

The Parting Glass

(Det här är en låt som sjungs på en så kallad wake (vaka) som den dödes sista avsked till sina anhöriga. Efter att den sjungits är det vanligt att The Parting Glass (en enkel skål i tystnad till den dödes ära) dricks. Om den sjungs i början på vakan, brukar festen dra igång på riktigt och skålarna bli mer livade efter The Parting Glass. Men det skiljer sig så klart från by till by, familj till familj i Hessbrand.)

Of all the money that ere I had,
I spent it in good company
And of all the harm that ever I've done,
alas it was to none but me
But all I've done, for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the Parting Glass
Good night and joy be with you all

Of all the friends, that ever I had
They are sorry at my going away
And of all the sweethearts that ever I had
They would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls, until my lot,
That I should rise, and you should not
I'll softly rise and I'll gently call
Good night and joy be with you all

Good night and joy be with you all

My bonnie hessian lass

Come over the hills, my bonnie hessian lass
Come over the hills, to your darling
You choose the road love, and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love forever

Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows in the **Boyne**
But my love is fairer than any

T'was down in **Killarney's** green woods that we strayed
When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
And she swore she'd be my love forever

Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows in the **Boyne**
But my love is fairer than any

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
It's all for the loss of my bonnie hessian lass
That my heart is breaking forever

Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows in the **Boyne**
But my love is fairer than any

Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows in the **Boyne**
But my love is fairer than any

South Jorgaly

O Polly love, O Polly, the road has now begun
And we must go a marching at the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me
I'll take you to the war me love in South Jorgaly

Willy love, o Willy come list' what I do say
My feet they are so tender, I cannot march away
And besides my dearest Willy I am with child by thee
Not fitted for the war me love in South Jorgaly

I'll buy for you a horse me love
And on it you shall ride
And all my life shall I be riding by your side
We'll stop at every alehouse and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another
Get married by and by

O cursed be them cruel wars that ever they should rise
And out of merry Hessia press many a man likewise
They pressed my true love from me
Likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the wars me love in South Jorgaly

My friends I do not value nor my foes I do not fear
Now my love has left me I wander far and near
And when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee
I will think of lovely Willy in South Jorgaly

O Polly love, O Polly, the road has now begun
And we must go a marching at the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me
I'll take you to the war me love in South Jorgaly

Paddy's lamentation

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration
I was by hunger pressed, and in poverty distressed
So I took a thought I'd leave the Hessian nation

Well I sold me horse and cow, my little pigs and sow
My father's farm of land, I then departed
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

Here's to you child, now take my advice
To the front I'll have ye's not be goin'
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar
And I wish I was at home in dear old Antrim

Well meself and a hundred more, to that war we all went o'er
Death and cordie horrors just a story
When we got to Jakow Land, they shoved a gun into our hands
Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for glory!"

And the Oberst to us said, if you get shot or lose your head
Every mother's son of youse will get a pension
Well meself I lost me leg, me they gave a wooden peg,
And as such this is the truth to you I mention

Here's to you child, now take my advice
To the front I'll have ye's not be goin'
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar
And I wish I was at home in dear old Antrim

Well I thought meself in luck, beeing fed on jakow buck
And old Hessia is the country I delight in
With the sorrow, I do say, cursed be the day
For I am sick and tired of your hard fightin'

Here's to you child, now take my advice
To the front I'll have ye's not be goin'
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar
And I wish I was at home in dear old Antrim

Drink it up men

At the pub on the crossroads there's whiskey and beer
There's brandy from cognac that's fragrant but dear
But for killing the thirst and for raising the gout
There's nothing at all beats a pint of good stout
Drink it up men, it's long after ten

At the pub on the crossroads I first went astray
There I drank enough drink for to fill Jakowian Bay
Going up to the mourning I wore out me shoes
Going up to the cross for the best of good booze
Drink it up women, it's long after ten

Some folk o'er the water think bitter is fine
And others they swear by the juice of the wine
But there's nothing that's squeezed from the grape or the hop
Like the black liquidation with the froth on the top
Drink it up men, it's long after ten

I've travelled in Hessia, I've travelled by chance
At the sound of good music I'll sing or I'll dance
So hear me then mister and pour me one more
If I cannot drink it up then throw me out the door
Drink it up women, it's long after ten

It's Stivell's porter that has me this way
For it's sweeter than buttermilk and stronger than tea
But when in the morning I feel kind of rough
Me cursin' lord I be who brews the damned stuff
Drink it up men, it's long after ten
Drink it up men, it's long after ten

The Lark In The Morning

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

Oh, Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade
He goes whistling and singing over yonder leafy shade
He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare
She is far more enticing then the birds all in the air

