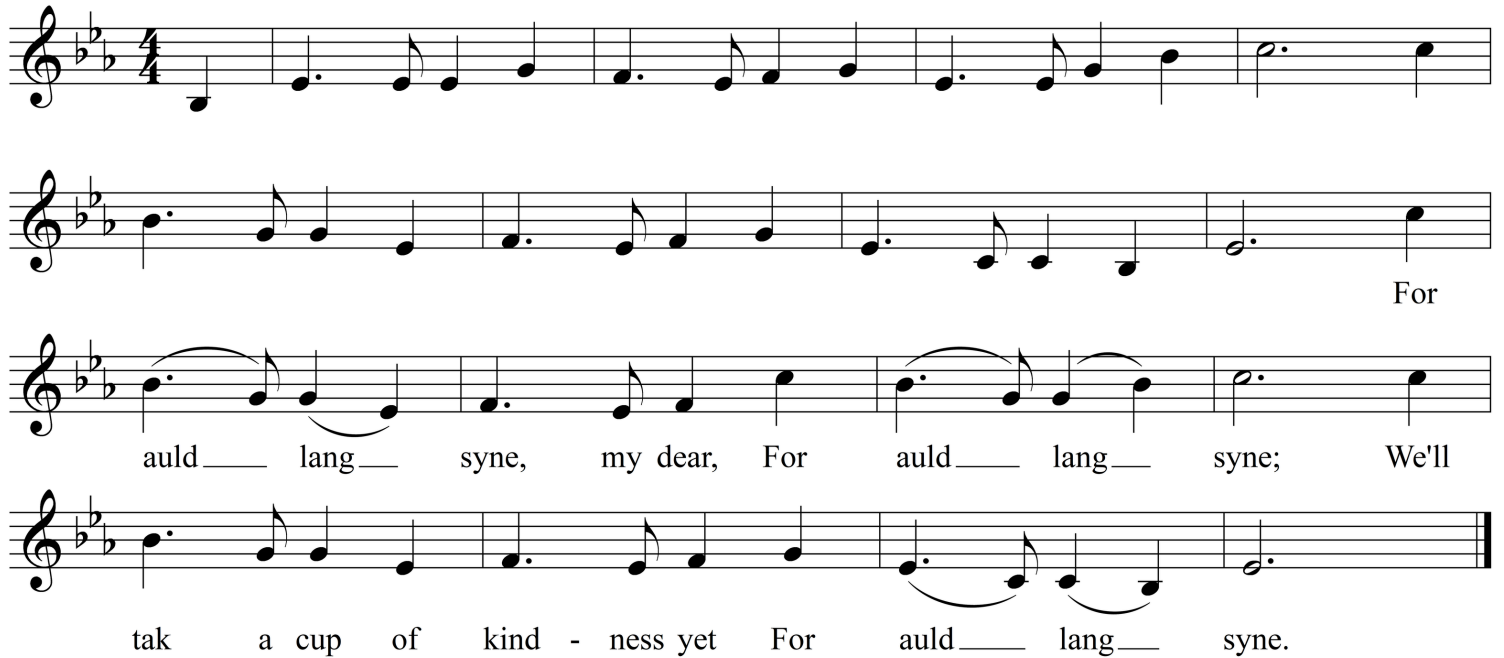
ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A MIXING
GLASS AND STIR ON ICE FOR 20
SECONDS. STRAIN INTO A COUPE GLASS
AND GARNISH WITH AN LEMON PEEL



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



auld ____ lang ____ syne, my dear, For auld ____ lang ____ syne; We'll
tak a cup of kind - ness yet For auld ____ lang ____ syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and 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 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.

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.

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.

BLACK VELVET BAND

Her eyes they shone like dia-monds, I thought her the queen of the land. And her
hair lay o-ver her shoul - ders tied up with a black vel-vet 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 away from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band."

THE DRUNKEN SCOTSMAN



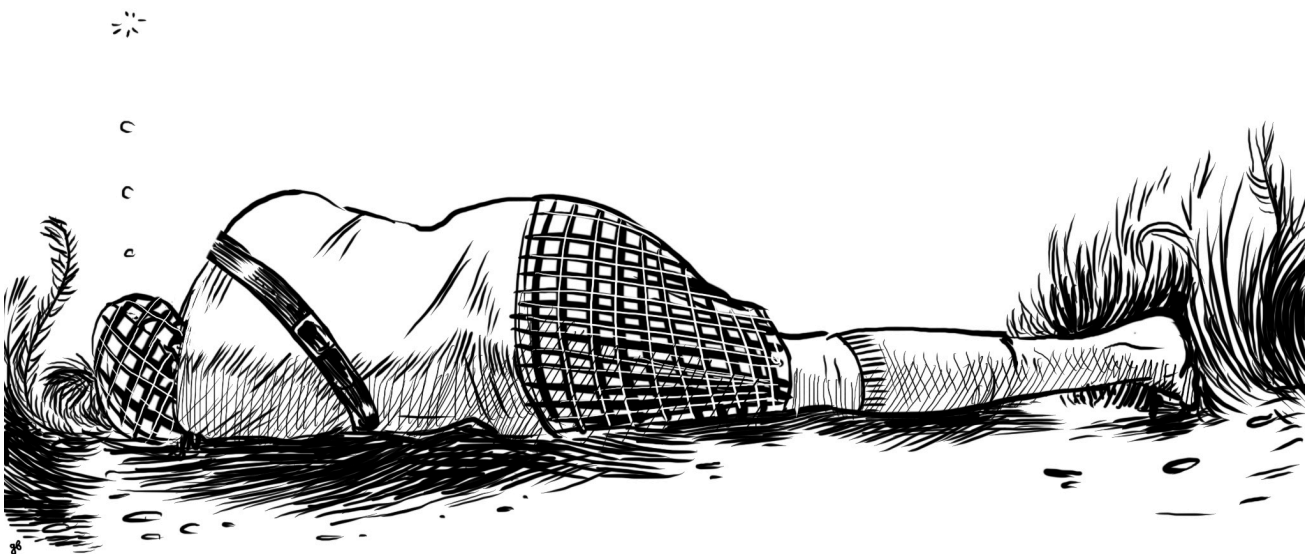
Well, a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair.
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share.
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet,
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.
Ring ding diddle iddle I de oh - ring di diddly 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,
Oh, 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
Oh, 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,
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?"

GUINNESS OLD FASHIONED

1 OZ GUINNESS

1.5 OZ IRISH WHISKEY

BAR SPOON OF DEMERARA SYRUP

3 DASHES MOLASSES BITTERS

COMBINE INGREDIENTS IN MIXING GLASS.

ADD ICE AND STIR.

STRAIN INTO A ROCKS GLASS.

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON INSTAGRAM BY ITSCOCKTAILHOUR_ (SEAN BRIGGS).

DID YOU KNOW?

- GUINNESS WAS FOUNDED IN 1759 – THE SAME YEAR ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN
- THE LOCATION FOR THE ORIGINAL GUINNESS BREWERY AT ST. JAMES GATE WAS CONTRACTED AS A 9,000 YEAR LEASE
- GUINNESS REGISTERED THE HARP AS THEIR TRADEMARK LOGO IN 1876 – BUT IT IS ALSO THE NATIONAL SYMBOL OF IRELAND. HOW DO YOU DIFFERENTIATE THE TWO? THE STRAIGHT EDGE OF THE GUINNESS HARP IS ALWAYS ON THE LEFT, WHILE THE SOUNDBOARD OF THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND ALWAYS GOES ON THE RIGHT.

SPLIT THE G

A SMOOTH DRINKING GUINNESS IS A GREAT ADDITION TO A COCKTAIL, AND CAN BE MIXED IN A VARIETY OF DIFFERENT WAYS – BUT THE SIMPLEST WAY TO ENJOY IT IS IN A PINT. NEXT TIME YOU HAVE ONE ON DRAFT – SEE IF YOU CAN SPLIT THE G! ON YOUR FIRST GULP, DO YOUR BEST TO DRINK EXACTLY ENOUGH THAT WHEN YOU SET YOUR PINT DOWN ON THE TABLE, THE BEER WILL MEASURE DIRECTLY TO THE MIDDLE OF THE G IN THE WORD GUINNESS ON YOUR GLASS.

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'll take one drink and then take no more.
When I'm dying and my drinking's o'er
I'll take one 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.

WHATEVER AND EVER AMEN.

BOURBON PROSECCO PUNCH

.75 CUPS BOURBON
1.75 CUPS APPLE CIDER
.5 CUP ORANGE JUICE
2 OZ LEMON JUICE
2 OZ HONEY
1 TSP VANILLA EXTRACT
DEHYDRATED LEMONS, CRANBERRIES,
ROSEMARY, CINNAMON STICKS

ADD ALL INGREDIENTS TO A LARGE BOTTLE
SHAKE

POUR MIX INTO WINE GLASS, AND TOP WITH
PROSECCO – RATIO OF MIX TO PROSECCO
VARIES BASED ON PREFERENCE.

