



the
hutt valley írìsh
society

íRìsh song Book

compiled by Pat Cassidy & Pat Braid
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A Man You Don't Meet Every Day

Melody -

Oh, my name is Jock Stewart, I'm a canny gaun man,
And a roving young fellow I've been.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

2. I have acres of land, I have men of command,
I have always a shilling to spare.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

3. So come fill up your glasses with brandy and wine.
What ever it costs, I will pay.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

4. I took out my dog and my gun for to shoot,
All down in the County Kildare.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

5. So come fill up your glasses with brandy and wine.
What ever it costs, I will pay.
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day. :|

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/ohmyname.htm>

A Pair of Brown Eyes

Melody -

One summer evening drunk to hell
I sat there nearly lifeless.
And old man in the corner sang
Where the water lilies grow.
And on the jukebox Johnny sang
About a thing called love.
And it's how you are kid and
What's your name.
And how would you bloody know.

2. In blood and death 'neath a
Screaming sky
I lay down on the ground.
And the arms and legs of other men
were scattered all around.
Some cursed some prayed,
Some prayed then cursed.
The prayed then bled some more.
And the only thing that I could see
Was a pair of brown eyes that was
Looking at me.

3. But when we got back
Labelled parts one to three
There was no pair of brown eyes
Waiting for me.
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go
For a pair of brown eyes.
I looked at him he looked at me
All I could do was hate him.
While Ray and Philomena sand
Of my elusive dreams.
I saw the streams the rolling hills
Where his brown eyes were waiting.
And I thought about
A pair of brown eyes
That waited once for me.

4. So drunk to hell I left the place
Sometimes crawling sometimes walking.
A hungry sound
Came across the breeze
So I gave the walls a talking.
And I heard the sounds of long ago
From the old canal.
And the birds were whistling
In the trees
Where the wind was gently laughing.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/onesumme.htm>

All For Me Grog

Melody -

*Capstan and Halyard shanty**

Chorus:

*Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
They're all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather.

Chorus:

2. Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn,
And the tail is looking out for better weather.

Chorus:

3. I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed,
Since first I came ashore from me slumber,
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

Chorus:

**Aboard ship, the song was used both capstan and halyard work. This song gained fame from the plains of Canada to Australia.*

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/allfgrog.htm>

As I Roved Out One Morning

Melody

And who are you, me pretty fair maid
And who are you, me honey? :|
She answered me quite modestly,
"I am me mother's darling."

Chorus:
With me too-ry-ay
Fol-de-diddle-day
Di-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh.

2. And will you come to me mother's house,
When the sun is shining clearly :|
I'll open the door and I'll let you in
And divil 'o one would hear us.

Chorus:

3. So I went to her house in the middle of the night
When the moon was shining clearly :|
Shc opened the door and she let me in
And divil the one did hear us.

Chorus:

4. She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led him to the stable :|
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,
To eat it if he's able."

Chorus:

5. Then she took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table :|
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,
To drink it if you're able."

Chorus:

6. Then I got up and made the bed
And I made it nice and aisy :|
Then I got up and laid her down
Saying "Lassie, are you able?"

Chorus:

7. And there we lay till the break of day
And divil a one did hear us :|
Then I arose and put on me clothes
Saying "Lassie, I must leave you."

Chorus:

8. And when will you return again
And when will we get married :|
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might well get married.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/andwhoru.htm>

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Sould auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere
And gie's a hand o' thine
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

<http://celtic-lyrics.com/lyrics/view/?lid=30>

Back Home In Derry

In 1803 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.
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 Diernen'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.

-- (Original poster's notations: Here are the words. The tune and chords are the same as "the wreck of the edmund fitzgerald." Verses: Am Em, C, Am Chorus: Am G Dm Am.) Posted by John & Karol aka Murphy's Law Thank you for posting this John and Karol!

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/backhomeinderry.txt>

Big Strong Man

(My Brother Sylvester)

Melody -

Have you heard about the big strong man
Who lived in a caravan?
Have you heard about the Johnson Jeffrey fight
Where the black man fought the white?
He plays all the organs in the belfry,
And he wants to fight Jack Dempsey.
So they'll all come out to see (Well who?)
My Brother Sylvester and me.

Chorus:

*He's my brother Sylvester
And what has he got?
He's got a row of bloody medals on his chest (Big chest!)
Killed forty thousand Indians in the West,
He takes no rest,
He's got an arm like a leg,
And a fist that would sink a battle ship. (Big ship!)
Takes all the Army and the Navy
To put the wind up Sylvester.*

2. He thought he'd take a trip to Italy
He thought he'd take a trip by the sea,
He dived off the pier at New York
And he swam like a man made of cork
. He saw the big ship Lusitania in distress
(So what did he do?)
He swallowed all the water in the sea (Big swallow!)
Put the big ship Lusitania on his chest (Big chest!)
And carried the bloody lot to Italy.

Chorus:

3. He thought he'd take a trip to Arabie
(So what did he do?)
He swam across the old Red Sea
He went to ev'ry harem they had got
And he made a better bloody sheik than all
the lot.
All the dancing girls were dancing
And old Sylvester was prancing
And they all fell--Who for?
Well, who d'you think?
That big black bugger Sylvester.

Chorus:

4. Oh, he thought he'd take a trip to old Japan.
And he brought out the whole brass band.
He played every instrument they got
like a lad he sure beat the whole lot.
Oh the old church bells did ring
(Hells Bells!)
The old Church choir did sing.
(Hells Fire!)
They came out to say farewell
To my big brother, Sylvest.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/havuhabo.htm>

Black and Tans

Melody -

I was born on a Dublin street where the royal drums do beat
And the loving English feet they tramped all over us
And each and every night when my father'd come home tight
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

Chorus:

*O come out ye Black and Tans, come out and fight me like a man
Show your wives how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away
From the green and lovely lanes in Killeshandra*.*

2. Come tell us how you slew them poor arabs two by two
Like the Zulu they had spears and bows and arrows
How you bravely faced each one with your 16 pounder gun
Till you frightened them poor natives to their marrow.

Chorus:

3. Come let us hear you tell how you saved the great Parnell
When you thought him well and truly persecuted
Where are the sneers and jeers that you bravely let us hear
When our heroes of '16 were executed.

Chorus:

4. Well the time is coming fast and will surely come at last
When each yeoman will be cut aside before us
And if there'd be a need, sure my kids would sing Godspeed
To a verse or two of "Stephen Beehann's Chorus".

Chorus:

A town in County Cavan. - with thanks to Tim Tyson.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/blantans.htm>

Black Velvet Band

Melody - Seq. By Barry Taylor

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
An apprentice boy I was bound,
And many's the happy hour
I have spent in that neat little town.
But bad misfortune o'ertook me,
And caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

2. Oh, one evening late as I rambled,
Not meaning to go very far,
When I met with a gay young deceiver.
She was plyin' her trade in a bar.
Oh, her eyes they shone like the diamonds,
And I thought her the pride of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

5. So come all ye jolly young fellows,
I'll have ye take warning from me.
Whenever you're out on the liquor,
Beware of them pretty colleens.
They'll treat you to whiskey and porter,
Till you are not able to stand;
And the very next thing that you know, my lads,
You'll end up in Van Dieman's land.

3. Oh, one evening a flashman, a watchman
She happened to meet on the sly.
I could tell that her mind it was altered,
By the roll of her roving dark eye.
Oh, that watch she took from his pocket.
She slipped it right into my hand.
Then she gave me in charge to the policeman.
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

4. Now before the Lord Mayor I was taken.
My guilt they proved quite plain,
And he said if I was not mistaken,
I should have to cross the salt main.
Now its sixteen long years have they gave me,
To plough upon Van Dieman's land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
A curse on the black velvet band.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/blackvel.html>

Bold Robert Emmet

Melody -

The struggle is over, the boys are defeated,
Old Ireland's surrounded with sadness and gloom,
We were defeated and shamefully treated,
And I, Robert Emmet, awaiting my doom.
Hung, drawn and quartered, sure that was my sentence,
But soon I will show them no coward am I.
My crime is the love of the land I was born in,
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

*Bold Robert Emmet, the darling of Ireland,
Bold Robert Emmet will die with a smile,
Farewell companions both loyal and daring,
I'll lay down my life for the Emerald Isle.*

2. The barque lay at anchor awaiting to bring me
Over the billows to the land of the free;
But I must see my sweetheart for I know she will cheer me,
And with her I will sail far over the sea.
But I was arrested and cast into prison,
Tried as a traitor, a rebel, a spy;
But no man can call me a knave or a coward,
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

3. Hark! I the bell's tolling, I well know its meaning,
My poor heart tells me it is my death knell;
In come the clergy, the warder is leading,
I have no friends here to bid me farewell.
Goodbye, old Ireland, my parents and sweetheart,
Companions in arms to forget you must try;
I am proud of the honour, it was only my duty
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/thestrug.htm>

Boston Rose

Liam Reilly

Now the autumn leaves are falling, and tourists have all gone
And the children they have all gone back to school
And my life is as it was before, I work eight hours a day
But the company's still making all the rules
There's a girl in Massachusetts, south of Boston town she said
And her lovely face is with me all the day
But I met her down in old Tralee, golden hair upon her head
Well I took her heart, and she stole mine away

Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I'll wait for you, I'll think of you
No threat to you I'll pose
Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I wish that you were here
But I know that's the way life goes

There's a song we sang all summer in the bars of Innis town
I can hear it on the factory radio
And the feelings I remember when hear that simple tune
Make me wonder if it really happened so
For we laughed and loved together
'Til the summer days were done
And she had to fly across the ocean wide

Well, goodbye my Boston beauty
Until we meet again
And I'll keep the fire burning deep inside

Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I'll wait for you, I'll think of you
No threat to you I'll pose
Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I wish that you were here
But I know that's the way life goes

Well some nights when I'm drinking, and my friends have gathered round
Well just for fun some one brings up your name
Well I smile there with the rest of them, but I can't hear a sound
I love you but to them its all the same
At nights when I'm alone my love, you come into my mind
And visions flash upon that inner eye
Well I watch that moon there up above then I leave this earth behind
And I call to you as I go sailing by

Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I'll wait for you, I'll think of you
No threat to you I'll pose
Goodbye my Boston beauty, Farewell my Boston Rose
I wish that you were here
But I know that's the way life goes
I wish that you were here
So farewell my Boston Rose

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/Boston-Rose.txt>

Bright Blue Rose

Thanks to Dave Roberts for the lyrics and tabs

D G
I skimmed across black water, without once submerging
D A A7
Onto the banks of an urban morning
D G
That hungers the first light, much much more
D A7 D
Than mountains ever do.

D G
And she like a ghost beside me goes down with the ease of a dolphin
D A A7
And emerges unlearned, unscathed, unharmed.
D G
For she is the perfect creature, natural in every feature
D A D
And I am the geek with the alchemists stone.

Em A D Em A D
For all of you who must discover, for all who seek to understand
Em A D C G A
For having left the path of others, you find a very special hand

D G
And it is a holy thing, and it is a precious time
D A
And it is the only way
D G
Forget-me-nots among the snow, it's always been and so it goes
D A D
To ponder his death and his life eternally

Em A D Em A D
For all of you who must discover, for all who seek to understand
Em A D C G A
For having left the path of others, you find a very special hand

D G
And it is a holy thing, and it is a precious time
D A
And it is the only way
D G
Forget-me-nots among the snow, it's always been and so it goes
D A D
To ponder his death and his life eternally

D
One bright blue rose outlives all those
G
Two thousand years and still it goes
D A7 D
To ponder his death and his life eternally

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/bluerose.html>

Carrickfergus

Melody - Seq. By Barry Taylor

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygradt
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
For my love to find
But the sea is wide and I cannot cross over
And neither have I the wings to fly
I wish I could meet a handsome boatsman
To ferry me over, to my love and die.

