

SONGS and LYRICS

BENEDICTINE COLLEGE SLOW SESSION 2007

These songs and lyrics have been collected from many sources on the Internet. The sheet music is followed a section where you can find the song lyrics. (Both sections are in Alphabetical order.)

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The Beggarman's Song

(Irish)

♩ = 150

Musical score for "The Beggarman's Song" in 6/8 time, featuring four staves of music with guitar chords. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 150. The chords are: A, A, A, A, A, A, D, A, A, A, A, E, A, F#m, Em, A, A, A, A, A, A, D, A, A, A, A, A, E, A, F#m, A, A, A, A, A, A, D, A, A, A, A.

The Black Velvet Band

♩ = 120

Musical score for "The Black Velvet Band" in 3/4 time, featuring three staves of music with guitar chords. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 120. The chords are: D, A, D, Bm, Em, A, D.

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Musical score for "Bonnie Ship the Diamond" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. The second and third staves continue the melody. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Bm, Em Em, Bm Em, Em Em, Bm Bm, Em Em, Bm Em, A D, EmBm, Em Em, Bm Em, Em Em, Bm Bm, Em Em, Bm Em, A D, Em Em, Em Bm, Em Em, Em A, Em Bm, Em Bm, Em Bm, Em Bm, Em Bm, Em Bm.

Botany Bay

Musical score for "Botany Bay" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. The second, third, and fourth staves continue the melody. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Am, Em, Am, Bm, G, Em, Em, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Am, Bm, G, Em.

Danny Boy / Londonderry Air

anon., words: Fred E. Weatherly (Ireland)

♩ = 96

Chords: G, C, G, Em, A7, D7, G, G7, C, D7, G, D7, G, D7, G, C, D7, G, D7, G, C, E7, A7, D7, G, C, G, Em7, C, D7, G, D7, G

The Darwinian Theory

♩ = 100

Chords: D, D, Bm, D, G, Em, D, D, G, Bm, D, D, A, F#m, D, D, D, D, D, D, D, G, A, A, D, D, D, D, Bm, A, F#m, D, D, F#m, Bm, D, D, F#m, Bm, D, A, A, A, A, D, F#m, D, D, D, D, Bm, D, G, D, D, D, G, Bm, D, D, A, F#m

Down by the Sally Gardens

Trad. (Irish)

$\text{♩} = 100$

Musical score for "Down by the Sally Gardens" in D major, 2/2 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The chord progression is as follows:

Staff 1: D A Bm D Bm A D D

Staff 2: D A Bm D Bm A D D

Staff 3: D Bm A D Bm D D D

Staff 4: D A Bm D Bm A

Finnegan's Wake

(Irish)

$\text{♩} = 120$

Musical score for "Finnegan's Wake" in A minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The key signature has no sharps or flats. The chord progression is as follows:

Staff 1: Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Dm Am Am Am Am Am Am Am

Staff 2: Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am Am

Staff 3: Am Am Am Am Am Am G G Am Am Am Am Am Am Am

Foggy Dew

Em Am D D Em Bm 1 Em 2 Em

G D Em Bm

Em Am D D Em Bm Em

From Clare to Here

G transposed from C

Em D D Em D D D

Em D D Em D D D D Em

D D D Em Em D Em Em

D D D G Em Em Am

Em D D D D Em Em Em

D D D Em Em

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John (Ireland)

♩ = 130

Musical notation for the first part of the song, consisting of four staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. Chords are indicated above the notes: G, C, G, D, G, D, G, D7, G.

Chorus:

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of three staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, G, Em, G, D, G, C, G, D, D7, G.

Green Grow The Rushes, Oh

Musical notation for the song, consisting of two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. Chords are indicated above the notes: Em, Em, Am, Am, C, G, 1 Am, Em, 2 Am, G, Em, G, Am, Am, Em, G, 1 Am, G, 2 Am, Em.

Gypsy Rover

Musical notation for "Gypsy Rover" in G major, 4/4 time. The piece consists of two staves of music. The first staff contains four measures with chords D, A7, D, A7, D, A7, D, and A7. The second staff contains four measures with chords D, A7, D, F#7 Bm, D, G, D, G, and D.

I'll Tell Me MA

♩ = 240

Musical notation for "I'll Tell Me MA" in G major, 4/4 time. The piece consists of four staves of music. The first staff contains four measures with chords G, C, G, D7, and G. The second staff contains four measures with chords C, G, D7, and G. The third staff contains four measures with chords G, G7, C, G, and D7. The fourth staff contains four measures with chords G, G7, C, G, D7, and G.

Johnny Cope

(Scots)

$\text{♩} = 100$

Musical score for "Johnny Cope" in 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The tempo is marked as $\text{♩} = 100$. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major). The chords are: Am, Am, Am, Am, C, Em, G, Em, Am, G, C, Em, C, Am, Am, Am, Am, Am, C, Am, G, Em, G, G, G, G, G, Am, G, Em, C, Am.

Johnny Jump up

Musical score for "Johnny Jump up" in 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F# major). The chords are: Em, Em, Em, Em, A, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Bm, A, Em, A, A, Bm, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, A, Em, Em, A, Bm, Em, Em, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, Em, A.

