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## BALLAD OF JAMES CONNOLLY

This is the story of James Connally, an Irish labor leader, who was part of the 1916 Irish Rebellion. He was one of 16 executed by the British after the rebellion. He was seriously wounded during the fighting, so the British propped him up in a chair and executed him. During the fighting, most of Ireland didn't support the rebels. The English said they were mostly ruffians and thugs. But after the rising was over and all the atrocities committed by the English during the fighting came to light and that most of the rebels were teachers, prominent members of society or young boys, the mood of the populous began to change to why didn't we help.

A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmainham,  
With their heads all uncovered they knelt on the ground.  
For inside that grim prison lay a true Irish soldier,  
His life for his country about to lay down.

He went to his death like a true son of Ireland  
The firing party he bravely did face  
Then the order rang out: 'Present arms, Fire!.'  
James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave.

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over  
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well  
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning  
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Gods' curse on you England, you cruel hearted monster  
Your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell  
There are no flowers blooming where the shamrock is growing  
On the grave of James Connally, the Irish rebel.

Many years have rolled by since the Irish Rebellion  
When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak  
And the bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder  
And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street.

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded  
The spirit of freedom they tried hard to quell  
But above all the din came the cry: 'No Surrender!'  
Twas the voice of James Connally, the Irish rebel.

## BANNA STRAND

This is the ballad of Sir Roger Casement who tried to bring German rifles into Ireland for the 1916 Easter Uprising. Sir Roger was a former Colonial Civil Servant for the British. In 1916 a small number of Irish thought that while the British were busy fighting the Germans in WWI, that would be a good time to try to gain their independence. The Easter Uprising turned out to be a catalyst that eventually gained independence for the 26 southern counties. Banna Strand is on the southwest coast of Ireland in County Kerry. In 1965 the British allowed Sir Roger's remains to be brought to Ireland for burial.

Twass on Good Friday morning all in the month of May.  
A German ship was signaling beyond out in the Bay.  
With twenty thousand rifles all ready for to land  
But no answering signal did come from the lonely Banna Strand.

"No signal answers from the shore" Sir Roger sadly said  
"No comrades here to meet me, alas they must be dead  
But I must do my duty and at once I mean to land"  
So in a small boat rowed ashore to the lonely Banna Strand.

Now the R.I.C. were hunting for Sir Roger high and low  
They found him in McKenna's Fort, said they "you are our foe"  
Said he "I'm Roger Casement, I've come to my native land  
And I mean to free my countrymen on the lonely Banna Strand."

They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London Town  
And in the Tower they laid him, a traitor to the Crown  
Said he "I am no traitor," but his trial he had to stand  
For bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand.

Twass in an English prison that they led him to his death  
"I'm dying for my country" he said with his last breath  
They buried him in British soil, far from his native land  
And the wild waves sang his requiem on the lonely Banna Strand.

They took Sir Roger home again in the year of '65  
And with his comrades of '16 in peace and tranquil lies  
His last fond wish it is fulfilled for to lie in his native land  
And the waves will roll in peace again on the lonely Banna Strand.

## BLACK VELVET BAND

Chorus:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, you'd swear she was queen of the land:  
With her hair hung over her shoulders, tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast, an apprentice to trade I was bound  
And many an hour's sweet happiness, I've spent in that neat little town  
Till a sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

As I went walking down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay  
Who should I met but this pretty fair maid, come tripping along the highway.  
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan  
And her hair hung over her shoulders, tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

Chorus:

On her bosom she wore a large notice, advertising the price of her tail  
And on her behind for the good of the blind, was the same information in  
Braille.

