

### Tell Me Ma

(Chorus)

Tell me ma when I go home

The boys won't leave the girls alone

They pull my hair, they stole my comb

But that's all right till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty

She is the belle of Belfast city

She is a-courting one two three

Pray, would you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her

All the boys are fighting for her

Knock at the door and they ring that bell

Oh my true love, are you well

Out she comes as white as snow

Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes

Old Jenny Murray says she will die

If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

(Chorus)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high

And the snow come a-tumbling from the sky

She's as nice as apple pie

And she'll get her own lad by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma till she comes home

Let them all come as they will

For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

(Chorus)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high

And the snow come a-tumbling from the sky

She's as nice as apple pie

And she'll get her own lad by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma till she comes home

Let them all come as they will

For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

(Chorus) x2

## Leaving of Liverpool

Fare thee well to Prince's Landing Stage

River Mersey, fare thee well

I am bound for 'Californi'

It's a place that I know right-well

(Chorus)

So fare thee well, my own true love

And 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 Clipper ship

'Davy Crockett' is her name

And Burgess is the Captain of her

And they say she's a floating shame

(Chorus)

I have sailed with Burgess once before

He's a man I know right-well

If a man is a sailor, he can get along

And if nothin' he is sure in Hell

(Chorus)

Now the sun is on the harbour, love

And I wish I could remain

For I know it will be a long, long time

Before I see you again

The wild rover

Spencil hill

Fields of Athenry

Belfast Mill

Whiskey in the Jar

## On the One Road

(Chorus)

We're on the one road

Sharing the one load

We're on the road to God knows where

We're on the one road

It may be the wrong road

But we're together now who cares

North men, South men, comrades all

Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Donegal

We're on the one road swinging along

Singing a soldier's song

Though we've had our troubles now and then

Now is the time to make them up again

Sure aren't we all Irish anyhow

Now is the time to step together now

(Chorus)

Tinker, tailor, every mother's son

Butcher, baker shouldering his gun

Rich man, poor man, every man in line

All together just like Old Land Syne

We're on the one road

Sharing the one load

We're on the road to God knows where

(Chorus)

Night is darkest just before the dawn

From dissention Ireland is reborn

Soon we'll all be United Irishmen

Make our land a Nation Once Again

(Chorus)

## The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name  
He was born and raised in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine  
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy  
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy  
At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home  
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam  
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy  
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy  
One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along  
A listening to the mockingbird a singing a cheerful song  
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy  
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy  
"Surrender now Jack Duggan for you see we're three to one  
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son"  
Jack pulled two pistols from his belt and he proudly waved them high  
"I'll fight, but not surrender, " said the wild colonial boy  
He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground  
And turning 'round to Davis, he received a fatal wound  
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy  
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy

## The Boys of the Old Brigade

Oh father why are you so sad on this bright Easter morn  
When Irish men are proud and glad of the land where they were born  
Oh son I see in memory to a far of distant day  
When being just a lad like you I joined the IRA.

(Chorus)

Where are the lads who stood with me when history was made  
Oh gra mo croidhe, I long to see the boys of the old brigade.

From hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all  
And from the glen came brave young men to answer Ireland's call  
'Twas long ago we faced the foe the old brigade and me  
And 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 of dark old days has gone by  
I think of men who fought in glen with rifle and grenade  
May heaven keep the men who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade.

(Chorus)

## Streets of New York

I was eighteen years old  
When I went down to Dublin,  
With a fistfull of money  
And a cartload of dreams,  
Take your time  
Said me father,  
Stop rushing like hell,  
And remember all is not  
What it seems to be,  
For there's fellas would cut ye  
For the coat on yer back,  
Or the watch that ye got  
From yer mother,  
So take care me young buck-o  
And mind yourself well,  
And will ye give this wee note  
To me brother.  
At the time Uncle Benjy  
Was a policeman in Brooklyn,  
And me father the youngest  
Looked after the farm,  
When a phonecall from America  
Said 'Send the lad over',  
Well the old fella said  
'It wouldn't do any harm',  
For I spent me life working  
This dirty old ground,  
For a few pints of porter

And the smell of a pound,  
And sure maybe there's something  
You learn loyalty,  
And you can bring it back home,  
Make a duty on me .  
So I landed at Kennedy,  
And a big yellow taxi  
Carried me and me bags  
Through the streets and the rain,  
Well me poor heart was thumpin'  
Around with excitement,  
And I hardly ever heard  
What the driver was saying,  
We came in the Shore Parkway  
To the Flatlands of Brooklyn,  
To my Uncles apartment  
On East 53rd,  
I was fellin' so happy  
I was hummin' a song,  
And I sang,  
You're as free as a bird'.  
Well to shorten the story  
What I found out that day,  
Was that Benjy got shot down  
In an uptown foray,  
And while I was flyin'  
My way to New York,  
Poor Benjy was lying

## Streets of New York

In a cold city morgue,  
Well I phoned up the old fella  
Told him the news,  
I could tell he could hardly  
Stand up in his shoes,  
And he wept as he said  
'Go ahead with the plan',  
And not to forget  
Be a proud Irishman.  
So I went up to Nellies  
Beside Fordham Road,  
And I started to learn  
About lifting the load,  
But the heaviest thing  
I carried that year,  
Was the bittersweet thoughts  
Of my hometown so dear,  
I went home that December  
'Cause the old fella died,  
Had to borrow some money

From a Phil on the side,  
And all the bright flowers  
And brass couldn't hide,  
The poor wasted face  
Of me father.  
I sold up the old farmyard  
For what it was worth,  
And into me bag  
Stuck a handful of earth,  
Then I boarded a train  
And I caught me a plane,  
And I found myself back  
In the US again,  
Its been twenty two years  
Since I set foot in Dublin,  
Me kids know to use  
The correct knife and fork,  
But I never will forget  
The green grass and the rivers,  
As I keep law and order  
On the streets of New York.

### Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they called Belfast  
Apprentice to trade I was bound  
And many an hour's sweet happiness  
Have I spent in that neat little town  
As sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from me friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band

(Chorus)

Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair  
maid

Come a-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

(Chorus)

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And a gentleman passing us by

Well, I knew she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her roguish black eye  
A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing that I said, was  
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band

(Chorus)

Before the judge and the jury  
Next morning, I had to appear  
The judge, he says to me  
"Young man, you're case it is proven clear  
We'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 black velvet band"

(Chorus)

So come all you jolly young fellows  
A warning take by me  
When you are out on the town, me lads  
Beware of the pretty Colleens  
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads  
'Til you are unable to stand  
And the very first thing that you'll know is  
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

(Chorus)

## The Town I Loved So Well

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

In the early morning the shirt-factory horn  
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the  
Bog  
While the man on the dole played the mother's  
role  
Fed the children and then trained the dogs  
And when times got rough there was just about  
enough  
But they saw it through without complaining  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
For the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air  
Like a language that we could all understand  
I remember the day when I earned my first pay  
As I played in the small pick-up band

There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
For I'd learned 'bout life and I've found a wife  
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its  
knees

By the armoured cars and the bombed-out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze

Now the army's installed by that old Gasyard  
wall

And the damned barbed wire gets higher and  
higher

With their tanks and their guns, oh my god  
what have they done

To the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but I still carry on

For their spirit's been bruised never broken

They will not forget for their hearts are a set

On tomorrow and peace once again

For what's done is done and what's won is won

And what's lost is lost and gone forever

I can only pray for a bright brand new day

In the town I loved so well

### The Broad Black Brimmer

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

(Chorus)

It's just a broad black brimmer with ribbons frayed and torn  
From the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze  
An old trench coat that's so battle-stained and worn  
And breeches almost threadbare at the knees  
A sam brown belt with a buckle big and strong  
And a holster that's been empty manys a day (but not for Long)  
But when men claim Ireland's Freedom  
The one should choose to lead them,  
Will wear the broad black brimmer of the IRA

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

(Chorus)

Peggy Gordon

(Chorus)

Oh Peggy Gordon

You are my darling

Come sit you down upon my knee

And tell to me the very reason

Why I am slighted so by thee

I'm so in love that

I can't deny it

My heart lies smothered in my breast

But it's not for you to

let the world know it

A troubled mind can know no rest

I put my head to

a glass of brandy

It was my fancy

I do declare

For when I'm drinking

I'm always thinking

And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was in

some lonesome valley

Where womankind cannot be found

Where little birds sing

upon the branches

And every moment

has a different sound

(Chorus)

## Galway Girl

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk  
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay  
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk  
On a grand soft day -I-ay-I-ay  
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl  
Down the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down  
On a day -I-ay-I-ay  
And she took me up to her flat downtown  
On a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay  
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do  
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl  
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

But when I woke up I was all alone  
With a broken heart and a ticket home  
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do  
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
See I've traveled around I've been all over the world  
I've never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

### Rising of the Moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so  
Hush a bhuachail, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow  
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon  
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon  
At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon  
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon  
And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be  
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me  
One more word for signal token, whistle out the marching tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon  
At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon  
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon  
Out from many a mud walled cabin eyes were watching through the night  
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning's light  
Murmurs ran along the valley to the banshee's lonely croon  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon  
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon  
All along that singing river, that black mass of men was seen  
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green  
Death to every foe and traitor, whistle out the marching tune  
And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon  
'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon  
And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon

## The Green and Red of Mayo

The Green and Red of Mayo

I can see it still

It's soft and craggy bogland

It's tall majestic hills

Where the ocean kisses Ireland

And the waves carress it's shore

The feeling it came over me

To stay forever more

Forever more

From it's rolling coastal waters

I can see Croagh Patrick's peak

Where one Sunday every Summer

The pilgrims climb the reek

Where Saint Patrick in it's solitude

Looked down across Clew Bay

With a ringing of his bell

Called the faithful there to pray

There to pray

Take me to Clare Island

The home of Granuaile

It's waters harbour fishes

From the herring to the whale

And now I must depart it

And reality is plain

May the time not pass so slowly

Before I set sail again

Set sail again

## Red Is the Rose

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

(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.

'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)

## Grace

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

(Chorus)

Oh Grace just hold me in your arms ad let this moment linger  
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die  
With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger  
There won't be time to share our love for we must say goodbye.

(Chorus)

Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand  
The love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land  
But when the Padhraic called me to his side down in the GPO  
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

### Sean South of Garryowen

Sad are the homes round Garryowen  
Since they lost their joy and pride  
And the banshee cry links every vale  
Around the Shannon side that city of the ancient walls  
the broken treaty stone, undying fame surrounds your name, Sean South from Garryowen  
T'was on a dreary New Years Eve  
As the shades of night came down  
A lorry load of volunteers approached the border town  
There were men from Dublin and from Cork, Fermanagh and Tyrone  
And the leader was a Limerick man - Sean South from Garryowen  
As they moved along the street up to the barracks door  
They scorned the danger they might face  
Their fate that lay instore  
They were fighting for old Ireland to claim their very own  
And the foremost of that gallant band  
Was South from Garryowen  
But the seargent spied their daring plan  
He spied them trough the door  
The Sten guns and the rifles a hail of death did pour  
And when that awful night had passed  
Two men lay cold a stone  
There was one from near the border and one from Garryowen  
No more wil he hear the seagull's cry  
Over the murmuring Shannon tide  
For he fell beneath a Northern sky brave Hanlon by his side  
They have gone to join that gallant band  
Of Plunkett, Pearse and Tone  
A martyr for old Ireland  
Sean South from Garryowen

### Come Out Ye Black & Tans

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

(Chorus)

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

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus) x2

## N17

Well I didn't see much future  
When I left the Christian Brothers School  
So I waved it goodbye with a wistful smile  
An I left the girls of Tuam  
Sometimes when I'm reminiscing  
I see the pre-fabs and my old friends  
An I know that they'll be changed or gone  
by the time I get home again  
(Chorus)  
An I wish I was on that N17  
(Stone walls and the grass is green)  
Travelin with just my thoughts and dreams

Well the oul-fella left me to Shannon  
Was the last time I travelled that road  
And as we turned left at Claregalway  
I could feel a lump in my throat  
As I picture the thousands of times  
That I travelled that well-worn track  
I know that things will be different  
If I ever decide to go back  
(Chorus)  
Now as I tumble down highways  
Or filthy, over-crowded trains  
There's no-one to talk to in transit  
So I sit there and day-dream in vain  
Behind all these muddled-up problems  
Of living on a foreign soil  
I can still see the twists, the turns in the road  
From the Square to the town of the tribes  
(Chorus)

## Rattlin' Bog

(Chorus)

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog

The bog down in the valley-o

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog

The bog down in the valley-o

In that bog there was a tree

A rare tree, a rattlin' tree

The tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that tree there was a limb

A rare limb, a rattlin' limb

The limb on the tree and the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that limb there was a branch

A rare branch, a rattlin' branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that branch there was a twig

A rare twig, a rattlin' twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that twig there was a nest

A rare nest, a rattlin' nest

The nest on the twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And in that nest there was an egg

A rare egg, a rattlin' egg

The egg in the nest

The nest on the twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb, the limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that egg there was a bird

A rare bird, a rattlin' bird

The bird on the egg

The egg in the nest

The nest on the twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

### Rattlin' Bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that bird there was a feather

A rare feather, a rattlin' feather

The feather on the bird

The bird on the egg

The egg in the nest

The nest on the twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

And on that feather there was a flea

A rare flea, a rattlin' flea

The flea in the feather

The feather on the bird

The bird on the egg

The egg in the nest

The nest on the twig

The twig on the branch

The branch on the limb

The limb on the tree

And the tree in the bog

In the bog down in the valley-o

(Chorus)

### Raglan Road

On Raglan Road of an autumn day  
I saw her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave a snare  
That I might some day rue  
I saw the danger yet I passed  
Along the enchanted way  
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf  
At the dawning of the day  
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf  
At the dawning of the day  
On Grafton Street in November  
We tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of a deep ravine where can be seen  
The worth of passion's pledge  
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts  
And I not making hay  
Oh I loved too much and by such by such  
Is happiness thrown away  
I loved too much and by such by such  
Is happiness thrown away  
I gave her gifts of the mind

I gave her the secret signs  
That's known to the artists who have known  
The true gods of sound and stone  
And word 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  
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  
When the angel woos the clay  
He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day  
When the angel woos the clay  
He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day

### Back Home in Derry

In 1803 we sailed out to sea

Out from the sweet town of Derry

For Australia bound if we didn't all drown

And the marks of our fetters we carried

In our rusty iron chains we sighed for our weans

Our good women we left in sorrow

As the mainsails unfurled, our curses we hurled

On the English, and thoughts of tomorrow

(Chorus)

Oh..... I wish I was back home in Derry

Oh..... I wish I was back home in Derry

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the  
soil

As down below decks we were lying

O'Doherty screamed, woken out of a dream

By a vision of bold Robert dying

The sun burned cruel as we dished out the gruel

Dan O'Connor was down with a fever

Sixty rebels today bound for Botany Bay

How many will meet their reciever

(Chorus)

I cursed them to hell as her bow fought the  
swell

Our ship danced like a moth in the firelight

White horses rode high as the devil passed by

Taking souls to Hades by twilight

Five weeks out to sea, we were now forty-three

Our comrades we buried each morning

In our own slime we were lost in a time

Of endless night without dawning

(Chorus)

Van Diemen's land is a hell for a man

To live out his whole life in slavery

Where the climate is raw and the gun makes  
the law

Neither wind nor rain care for bravery

Twenty years have gone by, I've ended my bond

My comrades ghosts walk behind me

A rebel I came – I'm still the same

On the cold winters night you will find me

(Chorus)

### The Patriot Game

Come all you young rebels, and list while we sing  
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing  
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame  
And it makes us all part of the patriot game  
My name is O'Hanlon, and I'm just gone sixteen  
My home is in Monaghan, and where I was weaned  
I've learned all my life, cruel England's to blame  
And so I'm a part of the patriot game  
This Ireland of ours has for long been half free  
Six counties lie under John Bull's tyranny  
So we gave up our boyhood to drill and to train  
To play our own part in the patriot game  
It's barely two years since they wandered away  
and it was with the local battalion of the bold IRA  
For they'd read of our heroes, and they wanted the same  
To play their own part in the patriot game  
And now as I lie here, my body all holes  
I think of those traitors who bargained in souls  
I wish that my rifle had given the same  
To those Quislings who sold out the patriot game

### The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I  
There armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by  
No fife did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dred tattoo  
But the Angelus bells o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out through the foggy dew  
Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out the 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 through the foggy dew

'Twas Brittania bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the shore of the gray North Sea  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their names we would keep where the Fenians  
sleep  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew  
But the bravest fell, and the requiem 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, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew

## The Men Behind the Wire

(Chorus)

Armoured cars and tanks and guns

Came to take away our sons

But every man will stand behind

The Men Behind the Wire

Through the little streets of Belfast

In the dark of early morn

British soldiers came marauding

Wrecking little homes with scorn.

Heedless of the crying children

Dragging fathers from their beds

Beating sons while helpless mothers

Watched the blood flow from their heads

(Chorus)

Not for them a judge or jury

Or indeed a crime at all

Being Irish means they're guilty

So we're guilty one and all

Round the world the truth will echo

Cromwell's men are here again

England's name again is sullied

In the eyes of honest men

(Chorus)

Proudly march behind our banners

Firmly stand behind our men

We will have them free to help us

Build a Nation once again

On the people stand together

Proudly firmly on your way

Never fear, and never falter

Till the boys are home to stay

(Chorus)

## Hand me down my bible

(Chorus)

Oh Oh Glorio

Now I'm the Lord's disciple

Oh Oh Glorio

Now Hand me down My Bible

I like my liquor and my livin' hard

May the lord save my soul

My salvation was a turn of the card

My hearts as black as coal

But everybody's got the right to go wrong

Everybody's got to sing my song

Everybody's got the right to go wrong

Sing my song, Sing my song

(Chorus) x2

I don't give a damn for any man

As all the world can see

Time has come to make a stand

Well, to shine your light on me

Come on people, let your life begin

Come on now let the sun shine in

Come on people let your life begin

Let it in, let it in

(Chorus)

### The Irish Rover

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six

We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork

We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

For the grand city hall in New York

'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft  
And oh, how the wild winds drove her

She'd stood several blasts, she had 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, had six million dogs

Seven million barrels of porter

We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails

In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was old Mickey Coote who played hard  
on his flute

When the ladies lined up for his set

He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille

Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet

With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk

And he rolled the dames under and over

They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance

And he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee

There was Hogan from County Tyrone

There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff  
of work

And a man from Westmeath called Malone

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule

And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover

And your man Mick McCann from the banks of  
the Bann

Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life

It's so lonesome by night and by day

'Til he launch for the shore and this charming  
young whore

Who will melt all his troubles away

All the noise and the rout, swillin' poitín and stout

For him soon the torment's over

Of the love of a maid, he's never afraid

An old sot from the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles  
broke out

And the ship lost its way in a fog

And that whale of the crew was reduced down  
to two

Just meself and the captain's old dog

Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a  
shock

The bulkhead was turned right over

Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog  
was drowned

I'm the last of the Irish Rover

### The Green Fields of France

Oh how do you do, young Willy 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.  
And I see by your gravestone you were only  
nineteen,  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916,  
Well I hope you died quick,  
And I hope you died clean,  
Oh Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene.  
(Chorus)  
Did they beat the drums slowly,  
Did the play the fife lowly,  
Did they sound the death march as they  
lowered you down,  
Did the band play the last post and chorus,  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.  
And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart  
behind,  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined,  
And though you died back in 1916,  
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen.  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,  
In an old photograph torn, tattered, and  
stained,

And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

(Chorus)

The sun shining down on these green fields of  
France,

The warm wind blows gently and the red  
poppies dance,

The trenches have vanished long under the  
plow,

No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing down.

But here in this graveyard that's still no mans  
land,

The countless white crosses in mute witness  
stand,

Till' man's blind indifference to his fellow man,

And a whole generation were butchered and  
damned.

(Chorus)

And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride,

Do all those who lie here know why they died,

Did you really believe them when they told you  
the cause,

Did you really believe that this war would end  
wars.

Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the  
shame,

The killing and dying it was all done in vain,

Oh Willy McBride it all happened again,

And again, and again, and again, and again.

(Chorus)

### The Galway Shawl

At Oranmore in the county Galway  
One pleasant evening in the month's of May  
I spied a damsel; she was young and handsome  
Her beauty fairly took my breath away  
She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds  
No paint nor powder, no none at all  
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it  
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl  
We kept on walking she kept on talking  
Till her fathers cottage came in to view  
Said she, 'come in sir', and meet my father  
And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'  
She sat me down beside the hearthstone  
I could see her father he was six feet tall  
And soon her mother, had the kettle singing  
All I could think of, was the Galway shawl  
She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds  
No paint nor powder, no none at all  
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it  
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl  
I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'  
'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'  
She sang each note like an Irish linnet  
And tears weld in her eyes of blue  
'Twas early, early, all in the morning  
I hit the road for old Donegal  
Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me  
But my heart remain with the Galway shawl

## Ride On

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

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

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

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

## Ordinary Man

I'm an ordinary man, nothing special nothing grand

I've had to work for everything I own

I never asked for a lot, I was happy with what I got

Enough to keep my family and my home

Now they say that times are hard and they've handed me my cards

They say there's not the work to go around

And when the whistle blows, the gates will finally close

Tonight they're going to shut this factory down

Then they'll tear it d-o-w-n

I never missed a day nor went on strike for better pay

For twenty years I served them best I could

Now with a handshake and a cheque it seems so easy to forget

Loyalty through the bad times and through good

The owner says he's sad to see that things have got so bad

But the captains of industry won't let him lose

He still drives a car and smokes his cigar

And still he takes his family on a cruise, he'll never lose

Well it seems to me such a cruel irony

He's richer now than he ever was before

Now my cheque is spent and I can't afford the rent

There's one law for the rich, one for the poor

Every day I've tried to salvage some of my pride

To find some work so's I might pay my way

Oh but everywhere I go, the answer's always no

There's no work for anyone here today, no work today

And so condemned I stand just an ordinary man

Like thousands beside me in the queue

I watch my darling wife trying to make the best of life

And God knows what the kids are going to do

Now that we are faced with this human waste

A generation cast aside

And as long as I live, I never will forgive

You've stripped me of my dignity and pride, you've stripped me bare

You've stripped me bare, You've stripped me bare

## Dirty Old Town

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

I 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 from the streets at night

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks

Saw a train set the night on fire

I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

I kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

### Whiskey In The Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry  
mountains

I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was  
counting

I first produced my pistol and I then produced  
my rapier

Saying "stand and deliver" for he were a bold  
deceiver

(Chorus)

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da

Whack for my daddy-o

Whack for my daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar

I 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  
deceive me

But the devil take the women for they never  
can be easy

(Chorus)

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a  
slumber

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was  
no wonder

But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them  
up with water

Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the  
slaughter

(Chorus)

'Twas was early in the morning, just before I  
rose to travel

Up comes a band of footmen and likewise  
captain Farrell

I first produced me pistol for she stole away me  
rapier

I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was  
taken

(Chorus)

Now there's some take delight in the carriages  
a-rollin'

And others take delight in the hurling and the  
bowling

But I take delight in the juice of the barley

And courting pretty fair maids in the morning  
bright and early

(Chorus)

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the  
army

If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney

And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through  
Killkenny

And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own  
a-sporting Jenny

(Chorus)

## Fisherman's Blues

I wish I was a fisherman  
Tumblin' on the seas  
Far away from dry land  
And it's bitter memories  
Castin' out my sweet line  
With abandonment and love  
No ceiling bearin' down on me  
Save the starry sky above

(Chorus)

With light in my head  
With you in my arms  
I wish I was the brakeman  
On a hurtlin fevered train  
Crashin head long into the heartland  
Like a cannon in the rain  
With the feelin of the sleepers  
And the burnin of the coal  
Countin the towns flashin by  
And a night that's full of soul

(Chorus)

And I know I will be loosened  
From the bonds that hold me fast  
And the chains all around me  
Will fall away at last  
And on that grand and fateful day  
I will take thee in my hand  
I will ride on a train  
I will be the fisherman

(Chorus) x3

## The Merry Ploughboy

Oh I am a merry ploughboy  
And I plough the fields all day  
'Till a sudden thought came to my mind  
That I should roam away  
For I'm tired of this civilian life  
Since the day that I was born  
So I'm off to join the IRA  
And I'm off tomorrow morn'

(Chorus)

And were all off to Dublin in the green  
Where the helmets glisten in the sun  
Where the bayonets clash  
And rifles crash  
To the echo of the Thompson gun

I'll leave aside my pick and spade  
I'll leave aside my plough  
Oh ill leave aside my horse and yoke  
For no more I'll need them now  
And I leave aside my Mary  
She is the girl I do adore  
And I wonder if  
She thinks of me when she hears that canon roar

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

### Muirsheen Durkin'

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'  
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house beside  
But I told me brother Seamus, I'd go off and be right famous  
And I'd never would return again till I'd roam the world wide  
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'  
No more, I'll dig the prates and no longer, I'll be fooled  
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy  
Where instead of diggin' prates, 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  
Goodbye to all this pleasure and I'll be off to take me leisure  
And the next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York  
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, oh, I'm sick and tired of workin'  
No more, I'll dig the prates and no longer, I'll be fooled  
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy  
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold  
Goodbye to all the girls at home, I'm going far across the foam  
To try and make me fortune in far America  
There's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry  
And when I return again I never more will say  
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, sure I'm sick and tired of workin'  
No more, I'll dig the prates and no longer, I'll be fooled  
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy  
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

### I'm a Rover

Though the night be dark as dungeon, not a star to be seen above

I will be guided without a stumble, into the arms of me only love

I went up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently upon a stone

I rapped on her bedroom window

My darling dear, do you lie alone?

(Chorus)

I'm a rover, seldom sober

I'm a rover of high degree

And when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking

How to gain my love's company

She raised her head up from her feather pillow

Raised her arms up around her breast

Saying who's at me bedroom window, disturbing me at me long night's rest?

It's only me, your own true lover, open the door and please let me in

For I have come on a long night's journey

I am near drenched to the skin

(Chorus)

She opened the door with the greatest pleasure

Opened the door and she let me in

We both shook hands and embraced each other

'Til the morning we lay as one

Well now me love, I must go and leave you

Though the mountains be high above

Well, I will climb them with greater pleasure

That I have been with me only love

## The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I had  
I spent it in good company  
And all the harm I've ever done  
Alas it was to none but me  
And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be to you all

(Chorus)

So fill to me the parting glass  
And drink a health whate'er befalls  
Then gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be to you all

Of 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 fell unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be to you all

(Chorus)

But since it fell unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be to you all

(Chorus)

### Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning  
When the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon  
And the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven  
And I danced on the earth,  
At Bethlehem  
I had my birth.  
(Chorus)  
Dance, then, wherever you may be,  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,  
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he

I danced for the scribe  
And the pharisee,  
But they would not dance  
And they wouldn't follow me.  
I danced for the fishermen,  
For James and John  
They came with me  
And the Dance went on.

(Chorus)

I danced on the Sabbath  
And I cured the lame;

The holy people  
Said it was a shame.  
They whipped and they stripped  
And they hung me on high,  
And they left me there  
On a Cross to die.

(Chorus)

I danced on a Friday  
When the sky turned black  
It's hard to dance  
With the devil on your back.  
They buried my body  
And they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the Dance,  
And I still go on.

(Chorus) They cut me down  
And I leapt up high;  
I am the life  
That'll never, never die;  
I'll live in you  
If you'll live in me -  
I am the Lord  
Of the Dance, said he.

## Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city

Where the girls are so pretty

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

(Chorus)

Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger

And sure, t'was no wonder

For so were her mother and father before

And they wheeled their barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

(Chorus)

She died of a fever

And sure, so one could save her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

Now her ghost wheels her barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

(Chorus)x2Crying

## Marie's Wedding

(Chorus)

Step we gaily, on we go  
Heel for heel and toe for toe  
Arm in arm and row on row  
All for Marie's wedding  
Over hillways up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings through the town  
All for sake of Marie

(Chorus)

Red her cheeks as rowans are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far  
Is our darling Marie

(Chorus)

Oh plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat to fill her creel  
Plenty bonny bairns as well  
That's the toast for Marie

### Red Rose Cafe

They come from the farms and the factories too

And they all soon forget who they are

The cares of today are soon washed away

As they sit at a stool by the bar

The girl with green eyes in the Rolling Stones  
shirt

Doesn't look like she works on the land

The man at the end, he's a very good friend

Of a man who sells cars second hand

(Chorus)

Down at the Red Rose Cafe in the Harbor

There by the port just outside Amsterdam

Everyone shares in the songs and the laughter

Everyone there is so happy to be there

(Chorus)

The salesmen relax with a few pints of beer

As they try not to speak about trade

The poet won't write any verses tonight

He may sing a sweet serenade

So pull up a chair and forget about life

It's a good thing to do now and then

And if you like it here I have an idea

Tomorrow let's all meet again

(Chorus)

The salesmen relax with a few pints of beer

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It's a good thing to do now and then

And if you like it here I have an idea

Tomorrow let's all meet again

## The Rocky Road To Dublin

While in the merry month of May, now from me  
home I started

Left, the girls of Tuam were 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

Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and  
goblins

A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the  
bogs

And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to  
Dublin

(Chorus)

A-one, two, three, four, five

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road

And all the ways to Dublin, whack, follol de-dah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary

Started by daylight next morning blithe and  
early Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from  
shrinking

Thats the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for  
drinking To hear the lassies smile, laughing all  
the while

At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-  
bubblin'

They asked me was I hired and wages I required  
to lay

Was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

(Chorus)

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity

To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city

So then I took a stroll, all among the quality

Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality

Something crossed me mind, when I looked  
behind

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'

'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught  
brogue

It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to  
Dublin

(Chorus)

From there I got away, me spirits never falling

Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing

Captain at me roared, said that no room had he

When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy

Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs

I played some hearty jigs, the water round me  
bubbling

When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead

Or better for instead on the rocky road to  
Dublin

(Chorus)

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed

Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it

Blood began to boil, temper I was losing

Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing

"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly

Galway boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'

With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the  
affray

Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to  
Dublin

(Chorus)

## Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street  
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod  
You see he'd a sort of the tipp' lin' way  
With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was born  
And to help him on with his work each day  
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn  
(Chorus)  
Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I tell you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One mornin' Tim was rather full  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake  
He fell from the ladder and he 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  
With 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 cry  
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?  
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"  
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee  
(Chorus)  
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job  
"O Biddy, " says she "you're wrong I'm sure"  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
And left her sprawling on the floor  
Then the war did soon engage  
It was 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 raised his head  
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
It missed and falling on the bed  
The liquor scattered over Tim  
Tim revives, see how he rises  
Timothy rising from the bed  
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes  
Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

### McAlpine's Fusiliers

As down the glen came McAlpine's men  
With their shovels slung behind them  
'Twas in the pub they drank the sub  
And up in the spike you'll find them  
They sweated blood and they washed down  
mud  
With pints and quarts of beer  
And now we're on the road again  
With McAlpine's fusiliers  
I stripped to the skin with Darky Flynn  
Way down upon the Isle of Grain  
With the Horseface Toole then I knew the rule  
No money if you stop for rain  
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod  
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared  
And woe to he who to looks for tea  
With McAlpine's fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea  
Fell into a concrete stairs  
What the Horseface said, when he saw him  
dead  
Well, it wasn't what the rich call prayers  
I'm a navy short was the one retort  
That reached unto my ears  
When the going is rough, well you must be  
tough  
With McAlpine's fusiliers  
I've worked 'till the sweat has had me bet  
With Russian, Czech and Pole  
On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams  
Or underneath the Thames in a hole  
I grafted hard and I've got me cards  
And many a ganger's fist across me ears  
If you pride your life, don't join by Christ  
With McAlpine's fusiliers

### Star Of County Down

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
One evening last July  
Down a bóithrín green came a sweet cailín  
And she smiled as she passed me by.  
She looked so neat in her two bare feet  
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair  
Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself  
To make sure I was standing there.

(Chorus)

From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay  
From Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the fair cailín  
That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head  
And I gazed with a feeling queer

And I said, says I, to a passerby

"Who's your one with the nut-brown hair?"

He smiled at me, and with pride says he,

"She's the gem of old Ireland's crown.

Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the  
Bann And 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 auburn throat,  
as she lilted lamenting tunes  
At the pattern dance you'd be in trance  
as she skipped through a jig or reel  
When her eyes she'd roll, as she'd lift soul

And 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 hat cocked right and my shoes shon  
bright for a smile from the nut-brown Rose

No horse I'll yoke, or pipe I smoke,

'til the rust in my plough turn brown

And a smiling bride by my own fireside

sits 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 auburn throat,  
as she lilted lamenting tunes

At the pattern dance you'd be in trance

as she skipped through a jig or reel

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(Chorus)

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(Chorus)x2

## Blooming Heather

Oh the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
I will build my love a tower  
Near yon' pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will build  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
If my true love she were gone  
I would surely find another  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
And we'll all go together  
To pluck wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?  
Let us go, lassie, go

### Craic was 90 in the Isle of Man

Weren't we the rare oul' stock? Spent the  
evenin' gettin' locked

In the Ace of Hearts where the high stools were  
engaging,

Over the Butt Bridge, down by the dock

The boat she sailed at five o'clock

"Hurry, boys," said Whack, or before we're  
there we'll all be back

Carry him if you can The Crack was Ninety in the  
Isle of Man.

Before we reached the Alexander Base; The  
ding dong we did surely raise

In the bar of the ship we had great sport, as the  
boat she sailed out of the port

Landed up in the Douglas Head enquired for a  
vacant bed.

The dining room we soon got shown by a  
decent woman up the road.

'Lads, ate it if you can, The Crack was Ninety in  
the Isle of Man.

Next morning we went for a ramble round;  
Viewed the sights of Douglas Town

Then we went tor a mighty session, in a pub  
they call Dick Darby's.

We must have been drunk by half-past three;  
To sober up we went swimmin' in the sea

Back to the digs for the spruce up, and while  
waitin' for the fry

We all drew up our plan; The Crack was Ninety  
in the Isle of Man.

That night we went to the Texas Bar; Came back  
down by horse and car.

Met Big Jim and all went in to drink some wine  
in Yate's.

The Liverpool Judies, it was said, were all to be  
found in the Douglas Head

McShane was there in his suit and shirt, Them  
foreign girls he was tryin' to flirt

Sayin' "Here girls, I'm your man," The Crack was  
Ninety in the Isle of Man.

Whacker fancied his good looks; On an Isle of  
Man woman he was struck.

But a Liverpool lad was by her side. And he  
throwin'the jar into her.'

Whacker thought he'd take a chance; He asked  
the quare one out to dance.

Around the floor they stepped it out, And to  
Whack it was no bother.

Everythin' was goin' to plan; The Crack was  
Ninety in the Isle of Man.

The Isle of Man woman fancied Whack; Your  
man stood there till his mates came back

Whack! they all whacked into Whack, and  
Whack was whacked out on his back.

The police force arrived as well, Banjoed a  
couple of them as well,

Landed up in the Douglas jail, until the Dublin  
boat did sail,

Deported every man, The Crack was Ninety in  
the Isle of Man.

## 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?

Ah, you're drunk,

you're drunk you silly old fool,

still you can not see

That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk  
as drunk could be

I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat  
should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns that coat behind the door where my  
old coat should be

Ah, you're drunk,

you're drunk you silly old fool,

still you can not see

That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent  
to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on Wednesday night as  
drunk as drunk could be

I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe  
should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my  
old pipe should be

Ah, you're drunk,

you're drunk you silly old fool,

still you can not see

That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent  
to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw  
before

And as I went home on Thursday night as drunk  
as drunk could be

I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old  
boots should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns them boots beneath the bed where  
my old boots should be

### Seven Drunken Nights

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother  
sent to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more  
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

And as I went home on Friday night as drunk as  
drunk could be

I saw a head upon the bed where my old head  
should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns that head upon the bed where my  
old head should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see  
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never  
saw before

And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk  
as drunk could be

I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old  
hands should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns them hands upon your breasts  
where my old hands should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see

That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent  
to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw  
before

As I went home on Sunday night as drunk as  
drunk could be

I saw a thing in her thing where my old thing  
should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you  
kindly tell to me

Who owns that thing in your thing where my  
old thing should be

Ah, you're drunk,  
you're drunk you silly old fool,  
still you can not see

That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent  
to me

Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred  
miles or more

But hair on a tin whistle sure I never saw before

## Amhrán na bhFiann/The Soldier's Song

Seo dhibh a chairde duan Oglai,  
Cathreimeach briomhar ceolmhar,  
Ar dtinte cnamh go buacach taid,  
'S an speir go min realtogach  
Is fonnmhar faobhrach sinn chun gleo  
'S go tiummhar gle roimh thiocht do'n lo  
Fe chiunas chaomh na hoiche ar seol:  
Seo libh canaidh Amhran na bhFiann  
(Curfa)

Sinne Firna Fail

A ta fe gheall ag Eirinn,  
buion dar slua  
Thar toinn do rainig chugainn,  
Fe mhoid bheith saor.  
Sean tir ar sinsir feasta  
Ni fhagfar fe'n tioran na fe'n trail  
Anocht a theam sa bhearna bhaoil,  
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun bais no saoil  
Le guna screach fe lamhach na bpilear  
Seo libh canaidh Amhran na bhFiann.

Cois banta reidhe, ar ardaibh sleibhe,  
Ba bhuachach ar sinsir romhainn,  
Ag lamhach go trean fe'n sar-bhrat sein  
Ta thuas sa ghaoith go seolta  
Ba dhuchas riamh d'ar gcine chaidh  
Gan iompail siar o imirt air,  
'S ag siul mar iad i gcoinne namhad  
Seo libh, canaidh Amhran na bhFiann

(Curfa)

A bhuion nach fann d'fhuil Ghaeil is Gall,  
Sin breacadh lae na saoirse,  
Ta sceimhle 's scanradh i gcroithe namhad,  
Roimh ranna laochra ar dtire.  
Ar dtinte is treith gan spreach anois,  
Sin luisne ghle san speir anoir,  
'S an biobha i raon na bpilear agaibh:  
Seo libh, canaidh Amhran na bh Fiann.

(Curfa)

### Amhrán na bhFiann/The Soldier's Song

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

(Chorus)

Soldiers are we  
whose lives are pledged to Ireland;  
Some have come  
from a land beyond the wave.  
Sworn to be free,  
No more our ancient sire land  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.  
Tonight we man the gap of danger  
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal  
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal,

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

### **The Star-Spangled Banner**

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave