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If I Was a Blackbird

Andy Stewart

I am a young sailor, my story is sad
For once I was carefree and a bold sailor lad
I courted a lassie by night and by day
But now, she has left me, and gone far away

Chorus:

If I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in
And in the top riggin', I would there build my nest
And I'd flutter my wings over her lily-white breast

Or if I was a scholar and could handle a pen
One secret love-letter to my true love I'd send
And I'd tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain
Since she's gone and left me in yon flowery glen

I sailed over the ocean, my fortune to seek
Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my cheek
I returned and I told her my love was still warm
But she turned away lightly and great was her scorn

I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair
And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair
I offered to marry and stay by her side
But she said in the morning, she sailed with the tide

My parents, they chide me, and will not agree
Saying that me and my false love married should never be
Ah, but let them deprive me, let them do what they will
While there's breath in my body, she's the one I love still

I'm a Rover, Seldom Sober

Chorus:

I'm a rover, seldom sober
I'm a rover of high degree
And when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
How to gain my love's company

Though the night be dark as dungeon
No' a star to be seen above
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the arms of my one true love

He stepped up to her bedroom window
Kneeling gently upon a stone
He rapped at her bedroom window
"Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She raised her head on her snow-white pillow
With her arms about her breast
"What is that at my bedroom window
Disturbing me at my long night's rest?"

"It's only me, your one true lover,
Open the door and let me in
For I have come on a long journey
And I'm near drenched to the skin"

She opened the door with the greatest pleasure
She opened the door and let him in
The both shook hands and embraced each other
Until the morning they lay as one

The cocks were crowing, the birds were whistling
The burns the ran free above the brae
"Remember lass, I'm a ploughman laddie
And the farmer I must obey."

"No, my lass, I must go and leave thee
And though the hills are high above
I will climb them with greater pleasure
Since I've been in the arms of my love."

Raggle-Taggle Gipsy

There were three auld gipsies came to our hall door
They came brave and boldly-o
One sang high and another sang low,
And the other sang of raggle-taggle gipsies-o!

The sang so fast and they sang so shrill
That fast her tears began to flow
She pulled off her silken gown
And left with the raggle-taggle gipsy-o!

It was late that night, when the lord came home
Inquiring for his lady-o
The servants said on every hand
She is gone with the raggle-taggle gipsy-o!

O the lord rode high and the lord rode low
He rode through the wood and copses-o
Until he came to a wide-open field
'Twas there he did spy his lady-o!

O what made you leave your house and land?
What made you leave your money-o?
What made you leave your newly-wedded lord
To be off with the raggle-taggle gipsy-o?

O what care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money-o?
What care I for my newly-wedded lord?
I'm away with the raggle-taggle gipsy-o!

O what care I for my goose-feathered bed
With the sheet turned down so bonny-o?
Tonight I will sleep in a wide-open field
In the arms of the raggle-taggle gipsy-o!

The Star of the County Down

Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down
One morning in July
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by
Oh, she looked so neat from her two white feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself
To make sure I was standing there

Chorus:

Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, I shook my head
As I gazed with a feeling quare
And I said, says I, to a passer-by
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of old Ireland's crown.
She's young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
She's the Star of the County Down."

She had soft brown eyes and a look so shy
And a smile like the rose in June
And she sang so sweet, what a lovely treat
As she lilted an Irish tune
At the Couples' dance I was in a trance
As she whirled with the lads of the town
Sure, it broke me heart when I had to part
From the Star of the County Down

Now, I've travelled a bit, but never was bit
Since my roving career began
But fair and square I surrendered there
To the charms of young Rose McCann
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet
'Til she came with a shawl and gown
Yet in she went, and I asked no rent
Of the Star of the County Down

At the harvest fair, since she'll surely be there
I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With me shoes shined bright, and me hat cocked right
For to catch a smile from Rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Though me plow turn a rust-colored brown
Till a smiling bride by me own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down

Whack Fol the Diddle

Peadar Carney

I'll sing you a song of peace and love
Whack fol the diddle all the di-do day
Of the land that reigns all lands above
Whack fol the diddle all the di-do day
May peace and plenty be her share
Who kept our homes from want and care
Oh, God bless England is our prayer
Whack fol the diddle all the di-do day

Chorus:

Whack fol the diddle all the di-do day
So we say, "Hip Hooray!"
Come and listen while we pray,
Whack fol the diddle all the di-do day

When we were savage, fierce and wild
She came like a mother to her child
She gently raised us from the slime
Kept our hands from hellish crime
And sent us to heaven in her own good time

Now our fathers oft were very bad boys
Guns and pikes are dangerous toys
From Bearn Baol to Bunker Hill
They made poor England cry her fill
But old Britannia loves us still!

Now Irishmen, forget the past
And think of the time that's coming fast
When we shall all be civilized
Neat, and clean, and well-advised
Won't Mother England be surprised!

The Girl I've Left Behind Me

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill
And over the moor and valley
Such heavy thoughts my mind do fill
Since parting with my Sally
I ask no more the fine or gay
For each but does remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
The stars were bright above me
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vow'd to love me
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp
Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
The only theme should fill my lays -
The charms of my true lover.
So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy
Kind heaven send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves may cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love, -
The girl I've left behind me.

She Moved Through the Fair

Padraic Collum

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind"
And she stepped away from me and this she did say:
It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"

As she stepped away from me and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And then she turned homeward with one star awake
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed
But one had a sorrow that never was said
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in
So softly she came that her feet made no din
As she laid her hand on me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day"

Follow Me Up to Carlow

Lift, MacCair Og, your face - brooding o'er the old disgrace
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place and drove you to the Fern
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;
Until he met at Glenmallure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Chorus:

Curse and swear Lord Kildare, Feach will do what Feach will dare
Now FitzWilliam, have a care, fallen is your star, low
Up with halberd out with sword! Follow me now, for by the lord
Feach MacHugh has given the word! Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'Moore at sending loons to Hades.
White is sick and Grey is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Lizzie and her ladies.

The Wearing of the Green

"O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
 The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
 No more Saint Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen
 For there's a cruel law ag'in the Wearin' o' the Green."
 I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
 And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
 "She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
 For they're hanging men and women there for the Wearin' o' the Green."

"So if the color we must wear be England's cruel red
 Let it remind us of the blood that Irishmen have shed;
 And pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod
 But never fear, 'twill take root there, though underfoot 'tis trod.
 When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow
 And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
 Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen;
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the Wearin' o' the Green."

Siúl, a Rúin

I wish I were on yonder hill
 'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
 And ev'ry tear would turn a mill,
 Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Chorus:

Siúl, Siúl, Siúl, a rúin
 Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin
 Siúl go doras
 Agus ealaigh liom
 Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel
 I'll sell my only spinning wheel
 To by my love a sword of steel
 Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
 And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
 Until my parents shall wish me dead
 Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
 I wish I had my heart again,
 And vainly think I'd not complain
 Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of May from my home I started
 Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted
 Saluted Father dear, kissed my darlin' Mother
 Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother
 Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born
 I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin,
 In a bran'new pair of brogues I rattled o'er the bogs
 And frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin,

Chorus:

One, two, three, four five, hunt the hare and turn her
 Down the rocky rooad, and all the ways to Dublin
 Whack fol-lol-de-ra.

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
 Started by daylight next morning light and airy,
 Took a drop of the pure, to keep my heart from sinking,
 That's an frishman's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking,
 To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
 At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubbling,
 They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
 Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
 To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city,
 Then I took a stroll out among the quality,
 My bundle it was stole in a neat locality;
 Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind,
 No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin',
 Enquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away my spirits never failing,
 Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing,
 Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
 When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
 Down among the pigs, I played some funny rigs
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'
 When off to Holyhead I wished myself was dead,
 Or better far, instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

The bovs of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
 Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
 Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
 Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'
 "Hurrah my soul!" sez I, my shillelagh I let fly,
 Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in,
 Then with a loud Hurrah, they joined in the affray,
 We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin

Back Home in Derry

In Eighteen-o'three we sailed out to Sea
Out from the sweet town of Derry
For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
And the marks of our fetters we carried.
In the rusty iron chains we sighed for our wains
As our good wives we left in sorrow.
As the mainsails unfurled our curses we hurled
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

Chorus:

|: Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
I wish I was back home in Derry. :|

I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell.
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight.
White horses rode high as the devil passed by
Taking souls to Hades by twilight.
Five weeks out to sea we were now forty-three
Our comrades we buried each morning.
In our own slime we were lost in a time,
Endless night without dawning.