Chorus:

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, when a gentlemen passed us by  
I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish dark eyes  
A watch she took out of his pocket, and placed it right into my hand  
On the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

Before judge and jury next morning, the both of us had to appear  
The judge he said to me "Young man, the case against you is clear"  
Seven long years transportation, right down to Van Dieman's Land  
Far away from friends and relations, betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

## BOTANY BAY

Chorus:

Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies  
Farewell to your gangers and gang planks, and to hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin, she's lying at the Quay  
To take Ol' Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay

I'm on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lays  
To command a gang of navvys that they told me to engage  
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went away  
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus:

The boss came up this morning, he says "well Pat you know  
If you don't get out your navvys I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay  
For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus:

And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold  
There's plenty there for the digging of, 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:

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

Paddy McGuigan

Oh father, why are you so sad on this bright Easter morn?  
When Irish men are proud and glad of the land where they were born  
Oh, son, I see and mem'ries view of far off distant days  
When being just a boy like you, I joined the I.R.A.

Chorus:

Where are the lads who stood with me when history was made?

Oh, gramochree I long to see the Boys of the Old Brigade

In hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all  
And from the glens came brave young men to answer Ireland's call  
'Twas long ago we faced the foe, the old brigade and me  
But by my side they fought and died that Ireland might be free

Chorus:

And now my boy I've told you why on Easter morn I sigh  
For I recall my comrades all from dark old days gone by  
I think of men who fought in glens with rifles and grenade  
May Heaven keep the men who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade

Chorus: (twice)

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

Oh it's of a brave young highway man this story I will tell  
His name is Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell  
'Twas on the Kilworth Mountains he commenced his wild career  
And many a wealthy noble man before him shook with fear  
And it's Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

One day upon the highway as Willie he went down  
He met the mayor of Cashel, a mile outside the town  
The Mayor, he knew his features, and he said, "young man," said he  
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."  
And it's Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy  
And when she saw her Willie, she commenced to weep and cry  
She said, "hand to me that tenpenny," as soon as Willie spoke  
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak  
For young Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

Then with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold  
He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold  
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there  
So he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair  
Did young Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

Now Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high  
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try  
He laughed at them with scorn until at last 'twas said  
By false hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed  
And it's Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the Moor

CITY OF CHICAGO

Luka Bloom (Barry Moore)

In the city of Chicago as the evening shadows fall

There are people dreaming of the hills of Donegal

1847 was the year it all began

Deadly pains of hunger drove a million from the land

They journeyed not for glory, their motive wasn't greed

A voyage of survival across the stormy seas

To the city of Chicago as the evening shadows fall

There are people dreaming of the hills of Donegal

Some of them knew fortune, some of them knew fame

More of them knew hardship and died out on the plain

They spread throughout the nation, they rode the railroad cars

Brought their songs and music to ease their lonely hearts

To the city of Chicago as the evening shadows fall

There are people dreaming of the hills of Donegal

## THE CLIFFS OF DONEEN

Jack McAuliffe

Doneen Cliffs are overlooking the Shannon River in Co. Clare. The song describes other sights one may see from the Cliffs.

You may travel far far from your own native land,  
far away over the mountains, far away o'er the foam,  
but of all the fine places that I've ever been  
sure there's none can compare with the Cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there  
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare  
Oh the town of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen  
From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day  
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay  
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen  
Making homes for their young round the cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while  
And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind  
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been  
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

James Yorkston (1884)

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

As she wheels her wheel barrow through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels alive alive O!"

Chorus:

"Alive alive O! Alive alive O"

Crying "cockles and mussels alive alive O!"

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder

For so were her father and mother before

And they both wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels alive alive O!"

Chorus:

She died of a fever and no one could save her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels alive alive O!"

Chorus:

CURRAGH OF KILDARE

Oh the winter it is passed, and summer's come at last  
And the small birds are singing in the trees  
Their little hearts are glad, but mine is very sad  
For my true love is far away from me

All you that are in love and cannot it remove  
I pity all the pain that you endure  
For experience let me know that your heart is full of woe  
It's a woe that no mortal can endure

And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare  
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear  
A livery I will wear and I'll comb back my hair  
And in velvet so green I will appear

And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare  
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

(Repeat first verse)

DANNY BOY

Frederic Weatherly

Oh Danny Boy the pipes the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone and all the roses dying  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so

And when ye come and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be  
If you will bend and tell me that you love me  
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Pete St. John

This song is about the 1847 famine in Ireland when millions died of starvation and another million left for the U.S., Australia etc. Some went to Australia unwillingly to a prison known as Botany Bay.

