

The Official



Irish Songbook

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Wild Colonial Boy
Wild Mountain Thyme
Wild Rover
You'll Wish You Had Danced

KEEP IN MIND that Irish music is NOT spectator music. It is, as our friend Donal would say, participatory music. So participate. Pay special attention to the underlined italicized parts; these are your parts, and the louder the better. Also look for clap signs: //. You are not, however, limited to singing and clapping at those parts. Irish songs will almost always sound better the more people there are singing them. So sing whenever you feel like it. Finally, we may occasionally sing different lyrics than what you find in the book. These are not mistakes. We are doing that deliberately to see if you're paying attention. The same is true of chords, melodies, arrangements, bodhran parts, etc. When that happens it's all for your benefit. You're welcome.

All songs traditional except where indicated.

ALL FOR ME GROG

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
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

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
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 is me shirt, my 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

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
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

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies movin' slow
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

ARE YE' SLEEPIN' MAGGIE

Mirk and dreary is the nicht
there's no' a star in all the carry
Lightnin gleams across the lift
the cold winds drive with winter's fury.

Oh are ye sleeping Maggie?
Oh are ye sleeping Maggie?
Let me in for loud the linn
is howlin' over the warlock Craigie.

Fearful sighs the boortree bank
the rifted wood roars wild and dreary
Loud the iron yett does clank
the cry of hooletts makes me eerie.

CHORUS

Above my breath I dare not speak for fear I rouse your wakerife daddy
Cold's the blast upon my cheek arise, arise my bonnie lady

CHORUS

She's op'd the door, she's let him in
she's cast aside his dreepin' plaidie
What care have I for rain or wind? for Maggie now I'm here aside ye.

Now since you're wakin Maggie Now since you're wakin Maggie
What care I for Hooletts cry For Bantree bank or warlock craggie

BANSHEE
(Mark Sisti)

Come gather round and listen to my tale
Take warning when you hear the banshee's wail
If the banshee calls your name They say your soul is hers to claim
Her cry will make the strongest man turn pale.
And who will it be tonight who will it be tonight
who will it be tonight who will it be tonight

One autumn as the sky was bleak and grey
My ailing aunt came to our house to stay
As we sat to our evening meal The cry came from across the fields
She never woke to see the light of day
And who will it be tonight who will it be tonight
who will it be tonight who will it be tonight

Dressed all in white with hair of shining gold
Her keening makes a brave man's blood run cold
She'll call you when your time is done
And comfort, she can give you none
Once your fate the banshee has foretold

Tonight again we hear the banshee's cries
We sadly look into each other's eyes
We know tomorrow when we meet The table holds an empty seat
One of us won't see another sunrise
And who will it be tonight who will it be tonight
who will it be tonight who will it be tonight

BEER BEER BEER

A long time ago, way back in history
When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea
Along came a man by the name of Freddie Matt
And he invented a wonderful drink, and he brewed it in a vat

chorus

Well, he must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king
And to his praises we shall always sing
For look what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
A long bless Freddie Matt, the man who invented

Beer, beer, beer, didily beer, beer beer, didily

The corner bar, the gentlemans pub, the hole in the wall as well
There's one thing you can be sure of, it's Freddie's beer they sell
So gather 'round, ye lucky lads, 11 o'clock, that's that
For five short seconds, remember Freddie Matt

One Two Three Four Five

(During the two 5 sec. count-offs, which would give you a total of eight seconds ("that's 10, sir") you are expected to drink all of whatever is in front of you. Hint: shots are easier than beers but beers fit the song better.)

chorus

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, he stirs it with a stick
The kind of lubrication that'll make your engine tick
Forty pints a wallop a day to keep away the cracks
It's only eight seventy a pint, but it's three fifty with tax
One Two Three Four Five
chorus

BENEATH THE SURFACE

(Mark Sisti)

You once believed that you were different from the rest
You had your visions and your dreams would stand the test
But now you wake up every morning
Get your suit and tie and off to work you go
And there beneath the surface
there's a part of you that they will never know

Her friends all say that she's got the perfect life
The perfect mother, perfect lover, perfect wife
And then she drinks her booze and hides the bruise
And takes her pills to kill the pain inside
there beneath the surface
there's so much of her she's learned to push aside

We think we know what's going on
When doors are closed and shades are drawn
The only truth that we can know
Are those little pieces they let show

He wants to be the one that everyone admires
Stands at the pulpit and he preaches to the choir
And then he takes the boys into the back
Tells them it's a secret pact that they can share
there beneath the surface
there's a sin that's well beyond the power of prayer

We see the masks we hide behind,
Never what's in the heart and mind
We shield our eyes from what might have been
So we never see the hurt within

We like to think that we know what life's about
We've seen it all and we've got it figured out
And we forget about the questions
and the yearnings that we choose to ignore
Cause there beneath the surface
we just know there's got to be something more.

BIG STRONG MAN

Have you heard about the big strong man
He lives in a caravan
Have you heard about the Jeffery-Johnson fight
Oh lord what a hell of a fight
You can take all the heavyweights you got (*Whatcha got*)
Gotta man who can take the whole lot
He used to work here in the belfry Now he's gonna fight Jack Dempsey

He's my brother Sylvest (*what's he got*)
Got a row of 40 medals on his chest (*big chest*)
He killed 50 bad men in the west, he knows no rest (pick of a man)
hell's fire (don't push) just shove (plenty of room for you and me)
He's got an arm like a leg
And a punch that would sink a battle ship (*big ship*)
Takes all the army and the navy to put the wind up Sylvest

Well he thought he'd take a trip to Italy
and he thought that he'd go by sea
He jumped off the harbor in New York
and he swam like a man from Cork
Well he saw the Luisitania in distress (*what'd he do?*)
Put the Luisitania on his chest (*big chest*)
Drank all the water in the sea and he walked all the way to Italy

Was me brother Sylvest etc.

Well he thought he'd take a trip to old Japan
They brought out the big brass band
He played every instrument they got
What a lad, he played the whole lot
The old church bell would ring and the old church choir would sing
They all turned out to say farewell to my big brother Sylvest

That's me brother Sylvest etc.

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was bound
Many an hour of sweet happiness Have I spent in that dear little town
A sad misfortune came over me that caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations betrayed by the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds I thought her the queen of the land (*And she was!*)
And her hair it hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down broadway needing a pub for to stay
Who should I meet but this pretty fair maid traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome her neck it was just like a swan
And her hair it hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with the pretty fair maid and a gentleman passing us by
I could tell she meant the undoing of him
by the look in her roguish dark eyes
A gold watch she took from his pocket and placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing that I said was betrayed by the black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury next morning I had to appear
The judge he said to me young man your case it is cruel but clear
I'll give you seven years penal servitude to be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the BVB

So to all you jolly young fellows a warning take my heed
When you're out on the town me boys beware of the pretty colleen
She'll fill you with strong drink for you till you are unable to stand
The very next thing that you know is you've landed in Van Daeman's Land

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

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 in memories of far-off distant days
When, being just a boy like you I joined the I R A

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,
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 rifle and grenade
May Heaven keep the men who sleep
From the ranks of the old brigade.

Chorus
Chorus

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

Oh, 'tis of a brave young highwayman, this story we will tell
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell.
'Twas on the Kilworth mountains he commenced his wild career
And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear.

Chorus

And, it's Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor,
Bold, brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

One day upon the highway as Willie he went down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town.
The Mayor he knew his features and he said, Young man, said he,
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."

Chorus

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy
And when she saw her Willie, she commenced to weep and cry.
She said, "Hand to me that tenpenny," as soon as Willie spoke.
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Chorus

Then with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold.
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
So he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

Chorus

Now, Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high,
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try.
He laughed at them with scorn until at last 'twas said
By a false-hearted woman, he was cruelly betrayed

CARRICKFERGUS

I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Only for nights in Ballygrand
I would swim over the deepest ocean
The deepest ocean for my love to find
But the sea is wide and I can't swim over
Neither have I the wings to fly
If I could find me a handsome boatman
To ferry me over to my love and die

Now in Kilkenny, it is reported
they've marble stone there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her
But I'll sing no more now, 'til I get a drink.
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover from town to town
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered
So come all ye young lads and lay me down

COBH REGATTA WHEELBARROW RACE
(Mark Sisti)

I was sitting in the town of Cobh in a quiet little pub.
Indulging in a couple of pints of stout
When from a back room of the bar a door it opened up
The strangest thing I've ever seen came rolling out
A mother pushing a baby, you may not think that weird
But the baby smoked a big cigar and the mother had a beard.

I'd stumbled into the Cobh regatta wheelbarrow race
Where pairs from every pub in town compete
They'd do a task, they'd drink a glass at every drinking place
Then they'd race their wheelbarrows through the streets

Every pub sends out two men dressed up in some strange way
One would push, the other he would ride
And as the crowds would laugh through the streets of Cobh they'd race
Putting any sense of dignity aside
And as they'd get to every pub, there were seventeen I think
They'd have to do some silly stunt, then both would down a drink
One bar had Batman pushing Robin in the Batmobile
Another a housewife with his hair in curls
Some Arab sheiks, some circus freaks, all riding or pushing wheels
300-pound men dressed like little girls.
A bald old French maid, a fat old hairy nurse
They all looked bad but by my soul I don't know which looked worse.
Chorus

The race was tight when they got to the final bar at last
But the barman there had carefully his team picked
While other teams had chosen men who were strong or who were fast
This bar had chosen two who couldn't get sick
Cause where the other taverns had the racers drinking stout
This bar filled glasses up with vodka and they put them out
And as the other racers were rolling on the ground
The winning team raised the vodka up and calmly drank it down.

So if you stumble into the Cobh regatta wheelbarrow race
And someone there should ask you to compete
You'll do a task, you'll drink a glass at every drinking place
But you may leave your breakfast in the street

Chorus

COME OUT YE BLACK AND TANS

I was born on a Dublin Street where the loyal drums did beat
and the lovin English feet they marched all over us
And every single night when me da would come home tight
He'd invite the neighbors out with this chorus

Come out ye black and tans come on and fight me like a man
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell her how the IRA made you run like Hell away
From the green and lovely lanes of Killashandra

Oh come and hear you tell how you slandered great Parnell
When you thought him well and truly persecuted
Where are the cheers and jeers that you loudly let us hear
When our leaders of sixteen were executed

CHORUS

Oh tell us how you slew them brave arabs two by two
Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows
How bravely you faced one with your 16-pounder gun
And you frightened them damn natives to the marrow

CHORUS

Well the time is comin' fast and I think those days are here
when each English Johnnie he'll run before us
And if there'll be a need then our kids will say godspeed
With a verse or two of singin this fine chorus

CHORUS 2x

DIRTY OLD TOWN

I met my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring in the smokey wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm going to make a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
We'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
Dirty old town Dirty old town

DONALD WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS?

Well, I just come down from the Isle of Skye,
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy,
And the lassies shout as I go by,
"Donald, where's your trousers."

Chorus

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low,
Through the streets in m'kilt I'll go.
All the lassies say, "Hello,
Donald, where's your trousers?"

A lassie took me to a fancy ball And it was slippery in the hall
And I was afraid that I might fall Because I had no trousers!

Chorus

Now I just came down to London town
T'have a little fun on the Underground
The ladies turned their heads around
Sayin' "Donald, where's your trousers?!"

Chorus

Solo

The lassies love me, every one
But they must catch me, if they can!
Y'canna take the breaks off a Highland man!
Sayin' "Donald, where's your trousers?"

Chorus

DRINK TO ABSENT FRIENDS

(Mark Sisti)

The sun is going down, the night is falling
The past is reaching out I hear it calling
And nothing seems to matter anymore somehow
My dreams are all shattered, I can see them now
I'm afraid of growing lonely afraid of the passing time

The wind is cold I can hear the thunder
I'm getting old and I'm going under
My body is aching and I start to cry
My spirit is shaken and I don't know why
Seems like yesterday was spring, now December is closing in

Long ago forgotten meadows leading us too far
Staring at the slowly sinking sands
A young boy looking out a window gazing at the stars
Not knowing he holds the future in his hands
Ends up wasting his whole life making plans

Now I sit and stare and watch the fire
I can't help feeling scared and growing tired
And nothing ever changes, nothing stays the same
The road to home is farther than the way we came
So let us drink to absent friends and a life going by too fast

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What do you do with a drunken sailor
What do you do with a drunken sailor
What do you do with a drunken sailor Ear-lie in the mornin

Weigh-ho and up she rises Weigh-ho and up she rises
Weigh-ho and up she rises Ear-lie in the mornin

Shave his belly with a rusty razor etc.
Weigh ho etc

Put em in a longboat till he's sober etc.
Weigh ho etc.

Put em in a scrubber with a hosepipe on em
Weigh ho etc.

Put em in bed with the captain's daughter
Weigh ho

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

DUBLIN IN THE RARE OLE' TIMES

Raised on songs and stories heroes of renown
are 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 ole' times

ring-a-ring-a-rosie as the light declines
I remember Dublin city in the rare ole' times

my name it is Sean Dempsey as Dublin as can be
born hard and late in Pamlico 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

and I courted Peggy dynan as pretty as you please
a rogue and 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

now the years have made me bitter the gargle dims my brain
for 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

fare thee well sweet Anna liffey I can no longer stay
and watch these new glass cages that spring up along the quay
me mind's too full of memories too old to hear new chimes
I'm a part of what was Dublin in the rare ole' times

Chorus

THE FERRYMAN

The little boats are gone from the breast of Anna Liffy
The ferryman is stranded on the quay
Sure the Dublin docks are dying and a way of life is gone
And Molly it was part of you and me

Chorus

Where the Strawberry beds sweep down to the Liffy
You kissed away the worry from my brow
I love you well today and I'll love you more tomorrow
If you ever love me Molly love me now

T'was the only job I knew it was hard but never lonely
The Liffy ferry made a man of me
And it's gone without a whisper and forgotten even now
And sure it's over Molly over can't you see

Well now I'll tend the yard and I'll spend me days in talking
And I'll here them whisper Charlie's on the dole
But Molly we're still living and darling we're still young
And that river never owned my heart and soul

Chorus

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet & to rise in the world he carried a hod
Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way With a love of the liquor he was born
To help him on with his work each day
He'd a drop of the crater every morn

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

THE FOGGY DEW

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn To a city fair rode I
When Irelands 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.

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 huns with their long-range guns
Sailed in from the foggy dew.

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

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

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding oer 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
Till he met at Glemalure with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare Fiach Will do what Fiach will dare
Now Fitzwilliam have a care cause fallen is your star low
Up with Halberd out with sword On we go for by the Lord
Fiach MacHugh has given his word follow me up to Carlow

See the swords of Glen Imaal flashing oer the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael beneath O'Bryne's banner
Rooster of a fighting stock would yet let a saxon cock
crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners

Chorus

From Tassagart to Clonmore there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending loons to Hades
White is sick and Grey has fled now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red to Liza and her ladies

Chorus

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SHORE

(Mark Sisti)

She sleeps with the light on when the wind blows
And her windows are covered with blinds and beads
There's the dreams that she dreams and the fears that she fears
And somewhere in between's the life she leads and she says

When confusion masquerades as hope
And you're losing more than you can cope with
Use the rope or choose the open door
Cause life's nothing more than footprints on the shore

She says a boy once told her the night sky was just black curtains
With little pinholes to let the stars shine in
And it's daytime over there when it's nighttime over here .
She says someday I'll reach that other side again

When deception masquerades as true
Perceptions changing like the blue sea
accept the view, collect a few or more
Cause life's nothing more than footprints on the shore

She says Make me laugh, make me smile, I'm frowning
She says reach in and pull me out I'm drowning

She says don't believe me when I tell you not to believe me
Sometimes I don't always mean what I say
Sometimes I think its funny and sometimes I think it's sad
And sometimes I think I was made to think this way
When the burning tapers into love
Discern just what you should discover
Learn each other, turn another door
And forget that life's just footprints on the shore

FOUR GREEN FIELDS
(Tommy Makem)

What did I have said the fine old woman,
'What did I have' this fine old woman did say
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel,
But 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 was my grief" said she.

"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.

"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 four green fields Will bloom once again," said she.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

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 the race
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom

God save Ireland, said the heroes, God save Ireland, said they all
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die
Oh what matters if for Ireland dear we fall

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near
Of the millions true and brave o'er the oceans swelling wave
And the friends of 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 2x

HARD DAYS WILL PASS

(Mark Sisti)

Can't remember what we did the last time we were together
What jokes we told what songs we might have played
If I'd have thought for just a moment that that moment was forever
I'd have filed every detail away

When we were young we chose to do whatever we would choose
We laughed at fate and spit in fortune's eye
We fought our battles back to back, never thinking we could lose
We were 21, we were never going to die

Chorus

But hard days will pass and bad things we'll weather
And the cloudy skies will be blue again
So let's raise a glass and let's sing together
To see us through till then

At times like these we have memories we keep to help us function
And I'll think of sometimes to help me through the pain
You singing "don't let me stop your great self-destruction"
As we drove home from a concert in the rain

Chorus

And even though we think that we've got every thing well planned
The twists and turns still take us by surprise
And for reasons none of us will ever claim to understand
One of us will sleep, the other rise

So the songs will still be sung and the stories will be told
And we'll be together someday, this I know
Till then I'll keep your barstool warm and I'll keep your bottle cold
I think there's still a little time before I go

Chorus

HAUL AWAY JOE

Hey haul away, we'll haul away together

Hey haul away, haul away Joe

Hey haul away, we'll haul for better weather

Hey haul away, haul away Joe

When I was a young lad my mother always told me
(All in unison) Hey haul away, haul away Joe
If you never kiss a girl your lips will all get moldy
Hey haul away, haul away Joe

Once I had an Irish girl and she was fat and lazy
Hey haul away, haul away Joe
Now I have a yankee girl she damn near drives me crazy
Hey haul away, haul away Joe

CHORUS

Louie was the king of France before the revolution
Hey haul away, haul away Joe
Then they did his head cut off which spoiled his constitution
Hey haul away, haul away Joe

CHORUS 2x

HILLS OF CONNEMARA

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Stand your ground, don't you fall
The excise men are at the wall.
Jaysus Christ, they're drinkin' it all
In the hills of Connemara.

Chorus

I KNOW MY LOVE

I know my love by his way of walking,
And I know my love by his way of talking
And I know my love by his suit of blue
And if my love leaves me, what will I do?

Chorus:

And still she cried: "I love him the best
But a troubled mind, sure, can get no rest."
And still she cried, "Bonny boys are few,
And if my love leaves me, what will I do?"

There is a dance house in Maradyke
And ther my true love goes every night
He takes a strange girl upon his knee
And don't you thing that that vexes me.

If my love knew I could wash and wring
If my love knew I could sew and spin
I'd make a coat of the finest kind
But the want of money sure leaves me behind.

I know my love is an arrant rover
I know he'll wander the wide world over
In dear old Ireland he'll no longer tarry
An American girl he's sure to marry

IRELAND AND THEE (Avondale)
(Mark Sisti)

Will you lay with me in the clear fragrant mountains
When the wind flows down to the heather
Will you stay with me for days beyond counting
Will you follow wherever I go
There's just two things in this world that matter to me
Till I die, I'll love Ireland and thee

Will you let your head fall on a pillow of clover
Where there's only the land, you and me
Where the whippoorwill calls and the curlew flies over
And the salmon run down to the sea
There's just two things in this world that matter to me
Till I die, I'll love Ireland and thee

Avondale, Avondale I can show every trail
As through the green forests they run
We can find peace of mind, Leave the cold world behind
Leave the fighting, leave the battle, leave the guns

Learn with me what the land has to teach us
When the moon shines over the meadow
Return with me where the world cannot reach us
Leave the past and the shadows behind
There's just two things in this world that matter to me
Till I die, I'll love Ireland and thee

THE IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And how the wild wind drove her
She could stand a great blast in her twenty seven masts
And we called her the Irish Rover

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

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost its way in the fog
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the captain's old dog
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock
The boat, it was flipped right over (stop)
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

JOHNNY JUMP UP

I'll tell you a story that happened to me
one day as I went down to Youghal by the sea
The sun it was bright and the day it was warm
Says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm
I went in and I called for a bottle of stout,
The barman says sorry all the beer is sold out
Try whiskey or vodka, ten years in the wood
Says I, I'll try cider, I've heard it was good.

Oh never, Oh never, Oh never again If I live to 100 or a hundred and ten
I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump Up

After lowerin the third I headed straight to the yard
Where I bumped into Brophy, the big civic guard
Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law?
Well, I upped with me fist and I shattered his jaw
He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
But it wasn't me that hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up
The next thing I remember down in Yaughall by the sea
Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me
I'm afraid of me life I'll be hit by a car
Won't you help me across to the Highwayman Bar?
And after three pints of that cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced on his feet

I went up the lee road, a friend for to see
They call it the madhouse in Cork by the Sea
But I when I got up there, the truth I do tell,
They had this poor bugger locked up in a cell
Said the guard, testing him, say these words if you can,
"Around the ragged rocks the ragged rascal ran"
Tell him I'm not crazy, tell him I'm not mad
It was only six pints of the cider I had
Well, a man died in the union by the name of McNabb

They washed him and laid him outside on the slab
And after the coroner his measurements did take
His wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake
Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer it was high
The corpse he sits up and he says SO AM I!!
I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up
Till I bring them a quart of that Johnny Jump Up
Chorus 2x

KING OF THE FIELDS

(Mark Sisti)

I'm just a lad who travels round
from village to village, town to town
Sometimes I dance, sometimes I sing or hum
When people ask me what I do
I say pretty much the same as you
Get through one day until the next one comes
They wonder why I look so glad
but what reason have I to be sad
Although they think me mad and half insane
I'll stop and give them all a smile
describing to them all the while
The pure and lovely country where I reign
Some folks waste their lives wishin' They can satisfy ambition
But I know that's not the mission set for me
What ever life may deal I'm still the king of the fields
And that's all I ever want to be
I wake up and I look around
at my monarchy of earth and ground
And the grass my royal pillow and my bed
and as the ruler I've decreed
no home or servants do I need
Just leaves and branches covering my head

Chorus

You tell me it's no kind of life,
I need to find a home and wife
But if you could you'd love to come with me
Tomorrow I'll be on my way
another town, another day
Cause there's still so many things I have to see

LANIGAN'S BALL

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan Battered away 'til he hadn't a pound.
His father died, made him a man again Left him a farm and 10 acres of ground
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who didn't forget him when it comes to the will,
And if you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten
Of the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's Ball.

Chorus: Six long months I spent in Dublin, 6 long months doing nothing at all.
Six long months I spent in Dublin, learning to dance for Lanigan's ball.

I stepped out I stepped in again 3x

Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball

Myself to be sure got free invitation, For all the nice girls and boys I might ask,
And just in a minute both friends and relations

Were dancing as merry as bees 'round a cask.

There were lashings of punch and wine for the ladies,

Taters and cakes; there was bacon and tea,

There were the Nolans, Dolans, O'Gradys Courting the girls and dancing away.

Doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas All round the room in a whirligig

Julia and I banished their nonsense, tipped them the twist of a reel and a jig.

Oh, how the girls got mad at me Danced 'til you'd think the ceiling would fall.

I spent three weeks at Brooks' Academy Learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

Boys were all merry and the girls they were hearty

And danced all around in couples and groups,

'Til an accident happened, young Terrance McCarthy

Put his right leg through miss Finnerty's hoops.

Poor creature fainted and cried, ``Meelia murther,"

Called for her brothers and gathered them all.

Carmody swore that he'd go no further he'd have satisfaction at Lanigan's Ball.

In the midst of the row miss Kerrigan fainted,

Her cheeks at the same time as red as a rose.

Some of the lads declared she was painted, took a drop too much I suppose

Her sweetheart, Ned Morgan, so powerful and able,

When he saw his fair colleen stretched out by the wall,

Tore the left leg from under the table, smashed all the dishes at Lanigan's Ball

Boys, oh boys, 'twas then there were ructions.

Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh.

I soon replied to his introduction And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.

Old Casey, the piper, was near being strangled.

They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters and all.

The girls, in their ribbons, they got all entangled And that put an end to Lanigan's Ball.

LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you my own sweet love I am going far away
I am bound for California But I know that I'll return some day

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

I have signed on a Yankee sailing ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the Captain of her
And they say she's a floating shame

Chorus

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor, he can get along
If not, it's a living hell

chorus

MEN OF ERIN
(The Elders)

Fare thee well me boy as you wander this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night

Please don't cry my Mother as you sit by the hearth
I will dance your memories with joy in my heart
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave

Fare thee well my boy as you wonder this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night

Please don't cry my Father as you sit by the hearth
I will dance your memories with joy in my heart
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave

Fare thee well my boy as you wonder this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night

Please don't cry my Children
As you stand by my Grave
I have danced your memories all of my days
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave

LEGACY
(Mark Sisti)

When I was still a boy so small
I always thought that you were ten feet tall
I hoped that some day I could be like you
Thought there was nothing you couldn't do
And as I grew I still believed it true
That you were richer than any king
That you could help me through anything

And as the years went flying by
We didn't always see eye to eye
So much alike in so many ways
The arguments could last for days
Saying things we didn't mean to say
But no matter how we'd disagree
I knew that you were always there for me

And now I have my own son too
So much like me, so much like you
So I guess that means the legacy still endures
And I hope the day when his time comes
he'll be as proud to be my son
As I've always been to be yours

We never talk about these things
But since we don't know what tomorrow brings
though we're not the kind to sit and say
The things that should get said each day
Still I think you always knew them anyway
But I want to tell you most of all
You never stopped being ten feet tall

MR. VALENTINE'S DEAD
(Kevin Quain)

Mr. Valentine's dead, and he's drinking Manhattans,
singing a coal miner's tune.
In his daddy's tuxedo and Fred Astaire shoes,
he's the best looking corpse in the room.
Mr. Valentine's dead, and the angels are waiting
down at the end of the bar.
They're drinking martinis and laughing at nothing,
smoking Habana cigars.

(chorus)

Have you ever seen dead men dancing so lightly?
Have you ever heard corpses who sing?
Mr. Valentine's dead and the angels will take him,
But not 'till he's finished his drink!

Mr. Valentine's dead, but it won't slow him down.
He's determined to stay on his feet.
And he bangs on the table and orders a round,
and he pays with the gold in his teeth.
Mr. Valentine's dead, and he's singing in Spanish,
wearing a rose in his hair.
Now the angels are howling and drinking tequila,
shooting their guns in the air.

(repeat chorus)

Mr. Valentine's dead, but he still loves a party.
He's always the last one to leave.
He hangs down his head and he cries like a baby
when the band plays Good Night Irene.
Mr. Valentine's dead, but he never looked better!
The priest will meet him tonight.
Tell his mom to stop crying and the band to keep playing,
'cause the angels are too drunk to fly!

(repeat chorus)

THE MOONSHINER

I've been a moonshiner for many's a year and I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
I'll go to some hollow and I'll set up my still and I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill

Chorus

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me you can leave me alone
I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry
And if moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die

I'll go to some hollow in this country
Ten gallons of wash and I'll go on a spree
No woman to follow and the world is all mine
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

Chorus

Moonshine dear moonshine oh how I love thee
You killed my poor father but dare you kill me
Bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine
For their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

Chorus

MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

In the days I went a-courtin' I was never tired resortin'
To the ale house or the play house or many a house besides.
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous
And before I return again I'd sail the world wide

So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig for praties, no longer I'll be fooled.
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll go off to California
Where instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork.
Goodby to all this pleasure, I'll be off to take me leisure
next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York

Chorus

Goodby to all the boys at home
I'm sailing far across the foam
To try and make my fortune in bold Amerikay
There's gold and jewels a-plenty
for the poor and for the gentry
And when I come back again, I never more will stray.

Chorus

NANCY WHISKEY

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, Whiskey Whiskey Nancy -O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, Whiskey Whiskey Nancy -O

I am a weaver, a Carlton weaver I am a rash and a rovin blade
I have silver in me pouches
I going to follow the rovin trade

I came in to Glasgow city, Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
I came in sat down beside her Seven long years I've loved her well

The more I kissed her the more I loved her
The more I kissed her the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teachings Nancy Whiskey had me beguiled

I woke early in the morning To quench my thirst It was my need
I tried to rise but I was unable Nancy Whiskey had me by the knees

So to all you weavers ye carlton weavers
To all you weavers wherever you be
Beware of whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me
Chorus

A NATION ONCE AGAIN

When boyhood's fire was in my blood, I read of ancient freemen.
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood 300 men and three men
And then I prayed I yet might see our fetters rent in twain
And Ireland long a province, be a nation once again.

A nation once again, a nation once again.

And Ireland long a province, be a nation once again.

Chorus

It whispered too that freedom's ark That service high and holy
Would be profaned by feelings dark And passions vain and lowly
For freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a Godly train
And righteous men must make out land A Nation Once Again

Chorus

So as I grew from boy to man I bent me to that bidding

My spirit of each selfish plan And cruel passion ridding
For thus I hoped some day to aid Oh, can such hope be vain
When my dear country should be made
A Nation Once Again

Chorus 2x

THE NIGHT PADDY MURPHY DIED

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet;
As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

Chorus

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honor and their pride;
They said it was a sin and shame and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold

Chorus

About two o'clock in the morning after empty'ing the jug
Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug
We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine
Chorus

They emptied out the jug but still they had a thirst
the next thing they had done well, you'll think it was the worst
And Mrs. Murphy fainted when the news fell on her ears
when they scraped the ice right off the corpse
and put it in their beers
CHORUS

They stopped the hearse on George St. outside Sundance Saloon
They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
Found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!
Chorus

Repeat first verse, chorus

NO MAN'S LAND (WILLIE MCBRIDE)
(Eric Bogle)

Well how do you do young Willie McBride Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done
I see by your gravestone you were only 19 when you joined the great fallen back in 1916
I hope you died well, and I hope you died clean, Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife 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 ?

did you leave a wife or sweetheart behind, in some faithful heart is your memory enshrined
Although you died back in 1916, In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen
Or are you a stranger without even a name, Enclosed forever behind the glass frame
In an old photograph, torn and battered and stained,
And faded to yellow in an old 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 now the sun shines from under the clouds,
There's no gas, no barbed-wire, there's 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 Willie McBride, it all happened again, And again, and again, and again, and again.

THE OLD DUN COW

Some friends and I in a public house were playing a game of chance one night
When into the pub a fireman ran His face all a chalky white.
"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost, Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"
"Me Aunt Mariah be bugged!", says he, "The bloody pub's on fire!"
"On fire," says Brown, "What a bit of luck. Everybody follow me.
And it's down to the cellar If the fire's not there Then we'll have a rare old spree."
So we went on down after good old Brown The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more Till we were all quite pissed.

CHORUS

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

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub And gave it a few hard knocks (/ /)
Started takin' off his pantaloons Likewise his shoes and socks.
Hold on says Brown, "that ain't allowed ya cannot do that thing here.
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine tub When we got Coors light beer."

Chorus

And then there came a mighty crash Half the bloody roof gave way
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose But still we were gonna stay.
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat there swallyin' pints of stout Till we were bleary-eyed.

Chorus

THE OLD HIGH CROSS

(Mark Sisti)

She a landlord's daughter and me a tenant's son
As children we would run and play, our childhoods were as one
Hiding from her father's gaze, hand in hand we'd run
And together laying down we'd watch the setting sun

And the hills they sloped down to the cemetery walls
With its gates cloaked with ivy and moss
We would stay there until at last we heard her father call
In the shade of the old high cross

As we grew older there was no escaping fate
And neither one could stop it and neither one could wait
Not on these grounds I whispered for the forces here are great
So are mine, she laughed, and pulled me down beside the iron gate

And the hills they sloped down to the cemetery walls
And we lay without a thought of childhood's loss
And we said we'd love forever till the sky itself would fall
And we swore on the old high cross

I don't know if he saw us or if somebody told
But we should have guessed that somehow he would know
Some say she ran blindly, some say he lost control
But they found her body on the rocks below

And the hills they sloped down to the cemetery grounds
With its graves hard with ice and frost
In the trees I hit and watched as they lowered her down
In the shadow of the old high cross

When they came to arrest me I didn't understand
But her father said he saw me take her life with my own hands
Never would I hurt her, I wept upon the stand
But who would they believe, me, or the man who held the lands

And the hills they sloped down to the cemetery lawn
And I wonder whether love is worth the cost
As I lay here in this prison cell and count the hours till dawn
When they hang me from the old high cross

PARTING GLASS

Oh, all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that e'er I've done,
Alas, it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now, I can't recall,
So fill to me the Parting Glass,
Goodnight, and joy be with you all.

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

RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSY

There were three old gypsies came to our front door.
They came brave and boldly-o.
And one sang high and the other sang low
And the other sang a raggle taggle gypsy-o.

It was upstairs, downstairs the lady went,
Put on her suit of leather-o,
And it was the cry all around her door;
"She's away with the raggle taggle gypsy-o"
It was late that night when the lord came in,
Enquiring for his lady-o,
And the servant girl's reply to him was;
"She's away with the raggle taggle gypsy-o"

"Then saddle for me my milk-white steed
Me big horse is not speedy-o
And I will ride and I'll seek me bride,
She's away with the raggle taggle gypsy-o"
He rode east and he rode west He rode north and south also,
And when he rode to the wide open field
It was there that he spied his lady-o.

"Arra, why did you leave your house and your land,
Why did you leave your money-o?
Why did you leave your only wedded lord
All for the raggle taggle gypsy-o?"
"Yerra what do I care for me house and me land?
What do I care for money-o?
Tonight I'll Lie in a wide open field
in the arms of a raggle taggle gypsy-o"

"Arra, why did you leave your goose feather bed,
Blankets drawn so comely-o.
Why did you leave your only wedded lord
All for the raggle taggle gypsy-o?"
"Yerra, what do I care for me goose feather bed?
Yerra, what do I care for blankets-o?
I'd rather have a kiss of the yellow gypsy's lips
I'm away with the raggle taggle gypsy-o"

RATTLIN' BOG

O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree

With the tree in the bog

And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb

With the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog

And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin' branch

With the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog

And the bog down in the valley-o.

(Repeat, adding a line each time)

Now on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin' twig.....

Now on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest.....

Now in that nest there was an egg , a rare egg, a rattlin' egg.....

Now in that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird.....

Now on that bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather

Now on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea

REAL OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Let grasses grow and the waters flow in the free and easy way,
but give me enough of the rare old stuff
that's made near Galway Bay.
The policemen all, from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too,
Oh we'll give them the slip, and we'll take a sip
of the real old mountain dew.

CHORUS:

Di de deedle didle dum Diddle um di um
Diddle um di diddle di day
Di de deedle didle dum Diddle um di um
Diddle um di diddle di day

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still
where the smoke curls up to the sky,
by the smoke and the smell, you can plainly tell
that there's poteen brewin' near by.
It fills the air with a perfume rare, and betwixt both me and you
as home we go, we will take a bowl,
of the real old mountain dew.

Chorus

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote the praises high
of the sweet poteen from Ireland green
distilled from wheat and rye.
Throw away with your pills, it will cure all ills,
be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,
so take off your coat, and grease your throat
with the real old mountain dew.

Chorus

REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting by the fire Eating spuds and drinking porter
Suddenly a thought came into my head
I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter.

Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae Giddy i-ae for the one-eyed Reilly
Giddy i-ae (//) Play it on your old bass drum.

Reilly played on the big bass drum
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter
Reilly had a bright red glittering eye
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter. CHORUS

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue
The colonel and the major and the captain sought her
The sergeant and the private and the drummer boy too
But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter. CHORUS

I got me a ring and a parson too
Got me a scratch in a married quarter
Settled me down to a peaceful life
Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter. CHORUS

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs
Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter
With two pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who had married his daughter.

CHORUS

I caught old Reilly by the hair Rammed his head in a pail of water
Fired his pistols into the air
A damned sight quicker than I married his daughter.

CHORUS

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

Well in the merry month of June, now from me home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted;
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother.
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin;
With a brand new pair of Brogues I rattled o'er the bogs
I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin...
one, two, three, four, five, hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-de-rah.

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, this morning light and airy;
Took a drop of "pure" to keep me heart from shrinking;
That's always an Paddy's cure when he's troubled with thinking.
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, set my heart a-bubbling;
They asked if I was hired, the wages I required,
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin...

In Dublin next arrived - I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city.
Then I took a stroll, all among the quality;
Me bundle it was stolen, all in a neat locality.
Something crossed me mind and I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobbling.
Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.
From there I got away, me spirits never failing,
Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailing.
The Captain at me roared, swore that no room had he;
But when I jumped board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs, I played such rummy rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling;
But when off Holyhead I wished that I was dead
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin.
The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.
Me blood began to boil, me temper I was losing;
And poor old Erin's Isle, they all began abusing.
"Hurrah, me boys," says I, my shillelagh I let fly.
Galway boys were by -they saw I was a-hobblin,
With a loud "Hurray!" joined me in the fray.
Quickly clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

RODDY MCCORLEY

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

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

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

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

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.
Well, I called me 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 still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me 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 ... I saw a coat behind the door...
Well, I called me wife and I said to her ... Who owns that coat ...
"Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk... That's a woolen blanket... sent to me."
Well, it's many a day I've traveled.... But buttons on a blanket...

As I went home on Wednesday night... I saw a pipe upon the chair ...
I called me wife and I said to her... Who owns that pipe...
Oh you're drunk you're drunk... That's a lovely tin whistle... sent to me
"Well, it's many a day I've traveled... But tobacco in a tin whistle...

As I went home on Thursday night ... I saw two boots beneath the bed...
Well, I called me wife and I said to her... Who owns them boots ...
you're drunk, you're drunk... They're two lovely geranium pots...
Well, it's many a day I've traveled... But laces in geranium pots...

As I went home on Friday night... I saw a head upon the bed ...
I called me wife and I said to her... Who owns that head upon the bed
you're drunk, you're drunk ... That's a lovely baby boy... sent to me."
Well, it's many a day ... But a baby boy with his whiskers on...

As I went home on Saturday night ... I saw two hands upon her breasts Well, I called my wife ...
Who owns those hands upon your breasts ...
You're drunk, you're drunk... That's a lovely wonder bra... sent to me."
Well it's many a day I traveled... But fingers on a wonder bra...

I went home on Sunday night a little after three
I saw a thing inside her thing where my old thing should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her Will you kindly tell to me;
Who owns that thing in your old thing where my old thing should be?"
Oh you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see;
That's that lovely English boy me mother sent to me."
"Well, it's many a day I traveled, a hundred miles and more;
But an Englishman who last till three I never saw before."

THE SHORES OF THE SWILLY

(Phil Coulter)

By the shores of the Swilly, two children at play
The king of the castle, the queen of the may
Just me and my sister, in a world of pretend
Where the sun would keep shining, the day never end

By the shores of the Swilly, now with kids of our own
Another year over, and see how they've grown
Then we'd watch the last sunset, and walk arm in arm
Till I see you next summer; God keep you from harm

And if I was a flier who crashed now and then,
she would put me together and fly me again.

Solo

And if I was a flier who crashed now and then,
she would put me together and fly me again.

By the shores of the Swilly, with an aching inside
I'll watch as her body is raised from the tide...
Her life has been taken, and I'll never know why
but I feel in that moment, a part of me died...

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME
(Mark Sisti)

I've been here forever since the world began
Through a million lifetimes across a million lands
You've been there forever, just beyond my hands
We have been alone too long
I see you while sleeping
and in dreamworlds we're entwined
Awake I can't keep it and
I have loved you since the dawn of time

Though we've had worlds between us
You were always on my mind
You were the one thing I could never leave behind
I always end up wishing Fate had been more kind
We have been alone too long
Delusional afterglow
as hope it starts to climb
Brought down by the undertow
And I have loved you since the dawn of time

Now again I see you on the wrong side of the door
Why do I feel that we have both been here before
I'd love to come and join you but how can I be sure
We have been alone too long
And still I convince myself
That further down the line
We'll settle for nothing less
Cause I have loved you since the dawn of time

SONS OF MOLLY
(Chuck Rogers)

When the wind blows wild at night
past the breaker's melancholy.
If you stand in the dark with your ear to the wind
you can hear the Sons of Molly.
Deep in the dark of the old mine shaft
you can smell the smoke and the fire.
And the whispers low in the mines below
are the ghost of Molly Maguire.

I'll tell you boys Alex Campbell is my name
and I come from Carbon County.
I shot the boss of the Lansford Mine
and my soul is up for bounty.
But I will die with my head held high
for I fought for the men below.
Those men who fought and sweat and died
Down in that black hell hole.

I'll tell you boys Mickey Doyle is my name
and I'm hanging in the morning.
I shot Jack Jones for skinnin' my bones
and I curse the sound of mourning.
But I will die with my head held high
for I fought for the men below.
Those men who fought and sweat and died
Down in that black hell hole.

I'll tell you boys Edward Kelly is my name
and no pistol did I fire.
Yet I will fall from the gallows wall
just for being a Molly Maguire.
But I will die with my head held high
for I fought for the men below.
For the men who fought and sweat and died
Down in that black hell hole.

SPANCIL HILL

One night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind been bent on ramblin to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will
And when next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill

Being on the 23rd of June the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The young the old, the brave and the bold came their duties to fulfill
At the parish church near Cloony, a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone the young ones turning grey
I met with the tailor Quigley he's as bold as ever still
Ah he used to make me britches when I lived at Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
She's white as any lily as gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me saying Johnny I love you still
Ah she's yet the farmer's daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill

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

STAND WITH ME, BOYS
(Mark Sisti)

We sailed out from the island the way we have for years
The sea was calm the sun was bright the sky was blue and clear
It's a lovely day to sail I said looking to the sea
But captain he just frowned and said those clouds they worry me
We'd been at sea for two days when the winds they turned around
The sky turned black the thunder cracked the rain came crashing down
We cannot see the shoreline, we've got no place to run
We'll have to ride it out right here until the storm is done

CHORUS

*And it's stand with me boys Though the wind blows bitter cold
Or the sea will claim your body as the devil claims your soul*

The first mate says to me it's just two weeks since I wed
Mary begged me not to sail, not to leave my wedding bed
And I'm not afraid of dying It holds no fear for me
But I'd rather not go down below in another sailor's sea

Chorus

Just then we heard the bells, saw the lighthouse through the haze
we struggled for the distant shore as the lightning brightly blazed
We stumbled to the port and we kissed the solid ground
As the final man set foot on land the brave old ship went down
We sought the lighthouse keeper so that we could thank the man
They said, the keeper died this morn, just as the storm began.
There's been no one to shine the light, no one to ring the bell
I guess someone wants you here more than they wanted you in hell
Chorus

STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down, one morning last July
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen
and she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so neat from her 2 white feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Such a coaxing elf I'd to shake myself to be sure I was standing there

CHORUS:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen that I met in County Down

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

CHORUS:

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly and a smile like the rose in June
And you held each note from her lily-white throat, as she lilted an Irish tune
At the pattern dance you were in trance as she tripped through a jig or reel
When her eyes she'd roll, she would lift soul as your heart she would likely steal

CHORUS:

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there and I'll dress my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
for a smile from the nut-brown Rose
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke, let my plough with the rust turns brown
Till a smiling bride by my fireside sits the star of the County Down

CHORUS

STEP IT OUT MARY

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter

Step it out Mary, if you can

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter

Show your legs to the countryman

In the village of Kildoran, there's maiden young and fair
Her eyes they shone like diamonds she had long and golden hair
But the countryman came calling, he came to her father's gate
He came on a milk white stallion, he came at the stroke of eight

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus 2x

STINGY JACK
(Mark Sisti)

Stingy Jack was a mean old miser Coldest man that there ever could be
Learned a lot of things but he never got wiser As you soon shall see

Now one day the devil came to make Jack an offer
Said, "You'll have more money than your house can hold
But in return for me fillin' up your coffers You'll pledge to me your soul"

CHORUS

You can cheat your fellow man you can con your cousin
You can bilk your brother you can swindle your kin
But a clever man is never on the level with the devil
Cause you never ever ever can win

Now Jack was a cunning lad and well he knew it And he told the Devil, sounds good to me
But let's see if you've got the power to do it Go climb that highest tree

The devil had a wicked smile on his face
And reached the highest branch with a bound
Jack put crosses all around the trunk So the devil couldn't come down

CHORUS

BRIDGE

Well the Devil screamed and he threatened and he pleaded
For Jack to move the crosses from the base of the tree
Says Jack I'll do it in return for your promise that the gates of Hell stay closed to me

He died a rich man at 87 But his money didn't help when death came to call
St. Peter told him at the gates of heaven, you don't belong here at all

When he went down below it was even worse He wasn't allowed in there as well
The Devil he laughed and said your curse Is to wander forever Twixt heaven and hell

And the Devil threw an ember from Hell's own flame
Jack put it in a lantern to light his way
And he wanders for ever in sin and shame
And he's wanderin still today

Chorus

TELL ME MA

I'll tell me ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled me hair and stoled me comb But that's alright till I get home
She is handsome she is pretty she is the belle of Belfast city
She is a-courtin (///)1-2-3 please won't you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her all of the boys are fightin for her
They knock at the door and ringin the bell Sayin oh my true love are well
Out she comes and white as snow, rings on her fingers bells on her toes
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die
if she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high
Smoke come travelin from the sky
she's as nice as apple pie
She'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she goes home
Let them all come as they will
cause it's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus

THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

There were three drunken maidens down from the Isle of Wight
They started to drink on a Monday never stopped till Saturday night
When Saturday night it came me lads still they wouldn't get out
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about

Then in came bouncing Sally with her cheeks as red as the bloom
Said Bump up me jolly sisters and give old Sal some room
And I will be your equal before the evenin's out
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about

They had woodcock and pheasant they had partridge and hare
and every sort of dainty no shortage there was there
They'd forty gallons of beer me lads but still they wouldn't get out
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about

Then in came the landlord he was looking for his pay
Forty pounds for beer me lads these girls were forced to pay
They had ten pounds apiece me lads but still they wouldn't get out
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about

Where are all your fancy hats your mantles rich and fine
They've all been swallowed up me lads with tankards of fine wine
And where are all your young men, young maidens frisk and gay
You left them in the ale house and its there you'll have to pay
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about
And then three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains,
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier,
Saying 'Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver'.

Musha ring am a do ama dah ////
Whack fol the daddy o, // Whack fol the daddy o,
There's whiskey in the jar. (HEY!)

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Chorus

Then I went upstairs all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny drew my charges, she filled them up with water,
She sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

'Twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrel
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

Now some take delight in the carriages arollin
Others take delight in the hurley and the bowling
I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Chorus

Chorus

WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland, In a place call 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 through Australia's sunny shore He was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich he helped the poor, he shot James McEvoy
A terror to Australia was The Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
While listening to the mocking birds Singing a cheerful song,
Out jumped 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 it's three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's high name you are a plundering son."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them high
"I'll fight, but not surrender said The Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground.
And turning round to Davis he received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his brave young heart From the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh the Summer time is coming
and the air is sweetly bloomin
And the wild mountain thyme
Flows along the bloomin heather

Will you go lassies go
And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme
All along the bloomin heather
Will you go lassies go

I will build my love a bower by yon clear and crystal fountain
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain
Will you go lassies go

And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme
All along the bloomin heather
Will you go lassies go

If my true love she were gone I would surely find another
to pull wild mountain thyme All along the bloomin heather
Will you go lassies go

And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme
All along the bloomin heather
Will you go lassies go

WILD ROVER

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

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

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

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

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

(since there are times when people are unable to clap, such as, for example, if they have a beer in their hands, we have devised a way in which they may still participate. In lieu of, or in addition to, the four claps at the end of the first line of the verse, you may yell (quite loudly) "Lift up your glass!" Then when it's time for the two claps simply substitute the two-syllable phrase "UP YOURS!" Please note, this is not rude or off color in any way. It is a polite and cordial response to the lift up your glass line, as if to say, "And you lift up your glass as well." That, of course, is too many syllables so we shortened it to "Up Yours.") It's fun. Try it. Tell the kids.

YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD DANCED

(Mark Sisti)

We went to a concert my lovely lass and me
Listening to the music as proper as can be
Once or twice we'd nod our heads, or maybe tap our feet
But for the most part sat there with the arse upon the seat.
In front of us this young girl was jumping up and down
She turned and watched us sitting there and scolded us with a frown
She wasn't none too sober not quite right in the head
But she made her point quite clearly and this is what she said

Chorus

Who knows where we'll be tomorrow We only know today
And what the future will bring us None of us can say
So drink up while you can, you may not get another chance
When you're dead, you'll wish you had danced.

Now what the girl was doing I suppose you call it dance
Even though it looked more like she had bugs crawling in her pants
But she didn't care a little she just moved all wild and free
And it was plain that she was having a much better time than me

Chorus

Don't live your life worrying about what people might say
Don't stand and watch the others have all the fun
Don't put off until tomorrow things you want to do today
Don't leave regretting things you left undone

Though I'm still not the dancing kind there's little else that I won't do
And I'll try my best to do it all before my time is through
And I won't live my life based on what other folks might think
I'll smile at them and tip my cap and offer them a drink and say