Van Diemen's Land is a hell for a man,
To live out his life in slavery,
Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law.
Neither wind nor rain cares for bravery.
Twenty years have gone by and I've ended me bond
And comrades' ghosts are behind me.
A rebel I came and I'll die the same,
On the cold winds of night you will find me.

Broom O' the Cowdenknowes

How blithe was I each morn to see
 My lass came o'er the hill
 She tripped the burn and ran tae me
 I met her with good will.

Chorus:

Ah the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom
 The broom o the Cowdenknowes
 Fain would I be in the north country
 Herding her father's ewes.

We neither herded ewes nor lamb
 While the flock near us lay
 She gathered in the sheep at night
 And cheered me all the day.

Hard fate that I should banished be
 Gone way o'er hill and moor
 Because I loved the fairest lass
 That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu
 Farewell all pleasures there-
 To wander by her side again
 Is all I crave or care

For Emily (Wherever I May Find Her)

Paul Simon

What a dream I had, pressed in organdy
 Clothed in crinoline of smoky burgundy
 Softer than the rain

I wandered empty streets, down past the shop displays
 I heard cathedral bells tripping down the alleyway
 As I walked on

And when you ran to me, your cheeks flushed with the night
 We walked on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight
 I held your hand

And when I awoke, and felt you warm and near
 I kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears
 Oh I love you, girl
 Oh, how I love you

Ireland My Home

Spring is nature's morning, a time to rise and toil
 To sound her gentle warning, and rouse the sleeping soil
 To cloth with green the trees so bare, raise flowers with coaxing hand
 And nowhere springtime stirs so fair as in my native land

Chorus:

Ireland my home
 Ireland my home
 God save and keep forever
 Ireland my home

Summer time is nature's noon, she stands a while surveys
 'Tis then the burning sun of June will set the earth ablaze
 The dark blue bell the bright red rose are dear to me but still
 More dear the purple heath that grows upon an Irish hill

Autumn is nature's twilight, she plucks her ripened fruit
 Then spins her weary bark upright and leaves the stubbled root
 Plods homeward in the darkening gray, her golden harvest won
 And sinks behind the western brea, the red-gold Irish sun

Winter time is nature's night, she nods and falls asleep
 While waking hills in cloaks of white their silent vigil keep
 'Tis near that warmth and wit abound, where bog wood flames leap higher
 And kindly neighbors gather round a friendly Irish fire

Bard Of Armagh

Oh, list to the tale of a poor Irish harper
 And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand
 But remember these fingers that once could move sharper
 To call forth the mem'ries of his dear native land

How I long for to muse on the days of my boyhood
 Though four score and three years have fled by since then
 Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young joy should
 For merry-hearted boys make the best of old men

At wake or at fair I would twirl my shillelagh
 And trip through the jigs with my brogues bound with straw
 And all the pretty maidens from the village would gather
 Around Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

And when sergeant Death's cold arms shall embrace me
 Oh lull me to sleep with sweet Erin Go Bragh
 By the side of my Kathleen, my own love, then place me
 And forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

I was born on a Dublin street where the Royal drums do beat
 And the English feet they trampled all over us
 And every single night when me Da would come home tight
 He'd invite the neighbors out with this chorus

Chorus:

Come out ye Black & Tans, come out and fight me like a man
 Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders
 Show them how the IRA made ya run like hell away
 From the green and lovely lanes of Kilashandra

Come tell us how you slew those ol' Arabs two by two
 Like Zulu's they had spears, the bows and arrows
 How bravely you faced one with your sixteen pounds of gun
 And you frightened those damn natives to the marrow

Come let us hear ya tell how you slandered Great Parnell
 When you taunted well and truly persecuted
 When o'r the sneers and jeers that you loudly let us hear
 When our leaders of '16 were executed

Step It Out Mary

In the village of Kilgory, there's a maiden fine and fair
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair
 When the countryman came riding, he came to her father's gate
 Mounted on a milk-white stallion, he came at the stroke of eight

Chorus:

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter, step it out Mary, if you can.
 Step it out Mary, my fine daughter, show your legs to the country man.

I've come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair
 I have wealth and I have money, I have goods beyond compare
 I will buy her silks and satins and a gold ring for her hand
 I will build for her a mansion; she'll have servants to command

But kind sir I love a soldier, and I've pledged to him my hand
 I don't want your goods and money; I don't want your house nor land
 Mary's father spoke up sharply: you'll do as you are told
 You'll be married on the Sunday, you'll wear the ring of gold

In the village of Kildare, there's a deep stream running wild,
 they found Mary there at midnight, she drowned with her soldier boy
 In the cottage there is music, you can hear her father say:
 Step it out Mary, my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day.

Kilkelly

Peter Jones

Kilkelly, Ireland, 1860, my dear and loving son John
Your good friend schoolmaster Pat McNamara's, so good as to write these words down.
Your brothers have all got a fine work in England, the house is so empty and sad
The crop of potatoes is sorely infected, a third to a half of them bad.
And your sister Brigid and Patrick O'Donnell are going to be married in June.
Mother says not to work on the railroad and be sure to come on home soon.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 1870, my dear and loving son John
Hello to your Mrs and to your 4 children, may they grow healthy and strong.
Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble, I suppose that he never will learn.
Because of the darkness there's no turf to speak of and now we have nothing to burn.
And Brigid is happy, we named a child for her and now she's got six of her own.
You say you found work, but you don't say what kind or when you will be coming home.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 1880, dear Michael and John, my sons
I'm sorry to give you the very sad news that your dear old mother has gone.
We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly, your brothers and Brigid were there.
You don't have to worry, she died very quickly, remember her in your prayers.
And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning, with money he's sure to buy land
For the crop has been bad and the people are selling at every price that they can.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 1890, my dear and loving son John
I suppose that I must be close on eighty, it's thirty years since you've gone.
Because of all of the money you send me, I'm still living out on my own.
Michael has built himself a fine house and Brigid's daughters have grown.
Thank you for sending your family picture, they're lovely young women and men.
You say that you might even come for a visit, what joy to see you again.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 1892, my dear brother John
I'm sorry I didn't write sooner to tell you, but father passed on.
He was living with Brigid, she says he was cheerful and healthy right down to the end.
Ah, you should have seen him play with the grandchildren of Pat McNamara, your friend.
And we buried him alongside of mother, down at the Kilkelly churchyard.
He was a strong and a feisty old man, considering his life was so hard.
And it's funny the way he kept talking about you, he called for you in the end.
Oh, why don't you think about coming to visit, we'd all love to see you again.

Jug Of Punch

'Twas early, early, in the month of June,
I was sitting with my glass and spoon.
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Chorus:

Toor-a-loora-loo, toor-a-loora-lay
Toor-a-loora-loo, toor-a-loora-lay
(repeat last line of previous verse)

If I were sick, and very bad
And were not able to go or stand,
I would not think it at all amiss
To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire,
Upon his knee a lusty wench
And upon his table a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I have,
I'll dig a grave both wide and deep
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Fox on the Run

Chorus:

She walks through the corn leading down to the river
Her hair shown like gold in the hot morning sun
She took all the love that this poor boy could give her
And left me to die like a fox on the run...like a fox...on the run

Everybody knows the reason for the fall
When woman tempted man down in paradise's hall
This woman tempted me and took me for a ride
And like the lonely fox I need a place to hide

Take a glass of wine and fortify your soul
And talk about the world and friends we used to know
I'll illustrate a girls who wandered thro' my past
She didn't care to stay the picture cannot last

There Were Roses

My song for you this evening, it's not to make you sad
 Nor for adding to the sorrows of this troubled northern land,
 But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my mind
 I'll tell you of two friends one time who were both good friends of mine.
 Issac Scott from Banagh, he lived just across the fields,
 A great man for the music and the dancing and the reels.
 Sean MacDonald came from South Armagh to court young Alice fair,
 And we'd often meet on the Ryan Road and the laughter filled the air.