PROSECCO

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON TIKTOK BY @CREWBARWARE

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

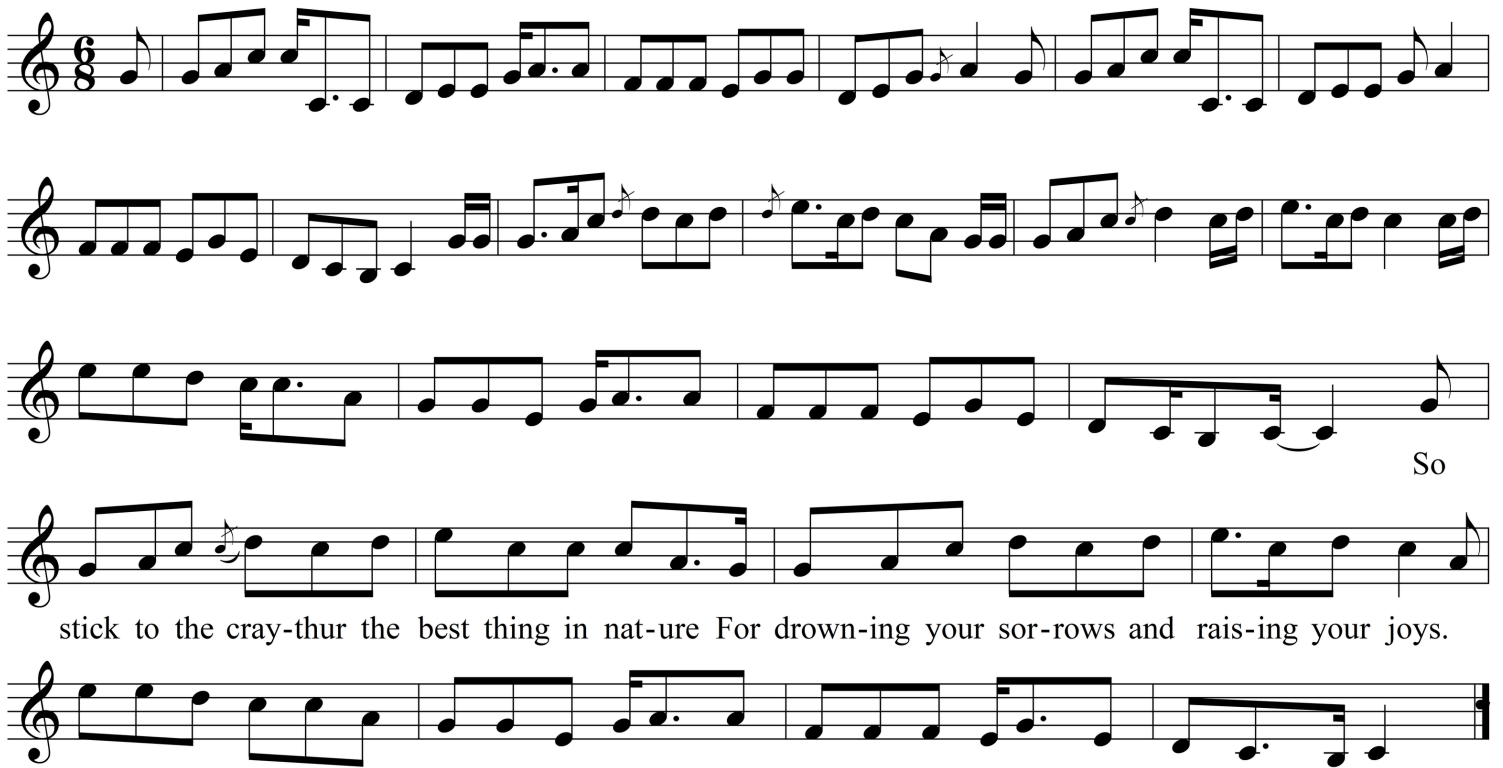
The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
 The more I loved her, the more she smiled
 And I forgot my mother's teaching
 Nancy soon had me beguiled

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'll 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!

THE HUMORS OF WHISKY



Let your quacks and newspapers be cutting their capers
and curing the vapor, the scratch or the gout.
With their medical potions, their pills and their lotions,
Upholding their notions they're mighty put out.
Who can tell the true physics of all things pathetic
And pitch to the devil cramp, colic, and spleen?
You will find it, I think, if you take a big drink,
With your mouth to the brink of a jug of poitín.

**So stick to the craythur, the best thing in nature,
For drowning your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh, what moderation gives hope to a nation
Can give consolation like poitín, me boys.**

No liquid cosmetic to lovers athletic
Or ladies pathetic can give such a bloom
As the sweet by the powers in the garden of flowers
E'er gave their own bowers such a darling perfume.
And this liquid so rare if you willingly share
To be taking your hair when it's frizzled and dead;
Oh, the sod has the merit to yield the true spirit,
So strong it will shake all the hairs from your head

**So stick to the craythur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh, since its perfection, no doctor's direction
Can cleanse the complexion like poitín, me boys.**

As a child in me cradle, the nurse from her ladle
Was swillin her mouth with a notion of Pep.
When a drop from her bottle fell into my throttle,
I capered and scrambled right out of her lap.
On the floor I lay crawlin' and screaming and bawling
'Til me mother and father were called to the fore.
All sobbing and sighing they feared I was dying.
They found I was only crying for more.

**So stick to the craythur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh lord, how I'd chuckle if babes in their truckle
Could only be suckled on poitín, me boys.**

Through youthful digressions and times of depression,
My childhood's impression still clung to my mind.
And at school or at college, the basis of knowledge
I never could gulp 'til with whisky combined.
And as older I'm growing times e'er bestowin'
On Erin's potation, a flavor so fine;
And how ere they may lecture on Jove and his nectar
Itself is the only true liquid divine.

**So stick to the craythur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh lord, 'tis the right thing for courting and fighting
There's naught so exciting as poitín, me boys.**

Come guess me this riddle: what beats pipes and fiddle?
What's hotter than mustard and wilder than cream?
What best wets your whistle? What's clearer than crystal?
What's sweeter than honey and stronger than steam?
What will make the dumb talk? What will make the lame walk?
The elixir of life and philospher's stone.
And what helped Mr. Brunel to dig the Thames Tunnel?
Wasn't it poteen from ould Inishowen?

**So stick to the craythur the best thing in nature
For drowning your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh lord, it's no wonder, if lightning and thunder
Was made from the plunder of poitín, me boys.**

RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

di-dl-ee-i - um di-dle di - dle - di - dle dum di - dle doo - ri - di-dl-ee-um - day Hi - dee

di-dl-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 the 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.

