

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Yellow Meal

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As I walked out one morning down by the Sliglo dock,  
Heave away, my Johnnies, heave away.  
I overheard an Irishman conversing with Tapscott;  
Aned away my bully boys, we're all bound to go.

Good morning, Mr. Tapscott, would you be after telling to me  
Have you ever a ship bound for New York in the State of Amerikee.

Oh, yes, my pretty Irish boy, I have a ship or two,  
They're laying at the wharf there, waiting for a crew;  
(or " I have the Josh A. Walker and I have the Kangaroo")

They are New York packets, and on Friday they will sail,  
At present she is taking in one thousand bags of meal.

Straightaway then I started, 'twas on the yellow-grog road,  
Such roars of mille-murder! Oh, the like was never known;  
And there I paid my passage down in solid Irish gold,  
It's often times that I sat down and wished myself at home.

The very day we started, 'twas on the one of May,  
The captain he came upon the deck, these words to us did say;

Cheer up, my hearty Irish blades, don't let your courage fail.  
Today I'll serve you pork and beans, tomorrow yellow meal.

One day as we were sailing in the channel of St. James,  
A north-west wind came to us, and drove us back again;

Bad luck to the Josh A. Walker, and the day that she set sail,  
For the dirty sailors broke open my chest, and stole my yellow meal.

But now I'm in America, and working upon the canal,  
To cross the ocean in one of those boats, I know I never shall,

But I'll cross it in a great big ship that carries both steam and sail  
Where I'll get lashings of corned meat ewvery day and none of your yellow  
meal

Note: Apparently this one started life as a music-hall song, making use of  
the Irish pronunciation of "mail" for meal: A packet ship (highly

desirable) carried mail. RG