Chorus:

There were roses, roses...there were roses
 And the tears of the people ran together

Though Issac, he was Protestant, and Sean was Catholic born,
 It never made a difference for the friendship, it was strong.
 And sometimes in the evening when we heard the sound of drums
 We said, ``It won't divide us. We always will be one."
 For the ground our fathers plowed in, the soil, it is the same,
 And the places where we say our prayers have just got different names.
 We talked about the friends who died, and we hoped there'd be no more.
 It's little then we realized the tragedy in store.

It was on a Sunday morning when the awful news came round.
 Another killing has been done just outside Newry Town.
 We knew that Issac danced up there, we knew he liked the band.
 When we heard that he was dead we just could not understand.
 We gathered at the graveside on that cold and rainy day,
 And the minister he closed his eyes and for no revenge he prayed.
 All of us who knew him from along the Ryan Road,
 We bowed our heads and said a prayer for the resting of his soul.

Now fear, it filled the countryside. There was fear in every home
 When a car of death came prowling round the lonely Ryan Road.
 A Catholic would be killed tonight to even up the score.
 "Oh, Christ! It's young MacDonald that they've taken from the door."
 "Issac was my friend," he cried. He begged them with his fear,
 But centuries of hatred have ears that cannot hear.
 An eye for an eye was all that filled their minds
 And another eye for another eye till everyone is blind.

So my song for you this evening, it's not to make you sad
 Nor for adding to the sorrows of our troubled northern land,
 But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my mind.
 I'll tell you of two friends one time who were both good friends of mine.
 I don't know where the moral is or where this song should end,
 But I wondered just how many wars are fought between good friends.
 And those who give the orders are not the ones to die.
 It's Scott and MacDonald and the likes of you and I.

Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus:

Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

If my true love, she won't have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

There is a Ship (O Waly Waly)

There is a ship, and it sails the sea, its loaded deep, as deep can be
But not as deep, as the love I'm in, I know not if I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak, thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent, and then it broke, just as my love proved false to me

Oh love is gentle, and love is kind, the sweetest flower when first its new
But love grows old and waxes cold, and fade away like morning dew

The water is wide I cannot go o'r, neither have I the wings to fly
Give me a boat, that can carry two, and both shall row my love and I

Spancil Hill

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
 My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
 I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will
 And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with the scene
 Where in my early boyhood, where often I had been
 I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still
 It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd June the day before the fair
 When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
 The young, the old, the brave the bold they came for sport and kill
 There were jovial conversations at the fair of Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
 She's as white as any lily and as gentle as a dove
 She threw her arms about me neck saying Paddo I love you still
 She's Kate the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill

I dreamt stooped to kissed her as in the days of yore
 She said, Johnny you're only joking like many time's before
 Well the cock crowed in the morning he crew both loud and shrill
 And I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

Ramblin' Rover

Andy Stewart

Chorus:

Oh, there's sober men and plenty, and drunkards barely twenty,
 There are men of over ninety that have never yet kissed a girl.
 But give me a ramblin' rover, frae Orkney down to Dover.
 We will roam the country over and together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment from merciless employment,
 Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school.
 And they save and scrape and ponder while the rest go out and squander,
 See the world and rove and wander and are happier as a rule.

I've roamed through all the nations, tak'n delight in all creations,
 And enjoyed a wee sensation where the company did prove kind.
 And when parting was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure
 To the good friends that we treasure for they always are in our minds.

If you're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got Colitis,
 You've galloping bolicitis, and you're thinking it's time you died,
 If you been a man o' action, though you're lying there in traction,
 You will get some satisfaction thinking, "Jesus, at least I tried."

Queen of Argyll

Andy Stewart

Gentlemen it is my duty, to inform you of one beauty
 Though I'd ask you of a favor, not to seek her for a while
 Though I own she is a creature, of character and feature
 No words can paint the picture of the Queen of all Argyll.

Chorus:

And if you could have seen her there, boys if you had just been there
 The swan was in her movement, and the martin in her smile.
 All the roses in the garden would bow and ask her pardon
 For not one could match the beauty of the Queen of all Argyll.

On that evening that I mention, I passed with light intention
 Through a part of our dear country known for beauty and for style
 Being a place of noble thinkers of scholars and great drinkers
 But above them all for splendor shone the Queen of all Argyll

So my lads my needs must leave you my intention's not to grieve you
 Nor indeed would I deceive you oh I'll see you in a while
 I must find some way to gain her to court her and to tame her
 I fear my heart's in danger from the Queen of all Argyll

Roddy Mccorley

O, see the fleet-foot host of men, who march with faces drawn,
 From farmstead and from fishers' cot, along the banks of Ban;
 They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they,
 For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, so smiling, proud and young.
 About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung;
 There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, fearless and brave are they,
 As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

When last this narrow street he trod, his shining pike in hand
 Behind him marched, in grim array, a earnest stalwart band.
 To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the fray,
 But young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead more bravely died in fray
 Than he who marches to his fate in Toomebridge town today; ray
 True to the last! True to the last, he treads the upwards way,
 And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

The Galway Shawl

At 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 worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds
No paint nor powder; no, none at all
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking
Till her father's cottage came in to view
Said she, 'come in sir', and meet my father
And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the fire
I could see her father he was six feet tall
And soon her mother, had the kettle singing
All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'
'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'
She sang each note like an Irish linnet
And tears welled in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early, all in the morning
I hit the road for old Donegal
Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me
But my heart remain with the Galway shawl

Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword, cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

Carrickfergus

I wish I was in Carrickfergus, only for nights in Ballygran
 I would swim over the deepest ocean, the deepest ocean for my love to find
 But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over and neither have I wings to fly
 If I could find me a handsome boatman to ferry me over to my love and die

My childhood days bring back sad reflections of happy times I spent so long ago
 My boyhood friends and my own relations have all passed on now like melting snow
 But I'll spend my days in endless roaming soft sit the grass my bed is free
 Ah to be back in Carrickfergus on that long road down to the sea

And in Kilkenny it is reported there are marble stones as black as ink
 With gold and silver I would support her, but I'll sing no more now till I get a drink
 I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober, a handsome rover from town to town
 Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered so come all ye young men and lay me down

Fields of Athenry

By lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
 "Michael they are taking you away
 For you stole Trevaillian's corn, So your young might see the morn
 It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry"

Chorus:

Low lie the Fields of Athenry
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly
 Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing
 It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry

By lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling
 "Nothing matters Mary when you're free
 'Gainst the famine and the crown, I rebelled, they ran me down
 Now you must raise our child with dignity."

By lonely harbor wall, she watched the last hour falling
 As the prison-ship sailed out against the sky
 But she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay
 It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry

The Fishermen's Song

Andy Stewart

By the storm-torn shoreline a woman is standing
The spray strung like jewels in her hair
And the sea tore the rocks near that desolate landing
As though it had known she stood there

Chorus:

For she has come down to condemn that wild ocean
For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

Oh and white were the wave caps and wild was their parting
So fierce is the warring of love
But she prayed to the gods, both of men and of sailors
Not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love

There's a school on the hill where the sons of dead fathers
Are led toward tempests and gales
Where their God-given wings are clipped close to their bodies
And their eyes are bound round with ship's sails

What force leads a man to a life filled with danger
High on seas or a mile underground
It's when need is his master and poverty's no stranger
And there's no other work to be found

Hills Of Connemara

Chorus:

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
 The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran.
 Run like the devil from the excise man
 Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

Keep your eyes well peeled today
 The excise men are on their way
 Searching for the mountain tay
 In the hills of Connemara.