2. My childhood days bring back sweet
reflections
Of happy times I spent so long ago,
My childhood friends and my own relations
Have all passed on now like melting snow.
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.
Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus,
On that long road down to the sea.

3. But in Kilkenny, it is reported,
On marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her,
But I'll sing no more 'till I get a drink.
For 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,
Come all you young men and lay me down.

3 *variant?*. They say of life, and it has been
written,
One chance of happiness, that chance I lost.
The sands of time have passed from out of me,
And it's too late now to count the cost.
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,
Come all you young men and I'll lay me down.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/iwishiwa.htm>

Danny Boy

Melody - Seq. By Barry Taylor

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 roses falling
'Tis you, 'tis you must go, and I must bide.

2. 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.

3. But if you come, and all the flowers are dying
And if I am dead, as dead I may well 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 shall warm and sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I will sleep in peace until you come to me.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/odannybo.htm>

Delirium Tremens

Lyrics provided by Sabine Schellack. Updated by Pete Cassidy

I dreamt a dream the other night I couldn't sleep a wink
The rats were tryin' to count the sheep and I was off the drink
There were footsteps in the parlour and voices on the stairs
I was climbin' up the walls and movin' round the chairs.
I looked out from under the blanket up at the fireplace.
The Pope and John F. Kennedy were starin' in me face.*
Suddenly it dawned at me I was getting the old D.T.s
When the Child o' Prague began to dance around the mantelpiece.

CHORUS

Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the Vodka and the Stag,
To the Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and keg.
As I sat lookin' up the Guinness ad I could never figure out
How your man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of stout.

Well I swore upon the bible I'd never touch a drop.
My heart was palpitatin' I was sure 'twas going to stop,
Thinkin' I was dyin' I gave my soul to God to keep.
A tenner to St. Anthony to help me get some sleep.
I fell into an awful nightmare - got a dreadful shock.
When I dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in Knock.
George Seawright was sayin' the rosary and SPUC were on the pill.**
Frank Patterson was gargled and he singin' Spancil Hill.

CHORUS

I dreamt that Mr. Haughey had recaptured Crossmaglen
Then Garret got re-elected and gave it back again.
Dick Spring and Roger Casement were on board the Marita-Ann
As she sailed into Fenit they were singin' Banna Strand.
I dreamt Archbishop McNamara was on Spike Island for 3 nights
Havin' been arrested for supportin' Traveller's rights.
I dreamt that Ruairi Quinn was smokin' marijuana in the Dail
Barry Desmond handin' Frenchies out to scuts in Fianna Fail.

CHORUS

I dreamt of Nell McCafferty and Mary Kenny too
The things that we got up to, but I'm not tellin' you.
I dreamt I was in a jacuzzi along with Alice Glenn
'twas then I knew I'd never ever, ever drink again.

CHORUS

[In Christy's live versions, the previous 2 verses are replaced with the following;]

I dreamt I was in ecstasy in Heaven , and in agony in Hell,
I was bored in Limbo and then I was in Purgatory as well
And there was original sins and venial sins and mortal sins by the score
So I tied barbed wire around my underpants and flagellated myself on the floor
Then I dreamt I was in the confessional box and the auld Bishop said to me;
'Any impure thoughts, my child?'
Sure the f**king barbed wire was killin' me!
And then I dreamt I was in the jacuzzi with that auld hoor from No. 10
And then I knew I'd never ever, ever drink again.

* - In later versions, Jack Charlton gets a mention!

** - Ian Paisley was sayin' the rosary and Mother Teresa was on the pill

Christy Moore

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/tremens.html>

Dirty Old Town

Melody -

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed a girl by the factory wall
|: Dirty old town. :|
Clouds a drifting across the moon
Cats a prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl in the street at night
|: Dirty old town. :|
Heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
|: Dirty old town. :|
I'm going to make me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
Will chop you down like an old dead tree
|: Dirty old town. :|
I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed a girl by the factory wall
|: Dirty old town :|
|: Dirty old town. :|

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/english/dirtyold.htm>

Down by the Glenside

(Bold Fenian Men)

Melody -

'Twas down by the glenside, I met an old woman
She was picking young nettles and she scarce saw me coming
I listened awhile to the song she was humming
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

2. 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming
On strong manly forms and their eyes with hope gleaming
I see them again, sure, in all my daydreaming
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

3. Some died on the glenside, some died near a stranger
And wise men have told us that their cause was a failure
They fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

4. I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
Be life long or short, sure I'll never forget her
We may have brave men, but we'll never have better
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/boldfmen.htm>

Dublin in the Rare Ould Times

Melody -

Pete St. John, 1977

Raised on songs and stories, heros of reknown,
The passing tales and glories, that once was Dublin town,
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes, That once was part of Dublin, in the rare
ould times.

Chorus:

Ring a-ring a-Rosie, as the light declines, I remember Dublin city in the Rare Ould Times. :|

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as could be
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that ceased to be.
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory.

Chorus:

And I courted Peggy Diagnan, as pretty as you please,
A rogue and a child of Mary, from the rebel liberties,
I lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal,
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul.

Chorus:

Well the years have made me bitter, sure the gargle dimmed my brain,
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing and nothing seems the same.
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down,
As the grey unyielding concrete makes a city of my town.

Chorus:

So fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,
And watch the new glass cages that spring up along the Quay,
My mind's too full of memories, to listen to new chimes,
I'm a part of what was Dublin, in the rare ould times.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/raisedon.htm>

Dying Rebel

Melody -

The night was dark and the fight was over,
The moon shone down O'Connell Street.
I stood alone where brave men perished,
They all have gone, their gods to meet.

2. The first I met was a dying rebel,
Bending low I heard him say:
God bless my home in dear Cork city,
God bless the Cause for which I die.

3. The next I met was a fair haired maiden,
Kneeling by her lovers side.
She prayed to God, her heavenly father,
That in his footsteps that she might bide.

4. The last I met was a gray haired father,
Searching for his only son.
I said, "me man, there's no use searchin',
For up to heaven your son has gone."

5. There kneeling down was the gray haired father,
Bending low I heard him say:
"I knew my son was too strong hearted,
I knew my son would never yield."

6. My only son was shot in Dublin,
Fighting for his country bold.
He fought for Ireland and Ireland's glory,
Me harp, the shamrock, green, white, and gold!

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/dyingreb.htm>

Farewell To Dublin

Fare thee well until we meet again down by the Liffey water
I'll bid farewell to Dublin and her streets of cobblestones

I'm going away to leave you, my friends and all the girls too
Till I return to see you farewell old Dublin town
To the City of our fathers where friend and foe have gathered

Where the Norman, Dane and Saxon have mingled with the Gael
Administered the kingdom and soon the Pale was reeling
To cradle Ireland's freedom in dear old Dublin town

Down by the river Poddle there was whiskey stout and coddle
it was there with all the gentle folk, we laughed and danced and sang

And courted with your daughters and swam around your waters
And seen our buildings slaughtered in dear Old Dublin Town

I remember in my childhood her mountains and her wild woods
I've read of all her heroes in a classroom as a boy

Of Thomas Street where Emmet died, in Sackville Street they fought with pride
Of when brave Wolfe Tone did ride through dear old Dublin town

Her poets they were many and her writers they were plenty
There was Swift with all his little men and Joyce's Molly Bloom

Our heroes they're an unsung gang there's Forty Coats and ould Bang Bang
And Zozimus who always sang of dear old Dublin town

And now I'm standing on the Quay, my destiny's uncertain

Where fortunes have been lost and won with the dealing of a hand
The past it is a purple haze, the future is an untold maze
The present is another gaze at dear old Dublin Town

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/farewell_to_dublin

FIDDLER'S GREEN

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt water and take the sea air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Won't you take ma away boys me time is not long

chorus

Wrap me up in me oil-skin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
Ther's pubs and ther's clubs and ther's lassies there too
When the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And ther's bottles of rum growing from every tree

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

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/fiddlers-green.txt>

Finnegan's Wake

Traditional

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way but the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

<http://celtic-lyrics.com/lyrics/view/?lid=196>

Follow Me Up to Carlow

Melody - from around 1500

Patrick J. McCall

Lift Mac Cahir 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 Glenmalure:
Feach Mac Hugh O'Byrne!

Chorus:

*Curse and swear, Lord Kildare!
Feach will do what Feagh will dare
Now FitzWilliam, have a care!
Fallen is your star, low!
Up with halberd, out with sword!
On we go, for by the Lord,
Feach Mac Hugh has given his word:
"Follow me up to Carlow!"*

2. 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 the fighting stock,
Would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock?
Fly up and teach him manners!

Chorus:

3. From Tassagart to Clonmore
Flows a stream of Saxon gore
Och, great is Rory Og O'More
At sending loons to Hades!
White is sick and Lane is fled,
Now for black FitzWilliam's head!
We'll send it over, dripping red,
To Liza and her ladies!

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/liftmac.htm>

Four Green Fields

Melody -

"What did I have?" asked the fine old woman.
"What did I have?" this proud old woman did say.
"I had four green fields,
Each one was a jewel.
Till strangers came, and tried to take them from me.
I had fine, strong sons.
They fought to save my jewels.
They fought and they died.
And that is my grief," said she.

2. "Long time ago," said the fine old woman,
"Long time ago," this proud old woman did say.
"There was pain and death,
Plundering and pillage.
My people starved, from mountain, valley and sea.
And their wailing cries,
They reached the highest heavens.
And my four green fields
Ran red with their blood," said she.

3. "What have I now?" asked the fine old woman
"What have I now?" this proud old woman did say.
"I have four green fields,
One of them's in bondage.
In stranger's hands, who tried to take it from me.
But my sons have sons,
As brave as were their fathers.
And my fourth green field
Will bloom once again," said she.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/whatdidi.htm>

Galway Bay

Melody -

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay

2. Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream
The women in the meadows making hay
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin
And watch the barefoot gosoons at their play.

3. For the breezes blowing over the seas from Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as it blows
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know

4. For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way
They scorn'd us just for being what we are
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams
Or light a penny candle from a star.

5. And if there is going to be a life hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's going to be
I well ask my God to let me make my heaven
In that dear land across the Irish sea.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/ifueverg.htm>

GOD SAVE IRELAND

(T. D. Sullivan)

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted Three.
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

Chorus:

"God save Ireland ! " said the heroes;
"God save Ireland" said they all.
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die,
O, what matter when for Erin dear we fall ! "

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them for and near;
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

Chorus.

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

Chorus.

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away,
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go, amidst joy and weal and woe,
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand.

Chorus.

tune is Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/god_save_ireland

GRACE

As we gather in the chapel here in Old Kilmainham Jail
I think about these past few days, oh will they say we've failed
From our schooldays they have told us we must yearn for liberty
Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me

Chorus: Oh Grace just hold me in your arms and let this moment
linger, they take me out at dawn and I will die

With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger
There won't be time to share our love for we must say goodbye
Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand
the love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land
But when Padhraic called me to his side down in the GPO
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go

Chorus

Now as the dawn is breaking, my heart is breaking too
On this May morn as I walk out my thoughts will be of you
And I'll write some words upon the wall so everyone will know
I love so much that I could see his blood upon the rose

Chorus

<http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/grace>

Henry Joy

Melody -

An Ulster man I am proud to be,
From the Antrim glens I come.
Although I labour by the sea,
I have followed flag and drum.
I have heard the martial tramp of men;
I've seen them fight and die.
Ah! lads I well remember when
I followed Henry Joy.

2. I pulled my boat in from the sea,
I hid my sails away.
I hung my nets upon a tree
And scanned the moonlit bay.
The boys were out, the redcoats too,
I bade my wife good-bye,
And then beneath the greenwood
glade
I followed Henry Joy.

about 1800

3. Alas, for Ireland's cause we fought
For home and sire we bled.
Though our arms were few, our hearts beat true
And five to one lay dead.
And many a lassie missed her lad
And mother mourned her boy,
For youth was strong in the dashing throng
That followed Henry Joy.

4. In Belfast town they built a tree
And the redcoats mustered there.
I watched him come as the roll of the drum
Sounded on the barrack square.
He kissed his sister, went aloft
Then waved a last good-bye,
And as he died, I turned and cried
They have murdered Henry Joy.

Henry Joy McCracken was born in Belfast, in 1767. A member of one of the most notable Presbyterian commercial families in that city, he joined the Society of United Irishmen and led the Republican forces when they captured Antrim town from the British garrison in 1798. Arrested after the insurrection, he was courtmartialled and hanged in the Cornmarket, Belfast, on the evening of July 17th, 1798. His sister Mary Ann walked arm-in-arm with him to the gallows.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/anulster.htm>

The Holy Ground

Melody -

Fare thee well my lovely Dinah
A thousand times adieu
For we are going away from the Holy ground
And the girls we all love true.
We'll sail the salt seas over and we'll return for sure
To see again the girls we love
And the Holy ground once more
Shout: Fine girl you are!

Chorus:
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy ground once more
Shout: Fine girl you are!

2. 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,
Your the girl that I adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy ground once more
Shout: Fine girl you are!

Chorus:

3. Oh, now the storm is over
And we are far from shore
The poor old ship is sinking fast
And the riggings are all torn
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
Shout: Fine girl you are!

Chorus:

4. But now the storm is over
And we are safe and well
We'll go to a public house
And we will drink our fill
We will drink strong ales and porters
And make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent
We'll go to sea once more
[SHOUT: Fine girl you are!]

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/faretwmy.htm>

HOT ASPHALT

This song has several parodies This version was the one sang by "The Dubliners" in 1966. A different version can be found on this site : http://www.cs.hut.fi/~zaphod/search/lyrics/hot_asphalt

Good evening all my jolly lads, I'm glad to see you well
If you gather now all around me now the story I will tell
For I've got a situation and begorah and begob
I can't whisper I've the weekly wage of nineteen bob,
'Tis twelve months come October since I left my native home
After helping in Killarney, boys, to bring the harvest down
But now I wear the geansaí and around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

Chorus

Well we laid it in the hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last for ever sure I sware I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world but sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt

The other night a copper comes and he says to me "McGuire,
Will you kindly let me light my pipe down at your boiler fire?"
And he planks himself right down in front, with obnails up, till late,
And says I "My dacent man, you'd better go and find your bate"
He ups and yells, "I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer pranks,
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?"
Boys, I hit straight from the showlder and I gave him such a belt,
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt.

We quickly dragged him out again and we through him in the tub,
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub,
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard and stone
And with every other rub sure you could hear the copper groan.
"I'm thinking" says O'Reilly, "that he's lookin' like Ould Nick,
And burn me if I'm not inclined to claim him with me pick"
"Now" says I, "it would be easier to boil him till he melts,
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot Asphalt."

You may talk about yer sailorlds, ballads singers and the rest,
You shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best.
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt.
With rubbing and with scrubbing sure I caught me death of cold,
And for scientific purposes me body it was sold,
In the Kelvingrove museum me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt,
As a monument to the Irish mixing hot asphalt.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/hot-asph.txt>

How are things in Glocca Morra?

How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that little brook still leaping there?
Does it still run down to Donny-cove?
Through Killy-begs, Kilkerry and Kildare?
How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does that laddie with the twinklin' eye
Come whistlin' by and does he walk away,
Sad and dreamy there not to see me there?
So I ask each weepin' willow
And each brook along the way,
And each lad that comes a whistlin'
Too-ra-lay
How are things in Glocca Morra
This fine day?

<http://members.home.net/bfreeman88/h.html#h544>

IF YOU'RE IRISH COME INTO THE PARLOR

In sweet Lim'rick Town, they say,
Lived a chap named Patrick John Molloy.
Once he sailed to U.S.A.
His luck in foreign parts he thought he'd try.
Now he's made his name, and is a wealthy man,
He put a bit away for a rainy day;
So if you gaze upon The house of Patrick John,
You'll find a notice that goes on to say:

Chorus: If you're Irish come into the parlour,
There's a welcome there for you;
If your name is Timothy or Pat,
So long as you come from Ireland,
There's a welcome on the mat,
If You come from the Mountains of Mourne,
Or Killarney's lakes so blue,
We'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss,
Whoever you are you are one of us,
If you're Irish, this is the place for you!

Patrick loved the girl he wed,
But he could not stand his Ma-n-law,
Once with joy he turned quite red,
When she got into trouble thro' her jaw.
Six police they had to take her to the Court,
She was informed a month she would have to do,
So Patrick quickly wrote
Up to the Judge a note
Explaining, "Sir, I'm much obliged to you!"

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/if_you_are_irish_come_into_the_parlor

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

Melody - Seq. By Barry Taylor

I'll take you home again, Kathleen
Across the ocean wild and wide
To where your heart has ever been
Since you were first my bonnie bride.
The roses all have left your cheek.
I've watched them fade away and die
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak
And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Chorus:

*Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen
To where your heart will feel no pain
And when the fields are fresh and green
I'll take you to your home again!*

2. I know you love me, Kathleen, dear
Your heart was ever fond and true.
I always feel when you are near
That life holds nothing, dear, but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me
I scarcely ever see them now
Though many, many times I see
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

Chorus:

3. To that dear home beyond the sea
My Kathleen shall again return.
And when thy old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream
Beside your mother's humble cot
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam
There all your grief will be forgot.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/illtakey.htm>

In the City of Chicago

Tabs by Oliver St John - updated by Paddy Chessell

Intro: G D Em

CHORUS

G D Em
In the city of Chicago
G D Bm
As the evening shadows fall
C D Em
There are people dreaming
C D Am
Of the hills of Donegal

Am C
Eighteen forty seven
D Em
was the year it all began
Am C
Deadly pains of hunger
D Em
Drove a million from the land
Am C
They journeyed not for glory
G Em
Their motive wasn't greed
Am C
A voyage of survival
D Em
Across the stormy sea

CHORUS

Some of them knew fortune
Some of them knew fame
More of them knew hardship
Died upon the plain
They spread throughout the nation
They rode the railroad cars
Brought their songs and music
To ease their lonely hearts

CHORUS

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/chicago.html>

Irish Soldier Boy

Melody -

At a cottage door one winters' night
As the snow lay on the ground
Stood a youthful Irish soldier boy
To the mountains he was bound
His mother stood beside him saying
You'll win my boy don't fear
With loving arms around his waist
She tied his bandolier.

2. Good bye, God bless you mother dear
I hope your heart won't pain
But pray to God that you should see
Your soldier boy again
And when I'm out in the firing line
It will be a source of joy
For you to know that you're remembering still
Your Irish Soldier boy.

3. And when the fighting it was o'er
And the flag of truce was raised
The leaders ordered fire to cease
All Ireland stood amazed
His comrades came to the cottage door
With a note from her pride and joy
With an aching heart she cried God be good
To her Irish soldier boy.

4. Good-bye, God bless you mother dear
I'm dying a death so grand
From wounds received in action
Trying to free my native land
I hope we'll meet in heaven above
In that land beyond the sky
Where you'll always be in company with
Your Irish soldier boy.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/atacotta.htm>

Irish Soldier Laddie

Melody -

'Twas a morning in July,
I was walking to Tipperary
When I heard a battle cry
From the mountains over head
As I looked up in the sky
I saw an Irish soldier laddie
He looked at me right fearlessly and said:

Chorus:

*Will ye stand in the band like a true Irish man,
And go and fight the forces of the crown?
Will ye march with O'Neill to an Irish battle field?
For tonight we go to free old Wexford town!*

2. Said I to that soldier boy
"Won't you take me to your captain
T'would be my pride and joy
For to march with you today.
My young brother fell in Cork
And my son at Innes Carthay!"
Unto the noble captain I did say:

Chorus:

3. As we marched back from the field
In the shadow of the evening
With our banners flying low
To the memory of our dead
We returned unto our homes
But without my soldier laddie
Yet I never will forget those words he said:

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/twasamin.htm>

Irish Ways and Irish Laws

Provided by Lynda Underwood

A G
Once upon a time there was
 A
Irish ways and Irish laws,
C A
Villages of Irish blood
C G
Waking in the morning,
A C
Waking in the morning.

Then the Vikings came around,
Turned us up and turned us down,
Started building boats and towns.
They tried to change our living,
They tried to change our living.

Cromwell and his soldiers came,
Started centuries of shame,
But they could not make us turn.
We are a river flowing,
We're a river flowing.

Again, again the soldiers came,
Burnt our houses, stole our grain,
Shot the farmers in their fields,
Working for a living,
Working for a living.

Eight hundred years we have been down.
The secret of the water sound
Has kept the spirit of the man
Above the pain descending,
Above the pain descending.

Today the struggle carries on,
I wonder will I live so long
To see the gates being opened up
To a people and their freedom,
A people and their freedom.

John Gibbs

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/laws.html>

Isle of Innishfree

I've heard some folks who say that I'm a dreamer
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer
When all the things he loves are far away
And precious things are dreams unto an exile
they take him o'er a land across the sea
Especially when it happens you're and exile from that dear lovely Isle of Innishfree.

Chorus:

And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops of this great city, wondrous though it be
I scarcely feel it's wonder or it's laughter
I'm once again back home in Innishfree

I wonder o'er green hills, through dreamy valleys
And find a peace no other land could know
I hear the birds make music fit for angels
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.

But dreams don't last though dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality
But though they pave the footpaths here with gold dust
I still would choose my Isle of Innishfree.

-- (Posted by Ted Miller . Thank you Ted!)

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/isleofinnishfree.txt>

Kathleen Mavourneen

Melody -

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking
Kathleen Mavourneen--what, slumbering still!
O hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
O hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?
2. Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
Ah! Where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/kathleen.htm>

Kevin Barry

Melody - Seq. By Ron Clarke

In Mountjoy jail one Monday morning
High upon the gallows tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty
But a lad of eighteen summers
Yet no one can deny
As he walked to death that morning
He proudly held his head on high.

Chorus:

*Shoot me like an Irish soldier
Do not hang me like a dog
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that gray September morn
All around that little bakery
Where we fought them hand to hand
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland.*

2. Just before he faced the hangman
In his dreary prison cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
The names of his brave companions
And other things they wished to know
"Turn informer or we'll kill you"
Kevin Barry answered, "No"

Chorus:

3. Calmly standing to attention
While he bade his last farewell
To his broken hearted mother
Whose grief no one can tell
For the cause he proudly cherished
This sad parting had to be
Then to death walked softly smiling
That old Ireland might be free!

