

Jay's Céilidh Book
Vol 1 – Celtic Inspired
Black Bear Rebels Lyrics
Edition

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*If Music be the Food of Love,
Play On...*

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Follow Me Up To Carlow

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

Chorus:

**Curse and swear Lord Kildare
Feagh will do what Feach will dare
Now FitzWilliam, have a care
Fallen is your star, low
Up with halberd out with sword
On we'll go for by the lord
Feach MacHugh has given the word,
Follow me up to Carlow.**

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

Chorus

- [3] **From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
Och, great is Rory Og O'Moore, sending the loons to Hades.
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and the ladies.**

Chorus (twice)

Background: Irish folk song celebrating the defeat of over 800 English soldiers by Fiach (Feach) MacHugh O'Byrne at the Battle of Glenmalure.

In 1577 O'Byrne gave support to his brother-in-law, Rory Og O'Moore, in a failed rebellion in which O'Moore and most of his family were killed. Under the apparent protection of Gerald FitzGerald, the 11th Earl of Kildare, O'Byrne conducted numerous raids against the English in the Pale (the region surrounding Dublin).

In August 1580 Arthur Grey, the 14th Baron Grey de Wilton, son of William Grey (thus FitzWilliam) and Lord Deputy of Ireland to Queen Elizabeth I (Liza), arrived with 6,000 newly recruited troops and decided to put an end to the raids. Ignoring certain veterans who implored him to delay the campaign, he planned to enter Glenmalure in the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin from the neighbouring Glen of Imayle and attack O'Byrne's stronghold. While trying to climb the steep slopes of the valley, the inexperienced English soldiers were ambushed and slaughtered by the Irish rebels.

Black Velvet Band

[1] In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many's the hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune befell me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

Chorus:

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

[2] As I was out strolling down Broadway
Not intending to go very far
I met with a frolicsome damsel
Applying her trade in a bar
Well a watch she took from a customer
And she slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Chorus

[3] Before judge and jury next morning
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, "My young fellow,
The case against you is quite clear.
Well seven years is your sentence.
You're going to Van Dieman's Land.
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."

Chorus

[4] So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen
For she'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you notice
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land

Chorus

Background: Van Diemen's Land was the original name used by Europeans for the island of Tasmania, which the British colonized as a penal colony in 1803.

Leaving of Liverpool

[1] Farewell to you my own true love,
I am going far, far away,
I am bound for California,
And I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus:

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

[2] I have slipped on board a Yankee ship
Davey Crockett is her name,
And her captain it is Burgess,
And they say that she's a floating hell.

Chorus

[3] I have sailed with Burgess once before,
And I think I know him well,
If a man's a sailor he will get along,
If not then he's sure for hell.

Chorus

[4] Oh the sun is in the harbour love,
And I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again.

Chorus (twice)

Background: An Anglo - Irish folk ballad. For Irish immigrants, Liverpool was the natural point of embarkation because it had the necessary shipping lines and a choice of destinations and infrastructure, including special emigration trains directly to The Princes Landing Stage.

The Dark Island

[1] Away to the westward I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea,
Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free,
On a hilltop high above the Dark Island.

Chorus:

Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree,
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me,
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

[2] So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay,
Where the stream joins the ocean, and young children play;
On the strand of pure silver, I'll welcome each day,
And I'll roam for ever more the Dark Island.

Chorus

[3] True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night
How I yearn for the cries of the seagulls in flight.
As they circle high above the Dark Island

Chorus

Background: Originally composed in the 1930s by Allan MacCormack of Benbecula as a pipe lament for a local doctor under the title *Dr. MacAuley's Farewell to Creagorry*, the tune was copyrighted by and often attributed to Iain MacLachlan, the MacCormack's neighbour. It achieved widespread popularity after it was used by the BBC as the theme music for the TV series 'The Dark Island' filmed on South Uist in 1963. Words were added by the writer and producer David Silver and since then the tune has been recorded by more than a 100 different artists and bands worldwide.

The Foggy Dew

- [1] 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When armed line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
No pipes did hum, no battle drum
Did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew.
- [2] Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through;
While Brittania's huns with their great big guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.
- [3] O' the night fell black and the rifles' crack
Made "Perfidious Albion" reel
'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame
Did shine o'er the lines of steel.
By each shining blade a prayer was said
That to Ireland her sons be true,
And when morning broke still the war flag shook
Out its fold in the foggy dew
- [4] 'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.
- [5] The bravest fell, and the solemn bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Watertide
In the springing of the year.
And the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

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

Background: This song, attributed to Peadar Kearney (who also wrote "Amhrán na bhFiann" ("Soldier's Song"), the national anthem of the Republic of Ireland) and to Canon Charles O'Neill, chronicles the Easter Uprising of 1916. It encourages Irishmen to fight for the cause of Ireland, rather than for the British, as so many young men were doing in World War I.

Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

[1] I just down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
All the lassies shout as I walk by,
"Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"

Chorus:

Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I go
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
Donald, where's your troosers?"

[2] I went to a fancy ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I may fall
'Cause I nay had on troosers

Chorus

[3] I went down to London town
To have a little fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

[4] The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

Background: "Brakes" are Scottish name for trousers or pants. And of course, this song is a humorous commentary on the kilts that the Scottish wear.

The Auld Triangle

- [1] A hungry feeling, came o're me stealing,
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell,
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [2] To start the morning, the warden bawling,
Get you bousy and clean out your prison cell,
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [3] Oh the screw was peeping, and the loike was sleeping,
As he lay weeping for his girl Sal.
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [4] On a fine spring evening, the loike lay dreaming,
And the seagulls were wheeling, high above the wall,
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [5] Oh the wind was sighing, and the day was dying,
As the loike lay crying, in his prison cell,
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [6] In the woman's prison there are seventy women,
And I wish it was with them, that I did dwell.
And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Background: "The Auld Triangle" is a song, which was first performed publicly as a part of the play *The Quare Fellow* (1954) by Brendan Behan. The song is rumoured to have been written by Brendan's brother Dominic Behan, but Dominic never credited the song to himself on any recordings he made of it. Brendan himself always credited his friend Dicky Shannon as the writer.

The song is used to introduce the play, a story about the occurrences in a prison (in real life Mountjoy Prison where Behan had once been lodged) the day a convict is set to be executed. The triangle in the title refers to the large metal triangle which was beaten daily in Mountjoy Prison to waken the inmates ("The Auld Triangle goes Jingle Jangle"). The triangle still hangs in the prison at the centre where the wings meet on a metal gate. It is no longer used, though the hammer to beat it is mounted beside it.