Swinging to the left, swinging to the right
 The excise men will dance all night
 Drinkin' up the tay till the broad daylight
 In the hills of Connemara.

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for John
 And a bottle for poor old Father Tom
 Just to help the poor old dear along
 In the hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, for it's too late
 The excise men are at the gate.
 Glory be to Paddy, but they're drinkin' it straight
 In the hills of Connemara.

And So It Goes

Billy Joel

In every heart there is a room; a sanctuary safe and strong
 To heal the wounds from lovers past until a new wound comes along

I spoke to you in cautious tones; you answered me with no pretense
 And still I feel I said too much; my silence is my self defense

And every time I've held a rose, it seems I only felt the thorns
 And so it goes, and so it goes, and so will you soon I suppose

But if my silence made you leave, then that would be my worst mistake
 So I will share this room with you, and you can have this heart to break

And this is why my eyes are closed: It's just as well for all I've seen
 And so it goes, and so it goes, and you're the only one who knows

So I would choose to be with you, that's if the choice were mine to make
 But you can make decisions too, and you can have this heart to break

And so it goes, and so it goes, and you're the only one who knows

Rambles Of Spring

There's a cold an' wintry breeze blowin' through the buddin' trees
 And I've buttoned up my coat to keep me warm
 But the days are on the mend and I'm on the road again
 With me fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

Chorus:

I've a fine felt hat and a strong pair of brogues
 I have rosin in me pocket for me bow
 And my fiddle strings are new and I've learned a tune or two
 So I'm well prepared to ramble, I must go

I'm as happy as a king, when I catch a breath of Spring
 And the grass is turning green as winter ends
 And the Geese are on the wing, as the Thrushes start to sing
 And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

I have friends in every town as I ramble up and down
 Makin' music at the markets and the fairs
 To the Dumphies and the Friels and the farmers makin' deals
 And the Yellow-headed tinker sellin' wares

Here's a health to one and all, to the big and to the small
 To the rich and poor alike and foe and friend
 And when we return again, may our foes have turned to friends
 And may peace and joy be with you until then

Both Sides the Tweed

What's the spring-breathing jasmine and rose?
 What's the summer with all its gay train
 Or the splendour of autumn to those
 Who've bartered their freedom for gain?

Chorus:

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
 To the love of our people succeed
 Let friends and honour unite
 And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer
 Which corruption and bribery bind
 No brightness that gloom can e'er clear
 For honour's the sum of the mind

Let virtue distinguish the brave
 Place riches in lowest degree
 Think them poorest who can be a slave
 Them richest who dare to be free

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's steel
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

The minstrel boy shall return, we pray
When we hear the news, all shall cheer it
Our distant son shall come back, one day
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit
Then may he play on his harp in peace
In a world like Heaven intended
For all the bitterness of man must cease
And every battle must be ended

Wind That Shakes The Barley

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

'Twas hard the mournful words to frame to break the ties that bound us
Ah, 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 brave united men" while soft wind shook the barley

'Twas sad I kissed away her tears her arms around me clinging
When to my ears that fateful shot come out the wildwood ringing
The bullet pierced my true love's breast in life's young spring so early
And there upon my breast she died while soft wind shook the barley

I bore her to some mountain stream and many's the summer blossom
I placed with branches soft and green about her gore-stained bosom
I wept and kissed her clay-cold corpse then rushed o'er vale and valley
My vengeance on the foe to wreak while soft wind shook the barley

'Twas blood for blood without remorse I've taken at Oulart Hollow
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse where mine full soon may follow
Around her grave I wondered drear noon, night and morning early
With aching heart when e'er I hear the wind that shakes the barley

Gipsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
That he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day,
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gates
She left her own fine lover
She left her servants and her state
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,
Down by the river Claydee
And there was music and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my father" she said
"But lord of these lands all over,
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover.

Beggarman

Well, I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been
For three score and more, on this little isle of green
I'm known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo
And I'm known by the name of auld Johnny Dhu
 Well, of all the trades a-going, I'm sure the begging is the best
 For when a man is tired he can sit him down and rest
 When begging for his dinner, he has nothing more to do
 Than to slip around the corner with his old rigadoo

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn
A wet, cold night, but I slept through the dawn
With the holes in the roof and the rain a-coming thru
And the rats and the cats were a playing peek-a-boo
 When who should I waken but the lady of the house
 With her white spotted apron and her calico blouse
 She began to frighten and I said "Boo!
 Sure, there's no need to frighten, it's just Johnny, Johnny Dhu."

I met a little flaxen-haired girl one day
"Good morrow little flaxen-haired girl," I did say
"Good morrow little beggarman and how do you do
With your rags and your tags and your auld rigadoo?"
 I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie
 And a nice young lady I'll go fetch by and by
 I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll color them with blue
 And an old fashioned lady I will make her, too

So over the hill with me pack on my back
Over the fields with my bulging heavy sack
With holes in my shoes and my toes a-peeping thru
Singing, "Skin-ma-rink-a-diddle, this is little Johnny Dhu!"
 O, I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night
 The fire is all raked and now tis out of light
 For now you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo
 So goodnight and God be with you, from auld Johnny Dhu

Danny Boy

(w/ additional lyrics sung by Sinead O'Connor)

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

But if I live, and should you die for Ireland,
Let not your dying thoughts be just for me
But say a prayer to God for our dear Ireland
I know He'll hear, and help to set her free

And I will take your pike and place my dearest
And strike a blow, though weak the blow may be
To help the cause to which your heart was dearest
O, Danny boy, O Danny boy, come back to me

Oh, Danny boy, O Danny boy, I love you so...

Tim Finnegan's Wake

1 6m 4 5
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street, a gentleman Irish, mighty odd;
 1 6m 4 5 1
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he carried a hod.
 1 6m 1 6m
 Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way; with a love of the whiskey, Ol' Tim was born
 1 6m 4 5 1
 And to help him on with his work each day, he'd a "drop of the "cray-thur" every morn.

Chorus:

1 6m
 Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner
 4 5
 Welt the floor, your trotters shake;
 1 6m
 Wasn't it the truth, I told you
 4 5 1
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

One mornin' Tim felt rather full, his head felt heavy, which made him shake;
 He fell from the ladder and broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake.
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, laid him out upon the bed,
 A gallon of whiskey at his feet, and a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
 First they brought in tea and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
 "O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?" "Ah, hold your gob," said Paddy McGhee

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
 Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob, which left her sprawlin' on the floor.
 And then the war did soon engage, 'twas woman to woman and man to man,
 Shillelagh law was all the rage, and a row and eruption soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
 It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim!
 Tim revives! See how he rises! Timothy rising from the bed,
 Cryin', "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes! Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?"

Johnny Jump Up

Well, I'll tell you a story that happened to me
 One day as I went out to Cork by the sea
 The day it was hot, the sun it was warm
 Says I "A quick pint wouldn't do any harm"
 I went in and called up a bottle of stout
 Says the barman, "I'm sorry the beer's all sold out
 Try whiskey, young Paddy, ten years in the wood"
 Says I, "I'll have cider; I've heard that it's good."

Chorus:

But I'll never, no never, no never again
 If I live to be a hundred or a hundred and ten
 Well I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up
 After drinking the pint of ol' Johnny-Jump-Up

After downing me third I went out to the yard
 Where I ran into Brophy the big civic guard;
 "Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law?"
 So I up with me fist and I shattered his jaw.
 Well he fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
 But it wasn't I hit him, but Johnny Jump-Up
 The next thing that I met down by Cork by the Sea
 Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me
 "I'm afraid for me life I'll be hit by a car
 Won't you help me across to the railwayman's bar?"
 But after drinkin' a quart of the cider so sweet
 He threw down his crutches and danced in the street.

Well I went down the Lee road a friend for to see,
 They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Sea
 But when I got there sure the truth I will tell
 They had the poor bugger locked up in a cell
 Said the guard, testing him, "Say these word if you can:
 'Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."
 "Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad
 'Twas only the sup of the bottle I had.