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

One evening coming home from the rakes of the town
The meadows been all green and the grass had been cut down
As I should chance to tumble all in the new-mown hay
Oh, it's kiss me now or never love, this bonnie lass did say

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

When twenty long weeks they were over and were past
Her mommy chanced to notice how she thickened round the waist
It was the handsome ploughboy, the maiden she did say
For he caused for to tumble all in the new-mown hay

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

Here's a health to y'all ploughboys wherever you may be
That likes to have a bonnie lass a sitting on his knee
With a jug of good strong porter you'll whistle and you'll sing
For a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a **king**

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

Never wed an old man

Because he's got no faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
He's got no faloorum, faliddle aye ay
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
So maids when you're young never wed an old man

An old man came courting me, hey ding-doorum down
An old man came courting me, me being young
An old man came courting me, fain he would marry me
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

Because he's got no faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
He's got no faloorum, faliddle aye ay
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
So maids when you're young never wed an old man

When we went to bed, hey ding-doorum down
When we went to bed, me being young
When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

Because he's got no faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
He's got no faloorum, faliddle aye ay
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
So maids when you're young never wed an old man

So I threw me leg over him, he dingdoorum dall
I flung me leg over him, me being young
I threw me leg over him; damn well I near smothered him
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man

Because he's got no faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
He's got no faloorum, faliddle aye ay
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
So maids when you're young never wed an old man

When he went to sleep, hey ding-doorum down
When he went to sleep, me being young
When he went to sleep, out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man

And I found his faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
I found his faloorum, faliddle aye ay
I found his faloorum, he's got my ding-doorum
So maids when you're young never wed an old man

Free and green

Captain Taggart took the field
With his men as hard as steel
And we drove the bloody **rebels to the sea**
Before the guns were stilled
There were many hundreds killed
There's many a **Hessian girl** sad tonight

When the smoke had cleared
It was just as we had feared
Captain Taggart lay wounded on the ground
With his head upon my knee
There he met eternity
I proudly closed his eyes and then I cried

Chorus:

It's whiskey in the mornin', whiskey in the night
Another Hessian soldier-lad, has fought his final fight
We'll toast him till were drunk boys, and douse the candle light
Tell them Captain Taggart, is comin' home tonight

Well, we took his body home
And the drums and pipes did drone
And pulled a fine black casket through the streets
We told his grievin' wife
That he loved her more than life
And gave to his young son his father's sword

Now the people, they all dream
Of a Hessian free and green
Where nowhere can be heard the battle-cry
The fighting's gone too long
And it just drags on and on
I'd like to know some peace before I die

Chorus x2

It's whiskey in the mornin', whiskey in the night
Another Hessian soldier-lad, has fought his final fight
We'll toast him till were drunk boys, and douse the candle light
Tell them Captain Taggart, is comin' home tonight

It's all for me grog

And it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog
All for my beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the laddies drinkin' gin
Far across the **Western Ocean** I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots
They're all sold for beer and tobacco
You see the sole's were gettin' thin
And the uppers were letting in
And the heels are looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog
All for my beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the laddies drinkin' gin
Far across the **Western Ocean** I must wander

Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
You see the sleeves they got worn out
And the collar was turned about
And the tail is looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog
All for my beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the laddies drinkin' gin
Far across the **Western Ocean** I must wander

Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see I sold it to the girls
And the springs they got all twirls
And the sheets they're looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog
All for my beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the laddies drinkin' gin
Far across the **Western Ocean** I must wander

Hand, hand, hand over hand!

Hand, hand, hand over hand!
Never run away with a plonker, man!
Hand, hand, hand over hand!
Never run away with a dosser, man!
Hand, hand, hand over hand!
Never run away with a skiver, man!
Hand, hand, hand over hand!
Never run away with a Jerkow, man!

Shane Stivell's boots

To me Way-ay-ay yah! We'll all drink whiskey and gin!
To me Way-ay-ay yah! We'll all throw shit at the cook!
To me Way-ay-ay yah! We'll pay Shane Stivell for his boots!

Dead Horse

A poor old man
Came riding by,
And we say so,
And we know so.
O, a poor old man
Came riding by,
O, poor old man.

Says I, "Old man,
Your horse will die."
And we say so.
And we know so.
And if he dies
we'll tan his hide.
O, poor old man.

And if he don't
I'll ride him again
And we say so,
And we know so.

And I'll ride him
'Til skies knows when
O, poor old man.

He's dead as a nail
In the lamp room door,
And we say so,
And we know so.
And he won't come
Worrying us no more,
O, poor old man.

We'll use the hair of his tail
To sew our sails
And we say so,
And we know so.
And make iron of his shoes
to make deck-nails,
O, poor old man.

Drop him down
With a long long rope
And we say so,
And we know so.
Where the lice 'll have his body
And the flies take his soul!
O poor old man.

The Man Who Doesn't Like Beer

Come gather, good people, and hear this strange tale
Of a man who was known in each county and vale
In a pub down in Ledworth, called The White Horse's Tail
Sat the one man in Hessia who didn't drink ale

He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
That queer little fellow who doesn't like beer

His father disowned him out of grief and of shame
His wife she divorced him and his son changed his name
No country will claim him and them we can't blame
For not drinking beer is his one way to fame

He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
That perplexing bastard who doesn't like beer

One day we conspired to drive him quite mad
So I pissed in his tankard where his water he had
I set it before him and said "drink this, me lad"
He took a big sup and said "this one's not bad!"

He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
That strange motherfucker who doesn't like
Lambics or lagers or bitters or bocks
Or pilsners or porters or mead sweet and clear
Whether stouts or old weizens or ales brown and pale
That strange motherfucker who doesn't like beer

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 never will get older.
More say he rose again, more say he rose again,
More say he rose again,
And joined up as a soldier.

Feed the pigs and milk the cow, milk the cow, milk the cow,
Feed the pigs and milk the cow, so early in the morning.
Tuck your leg up, Paddy, dear. Paddy, dear, I'm over here!
Tuck your leg up, Paddy dear,
It's time to stop your yawning

Some say the devil is...

Katie, she is tall and thin, tall and thin, tall and thin.
Katie, she is tall and thin. She likes a drop of brandy.
Drinks it in the bed at night, drinks it in the bed at night,
Drinks it in the bed at night.
It makes her nice and randy.

Some say...

My man is six foot tall, six foot tall, six foot tall,
My man is six foot tall, he likes his sugar candy.
Goes to bed at six o'clock, goes to bed at six o'clock,
Goes to bed at six o'clock.
He's lazy, fat and dandy.

Some say...

My wife, she has a hairy thing, a hairy thing, a hairy thing.
My wife, she has a hairy thing, she showed it to me Sunday.
She bought it in the furrier shop, bought it in the furrier shop,
Bought it in the furrier shop.
It's going back on Monday.

Some say...

The wind that shakes the barley

I sat within a valley green I sat me with my true love
My sad heart strove to choose between the old love and the new love
The old for her, the new that made
Me think on Hessia dearly
While soft the wind blew down the glen
And shook the golden barley

Twas hard the woeful words to frame
To break the ties that bound us
But harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us
And so I said, "The mountain glen I'll seek at morning early
And join the **bold United Men**"
While soft winds shake the barley

While sad I kissed away her tears
My fond arms 'round her flinging
A full man shot burst on our ears
From out the wildwood ringing
A bullet pierced my true love's side
In life's young spring so early
And on my breast in blood she died
While soft winds shook the barley

But blood for blood without remorse
I've taken at **Oulart Hollow**
And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse
Where I full soon may follow
As 'round her grave I wander drear
Noon, night and morning early
With breaking heart when e'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley

Heather down the moor

One morn in May when fields were gay,
Serene and pleasant was the weather,
I spied a lass and a very bonny lass,
She was sweeping the dew from among the heather
Down the moor.
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
I spied a lass and a very bonny lass
She was sweeping the dew from among the heather
Down the moor.

Bare footed was she, she was comely dressed
And her head bore neither hat nor feather,
She'd a plaid wrapped neatly round her waist
As she tripped through the blooming heather
Down the moor.
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
She'd ha plaid wrapped neatly round her waist
As she tripped through the blooming heather
Down the moor.

I stepped up to this fair young maid,
"Tell your name, come tell me hither."
She answered me, "Down by the bonny burn side
I am herding all my ewes together
Down the moor."
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
She answered me, "Down by the bonny burn side
I am herding all my ewes together
Down the moor."
I courted her that live-long day,
My heart as light as any feather,
Until the beams of the red-setting sun
Come a-shining down in among the heather
Down the moor.
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
Until the beams of the red-setting sun

Come a-shining down in among the heather
Down the moor.
She said "Young man, I must away,
My ewes are straying from each other.
But I'm as loath for to part with you
As the bonnie wee lambs to part their mother
Down the moor.
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
But I'm as loath for to part with you
As the bonnie wee lambs to part their mother
Down the moor"

So up she got and away she went,
And her name and place I cannot gather.
But if I was a king I would make her a queen,
The bonnie lass I met in among the heather
Down the moor.
And among the heather,
O'er the moor, through the heather
But if I was a king I would make her a queen,
The bonnie lass I met in among the heather
Down the moor.

The Pheasant Plucker

My dad's a pheasant plucker, he's a very busy man
So i help him plucking pheasants and I do the best I can
Sometimes he will go away and leave my on my own
And so I'm left here sitting plucking pheasants all alone

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's son
And I'm only plucking pheasants til the pheasant plucker comes

My husband likes to pluck with me
We have a lot of fun
He tickles me with pheasant feathers when the plucking's done
But sometimes in an evening I feel a trifle dim
All alone, I'm plucking pheasants, when I'd rather pluck with him

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's wife
And when we pluck together it's a pheasant plucking life

I'm not good at plucking pheasants, at pheasant plucking I get stuck
Though some pheasants find it pleasant I'd rather pluck a duck
Oh plucking geese is gorgeous, I can pluck a goose with ease
But pheasant plucking's torture because they haven't any grease.

I'm not a pheasant plucker, he has gone out on the tiles
He only plucked one pheasant and I'm sitting here with piles

For the job of pheasant plucking my friend was born and bred
He likes to have a pheasant plucked before he goes to bed
I try and lend a helping hand I gather up the feathers
It's really all this pheasant plucking that keeps us here together

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's friend
And if we weren't plucking pheasants he would drive me round the bend

I had a pal in Donegal could pluck a frozen pheasant
You have to pluck 'em fresh or it's really quite unpleasant
I'm not good at plucking pheasants at the plucking I've no luck,
Though some pheasants find it pleasant, I would rather pluck a duck

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's mate
And I'm only plucking pheasants cause the pheasant plucker's late

My son's a pheasant plucker and he's very good to me
Frequently invites me round to have a cup of tea
We have pheasant plucking parties and play pheasant plucking games
Before we pluck the pheasants we will give them silly names

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's mother
And a mother plucking pheasants is as good as any other

My cousin is a pheasant plucker, he's the best I've seen
I'm no good at plucking pheasants I really am quite green
He could pluck a buffalo or even do a moose
I have trouble getting down of either duck or goose

I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's cousin
And the time I took to sing this song, he plucked a half a dozen

The Rattlin' bog

Ref: Oh, row, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.
The rare bog the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

Well in the bog there was a hole,
A rare hole a rattlin' hole,
And the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Ref: Oh, row, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.
The rare bog the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

Well in that hole there was a tree,
A rare tree and a rattlin' tree,
And the tree in the hole,
And the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o

Ref: Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that tree there was a bough,
A rare bough and a rattlin' bough,
And the bough on the tree,
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that bough there was a limb
A rare limb and a rattlin' limb,
Limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog

and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that limb there was a branch
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch,
The Branch on the limb
and Limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that limb there was a branch
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch,
The Branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that branch there was a twig
A rare twig and a rattlin' twig
The twig on the branch
and the Branch on the limb
and the imb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that twig there was a leaf
A rare leaf and a rattlin' leaf
The leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch

and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that leaf there was a nest
A rare nest and a rattlin' nest
The nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And in that nest there was a bird
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird
The bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And in that bird there was an egg
A rare egg and a rattlin' egg
The egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf

and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And in that egg there was a yolk
A rare yolk and a rattlin' yolk
The yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And in that yolk there was a chick
A rare chick and a rattlin' chick
The chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that chick there was a wing
A rare wing and a rattlin' wing
The wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that wing there was a feather
A rare feather and a rattlin' feather
The feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that feather there was a worm

A rare worm and a rattlin' worm
The worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that worm there was a hair
A rare hair and a rattlin' hair
The hair on the worm
and the worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that hair there was a louse

A rare louse and a rattlin' louse
The louse on the hair
and the hair on the worm
and the worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that louse there was a tic
A rare tic and a rattlin' tic
The tic on the louse
and the louse on the hair
and the hair on the worm
and the worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And on that tic there was an eye
A rare eye and a rattlin' eye
The eye on the tic
and the tic on the louse
and the louse on the hair
and the hair on the worm
and the worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf
and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

Oh, row, the rattlin' bog.....

And in that eye there was a nether sky
A rare sky and a rattlin' sky
The sky on the eye
and the eye on the tic
and the tic on the louse
and the louse on the hair
and the hair on the worm
and the worm on the feather
and the feather on the wing
and the wing on the chick
and the chick in the yolk
and the yolk in the egg
and the egg in the bird
and the bird in the nest
and the nest on the leaf

and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch
and the branch on the limb
and the limb on the bough
and the bough on the tree
and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog
and the bog down in the valley-o