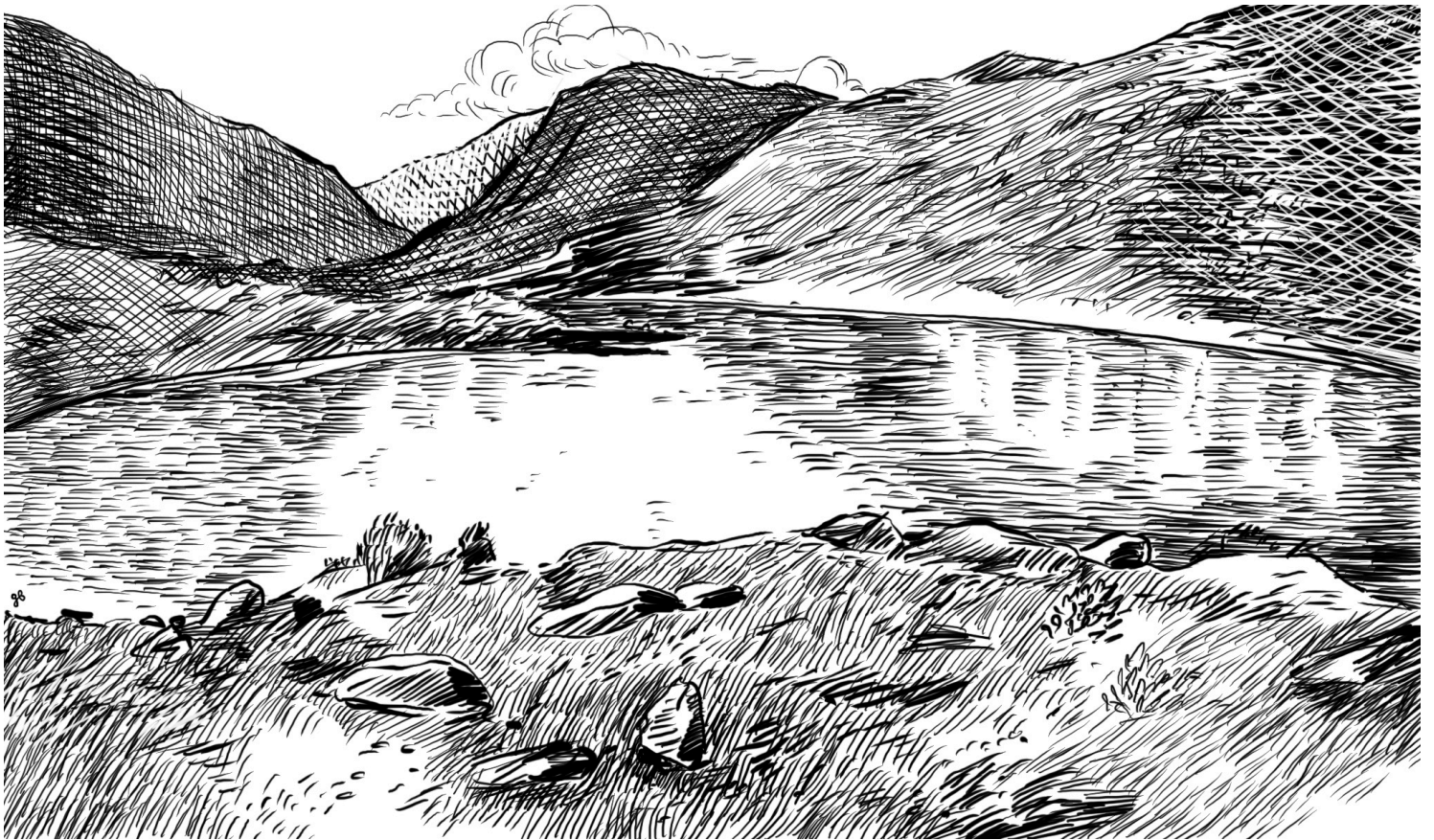
Now learned men who use the pen have sung the praises high
 Of the rare poitin from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye.
 Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills, be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
 Take off your coat and grease your throat, with a bucket of the mountain dew.

WHATEVERANDEVERAMEN.

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.

ring - doo-ma-doo doo-ma - da (claps) Mush - a -
Whack for my dad - dy o!___ 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 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

IRISH REVOLVER

2 OZ IRISH WHISKEY
.5 OZ COFFEE LIQUEUR
2 DASHES ORANGE BITTERS
1 ORANGE TWIST

IN A ROCKS GLASS WITH LARGE ICE CUBE
ADD IRISH WHISKEY, LIQUEUR, & BITTERS
STIR FOR 10-15 SECONDS
EXPRESS ORANGE PEEL AND GARNISH

THIS RECIPE WAS FEATURED ON TIKTOK BY @MOODYCOCKTAILS

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 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 have hugged me as oft times before
 I never will play the wild rover no more.

BIER HER!

Bier her! Bier her! O - der ich fall' um, juch - he!

Bier her! Bier her! O - der ich fall' um!

Soll das Bier im Kel - ler lie - gen, und ich hier die Ohn - macht krie - gen?
Wenn ich nicht gleich Bier be - kumm', schmeiss' ich die gan - ze Knei - pe um!

Bier her! Bier her! O - der ich fall' um!

Bring on the beer or I'll collapse - hurray!