Chorus:

4. Another martyr for old Ireland
Another murder for the crown
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish
But can't keep their spirit down
Lads like Barry are no cowards
From the foe they will not fly
Lads like Barry will free Ireland
For her sake they'll live and die.

Chorus:

The following was sent to me by Emmanuel Kehoe:

Kevin Barry isn't really a song of 1916. Barry was a young medical student who was a volunteer in the IRA in 1920. He was caught hiding under a truck after an ambush on British troops in Queen Street, Dublin. An old man who knew him told me his automatic pistol had jammed. A very young British soldier was shot in the ambush.

Barry came of quite a well off family from Hackettstown on the Carlow/Wicklow border. They ran a successful dairy business in Fleet Street, Dublin in what is now known as Temple Bar, a popular tourist area with many music pubs. Barry was hanged as a common criminal and was maltreated before his execution.

He was the first Irishman to be judicially executed by the British since the 1916 Rebellion (others were the victims of summary executions and torture, however). The execution had a profound influence on public opinion.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/inmountj.htm>

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 goodbye.
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.

recorded by Moloney, O'Connell & Keane on "Kilkelly" (1988) copywrite Green Linnet Music 1983 130
years after his great grandfather left the small village of Kilkelly in Co. Mayo, Peter Jones found a bundle
of letters sent to him by his father in Ireland. The letters tell of family news, births, death, sales of land
and bad harvests. They remind the son, that he is loved, missed and remembered by his family in Ireland.
The final letter informs him that his father, whom he has not seen for 30 years, has died, the last link with
home is broken. Peter Jones used these letters to make this song. The "trouble" in verse two is probably
the Fenian rising of 1867.

<http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/kilkelly>

Lonely Banna Strand

1. 'Twas on good Friday morning all in the month of May,
a German ship was signaling beyond there in the Bay,
we've twenty thousand rifles here, all ready for to land.
But no answ'ring signal came from the lonely Banna Strand.

2. A motorcar was dashing through the early morning gloom
a sudden crash. and in the stream they went to meet their doom,
two Irish lads were dying there just like their hopes so grand,
they could not give the signal now from lonely Banna Strand.

3. 'No signal answers from the shore', Sir Roger sadly said,
'No comrades here to welcome me alas they must be dead,
but I must do my duty and at once I mean to land',
so in a boat he pulled ashore to lonely Banna Strand.

4. The German ship was lying there with rifles in galore,
up came a British ship and spoke 'No Germans reach the shore.
You are our Empire's enemy, and so we bid you stand,
no German foot shall e'er pollute the lonely Banna Strand.

5. They sailed for Queenstown harbour, said the Germans, 'We're undone,
the British are our masters man for man and gun for gun,
we've twenty-thousand rifles here, but they never will reach the land,
we'll sink them all and bid farewell to lonely Banna Strand.

6. The R.I.C. were hunting for Sir Roger high and low,
they found him at McKenna's Fort, they said, 'You are our foe'
said he 'I'm Roger Casement I came to my native land,
I meant to free my countrymen on the lonely Banna Strand.

7. They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London town.
And in the Tower they laid him as a traitor to the crown
said he, 'I am no traitor,' but his trial he had to stand,
for bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand.

8. 'Twas in an English prison that they led him to his death,
I'm dying for my country' he said with his last breath,
he's buried in a prison yard far from his native land,
the wild waves sing his Requiem on the lonely Banna Strand.

<http://www.geocities.com/southbeach/docks/4744/song11.htm>

MacNamara's Band

My name is MacNamara,
I'm the leader of a band,
And though we're small in number,
We're the best in all the land.
Of course I'm the conductor
And I've often had to play
With all the fine musicians
That you read about today.

Chorus:
The drums they bang, the cymbals clang,
The horns they blaze away,
Macarthy puffs the ould bassoon,
Doyle (And I) the pipes does play.
Hennessey tuteily tootles the flute,
The music is something grand,
And a credit to ould Ireland's boys
Is MacNamara's Band.
Whenever an election's on
We play on either side,
And the way we play the fine ould airs
Fills every heart with pride.
If dear Tom Moore was living now
He'd make them understand
That none can do him justice
Like ould MacNamara's Band.

Chorus.
We play for fairs or weddings
And for every County Ball,
And at any great man's funeral
We play "The Dead March in Saul."
When General Grant to Ireland came
He shook me by the hand,
And said he never heard the like
Of ould MacNamara's Band.

Chorus.
Just now we are practicing
For a very grand affair,
It's an annual celebration,
All the gentry will be there.
The girls and boys will all turn out
With flags and colours grand,
And in front of the procession
Will be MacNamara's Band.

http://www.celtic-otter.com/Ballads/macnamaras_band.html

Mc ALPINE'S FUSILERS

Words & Music by Dominic Behan

Dominic Behan's tribute to the boys who work on the building sites

As down the glen came McAlpine's men with their shovels slung behind them
It was in the pub that they drank their sub or down in the spike you'll find them
We sweated blood and we washed down mud with quarts and pints of beer
But now we're on the road again with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I stripped to the skin with Darky Finn down upon the Isle of Grain
With Horseface Toole I learned the rule, no money if you stop for rain
For McAlpine's god is a well filled hod with your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And woe to he who looks for tea with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea fell into a concrete stair
What Horseface said, when he saw him dead, well it wasn't what the rich call prayers
'I'm a navy short' was his one retort that reached into my ears
When the going is rough, well you must be tough with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I've worked till the sweat near had me beat with Russian, Czech and Pole
At shuttering jams up in the hydro dams or underneath the Thames in a hole
I grafted hard and I got me cards and many a ganger's fist across me ears
If you pride your life, don't join, by Christ, with McAlpine's Fusiliers.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/mcalpines-fusiliers.txt>

Messenger Boy

Lyrics provided by Sabine Schellack

I'm goin' to saddle up me old grey mare
I'm goin' to ride through the night without a worry or a care

CHORUS

I'm a messenger boy bringing my love to you
I'm a messenger boy bringing my love to you
I see the light in the bedroom
I pray to God that I didn't come too soon

CHORUS

Two big dogs and a man shouts "Who goes there?"
I've ridden through the cold and the wind and the rain and the frost
And the snow and I'm in love and I do not feel the pain

CHORUS

Christy Hennessy

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/messnger.html>

MICHAEL COLLINS

written by Derek Warfield
The Wolfe Tones -1983 Triskel Records-

Come listen all me true men to my simple rhyme
For it tells of a young man cut off in his prime
A soldier and a statesman who laid down the law, and,
To die by the roadside in lone Beal na Bla
When barely sixteen to England crossed o'er
For to work as a boy in a government store
But the Volunteers call he could not disobey
So he came back to Dublin to join in the fray

-Chorus-

At Easter nineteen sixteen when Pearse called them out
The men from the Dublin battalion roved out
And in the post office they nobley did show
How a handful of heros could outfight the foe.

To Stafford and jails transported they were
As prisoners of England they soon made a stir
Released before Christmas and home once again
He banded old comrades together to train
Dail Eireann assembled our rights to proclaim
Suppressed by the English you'd think it's a shame
How Ireland's best and bravest were harried and torn
From the Arms of their loved ones and children new born.

For years Mick eluded their soldiers and spies
For he was the master of clever disguise
With the Custom House blazing she found t'was no use
And soon Mother England had asked for a truce
Oh when will the young men a sad lesson spurn
That brother and brother they never should turn
Alas that a split in our ranks 'ere we saw
Mick Collins stretched lifeless in lone Beal na Bla

Oh long will old Ireland be seeking in vain
Ere we find a new leader to match the man slain
A true son of Grainne his name long will shine
O gallant Mick Collins cut off in his prime.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/mcollins.txt>

Missing You

Provided by Harald Villing - updated by Brian Forbes

Dm G Am
In nineteen hundred and eighty six
 Am G Dm
There,s not much for a chippie but swinging a pick
 Dm G Am
And you can,t live on love, on love alone
 Am G Dm
So you sail cross the ocean, away cross the foam

To where you're a Paddy, a Bidy or a Mick
Good for nothing but stacking a brick
Your best mate's a spade and he carries a hod
Two work horses heavily shod

CHORUS

 F C G Dm F C G
 Oh I'm missing you I'd give all for the price of a flight
 F C G Dm F C G
 Oh I'm missing you under Piccadilly's neon
Who did you murder, are you a spy?
I'm just fond of a drink helps me laugh, helps me cry
Now I just drink red bidy for a permanent high
I laugh a lot less and I'll cry till I die

CHORUS

All ye young people now take my advice
Before crossing the ocean you'd better think twice
Cause you can't live without love, without love alone
The proof is round London in the nobody zone

Where the summer is fine, but the winter's a fridge
Wrapped up in old cardboard under Charing Cross Bridge
And I'll never go home now because of the shame
Of misfit's reflection in a shop window pane.

CHORUS X 2

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/missing.html>

Molly Malone

(Cockles and Mussels)

Melody - Seq. By Richard Kopp

Traditional

In Dublin's fair city,
Where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she pushed her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh!

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

2. Now she was a fishmonger,
And sure twas no wonder,
For so were her mother and father before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

3. She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

Emmanuel Kehoe writes:

"Cockles and Mussels" is a dirge for an 18th century fishmonger (almost certainly an historical figure) who died in one of the cholera epidemics that regularly swept the city of Dublin. Molly possibly was a part-time bawd and the song is alluded to with sexual innuendo by Leopold Bloom, the hero of James Joyce's Ulysses. The doleful ballad, invested with bizarre brio by football crowds, has become Dublin's anthem. A life-size bronze statue of Molly pushing a handcart and wearing a rather revealing dress stands across the road from Trinity College, Dublin. Dubliners, who have taken to giving their statues rhyming nick-names refer to it as "The Tart with The Cart".

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/indublin.html>

Nancy Spain

Provided by Alex Cormack and Harald Villing

G
Of all the stars that ever shone
C G D
Not one does twinkle like your pale blue eyes
C D G
Like golden corn at harvest time your hair
G C
Sailing in my boat the wind
G D
Gently blows and fills my sail
C D G
Your sweet-scented breath is everywhere

Daylight peeping through the curtain
Of the passing night time is your smile
And the sun in the sky is like your laugh
Come back to me my Nancy
Linger for just a little while
Since you left these shores I've known no peace nor joy
CHORUS

G C D
No matter where I wander I'm still haunted by your name
D D G
The portrait of your beauty stays the same
G C
Standing by the ocean wondering where you've gone,
G D
If you'll return again
C D G
Where is the ring I gave to Nancy Spain
On the day in Spring when snows start to melt
And streams to flow
With the birds I'll sing this song
Then in the while I'll wander
Down by bluebell stream where wild flowers grow
And I'll hope that lovely Nancy will return
CHORUS

Barney Rush - music by Christy Moore

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/nancy.html>

Off to Dublin in the Green

Melody -

I am a merry ploughboy and I plough the fields all day
Till a sudden thought came to me head that I should roam away
For I am sick and tired of slavery since the day I was born
And I am off to join the I.R.A. and I am off tomorrow morn.

