

Chords and Words for

Pete's Simple Song Session 28

Friday 5th June 2026

Everyone join in!!

1. Hey John Barleycorn
2. Green Grow The Rushes Oh
3. Poverty Knock
4. Mingualay Boat Song
5. The Galway Shawl
6. Fiddler's Green.

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

Pete Thompson – gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk



Northwich Folk
Club



Hey John Barleycorn

Capo 3

Chorus

Hey, John Barleycorn

Ho, John Barleycorn

Old and young, thy praise have sung

John Barleycorn

John Barleycorn is a hero bold as any in the land
For ages good, his fame has stood, and will for ages stand
The whole wide world respect him, no matter friend or foe
And where they be that makes too free, he's sure to lay them low

[Chorus]

To see him in his pride of growth, his robes are rich and green
His head is speared with prickly beard, fit nigh to serve the Queen
And when the reaping time comes 'round, and John is stricken down
He yields his blood for England's good and Englishmen's renown

[Chorus]

The lord in courtly castle, and the squire in stately hall
The great of name in birth and fame on John for succour call
He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to nature's cold
Makes weak men strong and old ones young and all men brave and bold

[Chorus]

Then shout for great John Barleycorn, nor heed the luscious vine
I have no mind much charm to find in potent draught of wine
Give me my native nut-brown ale, all other drinks I'll scorn
For English cheer is English beer, our own John Barleycorn

[Chorus] x 2

Green Grow The Rushes Oh C capo 3

I'll sing you one, Oh
Green grow the rushes, Oh
What is your one, Oh?
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you two, Oh
Green grow the rushes, Oh
What is your two, Oh?
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green, Oh ho
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

Twelve for the twelve Apostles
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the April Rainers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbols at your door,¹
Four for the Gospel makers,
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green, Oh ho
One is one and all alone¹
And evermore shall be so.

Poverty Knock

Capo 3. 3/4 time

Chorus

G **D** **G** **C** **G**
Poverty, poverty, knock, my loom is saying all day.
G **D** **G** **C** **D**
Poverty, poverty, knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay.
G **D** **G** **C** **G**
Poverty, poverty, knock, keeping one eye on the clock.
G **D**
I know I can guttle, when I hear my shuttle,
G **D** **G**
Go poverty, poverty, knock.

Verses

G
Up every morning at five,
C **D**
It's a wonder that we're still alive.
F
Tired and yawning
C
in the cold morning,
G **D** **G**
It's back to the dreary old drive.

Oh dear, we're going to be late,
Gaffer is stood at the gate.

We're out of pocket, **F**
our wages he'll dock it;
We'll have to buy grub on the
slate.

And when our wages he'll bring,
We're often short of a string.
While we are fratchin',
with gaffer for snatchin',
We know to his brass he will cling.

We've got to wet our own yarn,
By dipping it into the tarn.
It's wet and soggy
and makes us feel groggy,
And there's mice in that dirty old
barn.

Sometimes a shuttle flies out,
And gives some poor woman a
clout.
There she lies bleeding,
but nobody's heeding,
Who's going to carry her out.

Oh dear, my poor head sings,
I should have woven three strings,
But threads they are breaking,
and my back is aching.
Oh how I wish I had wings.

Mingulay Boat Song

3/4 time

CHORUS

Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;
 Bring her head round, into the weather,
 Hilt you ho, boys, let her go, boys
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay

C D G

What care we though, white the Minch is?
 What care we for wind or weather?
 Let her go boys; every inch is
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

C D

CHORUS

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
 Or looking seaward, from the heather;
 Pull her round, boys, then we'll anchor
 'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

C D

CHORUS

Ships return now, heavy laden
 Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
 They'll return, though, when the sun sets
 They'll return to Mingulay

C D

CHORUS

The Galway Shawl

Capo 5

53

In Oranmore, in the County Galway
One pleasant evening in the month of May
I spied a damsel she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away

Chorus

She wore no jewels or costly diamonds
No paint or powder, no none at all
She wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And around her shoulder was the Galway shawl

As we kept on walking, she kept on talking
Till her fathers cottage came into view
Said she Come in , Sir, and meet my father
And for to please him play the Foggy Dew
Chorus

I played the Blackbird and the Stack of Barley
Rodney's Glory and the Foggy Dew
She sang each note like an Irish Linnet
And the tears flowed in her eyes of blue
Chorus

'Twas early, early, all in the morning
I took the road for old Donegal
Said she Goodbye Sir, I dried my eye for
My heart remained with the Galway shawl
Chorus

Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so rare
 To view the still waters and take the salt air
 I heard an old fisherman singing this song,
 Oh take me away, boys, me time is not long

(chorus): Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
 No more on the docks I'll be seen
 Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip mates
 I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green

Oh Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
 Where fishermen go if they don't go to Hell
 Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
 And the cold coast of Greenland is far far away

(chorus)

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale
 and the fish jump on board with a swish of their tails
 Where you lie at your leisure - there's no work to do
 And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

(chorus)

When you get back in dock and the long trip is through
 There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
 Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

(chorus)

Oh I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
 Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
 And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along
 With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

(chorus)