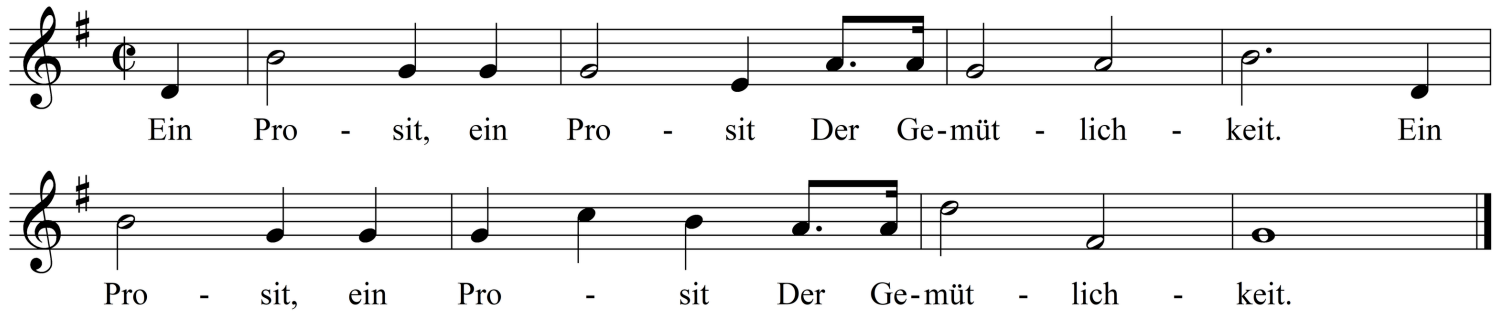
Should the beer be in the cellar,
while I'm about to faint here?

If I don't get beer right away,
I'll wreck the whole pub!

BAVARIAN LAGERS AND THE RHEINHEITSGEBOT

RHEINHEITSGEBOT IS THE FORMAL 1873 NAME FOR A BAVARIAN LAW ISSUED BY THE DUKE OF BAVARIA, WILHELM IV, ON APRIL 23 1516. IN ITS MODERN FORM, THIS "PURITY LAW" DICTATES THAT ALL BEER BREWED IN GERMANY MUST INCLUDE ONLY BARLEY, HOPS, AND WATER (ALTHOUGH YEAST IS A UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED FOURTH INGREDIENT). FOR CENTURIES, THIS LED TO THE PREVAILING THOUGHT THAT GERMAN BEER WAS SOMEHOW MORE PURE, MORE HEALTHY, AND IN FACT BETTER THAN BEER THAT DID NOT FOLLOW THIS STRICT GUIDELINE. AS BEER STYLES AND FLAVORS AROUND THE WORLD HAVE EVOLVED OVER TIME, SOME VIEW THIS LAW AS MORE PROHIBITIVE THAN BENEFICIAL - MORE MARKETING PLOY THAN NECESSARY RESTRICTION. STILL, FOR MOST GERMAN BREWERS IT IS A SOURCE OF PRIDE, AND WE LOVE IT AS SYMBOL OF GERMAN CULTURE AND ALL THINGS BIER. PROST!

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.

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 fäng - 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

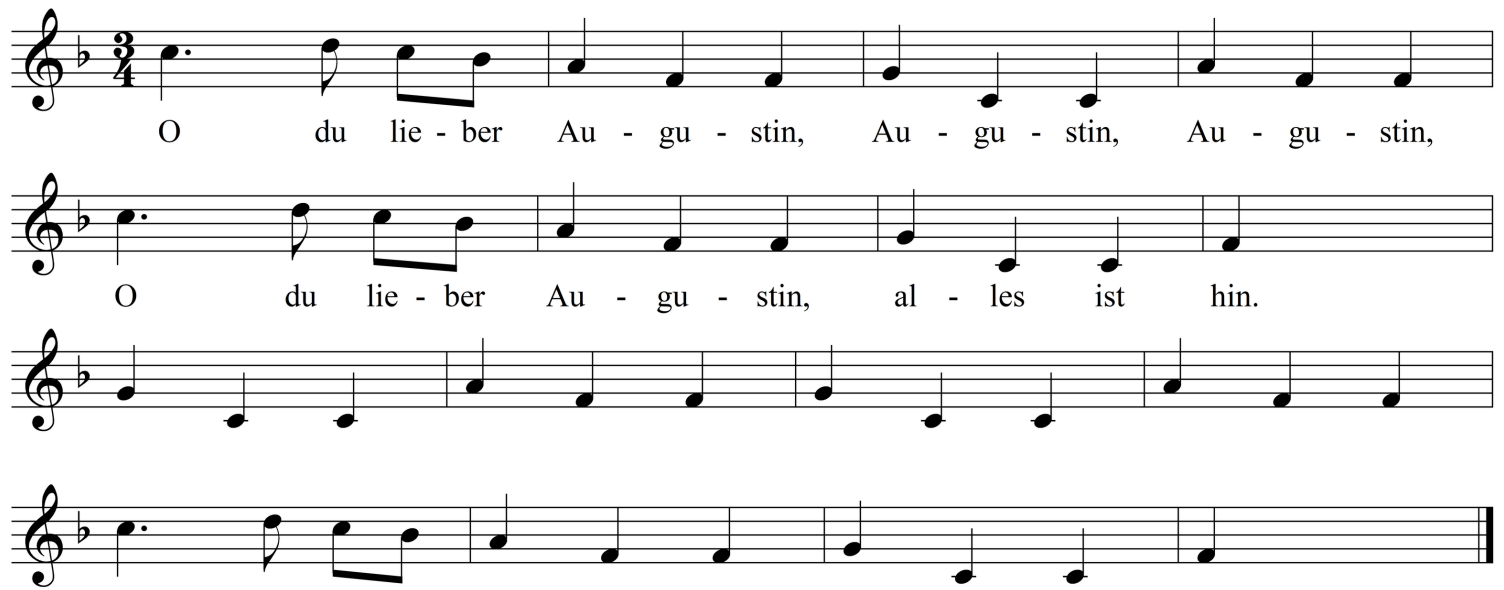
And late in the evening he comes out

Because it's so nice at the Hofbräuhaus.