The Juice of the Barley

(Irish)

♩. = 100

Musical score for 'The Juice of the Barley' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked as ♩. = 100. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The chords are indicated above the notes: D, D, G, D, D, D, G, Em. The second staff continues the melody with chords: D, D, G, D, D, Bm, G, Em. The third staff concludes the piece with chords: D, D, D, D, D, Em.

Hard Times (Come again no more)

Musical score for 'Hard Times (Come again no more)' in 2/2 time, key of G major. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The chords are indicated above the notes: A G, G G, G, G G, G Em, G G, G, A, G. The second staff continues the melody with chords: A G, G G, G, G G, G Em, G G, G, A, G. The third staff continues the melody with chords: A G, G, G G, Em, G, G G, Em, G, G, A. The fourth staff concludes the piece with chords: A A, G G, G, G G, G Em, G G, G, A, G.

High Germany

Trad. (Irish)

♩ = 200

Em G Am Em

G G C G Em

G Bm G Am

Em G Am Em

Leaving Liverpool

♩ = 100

G G D G Em G G G Em G D D G

G G D G Em G G G G D G G

D D G D Em G G G G G Em D D G

G G G D Em G G G G D G

Lily of the West / Lakes of Ponchartrain

Em Em G Em Em D G Em D Em Bm Em Em Em Em G

G Em G Em Bm Em Em Bm Em G Em D Em C G Em Em Em

G Em G Em Bm Em Em Bm Em G Em D Em C G Em Em Em

Em Em G Em Em D G Em D Em Bm Em Em Em Em

Loch Lomond

♩ = 240

Chords: A G Em C D

Chords: G Em C D

Chords: Em G C D

Chords: G C D G

Jig not played in dance

Chords: G Em C D

Chords: G Em C D

Chords: Em G C D

Chords: G C D G

The Maid that Sold Her Barley

(Irish)

♩. = 100

Musical notation for 'The Maid that Sold Her Barley' in 6/8 time. The piece consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩. = 100. The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor). The first staff contains 12 measures with chords: Am, G, Am, G, Am, Am, G, Am, G, Am. The second staff contains 12 measures with chords: Am, C, Am, Am, G, Am, G, Am.

Mairi's Wedding

Musical notation for 'Mairi's Wedding' in 4/4 time. The key signature is two sharps (D major). The piece consists of four staves of music. The first staff has 4 measures with chords: D, D, G, A7. The second staff has 4 measures with chords: D, D, G, A7. The third staff has 4 measures with chords: D, Bm, E7, A. The fourth staff has 4 measures with chords: F#m, Bm, Em, A7.

Molly Mallone

♩ = 108

The first system consists of four staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The notes and chords are as follows:

- Staff 1: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.
- Staff 2: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.
- Staff 3: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.
- Staff 4: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.

Chorus:

The chorus consists of two staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The notes and chords are as follows:

- Staff 1: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.
- Staff 2: G (chord), notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3.

No Irish Need Apply

♩. = 100

Musical score for "No Irish Need Apply" in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of four staves of music with guitar chords written above the notes. The chords are: G, G, G, D, G, G, D, D, G, D, Em, Em, G, G, Am, G (Staff 1); G, G, G, D, G, G, D, D, G, D, Em, Em, G, D, G, Em (Staff 2); C, C, Em, D, G, G, G, Em, D, D, D, D, D, A, G, G (Staff 3); G, G, G, D, G, G, D, D, G, D, Em, Em, G, D (Staff 4).

Over The Hills And Far Away

Musical score for "Over The Hills And Far Away" in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of four staves of music with guitar chords written above the notes. The chords are: D, D, Bm, Em, D, D, Em, Em (Staff 1); D, D, Bm, Em, D, D, D, Em (Staff 2); D, D, Bm, Bm, D, Em, D, Em (Staff 3); D, D, Bm, Em, D, D, 1 D, Em, 2 Em (Staff 4).

The Parting Glass

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 80$

Bm D A Bm A

Bm D A Bm A Bm

D D Bm A

Bm D A Bm A Bm

Raglan Road

Patrick Kavanagh

$\text{♩} = 160$

D G D

G G D

Bm G

D Bm A A7 D

G D G D

Rattlin, Roarin' Willie

(Scots)

♩. = 100

Musical notation for 'Rattlin, Roarin' Willie' in G major, 9/8 time. The piece consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩. = 100. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the following chords: G, G, G, F, Am, G, G, G, G, G, G. The second staff contains the following chords: G, G, G, F, D, C, G, Em, Em.

Red is the Rose in G

(Irish)

♩. = 100

Musical notation for 'Red is the Rose in G' in G major, 6/8 time. The piece consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩. = 100. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the following chords: G, Bm, A7, A7, Em. The second staff contains the following chords: G, Em, D, A. The third staff contains the following chords: Em, Bm, G, A#, A7, Em, A. The fourth staff contains the following chords: G, Em, G, A7, G.

Rye Whisky

♩. = 80

Musical notation for 'Rye Whisky' in G major, 6/8 time. The piece consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩. = 80. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the following chords: D, D, D, D, Bm, D, D, D. The second staff contains the following chords: G, D, D, D, Bm, D.