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling

Michael they are taking you away

For you stole Trevelyn's corn so the young might see the morn,

Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry

Where once we watched the small free birds fly

Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing.

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling

Nothing matters Mary when you're free,

Against the Famine and the Crown I rebelled they ran me down

Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus:

By lonely harbour wall she watched the last star falling

As that prison ship sailed out against the sky

Sure she'll wait and hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Chorus:

## FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walker Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet, & to rise in the world he carried a  
hod

Tim had a sort of a tippling way, with a love of the liquor Tim was born  
And to help him on his way each day, He'd a drop of the creature every morn

Chorus:

Whack for the hurrah, dance to your partners, round the floor ye trotters  
shake

Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake  
He fell off the ladder and broke his skull, so they carried him home his  
corpse to wake

They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed  
With a barrel of whiskey at his feet and a bucket of porter at his head

Chorus:

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch  
First they laid out tea and cakes, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
Then Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a lovely corpse did you ever see?  
Arrah! Tim avourneen why did you die?" "Ah! none of your gab" said Biddy  
Magee.

Chorus:

Then Biddy O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy," says she, "you're wrong I'm  
sure,"

But Biddy gave her a belt on the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor  
Each side in war did soon engage, twas woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began

Chorus:

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head, when a bottle of whiskey flew at him  
It missed and landed on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim  
Bedad, he revives! see how he rises, Tim Finnegan risin' from the bed  
Crying while he ran around like blazes, "Thunderin' Jaysus d'ye think I'm  
dead?"

Chorus:

THE FLIGHT OF EARLS

Liam Reilly of Bagatelle

I can hear the bells of Dublin in this lonely waiting room  
And the paper boys are singing in the rain  
Not too long before they take us to the airport and the noise  
To get on board a transatlantic plane

We've got nothing left to stay for, we have no more left to say  
And there isn't any work for us to do  
So farewell ye boys and girls, another bloody flight of earls  
Our best asset is our best export too

It's not murder, fear, or famine that makes us leave this time  
We're not going to join McAlpine's Fusiliers  
We've got brains and we've got vision, we've got education too  
But we just can't throw away these precious years

So we walk the streets of London and the streets of Baltimore  
And we meet at night at several Boston bars  
We're the leaders of the future, but we're far away from home  
And we dream of you beneath the Irish stars

As we look on Ellis Island and the lady in the bay  
And Manhattan turns to face another Sunday  
We just wonder what you're doing for to bring us all back home  
As we look forward to another Monday

But it's not the work that scares us, we don't mind an honest job  
And we know things will get better once again  
So a thousand times adieu, we've got Bono and U-2  
All we're missing is the Guinness and the rain

So switch off your new computers, cause the writings on the wall  
We're leaving as our fathers did before  
Take a look at Dublin airport, or the boats that leave Northwall  
There'll be no youth unemployment anymore

Because we're over here in Queensland and in parts of New South Wales  
We're on the seas, the airways and the trains  
But if we see better days, those big airplanes go both ways  
And we'll all be coming back to you again  
Yes, we'll all be coming back to you again

FOGGY DEW

Canon Charles O'Neill

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
As armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by  
No pipes did hum, no battle drum, did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey swell, rang out in the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they flung out the flag of war  
"Twas better. to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurr'ing through  
While Britannia's sons with their long range guns sailed in through the Foggy  
Dew

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the Great North  
Sea

Oh had they died by Pearse's side, or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy  
Dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertime in the springtime of the year  
While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that Freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew

Back through the glen I rode again, my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see no more  
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you  
For slavery fled, Oh rebel dead, when you fell in the Foggy Dew

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

Tommy Makem

What did I have said the fine old woman

What did I have, this fine old woman did say

I had four green fields, and each one was a jewel

But strangers came and tried to take them from me

I had fine strong sons and they fought to save my jewels

They fought and died, and that was my grief said she

'Long time ago' said this fine old woman

'Long time ago' this proud old woman did say

'There was war and death, plundering and pillage

My children starved in 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 this fine old woman

'What have I now' this proud old woman did say

'I have four green fields and one of them's in bondage

In strangers' hands who tried to take it from me

But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers

My fourth green field will bloom once again' said she

FROM CLARE TO HERE

Ralph McTell

Oh, there's four who share the room and we work hard for the crack  
And getting up late on Sunday I never get to Mass

Chorus:

It's a long, long way from Clare to here

It's a long, long way from Clare to here

Oh it's a long, long way, it gets further day by day

It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday night comes around and I'm only into fightin'  
My Ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writin'

Chorus:

And the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinkin'  
It eases off the pain a bit and levels out my thinkin'

Chorus:

Well it almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine  
I promised I'd be comin' back with pockets full of green

Chorus:

I dream I hear a piper play, maybe it's a notion  
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus:

GALWAY SHAWL

In Oranmore, in the County Galway  
One pleasant evening in the month of May  
I spied a damsel, she was fair and handsome  
Her beauty fairly took my breath away

Chorus:

She wore no jewels or costly diamonds  
No paint or powder, no none at all  
She wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it  
And around her shoulder was the Galway shawl

As we kept on walkin', she kept on talkin'  
'Til her father's cottage came into view  
Said she "Come in Sir and meet me father  
And for to please him play the 'Foggy Dew"

Chorus:

I played the 'Blackbird' and the 'Stack of Barley'  
'Rodney's Glory' and the 'Foggy Dew'  
She sang each note like an Irish linnet  
And the tears flowed from her eyes of blue

Chorus:

"Twas early, early in the morning  
I hit the road for old Donegal  
Said she "Goodbye Sir" as she cried  
And my heart remained with the Galway shawl

Chorus:

GOD SAVE IRELAND

T.D. Sullivan (1867)

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted Three  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom  
But they met him face to face with the courage of their race  
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom  
"God save Ireland!" said the heroes  
"God save Ireland!" said they all  
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matter when for Erin dear we fall

Girt around with cruel foes, still their spirit proudly rose  
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near  
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave  
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear  
"God save Ireland!" said they proudly  
"God save Ireland!" said they all  
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matter when for Erin dear we fall

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rung their voices out in prayer  
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast  
Close beneath the gallows tree, kissed like brothers lovingly  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last  
"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly  
"God save Ireland!" said they all  
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matters when for Erin dear we fall

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land  
But on the cause must go amidst joy, or weal, or woe  
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand  
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly  
"God save Ireland!" say we all  
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matters when for Erin dear we fall

"God save Ireland!" say we proudly  
"God save Ireland!" say we all  
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matters when for Erin dear we fall

This song was written in 1867 by T.D. Sullivan and published in "The Nation" on December 7, 1867.

Sullivan later wrote that he was "Desirous of paying such tribute as I could to the memory of the patriots, I wrote a few days after their execution, a song which had for its refrain the prayer which they had uttered in the docks, "God Save Ireland." With a view to getting it into immediate use, I fitted the words to a military air of American origin, 'Tramp, tramp. tramp, the boys are marching', which was popular at the time in Ireland. My intentions were fully realized; on the day of its publication in 'The Nation', December 7, 1867, it was sung in the homes of Dublin working men, and on the following day I heard it sung and chorused by a crowd of people."