Chorus:

*And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where the bay'nets flash and the riffles crash
To the rattle of a Thompson gun.*

2. I'll leave aside me pick and spade, I'll leave aside me plough
I'll leave aside me horse and yoke, I no longer need them now
I'll leave aside me Mary, she's the girl that I adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me whe hears the riffles roar.

Chorus:

3. And when the war is over, and dear old Ireland is free
I'll take her to the church to wed and a rebel's wife she'll be
Well some men fight for silver and some men fight for gold
But the I.R.A. are fighting for the land that the Saxons stole.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/iamamerr.htm>

OLD MAID IN THE GARRET

Now I've often heard it said from me father and me mother
That the going tae a wedding is the making of another
Well, if this be true, I will go without a biddin
kind providence, won't you send me tae a wedding

And its O dear me, how would it be,
if I die an old maid in a garret

Well, there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome or good looking
Scarcely sixteen and a fella she was courting
Now at twenty-four with a son and a daughter
Here am I at forty-five and I've never had an offer

I can cook and I can sew and I can keep the house right tidy
Rise up in the morning and get the breakfast ready
There's nothing in this whole world would make me half so cheery
As a wee fat man to call me his own deary
So come landsman or come pinsman, come tinker or come tailor
Come fiddler or come dancer, come ploughboy or come sailor
Come rich man, come poor man, come fool or come witty
Come any man at all that will marry me for pity

Well now I'm away home for nobody's heeding
Nobody's heeding and nobody's pleading
I'll go away to my own bitty garret If I can't get a man, then I'll have to get a parrot

adapted by Barbara Smith
recorded by Clancey Bros on Home Boys Home

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/old_maid_in_the_garret

Only Our Rivers Run Free

Melody -

When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still bloom on each tree
When leaves are still green in December
It's then that our land will be free
I've wandered the hills and valleys
And still through my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom
And only her rivers run free.

2. I drink to the death of her manhood
Those men who'd rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
To bring back their rights were denied
But where are you now that we need you?
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone like the snow of last winter?
And still only our rivers run free.

3. How sweet is life, but we're dying
How mellow the wine, but we're dry
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying
How gentle the wind but it sighs
What good is in youth when it's aging?
What joys are in eyes that can't see?
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers
And still only our rivers run free.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/whenappl.htm>

Ordinary Man

Provided by Alex Cormack. Updated by Carlo Gianuzzi

Am G F Am
I'm an ordinary man, nothing special nothing grand
F G Am
I've had to work for everything I own
Am G F Am
I never asked for a lot, I was happy with what I'd got
F G Am
Enough to keep my family and my home

Am F G C
Now they say that times are hard and they've handed me my cards
F E
They say there's not the work to go around
Am G F Am
And when the whistle blows, the gates will finally close
F G Am
Tonight they're going to shut this factory down
F G Am F G Am
Then they'll tear it d-o-w-n

I never missed a day nor went on strike for higher pay
For twenty years I served them best I could
Now with a handshake and a cheque it seems so easy to forget
Loyalty through the bad times and through good
The owner says he's sad to see that things have got so bad
But the captains of industry won't let him lose
He still drives a car and smokes his cigar
And still he takes his family on a cruise, he'll never lose

Well it seems to me such a cruel irony
He's richer now than ever he was before
Now my cheque is spent and I can't afford the rent
There's one law for the rich, one for the poor
Every day I've tried to salvage some of my pride
To find some work so's I might pay my way
Oh but everywhere I go, the answer's always no
There's no work for anyone here today, no work today

BREAK - 1st four lines

And so condemned I stand, just an ordinary man
Like thousands beside me in the queue
I watch my darling wife trying to make the best of life
And God knows what the kids are going to do
Now that we are faced with this human waste
A generation cast aside
And as long as I live, I never will forgive
You've stripped me of my dignity and pride, you've stripped me bare
You've stripped me bare, you've stripped me bare.

Christy Moore

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/ordman.html>

PADDY McGINTY'S GOAT

Mr. Patrick McGinty, an Irishman of note,
Came into a fortune, so bought himself a goat.
Said he, "Sure, of goat's milk I mean to have my fill!"
But when he got his Nanny home, he found it was a Bill.
And now all the ladies who live in Killaloo
Are all wearing bustles like their mothers used to do.
They each wear a bolster beneath the petticoat,
And leave the rest to Providence and Paddy McGinty's goat!
Missis Burke to her daughter said, "Listen, Mary Jane, .
Now who was the man you were cuddling in the lane?
He'd long wiry whiskers all hanging from his chin."
"Twas only Pat McGinty's goat, " she answer'd with a grin.
Then she went away from the village in disgrace,
She came back with powder and paint upon her face.
She'd rings on her fingers, and she wore a sable coat,
You bet your life they never came from Paddy McGinty's goat.
Little Norah McCarthy the knot was going to tie,
She washed all her trousseau and hung it out to dry.
Then up came the goat and he saw the bits of white:
He chewed up all her falderals, and on her wedding night:
"Oh turn out the gas quick!" she shouted out to Pat,
For though I'm your bride, sure I'm not worth looking at.
I'd got two of ev'rything, I told you when I wrote,
But now I've one of nothing, all thro' Paddy McGinty's goat.'
Mickey Riley he went to the races t'other day.
He won twenty dollars and shouted, "Hip Hooray!!"
He held up the note, shouting "Look what I've got!"
The goat came up and grabbed at it and swallowed all the lot.
"He's eaten my banknote," said Mickey, with the hump.
They ran for the doctor, he brought a stomach pump.
He pumped and he pumped for that twenty dollar note,
But all he got was ninepence out of Paddy McGinty's goat.

http://www.celtic-otter.com/Ballads/paddy_mcgintys_goat.html

Pat of Mullingar

You may talk and sing and boast about
Your fenians and your clans
And how the boys from County Cork
Beat up the black and tans
But I know a little badger
Who came out without a scar, Whoa!
His name was Paddy Mulligan
The man from Mullingar

Chorus:

The pillars chased him out of Count' Amarrah
For beatin' up the valet of Stan O'Hara
And when he came to Ballymo'
He stole the parson's car
And he sold it to the bishop
In the town of Castlebar
Seven hundred pillars couldn't latch him
The chief said that the art is for to catch him
When he came to Dublin town he stole an armored car
And he gave it to the IRA brigade in Mullingar

Well the pillars got their orders
To Supress the man at sight
So they sent for reinforcements
Through the country left and right
Three thousand men surrounded him
They hunted near and far
But he was with the IRA In Johnson's motorcar

(Chorus)

They came with tanks and armored cars
They came with all their might
Them pillars never counted on Paddy's dynamite
From the 14th day of April
When he blew them to July
And the name of Paddy Mulligan Whoa!
St'girls of Ireland's eye

-- (Notations of orginal poster: Song: "Pat of Mullingar" by The Irish Rovers (1973) Posted by - These may not be exact but here goes!) Thank you Jim for posting this!

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/patofmullingar.txt>

Raggle-Taggle Gypsy

There were three young gypsies came to our hall door,
They came brave and boldly O.
And there's one sang high and the other sang low
And the Lady's seen the raggle-taggle gypsy O

It was upstairs and downstairs the Lady went
Put on her suit of leather, O
It was the cry all around her door
She's away with the raggle-taggle gypsy O

It was late last night that the lord came in,
Inquiring for his a-lady O
The serving girls replied to him all
She's away with the raggle-taggle gypsy O.

O then saddle for me me milk-white steed
Me big horse is not speedy O
I will ride and I'll seek my bride,
She's away with the raggle-taggle gypsy O.

O then he rode east, and he rode west
He rode north and south also,
But when he rode to the wide open field,
It was there that he spied his a-lady O.

O then why do you leave your house and your land?
Why do you leave you money, O?
And why do you leave your only only-wedded lord,
All for a raggle-taggle gypsy O?

What do I care for me house and me land?
What do I care for money, O?
And what do I care for me only-wedded lord,
I'm away with the raggle-taggle gypsy O!

Well it was there last night you'd a goosefeather bed,
With blankets drawn so comely, O.
Tonight you'll lie in a wide open field,
In the arms of your raggle-taggle gypsy, O.

What do I care for a goose-feather bed,
With blankets drawn so comely, O?
Tonight I'll lie in a wide open field,
In the arms of me raggle-taggle gypsy, O.

Often you rode east when I rode west
You rode high when I rode low
I'd rather have a kiss of the yellow gypsy's lips
Than all of the cashier's money, O.

-- (Original poster's notation: This is a traditional song about the power of love, or emancipation, or both...)

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/raggletagglegypsy.txt>

RAGLAN ROAD

Words and music by Patrick Kavanagh (c)
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On Raglan Road of an autumn day I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledge
Of the deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's play
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making hay
Oh I loved too much and by such by such is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret signs
That's known to the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone
And words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say
With her own game there and her own dark hair, like clouds over fields of may

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet I see her walking now
Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow
That I had loved not a s I should a creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at dawn of day

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/raglan-road.txt>

Ride On

(Jimmy McCarthy)

You ride the finest horse I've ever seen.
Standing sixteen, one or two, eyes wild and green.
You ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch.
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.

Chorus:

Ride on, see you.
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.

When you ride into the night, without a trace behind.
Run your claw along my gut, one last time.
I turn to face an empty space where you used to lie.
And look for the spark that lights the night through the teardrop in my eye.

Ride on, see you.
I could never go with you
no matter how I wanted to.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/ride-on.txt>

Roddy McCorley (I)

Traditional

See the fleet foot host of men, that speed with faces wan
From farmstead and from fishers cot, along the banks of Bann
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 steps smiling, proud and young
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright are they
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

When he last stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand
Behind him marched in grim array, a stalwart, earnest band
For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

There was never a one of all your dead, more bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

<http://celtic-lyrics.com/lyrics/view/?lid=429>

SAM HALL

Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall and I rob both rich and small
And me neck will pay for all, when I die, when I die
And me neck will pay for all when I die

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down
And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down

Oh they took me to Cootie Hill in a cart, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootie Hill in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootie Hill and I stopped to make my will
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/sam-hall.txt>

Sean South from Garryowen

Melody -

It was on a dreary New Years Eve
As the shade of night fell down
A lorry load of volunteers
Approached the border town
There were men from Dublin and from Cork
Fermanagh and Tyrone
And their leader was a Limerick man
Sean South from Garryowen.

2. But as they moved along the street,
Up to the barracks door
They scorned the danger they would face,
The fate that lay in store
They were fighting for old Ireland's cause,
To claim their very own
And the foremost of that gallant band
Was South of Garryowen.

3. But the Sergeant foiled their daring plan
He spied them through the door
Then the rifle and the stenguns fired
A hail of death did pour
And when that awful night had passed
Two men lay cold as stone
There was one from near the border
And one from Garryowen.

4. No more he'll hear the seagulls cry
Or the murmuring Shannon's tide
For he fell beneath the northern sky
Brave Hanlon by his side
He has gone to join that gallant band
Of Plunkett, Pearse and Tone
Another martyr for old Ireland
Sean South from Garryowen.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/seansout.htm>

Seven Drunken Nights

As I went home on Monday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a horse outside the door,
where my old horse should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that horse outside the door,
where my old horse should be?
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled,
a hundred miles or more,
but a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before.

As I went home on Tuesday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a coat behind the door,
where my old coat should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that coat behind the door,
where my old coat should be?
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's a woolen blanket that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
but buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.

As I went home on Wednesday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a pipe upon the chair,
where my old pipe should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that pipe upon the chair
where my old pipe should be.
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
but tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before.