A man died in the mines by the name of McNabb
 They washed him and laid him outside on a slab
 And after O'Connor his measure did take
 His wife took him home for a bloody fine wake
 'Twas about twelve o'clock and the beer it was high
 When the corpse sat him up and says he with a sigh
 "I can't get to heaven; no they won't let me up
 'Till I bring them a pint of that Johnny Jump-Up!"

So if you ever go down to Cork by the sea,
 Stay out of that alehouse and take it from me
 Drink whiskey, my dear boy, but don't drink a cup
 Of that devil-drink cider called Johnny Jump-Up!

Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
 Where me and my true love were ever won't to gae
 On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

Chorus:

O' ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
 But me and my true love will never meet again,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond,
 Where in purple hue, the Highland hills we view'd,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Red is the Rose

Chorus:

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,
 And fair is the lily of the valley;
 Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
 But my love is fairer than any.

Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass
 Come over the hills to your darling;
 You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
 And I'll be your true love forever.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
 And the moon and the stars they were shining;
 The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
 When she swore she'd be my love forever.

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
 It's not for the grief of my mother,
 'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
 That my heart is breaking forever.

Flower of Scotland

Roy Williamson

O flower of Scotland, when will we see your like again?
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again

The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now which those so dearly held
And stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again

Those days are passed now, and in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now, and be the nation again
That stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again

Scotland the Brave

Hark! where the night is falling
Hark! hear the pipes a calling
Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen
There where the hills are sleeping
Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirits of the old highland men

Chorus:

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards gloriously wave
Land of my high endeavor
Land of the shining river
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave!

High in the misty Highlands
Out by the purple islands
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies
Wild are the winds to meet you
Staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens eyes

Faroff in sunlit places
Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearnin' to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain!
Where tropic skies are beamin'
Love sets the heart adreamin',
Longin' and dreamin' for the homeland again!

The Foggy Dew

F.P. O'Neill

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When Ireland's line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
 No pipe did hum, no battle drum
 Was sounded straight and true
 But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
 Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
 And from the plains of Royal Meath
 Strong men came hurrying through;
 While Brittania's sons with their long-range guns
 Sailed in from the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the grey North Sea.
 But had they died by Pearse's side
 Or fought with Valera true,
 Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
 'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the solemn bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year.
 And the world did gaze in deep amaze
 At those fearless men and true
 Who bore the fight that freedom's light
 Might shine through the foggy dew.

Viva la Quinta Brigada

Well before I saw the light of morning
A comradeship of heroes was laid
From every corner of the world came sailing
The Fifth International Brigade.

They came to stand beside the Spanish people
To try and stem the rising fascist tide
Franco's allies were the powerful and wealthy
Frank Ryan's men came from the other side.

Even the olives were bleeding
As the battle for Madrid it thundered on
Truth and love against the force of evil
Brotherhood against the fascist clan.

Chorus:

¡Viva la Quinta Brigada!
"¡No pasarán!" the pledge that made them fight
"¡Adelante!" was the cry around the hillside,
Let us all remember them tonight

Bob Hilliard was a Church of Ireland pastor
From Killarney across the Pyrenees he came
From Derry came a brave young Christian Brother
And side by side they fought and died in Spain.

Tommy Woods age seventeen died in Cordoba
With Na Fianna he learned to hold his gun
From Dublin to the Villa del Rio
He fought and died beneath the Spanish sun.

Many Irishmen heard the call of Franco
Joined Hitler and Mussolini too
Propaganda from the pulpit and newspapers
Helped O'Duffy to enlist his crew.

The call came from Maynooth, "support the Nazis"
The men of cloth had failed again
When the Bishops blessed the Blueshirts in Dun Laoghaire
As they sailed beneath the swastika to Spain.

This song is a tribute to Frank Ryan
Kit Conway and Dinny Coady too
Peter Daly, Charlie Regan and Hugh Bonar
Though many died I can but name a few.

Danny Boyle, Blaser-Brown and Charlie Donnelly
Liam Tumilson and Jim Straney from the Falls
Jack Nalty, Tommy Patton and Frank Conroy
Jim Foley, Tony Fox and Dick O'Neill.

Ballad of the Shape Of Things (The Shape of My Love)

(as performed by the Kingsgton Trio)

Completely round is the perfect pearl
The oyster manufactures
Completely round is the steering wheel
That leads to compound fractures
Completely round is the golden fruit
That hangs from the orange tree
Yes the circle shape is quite renowned
I'm sad to say it can be found
In the dirty low down run around
My true love gave to me
My true love gave to me

Completely square was the velvet box
He said my ring would be in
Completely square was the envelope
He said "Farewell" to me in
Completely square was the handkerchief
I flourish constantly
It dries my eyes of the tears I've shed
And blows my nose though it turns bright red
Yes a perfect square is my true love's head
He will not marry me
No, he will not marry me

Rectangular is the hotel door
My true love tried to sneak thru
Rectangular was the transom
Over which I had to peek thru
Rectangular was the hotel room
I entered angrily
Rectangular is the wooden box
Where lies my love with his golden locks
They said he died of the chicken pox
In part I must agree
One chick too many had he!

Triangular is the piece of pie
I eat to ease my sorrow
Triangular is the hatchet blade
I plan to hide tomorrow
Triangular, the relationship
That now has ceased to be
Triangular is the garment thin
That fastens on with a safety pin
To a prize I had no wish to win
It's a lasting memory
My true love gave to me.

The Springhill Mining Disaster

2m 1 2m 1
 In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
 2m 1 5 6M
 Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mines
 2m 5 1 6M
 There's blood on the coal and the miners lie
 2m 1 2m 1
 In the roads that never saw sun nor sky
 2m 1 2m 1 6M
 Roads that never saw sun nor sky

Down at the coal face, the miners workin'
 Rattle of the belt and cutter's blades
 Rumble of rock and the walls close 'round
 Living and the dead men, two miles down
 Living and the dead men, two miles down

Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft
 Listenin' for the drilling of a rescue team
 Six hundred feet of coal and slag
 Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam
 Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam

Eight days passed and some were rescued,
 Leaving the dead to die alone
 All their lives, they'd dug their graves
 Two miles of earth for a markin' stone
 Two miles of earth for a markin' stone

In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy
 Often the earth will tremble and moan
 When the earth gets restless, miners die
 Bone and blood is the price of coal
 Bone and blood is the price of coal

Miner's Lullaby

Utah Phillips

Once, long ago, he was handsome and tall
And fit to be called to the war
We left our village, family and all
To never return any more

Now he takes his coat, his bucket and lamp
And whistles away to the cage
Where men young and old from all over the camp
Gather in search of a wage

Chorus:

Husband, sleep, lay your head back and dream
A slow falling leaf borne down to the stream
Then carried away on the wings of morphine
Homeward far over the sea

My husband and I are Roman in faith
And we have a secret to keep
If ever his life is taken away
Then gentle and long will he sleep

Now some men pass with family around
And linens and blankets so clean
But seldom a miner goes underground
Without his tin of morphine

And now here's a word, an explosion is heard
The miners are trapped far below
If any survived down there alive
I'm certain we never will know

Although our families have vainly appealed
No rescue attempt can be seen
Our hope for loved ones in the dark earth sealed
Now lies in a tin of morphine

Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
 And lift up your voices in chorus with mine
 Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
 For we may and might never all meet here again

Chorus:

Here's a health to the company and one to my lass
 Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
 Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
 For we may and might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
 Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
 She smiles on my countenance and sits on me knee
 Sure there's no one in this wide world as happy as we

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
 I hope she's safe landed without any shock
 If ever I meet you by land or by sea
 I will always remember your kindness to me

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
 To cast me off discourteously.
 For I have loved you well and long,
 Delighting in your company.

Chorus:

Greensleeves was all my joy
 Greensleeves was my delight,
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
 And who but my lady Greensleeves.

Your vows you've broken, like my heart,
 Oh, why did you so enrapture me?
 Now I remain in a world apart
 My heart, in thy captivity.

