Chords and Words for

Pete's Simple Song Session 29

Friday 20th November 2026

Everyone join in!!

1. Leaving of Liverpool
2. Rolling Home – John Tams
3. Battle of New Orleans
4. Whisky on a Sunday – Glynn Hughes
5. Oh Mary don't you weep
6. Pay me my money down

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm
After the Break Session – 9:45pm approx

Pete Thompson – gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk



Northwich Folk Club



Leaving of Liverpool

G C G
Farewell The prince's Landing stage
D7
River Mersey fair thee well
G C G
I am bound for Cal - i - for - ni - a,
D7 G
A place I know right well

Chorus:

D C G
So fare you well my own true love,
D
And when I return, united we will be.
G C G
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
D7 G
But my darling, when I think of thee

I'm off to California
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
And I will send you a letter, love,
When I am homeward bound

I've shipped on board a Yankee ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she is a floating hell

I have sailed with Burgess once before,
And I think I know him well,
If a man's a sailor he will get along,
If not then he's sure for hell.

Oh the sun is in the harbour love,
And I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again.

Rolling Home – John Tams

C
Round goes the wheel of fortune
G C
Don't be afraid to ride
F Dm7 C
There's a land of milk and honey
C G
Waits on the other side
F Dm7 C
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty
C G
You'll never need to roam
C Am7 C G C
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.
C Am7 F G
CHORUS - Rolling home, when we go rolling home
C Am7 F Dm7 C G - C
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home

The gentry in their fine array
Do prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go
To plough and sow their corn
The rich may steal the power
But the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home (CHORUS)

The frost is on the hedgerow
The icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers
Strive through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory
Up where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home (CHORUS)

The summer of resentment
The winter of despair
The journey to contentment
Is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together
Your labour's yours alone
When we go rolling home (CHORUS)

So pass the bottle round
And let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer
Wherever they may be
Fair wages now and ever
Let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home (CHORUS)

Battle of New Orleans – Lonnie Donnegan

C F
In 1814 we took a little trip
G C
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.
C F
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
G C
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.

[Chorus:]
C
We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin.
G C
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.
C
We fired once more and they began to runnin' on
G C
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we see'd the British come.
And there must have been a hundred of'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring.
We stood by our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.[Chorus]

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eye
We held our fire 'til we see'd their faces well.
Then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em ... well [Chorus]

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.* [Chorus]*

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down.
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.[Chorus]

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico [Chorus]

WHISKEY ON A SUNDAY - Glynn Hugues

Chorus :
Run Down A7 Dm
Da, da, da, da! Come day go day,
G C
Wishing in me heart it was Sunday,
Run Down A7 Dm
Da, da, da, da! Drinking buttermilk all the week,
G C
And its Whiskey on a Sunday.

C Am7 F Dm7
He sits on the corner of Bevington Bush,
G C
Astride of an old packing case,
C Am7 F Dm7
And the dolls on the end of the plank were dancing,
G C
As he crooned with a smile on his face, [CHORUS]

His tired old hands drummed away on the beam,
the puppets they danced up and down
It's a far better show than you ever will see
In the fanciest theatre in town [CHORUS]

But in 1902 old Sep Daly died,
His song it was heard no more,
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown
And the plank went to mend the back door. [CHORUS]

But on some stormy night if you are passing that way,
With the wind blowing up from the sea,
You can still hear the song of old Sep Daly
As he croons to his dancing dolls three. [CHORUS x 2]

Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep

Am E
Well if I could I surely would
E Am
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Dm Am
Pharaoh's army got drownded
E Am
O Mary don't you weep

CHORUS
Am E
O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn
E Am
O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn
Dm Am
Pharaoh's army got drownded
E Am
O Mary, don't you weep

Well Mary wore 3 links of chain
on every link was a Jesus' name
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep CHORUS

Well one of these nights bout 12 o'clock
this old world is gonna rock
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep CHORUS

Well Moses stood on the Red Sea shore
And smote the water with a two by four
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep CHORUS

Well, old Mr. Satan he got mad
Missed that soul that he thought he had
Pharaoh's army get drownded
O Mary, don't you weep CHORUS

Brothers and sisters don't you cry
they'll be good times by and by
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep CHORUS

God gave Noah the rainbow sigh
Said, "No more water, but fire next time"
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep CHORUS x 2

Pay me my Money Down

C
I thought I heard the captain say
G
Pay me my money down

Tomorrow is our sailing day
C
Pay me my money down

CHORUS
C
Pay me, pay me
G
Pay me my money down
G7
Pay me or go to jail
C
Pay me my money down

As soon as the boat was clear of the bar
Pay me my money down
The captain knocked me down with a spar
Pay me my money down CHORUS

Well, If I'd been a rich man's son
Pay me my money down
I'd sit on the river and watch it run
Pay me my money down CHORUS

I wish I was Mr. Gates
Pay me my money down
They'd haul my money in a crate
Pay me my money down CHORUS

Well, forty nights, and nights at sea
Pay me my money down
That captain worked every dollar outta me.
Pay me my money down CHORUS x 2