"This was a scientific system of perpetual and persistent harassing... harassing morning, noon and night, and on through the night, harassing always and at all times, harassing with bread and water punishments, and other punishments with 'no sleep' torture and other tortures. This system was applied to the Irish prisoners and, to them only, and was specially designed to destroy us mentally or physically – to kill or drive insane." Thus triangles were employed to cause insanity.

The Unicorn Song

[1] A long time ago, when the Earth was green
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn

There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn

[2] Now the Lord saw some sinning and it gave Him great pain
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do
Build me a floating zoo,
and take some of those..."

Green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
Don't you forget my unicorns

[3] Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished building the ark just as the rain started to fall
He marched in the animals two by two
And he called out as they came through
Hey Lord,

I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn
I can't seem to find no unicorns"

[4] And Noah looked out through the driving rain
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
Oh, them silly unicorns

There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is pouring in
And we just can't wait for no unicorns"

[5] The ark started floating, it drifted with the tide
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
And that's why you'll never see a unicorn to this very day

But you'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
You're never gonna see no unicorns

Background: Written by children's author Shel Silverstein, this song was popularized by the Irish Rovers

What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?

[1] What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-aye in the morning?

Chorus:

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-aye in the morning

[2] Put him in the long boat till he's sober,
[3] Keep him in the longboat and make 'im bale 'er.
[4] Pull out the bung and wet him all over
[5] Put him in the scuppers with a hawsepipes on him
[6] Heave him by the leg in a running bowline
[7] Spray him with whiskey and light him on fire
[8] Shave his belly with a rusty razor
[9] Take him and shake him and try to wake him
[10] Give 'im a dose of salt and water
[11] Hit 'im on the head with a broken hammer
[12] Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under
[13] Put him in charge of an Exxon tanker
[14] Put him into bed with the captain's daughter
[15] You've never seen the captain's daughter
[16] Slap him all around and call him Suzie
[17] Put him in his bunk with his pants on backwards
[18] Shove a big lobster down his britches.
[19] That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor

The Wild Rover

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

Chorus:

And it's no nay never
no nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
no never - no more

[2] I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay
Such a custom as yours I can get any day

Chorus

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

Chorus

[4] I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus (twice)

Background: A popular Irish ballad. The song is generally recognized as a traditional Irish drinking song, though like many Irish folk songs it also became very popular in Scotland and England. In Britain, the song is especially popular with sport fans and has been adopted as the basis for many football chants.

The song is a staple for artists performing live music in Irish pubs. When performed live in a pub setting, or for an audience, it is a custom for the participants to bang on the table or clap their hands in cadence four times during the break in the chorus, thus: *And it's no, nay, never* (clap - clap - clap - clap) *no, nay, never, no more...*

Whiskey in the Jar

[1] As I was riding over the far famed and Kerry Mountains,
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin',
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,
Said Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus:

Musha ring dumma doo dumma a da,
Whack fol de daddy o,
Whack fol de daddy o
There's whiskey in the jar.

[2] I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny,
She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the devil takes the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus

[3] 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 my charges and she filled them out with water,
Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

[4] 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel,
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

[5] If anyone can aid me 'tis 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 roving in Kilkenny,
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus

[6] Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Chorus

Background: A famous Irish traditional song about a highwayman (usually in the Cork and Kerry mountains), who is betrayed by his wife or lover. The song's exact origins are lost in the mists of history. Judging from the mention of a rapier it is likely that the lyrics date back to at least the late eighteenth century

The Sick Note

- [1] Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today
- [2] Whilst working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased, the bloody awkward sod
And he said I had to cart them down the ladders in me hod
- [3] Now clearing all these bricks by hand it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in me haste to do the job, I was to blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me
- [4] And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down
- [5] Well the barrel broke me shoulder, as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below
- [6] Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again
- [7] The force of this collision half way up the office block
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.
- [8] I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope
- [9] The barrel being heavier then started down once more
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say
I hope you`ll understand why Paddy's not at work today

Background: In 1969 Pat Cooksey wrote this comedy classic and it quickly became a big hit in English and Scottish folk clubs. This song, under a variety of different titles, has since become one of the most widely recorded and popular contemporary folk songs worldwide.

Shame

[1] Well I'm standing alone at the corner
I've got nothing but you on my mind
I'm trying to remember what you look like
But all I see is your big fat behind
And I say la la la la la la la
La la la la la la laaaa

Chorus:

I got you, you're acting all the same
I think it's such a shame
You're putting all the blame on me
I got you, you're driving me insane
I think it's such a shame
You're putting all the blame on me
It's such a shame, it's such a shame

[2] I still remember well the day you left me
You packed up all your stuff and left in tears
I should have cried you know I tried so help me
But instead I filled the fridge up with more beer
And it never mattered how I tried to please you
And all the times I tried to treat you right
But you really put a stop to all my sleeping
When you said that Mrs Bobbit had it right
And I say la la la la la la la
La la la la la la laaaa

Chorus:

I got you, you're acting all the same
I think it's such a shame
You're putting all the blame on me
I got you, you're driving me insane
I think it's such a shame
You're putting all the blame on me
It's such a shame, it's such a shame, it's such a shame

Background: A song by the Young Dubliners that I really like. Keith always has fun with this one.

The Orange and The Green

Chorus:

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen.
My father, he was Orange and me mother, she was green.

- [1] My father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he.
My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,
Until the day that I was born and things got rather rough.

Chorus

- [2] Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car,
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
I was christened "David Anthony," but still, inspite of that,
To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

Chorus

- [3] With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll.
Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul.
For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because
I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was.

Chorus

- [4] Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy,
Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy.
That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin
And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne

Chorus

- [5] One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

Chorus

- [6] My parents never could agree about my type of school.
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green.

Chorus

Rocky Road to Dublin

[1] In the merry month of May, From my home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, Kissed me darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born,
I cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and goblin,
A brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs,
And frightened all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

One, two, three, four five,
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, Whacks-fer-ol-de-da

[2] In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, Next mornin' light and airy,
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinkin',
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for drinking.
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'.
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required,
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[3] In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.
Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[4] From there I got away, My spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

[5] The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,
Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',
Poor ould Erin's isle They began abusin',
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by, Saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.
We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

Mairi's Wedding

Chorus:

Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

[1] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.

Chorus

[2] Bright her cheeks as rowans are, bright her eyes as any star
The fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi

Chorus

[3] Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi

Chorus

[4] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.

Chorus

Background: Mairi's Wedding (also known as Marie's Wedding, the Lewis Bridal Song, or Mairi Bhan) is a Scottish folk song originally written in Gaelic by Johnny Bannerman for Mary McNiven. Written using a traditional Scots tune, it was first played for McNiven in 1935 at the Old Highlanders Institute in Glasgow's Elmbank Street. Hugh S. Robertson translated the Gaelic version into English in 1936.

A "sheiling" is a shepherd's hut or mountain pasture used in summer. "Creel" is a wicker basket.

Mari Mac

- [1] There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac
And make no mistake she's the girl I'm gonna track
Lots of other fellas try to get her on the back.
But I'm thinkin' they'll have to get up early.

Chorus:

Mari Mac's mother's makin' Mari Mac marry me
My mother's makin' me marry Mari Mac
Well I'm gonna marry Mari cause Mari's takin' care o' me.
We'll all be makin' marry when I marry Mari Mac.

- [2] Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together
In fact you hardly see the one without the other
And people often wonder if it's Mari or her mother
Or both of them together I'm courting

Chorus

- [3] Well up among the heather in the hills of Benafee
Well I had a Bonnie lass sittin' on my knee
A bumble bee stung me right above the knee
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee

Chorus

- [4] Well I said to bonnie lass how we gonna pass the day
She said among the heather in the hills of Benafee
Where all the boys and girls are making out so free
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee

Chorus

- [5] Wedding's on a Wednesday, everything's arranged
Soon you'll never change your mind unless you minus change
Of making the arrangements and feelings lots of rage
Marriage is an awful undertaking

Chorus

- [6] Sure to be a grand for grand of that a fair
Gonna be a fork and plate for every man that's there
And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share
All though I may be very much mistaken

Chorus

- [7] There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track
Lot's of other fellas try to get her on her back
But I think they're gonna have to get up early

Chorus (several times getting faster to train wreck)

Farewell to Nova Scotia

[1] The sun was setting in the west
The birds were singing on every tree
All nature seemed inclined for to rest
But still there was no rest for me.

Chorus:

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

[2] I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my parents whom I held so dear
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.

Chorus

[3] The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm
The captain calls, we must obey
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away.

Chorus

[4] I have three brothers and they are at rest
Their arms are folded on their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

Chorus

Background: "Farewell to Nova Scotia" is a popular folk song from Nova Scotia of unknown authorship, collected by folklorist Helen Creighton. It is believed to have been written just prior to or during the First World War.

Johnny Jump Up

[1] I'll tell you a story that happened to me
One day as I went down to Cork by the sea
The sun it was hot and the day it was warm,
Says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm

[2] I went in and I called for a bottle of stout
Says the barman, I'm sorry, 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, I could not get up
After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up

[3] 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

[4] He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
But it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up
The next bloke I met down in Cork by the sea
Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me

[5] 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 downing a quart of that cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced on his feet

Chorus

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

[7] 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 that cider I had

Chorus

[8] Well, a man died in the union by the name of McNabb
They washed him and laid him outside on the slab
And after the parlors measurements did take
His wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake

[9] **Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer it 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 that Johnny Jump Up**

Chorus

[10] **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 (twice)

Background: "Johnny Jump Up" is a mixture of cider and whiskey

There is an unconfirmed report that this was written by Tim Jordan of Cork City, Co. Cork, Ireland in the 1940s. According to Kevin Manly, Tim Jordan was born and lived all his life in Cork city. The story behind the song was his friend was a landlord of a pub and he asked Tim to write a song about cider and to sing it in his bar to try to increase the sale of cider in his pub.

Another report states the song was probably written in the 1920s or 30s. According to Jimmy Crowley, "Because of the general shortage of materials during the first World War cider was stored in casks which had been used for maturing whiskey. The cider drew the spirit from the wood and the result was 'Johnny', a cider so potent, as the song tells us, that it was a sure ticket to heaven. 'Up the Lee Road' implies much more than it says to Cork people, as the Mental Hospital is situated up there."

Molly Malone

[1] **In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow 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. (repeat)**

[2] **She was a fishmonger, but sure t'was no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrow through the streets wide and
narrow,
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.**

Chorus

[3] **She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.**

Chorus

The Old Dun Cow

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

Chorus:

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

[2] "Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
Everybody follow me.
And it's down to the cellar if the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree."
So we went on down after good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more
Till we were all quite pissed.

Chorus

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

Chorus

[4] Then there came through the old back door
The Vicar of the local church.
And when he saw our drunken ways,
He began to scream and curse.
"Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!
You've taken to a drunken spree!
You drank up all the Benedictine wine
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

Chorus

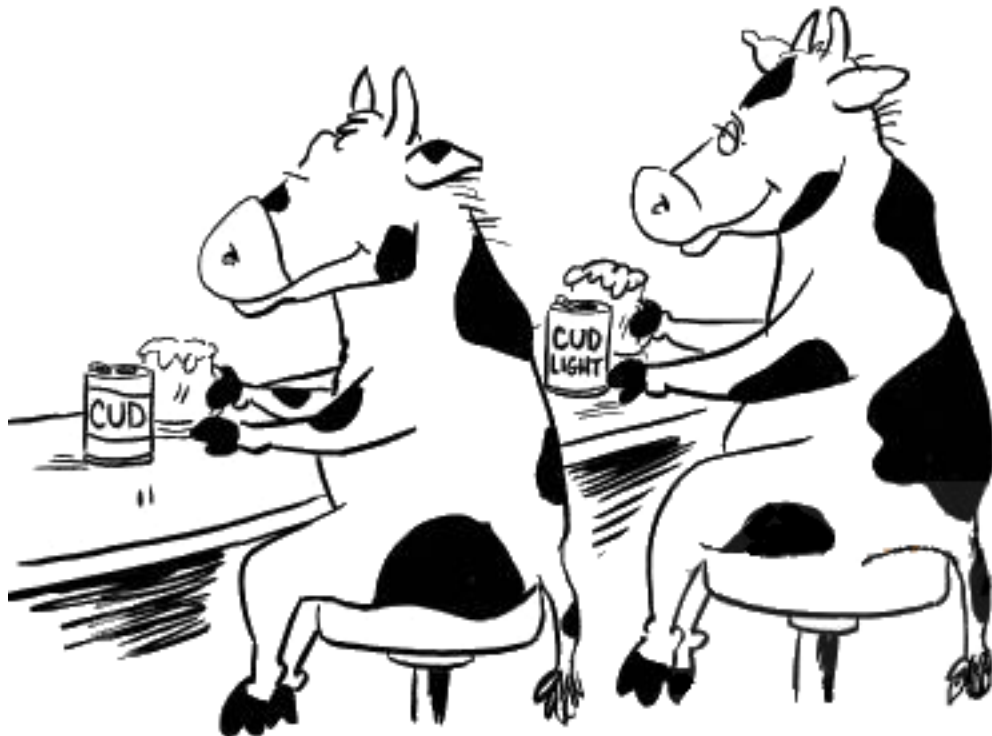
[5] And then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof caved in.
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose
But still we were gonna stay.
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat drinking the finest Rum
Till we were bleary-eyed.

Chorus

[6] Later that night, when the fire was out
We came up from the cellar below.
Our pub was burned. Our booze was drunk.
Our heads was hanging low.
"Oh look", says Brown with a look quite queer.
Seems something raised his ire.
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,
It closes on the hour!"

Chorus

Background: The dun cow is a common motif in English folklore. "Dun" is a dull shade of brownish grey. There are many public houses in the United Kingdom called The Dun Cow.



I'll Tell Me Ma

Chorus:

I'll tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair, they steal my comb
But that's all right till I get home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

[1] Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
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 Morrissey says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Chorus

[2] Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high
Snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
She'll get a fellow by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus

Background: "I'll Tell Me Ma" is a well known children's song. The chorus usually refers to Belfast city, although it is also adapted to other Irish cities, such as Dublin.

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

[1] I was born on a Dublin street where the Loyal drums did beat
And the loving English feet walked all over us,
And every single night when me father'd come home tight
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

Chorus:

Come out you 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 in Killeshandra.

[2] Come tell us how you slew them ol' Arabs two by two
Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows,
How you bravely faced each one With your sixteen pounder gun
And you frightened them damn natives to their marrow.

Chorus

[3] 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 sixteen were executed.

Chorus

[4] The day is coming fast and the time is here at last,
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,
And if there be a need sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!"
With a bar or two of Stephen Behan's chorus

Chorus

[5] The day is coming fast and it will soon be here at last
When North and South again belong to Erin
And when John Bull is gone, we'll all join in this song,
And the trumpets of freedom will be blarin'

Chorus

Background: Come Out Ye Black and Tans (sometimes Black and Tan) is an Irish rebel song referring to the Black and Tans, the British paramilitary police auxiliary force in Ireland during the 1920s. The song was written by Dominic Behan as a tribute to his father Stephen, often authorship of the song is attributed to Stephen.

The lyrics are rich with references to the history of Irish nationalism and the activities of the British army throughout the world. While the title of the song refers to the Black and Tans of the War of Independence era, the specific context of the song is a dispute between Irish Republican and loyalist neighbours in inner city Dublin in the 1930s. The actual term "Black and Tan" originated from the lack of coordination of the British army with their uniforms. The troops stationed in Killeshandra wore a mix of black uniforms and tan (khaki) uniforms.

Seven Drunken Nights

- [1] 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.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow, sure I never saw before.
- [2] 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.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot 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 on a blanket, sure I never saw before.
- [3] As I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot 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.
- [4] 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.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot 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, sure I never saw before.
- [5] 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.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot 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.

[6] 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 cannot 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

[7] As I went home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three.
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me
Who was that lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three?
Ah you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see
That was just the tax man that the Queen she sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But an Englishman who can last till three I've never seen before

"Background: Seven Drunken Nights" is a humorous traditional Irish song, most famously performed by The Dubliners. Usually only five of the seven nights are sung because of the vulgar nature of the final two. As a result there have evolved many versions of the final two verses as performers make up their own versions to fit in, some raunchier than others.

It is common to have a call and answer in the verse: "Well, I called my wife and I said to her (Men: *Hey Wife!* Women: *Whatya want ya drunken shite?!*)"

The Moonshiner

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

[2] I'll go to some hollow in this counterie
Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree
No women to follow, the world is all mine
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

Chorus

[3] Oh, moonshine, dear moonshine, oh, how I love thee
You killed me old father, but ah you try me
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine

Chorus

Gypsy Rover

- [1] A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.
- Chorus: (After every verse)
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.
- [2] She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.
- [3] She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang
As they rode off together
- [4] Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover
- [5] Her father saddled up his fastest stead
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.
- [6] 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.
- [7] "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

Background: The Gypsy Rover, sometimes known simply as The Whistling Gypsy, is a well-known ballad composed by Dublin songwriter, Leo Maguire. It was recorded by numerous artists.

The Fields of Athenry

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

Chorus:

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

[2] By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man 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.

Chorus

[3] By a lonely harbour wall She watched the last star falling.
And 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

Chorus

Background: Written in the 1970s by Pete St. John, this tune is an Irish folk ballad set during the Great Irish Famine (1845-1850) about a fictional man from near Athenry in County Galway who has been sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, Australia, for stealing food for his starving family. It is a widely known and popular anthem for Irish sports supporters. "Trevelyan's corn" is a reference to Charles Edward Trevelyan, a senior British civil servant in the administration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle, and to the "Indian corn" (maize) imported from America by the government for famine relief. The song is sometimes considered a "rebel song".

Finnegan's Wake

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

Chorus:

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
round the flure yer trotters shake
Bend an ear to the truth they tell ye,
we had lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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

Chorus (after every verse)

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

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

[5] Mickey Maloney ducked his head
when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed,
the liquor scattered over Tim
Now the spirits new life gave the corpse, my joy!
Tim jumped like a Trojan from the bed
Cryin will ye walup each girl and boy,
t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"

Background: Dedicated, no doubt, to the Irishman's love of funerals and whiskey, Finnegans Wake supplied the theme for James Joyce's famous novel of the same name.

The Green Hills of Tyrol

[1] There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder
He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.
He'd seen the glory and told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds nefarious
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

Because these green hills are not highland hills
Or the island hills, they'ree not my land's hills
And fair as these green foreign hills may be
They are not the hills of home.

[2] And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling
And he will fade away, in that far land.
He called his piper, his trusty piper
And bade him sound a lay... a pibroch sad to play
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus

[3] And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus

Will Ye No Come Back Again?

[1] Bonnie Chairlie's noo awa',
Safely ower the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa',
Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus:

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

[2] Ye trusted in your Hielan' men,
They trusted you dear Chairlie.
They kent your hidin' in the glen,
Death or exile bravin'

Chorus

[3] We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watched thee in the mornin' grey.
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
O there is nane that wad betray

Chorus

[4] English bribes were all in vain
Tho' puir and puirer we mun be
Silver canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee

Chorus

[5] Sweet the laverock' s note and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen.
But aye tae me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no' come back again?

Chorus

Background: After the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden and his escape back to France, with the aid of Flora MacDonald, there were still many who hoped that he would return, some day. This song is about that sentiment, written by Carolina Oliphant (Lady Nairne) in the first half of the 19th century).

Auld Lang Syne

- [1] Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

- [2] And surely you'll buy your pint cup! And surely I'll buy mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [3] We two have run about the hills, and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot, since auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [4] We two have paddled in the stream, from morning sun till dine (dinner
time);
But seas between us broad have roared since auld lang syne.

Chorus

- [5] And there's a hand my trusty friend! And give us a hand o' thine!
And we'll take a right good-will draught, for auld lang syne.

Chorus

Background: Auld Lang Syne, a song by Robert Burns (1759-1796), is one of the better-known songs in English-speaking countries. It is often sung at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Day. Like many other frequently sung songs, the melody is better remembered than the words, which are often sung incorrectly, and seldom in full.

The song's (Scots) title may be translated into English literally as 'old long since', or more idiomatically 'long ago', or 'days gone by'. In his retelling of fairy tales in the Scots language, Matthew Fitt uses the phrase "In the days of auld lang syne" as the equivalent of "Once upon a time". In Scots Syne is pronounced like the English word sign

MacPherson's Lament

[1] Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong; Farewell, farewell to thee.
MacPherson's time will ne'er be lang; On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus: *(after every verse)*

Sae rantingly, sae wontonly; Sae dauntingly gaed he
He played a tune an' he danced aroon Beneath the gallows tree.

[2] It was by a woman's treacherous hand; That I was condemned to dee
Beneath a ledge at a window she stood; And a blanket she threw o'er
me.

[3] Well the laird o' Grant, that highlan' sa'nt; That first laid hands
on me
He played the cause on Peter Broon; To let Macpherson dee.

[4] Untie these bands from off my hands; And gie to me my sword
There's nae a man in a' Scotland; But I'll brave him at a word.

[5] There's some come here to see me hanged; And some to buy my fiddle
But before that I do part wi' her; I'll brak her thro' the middle.

[6] He took the fiddle into both his hands; And he broke it o'er a stone
Says there's nae other hand shall play on thee; When I am dead and
gone.

[7] O, little did my mother think; When she first cradled me
That I would turn a rovin' boy; And die on the gallows tree.

[8] The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff; To let Macpherson free
But they pit the clock a quarter afore ;And hanged him to a tree.

Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

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

[1] **Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.**

Chorus

[2] **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.**

Chorus

[3] **Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the Claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead in Culloden's field.**

Chorus

[4] **Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.**

Chorus

Background: The Skye Boat Song has gained the reputation of a traditional Scottish song recalling the escape of the young pretender Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) after his defeat at Culloden in 1746: he escaped from Uist to the Isle of Skye in a small boat with the aid of Flora MacDonald. He was disguised as a serving maid. The 19th century adherents of Scottish romantic nationalism (which included sentimental Jacobitism) enlarged the anecdote to a legend.

The lyrics were written by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart. (1859 - 1935), to an air collected by Miss Annie MacLeod (Lady Wilson) in the 1870s.

Spanish Ladies

- [1] Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England,
But we hope in a short while to see you again.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea.
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.

- [2] We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

- [3] The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Chorus

- [4] Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

- [5] Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus

Background: *Spanish Ladies* is a very old capstan sea shanty - meaning that sailors sung it around the capstan as they raised the anchor on a homeward bound voyage. It dates from a point before 1800. There are several tunes to which it is sung. The lyrics, with their mention of the 'Grand Fleet', indicate that the song originates from the British Royal Navy. Certainly, it provides a fascinating glimpse into navy life. The places that are mentioned - the Dodman, Ushant, Beachy, Dover, Fairlight - are the landmarks that homeward bound sailors would have looked out for on the last leg of their journey up the English channel.

The *Ryans and the Pittmans* (next song) is a popular Newfoundland song based on Ladies of Spain. It tells of the romantic entanglements of a sailor named Bob Pittman, and his desire to sail home to finally marry his "sweet Biddy". The song is also known as "We'll Rant and We'll Roar", after the first line of the chorus; however, this is also the name by which some foreign variants are known; see below.

The most famous recent version of the *Ryans and the Pittmans* is a shortened version recorded as *Rant & Roar* by Great Big Sea.

The Ryans and the Pittmans (Rant & Roar)

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Until we strikes bottom inside the two sunkers
When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

- [1] My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman
I sail in the Ino with Skipper Tom Brown
I'm bound to have Polly or Bidy or Molly
As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down.

Chorus

- [2] I'm a son of a sea cook, I'm a cook in a trader
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom
I can handle a jigger, I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a boats standing room.

Chorus

- [3] If the voyage is good, this fall I will do it
I wants two pounds ten for a ring and the priest
A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars
And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.

Chorus

- [4] I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis
A twenty pound bed from Jimmy McGrath
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle
And then I'll be ready for Bidy, hurrah!

Chorus

- [5] Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy
I can't marry all or in chokey I'd be.

Chorus (twice, second a cappella)

Flower of Scotland

- [1] **O flower of Scotland**
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [2] **The hills are bare now**
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [3] **Those days are passed now**
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [4] **O flower of Scotland**
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him, proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward tae think again.

Background: Flower of Scotland is used frequently at special occasions and sporting events. Although Scotland has no official national anthem, Flower of Scotland is one of a number of songs which unofficially fulfil this role, along with Highland Cathedral and the older Scotland the Brave. It was written by Roy Williamson of the folk group, The Corries, and presented in 1967, and refers to the victory of the Scots, led by King Robert the Bruce over the King of England, Edward II, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

Massacre of Glencoe

Chorus:

Oh cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave o' Donald
cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house o' MacDonald

[1] They came through the blizzard, we offered them heat
A roof ower their heads, dry shoes for their feet.
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat
And slept in the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

[2] They came from Fort William with murder mind
The Campbells had orders, King William had signed
Put all to the sword, these words underlined
And leave none alive called MacDonald

Chorus

[3] They came in the night when the men were asleep
That band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep.
Like murdering foxes, amongst helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

[4] Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe
Some fled in the night, and were lost in the snow.
Some lived to accuse him, that struck the first blow
But gone was the house of MacDonald

Chorus (Twice)

Background: The Massacre of Glencoe occurred in Glen Coe, Scotland, in the early morning of 13 February 1692, during the era of the "Glorious Revolution" and Jacobitism. Thirty-eight MacDonalds from the Clan MacDonald of Glencoe were killed by their guests, the first and second companies of the Earl of Argyll's Regiment of Foot under the command of Robert Campbell, whom had accepted their hospitality, on the grounds that the MacDonalds had not been prompt in pledging allegiance to the new king, William of Orange. Another forty women and children died of exposure after their homes were burned.

Contrary to popular legend it was not the Campbells who actually perpetrated the massacre. Rather it was set in motion by John Dalrymple, Master of Stair and Lord Advocate, and Sir Thomas Livingstone, command of the forces in Scotland. The orders were signed by King William himself.

This song was composed by the Corries

Loch Lomond

[1] **By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
There me and my true love spent many happy days
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.**

Chorus

**Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.**

[2] **'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.**

Chorus

[3] **The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'**

Chorus

Background: Loch Lomond is a large Scottish loch located between the traditional counties of Dunbartonshire and Stirlingshire.

Loch Lomond is a traditional Scottish song. It was first published in 1841 in Vocal Melodies of Scotland and has been covered by many artists in many styles over the years.

There are many theories about the meaning of the song. One interpretation is that it is attributed to a Jacobite Highlander who was captured after the 1745 rising while he was fleeing near Carlisle and is sentenced to die. The verse is his mournful elegy to another rebel who will not be executed. He claims that he will follow the "low road" (the spirit path through the underworld) and arrive in Scotland before his still-living comrade. The "low road" is a reference to the Celtic belief that if someone died away from his homeland then the fairies would provide a route of this name for his soul to return home.

Another interpretation is that the song is sung by the lover of a captured rebel set to be executed in London following a show trial. The heads of the executed rebels were then set upon pikes and exhibited in all of the towns between London and Glasgow in a procession along the "high road" (the most important road), while the relatives of the rebels walked back along the "low road" (the ordinary road traveled by peasants and commoners).

Star of the County Down

- [1] Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down,
one morning in July
Down a borean green came a sweet colleen
and she smiled as she passed me by
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:

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 County
Down

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Background: "Star of the County Down" is an old Irish ballad set near Banbridge in County Down, Northern Ireland. It is sung from the point of view of a young man who chances to meet a charming lady by the name of Rosie McCann. From a brief encounter the writer's infatuation grows until he imagines wedding the girl.

The Calton Weaver (Nancy Whiskey)

[1] I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver
I am a brash and a roving blade
I have silver in my pockets
And I follow a roving trade

Chorus:

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O

[2] As I walked into Glasgow city
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
I walked in, I sat down beside her
Seven long years I loved her well

Chorus

[3] The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching
Nancy soon had me beguiled

Chorus

[4] I woke early in the mornin'
Tae slake ma drought it was my need,
I tried to rise but I was not able
Nancy had me by the heid.

Chorus

[5] Now I'm going back to the Calton weaving
I'll surely make them shuttles fly
I'll make more at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way

Chorus

[6] So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers
Weavers where e're ye be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me

Chorus

Background: Nancy Whisky first appeared in print in the early 1900s. Calton is a district of Glasgow which used to be famous for its weaver's workshops. This is a warning to men, old and young.

The Ballad Of Billy Reid

[1] I'll sing you a song of a terrible wrong,
When the flags all flew at half mast.
And a man he lay dead he'd been riddled with lead,
And he died on the streets of Belfast.

Chorus:

All the radio said was another shot dead
And he died with a gun in his hand
But they never said why Billy Reid had to die
'Cause he died to free Ireland.

[2] It happened one day when the bold IRA
Set out to fight for their land
With an old Thompson gun put the troops on the run
And return to their home was their plan.

Chorus

[3] While returning the guns Billy met British Huns
And when the fight had begun
His position was dire when his gun wouldn't fire
So he died with that old Thompson gun.

Chorus

[4] Although he lay dead he was kicked in the head,
By the hair they dragged him around.
But they still fear him yet, we can never forget,
How brave Billy Reid stood his ground.

Chorus

[5] If you think he was right come and join in the fight,
And help us to free Belfast.
For the blood that he shed and although he lay dead,
In our hearts his memory will last.

Chorus

Background: William "Billy" Reid was an active member of the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade of the Provisional Irish Republican Army (pIRA). On 15 May 1971 a foot patrol of the British army was ambushed in Academy Street in the centre of Belfast by the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade. Billy Reid, aged 32, was killed in the ensuing gunfight.

McAlpine's Fusiliers

- [1] As down the glen came McAlpine's men
with their shovels slung behind them
'Twas in the pub that they drank their sub
and out 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
- [2] I stripped to the skin with the Darkie Finn
way down upon the Isle of Grain
With Horse Face O'Toole, we knew the rule,
no money if you stopped for rain.
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod,
your shoulders cut to bits and seared,
And woe to he who looked for tea
with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [3] I remember the day that Bear O'Shea
fell into a concrete stair.
What Horse Face said when he saw him dead
it wasn't what the rich called prayers.
I'm a navy short was the one retort
that reached unto my ears
When the going's rough then you must be tough
with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [4] I've worked 'til the sweat nearly had me bet,
with Russian, Czech and Pole.
On shuddering jams up the hydro dams
or underneath the Thames in a hole.
I've grabbed it hard and I've got me cards
and many a ganger's fist across me ears.
If you value your life you won't join by cripes,
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

Background: McAlpine's Fusiliers is a famous Irish ballad set to a traditional air, written in the early 1960s by Dominic Behan. The song relates to the mass migration of Irish labour from Ireland to England that took place prior to, after and especially during, the Second World War. The ballad's title refers to Sir Robert McAlpine, a major employer of Irish workmen.

The lyrics allude to the racism of the times that was often found in England and London – in particular when boarding houses in the area regularly advised allcomers that no Irish or Coloureds need apply. Behan saw the paradox of Britain employing more and more Irish construction workers whilst at the same time allowing abusive work practices and racism to prosper.

The song offers a satirical but on the whole accurate view of the life and work of the Irish labourers of the times and as such proved extremely popular, resonating strongly with the Irish population of London.

Wild Mountain Thyme

[1] Oh the summer time is comin'
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

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

[2] I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will place
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

[3] If my true love she were gone
Then I'd surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

[4] Oh the summer time is comin'
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

Background: "Wild Mountain Thyme" (also known as "Purple Heather" and "Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go") is a folk song written in the 1950s by Francis McPeake, a member of a well known musical family in Belfast, Ireland, and of Scottish origin. McPeake's lyrics are a variant of the song "The Braes of Balquhither" by Scottish poet Robert Tannahill (1774–1810), a contemporary of Robert Burns. Tannahill's original song, first published in Robert Archibald Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* (1821–24), is about the hills (braes) around Balquhither near Lochearnhead. Like Burns, Tannahill collected and adapted traditional songs, and "The Braes of Balquhither" may have been based on the traditional song "The Braes o' Bowhether".

The Irish Rover

- [1] On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind it drove her
She stood several blasts she had twenty seven masts
And they called her the Irish Rover
- [2] We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover
- [3] There was awl Mickey Coote, who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart 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
That he sailed in the Irish Rover
- [4] There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGirk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover
- [5] For a sailor it's always a bother in life
It's so lonesome by night and day
That he longs for the shore and a charming young whore
Who will melt all his troubles away
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout
For him soon the torment's over
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid
An old salt from the Irish Rover

[6] We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock oh Lord what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
It turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

Background: "The Irish Rover" is an Irish folk song about a magnificent, though improbable, sailing ship that reaches an unfortunate end. It has been recorded by numerous artists, some of whom have made changes to the lyrics. According to the 1966 publication *Walton's New Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads 2*, the song is attributed to songwriter/arranger J. M. Crofts.

Dirty Old Town

[1] 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

[2] The 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

[3] I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

[4] I'm going to make a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

[5] 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

Background: "Dirty Old Town" is an English song written by Ewan MacColl in 1949 that was made popular by The Dubliners and has been recorded by many others. The song was written about Salford, Greater Manchester, England, the city where MacColl was born and brought up. It was originally composed for an interlude to cover an awkward scene change in his 1949 play *Landscape with Chimneys*, set in a North of England industrial town, but with the growing popularity of folk music the song became a standard. The first verse refers to the Gasworks croft, which was a piece of open land adjacent to the Gasworks, and then speaks of the old canal, which was the Manchester Bolton & Bury Canal. The line in the original version about smelling a spring on "the Salford wind" is sometimes sung as "the sulphured wind". But in any case, most singers tend to drop the Salford reference altogether, in favour of calling the wind "smoky".

Barrett's Privateers

- [1] Oh, the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen
- Chorus (after every verse):
God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a **broken man on a Halifax pier,**
The last of Barrett's Privateers
- [2] O Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew
- [3] The Antelope sloop was a sickening site
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags
- [4] On the King's birthday we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
- [5] On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight
- [6] The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
- [7] Then at length she stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
- [8] The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

- [9] Now here I lay in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Background: A song by Stan Rogers

Northwest Passage

Chorus:

**Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.**

- [1] **Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.**

Chorus

- [2] **Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.**

Chorus

- [3] **And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.**

Chorus

- [4] **How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.**

Chorus

Background: "Northwest Passage" is one of the best-known songs by Canadian musician Stan Rogers. An a cappella song, it featured Rogers alone singing the verses, with several guest vocalists harmonizing with him in the chorus.

While it recalls the history of early explorers who were trying to discover a route across Canada to the Pacific Ocean (especially Sir John Franklin, who lost his life in the quest for the Northwest Passage), its central theme is a comparison between the journeys of these past explorers and the singer's own journey to and through the same region. The singer ultimately reflects that, just as the quest for a northwest passage might be considered a fruitless one (in that a viable and navigable northwest passage was never found in the days of Franklin and his kind), a modern-day journeyer along similar paths might meet the same end. The song also references the geography of Canada, including the Fraser River ("to race the roaring Fraser to the sea") on the western coast and the Davis Strait to the east.

Fairytale of New York

- [1] It was Christmas Eve babe in the drunk tank
An old man said to me, won't see another one
And then he sang a song the Rare Old Mountain Dew
and I turned my face away and dreamed about you
- [2] Got on a lucky one came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
So happy Christmas I love you baby
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true
- [3] *They've got cars big as bars they've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you it's no place for the old
When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me*
- [4] You were handsome you were pretty Queen of New York City
When the band finished playing they howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging all the drunks they were singing
We kissed on the corner then danced through the night

Chorus:

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day

- [5] *You're a bum you're a punk you're an old slut on junk
Living there almost dead on a drip in that bed
You scum bag you maggot you cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse I pray God It's our last*

Chorus

- [6] I could have been someone *well so could anyone*
You took my dreams from me when I first found you
I kept them with me babe I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone I've built my dreams around you

Background: "Fairytale of New York" is a Christmas song written by Jem Finer and Shane MacGowan and first released as a single on 23 November 1987 by their band The Pogues, featuring singer-songwriter Kirsty MacColl on vocals. The song was written as a duet, with the Pogues' singer MacGowan taking the role of the male character and MacColl the female character. It is an Irish folk style ballad, and featured on The Pogues' 1988 album *If I Should Fall from Grace with God*. The song has been cited as the best Christmas song of all time in various television, radio and magazine related polls in the UK and Ireland. The single peaked at number two in the UK Singles Chart when it was first released and its popularity as a Christmas song has endured: to date the song has reached the UK top twenty on eleven separate occasions since its original release in 1987, including every year since 2005, and was certified platinum for achieving one million sales in 2013. In the UK it is the most-played Christmas song of the 21st century.



The Crawl

Chorus

Well we're good old boys; we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
And this night, by God! We'll drink 'til there was no more
From The Troller to The Raven with all stops in between

- [1] It all began one afternoon, on the shores of Ambleside
We were sitting there quite peacefully, with the rising of the tide
When an idea it came to mind, for to usher in the fall
And we agreed next Friday night, we'd go out on the crawl

Chorus

- [2] We planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did not spare
We left all the cars at home, and paid the taxi fare
I got out to Horseshoe Bay, a little after five
From a table in the corner, I heard familiar voices rise

Chorus

- [3] Both spirits they ran high that night, old stories we did share
Of the days when we were younger men, and never had a care
And the beer flowed like a river, and we drank the keg near dry
So we drained down all our glasses, and were thirsty by-and-by

Chorus

- [4] Park Royal Hotel, the Rusty Gull, Square Rigger and Queen's Cross
We started off with eight good boys, but half had gotten lost
And you'll never keep the lads together, when their eyes begin to rove
And there was just the three of us that made it to Deep Cove

Chorus

- [5] We arrived out at The Raven, just in time for the last call
The final destination of this the first annual crawl
We dug deep into our pockets; there was no money to be found, hah
Nine miles home and for walking we are bound

Chorus (repeat a capella then outro)

Background: A great drinking song by Spirit of the West from their 1986 "Tripping Up The Stairs" album. Several of the pubs mentioned are still around – the Troller, the Rusty Gull, Queen's Cross and the Raven.

Aunt Martha's Sheep

- [1] Come gather all around me and I'll sing to you a tale,
About the boys in Carmanville who almost went to jail.
It happened on a November's night when all hands were asleep,
We crept up over Joe Tulk's hill and stole Aunt Martha's sheep.
- [2] Now if you pay attention I know I'll make you laugh,
They never went to steal the sheep, they went to steal the calf.
The old cow she got angry 'cause they woke her from her sleep,
We couldn't take any chances so we had to steal the sheep.
- [3] We caught the wooly animal and dragged her from her pen,
She says good-bye to the little lamb she'd never see again.
She knew that those dark strangers soon would take her life,
In less than half an hour she felt that dreadful knife.
- [4] Aunt Martha she got angry when she heard about the loss,
She said she'd catch the robbers no matter what the cost.
Next morning just at sunrise she to the office went,
And to the R.C.M.P. a telegram she sent.
- [5] The Mountie got the message and started in to read,
This is from Aunt Martha telling of an awful deed.
Last night my sheep was stolen by whom I cannot tell,
I'd like for you to catch them all and take them off to jail.
- [6] Just a short time later about twelve o'clock that night,
We had the sheep a'cooking and everyone feeling tight.
The smell of mutton and onions no man could ask for more,
We were chug-a-luggin' Dominion when a Mountie walked in the door.
- [7] He said sorry boys, your party I really don't mean to wreck.
I smelled the meat a'cookin' and I had to come in and check.
You see a sheep was stolen and the thief is on the loose.
I said come right in and join us, sir, we're having a piece of moose.
- [8] He said thanks a lot and he sat right down and I gave him a piece of
the sheep.
This is the finest piece of moose I knows I ever eat.
About two o'clock in the morning he bid us all good-day,
If we get any clues on the sheep, sir, we'll phone you right away.
- [9] He said thanks a lot, you're a darn fine bunch, and your promise I
know you'll keep.
And if everyone was as good as you she wouldn't have lost her sheep.
After he left we had the piece we had in the oven to roast,
We might have stole the sheep, boys, but the Mountie ate the most.

Background: a song written by Ellis Coles and performed by Dick Nolan. It was primarily viewed as a slight on the RCMP, the police force for the province of Newfoundland and Labrador. The song got airplay in the 1970s, but less after that. Released in 1972 it became one of Dick Nolan's signature songs and is pretty well known amongst the kitchen party scene.

The Parting Glass

- [1] O' all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that I ever did
Alas! It was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all
- [2] If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town
That sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all
- [3] O' all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot,
That I should rise and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call
Good night, and joy be with you all

"The Parting Glass" is a very popular Irish song with an interesting history. Today many recordings are available and for me the best is still the one by the Clancy Brothers with Tommy Makem from 1959, which is printed here.

The song belongs to a family of songs that can be traced back to the early 17th century in Scotland. The very first evidence for a song with the title "Good Night And God Be With You" is a tune in the so-called *Skene Manuscripts*, an important collection of music compiled in the 1620s or 1630s. Another version printed in 1650 shows that some elements of "The Parting Glass" lyrics are already in place. Components are also found in writings by Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

The earliest known precursor of the modern "The Parting Glass" is from the early 19th century by an anonymous Scottish street poet, in which much of the final structure can be found (in particular the occurrence of the term "parting glass") although the song is still entitled "Good Night and Joy Be With You All".

The song starts appearing in Irish texts in the 1830s, still as "Good Night and Joy Be With You All". A decade or so later a version was published as "The Parting Glass" that had a chorus and a fourth verse that has since dropped into disuse.

The melody used by the Irish version is taken from "Sweet Cootehill Town" and "The Peacock", although it is not certain whether the melody had been applied prior to its migration to Ireland. The modern version of "The Parting Glass" - without the refrain and the additional verses but with this particular melody – was printed for the very first time in Colm O Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads in 1939 and is almost identical to the version by Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem.

Galway Girl

- [1] 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 fine soft day-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
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl
- [2] We were halfway there when the rain came down of a day-I-ay-I-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown, of a fine soft day-I-ay
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause 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
- [3] When I woke up I was all alone ...
With a broken heart and a ticket home ...
And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
I've travelled around, I've been all over this world
Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

"Galway Girl" is a song written by Steve Earle and recorded with Irish musician Sharon Shannon originally as "The Galway Girl". It was featured on Earle's 2000 album *Transcendental Blues*. "The Galway Girl" tells the semi-autobiographical story of the songwriter's reaction to a beautiful black-haired blue-eyed girl he meets in Galway, Ireland. Local references include Salthill and The Long Walk.

A cover version of the song by Mundy and Sharon Shannon reached number one and became the most downloaded song of 2008 in Ireland, and has gone on to become the eighth highest selling single in Irish chart history. It has been subject of a great number of covers and live interpretations.

Fisherman's Blues

- [1] I wish I was a fisherman tumbling on the seas
Far away from dry land and it's bitter memories
Casting out my sweet line with abandonment and love
No ceiling bearing down on me save the starry sky above
With light in my head, with you in my arms
- [2] I wish I was the brakeman on a hurtling fevered train
Crashing head long into the heartland like a cannon in the rain
With the feeling of the sleepers and the burning of the coal
Counting the towns flashing by and a night that's full of soul
With light in my head, with you in my arms
- [3] 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
With light in my head, with you in my arms

Outro: With light in my head with you in my arms

Fisherman's Blues is a song written and recorded by The Waterboys in 1988 that reached third place on Billboard's Modern Rock chart. The song was used on the pilot episode of the TV series Lights Out, and has appeared on the soundtracks of the movies Good Will Hunting, Waking Ned Devine, and Dream with the Fishes. Actress Emilia Clarke performed a cover version for the film Dom Hemingway. It was also recorded by the Young Dubliners and numerous other celtic rock artists.