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
 To God I pray to prosper thee,
 For I am still thy lover true,
 Come once again and meet me.

Mari Mac

There's a nice young lass and her name is Mari Mac
Make no mistake; she's the girl I'm going to track
Lots of other fellas want to get her on her back
But I'm thinking they'll have to get up early

Chorus:

Mari Mac's mother's making Mari Mac marry me
My mother's making me marry Mari Mac
And I'm going to marry Mari so my Mari's taking care of me
We'll all be feeling merry when I marry Mari Mac

Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together
In fact you hardly see the one, without the other
And people often wonder if its Mari or her mother
Or the both of them together that I'm courting

The wedding's on Wednesday, everything's arranged
Soon, her name will change to mine, unless her mind is changed
And with making' the arrangements, faith, I'm 'bout deranged
Marriage is an awful undertaking!

Sure to be a grand affair, grander than a fair
Gonna be a fork and plate for every man that's there
And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share
If I don't I'll be very much mistaken

The Scotsman

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair
 And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his share
 He staggered on until he could no longer keep his feet
 Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Chorus:

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
 Ring di diddle i o
 He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Later on two young and lovely girls just happened by,
 And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
 You see yon sleeping Scotsman, so is strong and handsome built
 I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

They crept up to the sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
 Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
 And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
 Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment then one said we must be gone
 But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along
 They left behind a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
 Around the bonnie spar the Scotsman's kilt did lifting show

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward a tree
 Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees
 Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes
 He said, "Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize"

The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I spent, I've spent it in good company
 And all the harm that ever I did, alas it was to none but me
 And 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

Oh, if I had money enough to spend, and leisure time to sit awhile
 There is a fair maid in this town who surely has my heart beguiled
 Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips - I swear she has my heart enthralled
 So fill to me the parting glass. Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had, they're sorry for my going away
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I had, they'd wish me one more day to stay
 But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise and you should not
 I'll gently rise and softly call, "Good night and joy be with you all."

The Rising of the Moon

"Tell me, tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
 "Hush me bhuachail, hush and listen," and his face was all aglow
 "I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon
 With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon"

"Tell me, tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be?"
 "Near the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me"
 "One more thing, the signal token?" "Whistle up the marching tune
 For our pikes must be together by the rising of the moon"

Out from many a mud-walled cabin, eyes were lookin' through the night
 Many a manly heart was throbin' for the blessed morning light
 A cry arose along the river, like some banshee's mournful croon
 And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

All along the shining river one black mass of men was seen
 And above them in the night wind floated our immortal green
 Death to every foe and traitor. Onward, strike the marching tune
 And hurrah me boys for freedom, it's the rising of the moon

Well they fought for dear old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate,
 Oh what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of ninety-eight.
 But thank God e'en now are beating hearts in mankind's burning noon,
 Who will follow in their footsteps, at the rising of the moon.

Sailor's Prayer

Rod McDonald

Though my sails be torn and ragged and my mast be turned about
 Though the night wind chill me to my very soul
 Though the salt spray sting my eye and the stars no sight provide
 Give me just another morning light to hold

Chorus:

I will not lie me down, this rain a-raging
 I will not lie me down in such a storm
 And if this night be unblessed, I shall not take my rest
 Until we reach another shore

If the only water left is but salt to wound my thirst
 I will drink the rain that falls so steady down
 If night's blindness be my gift, if there be thieves upon my drift
 I will praise the dark that shelters me from them

If my friends be drained and weary and it seems their hopes are lost
 There's no need for their bones on this blackened bottom
 And if Death waits just off the bow, we need not answer to him now
 We'll stand on and face the morning light without him

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
 Remember me to one who lives there
 For once she was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt...
 Without any seam or fine needlework...

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
 Where water never stood, nor drop of rain fell

Tell her to find me an acre of land
 Between the salt water and the sea strand

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather
 And to gather it all with a peacock's feather

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
 Remember me to one who lives there

Castle of Dromore

Harold Boulton

October winds lament around the castle of Dromore
 Yet peace is in her lofty halls, my loving treasure store
 Though autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring are you

Chorus:

Sing hushabye loo, low loo, low lan
 Hushabye loo, low loo

Dread spirits of black water, Clan Eoin's wild banshee
 Bring no ill wind to him nor us, my helpless babe and me
 And Holy Mary pitying us to Heaven for grace doth sue

Take time to thrive, my ray of hope, in the garden of Dromore
 Take heed, young eaglet, till thy wings are feathered fit to soar
 A little rest and then the world is full of work to do
 A little rest and then the world is full of work to do

Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Well, I'm just down from the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy
The ladies shout as I go by--
Donald where's your trousers.

Chorus:

Let the winds blow high,
Let the winds blow low,
It's through the streets in my kilt I'll go --
And all the lassies say hello--
Donald where's your trousers

A lady took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I would fall
'Cause I nae had on trousers

I went down to London town
To have a little fun in the underground
And the ladies whipped their heads around,
Saying "Michael, where's your trousers?"

Well, the ladies love me, every one
But let them catch me if they can
You canna put the brakes on a highland man
Who dinnae like wearing trousers.

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in trousers.

Well I caught a cold and me nose was raw
I had nae handkerchief at all
So I hiked up my kilt and I gave it a blow,
You can nae do that with trousers.

An Irish Ballad

© Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing rickety tickety tin
About a maid I'll sing a song, who didn't have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one of them in, them in
She did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique
Sing rickety tickety tin
One morning in a fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do with gin, with gin
We had to make do with gin

Her mother she could never stand
Sing rickety tickety tin
Her mother she could never stand, and so a cyanide soup she planned
The mother died with the spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin
He face in a hideous grin.

She weighted her brother down with stones
Sing rickety tickety tin
She weighted her brother down with stones, and sent him off to Davey Jones
All they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin
Occasional pieces of skin.

She set her sister's hair on fire
Sing rickety tickety tin
She set her sister's hair on fire, and as the smoke and flame rose higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin, olin
Playing a violin.

One day she had nothing to do
Sing rickety tickety tin
One day she had nothing to do, so she cut her baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in, bors in
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by
Sing rickety tickety tin
And when at last the police came by, her terrible deeds she did not deny
To do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin
And lying she knew was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong
Sing rickety tickety tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong
I hope you lile my little song
You've yourself to blame if it's too long
You should never have let me begin, begin
You should never have let me begin.

Excursion Around the Bay

It was early Monday morning and the day been calm and fine
For a Harbour Grace excursion with the boys to have a time
And just before the sailor pulled the gangway from the pier
I saw some fellow haul me wife aboard as a volunteer

Chorus:

O Me! O My! I heard me poor wife cry
O Me! O My! I think I'm gonna die
O Me! O My! I heard me poor wife say
I wish I'd never taken this excursion around the bay

We had full three hundred souls on board, oh what a splendid sight
Both strong and regimental to make our spirits bright
With me self being in the double when a funny thing they'd say
And they'd choke themselves from laughing when they see us in the bay

Now me wife she got no better, she turned a sickly green
I fed her cake and candy, fat pork and kerosene
Castor-oil and sugar of candy, I rubbed pure oil on her face
And they said she'd be a dandy when she reaches Harbour Grace

My wife she got no better, my wife my darling dear
The screeches from her troling you could hear in Carbonear
I tried every place in Harbor Grace, searched every store and shop,
To get her something for the cure or take her to the hop.

She died below of the brandy's as we were coming back
So we buried her in the ocean wrapped up in a Union Jack
And now I am a single man in search of a pretty face
And the woman who says she'll have me, I'm off for Harbour Grace.

Mrs McGrath

"Oh, Mrs. McGrath," the captain said,
 "Would you like to make a sailor out of your son, Ted?
 With a scarlet cloak and a big white hat,
 Mrs. McGrath wouldn't you like that?"

