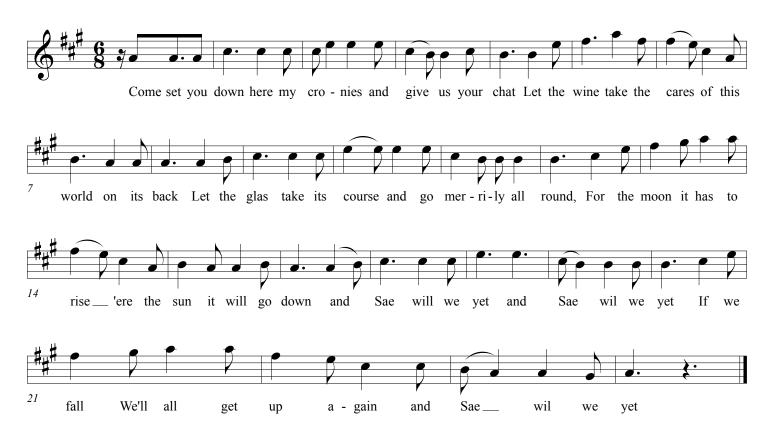
Sae Will We Yet

Sung by Joseph Chisholm, St. Raphael's, Ontario Recorded by George Proctor, 1960 Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



Here's to the fizer (miser?) that hoardeth his wealth He has not the soul to enjoy it himself Since the brown tea (bounty?) of providence Runs round day by day As we journey through life let us live by the way Let us live by the way X2 As we journey through life let us live by the way

O fill us a bumper of Nappin's (nappy?) brown ale It will comfort the heart and enliven the tale We'll all be the merrier the longer we set For we've drank together many a time And sae will we yet And sae will we yet and sae will we yet For we've drank together many a time And sae will we yet X3 O' here's to the farmer, and prosper his plow Rewarding his ardent toil the whole year through His seed-time and harvest we never will forget For we've always been provided for And sae will we yet And sae will we yet and sae will we yet We have always been provided for And sae will we yet

O' here's to the Queen, and happy may she be Success to her powers on land and on sea The enemy to triumph we never will permit Britain's always been victorious And sae will we yet And sae will sheyet and sae will we yet Britain's always been victorious And sae will she yet

The transcription of the melody is a composite of the ways Mr. Chishom sang it over the course of the song. It is the well-known Irish tune often called "The Rising of The Moon" or "The Wearing Of The Green". The original words of "sae Will We Yet" were composed by Scottish poet Walter Watson (1780–1854). They had been considerably changed by the "folk process" by the time Mr. Chisholm learned them. "Sae means "so".