Skye Boat Song

G Am D7 G C G D7
 Em Am Em Am Em 1 2 D7
 Last time G Am D7 G 1 C G D7 2 C D G

Spanish Lady in D

traditional

♩ = 400

D D D Bm D D A G A D D Bm D D D
 D D D Bm D D A G A D D Bm D D
 D D D D A D D A D D D A D A
 D D D D A D D A G A D D Bm D D

Dublin City (Spanish Lady)

(Irish)

$\text{♩} = 100$

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as 100 bpm. The chords are indicated above the notes.

Staff 1: G Bm G G Am G Em G G Bm G G Am G Em G

Staff 2: G G D G G G D D G G G G Am G Em G

Staff 3: G G G G Am G Em G G G G G Am G Em D

The South Wind

G G G G D G D G
 G G Em Em G G D G
 G G G G D G D G
 G G Em Em G G D D
 G D G Em G Em G C
 G G G G D G D D
 G D G Em G Em G C
 G G Am D G

Star of the County Down (Bm)

Traditional

♩ = 180

Musical score for "Star of the County Down" in B minor, 4/4 time, tempo 180. The score consists of six staves of music. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The chords used are Bm, A, D, F#m, and G. There are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) on the second, fourth, and sixth staves.

Star of the County Down (Em)

Musical score for "Star of the County Down" in E minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The chords used are Em/E, C, G/G, D/D, and Bm/B. The score includes a first and second ending for the final measure.

Star of the County Down "Played as jig after song"

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 120$

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The piece consists of six staves of music. The chords are indicated above the notes on each staff.

Staff 1: Em G Em D

Staff 2: Em G Em Bm Em

Staff 3: G D Em D

Staff 4: C G D Em C Em

Staff 5: G D Em D

Staff 6: Em G D Em C Em

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation

(Scots)

♩ = 100

Musical score for "Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 100. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The chords are: Bm, Bm, Bm, Bm, Em, A, Bm, D; Bm, Bm, Bm, Bm, Em, A, Bm, Bm; Bm, Bm, A, F#m, Bm, Em, Bm, Bm; A, Bm, A, Bm, A, A.

Unfortunate Rake / Unfortunate Lass

Streets of Laredo

anon. (USA)

Musical score for "Unfortunate Rake / Unfortunate Lass" in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The chords are: G, D7, G, D7; G, Am, A, D7; G, D7, G, D7; G, Bb, D7, G.

Whiskey in the Jar – D

$\text{♩} = 220$

D Bm

G D

Bm

G D

Chorus:

A7 D D7

G D A7 D

Wild Mountain Thyme

F G Am C Am

Am C G7 F Am F

G Am C Am C

Am C G7 F G7 Am F G Am C

Wild Mountain Thyme – G

$\text{♩} = 130$

Chords: G, D, Em, C, D7, G, C, D, Em, C, Am, C, G, C, G

Chorus:

Chords: C, D7, G, C, D, Em, C, Am, C, G, C, G

Wild Rover

Chords: G, G, G, G, C, C, G, C, G, G, G, G, G, G, G, G, D, D, D, G, G, G, C, C, G, G, D, C, G, G, G, G

Will Ye Go To Flanders?

(Scottish, early 19th century)

$\text{♩} = 60$

C F C Dm C Am Em F F C

Am Em F F C F C F C Dm C

Beggarman's Song, The

I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been
For three score years in this little isle of green
I'm known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo
And everybody calls me by the name of Johnny Dhu

Chorus:

Of all the trades a going, sure the begging is the best
For when a man is tired he can sit him down and rest
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do
But to slip around the corner with his old rigadoo

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn
A shocking wet night it was, but I slept until the dawn
There was holes in the roof and the raindrops coming thru
And the rats and the cats were a playing peek a boo

Who did I waken but the woman of the house
With her white spotted apron and her calico blouse
She began to frighten and I said boo
Sure, don't be afraid at all, it's only Johnny Dhu

I met a little girl while a walkin out one day
Good morrow little flaxen haired girl, I did say
Good morrow little beggarman and how do you do
With your rags and your tags and your auld rigadoo

I'll buy a pair of leggins and a collar and a tie
And a nice young lady I'll go courting by and by
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll color them with blue
And an old fashioned lady I will make her too

So all along the high road with my bag upon my back
Over the fields with my bulging heavy sack
With holes in my shoes and my toes a peeping thru
Singing, skin a ma rink a doodle with my auld rigadoo

O I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night
The fire is all raked and now tis out of light
For now you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo
So good and God be with you, from auld Johnny Dhu

Black Velvet Band, The

Chorus:

Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds.
You'd think she was queen of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound.
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town.
But bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations. They follow the black velvet band.

Chorus

Well, I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far,
When I met with a frolicsome damsel. She was selling her trade in the bar.
A watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into my hand.
Then the law came and put me in prison.
Bad luck to her black velvet band

Chorus

Next morning, before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear.
And the judge, he said "my young fellow, the case against you is quite clear.
And seven long years is your sentence. You're going to Van Diemen's Land,
Far away from your friends and relations. They follow the black velvet band."

Chorus

Now, come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warning by me.
And whenever you're out on the liquor, my lads, beware of the pretty colleens.
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, til you are not able to stand.
And the very next thing that you know, my lads, you've landed in Van Diemen's
Land.

Chorus

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship me lads,
For the Davis Straits she's bound
And the Quay it is all garnished
With bonnie lassies round
Captain Thompson gives the order
To sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets me
lads
Nor darkness dims the sky.