## GRACE

Frank & Sean O'Meara (1985)

This is a song about one of the 16 men executed by the British after the failed 1916 Easter Uprising. Joseph Plunkett, who had tuberculosis, was allowed to marry his sweetheart, Grace Gifford, less than 24 hours before his execution. The song mentions GPO, which is the General Post Office, and Padraig, which is Irish for Patrick and refers to Patrick Pearse, one of the rebel leaders.

1. As we gather in the Chapel here in Old Kilmainham jail

I think about these past few weeks, Oh will they say we failed

From our school days they have told us we must yearn for liberty

Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me

Chorus:

Oh Grace just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger

They'll take me out at dawn and I will die

With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger

There won't be time to share our love for we must say good-bye

2. Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand

This love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land

But when Padraig called me to his side down in the G.P.O.

I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go

Chorus:

3. Now as the dawn is breaking, my heart is breaking too

On this May morn as I walk out my thoughts will be of you

I'll write some words upon the wall so everyone will know

I loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose

Chorus:

Ending:

No, there won't be time to share our love for we must say good-bye

JOE McDONNELL

Brian Warfield of the Wolfe Tones

Oh , Me name is Joe McDonell, from Belfast Town I came  
That city I will never see again  
For in the town of Belfast I spent many happy days  
I loved that town in oh so many ways  
For it's there I spent my childhood and found for me a wife  
I then set out to make for her a life  
But all my young ambitions met with bitterness and hate  
I soon found myself inside a prison gate

CHORUS:

And you dare to call me a terrorist while you look down your gun  
When I think of all the deeds that you have done  
You have plundered many nations, divided many lands  
You have terrorized their peoples, you ruled with an iron hand

And you've brought this reign of terror to my land  
Through those many months internment in the Maidstone and the Maze  
I thought about my land throughout those days  
Why my country was divided, why I was now in jail  
Imprisoned without crime and without trial  
And though I love my country, I am not a bitter man  
I've seen cruelty and injustice at first hand  
So then one fateful morning, I shook bold freedoms hand  
For right or wrong I tried to free my land

CHORUS:

Then one cold October's morning, trapped in a lions den  
I found myself in prison once again  
I was committed to the H Blocks for fourteen years or more  
On the blanket, the conditions they were cruel  
Then a hunger strike we did commence for the dignity of man  
But it seemed to me that no one gave a damn  
But now I am a saddened man while I watched my comrades die  
If only people cared or wondered why

CHORUS:

May God shine on you Bobby Sands for the courage you have shown  
May your glory and your faith be widely known  
And Francis Hughes and Ray McCreesh who died unselfishly  
And Patsy O'Hara and the next in line is me  
And those who lie behind me may your courage be the same  
And I pray to God my life is not in vain  
Ah, but sad and bitter was the year of 1981  
For everything I've lost and nothing's won.

McALPINE'S FUSILIERS

Dominic Behan

As down the glen came McAlpine's men with their shovels slung behind them  
'Twas in the pub that they drank their sub and out in the spike you'll find  
them

They sweated blood and they washed down mud with pints and quarts of beer  
And now we're on the road again with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I stripped to the skin with darkie Finn; way down upon the Isle of Grain  
With horse-face O'Toole, we knew the rule: no money if you stopped for rain  
McAlpine's God was a well-filled hod; Your shoulders cut to bits and seared  
And woe to he who looked for tea, with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea, fell into a concrete stairs  
What horse-face said when he saw him dead: It wasn't what the rich call  
prayers

I'm a navy short was the one retort that reached unto my ears  
When the going's rough, then you must be tough, with McAlpine's Fusiliers

I've worked till the sweat nearly had me bet, with Russian, Czech and Pole  
On shuddering jams up the hydro dams, or underneath the Thames in a hole  
I grabbed it hard and I've got me cards, and many a ganger's fist across me  
ears

If you value your life, you won't join, by Christ, with McAlpine's Fusiliers

## THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

The lyrics of this beautiful ballad were written by Percy French (1854-1920) They were sent to Houston College on the back of a post card and he set it to the ancient tune of "Carrigdhoun"

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's gangs of them digging for gold on 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 a top to their dresses at all  
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth  
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  
I've never known him, tho' 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 one 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.

MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

Chorus:

So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin  
I'm sick and tired of workin'  
No more I'll dig the praties,  
no longer I'll be fooled  
As sure as me name is Carney,  
I'll be off to California  
Where instead of diggin' praties,  
I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

In the days I went a courtin'  
I was never tired resortin'  
To the ale house or the playhouse or many a house besides  
I told my brother Seamus I'd go off and be right famous  
And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide

Chorus:

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Cork or in Killarney  
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork  
So goodbye to all this pleasure for I'm going to take me leisure  
And the next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York

Chorus:

Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam  
To try and make me fortune in far Amerikay  
There's gold and money plenty for the poor and for the gentry  
And when I come back home again I never more will stray

Chorus:

MY LOVELY ROSE OF CLARE

Oh my lovely Rose of Clare  
You're the sweetest girl I know  
You're the queen of all the roses  
Like the pretty flowers that grow  
You are the sunshine of my life  
So beautiful and fair  
For I will always love you  
My lovely Rose of Clare

We walked down by the river bank  
Watched the Shannon flowing by  
And listened to the nightingale  
Singing songs for you and I  
And to say farewell  
To all you true and fair  
For I have stolen the heart of one  
My lovely Rose of Clare

(Repeat first verse)

MY YOUNGEST SON CAME HOME TODAY

Eric Bogle

My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The pipes and drums beat out the time  
As in his box of polished pine  
Like dead meat on the butchers tray  
My youngest son came home today

My youngest son was a fine young man  
With a wife, a daughter, and two sons  
A man he would have lived and died  
Til by a bullet sanctified  
Now he's a saint, or so they say  
They brought their saint home today

Above the narrow Belfast streets  
An Irish sky looks down and weeps  
On children's blood in gutters spilled  
In dreams of freedom unfulfilled  
As part of freedom's price to pay  
My youngest son came home today

My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The pipes and drums beat out the time  
As in his box of polished pine  
Like dead meat on the butchers tray  
My youngest son came home today  
And this time he is home to stay

A NATION ONCE AGAIN

Thomas Osborne Davis

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient free men  
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

It whisper'd to that freedom's ark: And service high and holy  
Would be profaned by feelings dark; And passions vain or lowly  
For freedom comes from God's right hand; And needs a godly train  
And righteous men must make our land a Nation Once Again

Chorus:

So, as I grew from boy to man; I bent me to that bidding  
My spirit of each selfish plan; And cruel passion ridding  
For thus I hoped some day to aid; Oh, can such hope be vain  
When my dear country shall be made a Nation Once Again

Chorus: (twice)

## NORA

Originally "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" (1866) by James Austin Butterfield (music) and George Washington Johnson (lyrics). The song was used by Seán O'Casey in his 1926 play [The Plough and the Stars](#), but the name "Maggie" was changed to "Nora" because the character, Clitheroe, was singing it to his wife Nora.

The violets were scenting the woods Nora  
Displaying their charms to the bees  
When I first said I loved only you Nora  
And you said you loved only me

The chestnuts bloom gleams through the glade Nora  
The robin sang out from every tree  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora  
And you said you loved only me

The golden-dewed daffodils shone, Nora  
And danced in the breeze on the lea  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora  
And you said you loved only me

The birds in the trees sang their songs, Nora  
Of happier transports to be  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora  
And you said you loved only me

Our hopes they have never come true, Nora  
Our dreams they were never to be  
Since I first said I loved only you, Nora  
And you said you loved only me

The chestnuts bloom gleams through the glade, Nora  
The robin sang out from every tree  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora  
And you said you loved only me

ON THE ONE ROAD

Frank O'Donovan

Though we've had our quarrels now and then  
Now's the time to make them up again  
Sure aren't we all Irish any how?  
And we've got to step together now

Chorus:

On the one road, sharing the one load  
On the road to God knows where  
On the long road, may be the wrong road  
But we're together now who cares?  
Northmen, Southmen, comrades all  
Dublin, Belfast, Cork or Donegal  
On the one road, swingin' a long  
Singin' a Soldier's Song!