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

NOTE: THIS IS ONLY THE CHORUS OF A LONGER GERMAN SONG

O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN



MARX AUGUSTIN WAS A POPULAR 17TH 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

SCHENK VOLL EIN



Al-le mei-ne Le-be-tag und im-mer Son-ne her Schenk voll ein und im-mer im-mer mehr!

Schenk voll ein und im - mer im - mer mehr!

Da wollen wir nit zaghaft sein!
 Bring noch ein volles Glas,
 Heda, Wirt, vom besten Wein,
 Dort aus dem größten Faß!

We don't wanna be shy!
 So bring another full glass,
 Hey, innkeeper, of the best wine,
 From the biggest cask!

Sauft die Gläser zügig aus,
 Werft Tisch und Bänke um,
 Schmeißt den Wirt zum Fenster raus!
 Heda, der schaut sich um!

Drink the glasses up quickly,
 Knock the table and benches over,
 Kick the innkeeper out of the window!
 Hey, he's in for a good surprise!

Heda he! Er kann nicht mehr,
 Sein Bauch ist viel zu klein.
 Sauf dir einen Ranzen an
 Wie ich, so sollst du sein!

Hey! He can't take it anymore,
 His stomach is way too small.
 Drink until you get a beer-gut
 You shall do as I do!

Saufen ist ein gut's Gelag,
 Das kostet nicht das Geld.
 Drum trauert keinem Pfennig nach!
 Das Geld bleibt in der Welt.

Getting drunk is a nice feast,
 It is well worth the money.
 So don't regret a penny of it!
 The money stays in the world.

Wer beim Saufen kläglich ist,
 Ist nüchtern nicht gescheit.
 Darum sauft die Gläser leer
 Und klagt zur andern Zeit!

Whoever's a bad drinker,
 Isn't sane when sober.
 So drink up your glasses
 And complain another time!

TRINK, TRINK, BRÜDERLEIN TRINK

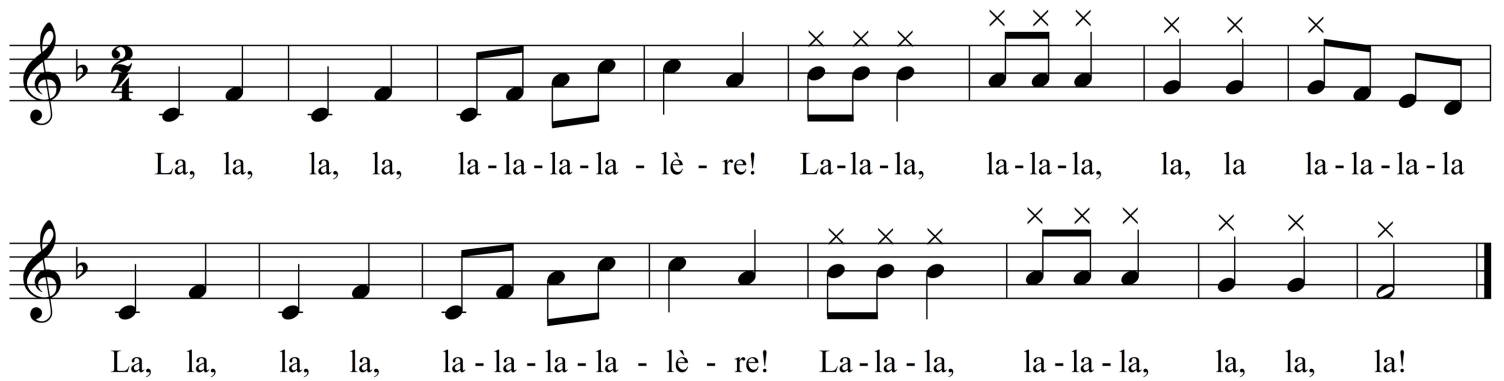


Trink, trink, Brü-der-lein trink! lass doch die Sor-gen zu Haus! Trink,
trink, Brü-der-lein trink! zieh doch die Stirn nicht so kraus! Mei-de den
Kum-mer und mei-de den Schmerz, dann ist das Le-ben ein Scherz. Mei-de den
Kum-mer und mei-de den Schmerz Ja dann ist das Le-ben ein Scherz.

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.

NOTE: THIS IS ONLY THE CHORUS OF A LONGER GERMAN SONG

BAN BOURGUIGNON



X - INDICATES A CLAP

HOLD YOUR ARMS UP AT A NEAR NINETY DEGREE ANGLE, WITH YOUR HANDS POSITIONED AS IF THEY ARE HOLDING A GLASS OF WINE IN THE AIR. TURN YOUR HANDS AT THE WRIST ON EVERY BEAT, AS IF TO TURN THE WINE INSIDE. THEN DROP YOUR HANDS TO CLAP.



BEVILO TUTTO

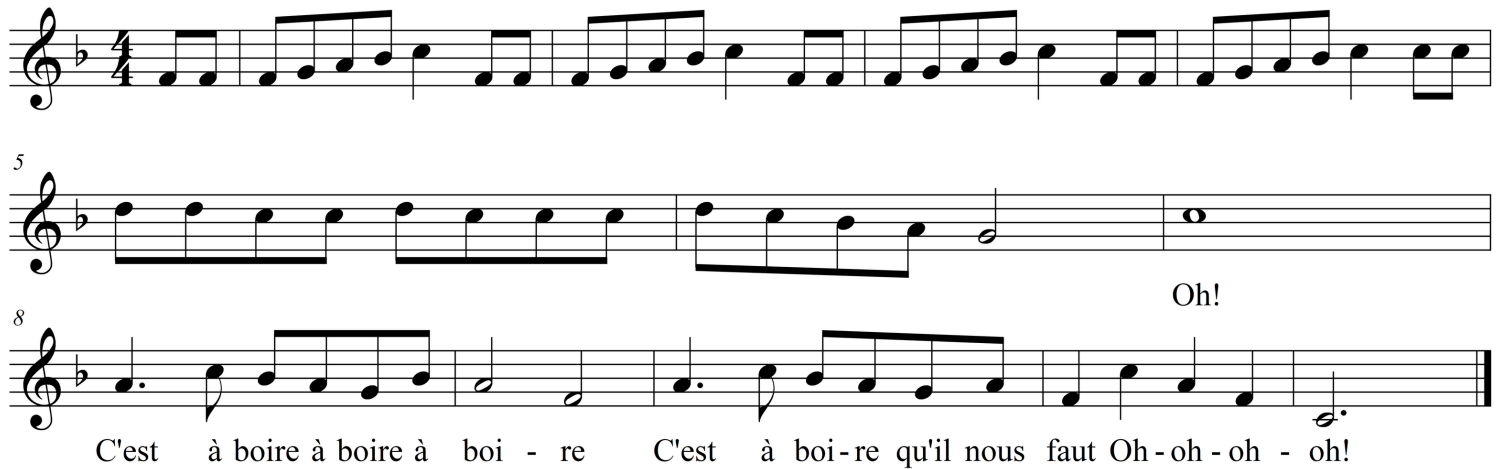
Be-vi-lo tut-to, be-vi-lo tut-to, be-vi-lo, be-vi-lo, be-vi-lo tut-to. Be-vi-lo
tut-to, be-vi-lo tut-to, be-vi-lo, be-vi-lo, be-vi-lo tut-to. Se
l'e' be-vu-to tut-to, E non gli ha fat-to ma-le,
L'acq-ua gli fa ma-le, Il vi-no la fa can-ta-re

Drink it all.

He drank it all
and it didn't hurt him
Water hurts him
Wine makes him sing

A SONG TO ENCOURAGE THE DRINKING OF WINE. TRADITIONALLY, THIS SONG IS SUNG AND DIRECTED AT ONE PERSON UNTIL THEY HAVE FINISHED THEIR GLASS OF WINE. WHEN FINISHED, THEY TURN OVER THEIR GLASS AND PLACE IT ON THE TABLE. IF A DROP OF WINE IS SPILLED, THEY MUST FILL IT UP AND START AGAIN.

C'EST À BOIRE QU'IL NOUS FAUT



Nous étions six fameux bougres.
Revenant de Longjumeau,
Nous entrâm's dans une auberge
Pour y boir' du vin nouveau, oh!

We were six famous buggers.
Returning from Longjumeau,
We entered an inn
To drink new wine there, oh!

Nous entrâm's dans une auberge
Pour y boir' du vin nouveau
Nous vidâm's plus d'une fiole
Nous y bûmes plus d'un pot, oh!

We entered an inn
To drink new wine there
We emptied more than one vial
We drank more than one pot there, oh!

Chacun fouilla dans ses poches
Quand il fallut payer l'pot,
Dans la poche du plus riche
On n'trouva qu'un écu faux, oh!

Everyone reached into their pockets
When it was time to pay the pot,
In the pocket of the richest
We only found a false shield, oh!

Sacrebleu! dit la patronne.
Qu'on leur prenne leur shako!
Nom de Dieu! dit la servante,
Leur falzar, leurs godillots, oh!

Damn it! said the boss.
Take their shako!
For God Sake! said the servant,
Their falzar, their shoes, oh!

Quand nous fûmes en liquette,
Nous montâm's sur des tonneaux,
Nos liquett's étaient si courtes
Que l'on voyait nos marteaux, oh!

When we were in clothes,
We climbed onto barrels,
Our shirt's were so short
That we could see our hammers, oh!

Sacrebleu! dit la patronne,
Qu'ils sont noirs et qu'ils sont beaux!
Nom de Dieu! dit la servante,
J'en voudrais bien un morceau, oh!

Sacrebleu! said the boss,
How black and beautiful they are!
For God Sake! said the servant,
I would like a piece of it, oh!

Sacrebleu! dit la patronne,
Tous les six, il me les faut!
Et tous les six y passèrent,
Du plus p'tit jusqu'au plus gros, oh!

Sacrebleu! said the boss,
I need all six of them!
And all six passed there,
From the smallest to the biggest, oh!

Sacrebleu! dit la patronne,
Qu'on leur rende leur shako!
Nom de Dieu! dit la servante,
Leur falzar, leurs godillots, oh!

Sacrebleu! said the boss,
Give them back their shako!
For God Sake! said the servant,
Their pants, their boots, oh!

Et en sortant nous plaçâmes
Sur la porte un écriteau :
C'est ici qu'on boit, qu'on mange
Et qu'on paye à coups d'marteaux, oh!

And going out we placed
A sign on the door:
This is where we drink, where we eat
And we pay with hammers, oh!

THE FIRST TWO LINES OF EACH STANZA ARE TO BE SUNG ONCE AS A SOLO, AND THEN REPEATED BY EVERYONE. THE SECOND TWO LINES ARE THEN SUNG ONCE AS A SOLO BEFORE EVERYONE JOINS IN THE CHORUS.

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE



Chevaliers de la table ronde,
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon.
Goûtons voir, oui, oui, oui,
Goûtons voir, non, non, non,
Goûtons voir si le vin est bon.

S'il est bon, s'il est agréable,
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon plaisir.

J'en boirai cinq ou six bouteilles,
Une femme sur les genoux.

Knights of the round table,
Let's taste if the wine is good.
Let's taste it, yes, yes, yes,
Let's taste it, no, no, no,
Let's taste if the wine is good.

If it is good, if it is pleasant,
I'll drink it to my heart's content.

I'll drink five or six bottles,
A woman on my knees.

EACH COUPLET OF TEXT IS SUNG TWICE, FIRST AS A SOLO AND THEN REPEATED BY EVERYONE. THE SECOND LINE IS THEN SUNG AGAIN, INTERSPERSED WITH "OUI, OUI, OUI" OR "NON, NON, NON". AN EXAMPLE IS PROVIDED FOR THE FIRST VERSE, SUBSEQUENT COUPLETS TAKE THE SAME FORM.

Et si le tonneau se débouche
J'en boirai jusqu'à mon loisir.

And if the barrel is uncorked
I will drink it at my leisure.

Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans une cave où il y a du bon vin.

If I die, I want to be buried
In a cellar where there is good wine.

Les deux pieds contre la muraille
Et la tête sous le robinet.

Both feet against the wall
And the head under the tap.

Sur ma tombe je veux qu'on inscrive,
"Ici gît le roi du bon vin."

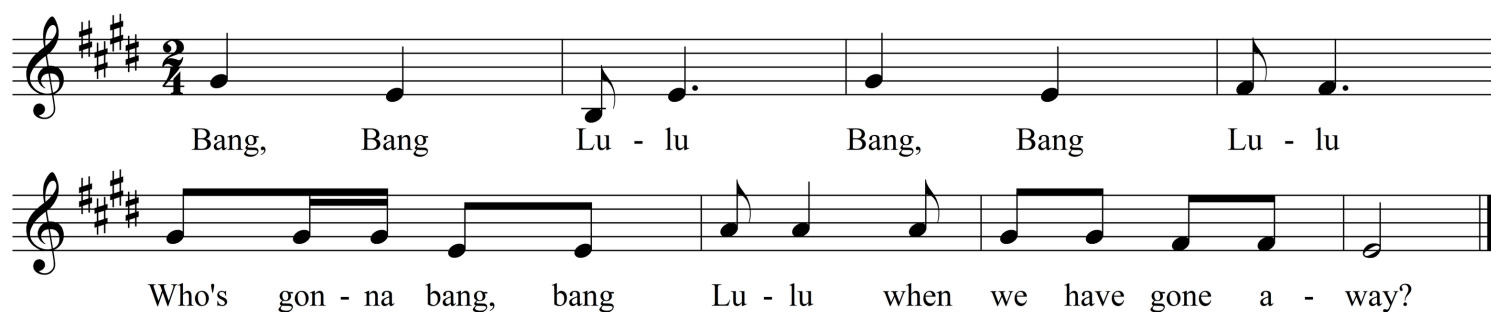
On my grave I want to be inscribed,
"Here lies the king of good wine."

La morale de cette histoire
C'est de boire avant de mourir.

The moral of this story
Is to drink before you die.



BANG BANG LULU



Lulu had two boyfriends,
both were very rich
One was the son of a baker,
the other the son of a

Lulu had a boyfriend,
He drove a garbage truck
Never got no garbage
'cause he he did was

Some girls work in cafes,
others work in stores
Lulu works in a trailer,
with fourteen other

Lulu has a bicycle,
the seat's on back to front
every time she sit on it
it goes right up her

High upon the mountain,
sitting in the grass,
Her little skirt was so short,
it showed us all her

Lulu had a rooster,
Lulu had a duck,
She put them in the backyard
to see if they would

Lulu had a baby,
it came as quite a shock
She couldn't name it "Lulu"
because it had a

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER



Well this is number one, and we've only just begun.

Oh, this is number two, and we're taking off our shoes.

This is number three and his hand is on my knee.

Oh this is number four, and we're rolling on the floor.

This is number five and his hand is on my thigh.

Oh this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.

This is number seven, I think I've died and gone to heaven.

This is number eight, and it's getting rather late.

This is number nine, and I'm feeling pretty fine.

This is number ten and let's do it all again.