(Chorus)
And it's cheer up, me lads
Let your hearts never fail,
For the bonnie ship The Diamond
Goes a-fishing for the whale

Along the quay at Peterhead
The lassies stand around
Wi' their shawls all pulled about
them
And the salt tears runnin' down
Oh don't you weep, my bonnie lass,
Though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on
Greenland's ice
Before we change our mind.

Chorus

Here's a health to The Resolution,
Likewise the Eliza Swan
Here's a health to the Battler of
Montrose
And The Diamond ship of fame
We wear the trousers of the white
And the jackets of the blue
When we return to Peterhead,
We'll hae sweethearts enoo.

Chorus

It'll be bright both day and night
When the Greenland lads come
hame
Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil me lads
And money to our name
We'll make the cradles for to rock
And the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead
Sing hushabye my dear

Chorus

Botany Bay

Come all you men of learning,
And a warning take by me,
I would have you quit night walking,
And shun bad company.
I would have you quit night walking,
Or else you'll rue the day,
You'll rue your transportation, lads,
When you're bound for Botany Bay.

I was brought up in London town
And a place I know full well,
Brought up by honest parents
For the truth to you I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents,
And rear'd most tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade,
Which proved my destiny.

My character soon taken was,
And I was sent to jail,
My friends they tried to clear me,
But nothing could prevail.
At the Old Bailey Sessions,
The Judge to me did say,
"The Jury's found you guilty, lad,
So you must go to Botany Bay."

To see my aged father dear,
As he stood near the bar,
Likewise my tender mother,
Her old grey locks to tear;
In tearing of her old grey locks
These words to me did say,
"O Son! O Son! What have you
done
That you're going to Botany Bay?"

It was on the twenty eighth of May,
From England we did steer,
And, all things being safe on board
We sail'd down the river, clear.
And every ship that we pass'd by,
We heard the sailors say,
"There goes a ship of clever hands,
And they're bound for Botany Bay."
There is a girl in Manchester,
A girl I know full well,
And if ever I get my liberty,
Along with her I'll dwell.
O, then I mean to marry her,
And no more to go astray;
I'll shun all evil company,
Bid adieu to Botany Bay.

Danny Boy / Londonderry Air

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

But come ye back, when summer's in the meadow,
and all the valley's hushed and white with snow.
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so

But when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying
and I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'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 a bove me,
and all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
for you will bend, and tell me that you love me,
and I shall sleep in peace until you come to me
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so

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Darwinian Theory, The

Oh! Have you heard the news of late
About our great original state?
If you have not, I will relate
The grand Darwinian Theory.
Take care as you saunter along the street
How you tread on the dust beneath your feet;
You may crush a cherub in embryo sweet
For each atom may hold a germ complete,
Which, by some mystical process slow
And selective power, to a monkey grow,
And from that to a man, the truth to show
Of the grand Darwinian theory.

Oh! Hokey, pokey, Kanuwan
From nothing to something, from monkey to man
Oh! This is the great developing plan
Of the grand Darwinian theory.

The beginning of all was a little cell
Composed of what substance, no one can tell,
Endowed with the power to develop and swell
Into general life by this theory.
With a power to select what it wished to be
A fungus or flower, a bush or a tree,
A fowl of the air or a fish of the sea,
A cow or a sheep, a bug or a flea,
Or, if tired of these it may change its plan
Be a cat or a dog or O-rang-oo-tan,
But culminating, at last, in a man
By this grand Darwinian theory.

Oh! Hokey, Pokey, pow'r of selection,
Choose yourself your particular section,
A peasant, or lord with a great connection;
By the grand Darwinian theory.

Your attention, ladies, let me win it;
Just think of this theory for a minute,
Is there really not something distressing in it ---
To think that you sprang from a monkey?
That delicate hand was a monkey's paw
Those lovely lips graced a monkey's jaw,
Those handsome ankles, so trim and neat
One time surmounted a monkey's feet
Those sparkling eyes a monkey did lend,

That graceful form from one did descend
From a monkey you borrowed the Grecian bend,
By this grand Darwinian theory.

Oh! Hokey, pokey, protoplasm
'Tween monkeys and men there is no chasm
Why shouldn't you clasp them to your bosom?
They're infant men, in theory.

Some murderers we, far worse than Cain,
For darker deeds our character stain;
For thousands of brothers we've eaten and slain
By the grand Darwinian theory.
While sitting at breakfast, and picking the wing
Of a pigeon or grouse, or some other thing,
Or dining on mutton --- or lamb, in the spring ---
Or on salmon or trout, or on cod or on ling...
Gaze into the future and, say, can't you see
What horrible cannibals we all must be,
Devouring the flesh, which may yet become we,
By the grand Darwinian theory.

Oh! Hokey, pokey, ringo-ging
The cannibal islands once had a King
Who ate his own kin; but to us he's no thing
When compared in the light of this theory.

But why should the theory end with man?
If he has been less, surely more he can
And should be, by the great developing plan
Of the grand Darwinian theory.
Why should he not on this earth yet be
An angel, or god, like Mercury
With a wing on each shoulder, each ankle and
knee?
Oh! how delightful then it will be
When sighing, and wishing your sweetheart to see
To wipe your beak, and just upwards flee
Like birds --- and meet your love on a tree
On the top of a hill, by this theory.

Oh! Hokey, pokey, ringo-ging,
The world then literally on the wing,
No street cabs needed, or any such thing
By the grand Darwinian theory.

Down by the Sally Gardens

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

Finnegan's Wake

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Foggy Dew

Over the hills I went one day,
A lovely maid I spied
With her coal black hair and her mantle so green.
An image to perceive.
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride
And she lifted her eyes of blue
She smiled and said, "Young man I'm to wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

Over the hills I went one morn,
A-singing I did go.
Met this lovely maid with her coal-black hair,
And she answered soft and lo
Said she, "Young man, I'll be your bride,
If I know that you'll be true."
Oh, in my arms, all of her charms
Were casted in the foggy dew.

From Clare to Here

Four of us share this room and we were caught up in the craic
Sleeping late on Sundays and we never got to Mass

Chorus:

It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long, long way
It get's further by the day
It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around we're only into fighting
My Ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing

Chorus

It almost breaks my heart when I think of my family
I told them I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green

Chorus

The only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking
It can sort of ease the pain of it and it levels out my thinking

Chorus

I sometimes hear the fiddles play, maybe it's just a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus

The Fields of Athenry

By a lone-ly pris-on wall I heard a young girl call ---- ing
Mich-ael they are tak-ing you a way. - For you
stole Tre-vel-yan's corn, so the young might see - the morn. Now a
pri-son ship lies wait-ing in the bay. -

Chorus:

Low lie the fields - of Ath-en-ry where once we watched the small free birds
fly. - Our - love was on the wing, we had dreams and so-ngs to
sing. It's so lone-ly 'round the fields of Ath-en-ry. -

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

By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling
As that 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.

Green Grow The Rushes, Oh

"Green Grow the Rushes, Oh" ~ Robert Burns

There's no but care on every hand in every hour that passes, oh
That signifies the life of man and 't were not for the lassies, oh

- Chorus -

Green grow the rushes oh, green grow the rushes, oh
The sweetest hours that e're I spent were spent among the lassies, oh

The wordly race may riches chase and riches still may fly them, oh
And when at last they catch them fast their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, oh

- Chorus -

Give me a cannie hour at e'en, my arms around my dearie, oh
And warly cares and warly men may a gae topsy-turvy, oh

- Chorus -

Old nature swears the lovely dears her noblest work she classes, oh
Her apprentice hand she tried on man and then she made the lassies, oh

- Chorus -

For you so grave you sneer at this you're no but senseless asses, oh
The wisest man the world e'er saw, dearly loved the lassies, oh

- Chorus -

Gypsy Rover

(Leo Maguire)

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

I'll Tell Me MA

chorus:

I'll tell my ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair and they stole my comb
But that's alright 'til I go home.

She is handsome she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast City
She is courting 1, 2, 3,
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
They knock at the door and ring the bell
Saying, oh my true love, are you well?

Out she comes, white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumbling 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 'til she comes home
Let them come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Johnny Cope

Sir John Cope trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar
Right early in a morning.

Chorus:

Hey Johnie Cope are ye wauking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I would wit:
O haste ye get up for the drums do
beat,
Of fye Cope rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge for Dunbar,
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war
I'll give you a merry morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon
He drew his sword and scabbard from-
"So Heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd
bird,
And Johnie he took wing in the morning.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town;
He says, "my lads come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cokauds,
Wi' swords and guns and rungs and
gauds,
O Johnie he took wing in the morning.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the world he would na stay'd
To foughten the boys in the morning.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
O what's become of all your men,
In faith, says he, I dinna ken,
I left them a' this morning.

Says Lord Mark Car, ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat;
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,
Get out o' my sight this morning.

Johnny Jump up

Come and listen, I'll tell you what happened to me

One day as I went down to Cork by the sea
The day it was hot and the sun it was warm,
So says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm

I went in and I called for a bottle of stout
Says the barman, I'm sorry, all the beer is sold out
Try whiskey or paddy, ten years in the wood
Says I, I'll try cider, I've heard it was good.

Chorus:

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

After downing the third I went out to the yard
Where I bumped into Brody, the big civic guard

Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law?

Well, I up with me fist and I shattered his jaw

He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
But it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up
The next thing I remember down in Cork 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 Celtic Knot Bar?

After drinking a quart of that cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced on his feet

Chorus...

I went down the lee road, a friend for to see
They call it the madhouse in Cork by the Sea
Well when I got there, sure the truth I will tell,
They had this poor bugger locked up in a cell

Said the guard, testing him, say these words if you can
Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran
Tell him I'm not crazy, tell him I'm not mad
It was only a sip of the bottle I had

Chorus...

A man died in the mines by the name of McNabb
They washed him and laid him outside on the slab
Well after the parlors measurements did take
His wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake

'Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer was high
The corpse sits up and says with a sigh
I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up
Til I bring them a quart of the Johnny Jump Up

Chorus...

So if ever you go down to Cork by the sea
Stay out of the ale house and take it from me
If you want to stay sane don't you dare take a sup
Of that devil drink cider called Johnny Jump Up

Chorus... (x2)

Juice of the Barley, The

In the sweet country Lim'rick, one cold winter's night
All the turf fires were burning when I first saw the light;
And a drunken old midwife went tipsy with joy
As she danced round the floor with her slip of a boy,

Chorus:

Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na
And the juice of the barley for me.

Well when I was a gossoon of eight years old or so
With me turf and me primer to school I did go.
To a dusty old school house without any door,
Where lay the school master blind drunk on the floor,

At the learning I wasn't such a genius I'm thinking,
But I soon bet the master entirely at drinking,
Not a wake or a wedding for five miles around,
But meself in the corner was sure to be found.

One Sunday the priest read me out from the altar
Saying you'll end up your days with your neck in a halter;
And you'll dance a fine jig between heaven and hell
And his words they did frighten me the truth for to tell,

So the very next morning as the dawn it did break
I went down to the vestry the pledge for to take,
And there in that room sat the priests in a bunch
Round a big roaring fire drinking tumblers of punch,

Well from that day to this I have wandered alone
I'm a jack of all trades and a master of none,
With the sky for me roof and the earth for me floor,
And I'll dance out my days drinking whiskey galore,

Hard Times (Come again no more)

As we pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
Let us all taste the hungers of the poor.
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears:
Hard times, come again no more.

It's a song and a sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.
Hard times, come again no more.

As we seek mirth, and beauty, and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say:
Hard times, come again no more.

It's a song and a sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.
Hard times, come again no more.

It's a song that the wind blows across the troubled wave.
It's a cry that is heard along the shore.
It's the words that are whispered beside the lowly grave
When hard times will come again no more.

It's a song and a sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.
Hard times, come again no more.

High Germany

Chorus:

Oh Colleen, love, oh Colleen love, the rout has now begun,
And I must go a-marching to the beating of a drum.
Come, dress your self all in your best and come along with me
And I'll take you to the wars, me love, in High Germany.

Oh Willie, love, oh Willie, come list what I do say:
My feet they are so tender, I can not march away
And besides, my dearest Willie, I am with child be thee
Not fitted for the wars, me love, in High Germany.

I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you will ride
And all of my delight will be in riding by your side
We'll stop at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another and get married by and by.

Oh cursed be those cruel wars that ever did they rise
And out of merry England pass many a man likewise;
They took my true-love from me, likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the wars m'love in High Germany.

My friends I do not value and my foes I do not fear
For now my fine love's left me and wanders far and near
But when my baby it is born and smiling on my knee
I'll think of handsome Willie in High Germany.

Chorus

Leaving Liverpool

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for California
A place I know right well

Chorus:

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

I'm bound off for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

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

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a seaman, he can get along
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Till I see you again

Lily of the West / Lakes of Ponchartrain

'Twas on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu.
And I took the road to Jackson town, my fortune to renew,
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain, Which filled my heart with
longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car, beneath the morning sun,
I road the roads till evening, and I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me, till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl, by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl, my money here's no good,
But if it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood".
"You're welcome here kind stranger, our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out, From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house, and treated me quite well,
The hair upon her shoulder in jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said it could never be,
For she had got another, and he was far at sea.
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain.
Till he returned for his Creole girl, By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my Creole girl, I never will see you no more,
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore.
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll raise,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl, And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

Loch Lomond

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,
Though the waefu' may cease frae their greeting

Maid that Sold Her Barley, The

It's cold and raw the north winds blow
Black in the morning early,
When all the hills were covered with snow
Oh then it was winter fairly.
As I was riding o'er the moor
I met a farmer's daughter
Her cherry cheeks and slow-black hair
The caused mu heart to falter.

I bowed my bonnet very low
To let her know my meaning.
She answered with a courteous smile
Here looks they were engaging.
"Where are you bound my pretty maid
It's now in the morning early?"
The answer that she made to me,
"Kind sir, to sell my barley."

"Now twenty guineas I've in my purse
And twenty more that's yearly.
You need not go to the market town
For I'll buy all your barley.
If twenty guineas would gain the heart
Of the maid I love so dearly,
All for to tarry with me one night
And go home in the morning early."

As I was riding o'er the moor
The ver evening after,
It was my fortune for to meet
The farmer's only daughter.
Although the weather being cold and raw
With her I thought to parley
The answer that she made to me,
"Kind sir, I've sold my barley."

Mairi's Wedding

Step it gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling through the town
All for sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as weel
That's the toast for Mairi.

Molly Mallone

In Dub-lin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so pret - ty, I
first set my eyes on sweet Mol-ly Ma-lone.
She wheeled a wheel bar - row, through streets broad and nar -
row, cry-ing:
cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live, oh

Chorus:

A-live, a-live, oh - ! A-live, a-live, oh - ! Cry-ing:
cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live, oh

She was a fish monger, but sure, 'twas no wonder.
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrows, through streets broad and
narrow,
crying, 'Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!'

She died of a fever, no one could relieve her,
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and
narrow,
crying, 'Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!'

No Irish Need Apply

I'm a decent boy just landed
From the town of Ballyfad;
I want a situation, yes,
And want it very bad.
I have seen employment advertised,
"It's just the thing," says I,
"But the dirty spalpeen ended with
'No Irish Need Apply.' "

"Whoa," says I, "that's an insult,
But to get the place I'll try,"
So I went to see the blackguard
With his "No Irish Need Apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I started out to find the house,
I got it mighty soon;
There I found the old chap seated,
He was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for,
When he in a rage did fly,
"No!" he says, "You are a Paddy,
And no Irish need apply."

Then I gets my dander rising
And I'd like to black his eye
To tell an Irish gentleman
"No Irish Need Apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I couldn't stand it longer
So a hold of him I took,
And gave him such a welting
As he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered, "Milia murther,"
And to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again
"No Irish Need Apply."

Well he made a big apology,
I told him then goodbye,
Saying, "When next you want a
beating,
Write 'No Irish Need Apply.' "
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

Over The Hills And Far Away

Martin Carthy used to sing these words to the tune.

Hark now the drums they beat again
For all true soldiers gentlemen
To list and enter into pay
Over the hills and far away

Chorus (after each verse):
O'er the hills and o'er the main
Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we obey
Over the hills and far away

You gentlemen who have a mind
To serve a Queen that is good and kind
Come join with us and march away
Over the hills and far away

He that is forced to go to fight
Will never win true honour by it
For volunteers will win the day
Over the hills and far away

Although our friends our absence mourn
We with all honour shall return
And we shall sing both night and day
Over the hills and far away

Hark now the drums they beat again
For all true soldiers gentlemen
To list and enter into pay
Over the hills and far away

Parting Glass, The

Of all the money e'er I had, I spent it in good company;
And all the harm I've ever done, alas was done to none but me;
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall,
So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you all.

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

If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town who sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall,
So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you all.

Raglan Road

On - Rag-lan road on an au-tumn day, I - saw her -
first and knew - that her dark hair would weave a
snare that - I might one day rue, - I saw the dan-ger
and I passed, a-long the en-chant-ed way. - And I said let
grief be a fal-len leaf at the dawn-ing - of the day.

On Grafton street in November we tripped lightly
along the ledge of a deep ravine where still can
be seen the worth of passion play. The Queen of hearts still
making tarts, and I not making hay, Oh, I loved too
much and by such and such, is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her secret signs
that's known to artists who have know true gods of sound and
stone
and her words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say,
with her own name 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 as I should, a creature made of clay,
Whan an angel woos the clay he'll lose, his wings at the dawn of
day.

Rattlin, Roarin' Willie

O, rattlin, roarin Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An for to sell his fiddle
An buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e-
And rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O, sell your fiddle sae fine
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o wine
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For monie a rantin day
My fiddle an I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keekit ben;
Rattlin, roaring Willie,
Was sittin at yon boord-en';
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

Red is the Rose in G

Chorus

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
But my love is fairer than any.
Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
Come over the hills to your darling
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love forever.

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Rye Whisky

I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry,
If the hard times don't kill me,
I'll lay down and die.

Chorus:
Rye whisky, rye whisky,
Rye whisky, I cry,
If you don't give me rye whisky,
I surely will die.

I'll tune up my fiddle,
And I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome,
Wherever I go.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
Red liquor when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
And religion when I die.

They say I drink whisky,
My money's my own;
All them that don't like me,
Can leave me alone.

Sometimes I drink whisky,
Sometimes I drink rum,
Sometimes I drink brandy,
At other times none.

But if I get boozy,
My whisky's my own,
And them that don't like me,
Can leave me alone.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o' diamonds,
I know you of old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
Of silver and gold.

Oh, whisky, you villain,
You've been my downfall,
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me,
But I love you for all.

If the ocean was whisky,
And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
To get one sweet suck.

But the ocean ain't whisky
And I ain't a duck,
So we'll round up the cattle
And then we'll get drunk.

My foot's in my stirrup,
My bridle's in my hand,
I'm leaving sweet Lillie,
The fairest in the land.

Her parents don't like me,
They say I'm too poor;
They say I'm unworthy
To enter her door.

Sweet milk when I'm hungry,
Rye whisky when I'm dry,
If a tree don't fall on me,
I'll live till I die.

I'll buy my own whisky,
I'll make my own stew,
If I get drunk, madam,
It's nothing to you.

I'll drink my own whisky,
I'll drink my own wine,
Some ten thousand bottles
I've killed in my time.

I've no wife to quarrel
No babies to bawl;
The best way of living
Is no wife at all.

Way up on Clinch Mountain
I wander alone,
I'm as drunk as the devil,
Oh, let me alone.

You may boast of your knowledge
An' brag of your sense,
'Twill all be forgotten
A hundred years hence.

(Variant chorus)
Rye whisky, rye whisky,
You're no friend to me;
You killed my poor daddy,
Goddamn you, try me.

Scarborough Fair

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

Have her make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seam nor fine needle work
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood
lane
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all with a basket of flowers
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain
fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and over the sand
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then sow some seeds from north of the
dam
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
And then she'll be a true love of mine

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Let me know that at least she will try
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Though not more than any heart asks
And I must know she's a true love of mine

Dear, when thou has finished thy task
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Come to me, my hand for to ask
For thou then art a true love of mine

Scotland The Brave

Hark when the night is falling
I hear the pipes are calling
Loudly and proudly calling
Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping
Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirits of
The old Highland men.

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards
Gloriously wave.

Land of my high endeavour
Land of the shining silver
Land of my heart forever
Scotland the Brave.

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

Skye Boat Song

words and music Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

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

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

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

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

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

Spanish Lady in D

Dublin City (Spanish Lady)

As I went out through Dublin City
At the hour of twelve o'clock at night
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candle light
First she washed them 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 the toor a loor a laddy
Whack fol the toor a loor a lay
Whack fol the toor a loor a laddy
Whack fol the toor a loor a lay

I stopped to look but the watchman
passed
Says he, "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

As I walked back through Dublin City
As the dawn of day was o'er
Who should I see 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 maid who had so much to spare

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

I've wandered north and I've wandered
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 upon me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But where is the lonely Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soles?

