# LYRICS - THE WORLD IS OLD TONIGHT

# The World Is Old Tonight, The Morning Dew

Traditional shepherd's carol from the Ritchie Family, Traditional Irish Reel Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: Chinese erhu, violin Torrin Ryan: uilleann pipes

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

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

# Spanish Lady

Traditional Irish Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, vocals John Cerrigione: bass Uriah Donnelly: piano

As I was walking through Dublin City About the hour of twelve at night It was there I spied a fair pretty female Washing her feet by candlelight First she washed them, then she dried them Over a fire of amber coals And in all my life I never did meet A maid so neat about the soles

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

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

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

I've wandered north and I've wandered south To Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond Back by Napper Tandy's house Old age has laid its hand upon me Cold as a fire of ashey coals And gone is the lovely Spanish lady neat and sweet about the soles 'Round and 'round goes the wheel of fortune Where it rests now wearies me Oh fair young maids are so deceiving Sad experience teaches me...**CHORUS** 

### Saddle and Ride

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

Mist and Rain All through the night Leaves come rustling down

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

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

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

# I've Got a Mother Gone to Glory

Traditional Primitive Baptist hymn, from Jean Ritchie Aubrey Atwater: vocals Elwood Donnelly: vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals

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

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

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

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

#### The Jamestown Homeward Bound

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

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

To where the sky's as clear as the maiden's eye Who longs for our return To the land where milk and honey flows And liberty was born So fill our sails with the favoring gales And with shipmates all around We'll give three cheers for our starry flag And the Jamestown Homeward Bound And the Jamestown Homeward Bound And now we have arrived in port And stripping's our last job And friendly faces look around In search of Bill or Bob They see that we are safe at last From the perils of the sea Saying, welcome, Columbia's mariners To your homes and liberty To your homes and liberty

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

### **Beaver Creek**

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

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

**CHORUS:** Kee me ky mo beetle bug jingle Me hee my ho pretty Betty winkle Tit tat pitty pat blue eyed pussy cat Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh Way down yonder and not far off Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh The jay bird died of the whooping cough Sing song kitty kitchy ky me oh...**CHORUS** 

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

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

### Resignation

Text: Isaac Watts 1719, Tune: Southern Harmony Aubrey Atwater: guitar, vocals Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals

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

When I walk through the shades of death Thy presence is my stay One word of thy supporting breath Drives all my fears away Thy hand in sight of all my foes Doth still my table spread My cup of blessings overflows Thine oil anoints my head

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

#### Morning Come, Maria's Gone

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

# Kissing game rhyme:

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

She has gone and I can't go She has gone and I can't go She has gone and I can't go So early in the morning

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

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

### Jean's song:

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

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

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

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

# **Bold Riley**

Traditional forecastle shanty Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals Elwood Donnelly: harmonica, guitar, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals

Oh the rain it rains all day long Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley And the northern wind it blows so strong Bold Riley-o has gone away

**CHORUS:** Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear-o Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley Goodbye my darling, goodbye my dear-o Bold Riley-o has gone away

Well come on, Mary, why so glum Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley Come White Stocking Day you'll be drinking rum Bold Riley-o has gone away...**CHORUS** 

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley Get bending me lads, it's a hell of a way Bold Riley-o has gone away...**CHORUS** 

# **Bonnie James Campbell**

Traditional, Child Ballad #210 Aubrey Atwater: mountain dulcimer, vocals Elwood Donnelly: guitar, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello, vocals High upon highlands and low upon Tay Bonny James Campbell rode out on a day He saddled, he bridled, so gallant rode he Home came his good horse but never came he Home came his good horse but never came he

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

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

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

# Shule Aroon

Traditional Irish American Aubrey Atwater: guitar, vocals, whistle Elwood Donnelly: vocals Uriah Donnelly: piano

**CHORUS:** Shule, shule, shule aroon, Time can only heal my woe Since the lad of my heart from me did go Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier I wish I were on yonder hill It's there I'd sit and cry my fill Until every tear would turn a mill Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier...**CHORUS** 

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

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

### Will the Weaver

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

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

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

Up the chimney he did venture In at the door her husband entered Searched the house, the room all around Not a sign of a man he found

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Willie of Winsbury

Traditional, Child Ballad #100 Aubrey Atwater: guitar, whistle, vocals Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, cello

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

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

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

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

And she's cast off her berry brown gown She stood naked upon the stone Her apron was low and her haunches were round Her face was pale and wan Oh was it with a king or a duke or a knight Or a man of wealth and fame Or was it with one of my serving men Who's lately come out of Spain?

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

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

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

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

And will you marry my daughter, Janet? By the truth of your right hand Oh, will you marry my daughter, Janet? I'll make you the lord of my land Oh yes I will marry your daughter, Janet By the truth of my right hand Oh yes I will marry your daughter, Janet But I'll not be the lord of your land

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

#### I've Been a Foreign Lander

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

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

If I should build a ship my love Without the wood of tree That ship would burst asunder If I prove false to thee If ever I prove false, my love The elements will turn The fire will freeze to ice, my love The sea will rage and burn Don't you remember Queen Ellen All in her flowery reign As she walked out of her paradise To cleanse the golden chain Her beauty and behavior None with her could compare But you my dearest darling Are more divinely fair

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

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