As I came home on Thursday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two boots beside the bed,
where my old boots should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns them boots beside the bed
where my old boots should be.
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
They're two lovely flower pots my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
but laces in flower pots I never saw before.

As I came home on Friday night,

as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a head upon the bed,
where my old head should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that head upon the bed,
where my old head should be.
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's a baby boy, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
but a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before.

As I came home on a Saturday night,
as drunk as drunk could be
I spied two hands upon her breasts,
where my old hands should be.
I called to my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
Who's hands are these upon your breasts,
where my old hands should be?
Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk,
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see
'Tis nothing but a Living Bra Jane Russell gave to me.
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more,
but fingernails on a Living Bra, I never saw before.

Now when I came home on Sunday night,
a little after three.
I saw a man running out the door
with his pants about his knee.
So I called to my wife and I said to her:
would you kindly tell to me,
who was that man running out the door
with his pants about his knee?
Oh you're drunk, you're drunk,
you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,
Twas nothing but the tax collector the Queen sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,
But an Englishman that could last 'till three I never saw before.

**** Here's an alternative, a bit naughtier version of the Sunday verse:

As I came home on Sunday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a inside my wife,
where my old should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Would ya kindly tell to me,
who owns that outside the.....,
where my old should be?
Ah sure, you're drunk, you're drunk you
silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That's just the lovely English man that me ma she sent to me.
Well, tis' many a night I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
but a English man who could stay up past three, sure, I've never seen before.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/seven-drunken-nights.txt>

Slievenamon

Melody -

Alone, all alone, by the wave-washed strand
All alone in a crowded hall.
The hall it is gay and the waves they are grand
But my heart is not here at all.
It flies far away, by night and by day,
To the time and the joys that are gone.
And I never can forget the sweet maiden I met,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

2. It was not the grace of her queenly air
Nor her cheek of the rose's glow.
Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair
Nor was it her lily-white brow.
'Twas the soul of truth and of melting ruth,
And the smile of summer's dawn
That stole my heart away, one mild summer day,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

3. In the festive hall, by the star-watched shore
My restless spirit cries: my love,
Oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more,
And my land will you ever arise.
By night and by day I ever, ever pray,
While lonely my life flows on
To our flag unrolled and my true love to enfold,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/slievenam.htm>

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 the wind
And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd June the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The young and the old, the brave and the bold their journey to fulfill
There were jovial conversations at the fair of Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to hear what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone and the young one's turning grey
I met with the tailor Quigley, he's a bould as ever still
Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in 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 around me saying "Johnny I love you still "
Oh she's Ned the farmers daughter and the flower of Spancil Hill

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

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/spancil_hill

TAKE IT DOWN

Chorus Take it down from the mast Irish traitors
It's the flag we Republicans claim
It can never belong to Free Staters
For you brought on it nothing but shame

you've murdered our great Liam and Rory
And you slaughtered young Richard and Joe
your hands with their blood is still pouring
Keep holding the work of the foe

I took this lyrics from "40 Irish Drinking Songs" CD album featuring "The Jolly Beggarmen recorded live in an Irish pub. Not all songs are not in their totality and this one is probably not.

If ever you know additional verses, let me know, thanks.
(Notations by Mimi Tirone, original archive creator. Please email further verses or notations to foxleap@fortunecity.com.)

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/take-it-down.txt>

That's An Irish Lullaby

(Too-a-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral)

Melody - *Seq. By Barry Taylor*

Irish Lullaby

Over in Killarney
Many years ago,
Me Mither sang a song to me
In tones so sweet and low.
Just a simple little ditty,
In her good ould Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing
That song to me this day.

Chorus:

*"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby."*

2. Oft in dreams I wander
To that cot again,
I feel her arms a-huggin' me
As when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a -hummin'
To me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep
Outside the cabin door.

Chorus

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/tooraloo.htm>

The Battle of Garvagh

Melody - *Seq. by D. Lyszyk*

The day before the July fair
The Ribbonmen they did prepare
For three miles 'round to wreck and tear
And burn the town of Garvagh.

2. The Tory whistle loud and shrill
We heard it o'er the high Mourne Hill
Fall on, brave boys, we'll slay and kill
The Protestants in Garvagh.

3. The day came, on they did repair
In multitudes to Garvagh Fair
Some traveled thirty miles and more
To burn the town of Garvagh.

4. They all appeared in greatest haste
White handkerchiefs tied round their waists
But their jackets we did soundly baste
That July fair in Garvagh.

5. To Coleraine straightaway we went
For aid but none for us they sent
This bloody crew all to prevent
From their design on Garvagh.

6. To Provines then we quick applied
For aid which he soon us denied
Saying Longest stands the toughest hide
I'll find no aid for Garvagh.

7. The Protestants and Orangemen
Like brothers did assemble then
To keep the town was their design
Or die like men in Garvagh.

8. We fired blank shots of no avail
The Orange balls they flew like hail
While Ribbonmen soon turned their tail
With deadly wounds from Garvagh.

9. Then Captain Douay cried, Brave Boys
Maintain your Cause and fear no noise
We'll massacre these Orange Boys
And burn the town of Garvagh.

10. He had not turned himself well round
Till he received a deadly wound
His heels went up, his head went down
At the third tree in Garvagh.

11. We gave the word to clear the street
While numbers flew like hunted sheep
When Protestants did Papists meet
At Davidsons in Garvagh.

12. Oh then brave boys if you had seen
Twas the best man through Ballinameen
While Orange Boys pursued them keen
And cleared the town of Garvagh.

13. But mark what followed this affray
They thought to swear our lives away
To jail we went without delay
We had no guards from Garvagh.

14. They horrid oaths against us swore
Such swearing you ne'er heard before
McCluskey swore three hours of more
Against the Boys of Garvagh.

15. The Judge then he would us condemn
Had it not been for our jurymen
Our grateful thanks are due to them
For they cleared the Boys of Garvagh.

16. All thanks and praise we'll tender still
To Mr. Price and brave George Hill
The Beresfords befriend us still
For they cleared the Boys of Garvagh.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/garvagh.htm>

The Bold O'Donahue

Melody -

Well, here I am from Paddy's land, a land of high renown
I broke the hearts of all the girls for miles round Keady town
And when they hear that I'm awa' they'll raise a hullabaloo
When they hear about that handsome lad they call O'Donahue!

Chorus:

*For I'm the boy to squeeze her, and I'm the boy to tease her
I'm the boy that can please her, ach, an' I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll court her like an Irishman
Wi' me brogue and blarney too is me plan
With the holligan, rolligan, swolligan, molligan bold O'Donahue!*

I wish my love was a red red rose growing on yon garden wall
And me to be a dewdrop and upon her brow I'd fall!
Perhaps now she might think of me as a rather heavy dew
Nor more she'd love that handsome lad they call O'Donahue!

Chorus:

Well I hear that Queen Victoria has a daughter fine and grand
Perhaps she'd take it into her head for to marry an Irishman
And if I could only get the chance to have a word or two
I'm sure she'd take a notion to the bold O'Donahue!

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/wellhere.htm>

The Boys of the Old Brigade

Melody -

"Oh father, why are you so sad,
On this bright Easter morn?
When Irishmen are proud and glad
Of the land where they were born."
"Oh, son, I see sad mem'ries view
Of far-off distant days,
When, being just a boy like you,
I joined the old brigade.

Chorus:

*Where are the lads who stood with me
When history was made?
Oh, gra mo chree I long to see
The Boys of the Old Brigade.*

In hills and farms the call to arms
Was heard by one and all,
And from the glens came brave young men
To answer Ireland's call.
'Twas long ago we faced the foe,
The old brigade and me,
But by my side they fought and died
That Ireland might be free.

Chorus:

And now, my boy, I've told you why
On Easter morn I sigh
For I recall my comrades all
From dark old days gone by,
I think of men who fought in glens
With rifles and grenade
May Heaven keep the men who sleep
From the ranks of the old brigade.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/ofathwhy.htm>

The Broad Black Brimmer

Melody -

There's a uniform still hanging in what's known as father's room
A uniform so simple in its style
It has no fancy braid of gold, no hat with feathered plume
Yet me mother has preserved it all the while
One day she made me try it on, a wish of mine for years
In memory of your father Sean she said
And when I put the sam brown on, she was smiling through her tears
As she placed the broad black brimmer on me head.

Chorus:

*It's just a broad black brimmer with ribbons frayed and torn
From the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze
An old trench coat that's so battle-stained and worn
And breeches almost threadbare at the knees
A sam brown belt with a buckle big and strong
And a holster that's been empty many's a day
But when men claim Ireland's freedom
The one should choose to lead them,
Will wear the broad black brimmer of the IRA.*

It was the uniform worn by me father year's ago
When he reached me mother's homestead on the run
It was the uniform he wore in that little church below
When our Father Mac, he blessed the pair as one
And after truce and treaty and the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest
And when they bore his body down on that rugged heather braes
They placed the broad black brimmer on his chest.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/broadblk.htm>

The Crack Was 90 In The Isle Of Man

Weren't we the rare oul' stock? Spent the evenin' gettin' locked
In the Ace of Hearts where the high stools were engaging,
Over the Butt Bridge, down by the dock
The boat she sailed at five o'clock
"Hurry, boys," said Whack, or before we're there we'll all be back
Carry him if you can, The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Before we reached the Alexander Base; The ding dong we did surely raise
In the bar of the ship we had great sport, as the boat she sailed out of the port
Landed up in the Douglas Head; Enquired for a vacant bed.
The dining room we soon got shown by a decent woman up the road.
'Lads, ate it if you can, The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Next morning we went for a ramble round; Viewed the sights of Douglas Town
Then we went for a mighty session, in a pub they call Dick Darbies.
We must have been drunk by half-past three; To sober up we went swimmin' in the sea
Back to the digs for the spruce up, and while waitin' for the fry
We all drew up our plan; The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

That night we went to the Texas Bar; Came back down by horse and car.
Met Big Jim and all went in to drink some wine in Yate's.
The Liverpool Judies, it was said, were all to be found in the Douglas Head
McShane was there in his suit and shirt, Them foreign girls he was tryin' to flirt
Sayin' "Here girls, I'm your man," The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Whacker fancied his good looks; On an Isle of Man woman he was struck.
But a Liverpool lad was by her side. And he throwin' the jar into her.'
Whacker thought he'd take a chance; He asked the quare one out to dance.
Around the floor they stepped it out, And to Whack it was no bother.
Everythin' was goin' to plan; The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

The Isle of Man woman fancied Whack; Your man stood there till his mates came back
Whack! they all whacked into Whack, and Whack was whacked out on his back.
The police force arrived as well, Banjoed a couple of them as well,
Landed up in the Douglas jail, until the Dublin boat did sail,
Deported every man, The Crack was Ninety in the Isle of Man.

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/the_crack_was_90

The Fields of Athenry

Melody -

By a lonely prison wall,
I heard a young girl calling,
"Michael, they are taking you away."
For you stole Treveleyn's corn,
So the the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:

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

2. By a lonely prison wall,
I heard a young man call,
Nothing matters Mary when your free.
Against the Famine and the Crown,
I rebelled, they ran me down,
Now, you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus:

3. By a lonely harbour wall,
She watched the last star falling.
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky.
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray,
For her love in Botany Bay.
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry"
Chorus:

** or wings, in some variations*

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/byalonel.htm>

The Foggy Dew

Melody - Seq. By Lesley Nelson

'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
Did sound its dread tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew.

2. 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.

5. Ah, back through the glen I rode again
And my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men
Whom I never shall see more
But to and fro in my dreams I go
And I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew.

3. '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 Gathal Bruga,
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians
sleep
'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

4. 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.

This is a song about the Easter Uprising of 1916. The British gave young Irish men who were suspected of any kind of criminal activity a simple choice: prison or conscription. This left Ireland with few soldiers with whom to fight the British.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/twasdown.htm>

The Galway Shawl

Melody -

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

Chorus:

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

2. As we kept on walking, she kept on talking
Till her father's cottage came into view
Said she "Come in sir and meet my father
And for to please him play "The Foggy Dew"

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

4. 'Twas early, early, all in the morning
I hit the road for old Donegal
Said she "Goodbye sir" as she cried
And my heart remained with the Galway shawl.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/inoranmo.htm>

The Green Fields of France

Melody -

Eric Bogle

Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride,
Do you mind if I sit here dawn by your graveside,
And rest for a while heath the warm summer sun,
I've been worldng all day and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen,
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
Or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

Chorus:

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the life lowly.
Did they sound the dead march as they lowered you down,
And did the band play the Last Post and chorus,
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest.*

And did you leave awife or a sweetheart behind,
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined.
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen,
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen.
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Enclosed and forever behind the glass pane,
In an old photograph, torn and battered and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

Chorus:

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze, it makes the red poppies dance.
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
There's no gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's-land.
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand,
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned.

Chorus:

Now young Willie McBride I can't help but wonder why
Do all those who lie here know why they died.
And did they believe when they answered the cause
Did they really believe that this war would end wars.
Well the sorrows, the suffering, the glory, the pain
The killing and dying was all done in vain.
For young Willie McBride it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/grenfield.htm>

The Gypsy Rover

Melody -

Whistling Gypsy came over the hill,
Down thru the valley so shady;
He whistled & he sang
til the greenwood rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.
A dee do a dee do die day,
A dee do a dee day-o
He whistled & he sang
Til the greenwood rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

2. She left her father's castle gate,
She left her fair young lover;
She left her servants
And her estate
To follow the gypsy rover.
A dee do a dee do die day,
A dee do a dee day-o
She left her servants
And her estate
to follow the gypsy rover.

3. She left behind her velvet gown,
And shoes of Spanish leather;
They whistled & they sang
Till the greenwood rang,
As they rode off together.
A dee do a dee do die day,
A dee do a dee day-o
They whistled & they sang
Till the greenwood rang,
As they rode off together.

4. Last night she slept on a gorse feather bed
With silken sheets for cover;
Tonight she sleeps
On the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover.
A dee do a dee do die day,
A dee do a dee day-o
Tonight she sleeps
On the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/whistlin.htm>

The Irish National Anthem

Melody -

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song,
With cheering rousing chorus,
As round our blazing fires we throng,
The starry heavens o'er us;
Impatient for the coming fight,
And as we wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Chorus:

*Soldiers are we
Whose lives are pledged to Ireland;
Some have come
From a land beyond the wave.
Sworn to be free,
No more our ancient sire land
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we man the bearna bhaoil*
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal,
We'll chant a soldier's song.*

2. In valley green, on towering crag,
Our fathers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag
That's proudly floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race,
That never yet has known disgrace,
And as we march, the foe to face,
We'll chant a soldier's song

Chorus:

3. Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!
The long watched day is breaking;
The serried ranks of Inisfail
Shall set the Tyrant quaking.
Our camp fires now are burning low;
See in the east a silv'ry glow,
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,
So chant a soldier's song.

Chorus:

* which means "gap of danger". This song should be sung in Gaelic, but as these are the only lyrics I have, it will suffice. It also helps the non-Gaelic speakers to understand what the song is about.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/wellsing.htm>

The Lid of Me Granny's Bin

Lyrics provided by Sabine Schellack

As I was climbing into bed,
At my poor granny's side,
I looked out the window,
The Brits had arrived.
The house was surrounded,
They smashed the front door in.
They've come to take away,
The lid of me granny's bin.

Well she opened up her window,
And she clambered down the spout,
Soon her bin was rattling,
To call her neighbors out.
She took out her whistle,
And blew away like hell,
And soon we heard an echo,
As the neighbors blew as well.

CHORUS

With a Scream, Bang, Shout,
Rattle up a din.
Let the army know, my Girls,
The Brits is comin' in.
Now rattle up your bin lid.
Beat the message out.
Get your head down.
Whistle, Bang, Shout.

A Tommy came right upstairs,
A rifle in his hand.
She kicked him with her button boots,
As down the hall she ran.
Up came another one,
His medal for to win.
But all he got right on the gob,
Was the lid of me granny's bin.

The music rose like thunder,
As the bins and whistles played.
The enemy soon retreated,
They knew they'd overstayed.
It wasn't made of silver,
It wasn't made of tin,
But once again it saved us all,
The lid of me granny's bin.

CHORUS

The English have the telly,
The radio and press.
To all communications,
They've always had access.
But from Pettigo to Bellaghy,
From the bone to Castlefin,
The only way to spread the news,
Is rattle your granny's bin.

CHORUS

Joe Mulhearn

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/lid.html>

The Memory of the Dead

Melody -

John Kells Ingram, 1843

Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight'?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus,
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

2. We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few,
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too;
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died,
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

3. Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

4. The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest;
And that same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To play as brave a part.

5. They rose in dark and evil days
To free their native land
And kindled then a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand;
Alas, that might should conquer right,
They fell and passed away
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here today.

6. Then here's their memory, let it be
To us a guiding light
To cheer our fight for liberty
And teach us to unite!
Though good and ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their your fate,
Yet true men, be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/whofears.htm>

The Mountains Of Mourne

Melody - *Seq. By Barry Taylor*

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
With people here workin' by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just to a hand at this diggin' for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

2. I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball
They don't wear no top to their dresses at all
Oh I've seen them meself and you could not in truth
Say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions, now Mary McCree
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

3. There's beautiful girls here, oh never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions all roses and cream
But let me remark with regard to the same
That if that those roses you venture to sip
The colors might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/ohmaryth.htm>

The Night Visit / As I Roved Out

Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Who are you, me honey?
Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Who are you, me honey?
She answered me modestly,
"Well I am me mammy's darling."

CHORUS

With your too-ry-ah
Fol-de-diddle-dah
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle
Dai-rie oh.

And will you come to me mammy's house
When the moon is shining clearly.
And will you come to me mammy's house
When the moon is shining clearly.
I'll open the door and I'll let you in
And divil the one will hear us.

CHORUS

So I went to her house in the middle of the
night
When the moon was shining clarely.
So I went to her house in the middle of the
night
When the moon was shining clarely.
Shc opened the door and she let me in
And divil the one did hear us.

CHORUS

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led him to the stable
She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led him to the stable
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a
soldier's horse,
To eat it if he's able."

*Christy's version has the roles reversed. The traditional version had him leaving her!
The line which says "Blow out the candle" was actually "I hope to God you're able"!*

Trad. / arr. Christy Moore

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/night.html>

CHORUS

She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier
boy,
Drink it if you're able."

CHORUS

She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and aisy
She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and aisy
Then she took me by the hand
Saying "Blow out the candle!"

CHORUS

There we lay till the break of the day
And divil the one did hear us
There we lay till the break of the day
And divil the one did hear us
She arose and put on her clothes
Saying "Darling, you must leave me."

CHORUS

When will I return again
When will we get married
When will I return again
When will we get married
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might well get married.

CHORUS

THE NIGHTINGALE

As I went a walking one morning in May,
I met a young couple who fondly did stray,
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair,
And the other was soldier and a brave grenadier.

Chorus:

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other.
They went arm in arm along the road like a sister and brother.
They went arm in arm along the road till they came to a stream,
And they both sat down together to hear the nightingale sing.

From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
And he played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear
And he played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring
And they both sat down together to hear the nightingale sing.

Chorus.

soldier, o soldier will you marry me
O no said the soldier, how ever could that be.
For I have me wife at home in my own country
And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see.

Chorus

Now I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskey instead of strong beer;
And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together and hear the nightingale sing.

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/the_nightingale

The Ould Triangle

(possibly Brendan Behan)

Oh! a hungry feeling, it came o'er me stealing
And the mice they were squealing in my prison cell
And the ould triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

To begin the morning, the screw was bawling
Get up you bowsies and clean out your cell
And the ould triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

In the female prison there are seventy-five women
It's among them I wish I did dwell
And the ould triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

I wish to blazes they'd change the wages
from fifty shillings ah to two pounds ten.
Then the ould triangle, could go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/the_ould_triangle

The Patriot Game

Melody -

Come all ye young rebels, and list while I sing
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

2. My name is O'Hanlon, and I've just turned sixteen
My home is in Monaghan, and where I was weaned
I learned all my life cruel England's to blame
So now I am part of the patriot game.

3. It's nearly two years since I wandered away
With the local battalion of the bold IRA
I learned of our heroes, and wanted the same
To play my own part of the Patriot game.

4. This island of ours has too long been half free
Six counties lie under John Bull's tyranny
So I gave up my boyhood to drill and to train
And that made me a part of the Patriot game.

5. They told me how Connolly was shot in his chair
His wounds from the fighting all bloody and bare
His fine body twisted, all battered and lame
They soon made me part of the patriot game.

6. But now as I lie here, my body all holes
I think of those traitors who bargained in souls
And I wish that my rifle had given the same
To those Quislings who sold out the patriot game.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/patriotg.htm>

THE RARE OULD MOUNTAIN DEW

From Dubliners Songbook - 1974 -

Let grasses and waters flow
In a free and easy way,
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay,
Come gangers all from Donegal,
Sligo and Leitrim too,
Oh, we'll give the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old Mountain Dew

Chorus

Hi the dithery al the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, al the dal, dal dithery al dee
Hi the dithery al the dal, dal the dal the dithery al, dal the dal, dal dithery al dee

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitin, boys, close by.
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,
And betwixt both me and you,
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,
Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew

Now learned men as use the pen,
Have writ the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,
Distilled from wheat and rye.
Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills,
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
So take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucketful of Mountain Dew.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/mountain-dew.txt>

The Rocky Road to Dublin

Melody - Seq. By Barry Taylor

Traditional, 19th Century

In the merry month of June, from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother
Drank a pint of beer me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin
A brand new pair of brogues, rattlin o'er the bogs
And frightenin' all the dogs on the rock road to Dublin

Chorus:

*One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road, another way to Dublin
Whack fol-laddie-ah!*

2. In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight next mornin' blithe and early
Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinkin'
That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on for drinkin'
See the ladies smile, laughin' all the while,
At me curious style, would set your heart a bubblin'
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,
Till I was nearly tired on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

5. Well, the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called meself 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, me Soul!" says I, my shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobbelin'
With a loud "Hurray" joined in the affray
We quickly cleared the way on the rocky road to Dublin!

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/inthemer.htm>

THE ROSE OF MOONCOIN

How sweet is to roam by the sunny Shure stream
And hear the doves coo 'neath the morning sunbeam
Where the thrush and the robin their sweet notes entwine
On the banks of the Shure that flows down by Mooncoin.

Flow on, lovely river, flow gently along
By your waters so sweet sounds the lark's merry song
On your green banks I wander where first I did join
With you, lovely Molly, the rose of Mooncoin.