As I was leaving Dublin City
On that morning sad of heart
Lonely was I for the Spanish lady
Now that 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

South Wind, The

South wind of the gentle rain, you banish winter weather
Bring salmon to the pool again, the bees among the heather
If northward now you mean to blow, as you rustle soft above me
God speed be with you as you go and a kiss for those that love me

From south I come with velvet breeze, my word all nature blesses,
I melt the snow and strew the leaves with flowers and warm
caresses;

I'll help you to dispel your woes, with joy I'll take your greeting
And bear it to your loved Mayo upon my wings so fleeting.

Ny Connaught, famed for wine and play, so leal, so gay, so loving
Here's my fond kiss I send today borne on the wind in its roving.
Those Munster folk are good and kind, right royally they treat me

Star of the County Down (Bm)

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

Chorus:

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

As she onward sped I shook my head
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?"
Oh, 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."

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 Rose McCann.
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent
From the Star of the County Down.

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Though with rust my plow turns brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down.

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation

Robert Burns

(The "rogues" concerned are the members of the Scottish parliament who signed the Act of Union with England in 1707.)

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame
Fareweel our ancient glory
Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name
So famed in martial story
Now Sark runs to the Solway sands
And Tweed runs to the ocean
To mark where England's province stands
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valour's station
But English gold has been our bane
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation

O would ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us
My auld grey heid had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace
But pith find power till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration
We're bought and sold for English gold
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation
in a na- tion!

Unfortunate Rake / Unfortunate Lass

Streets of Laredo

Unfortunate Rake

As I was a-walking down by St. James' Hospital
I was a walking down by there one day
What should I spy but one of my comrades
All wrapped up in flannel though warm was the day.

I asked him what ailed him, I ask him what failed him
I asked him the cause of all his complaint
It's all on account of some handsome young woman
Tis she that has caused me to weep and lament

And had she but told me before she disordered me
Had She but told me of it in time
I might have got pills and salts of white mercury
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime

Get six young soldiers to carry my coffin
Six young girls to sing me a song
And each of them carry a bunch of green laurel
So they do not smell me as they bear me along

Don't muffle you drums and play your fifes merrily
Play a quick march as you carry me along
And fire your bright muskets all over my coffin
Saying: There goes an Unfortunate Lad to his home.

Unfortunate Lass

|As I was a walking on fine summer's morning
|One fine summer's morning all early in May
|Who should I spy but my own daughter Mary
|All wrapped up in flannel though warm was the day.

|Oh Mother, oh mother come sit you down by me
|Come sit you down by me and pity my case
|Its of a young officer lately deserted
|See how he has brought me to shame and disgrace

|Oh Daughter, Oh Daughter why hadn't you told me.
|Why hadn't you told me, we'd took it in time
|I might have got salts and pills of white mercury
|But now I'm a young girl cut down in her prime

Oh Doctor Oh Doctor come wash up your bottles
Come wash up your bottles and wipe them quite dry
My bones are aching, My poor heart is breaking
And I in a deep solemn fashion must die

|Have six jolly fellows to carry my coffin
|Have six pretty maidens to bear up my pall
|Give to each pretty fair maid a glass of brown ale
|Saying "Here lies the bones of a true hearted girl."

|Come rattle your drums and play your fifes merrily
|Merrily play the dead marches along
|And over my coffin, throw handfulls of laurel
|Saying, "There goes a true hearted girl to her home."

Whiskey in the Jar - D

As I was go-ing o-ver the Kil-ma-gen-ny moun-tain, I
met with Cap-tain Far-rell and his mo-ney he was coun-ting, I
first pro-duced me pis-tol, and then I drew my ra-pier, say-ing
'Stand and de-li-ver for you are a bold de-cei-ver!'

Chorus:

With me ring dum a doo-dle um dah, whack fol the dad-dy o,
whack fol the dad-dy o, there's whis-key in the jar!

He counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to 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

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny drew me charges, and she filled them up with water,
and she sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter!

CHorus

And 'twas early in the mornin' before I rose to travel,
up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.
I then produced my pistol, for she'd stolen away my rapier,
but I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken!

CHorus

If anyone can aid me, it's me brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.

And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'd treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny!

CHorus

Wild Mountain Thyme

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

Alternative verse:

I will roam the country side, and the dark lands so
dreary, and I'll return wi' my bounty, tae
the arms o' my deary. Will ye go, lassie, go?

Wild Rover

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

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

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

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
And I'll take you upstairs, and I'll show you the rest.

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

Will Ye Go To Flanders?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonny Mally, O?
You'll see the plaidies fall and
you'll hear the pipies calling
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonny Mally, O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
Align we all the highlanders, my bonny Mally, O?
You'll hear the captain call and
you'll see the sergeant crawling
And the soldiers how they fall, O my Mally, O

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonny Mally, O?
There ye'll get wine and brandy,
And sack and sugar-candy
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
And see the chief commanders, my bonny Mally, O
You'll see the bullets fly
And the ladies loudly cry
And the soldiers how they die, my Mally, O?