

SING ALONG WITH EXORNA!

Can't understand Victor, but you'd like to sing along? Here are choruses to some of our favorite songs!

ALL FOR ME GROG

It's all for me grog,
Me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for my beer and tobacco.
I spent all me tin,
On the lasses and the gin,
And it's o'er the western ocean I must wander.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

We fired our guns and the British kept a'coming,
There wasn't nigh as many as there were a while ago.
We fired once more, and they begin to runnin',
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Well they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,
They ran through the thickets where the rabbits wouldn't go.
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'em,
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

BLACK VELVET BAND

Her eyes, they shone like the diamond,
You'd think she was queen of the land (and she was!)
And her hair it fell over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I'LL TELL ME MA

I'll tell me ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's alright till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She'll the belle of Belfast city,
She is a courtin' one, two, three,
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

LOCH LOMOND

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

MOUNTAIN DEW

Diddly dee-di-dum, diddly dee-di-dum
Diddly dee-di-diddle-I-day
Oh a diddle-didle-dum, diddly dee-di-dum,
Diddly dee-di-diddle-I-Um.

...or something like that.

RATTLIN' BOG

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o,
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o!

RYE WHISKY

Rye whisky, rye whisky, rye whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whisky, I surely will die.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Now if it wasn't legal then the lawyers they would sue
And the prison would be full of folks who had a kiss or two
And if they didn't like it then away the girls would run
And if it wasn't plenty the poor folk would get none

SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

When Victor sings, "Well I called me wife and said to her," just yell, "heyyyyyyyyy wife!"

SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD

Some say the devil is dead, the devil is dead, the devil is dead,
Some say the devil is dead, and livin' in Kilarney,
More say he rose again, more say he rose again,
More say he rose again, joined the British Army.

WHISKY IN THE JAR

Whack-fol-the-daddy-o, (clap twice)
Whack-fol-the-daddy-o,
There's whiskey's in the Jar.

WHISKY YOU'RE THE DEVIL

Whisky you're the devil,
You're leadin' me astray,
Over hills and mountains,
And to Amerikay',
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter,
You're spunkier than tay,
Oh, whisky you're me darlin' drunk or sober.

WILD ROVER

And it's no, nay, never (clap 4 times)
No, nay, never, no more (clap twice)
Will I play the wild rover (clap once)
No never, no more.

ADVANCED! CAUTION, YOU MIGHT INJURE YOU'RE TONGUE!

DUNDEE WEAVER

Here's the whole song; it's Glaswegian (dialect of Glasgow, Scotland), which is why you can't understand it! This singalong (or "sing-song") is what I would call "advanced," because the chorus changes just slightly each time.

Oh I am a Dundee weaver and I come frae' bonny Dundee
I met a Glasga' fella and he came courtin' me,
He took me oot a'walkin' doon by the Kelvin Hall,

And there the dirty wee rascal stole my thingamajig awa'
(SING ALONG) And there the dirty wee rascal stole my thingamajig awa'

He took me oot a'walkin' doon by the Rouken Glen,
He showed to me the bonny wee birds,
And he showed me a bonny wee hen.
He show to me the bonny wee birds,
Frae a linnet tae a crow (from a linnet to a crow),

And he showed to me the bird that stole, my thingamajig awa'
(SING ALONG) He showed to me the bird that stole my thingamajig awa'

Noo I'll gang back to Dundee looking bonny, neat and fair,
I'll put on my buckle and shoe and tie up my bonny brown hair,
I'll put on the corset tight to mak' my body look small,

And wha' will ken frae me rosy cheeks that me thingamajigs awa'?
(SING ALONG) And wha' will ken frae me rosy cheeks that me thingamajigs awa'?

O' all you Dundee weavers tak' this advise by me,
Never let a fella an inch above your knee,
Never stand at the back of the close or up against the wall,

For if you' dae you can safely say your thingamajig's awa'
(SING ALONG) For if you' dae you can safely say your thingamajig's awa'