

IRISH SONGS



a booklet in adobe pdf format published by

Gerry Jones
LIVERPOOL MUSICIAN

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Irish Songs

Introduction

Here are the lyrics for some of the many Irish folk-songs I came across in my years in the "old" Liverpool Irish Centre on Mount Pleasant, and in various folk-clubs and Irish pubs at home and abroad.

As ever with folk-song there is no "right" nor "wrong" or "official" version; everybody learns what they heard somebody else sing, or read it in a different book.

Just enjoy them ...

Irish Songs

The Old Bog Road

*My feet are here on Broadway,
This blessed harvest morn
And oh, the ache that's in them
For the spot where I was born.
My weary hands are blistered
From work in cold and heat,
And Oh, to swing a scythe again,
Through fields of Irish wheat
Had I the chance to wander back
Or own a king's abode,
Its soon I'd see the hawthorn tree,
On the Old Bog Road.*

KEY F

*When I was young and restless,
My heart was ill at ease,
Through dreaming of America,
And gold beyond the seas.
Oh, sorrow take their money,
Its hard to get that same,
And what's the world to any man,
Where no-one speaks his name.
I've had my day and here I am,
With building bricks for load,
A long three thousand miles away
from the Old Bog Road.*

Irish Songs

The Old Bog Road continued

*My mother died last spring-time,
When Ireland's fields were green
The neighbours said here waking,
Was the finest ever seen.
There were snowdrops and primroses,
Piled up beside her bed.
And Ferns Church was crowded,
When her funeral Mass was said.
But there was I on Broadway,
With building bricks for load,
When they carried out her coffin,
On the Old Bog Road,*

*Ah, life's a weary puzzle,
Past finding out by man,
I take the day for what it's worth,
And do the best I can.
Since no-one cares a rush for me,
What needs to make a moan,
I go my way and draw my pay,
And smoke my pipe alone.
Each human heart must know its grief
Though little be its load
So God be with you, Ireland,
And the Old Bog Road.*

Irish Songs

Goodbye Johnny Dear

*Just twenty years ago today, I grasped my mothers hand
She kissed and blessed her only son, going to a foreign land.
The neighbours took me from her side, and told me I must go;
Yet I could hear my mothers voice; her words were soft & low.*

key C

Chorus:

*Goodbye Johnny Dear, and when you're far away
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea
Write a letter now and then, and send her all you can,
and don't forget where e'er you roam, that you're an Irishman.*

*We sailed away from Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork,
A very pleasant voyage we had, & soon were in New York.
I had plenty of friends to meet me there, & work I found next day,
but with all the hospitality, I still heard mother say;*

Chorus:

*Goodbye Johnny Dear, and when you're far away
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea
Write a letter now and then, and send her all you can,
and don't forget where e'er you roam, that you're an Irishman.*

*One day a letter came to me, from far across the sea.
It came from dear old Ireland, and it was addressed to me.
and after I had opened it, sure this is what I read,
"My dear old John, I'm sad to say, your mother, she is dead.*

Chorus:

*Goodbye Johnny Dear, and when you're far away
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea
Write a letter now and then, and send her all you can,
and don't forget where e'er you roam, that you're an Irishman.*

Irish Songs

The Ould Orange Flute

by Nugent Bohem

*In the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon,
Where many a ruction myself had a han' in,
Bob Williamson lived, a weaver by trade,
And all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.
On the Twelfth of July, as it yearly did come,
Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum.
You may talk of your harp, your piano, or lute,
But nothing could sound like the ould Orange flute.*

*But this treacherous scoundrel he took us all in,
For he married a Papist called Bridget McGinn;
Turned Papish himself, and forsook the old cause
That gave us our freedom, religion and laws.
Now, the boys in the townland made some noise upon it,
And Bob had to fly to the province of Connacht,
He flew with his wife and fixings to boot,
And along with the others the ould Orange flute.*

*At chapel on Sundays to atone for his past deeds,
He'd say Pater and Aves, and counted his brown beads,
Till, after some time, at the priest's own desire,
He went with that ould flute to play in the choir,
He went with that ould flute to play in the loft,
But the instrument shivered and sighed and then coughed
When he blew it and fingered it, it made a strange noise,
For the flute would play only the "Protestant Boys".*

Irish Songs

The Ould Orange Flute continued

*Bob jumped up and started and got in a flutter,
And he put the ould flute in the bless'd holy water;
He thought that it might now make some other sound,
When he blew it again it played, "Croppies, Lie Down !"
And all he did whistle, and finger, and blow,
To play Papish music he found it "no go".
"Kick the Pope," "The Boyne Water," and such like 'twould sound,
But one Papish squeak in it couldn't be found.*

*At a council of priests that -was held the next day
They decided to banish the ould flute away;
As they couldn't knock heresy out of its head,
They bought Bob another to play in its stead.
So the ould flute was doomed and its fate was pathetic
It was fastened and burned at the stake as heretic.
While the flames roared round it, they heard a strange noise
'Twas the ould flute still whistlin' the "Protestant Boy's."*

Irish Songs

Paddy Reilly, To Ballyjamesduff

*The Garden of Eden has vanished they say,
But I know the lie of it still.
Just turn to the left at the bridge of Finea,
And stop when half-way to Cootehill.
'Tis there I will find it, I know sure enough,
When fortune has come to my call.
Oh, the grass it is green around Ballyjamesduff,
And the blue sky is over it all!
And tones that are tender and tones that are gruff
Are whispering over the sea,
Chorus:
Come back. Paddy Reilly, to Ballyjamesduff
Come home. Paddy Reilly, to me."*

*My Mother once told me that when I was born,
The day that I first saw the light,
I looked down the street on that very first morn
And gave a great crow of delight.
Now most new-born babies appear in a huff
And start with a sorrowful squall,
But I knew I was born in Ballyjamesduff
And that's why I smiled on them all!
The baby's a man now,, he's toil-worn and tough,
Still, whispers come over the sea.
Chorus:
Come back. Paddy Reilly, to Ballyjamesduff
Come home. Paddy Reilly, to me."*

Irish Songs

Paddy Reilly, To Ballyjamesduff continued

*The night that we danced by the light o' the moon,
Wid Phil to the fore wid his flute, ;
Then Phil threw his lip over "Come agin soon,"
He'd dance the foot out o' yer boot!
The day that I took long Magee by the scruff,
For slanderin' Rosie Kilrain;
Then marchin' him straight out of BallyJamesduff,
Assisted him into a drain.
Oh! sweet are me dreams as the dudeen I puff,
Of-whisperings over the sea.
Chorus:
Come back. Paddy Reilly, to Ballyjamesduff
Come home. Paddy Reilly, to me."*

Irish Songs

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door

*There's a sweet garden spot in our mem'ry,
It's the place wo were born and reared;
'Tia long years ago sincee we left it,
But return there we -will if we're spared.
Our friends and companions of childhood
Would assemble each night near a score,
'Round Dan Murphy's shop and how often we've sat
On the stone that stood outside his door;*

Chorus:

*Those days in our hearts we will cherish,
Contented, although we were poor,
And the songs that were sung
In the days we were young,
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door!*

*When our day's work was over we'd meet there
In the winter or spring the same.
he boys and the girls all together,
Thon would join in some innocent game,
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,
While his daughter looked after the store,
he music did ring and. sweet songs wo would sing
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door !*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door continued

*Back again will our thoughts often wander,
To the scenes of our childhood's home,
Tho friends and companions wo loft there
It was poverty caused us to roam.
Since then in this life we have prospered,
But now still in our hearts wo feel sore
IFor mcm'ry will fly to the days now gone by,
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door
Chorus :*

Irish Songs

When It's Moonlight In Mayo

Keamus Kavanagh

*It's just a year ago to-day I left old Erin's Isle,
My heart was throbbing in The soft light
of my colleen's smile,
In all my dreams I seem to hear
Her sweet voice soft and low,
I know she's waiting where we said
Good-bye in old Mayo.*

Chorus:

*For two Irish eyes are shining
And an Irish heart is pining,
Where I kissed her and caressed her
In the gloaming long ago,
Loving Irish arms will press me
And true Irish love caress me
And sweet Irish lips will bless me
When it's Moonlight in Mayo.*

*Her Irish eyes like beacons shine
All through the darkest night,
I know their sweet love beams
Will always fill the world with light,
The roses of her checks
Will lend enchantment to the scene,
And, when the shamrocks wear the dew,
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

Peg O' My Heart

*Peg O' My Heart, I love you
We'll never part, I love you,
Dear little girl, sweet little girl,
Sweeter than the rose of Erin
Are your winnin' smiles endearin'
Peg O' My Heart your glances
With Irish art entrance me
Come, be my own, come, make your home
In my heart.*

Irish Songs

The Shores Of Amerikay

*I am bidding farewell to the land of my youth,
to the homes I love so well,
And the mountains so grand in my own native land,
I am bidding a fond farewell,
With an aching heart I will bid them adieu,
for tomorrow I sail far away,
o'er the raging foam. for to seek out a home,
On the Shores of Amerikay.*

*Its not for the want of employment I'm going,
and it's not for the want of fame,
that Fortune bright may shine over me,
and give me a glorious name.
Its not for the want of employment I'm going,
o'er the weary and stormy sea
but to seek out a home, for my own true love,
On the Shores of Amerikay.*

*And when I am bidding my last farewell,
the tears like rain will blind
To think of the friends in my own native land,
and the home I am leaving behind.
But if I'm to die, on a far foreign shore,
and be buried so far far away,
no fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
On the Shores of Amerikay.*

Irish Songs

Connemara Cradle Song

*On winds of the night o'er the dark rolling deep.
Angels are coming to watch o'er thy sleep
Angels r; coming 2 watch over thee
List 2 the wind blowing over the sea.*

Chorus:

*Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow,
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow.*

*O winds of the night, may yr furies b crossed
let no 1s who's dear 2 r iland be lost j
blow t winds gently, calm b t foan ,,
shine- t light, brightly 2 guide them back home
Chorus:*

*T curraghs r sailing way out on t blue
Laden w herrings 'of silvery hue
Silver t herrings & silver the sea
Soon there'll b silver 4 my love & me
Chorus:*

*T curraghs tomorrow will stand on t shore
& daddy goes sailing no more
t nets will b drying, t nets haeven/blest
safe in hr arms then contented he'll rest
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

The Tail Of My Coat

*It was there I learned reading and writing
At Bill Brackets where I went to school
& its there I learned howling & fighting
With my school master Mr O'Toole.
Him & me we had many a scrimmage,
And never an essay I wrote;
There was ne'er a gosson in the village'
dared to tread on the tail of my
MUSH MUSH MUSH TOORALIADDY.....*

*It was there I learned all of my courting,
Oh the lessons I took in the art
Untiil Cupid that blackguard, while sport I
aa arrow drove straight through my heart
Miss Judith O'Conner lived near me
and tender lines to her I wrote
If .you dare day one hard word against her,
then I'll tread on the tail of your,.....
MUSH MUSH MUSH TOORALIADDY.....*

*Bu a villain called' Mickey Maloney
Came and stole her affection away
He had money and I hadn't any
o I sent him a challenge next day
In the miming we met at Killarney.
the Shannon we creased in a boat '
nd I battered him with me shillelagh,
'cos he -trod on the tail of my,...
MUSH MUSH MUSH TOORALIADDY.....*

Irish Songs

The Tail Of My Coat continued

*We fought & we fought & we tumbled,
As I tried that young rascal to t' row".
till finally Maloney he stumbled,
So I stamped on the corn on hi a' toe
His brothers they all came a-running,
the ten of us started to fight,
there was gouging & biting, and kicking,
It I finished them off by that night,E
En my fame spread abroad through the, nat
D ;folks came a-flocking to see, '
and they cried out without hesitation,
You're a fighting man Billy McGee.
Now I've cleared out the Finnegan faction.
I've licked all the Murphy's afloat.
If you're after a row or a ruction,
Just you tread on the tail of my
MUSH MUSH MUSH TOORALIADDY.....*

Irish Songs

That's An Irish Lullaby

(Too-ra Loo-ra Loo-ral)

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

Chorus:

*Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish lullaby*

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

Chorus:

*Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish lullaby*

Irish Songs

Where My Eileen Is Waiting For Me

*I am always light hearted and easy,
Not a care in the world have I,
Cause I know I am loved by a colleen,
And I couldn't forget if I tried,
She lives far away o'er the mountain,
Where the little birds sing on the trees,
In a cottage all covered with ivy,
My Eileen is waiting for me.*

Chorus:

*It's over. it's over, the mountains,
Where the little birds sing on the trees,
In a cottage all covered with ivy,
My Eileen is waiting for me.*

*The time I bid good-bye'to Eileen,
Is a time I will never forget,
For the tears bubbled up from their slumbers,
I fancy I see them yet.*

*They looked like the pearls in the ocean,
As she wept her tale of love,
And she said my dear boy don't forget me,
Till we meet here again or above.*

Chorus:

*It's over. it's over, the mountains,
Where the little birds sing on the trees,
In a cottage all covered with ivy,
My Eileen is waiting for me.*

Irish Songs

Slievenamon

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

*It was not the-grace of her fine queenly air
nor her cheeks like the roses a-glow
Her soft dark eyes, or her long flowing hair,
Nor was it here lily-white brow,
'Twas the soul of truth, and of melting ruth,
And the smile like a soft summer dawn
That stole my heart away one soft summer day
In the valley near Slievenamon.*

*In the festive hall, by the star-watched shore
My restless spirit still cries: my love,
Oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more;
Oh my country, will you never uprise
By night and by day, I ever, ever pray
While lonely my life rolls on
To see our flag unrolled, & my true love to enfold
In the valley near Slievenamon.*

Irish Songs

Do you want your old lobby Washed down

This song originates from Co. Cork. It is said that washing down the lobby or hallway of the house was accepted by the landlord as part payment of rents.

*I've a nice little cot and a small bit of land
And a place by the side of the sea,
And I care for nobody, cause I believe,
That nobody cares a about me.
But my peace is destroyed and I'm fairly annoyed by a
Lassie who works in the town.*

*She sighs every day as she asses my way,
"Do you want your old Lobby washed down?"*

Chorus:

*"Do you want your old Lobby washed down?"
Con Shine; "Do you want your old Lobby washed down?"*

*She sighs every day as she passes my way,
"Do you want your old Lobby washed down?"*

*The other day the old landlord came by for his rent
I told him no money I had
Besides 'twasn't fair for to ask me to pay:
The times were so awfully bad
He felt discontent at not getting his rent;
And he shook his big head in a frown
Says he "I'll take half", but says I with a laugh;
"Do you want your old lobby washed down".
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

Do you want your old lobby Washed down continued

*Now the boys look so bashful when they go out courting;
They seem to look so very shy
As to kiss a young maid, sure they seem half afraid;
But they would if they could on the sly
But me, I do things in a different way;
I don't give a nod or a frown
Then I goes to court, I says, "here goes for sport";
Do you want your old lobby washed down.
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

Black Velvet Band

*As I went walking down Broadway,
Not intending to stay very long,
I met with this pretty young damsel,
As she came a tripping along.
A watch she pulled out of her pocket,
And slipped it right into my hand,
On the very first time that I met with her
Bad luck to the black velvet band.*

Chorus:

*Her eyes they shone like diamond,
I thought her the queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

*Before the Judge and the Jury,
Next morning we had to appear,
And a Gentlemen claimed his jewellery,
And the case against us was quite clear,
(I got) Seven long years transportation,
Away down in Van Diemen's Land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Because of the black velvet band.*

Chorus:

*Her eyes they shone like diamond,
I thought her the queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

Irish Songs

The Wild Colonial Boy

*There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland
In a place called Castlemaine,
He was his father's only son,
His mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

*At the early age of sixteen years
He left his native home,
And through Australia's sunny clime
He was inclined to roam.
He robbed the lordly squatters.
Their flocks he would destroy,
A terror to Australia was
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

*For two long years this daring youth
Ran on his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger.
Their justice did not fear.
He stuck the Beechworth coach up,
And he robbed Judge McEvoy,
Who, trembling, gave his gold up to
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

Irish Songs

The Wild Colonial Boy continued

*He bade the judge 'Good morning'
And he told him to beware,
For he never robbed an honest judge
What acted 'on the square'.
Yet you would rob a mother
Of her son and only joy,
And breed a race of outlaws like
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

*One morning on the prairie
Wild Jack Duggan rode along,
While listening to the mocking birds
Singing a cheerful song.
Out jumped three troopers fierce and grim,
Kelly, Davis and FitzRoy.
They all set out to capture him,
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

*'Surrender now, Jack Duggan,
You can see there's three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's name, sir,
You are a plundering son.
Jack drew two pistols from his side
And glared upon FitzRoy,
'I'll fight, but not surrender', cried
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

Irish Songs

The Wild Colonial Boy continued

*He fired point blank at Kelly
And brought him to the ground.
He fired a shot at Davis too,
Who fell dead at the sound,
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart
From the pistol of Fitzroy.
And that was how they captured him
The Wild Colonial Boy.*

Irish Songs

Mary from Dungloe

*Oh fare thee well, sweet Donegal, the Rosses and Gweedore,
I'm crossing the main ocean, where the foaming billows roar,
It breaks my heart from you to part, where I spent many happy days,
Farewell to kind, relations, I am bound for Amerikay.*

*Oh then Mary you're my heart's delight, my pride and only care;
It was your cruel father, would not let me stay there.
But absence makes the heart grow fond, and when I an over the main,
May the Lord protect my darling girl, till I return again.*

*And I wish I was in Sweet Dungloe, and seated on the grass.
And in my hand a bottle of wine, and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor of the best, and pay before I go,
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms in the town of sweet Dungloe.*

Irish Songs

The Mountains of Mourne

Percy French (1854-1920).

They were sent to Houston Collison on the back of a post card and he set it to the ancient Irish air "Carrigdhoun".

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

*I believe that when writing a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed.
Well if you believe me, when asked to a ball,
Hey don't wear a top to their dresses at all.
Oh, I've seen them myself, and you couldn't in truth
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be starting them fashions now Mary Macree
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

*You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course
Well now he is here at the head of the force.
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand,
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand.
And there we stood talking of days that are gone.
While the whole population of London looked on:
But for all these great powers he's wishful, like me,
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.*

Irish Songs

The Mountains of Mourne continued

*There's beautiful girls here - oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes Nature never designed.
And lovely complexions, all roses and cream (crame)
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same,
That if at those roses you venture to sip,
The colours might all come away on your lip;
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me,
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

Irish Songs

Bucket of the Mountain Dew

*Let grasses grow and waters flow, in a free and easy way;
But give me enough of the good old stuff that's made beside Galway Bay.
Shure it fills the air with an odour rare, and betwixt both me and you,
As home you roll, you can take a bowl, or a bucket of the Mountain Dew.*

Chorus:

Hi der diddly-idle-dum etc.....

*Just over the hill there's a neat little still, with the smoke curling up to the sky;
By the smoke and smell you can plainly tell, there's potheen, brewing, close by.
Oh, peelers all, from Donegal, and likewise gaugers, too,
May all ring the bell if they ever get a smell, or a drop of the Mountain Dew.*

Chorus:

Hi der diddly-idle-dum etc.....

*Now learned men who use the pen have wrote the praises high,
Of the sweet potheen from Ireland's green, distilled from wheat and rye.
Och, away with your pills; it'll cure all ills, be ye Pagan, Christian, or Jew;
Take off your coat and grease your throat with a bucket of the Mountain Dew.*

Chorus:

Hi der diddly-idle-dum etc.....

Irish Songs

Muirsheen Durkin

*In the days I went a-courting, I was never tired resorting,
To the ale-house or the play-house, and many a house beside,
So I told me brother Seamus, I'd go off & grow right famous,
And before I ere return again, I'd roam the world so wide.*

Chorus:

*So it's goodbye, Muirsheen Durkin, sure I'm sick and tired of working,
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be fooled.
For as sure as my name is Carney, I'll be off to Californie,
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of gold*

*I've courted with my Blarney, in Kildare and in Killarney,
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork,
It's good-bye to all this pleasure, for I'm going to take me leisure
And the next thing that you hear will be a letter from New York.*

Chorus:

*So goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the froam,
I'm off to make my fortune, in far Amerikay,
Where the gold abounds in plenty for the poor and for the gentry,
And when I do come back again I never more will stray.*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Isle of Innisfree

*I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say,
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer
When all the things he loves are far away—
And precious things are dreams unto an exile,
They take him o'er the land across the sea,
Especially when it happens he's an exile
From that dear lovely isle of Inisfree.
And when the moonlight peeps across the roof-tops
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be,
I scarcely feel its wonder or its laughter,
I'm once again back home in Inisfree.*

*I wander o'er green hills through dreamy valleys
And find a peace no other land could know,
I hear the birds make music fit for angels
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.
And then into a humble shack I wander
My dear old home—and tenderly behold
The folks I love around the turf-fire gathered—
On bended knees the Rosary is told.
But dreams don't last though dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality.
But though they pave the foot-ways here with gold-dust
I still would choose the isle of Inisfree.*

Irish Songs

Peggy O'Neill

*If her eyes are blue as skies, that's Peggy O'Neill:
If she's smiling all the while, that's Peggy O'Neill:
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
If she smiles like a cute little rogue,
sweet personality, full of rascality,
that's Peggy O'Neill*

Marie Robb's version, (Moss View 2004)

*If her drawers are navy blue, that's Peggy O'Neill.
If she'll do a favour for you, that's Peggy O'Neill
She may charge a tanner, she may charge a bob,
It all depends on the size of your (socks!?)
Sweet personality, does it for charity,
that's Peggy O'Neill*

Irish Songs

Gather Up The Pots

Hills of Connemara

Chorus:

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

*Keep your eyes well peeled today,
The Excise men are on their way,
searching for the mountain tay,
In the Hills of Connemara,*

Chorus:

*Swing to the left and swing to the right,
the Excise men will dance all night,
drinking up the tay till the broad daylight
In the Hills of Connemara.*

Chorus:

*A gallon for the butcher, a quart for John,
A bottle for poor old Father Tom,
For to help the poor old man along,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

Chorus:

*Stand your ground, it's far too late;
The Excise men are at the gate,
Glory be to Paddy but they're drinking it neat,
In the Hills of Connemara.*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

Eileen Oge

*Eileen Oge! an' that the darlin's name is
Through the Barony her features they were famous.
If we loved her who is there to blame us,
Wasn't she the Pride of Petravore.*

*But her beauty made us all so shy,
Not a man could look her in the eye.
Boys, O, boys! sure that's the reason why
We're in moumin' for the Pride of Petravore.*

Chorus:

*Eileen Oge! Me heart is growin' grey
Ever since the day you wander'd far away
Eileen Oge! There's good fish in the say,
But there's no one like the Pride of Petravore.*

*Friday at the fair of Ballintubber
Eileen met McGrath the cattle Jobber.
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber
For he stole away the Pride of Petravore.
He never seem'd to see the girl at all.
Even when she ogled him underneath her shawl,
Lookin' big & masterful when she was, lookin' small,
Most provoking for the Pride of Petravore.*

Chorus:

*So it went as it was in the beginning
Eileen Oge was bent, upon the winning
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning
Being courted' by the Pride'of Petravore
Sez he "I know a girl that could knock you into fits,
At that Eileen nearly lost her,wits.*

*The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber sits
With his arm around the Pride of Petravore*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

Eileen Oge continued

*Boys O boys! With fate tis hard to grapple
Of my eye tis Eileen.was the apple
Now to see her,walking to the chapel,
Wid the hardest featured man'in Petravore.
Now boys this is all I have to say
When you do your courting, make no display,
If you want them to run after you
just walk the other way,
'Cause they're mostly like the Pride of Pethravore.
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

The Spanish Lady

*As I went down to Dublin city,
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady,
Washing her feet by candlelight.
First she washed them, then she dried them
Over a fire of amber coal,
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul*

Chorus:

*Whack fol the toora, toora, laddy,
Whack fol the foora loora-lay
Repeat Chorus*

*As I came back through Dublin city
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
First she tossed it, then she brushed it,
On her lap was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam.*

Chorus:

*As I went back through Dublin city
As the sun began to set
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net.
When she saw me then she fled me
Lifting her petticoat over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Spanish Lady continued

*I've wandered north and I've wandered south
Through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around the Gloster Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house.
Old age has laid her hand on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

The Town I Loved So Well

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

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

*But when I returned, how my eyes stung and burned,
Just to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars, and the bombed-out bars,
And the gas that hung on to every breeze.
Now the army's installed by the old Gas Yard wall,
And each day that barbed wire gets higher and higher.
With their tanks, and their, guns, Oh, My God, what have they done,
To the town that I loved so well?*

Irish Songs

The Town I Loved So Well continued

*Now the music's gone, but they still carry on,
Though their spirit is down, but never broken,
They will never forget, for their hearts are all set
On tomorrow and peace once again,
For what's done is done, and what's won is won,
And what's lost is lost and gone forever,
So I hope and I pray, for a brand new day,
In the town that I loved so well.*

Irish Songs

Kilgarry Mountain

*As I was a riding over the Kilgarry Mountain,
I came on Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier.
Saying "Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver"*

Chorus:

*Musha-ring-ama-durum,da.
Whack fol the daddy-o
Whack fol the daddy-o,
There's whis-key in the jar.*

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

Chorus:

*I went into my chamber for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder
For Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.*

Chorus:

*Tw'as early in the morning before rose to travel
The guards were all around me & likewise Captain Farrell
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.*

Chorus:

*If anyone can help me it's my brother in the army
If I could learn his station, be it Cork or in Killarney
Together we'd go riding o'er the mountain of Kilkenny
I swear he'd treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny.*

Chorus!

Irish Songs

Garden Where The Praties Grow

*Have you ever been ;in love'my boys or have you felt the pain?
I'd sooner be in jail myself .than be in love again.
For the girl I loved was .beautiful 'd have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.*

Chorus:

*She was just the sort of creature boys that nature did intend,
To walk right through the world, my boys, without the Grecian bend,
Nor did she wear a chignon I'd have you all to know,
And I met her in. the garden where the praties grow.*

*Says I 'My pretty Kathleen,I'm, tired of single life,
And if you've'no objection, sure, I'll make you my sweet wife".
She answered me right modestly and curtsied,very low,
Sure, you're welcome to the garden where the praties grow.*

Chorus:

*Says I My pretty Kathleen I hope that you'll agree.
She was not like your city girls who say you're making free,
Says she I'll ax my parents.and tomorrow,I'll let vou know
When I meet you in the garden where the praties grow.*

Chorus:

*Oh, the parents.they consented and we're blessd with children three,
Two,boys just like their mother and a;girl the image of me.
And now.we're going to train them up the way they ought to go,
For to dig in the garden where the praties grow.*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Old Woman from Wexford

This popular Ballad is found in the Sam Henry Collection and others.

*Oh there was an old woman from Wexford and in Wexford she did dwell.
She loved her old man dearly but another man twice as well*

Chorus:

*To me right fa lidderal-erum,
To me right folo ra-lee.*

*One day she went to the doctor some medicine for to find
She said 'will you give me something for to make me old man blind*

Chorus:

*Feed him eggs and marrowbone and make him sup them all
And it won't be very long after till he won't see you at all*

Chorus:

*The doctor wrote a letter and he signed it with his hand
He sent it round to the old man just to let him understand.*

Chorus:

*She fed him eggs and marrowbone and made him sup them all
And it wasn't very long after till he couldn't see the wall.*

Chorus:

*Says he: 'I'd like to drown myself, but that might be a sin'.
Says she: 'Til go along with you and help to push you in'.*

Chorus:

*The woman she stepped back'a bit to rush and push him in,
And the old man quickly stepped aside and she went tumblin' in.*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Old Woman from Wexford continued

*Oh how loudly she did yell and how loudly she did call,
Ah, hold your whist old woman, sure I can't see you at all'.
Chorus:*

*Now eggs and eggs and marrowbones may make your old man blind
But if you want to drown him you must creep up close behind.
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

The Irish Rover

*In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred & six,
We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork.
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks,
For the grand City Hall in New York.
We'd an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft,
And oh, how the trade winds drove her.
She had 23 masts and she stood several blasts
And the called her the "Irish Rover,"*

Chorus:

So fare thee well, my pretty little girl, I must sail away (x2)

*There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from Co. Tyrone.
There was Charlie McGurk scared stiff of work,
and a Man from Westmeath called Malone.
There was Slugger O;Toole, lind drunk as a rule,
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover,
and your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
Was the Skipper of the "Irish Rover,"*

Chorus:

*We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags.
We had Two million barrels of bone,
Three million sides of blind horses hides,
We had Four million barrels of Stone,.
We had Five million Hogs, Six million dogs,
And Seven million barrels of porter.
We had Eight Million bales of old nanny-goats tails,
In the hold of the "Irish Rover,"*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

The Irish Rover continued

*We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
Just myself and the captain's old dog.
Then the Ship Struck a rock, Lord, what a shock
And nearly tumbled over.
She turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned.
I'm the last of the "Irish Rover,"
Chorus:*

Irish Songs

A Nation Once Again

by Thomas Davis

*When boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men,
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province be
A Nation once again!*

Chorus:

*A Nation once again, a Nation once again,
And Ireland, long a province, be a Nation once again!*

*And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane,
Its angel voice sang round my bed
A Nation once again!*

Chorus:

Irish Songs

A Soldier's Song

*First published "Irish Freedom" 1912
Words by Peadar Keamey Music by Paddy Heaney*

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

*Refrain:
Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland
Some have come from a land beyond the wave.
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave;
Tonight we man the bearna baoghal
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal;
'Mid cannon's roar and rifle's peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.*