Oh Molly, dear Molly, it breaks my fond heart
To know that we two forever must part I'll think of you
Molly while sun and moon shine
On the banks of the Shure that flows down by Mooncoin.

Then here's to the Shure with its valley so fair
As oftimes we wandered in the cool morning air
Where the roses are blooming and lilies entwine
On the banks of the Shure that flows down by Mooncoin.

Flow on, lovely river, flow gently along
By your waters so sweet sounds the lark's merry song
On your green banks I wander where first I did join
With you, lovely Molly, the rose of Mooncoin.

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/roseofmooncoin.txt>

The Sick Note

Dear sir I write this note to you to tell you of me plight
And at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
Me body is all black and blue, me face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today

While working on the 14th floor some bricks I had to clear
Now to throw them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased he being an awkward sod
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladder in me hod

Now clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in me haste to do the job I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me

So when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
Well I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down

Well the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head
Well I clung on tight though numb with shock from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks 14 floors below

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope I sped towards the ground
And I landed on the broken bricks that were all scattered round.

Well I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst
When the barrel hit the pulley wheel and then the bottom burst
Well a shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope
As I lay there moaning on the ground, I let go the bloody rope

The barrel then being heavier it started down once more
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor
Well it broke 3 ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say
I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.

-- Posted by "Colin" Thanks for this! -- Corrections sent to me by: D. Gilhooly Thanks for the help!

<http://foxleap.fortunecity.com/irishlyrics/lyrics/thesicknote.txt>

The Spanish Lady

Melody -

As I went out through Dublin City
At the hour of twelve o'clock at night
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candlelight
First she washed and then she dried them
Over a fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did see
A maid so sweet about the soles

Chorus:

*Whack fol a too ra loo ra laddy
Whack fol a too ra loo ra lay
Whack fol a too ra loo ra laddy
Whack fol a too ra loo ra lay*

2. I stopped to look but the watchman passing
Said, "Young fellow, the night is late.
"Along with you home or I will wrestle you
"Straight away through the Bridewell gate."
I threw a look to the Spanish lady
Hot as the fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did see
A maid so sweet about the soles.

Chorus:

3. As I walked back through Dublin City
As the dawn of day was over
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
When I was weary and footsore
She had a heart so filled with loving
And her love she longed to share
In all my life I never did see
A made who had so much to spare

Chorus:

4. Now she's no mot for a puddle swaddy
With her ivory comb and her mantle so fine
But she'd make a wife for the Provost Marshall
Drunk on brandy and claret wine
I got a look from the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of ambry coals
In all my life I never did meet
A maid so sweet about the soles

Chorus:

5. I've wondered north and I've wondered south
By stoney Batter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But where is the lonely Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soles?

Chorus:

6. As I was leaving Dublin City
On that morning, sad of heart
Lonely was I for the Spanish lady
Now the forever we must part
But still I always will remember
All the hours we did enjoy
But then she left me sad at parting
Gone forever was my joy

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/asiwotdu.htm>

The Star of the County Down

Melody - Seq. by Marian Busch

Near Banbridge town in the County Down
One morning last July
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For to see I was really there.

Chorus:

*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!*

2. She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly
And a smile like the rose in June
And you hung on each note from her lily-white
throat
As she lilted an Irish tune
At the pattern dance you were held in a trance
As she tripped thru a reel or a jig,
And when her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax, on my
soul,
A spud from a hungry pig!

Chorus:

3. I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
Since my roving career began,
But, fair and square, I surrendered there
To the charms of young Rosie McAnn!
With a heart to let, and no tenant yet,
Did I meet in shawl or gown,
But in she went, and I asked no rent
From the Star of the County Down!

Chorus:

4. As she onward sped sure I scratched my
head
And I looked with a feeling rare
And I says, says I, to a passer by,
"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"
He smiled at me and he said, said he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the
Ban,
She's the star of the County Down."

Chorus:

5. At the harvest fair she'll be surely there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat
cocked right
For a smile from my nut brown Rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Till my plough is a rust coloured brown
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/nearbanb.htm>

The Thirty-Two Counties

Melody -

Here's to Donegal
And her people brave and tall
Here's to Antrim, to Leitrim and to Derry
Here's to Cavan and to Louth,
Here's to Carlow in the South
Here's to Longford, to Waterford, and Kerry.

Chorus:

*Then clink your glasses, clink
'Tis a toast for all to drink
And let every voice join in the chorus
For Ireland is our home
And wherever we may roam
We'll be true to the dear land that bore us.*

2. Here's to Tyrone,
Where O'Neill long held his own
Here's to Monaghan, Fermanagh and Kildare,
boys!
Here's to her whose stroke
Broke the hated Penal yoke
And you know that's the brave County Clare,
boys.

Chorus:

3. Here's to Sligo and to Down,
And Armagh of old renown
Here's to Kilkenny famed in story
Here's to Wexford by the sea,
That near set old Ireland free
And here's to Royal Meath in all her glory.

Chorus:

4. Here's to Galway and Mayo,
That never feared a foe
Here's to Wicklow, its peaks and its passes
Here's to Limerick famed to all
For its well-defended wall
And still more for the beauty of its lasses.

Chorus:

5. Here's to gallant Cork,
The next county to New York
Here's to Roscommon bright and airy
Here's to Westmeath,
Where a tyrant scarce can breathe
And here's to unconquered Tipperary.

Chorus:

6. Queens County too we'll toast,
And Kings for both can boast
They are spots the invaders got some trouble
in!
And now to finish up,
Fill a bright and brimming cup
And we'll drink, boys, to jolly little Dublin!

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/32county.htm>

THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL

In my memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
And we laughed through the smoke and smell.
Going home in the rain running up the dark lane
Past the jail and down beside the fountain
Those were happy days in so many many ways
In the town I loved so well.

In the early morn the shirt factory horn
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mothers role
Fed the children and then walked the dog
And when times got rough, there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
for the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we could all understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
as I played in a small pickup band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I'd learned about life and I'd found a wife
In the town I loved so well.

But when I returned how my eyes were burned
To see how a town could be brought to it's knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and guns
Oh my God, what have they done
To the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
Oh, they'll not forget still their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again
Now what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
In the town I loved so well.

http://ameba.lpt.fi/~zaphod/lyrics/the_town_i_loved_so_well

The Voyage

Lyrics and tabs provided by Pat Keogh - lots of people have been waiting for these. Thanks!!

[Capo on first fret]

G D C G
I am a sailor, you're my first mate
D C D
We signed on together, we coupled our fate
C D C G
Hauled up our anchor, determined not to fail
D C G
For the hearts treasure together we set sail.

G D C G
With no maps to guide us we steered our own course
D C D
Rode out the storms when the winds were gale force
C D C G
Sat out the doldrums in patience and hope
D C G
Working together we learned how to cope.

CHORUS

Bm C Bm C
Life is an ocean and love is a boat
Am C D
In troubled water that keeps us afloat
C D Bm C
When we started the voyage, there was just me and you
Am D G
Now gathered round us we have our own crew.
G D C G
Together we're in this relationship
D C D
We built it with care to last the whole trip
C D C G
Our true destination's not marked on any charts
D C G
We're navigating to the shores of the heart.

CHORUSx2

<http://www.christymoore.net/lyrics/voyage.html>

The West's Asleep

Melody -

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep
Alas! and well may Erin weep
When Connacht lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks their guardian chivalry.
Sing, Oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

2. That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place.
Sing, Oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

3. For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Thro' Corrsliabh Pass and Ardrahan;
And later times saw deeds as brave,
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave,
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

4. And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep
That Connacht lies in slumber deep.
But, hark! a voice like thunder spake,
The West's awake! the West's awake!
Sing, Oh! hurrah! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake!

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/whenallb.htm>

THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD

Words and music by Gordon Lightfoot

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they called 'Gitche Gumee'
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons
more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
With a crew and good captain well seasoned
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ship's bell rang
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound
And a wave broke over the railing
And every man knew, as the captain did too,
T'was the witch of November come stealin'.
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the Gales of November came slashin'.
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came, the old cook came on
deck sayin'.
Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya.
At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in, he said
Fellas, it's been good t'know ya
The captain wired in he had water comin' in
And the good ship and crew was in peril.
And later that night when his lights went outta sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does any one know where the love of God goes
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish
Bay
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.
They might have split up or they might have
capsized;
May have broke deep and took water.
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.
And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the Gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral.
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call 'Gitche Gumee'.
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early!

http://www.summer.com.br/~pfilho/html/lyrics/w/wreck_of_the_edmund_fitzgerald.txt

There's Whiskey in the Jar

Melody -

As I was going over
The far fam'd Kerry mountain*
I met with Captain Farrell
And his money he was counting,
I first produced my pistol
And then produced my rapier
Sayin', Stand and deliver
For you are my bold deceiver,

Chorus:

*/: O, Whack fol the diddle
O Whack fol the diddle
O, There's whiskey in the jar. :/*

2. He counted out his money
And it made a pretty penny
I put in in my pocket
And I gave it to my Jenny
She sighed and she swore
That she never would betray me
But the devil take the women
For they never can be easy.

Chorus:

3. I went unto my chamber
All for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels
And for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew my charges
And she filled them up with water
An' she sent for Captain Farrell,
To be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus:

4. And 'twas early in the morning
Before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen
And likewise Captain Farrell;
I then produced my pistol,
For she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water
So a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus:

5. And if any one can aid me
'Tis my brother in the army
If I could learn his station,
In Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me
We'd go-roving in Kilkenny
I'll engage he'd treat me fairer
Than my darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus:

* The Cork and Kerry Mountains - according to one Irish e-mail. Use whichever you like.

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/asiwagoi.htm>

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Melody -

Chorus:

*When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure it's like a morning spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay.
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, they steal your heart away.*

There's a tear in your eye,
And I'm wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such power in your smile,
Sure a stone you'd beguile
So there's never a teardrop should fall.
When your sweet lilting laughter's
Like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
You should laugh all the while
And all other times smile
And now smile a smile for me.

Chorus:

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/eire/wheniris.htm>

When You and I Were Young Maggie

Melody - *James Austin Butterfield, George W Johnson, 1866, Seq. By Werner Tomaschewski*

George W Johnson, 1866

I wandered today to the hills, Maggie,
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long long ago
The green grove is gone from the hills,
Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

2. Oh they say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are much slower than then
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
And time all alone was the pen
They say we have outlived our time, Maggie,
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

*Referring to his wife (an ex-student of his) who died a few months after their marriage. - with thanks to
Martin Jones.*

<http://www.acronet.net/~robokopp/usa/youngmag.htm>

The Wild Colonial Boy

Traditional

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

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 MacEvoy
A terror to Australia was, the wild colonial boy

One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode along
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song
Up 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 King's high name, you are a plundering son
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, 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 recieved 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

<http://celtic-lyrics.com/lyrics/view/?lid=125>

Will you go, lassie go?

1. Oh, the summer time is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming,
and the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus

And we'll all go together, to pluck wild mountain thyme,
all around the blooming heather,
will ye go, lassie, go?

2. I will build my love a tower near yon pure crystal fountain,
and on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain,
will ye go, lassie, go!

3. If my true love she were gone, I would surely find another,
where wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
will ye go, lassie go?

<http://www.geocities.com/southbeach/docks/4744/song16.htm>