Chorus:

With me too-rye-ay
 Foddle-iddle-day
 Toorye oorye oorye-ay
 With me toorye-ay
 Foddle diddle day
 Toorye oorye oorye-ay

Now Mrs. McGrath lived by the seashore
 For the space of seven long years or more
 'Til she saw a big ship come into the bay
 Cried, "It's my son Teddy, won't you clear the way."

"Oh, captain, me dear, where have ya been?
 Have ya been out sailin' on the Mediterrean?
 Have ya any news of my son Ted?
 Is the poor boy livin', or is he dead?"

Well up comes Ted, without any legs
 And in their place there be two wooden pegs
 She kissed him a dozen times or two
 Sayin' "Glory to God, what they've done to you!"

"O were ye drunk or were ye blind
 When you left your two fine legs behind?
 Or was it while walkin' out on the sea
 A big fish ate your legs from below the knee?"

"No, I wasn't drunk, Ma, I wasn't blind
 When I left my two fine legs behind.
 'Twas a big cannon ball on the fifth of May
 Took me two fine legs from the knees away."

"Oh, Teddy, me boy," the old widow cried
 "Yer two fine legs were yer mammy's pride,
 The stumps of a tree won't do at all,
 Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?"

"All foreign wars, I do profane
 Between Don Juan or the King of Spain
 And I'll make those bastards rue the time
 That they took the legs from a child of mine."

Crúiscin Lán

Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the huntsman praise his hounds
 Let the shepherd praise his dewy-scented lamb
 Ah, but I - more wise than they - spend each happy night and day
 With me darlin' little crúiscin lán, lán, lán
 With me darlin' little crúiscin lán

Chorus:

Oh, a grá mo chroi mo crúiscin
 Sláinte gal mo mhúirnín
 A grá mo chroi mo crúiscin lán, lán, lán
 A grá mo chroi mo crúiscin lán

Immortal and divine, O great Bacchus, god of wine
 Create me by adoption thine own son
 In hopes that you'll comply, my glass shall ne'er run dry
 Nor me darlin' little crúiscin lán, lán, lán
 Nor me darlin' little crúiscin lán

And when ol' Death appears in a few but happy years,
 And says, "O won't you come along with me?"
 I'll say "Begone ye knave, for King Bacchus gave me leave
 To fill another crúiscin lán, lán, lán
 To take another crúiscin lán

So let's lift our glasses high, let's not part with lips so dry
 Though the lark now proclaims it is the dawn
 And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again
 To fill another crúiscin lán, lán, lán
 To take another crúiscin lán

Twa Recruitin' Sergeants

Twa recruitin' sergeants came to Black Watch
Through markets and faires, new recruits for to catch
But all they enlisted was forty and twa
Say "Enlist my bonnie laddie and come to war with me."

Chorus:

And it's over the mountains, over the Main
Through Gibraltar, cross France and Spain
There's a feather in your bonnet and a kilt about your knee
Say "Enlist my bonnie laddie and come to war with me."

And it's into the barn, and it's out on the mire
That greedy old farmer thinks you'll never tire
It's every job of low degree
Say "Enlist my bonnie laddie and come to war with me."

And it's laddie do you ken the danger you are in
If your harp was declared or your old bodhrán?
That greedy old farmer, he would not pay your fee.
Say "Enlist my bonnie laddie and come to war with me."

And it's laddie do you have a sweetheart for bear?
We'll easily get rid of that ill spun yarn
A rattle on the drum, and that shall be your call.
Say "Enlist my bonnie laddie and come to war with me."

Chorus 2x

The Dutchman

Michael Smith

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows
When Amsterdam is golden in the morning
Margaret brings him breakfast
She believes him
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow
He's mad as he can be but Margaret only sees that sometimes
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes

Chorus:

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed in
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam
He watches tug boats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Captain
Then Margaret comes to take him home again
Through unforgiving streets
That trip him though she holds his arm
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name

The windmills whirl the winter in
She winds his muffler tighter,
They sit in the kitchen
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew
He sees her for a moment, calls her name
She makes the bed up humming some old love song
A song Margaret learned when the tune was very new
He hums a line or two, they hum together in the night
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.

Drink Between Friends

Highwaymen
Additional verses by Jeremy Welch

Come and join me, my friends, take a seat by the fire
Fill your glasses with whiskey and stay for a while
And if you're of a humour to be entertained
I'll (We'll) sing you a song, if you'll join the refrain

Chorus:

Here's a health to hist-o-ry, and one to mem-o-ry
Here's to the point where all memory ends
On the last cup, raise your glass, chase it up,
For there's nothing so fine as a drink between friends

Here's a health to the lusts and the loves of young life
We'll drink once to MacGregor, and twice to his wife
Here's a health to the pleasures and pains of the year
If you drink one to sorrow, drink two to good cheer

Here's a health to the brewer, and one to his mead
A health to the barley, the hops, and the seed
Here's a health to the French, where their clothes are so fine
They may dress like sissies, but they make a mean wine

Here's a health to the boots that have brought me thus far
And a health to the guidance of the bright evening star
Here's a health to the mists and their moon-centered wreath
And a health to the lassies I've loved underneath

Here's a health to the dust and the road and the wind
A health to the whiskey and the jar it came in
Here's a health to the barmaid, such a fine-figured lass
From her soft, heaving bosom to her lily-white --- hand

Here's a health to the call of the wind and the road
A health to me friends, who've helped carry the load
We'll drink to the present, the future, and past
But we're on borrowed time, so c'mon, raise your glass

Here's to strong German brewers, and Irish poitín
To fine Scottish whiskey, and weak English gin
Here's a health to the French wine we mentioned before
And to bourbon and brandy, true gifts of the Lord

Chorus 2x

The Boys of the Old Brigade

Oh Father why are you sad on this bright Easter morn
 When Irish men are proud and glad of the land that they were born
 Oh son I see in mem'ry too a far off distant days
 When being just a lad like you I joined the IRA

Chorus:

Where are the lads who stood wit' me, when history was made
 Obra' lhe-ghre, I long to see the boys of the old brigade

From hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all
 And from the glen came brave young men to answer Ireland's call
 Was long ago we faced the foe the old brigade and me
 And by my side they fought and died that Ireland might be free

And now my boy I told you why on Easter morn I sigh
 For I recall my comrades all of dark old days gone by
 I think of men who fought in glens with rifle and grenade
 May heaven keep the men who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade

Botany Bay

Chorus:

4 5
 Farewell to your bricks and mortar farewell to your dirty lime.
 4 1
 Farewell to your gangers and gang planks, and to hell with your over time
 4 5
 For the good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at the Quay
 2m N.C. 2m N.C. 2m 6m 4 1
 To take old Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay.

4 5
 I'm on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lays,
 4 1
 To command a gang of navvys that they told me to engage.
 4 1
 I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went away
 2m N.C. 2m N.C. 2m 6m 4 1
 For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay.

The boss came up this morning, he says "well Pat you know
 If you don't get your navvys out I'm afraid you'll have to go".
 So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay.
 For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay.

And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold.
 There's plenty there for the digging of, or so I have been told,
 Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay
 Because I live for an eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay.

Three Jolly Coachmen (Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl)

Three Jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
 Three Jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
 And they decided,
 And they decided,
 And they decided to have another flagon.

Chorus:

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
 Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be.. tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,
 Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,
 He falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall... he'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks good ale and goes to bed quite mellow,
 Here's to the man who drinks good ale and goes to bed quite mellow,
 He lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live.. he'll die a jolly old fellow.

Chorus

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and runs to tell her mother,
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and runs to tell her mother,
 She's a foolish foolish lass,
 She's a foolish foolish lass,
 She's a foolish foolish lass.. for she'll not get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to have another,
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss, and stays to have another,
 She's a boon to all mankind,
 She's a boon to all mankind,
 She's a boon to all mankind... for she'll soon be a mother.

Chorus

Three Jolly Coachmen sat in an English tavern,
 Three Jolly Coachmen sat in an English tavern,
 And they decided,
 And they decided,
 And they decided to have another flagon.

The Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the cold bay of Cork.
We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks
For that grand city hall down in York.
 In an elegant craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
 And oh, how the trade winds drove her.
 She had twenty-three masts and withstood several blasts
 And we called her the Irish Rover.

Chorus

So fare thee well my pretty little girls
For we are bound away.
So fare thee well my pretty little girls
For we are bound away.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone.
We had Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from West Meade called Malone.
 There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
 And fighting Bill Casey from Dover.
 And a man named McCann from the banks of the ban
 And was skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of foam.
We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails,
We had four million barrels of bones.
 We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs,
 And seven million barrels of porter.
 We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides
 In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost her way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was reduced unto two,
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.
 Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible shock
 And then she heeled right over,
 Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned--
 I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

Old Dun Cow

Harry Wincott, 1893

Some friends and I in a public house
 Was playin' dominoes one night
 When into the pub a fireman ran
 His face all chalky white.
 "What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,
 Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"
 "Me Aunt Mariah be buggered!", says he,
 "The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

Chorus:

And there was Brown upside down
 Moppin' up the whiskey on the floor.
 "Booze, booze!" The firemen cried
 As they came knockin' on the door
 Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up
 And somebody shouted MacIntyre!
 And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
 When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

"Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
 Everybody follow me.
 And it's down to the cellar
 If the fire's not there
 Then we'll have a drunken spree."
 So we went on down with good old Brown
 The booze we could not miss
 And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more
 Till we were quite like this...

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub
 And gave it just a few hard knocks (clap clap)
 Started takin' off his pantaloons
 Likewise his shoes and socks.
 "Hold on, " says Brown, "that ain't allowed
 Ya cannot do that down here.
 Don't go washin' out your trotters in the port wine tub
 When we got Miller Lite beer."

And then there came a great big crash
 Half the bloody roof gave way.
 We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose
 Though still we were gonna stay
 So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks
 And we nailed ourselves inside
 And we sat there getting bleary-eyed drunk
 'Til we was petrified.

At last the fireman got inside
 And found us all dead drunk
 But like all true heroes, as they could
 They helped us in our funk
 They saw the booze upon the floor
 And gave a sudden yell
 Then took their helmets off and
 Dropped and drank like hell

Later that night as the fire burned down
 We emerged from the cellar below
 Our booze was drunk, our pub was burned
 And our spirits sank quite low
 "Oh look", says Brown, as he checked his watch
 By the light of the dying fire
 "Now we gotta get down to Clancy's Bar
 It closes on the hour"

Process Man

Well, a process man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
 I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
 There's thunder all around me, and there's poison in the air
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell, and dust all in me hair

Chorus:

And it's go, boys, go - for they'll time your every breath
 And every day you're in this place, you're two days nearer death
 But you go...

I've worked among the spinners and I've breathed the oily smoke
 I've shoveled up the gypsum till it nigh on makes you choke
 I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, got sick with caustic burn
 Been workin' rough; I've seen enough to make your stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
 The young men like the money and they all come back for more
 But soon you're knockin' on, you look older than you should
 For every bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood

Well, a process man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
 I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
 There's thunder all around me, and there's poison in the air
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell, and dust all in me hair

Sailin' Man

Add'l Lyrics by Jeremy Welch

Well, a sailing man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
 I've worked my life among the rigging spread across the sky
 There's thunder all around me, and a salt spray in the air
 The bo'sun's cry is heard on high, and drives you to despair

Chorus:

And it's go, boys, go - for they'll time your every breath
 And every day you're in this place, you're two days nearer death
 But you go...

I've worked down in the bilges, and I've spent time on the pumps
 I've done the work that left my body crying for my bunk
 I've stamped around the capstain till I felt my muscles burn
 Been workin' rough; I've seen enough to make your stomach turn

You work like slaves, but still there's opportunities galore
 The young men like the money and they all come back for more
 But soon you're knockin' on, you look older than you should
 For every bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood

Well, a sailing man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
 I've worked my life among the rigging spread across the sky
 There's thunder all around me, and a salt spray in the air
 The bo'sun's cry is heard on high, and drives you to despair

The Tinker

John Reynolds

Well, it's a Tinker I am, I'm a travelling man
I follow the wind and the stars
If I've shoes on me feet, or an old crust to eat
I'm as happy as any by far

I'm as rich as a king when I lay down to dream
On a pillow of sawdust or hay
And the friends that I make I will never forsake
And their kindness someday I'll repay

Chorus

So thank you for sharing the warmth of your fire
And an old cup of tea or two
And the warm feather bed where I lay down my head
For making me welcome, thank you

I'm a jack of all trades and as sharp as a blade
When I roam through the markets and faires
Mending old pots and pans, doing whatever I can
Not a penny I give for your cares

Chorus

Bridge

Now the cold winds of winter, they cut like a knife
And the rain chills me deep to the bone
But the warm summer breezes still blow on my mind
And it's them keeps me travelling on

Now when the daylight has come, I'll be already gone
Down the meadow that runs by the trees
I think nothing of time, for the world is all mine
I can come and can go as I please

Chorus x2

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
 And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
 But now I've returned with gold in great store,
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus:

And it's no, nay, never
 No, nay, never, no more,
 Will I play the wild rover
 No never, no more.

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
 And I told the landlady my money was spent.
 I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.
 Such custom like yours I could have any day."

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
 She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
 And the words that I spoke, sure were only in jest

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
 And if they caress me as oft times before,
 I never will play the wild rover no more!

Whiskey, You're the Devil

Chorus:

Whiskey, you're the devil, you're leadin' me astray
 Over hills and mountains and to Americae
 You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tae
 O whiskey, you're my darlin' drunk or sober

Oh, now, brave boys, we're on the march and off to Portugal and Spain
 The drums are beating, banners flying; the devil ahome will come tonight
 Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
 Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
 There's whiskey in the jar.

Said the mother: "Do not wrong me, don't take my daughter from me
 For if you do I will torment you, and after death a ghost will haunt you
 Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
 Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
 There's whiskey in the jar.

The French are fighting boldly, men dying hot and coldly
 Gives ev'ry man his flask of powder, his firelock on his shoulder
 Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
 Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
 There's whiskey in the jar.

The Holy Ground

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah,
A thousand times adieu.
For we're going away from the Holy Ground
And the girls we all love true.
We will sail the salt seas over
And then return for shore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more.
Fine girl you are!

Chorus:

You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more.
Fine girl you are!

Now when we're out a-sailing
And you are far behind
Fine letters will I write to you
With the secrets of my mind,
The secrets of my mind, my girl,
You're the girl that I adore,
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more.
Fine girl you are!

Oh now the storm is raging
And we are far from shore;
The poor old ship she's sinking fast
And the riggings they are tore.
The night is dark and dreary,
We can scarcely see the moon,
But still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more.
Fine girl you are!

And now the storm is over
And we are safe and well.
We will go into a public house
And we'll sit and drink like hell.
We will drink strong ale and porter
And we'll make the rafters roar,
And when our money is all spent
We will go to sea once more.
Fine girl you are!

Leaving of Liverpool

Fare thee well to Prince's Landing Stage
Mersey River, fare thee well
Well I am bound for Californ-i-ay
But I know that I'll return someday

Chorus:

So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee

I have signed on the yankee sailin' ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floatin' shame

I have sailed with Burgess once before
And I think that I know him quite well
For if a man is a sailor, he can get along
If not, he's in a floating Hell

The sun is on the harbor, love
And I wish that I could remain
Because I know it will be some long, long time
Before we see you again

The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name
He was born and raised in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

Chorus:

Come along my hearties, we'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder, together we will ride.
We'll wander over valleys, and gallop for the plains,
And scorn to live in slavery, bound down by iron chains.

At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along
A listening to the mockingbird a singing a cheerful song
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy

'Surrender now Jack Duggan for you see we're three to one
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son'
Jack pulled two pistols from his belt and he proudly waved them high
'I'll fight, but not surrender,' said the wild colonial boy

He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
And turning 'round to Davis, he received a fatal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy