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All Around My Hat

(Chorus)

All around my hat, I will wear the green willow
And all around my hat, for a twelve-month and a day
And if anyone should ask me the reason why I'm wearin' it
It's all for my true love who's far, far, away

Fare thee well cold winter, and fare thee well cold frost
Oh nothing I have gained, but my own true love have lost
So sing and I'll be merry, when occasion I do see
He's a false deluded young man, let him go, fare well he

Now the other night he brought me a fine diamond ring
But he thought to deprive me of a far finer thing
But I being careful, as lovers ought to be
He's a false deluded young man, let him go, fare well he

(Chorus)

Take a quarter pound of reason, and a half pound of sense
A small sprig of time, and a pinch of prudence
Now mix then all together and you will plainly see
He's a false deluded young man, let him go, fare well he

(Chorus x2)

All For Me Grog

(Chorus)

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking for better weather

(Chorus)

Where is me shirt me noggin, noggin shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking for better weather

(Chorus)

I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed
Since I first came ashore from me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know
Far across the western ocean I must wander

(Chorus X2)

An Mhaighdean Mhara

Is cosúil gur mheath tú nó gur thréig tú an greann
You seem to be pining and forsaking the fun

Tá an sneachta go freasach fá bhéal na mbeann'
The snowdrifts are heavy by the fords in the burn

Do chúl buí daite is do bhéilín sámh
Your bright golden tresses and smile gentle and mild

Siúd chugaibh Mary Chinidh 's í 'ndiaidh an Éirne 'shnámh
I give you Mary Kinney who has swum the ocean wide

A mháithrín mhilis duirt Máire Bhán
"Darling mother," cries Máire Bhán

Fá bhruach an chladaigh 's fá bhéal na trá
From the banks of the ocean and down by the tide

Maighdean mhara mo mhaithrín ard
"Mermaid, my mother, my pride"

Siúd chugaibh Mary Chinidh 's í 'ndiaidh an Éirne 'shnámh
I give you Mary Kinney who has swum the ocean wide

Tá mise tuirseach agus beidh go lá
I'm tired and weary and will be 'til dawn

Mo Mháire bhroinnngheal 's mo Phádraig bán
For my darling Mary and my Pádraid bán

Ar bharr na dtonna 's fá bhéal na trá
As I ride on the billows and drift with the tide

Siúd chugaibh Mary Chinidh 's í 'ndiaidh an Éirne 'shnámh
I give you Mary Kinney who has swum the ocean wide

A Proper Sort of Gardener

Once upon a time I found a garden
Picked the brightest things that I could see
I didn't know that he was watching me
Straight away my mother ran to tell him
Wondering what he would say or do
Mr. Harding smiled and said "She's just a little child
I knew that she'd be picking them for you"

By the fire my dad would tell me stories
One of them concerned a garden too
Where the lion and the lamb lay down together
And every lovely fruit and flower grew
The Gardener sent his children in to play there
Rejoicing in the brightness of the day
But when they went exploring and took a fruit to taste
He cursed them both and sent them on their way

Even then I realized in my childish mind
That he wasn't a proper gardener of the Mr. Harding kind

Mr. Harding's garden was all taken
By lesser men with concrete in their minds
Factory chimneys grew instead of daisies
No butterflies from that assembly line
My mother faded faster than a flower
Dad sat in the darkness and cried
Mr. Harding moves a little slower than before
But still he tends the grave where they both lie

Wherever it is they've gone to I hope that they will find
A proper sort of garden of the Mr. Harding kind

The foolish woman sometimes feels despairing and thinks it seems so very hard to find
The child tries to plant a little everywhere she goes that special love of the Mr. Harding kind

Some day when I'm older maybe I will find
That I've grown into a gardener of the Mr. Harding kind

Black Velvet Band

(Chorus)

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

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

(Chorus)

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a fickle dame
She was selling her trade in the bar
When a watch, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the law came and put me in prison

(Chorus X 2)

"Tied up with a black velvet, up with a black velvet, up with a black velvet band!"

Bad luck to her black velvet band

(Chorus)

Next morning before judge and jury
For trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "Me young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long 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)

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning from me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of those pretty Colleens
They'll fill you with whiskey and porter
'Til you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Oh the Diamond is a ship me lads, for the Davis strait she's bound
And the key it is all garnished wae bonnie lassies round
Captain Thompson gees the orders, to sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets me lads, and darkness dims the sky

All along the key at Peterhead, the lassies stand around
Wae their shawls aw poo'd about them, and their sawt tears runnin' doon
Oh don't you weep my bonnie lass though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our minds

(Chorus)

And it's cheer up my lads
Let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond
Goes a fishing for the whale

Here's a health to the Resolution and likewise the Eliza Swan
Here's a health to the Battler o' Montrose and the Diamond ship o' fame
We wear the troosers o' the white and the jackets o' the blue
When we return tae Peterhead we'll hae sweethearts anew

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

My heart has been torn from me and I am bleeding
My soul has been rent from me and I am crying
All the beauty around me fades and I am screaming
I am the last of the great Whales, and I am dying

It'll be bricht both the day and nicht when the Greenland lads come hame
Wae a ship that's full of oil me lads money tae oor name
We'll mak the cradles for tae rock and the blankets for tae tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing 'hushabye my dear'

The Bonny Streets of Fyve-io

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
Come marching down through Fyve-io
And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass
As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-io

The captain's name was Ned. He was the pride of the regiment
The bonniest lad in all of the Army-o
A very handsome sight, he was the ladies' own delight
As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-io

“Well it's I'll give you ribbons, and I'll give you rings
And I'll give you a necklace of amber-o
If you'll come on down the stair and comb back your yellow hair
And we'll march through the bonny streets of Fyve-io!”

There's many a bonny lass in the town of Achterless
Aye, there's many a bonny lassie in Gairioch
There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen
But the flower of them all lives in Fyve-io

“Mount up!” the colonel cried, “and it's o'er the brae we'll ride
Down from the highland to Firth Nery-o!”
“Well, it's tarry another day!” we heard the captain say
As we marched through the bonnie streets of Fyve-io

The colonel in a rage drew his pistol and took aim
At the bonniest lad in all of the army-o
He fired a deadly ball, and our captain he did fall
As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-io

It's lang e'er we left the town of Achterless
We had our young captain to carry-o
And lang e're we came into bonny Aberdeen
We had our young captain there to bury-o

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
Come marching down through Fyve-io
And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass
As we marched through the bonny streets of Fyve-io

Bonny Portmore

O bonny Portmore, I am sorry to see
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree
For it stood on your shore for many's the long day
Till the long boats from Antrim came to float it away

O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the Lords in Old England would not purchase Portmore

All the birds in the forest, they bitterly weep
Saying, "Where shall we shelter, where shall we sleep?"
For the Oak and the Ash tree are all cutten down
And the walls of bonny Portmore are all down to the ground

O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the Lords of Old England would not purchase Portmore

Boston And St. John's

Girl, don't tell me that it's morning
Can we keep the curtains drawn
I haven't given you fair warning
But our ship, she sails at dawn

[Chorus]

It's true I must be going but I swear I won't be long
There isn't that much ocean between Boston and St. John's
I'm a rover and I'm bound to sail away
I'm a rover can you love me anyway?

And if some suitor comes approaching
Will you let him through your door
And what if I return half broken
Will you still want me anymore?

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Close your eyes and dream
Tell me what you see
Tell me what you want
Just tell me that you'll wait for me

[Chorus]

Botany Bay

(Chorus)

Farewell to your bricks and mortar,
Farewell to your dirty lies.
Farewell to your gangways and your gang planks,
And to hell with your overtime.
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the Quay,
For to take poor Pat with a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay.

Well I'm on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lies
To command a gang of navvys that I was told to engage
I stopped in for to drink awhile before I go away
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

(Chorus)

Well the boss came up this morning, and he said "Well now Pat you know
If you didn't get those navvys out I'm afraid you'll have to go"
So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay
And I told him straight, I'm gonna emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

(Chorus)

And when I reach Australia I'll go and search for gold
There's plenty there for a'digging, or so I have been told
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay
Because I live for an eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay

(Chorus x 2)

Braes of Sutherland

Farewell to you braes o' Sutherland
I'll ne'er see you no more
For I must take a stranger's path
and leave my native shore
My friends and my acquaintances
I'll give you now my hand
For I will ne'er be back again
On the Braes o' Sutherland

To the ridges of the old Ben Moore
Ill bid a fond farewell
To Rosehall and to Bonar Bridge
I'll leave my heart with you
To the rolling bands o' the Oykel
And to Dornoch's gentle sands
I wish you well my comrades there
On the Braes of Sutherland

Farewell you roads to Spinningdale
this chapter now will close
To the ghosts that lie at Carbisdale
And the downfall of Montrose
To Ardgay and to Invershin
No more I'll walk your sands
For I have to leave my memories there
On the Braes of Sutherland

I now will leave my native home
For the shores of America
My love I leave behind me now
I can no longer stay
The orders from the castle come
By the Duke's right hand
I fear that I must leave thee there
On the Braes of Sutherland

Bustles and Bonnets

The humpback, the bowhead, the blue and the gray
The right whale, the spermwhale have near had their day
Yet here in their twilight there must be a way
To bring the kings back tae the ocean

It's five thousand years they've been hunted and chased
From the warm Bay of Biscay to the Antarctic waste
Oft times to make shapely those ladies of taste
Whose perfume brought death tae the ocean

(Chorus)

The seven seas are deep and wide
Four ancient winds blow restlessly
There's neither peace nor place to hide
All for your bustles and bonnets

Gone are the days of the kayak and spear
The old sailing ships when a sailor knew fear
The harpoon explodes and the cannon's the gear
Wreaks the death some would still call a harvest

No more are the days when we netted and hauled
The factory ships slaughter what floats, swims or crawls
The law of the sea now is leave bugger all
To reap without sowing's the fashion

(Chorus)

But for every vessel that weathered the gale
Tossed like a cork between harpoon and whale
It's you shall be free and you'll flourish your tail
Once more to be king of the ocean

(Chorus)

Damn all your bustles and bonnets

Caidé Sin Do'n Té Sin

Chuaigh mé chun aonaigh is dhíol mé mo bhó
Ar chúig phunta airgid is ar ghiní bhuí óir
Má ólaim an t-airgead is má bhronnaim an t-ór
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó
Má ólaim an t-airgead is má bhronnaim an t-ór
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó

Má théim na choille chraobhaigh cruinniú sméara nó cnó
A bhaint úllaí de ghéaga nó a bhuachailleacht bó
Má shínim seal uaire faoi chrann a dhéanamh só
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó
Má shínim seal uaire faoi chrann a dhéanamh só
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó

Má théimse chuig airnéal is rince is spórt
Chuig aonach is rásaí 's gach cruinniú den tsórt
Má chím daoine súgach is má bhím súgach leo
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó
Má chím daoine súgach is má bhím súgach leo
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó

Deir daoine go bhfuil mé gan rath 's gan dóigh
Gan earra gan éadach gan bólacht ná stór
Má tá mise sásta mo chónaí i gcró
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó
Má tá mise sásta mo chónaí i gcró
Ó caidé sin d'on té sin nach mbaineann sin dó

I went to the fair and sold my cow
For five pounds of silver and a yellow guinea of gold
If I drink the silver and if I give away the gold
Oh what is that to anyone else?
If I drink the silver and if I give away the gold
Oh what is that to anyone else?

If I go to the leafy woods gathering berries or chestnuts
Plucking apples from branches or herding cows
If I stretch out for a while beneath a tree relaxing
Oh what is that to anyone else?
If I stretch out for a while beneath a tree relaxing
Oh what is that to anyone else?

If I go for a night-visit and for dancing and sport
To fairs and races and every gathering of that sort
If I see happy people and if I'm happy with them
Oh what is that to anyone else?
If I see happy people and if I'm happy with them
Oh what is that to anyone else?

People say I'm without riches no doubt
Without goods or clothes or cattle or stock
If I am happy living in a hovel
Oh what is that to anyone else?
If I am happy living in a hovel
Oh what is that to anyone else?

Caledonia

I don't know if you can see
The changes that have come over me
In these last few days I've been afraid
That I might drift away
I've been telling old stories, singing songs
That make me think about where I've come from
That's the reason why I seem
So far away today

(Chorus)

Let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time
Caledonia, you're calling me, now I'm going home
But if I should become a stranger
Know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

Now I have moved and I've kept on moving
Proved the points that I needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed losing
Found others on the way
I have kissed the fellas and left them crying
Stolen dreams, yes, there's no denying
I have traveled hard, sometimes with conscience flying
Somewhere with the wind

(Chorus)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire
The empty room, the forest choir
The flames have cooled, don't get any higher
They've withered, now they've gone
But I'm steady thinking, my way is clear
And I know what I will do tomorrow
When hands have shaken, the kisses float
Then I will disappear

(Chorus)

Captain Kidd

(Chorus)

My name is Captain Kidd
As I sailed, as I sailed
Oh my name is Captain Kidd as I sailed
My name is Captain Kidd
And God's laws I did forbid
And most wickedly I did as I sailed

My father taught me well
To shun the gates of hell
But against him I rebelled as I sailed
He shoved a bible in my hand
But I left it in the sand
And I pulled away from land
As I sailed

(Chorus)

I murdered William Moore
And I left him in his gore
Twenty leagues away from shore
As I sailed
And being crueller still, the gunner I did kill

All his precious blood did spill
As I sailed

(Chorus)

I was sick and nigh to death
And I vowed at every breath
Oh to walk in wisdom's path
As I sailed
But my repentance lasted not
My vows I soon forgot
Oh damnation is my lot
As I sailed

(Chorus)

To the execution dock
Lay my head upon the block
Laws no more I'll mock as I sail
So take warning here and heed
To shun bad company
Or you'll wind up just like me
As I sailed

Carrighfergus

I wish I was in Carrighfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygran
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Only for nights in Ballygran

But the sea is wide, and I can't swim over
Neither have I wings to fly
If I could find me a handsome boatsman
To ferry me over to my love and die

Now in Kilkenny, it is reported
They've marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would transport her
But I'll sing no more now, till I get a drink

I'm drunk today, but I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover from town to town
Ah, but I am sick now, my days are over
Come all you young lads and lay me down

I wish I was in Carrighfergus
Only for nights in Ballygran

Christians and Pagans

Amber called her uncle, said "We're up here for the holiday
Jane and I were having Solstice, now we need a place to stay"
And her Christ-loving uncle watched his wife hang Mary on a tree
He watched his son hang candy canes all made with red dye number three
He told his niece, "It's Christmas eve, I know our life is not your style"
She said, "Christmas is like Solstice, and we miss you and it's been awhile"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
And just before the meal was served, hands were held and prayers were said
Sending hope for peace on earth to all their gods and goddesses

The food was great, the tree plugged in, the meal had gone without a hitch
Till Timmy turned to Amber and said, "Is it true that you're a witch?"
His mom jumped up and said, "The pies are burning," and she hit the kitchen
And it was Jane who spoke, she said, "It's true, your cousin's not a Christian"
"But we love trees, we love the snow, the friends we have, the world we share
And you find magic from your God, and we find magic everywhere"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
And where does magic come from, I think magic's in the learning
Cause now when Christians sit with Pagans only pumpkin pies are burning

When Amber tried to do the dishes, her aunt said, "Really, no, don't bother"
Amber's uncle saw how Amber looked like Tim and like her father
He thought about his brother, how they hadn't spoken in a year
He thought he'd call him up and say, "It's Christmas and your daughter's here"
He thought of fathers, sons and brothers, saw his own son tug his sleeve saying
"Can I be a Pagan?" Dad said, "We'll discuss it when they leave"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
Lighting trees in darkness, learning new ways from the old, and
Making sense of history and drawing warmth out of the cold

Clohinne Winds

The shadows fell across the room as I lay down to rest
A storm was raging deep inside my head
I fell into a restless sleep of crazy changing dreams
But woke to find you standing by my bed.

(Chorus)

Clohinne winds were blowing when you called me
First you spoke my name, your voice was still the same
You beckoned me and I arose to follow where you led
Out among the wild Clohinne hills.

The mountain mist had lent an eerie whiteness to the hill
The silver spider threadings caught my face
You darted through the bracken trailing stardust on your wake
I knew you'd stop beside our sacred place.

(Chorus)

You stopped upon the fairy hill beneath the hawthorn tree
I thought I heard a lonely banshee wail
You held your hand towards me and I reached to touch your face
But woke to find that you were just a dream.

(chorus)

The years have passed and I am growing weary of this earth
The magic of the dream alludes me still
I've lain beneath the fairy tree, I've shouted to the moon
I am the haunted woman of the hill.

Close it Down

Fifteen long years in the strip mill at Ravenscraig
Twenty-five more in the bowels of the earth
Digging for fuel to fire the bosses
Who turn around and tell us that we've no more work

(Chorus)

Close it down, shut it, not enough profit
Padlock the gates, aye, and send the men home
No sir, not viable, we've become liable
For the working class people whose work is all gone

Long days in the shipyards, quietly waiting
Redundancy notice in holiday pay
Privatized power for fortunate people
With shares in the marketplace ready to trade

(Chorus)

Fat cats are sharing the cream of the booty
While people lie shivering in boxes of card
No jobs today, come back tomorrow
We'll tell you the same thing, it isn't so hard

Lay off the workers, the fathers, the sons
People who spent their lives under the ground
Earning a wage for a family to keep all their
Heads above water, 'til the next work is found

(Chorus)

Coisich, A Rùin

Coisich, a rùin, hù il oro
Cum do ghealdadh rium, o hi ibh o
Beir soraidh bhuam, hù il oro
Dha na Hearadh, boch orainn o

Beir soraidh bhuam, hù il oro
Dha na Hearadh, o hi ibh o O
Gu Seon Caimbeul, hù il oro
Donn mo leannan, boch orainn o

Gu Seon Caimbeul, hù il oro
Donn mo leannan, o hi ibh o
Sealgair geòidh, hù il oro
Ròin is eala, boch orainn o

Sealgair geòidh, hù il oro
Ròin is eala, o hi ibh o
Bhric a ní leum, hù il oro
'N fhèidh ri langan, boch orainn o

'S fliuch an oidhche, hù il oro
Nochd's gur fuar i, o hi ibh o
Ma thug Clann Nìll, hù il oro
Druim a' chuain orr', boch orainn o

Ma thug Clann Nìll, hù il oro
Druim a' chuain orr', o hi ibh o
Luchd nan seòl àrd, hù il oro
'S nan long luatha, boch orainn o

Luchd nan seòl àrd, hù il oro
'S nan long luatha, o hi ibh o
'S nam brataichean, hù il oro
Gorm is uaine, boch orainn o

'S nam brataichean, hù il oro
Gorm is uaine, o hi ibh o
Cha b'fhear cearraig, hù il oro
Bheireadh bhua i, boch orainn o

Come on, my love, hù il oro
Keep your promise to me, o hi ibh o
Take greetings from me, hù il oro
Over to Harris, boch orainn o

Take greetings from me, hù il oro
ver to Harris, o hi ibh o
To John Campbell, hù il oro
My brown-haired sweetheart, boch orainn o

To John Campbell, hù il oro
My brown-haired sweetheart, o hi ibh o
Hunter of goose, hù il oro
Seal and swan, boch orainn o

Hunter of goose, hù il oro
Seal and swan, o hi ibh o
Of leaping trout, hù il oro
Of bellowing deer, boch orainn o

Wet is the night, hù il oro
Tonight and cold, o hi ibh o
If the MacNeills, hù il oro
Have to put to sea, boch orainn o

If the MacNeills, hù il oro
Have to put to sea, o hi ibh o
Men of high sails, hù il oro
And swift of ships, o hi ibh o

Men of high sails, hù il oro
And swift of ships, o hi ibh o
And of banners, hù il oro
Blue and green, boch orainn o

And of banners, hù il oro
Blue and green, o hi ibh o
No left-hander, hù il oro
Could take her rudder from you, boch orainn o

Come and I Will Sing You (Twelve Apostles)

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you one-o.
What will the one be?
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you two-o.
What will the two be?
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you three-o.
What will the three be?
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you four-o.
What will the four be?
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you five-o.
What will the five be?
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you six-o.
What will the six be?
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you seven-o.
What will the seven be?
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you eight-o.
What will the eight be?
Eight Gabriel angels,
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you nine-o.
What will the nine be?
Nine the bright eyed shiners,
Eight Gabriel angels,
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you ten-o.
What will the ten be?
Ten the Ten Commandments,
Nine the bright eyed shiners,
Eight Gabriel angels,
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you eleven-o.
What will the eleven be?
Eleven is the eleven that went straight to heaven,
Ten the Ten Commandments,
Nine the bright eyed shiners,
Eight Gabriel angels,
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so.

And come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you twelve-o.
What will the twelve be?
Twelve, twelve Apostles,
Eleven is the eleven that went straight to heaven,
Ten the Ten Commandments,
Nine the bright eyed shiners,
Eight Gabriel angels,
Seven, seven stars under the sky,
Six, the six pallbearers,
Five ferrymen under the bush,
Four Gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes, clothed all in green-o,
One the one that's all alone and ever more shall be so!

Dónal Agus Mórág

Bhí móran daoine uasal ann
Bhí tuatanaigh na h-Alban ann
Bhí 'n maistir scoile 'san ministir ann
Bhí an laoch Mac Amhlaigh ann

(Curfá)

Dónal, 'se Dónal
'Se Dónal a rinne an bhainis
Dónal agus Mórág
A rinne an bhainis ainmeil

Bhí cearcan ann, is bhí geoidh ann
Bhí corr is dosean sgairbh ann
Seo bha iad is bhí car bí ann
'Sé cearc na n-éan a b'fhearr dhiubh ann

(Curfá)

Bhí bradáin 's bric on Éirne ann
Is flúirse feoil na bhfia n-éan ann
Feol mart is lao, ba bhlasta bhí
Bhí uanfheol friochta is oisfheoil ann

(Curfá)

Bhí 'n dí go fial 's go fairsing ann
Bhí brannda is fíon na Spáinne ann
Bhí póitín stil is mead le mil
Bhí beoir is leann na h-Éireann ann

(Curfá 4x)

The nobility was plentiful
And ordinary folk from Scotland
The school master and the minister
With the warrior McAuley there

(Chorus)

It was Dónal, it was Dónal
It was Dónal made the wedding
It was Dónal and Mórág
That made a famous wedding

The meat of hens and geese there were
With a dozen commorants and more
Of all the foods on offer there
The tender chicken they did prefer

(Chorus)

There were Erne trout and salmon there
With meat of game and wildfowl
Prime beef and veal made a tasty meal
With roasts of lamb and venison

(Chorus)

The varied drinks were plentiful
With Spanish wine and brandy
Distilled poteen and honey-mead
And ale and beer from Erin

(Chorus x4)

Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken sailor (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

Way hay and up she rises (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

Shave his beard with a rusty razor (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

What do you do with a drunken sailor (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

Put him the back of the paddy wagon (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

What do you do with a drunken sailor (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning

(Chorus)

What do you do with a drunken sailor (x3)

Earl-eye in the morning!

(Chorus)

Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh, take me away boys me time is not long

(Chorus)

Wrap me up in me oilskin and blankets
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

(Chorus)

Now when you're in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.

(Chorus)

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

(Chorus)

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song

(Chorus)

Four Green Fields

What did I have, said the fine old woman
What did I have, this proud old woman did say
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
I had fine strong sons, who fought to save my jewels
They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman
What have I now, this proud old woman did say
I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage
In stranger's hands, that tried to take it from me
But my sons had sons, as brave as were their fathers
My fourth green field will bloom once again said she

General Taylor

Well General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
Well General Taylor he gained the day
Carry him to his bury'n ground

(Chorus)

Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
His shroud of the finest silk will be made
Carry him to his bury'n ground

(Chorus)

We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
On every inch we'll carve his name
Carry him to his bury'n ground

(Chorus)

General Taylor he's all the go
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow
Carry him to his bury'n ground

(Chorus)

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone
Carry him to his bury'n ground

(Chorus x2)

Hi Rì Him Bò

Chì mi, chì mi, chì mi thall ud
Chì mi na féidh air a' bhearradh

(Sèist/Chorus)

Hì rì him bò hill ò bha rò hò
Hì rì him bò hùrì ri ri ù
Hì rì him bo hill ò bha rò hò

Chì mi na féidh air a' bhearradh
'S an giomanach fhéin nan deaghaidh

(Sèist/Chorus)

'S an giomanach fhéin nan deaghaidh
Le ghunna caol 's a mhial-choin sheanga

(Sèist/Chorus)

Le ghunna caol 's a mhial-choin sheanga
Dìreadh bheann 's a' teàrnadh ghleannan

(Sèist/Chorus)

Dìreadh bheann 's a' teàrnadh ghleannan
Dh'fhàg thu an damh donn gun anail

(Sèist/Chorus)

Dh'fhàg thu an damh donn gun anail
Anns a' fhraoch a' sileadh faladh

(Sèist/Chorus)

Anns a' fhraoch a' sileadh faladh
Bha do mhial-choin sgìth 'ga leanaid

(Sèist/Chorus)

Bha do mhial-choin sgìth 'ga leanaid
Bha na gillean sgìth 'ga tharraing

(Sèist/Chorus)

Bha na gillean sgìth 'ga tharraing
Bial an annoich 'tighinn gu baile

(Sèist/Chorus)

Bial an annoich 'tighinn gu baile
Far am faighte biadh gun ghainnead

(Sèist/Chorus)

Far am faighte biadh gun ghainnead
Òl 's ceòl 's òran thairis

(Sèist/Chorus)

Òl 's ceòl 's òran thairis
Tha sgeul ùr a' tighinn gu baile

(Sèist/Chorus)

Tha sgeul ùr a' tighinn gu baile
Chan e sgeul ùr a th'ann ach naidheachd

(Sèist/Chorus)

Chan e sgeul ùr a th'ann ach naidheachd
Gun do réitich mo chiad leannan

(Sèist/Chorus)

Hi Rì Him Bò (Translation)

I can see yonder into the distance
I can see the deer at the edge of the precipice

(Sèist/Chorus)

Hi rì him bò hill ò bha rò hò
Hi rì him bò hìrì ri ri ù
Hi rì him bò hill ò bha rò hò

I can see the deer at the edge of the precipice
And the hunter in their pursuit

(Sèist/Chorus)

And the hunter in their pursuit
With his slender barrelled gun and gaunt deer hounds

(Sèist/Chorus)

With his slender barrelled gun and gaunt deer hounds
Climbing the mountains and descending the glens' slopes

(Sèist/Chorus)

Climbing the mountains and descending the glens' slopes
You left the brown stag breathless

(Sèist/Chorus)

You left the brown stag breathless
In the heather, dripping blood

(Sèist/Chorus)

In the heather, dripping blood
Your deerhounds were wearied by its pursuit

(Sèist/Chorus)

Your deerhounds were wearied by its pursuit
The attendants were fatigued by its carrying

(Sèist/Chorus)

The attendants were fatigued by its carrying
In the nightfall arriving home

(Sèist/Chorus)

In the nightfall arriving home
Where food was got without scarcity

(Sèist/Chorus)

Where food was got without scarcity
Drink and music and song

(Sèist/Chorus)

Drink and music and song
A new tale is arriving home

(Sèist/Chorus)

A new tale is arriving home
It's not a new tale but news

(Sèist/Chorus)

It's not a new tale but news
That my first love has betrothed

(Sèist/Chorus)

If I Was A Blackbird

Female Perspective

I am a young maiden, my story is sad
For once I was carefree and in love with a lad
He courted me sweetly by night and by day
But now he has left me and gone far away

(Chorus)

Oh if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in
And in the top rigging I would there build my nest
And I'd flutter my wings o'er his broad golden chest

He sailed o'er the ocean, his fortune to seek
I missed his caresses and his kiss on my cheek
He returned and I told him my love was still warm
He turned away lightly and great was his scorn

(Chorus)

He offered to take me to Donnybrook Fair
To buy me fine ribbons, tie them up in my hair
He offered to marry and to stay by my side
But then in the morning he sailed with the tide

(Chorus)

My parents they chide me, and will not agree
Saying that me and my true love married should never be
Ah but let them deprive me, or let them do what they will
While there's breath in my body, he's the one I love still

(Chorus)

Male Perspective

I am a young sailor, my story is sad
For once I was carefree and a bold sailor lad
I courted a lassie by night and by day
But now she has left me and gone far away

(Chorus)

Oh if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in
And in the top rigging I would there build my nest
And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lily-white breast

Or if I was a scholar and could handle a pen
One secret love letter to my true love I'd send
And I'd tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain
Since she's gone and left me in yon flowery glen

(Chorus)

I sailed o'er the ocean, my fortune to seek
Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my cheek
I returned and I told her my love was still warm
But she turned away lightly and great was her scorn

(Chorus)

I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair
And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair
I offered to marry and to stay by her side
But she said in the morning she sailed with the tide

(Chorus)

My parents they chide me, and will not agree
Saying that me and my false love married should never be
Ah but let them deprive me, or let them do what they will
While there's breath in my body, she's the one I love still

(Chorus)

I'm A Rover

(Chorus)

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

Though the night be as dark as dungeon, not a star can be seen above
I will be guided without a stumble, into the arms of my own true love
He stepped up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently upon a stone
He whispers through her bedroom window, my darling dear do you lie alone

(Chorus)

It's only me your own true lover, open the door and let me in
For I have come on a long nights journey and I'm near drenched to the skin
She opened the door with the greatest pleasure, she opened the door and she let him in
They both shook hands and embraced each other, until the morning they lay as one

(Chorus)

Says I: My love I must go and leave you, to climb the hills they are far above
But I will climb with the greatest pleasure, since I've been in the arms of my love

(Chorus x2)

Jamie Raeburn's Farewell

(Chorus)

My name is Jamie Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born
My place and habitation I'm forced to leave with scorn
Frae my place and habitation, it's I must gang awa'
Far from the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia

It was early on one morning, just by the break of day
The turnkey he came to us and unto us did say
Arise you hapless convicts, arise you one and a'
This is the day you are to stray from Caledonia

We all arose, put on our clothes, our hearts were full of grief
Our friends who stood around the coach could grant us no relief
Our parents, wives and sweethearts too, their hearts were broke in twa
To see us leave the hills and dales of Caledonia

(Chorus)

Farewell my dearest mother, I'm vexed for what I've done
I hope none shall cast up to you the race that I have run
I hope God will protect you when I am far awa'
Far from the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia

Farewell, my honest father, you were the best of men
And likewise my own sweetheart, it's Catherine is her name
No more we'll walk by Clyde's clear stream or by the Broomielaw
For I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia

(Chorus x2)

Here Is Where the Heart Is

Here is where the heart is, beats out like a drum
Here is where the Mavis flies where she once came from
Here is where the mother tongue resides
Far from the hands of hate and greed and lies

This is where my home is, the shore, the sea, the sand
This is where my family were raised wi' workin' hands
This is where the toil, sweat and tears
Knew only hardship through those workin' years

Farm and croft and residence, they cleared them from the land
Families of young and old with one wave of the hand
Were sent on board to sail the ocean wide
To a stranger's land o'er wind and sea and tide

Here is where the heart lies, like those who've been before
Here there are no broken ties or brothers on the shore
Here is where the spirit will return
No more to sigh, no more to weep and mourn

Here is where the heart is, beats out like a drum
Here is where the Mavis flies where she once came from
Here is where the mother tongue resides
Far from the hands of hate and greed and lies

Lukey

Well oh, Lukey's boat is painted green

Ha, me boys

Lukey's boat is painted green

The prettiest boat that you've ever seen

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Well oh, Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cuddy

Ha, me boys

Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cuddy

And every seam is chinked with putty

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Well I says "Lukey the blinds are down"

Ha, me boys

I says "Lukey the blinds are down"

"Me wife is dead and she's underground"

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Well I says Lukey "I don't care"

Ha, me boys

I says Lukey "I don't care"

"I'll get me another in the spring of the year"

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Oh, Lukey's rolling out his grub

Ha, me boys

Lukey's rolling out his grub

One split pea, and a ten pound tub

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Well, Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails

Ha, me boys

Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails

The sheet was planted with copper nails

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Lukey's boat is painted green

Ha, me boys

Lukey's boat is painted green

It's the prettiest boat that you've ever seen

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Nancy Whiskey

(Chorus)

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-o

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver
I'm a rash and a roving blade
I've got silver in my pocket
And I follow the roving trade

(Chorus)

As I rode in through Glasgow city
Nancy Whiskey, I chanced to smell
I went in, sat down beside her
Seven long years, I loved her well

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

So I rose early in the morning
To slack my thirst, it was my need
I tried to rise, but I was not able
Nancy had me by the knees

(Chorus)

So, I'm going back to the Calton weaving
I'll surely make them shuttles fly
For I made more at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way

(Chorus)

So, come all you weavers, you Calton weavers
Come all you weavers, where'er you be
Beware of whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She'll ruin you like she ruined me

(Chorus x2)

The Newry Highwayman

In Newry town, I was bred and born
In Stephen's Green now I lie in scorn
I served my time to the saddling trade
But I turned out to be, yes I turned out to be a roving blade

At seventeen I took a wife
I loved her dearly as I loved my wife
And to maintain her both fine and gay
I took to robbing, I took to robbing on the King's Highway

I never robbed any poor man yet
Nor any tradesman did I beset
I robbed the lords and the ladies bright
And robbed their jewels, and robbed their jewels for my heart's delight

I robbed Lord Golding, I do declare
And Lady Mansell on Grosvenor Square
I shook the shutters and bid them goodnight
And home I went then, and home I went then to my heart's delight

To Covent Garden I made my way
With my dear wife for to see the play
Lord Fielding's gang, they did me pursue
And I was taken, and I was taken by that cursed crew

My father cried "Oh, my darling son"
My wife she wept and cried "I am undone"
My mother tore her white locks and cried
Saying "In the cradle," saying "In the cradle Willie should have died"

And when I'm dead, aye and in my grave
A flashy funeral pray let me have
With six bold highwaymen to carry me
Give them good broadswords, give them good broadswords and sweet liberty

Six pretty maidens to bear my corpse
Give them white garlands and ribbons all
And when I'm dead, they will speak the truth
He was a wild and, he was a wild and a wicked youth

Níl Na Lá

Tá na caoirigh ag ithe an gheamhair
Tá na gamhna ag ól an bhainne
Prátaí síos gan díolachán
'S duine gan mheabhair na raghfá abhaile

Is deas an bhean í Siobhán óg
Gúna nua uirthi aníos ón siopa
Is breathnaím ar mo ghiní óir
'S í a' rince ar an mbord leis an fhoc ar buile

(Curfá)

Níl 'na lá, tá 'na lá
Níl 'na lá, tá ar maidin
Níl 'na lá, tá 'na lá
Is bean a rá, is í ar fhaga

Don't send me out into the dark
The night is cold and I'll be perished
Come to bed with me awhile
We'll have a roll around the blankets

(Curfá) (Chorus)

Buailim suas, buailim síos
Buailim cleamhan ar bhean a leanna
Cuirim giní óir ar an mbord
Is bím ag ól anseo go maidin

(Curfá) (Chorus)

Tá mo bhróga i dtigh an óil
Tá mo stocaí i dtigh a' leanna
Tá na coiligh go léir ag glaoch
'S b'éigean domsa 'dhul abhaile

(Curfá 3x)

The sheep are eating the corn
The calves are drinking the milk
The potatoes are unsold

Siobhán is a fine young girl
In her new dress down from the shop
I gaze at my golden guinea
Spinning on the table and my temper rises

(Chorus)

Daybreak has not come, but now it's here
Daybreak has not come, but now it's morning
Daybreak has not come, but now it's with us
She has spoken and I must leave here

Don't send me out into the dark
The night is cold and I'll be perished
Come to bed with me awhile
We'll have a roll around the blankets

(Chorus)

I go up and I go down
I try my luck with the tavern lady
I throw a guinea on the table
And drink my fill until the morning

(Chorus)

I left my shoes in the house of ale
I left my stockings there as well
The cocks have all begun to crow
And I am forced to leave for home

(Chorus 3x)

Old Brown's Daughter

There is an ancient party at the other end of town
And he keeps a little grocery store, the ancients name is Brown
And he has a lovely daughter, such a treat I never saw
Oh I only hope someday to be the old man's son-in-law

Well, Old Brown he sells from off his shelf most anything you please
He's got juice tarts for the little boys, lollipops and cheese
And his daughter minds the store, and it's a treat just to see her serve
I'd like to run away with her but I don't have the nerve

(Chorus)

And it's old Brown's daughter is a proper sort of girl
Old Brown's daughter is a fair as any pearl
I wish I were a Lord Mayor, a Marquis or and Earl
And blow me if I wouldn't marry old Brown's girl
Blow me if I wouldn't marry old Brown's girl

Well poor old Brown now has trouble with the gout
He grumbles in his little parlour when he can't get out
Oh and when I make a purchase, lord, and she hands me the change
That girl she makes pulverized, I feel so very strange

(Chorus)

But Miss Brown she smiles so sweetly when I say a tender word
Ah but old brown says that she must wed a Marquis or a Lord
And I don't suppose it's ever one of those things I will be
But by jingo next election I will run for Trinity

(Chorus)

Old Polina

There's a noble fleet o' whalers sailin' from Dundee
men by British sailors to take them o'er the sea
on a western ocean passage we started on the trip
we flew along just like a song on a galleon whalin' ship

Twas the second Sunday morning just after leaving port
we met a heavy south-west gale that washed away our boat
it washed away our quarter deck our 'stensions just as well
and so we sent the whole she-bang a floatin in the gale

(Chorus)

For the wind was on her quarter the engine's workin free
there's not another whaler that sails the arctic sea
can beat the old polina ye need not try me sons
we challenged all both great and small from Dundee to St. John's

Our jackman set his canvas for Willard gallop stein
and captain Guy the daring by' came plungin' through the stream
and Mullins' in the husky tried to beat the bloody lot
but to beat the Old Polina boys was something he could not

(Chorus)

There's the noble terra nova a model without doubt
the arctic and aurora they talk so much about
our jackman's model nailboat the terror of the sea
try to beat the old polina on a passage from Dundee

(Chorus)

Now we're back in old st. John's where rum is very cheap
we'll drink a health to captain guy who brought us o'er the deep
a health to all our sweethearts and to our wives so fair
not another ship could make the trip, the Polina I declare

(Chorus x2)

On A Sea Of Fleur De Lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
And let me live in the arms of a sorry old elm
Give the gypsy moths a realm of their own
For a postman's fee would I work for Thee
From that tree would I swoop down and leave
A billion blue eggs of eternity
And in no time you'd have your own See

Don't just stare
I mean it, really
Hear my prayer
I give it freely
Are you there Fleur-de-Lis?

I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
And let me live in the arms of willow
And fly around not wearing a stitch
For so long has this room been so hollow
We wait at the gate for an echo
In the flesh of your newly cleaned frescoes
Where Jesus holds John to his breast

Wrapped around
And rocking slowly
No one bound
To be so holy
In your gown of fleur-de-lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
As a witch would I love you more than any man
So give a wink, give a nod, but give a damn
Be a sport, Mary, and don't tell Dad
He need never know how He's been had
And never you mind about those seven seals
Daddy was a one shot deal

One, two, three
It could be that easy
There we'd be
I with my baby
On a sea of fleur-de-lis

Do-re-mi
It could be that easy
There we'd be
I with my baby
On a sea of fleur-de-lis

Pastures Of Plenty

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled
And your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops
Well its North up to Oregon to gather your hops
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in the Union us migrants have been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we rambled, that river and I
All along your green valley, I will work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life if it be
Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

Ripples in the Rockpools

Ripples in the water of the rockpool sun
Ripples in the water of the rockpool sun
Ripples in the water of the rockpool sun
And the boats are in for winter

Dónal an-Chogaidh will you marry me
Dónal an-Chogaidh will you marry me
Dónal an-Chogaidh will you marry me
Will I carry your three children

(Chorus)

Ripples in the rockpools
Ripples in the sea
Ripples in the sand dunes
Rolling into Connemara

Ripples in the rockpools
Ripples in the sea
Ripples in the sand dunes
Rolling into Connemara

Dónal an-Chogaidh will you sail with me
Dónal an-Chogaidh will you sail with me
Dónal an-Chogaidh will you sail with me
From here to far Corona

I can feel the tide falling in the rain
I can feel the tide falling in the rain
I can feel the tide falling in the rain
But the wind is surely rising

(Chorus)

I can feel the tide falling in the rain
I can feel the tide falling in the rain
I can feel the tide falling in the rain
But the wind is surely rising

Dónal an-Chogaidh you will come to no good
Dónal an-Chogaidh you will come to no good
Dónal an-Chogaidh you will come to no good
I shall leave you and take my dowry

(Chorus)

(Chorus x2)

Rolling Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife
we whaler-women undergo
And we won't give a damn when the gales are done
how hard the winds did blow
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds
with a good ship taut and free
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
with the boys from old Maui

(CHORUS)

Rolling down to old Maui, me girls
rolling down to old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds
rolling down to old Maui

Once more we sail with the northerly gales
through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores
we soon shall see again
Six hellish months we've passed away
on the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic grounds
rolling down to old Maui

(CHORUS X 2)

(CHORUS)

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales
towards our island home
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung
and we ain't got far to roam
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away
what care we for that sound
A living gale is after us
thank God we're homeward bound

(CHORUS)

How soft the breeze through the island trees
now the ice is far astern
Them native lads, them tropical glades
is awaiting our return
Even now their big brown eyes look out
hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales
rolling down to old Maui

Sealwoman/Yundah

(Sung Throughout Behind Lyrics)

Ionn da ionn do

Ionn da od-ar da

Ionn da ionn do

Ionn da od-ar da

Hi-o-dan dao od-ar da

Over the waves, you call to me

Shadow of dream, ancient mystery

Oh how I long for your sweet caress

Oh how I long for your gentleness

Torn between sea mists and solid land

Nights when I've ached for a human hand

I'll come to you while the moon shines bright

But I must go free with the first streak of light

Over the waves, you call to me

Shadow of dream, ancient mystery

Oh how I long for you sweet caress

Oh how I long for your gentleness

Ionn da ionn do

Ionn da od-ar da

Ionn da ionn do

Ionn da od-ar da

Hi-o-dan dao od-ar da

The Silver Dagger

Don't sing love songs, you'll wake my mother
She's sleeping here right by my side
In her right hand a silver dagger
She says that I can't be your bride

All men are fools, so says my mother
They'll tell you again love and lies
And then they'll go and court some other
Leave you alone to pine inside

My daddy is a handsome devil
He's got a chain five miles long
On every link a heart does dangle
Of another maid he's loved and wronged

Go court another tender maiden
In hopes that she might be your wife
For I've been warned, so I decided
I'll sleep alone all of my life

Don't sing love songs, you'll wake my mother
She's sleeping here right by my side
In her right hand a silver dagger
She says that I can't be your bride

So Early, Early in the Spring

So early, early in the spring
I shipped on board to serve my king
I left my dearest dear behind
She oftimes swore her heart was mine

And all the time I sailed the seas
I could not find a moment's ease
For thinking of my dearest dear
but never a word of her could I hear

At last I sailed into Glasgow town
I searched the streets both up and down
Inquiring for my dearest dear
but never a word of her could I hear

I went straight way to her father's hall
And gladly for my love did call
My daughter is married she's a rich man's wife
She's wed to another much better for life

Oh curse your gold and your silver too
And curse the girl that wont prove true
Who all her former vows did break
And went with another for richer's sake

If the girl is married that I adore
I'm sure I'll stay on land no more
I'll sail the seas till the day I die
I'll break through waves rolling mountain high

Take Her In Your Arms

Have you seen him on the corner?
And his lip would reach the pavement
He's been hiding from his razor
Is he not an awful sight?
In love, he was the purist
Now he's frightening our tourists
If he'd gone and asked his father
Oh, I'm sure he'd set him right

(Chorus)

Sayin' "Take her in your arms
And tell her that you love her
Take her in your arms
And hold that woman tight
Won't you take her in your arms
And tell her that you love her
If you're going to love a woman
Then be sure and do it right"

Now he met her at a disco
In a dive in San Francisco
And it all might have been different
Had he seen her in daylight
She was painted, she was scented
But she drove your man demented
If he'd gone and asked his father
Oh, I'm sure he'd set him right

(Chorus)

Here's a pub with fun and laughter
The landlord's buying bevy
There's a session in the corner
And the craic is grand tonight
But your man who's lost his woman
He's still at home lamenting
If he'd gone and asked his father
Oh, I'm sure he'd set him right

(Chorus)

Now, depression's not a million laughs
But suicide's too dang'rous
Don't go leapin' out of buildin's
In the middle of the night
It's not the fall but landin'
That'll alter social standin'
So go first and ask your father
And I'm sure he'll set you right

(Chorus)

Here's a health to all true lovers
Their sisters and their brothers
And their uncles and their grannies
For this thing is black and white
If you're keen to start romancin'
With its leppin' and its dancin'
Then go first and ask your father
And I'm sure he'll set you right

(Chorus)

The Bonny Swans

A farmer there lived in the north country
a hey ho bonny o
And he had daughters one, two, three
The swans swim so bonny o
These daughters they walked by the river's brim
a hey ho bonny o
The eldest pushed the youngest in
The swans swim so bonny o

Oh sister, oh sister, pray lend me your hand
with a hey ho a bonny o
And I will give you house and land
the swans swim so bonny o
I'll give you neither hand nor glove
with a hey ho a bonny o
Unless you give me your own true love
the swans swim so bonny o

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam
with a hey ho and a bonny o
Until she came to a miller's dam
the swans swim so bonny o
The miller's daughter, dressed in red
with a hey ho and a bonny o
She went for some water to make some bread
the swans swim so bonny o

Oh father, oh daddy, here swims a swan
with a hey ho and a bonny o
It's very like a gentle woman
the swans swim so bonny o
They placed her on the bank to dry
with a hey ho and a bonny o
There came a harper passing by

the swans swim so bonny o

He made harp pins of her fingers fair
with a hey ho and a bonny o
He made harp strings of her golden hair
the swans swim so bonny o
He made a harp of her breast bone
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And straight it began to play alone
the swans swim so bonny o

He brought it to her father's hall
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And there was the court, assembled all
the swans swim so bonny o
He laid the harp upon a stone
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And straight it began to play alone
the swans swim so bonny o

And there does sit my father the King
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And yonder sits my mother the Queen
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my brother Hugh
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And by him William, sweet and true
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my false sister, Anne
with a hey ho and a bonny o
Who drowned me for the sake of a man
the swans swim so bonny o

The Foggy Dew

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

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.

The Highwayman

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon the cloudy seas
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
And the highwayman came riding, riding, riding
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle
His pistol butts a-twinkle
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark innyard
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter
Bess, the landlord's daughter
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day
Then look for me by the moonlight, watch for me by the moonlight
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell shall bar the way

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand
But she loosened her hair in the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of the perfume came tumbling over his breast
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
Oh, sweet waves in the moonlight
He tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west

He did not come at the dawning; he did not come at noon
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor
A red-coat troop came marching, marching, marching
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets at their side
there was death at every window, hell at one dark window
For Bess could see, through the casement
The road that he would ride

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast
"now keep good watch!" And they kissed her
She heard the dead man say
"Look for me by the moonlight, watch for me by the moonlight
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell shall bar the way

She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood
They stretched and strained in the darkness and the hours crawled by like years
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight, cold, on the stroke of midnight
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers

Tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horses hoofs ring clear
Tlot-tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill
The highwayman came riding, riding, riding
The red-coats looked to their priming
She stood up straight and still

Tlot in the frosty silence! Tlot, in the echoing night
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light
Her eyes grew wide for a moment! She drew one last deep breath
Then her finger moved in the moonlight, her musket shattered the moonlight
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him with her death

He turned; he spurred to the west; he did not know she stood
bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood
Not till the dawn he heard it; his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter, the landlord's black-eyed daughter
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there

And back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high
Blood-red were the spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat
when they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat

Still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees
When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed upon the cloudy seas
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
A highwayman comes riding, riding, riding
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door

The Irish Rover

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.
She'd got several blasts, she'd twenty-seven masts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
We had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million hogs, we had 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.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

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

The Lady of Shalott

On either side of the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the Wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road run by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The Island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

Only reapers, reaping early,
In among the bearded barley
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
Down to Tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the Fairy
The Lady of Shalott."

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The Knights come riding two and two.
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed.
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra" by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The Curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carold, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burger, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? And what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

The Leaving of Liverpool

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

(Chorus)

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

I have signed on a yankee sailing ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she is a floating hell

(Chorus)

Oh, the fog is on the harbour love
And I wish I could remain
But I know it will be some long time
Before I see you again

(Chorus x2)

The Mountains of Mourne

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
With people here working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat
But there' gangs of them digging for gold in the streets
At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this diggin' 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 writin' a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball
Faith, they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in trath
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus
And I've never known him, but he means to know us.
And tho' by the Saxon we once were oppressed,
Still I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest.
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore
When we've got all we want, we're as quiet as can be
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 a wave of his hand
And there we stood talkin' 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 the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions all roses and cream
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 waitin' for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

The Night Pat Murphy Died

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

(Chorus)

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

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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

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 tough

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)

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

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)

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

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 x2)

The Parting Glass

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

Oh all the comrades that e'er I've had, they are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I've had, they would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call good night and joy be with you all

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

My dearest dear, the time draws near when here no longer can I stay
There's not a comrade I leave behind, but is grieving for my going away
But since it has so ordered been what is once past can't be recalled
Now fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all

If I had money for to spend, If I had time to waste away
There is a fair maid in this town, I feign would while her heart away
With her rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, my heart she has beguiled awa'
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you a'

If I had money for to spend, I would spend it in her company
And all the harm that I have done, I hope it's pardoned I will be
And all I've done for want of it to memory I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all

A man may drink and not be drunk, a man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl and perhaps be welcomed back again
But since it has so ordered been by a time to rise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all

The Prophet

I saw a raven, plumage pale
I saw him drink the blood of the gael
Above Clach Mor the gulls will wail
Tonight the prophet gets paid

Uig's stone so high so wide
Odin's birds got it in its sight
In Scaristavore they'll weep tonight

(Chorus)

He who dances shall see him
And that lie will deceive him
For there are those that cannot see him
Tonight the prophet gets paid

At Channory they scream advance
The Dove, the Crow they circle and dance
Tasg spirits hold them in a trance
Tonight the prophet gets paid

(Chorus)

The Libran moon it waxed and waned
Darkness felt the sting of blackrain
A thousand dreams couldn't mask the pain
The night the prophet got paid

(Chorus)

Queen of Argyll

Gentlemen, it is my duty
To inform you of one beauty
Though I'd ask of you a favor
Not to seek her for awhile
Though I own she is a creature
Of character and feature
No words could paint a picture of
The Queen of all Argyll

(Chorus)

And if you could have seen her there
Boys, if you had just been there
The swan was in her movement
And the morning in her smile
All the roses in the garden
They bow and ask her pardon
For not one could match the beauty of
The Queen of all Argyll

On the evening that I mentioned
I passed with light intention
Through a part of our dear country
Known for beauty and for style
It's raised some noble thinkers
Scholars and great drinkers
But above them all for splendor shone
The Queen of all Argyll

(Chorus)

So my lads, I needs must leave you
My intention's not to grieve you
Nor indeed would I deceive you
Oh, I'll see you in awhile
I must find some way to gain her
To court her and to tame her
I fear my heart's in danger from
The Queen of all Argyll

(Chorus x2)

The Rambles of Spring

There's a piercing wintry breeze
Blowing through the budding trees
And I button up my coat to keep me warm
But the days are on the mend
And I'm on the road again
With my fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm

(Chorus)

I've a fine, felt hat
And a strong pair of brogues
I have rosin in my pocket for my bow
O my fiddle strings are new
And I've learned a tune or two
So, I'm well prepared to ramble and must go

I'm as happy as a king
When I catch a breath of spring
And the grass is turning green as winter ends
And the geese are on the wing
And the thrushes start to sing
And I'm headed down the road to see my friends

(Chorus)

I have friends in every town
As I wander up and down
Making music at the markets and the fairs
Through the donkeys and the creels
And the farmers making deals
And the yellow headed tinkers selling wares

(Chorus)

Here's a health to one and all
To the big and to the small
To the rich and poor alike and foe and friends
And when I return again
May our foes have turned to friends
And may peace and joy be with you until then

(Chorus)

The River Driver

I was just the age of sixteen when I first went on the drive,
After six months hard labor, at home I did arrive.
I courted with a pretty girl, t'was her caused me to roam,
Now I'm just a river driver and I'm far away from home.

(Chorus)

I'll eat when I am hungry and I'll drink when I am dry,
Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober by and by,
And if this river don't drown me, it's down I'll mean to roam,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

I'll build a lonesome castle upon some mountain high,
Where she can sit and view me as I go passing by
Where she can sit and view me as I go marching on,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

(Chorus)

When I am old and feeble and in my sickness lie,
Just wrap me up in a blanket and lay me down to die
Just get a little bluebird to sing for me alone,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

(Chorus x2)

The Sinking of the Reuben James

Have you heard of the ship called "The Good Reuben James?"
Armed by hard-fighting men both of honor and of fame
She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea

(Chorus)

Oh, tell me what were their names?, tell me what were their names?
Did you have a friend on The Good Reuben James?
Oh, tell me what were their names?, tell me what were their names?
Did you have a friend on The Good Reuben James?

One hundred men went down to their dark and watery grave
When that good ship went down, only forty-four were saved
Was the last day of October, they saved forty-four
From the dark, icy waters of that cold Iceland shore

(Chorus)

It was there in the dark of that cold and watery night
They watched for the U-boat and they waited for a fight
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion's roar
They laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor

(Chorus)

Many years have passed since those brave men are gone
Those cold icy waters, they're still and they're calm
Many years have passed and still I wonder why
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die

(Chorus x2)

The Witch of the Westmorland

Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the rowan shield
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field
Saying "Beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound
There's none but the witch of the Westmoreland can make thee hale and soond"

So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the wind
And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls behind
And clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him by
below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owlet cry

Saying "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you here?"
"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland that dwells by the winding mere"
And it's weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way
Til through the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water lay

(Break)

He said "Lie down, by brindled hound and rest ye, my good grey hawk
And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and walk
But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call
For I fear ere the sun will rise this morn ye will serve me best of all"

And it's down to the water's brim he's borne the rowan shield
And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might yield
And wet rose she from the lake, and fast and fleet went she
One half the form of a maiden fair with a jet black mare's body

And loud, long and shrill he blew 'til his steed was by his side
High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly did he ride
Saying "Course well, my brindled hound, and fetch me the jet black mare
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden fair"

(Break)

She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy rowan shield
For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded in the field"
And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue, bound round with a silver chain
And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times round again

And she's bound his wounds with the goldenrod, full fast in her arms he lay
And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day
She said "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your good grey hawk in hand
There's none can harm the knight who's lain with the Witch of the Westmorland"

Waiting for the Lark

Sleep on child it is not quite day
For the moon has still to set
The lark she will cry and bring down the morning
To where you lie
But the lark has not risen yet
But the lark has not risen yet

Sleep on child
While the birds rest on
The cow she sleeps in her stall
But the meadow stands grey
In this dew down morning
Before the day
Waits for the lark to call
And waits for the lark to call

Sleep on child
While the fields are still
They wait for your fathers hand
That he will not go and the sun
Will not shine,
And the cock will not crow
Til the lark cries over the land
Til the lark cries over the land

Sleep on child
And heed no sound
Your father may rise in the dark
With his boots in his hand
By the doorway to stand
Waiting for the lark
Waiting for the lark

Whiskey In The Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Chorus:

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

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

(Chorus)

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

(Chorus)

't was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

(Chorus)

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

(Chorus)

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
and if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
and I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

(Chorus x2)