Tinker, tailor every mother's son  
Butcher, baker shoulderin' his gun  
Rich man, poor man every man in line  
All together, just like Auld Lang Syne!

Chorus:

Night is darkest just before the dawn  
From dissensions Ireland is reborn  
Soon will all United Irishmen  
See our land a Nation Once Again!

Chorus:

ONLY OUR RIVERS

Michael MacConnell

When apples still grow in November  
When blossoms still bloom from each tree  
When leaves are still green in December  
It's then that our land will be free

I've wandered her hills and her valleys  
And still through my sorrow I see  
A land that has never known freedom  
And only her rivers run free

How sweet is life, but we're crying  
How mellow the wine, but we're dry  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying  
How gentle the wind, but it sighs

What good is in youth when it's aging  
What joy is in eyes that can't see  
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers  
And still only our rivers run free

I drink to the death of her manhood  
Those men who'd rather have died  
Than to live in cold chains of bondage  
To bring back their rights were denied

Oh where are you now when we need you  
What burns where the flame used to be  
Are ye gone like the snows of last winter  
And will only our rivers run free?

ORANGE AND GREEN

Anthony Murphy

Chorus:

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen  
Me Father he was Orange and me Mother she was Green

Oh my Father was an Ulster man, born Protestant was he  
My Mother was a Catholic girl from County Cork was she  
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough  
Until the day that I was born and things got rather rough

Chorus:

Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car  
To be made a little Orangeman, me Fathers shining star  
I was christened David Anthony, but still in spite of that  
To me Father I was William, while me Mother called me Pat

Chorus:

With Mother every Sunday to Mass I proudly strolled  
Then after that the Orange lot would try to save my soul  
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because  
I played the flute or played the harp depending where I was

Chorus:

One day me Ma's relations came 'round to visit me  
Just as me Father's kinfolk were all sittin' down to tea  
We tried to smooth things over when they all began to fight  
And me being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight

Chorus:

Now me 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 both passed on God Bless them, but left me caught between  
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green

Chorus:

## THE RARE OULD TIMES

Pete St. John

This is the Irish version of a country and western song. This guy loses his house, his job, his girl, and then his town.

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown,  
The passing tales and glories that once was Dublin Town.  
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes  
That once was Dublin City in the rare ould times.

Chorus:

Ring-a ring-a rosey, as the light declines,  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times.

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be  
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be.  
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy,  
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory.

Chorus:

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please,  
A rogue and a Child of Mary, from the rebel Liberties.  
I lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal,  
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul.

Chorus:

The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims my brain,  
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing, and nothing seems the same.  
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down,  
As the great unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town.

Chorus:

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,  
And watch the new glass cages, that spring up along the Quay.  
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new chimes,  
I'm part of what was Dublin, in the rare ould times.

Chorus:

RED IS THE ROSE

*Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass  
Come over the hills to your darling  
You choose the road love and I'll make a vow  
That I'll be your true love forever*

Chorus:

Red is the rose by yonder garden grows  
And fair is the lily of the valley  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer than any

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

## RISING OF THE MOON

John Keegan Casey (Leo)

Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry so  
Hushaby, hush and listen and his cheeks were all a glow  
I bear orders from the captain get you ready quick and soon  
For the Pikes must be together at the risin' of the moon

"Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin' is to be?  
In the old spot by the river well known to you and me  
One word more for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,  
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watchin' through that night  
Many a manly heart was throbbin' for the blessed warning light  
Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the banshee's lonely croon  
And a thousand blades were flashin' at the risin' of the moon

There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men were seen  
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green  
"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! strike the marching tune  
And Hurrah, my boys, for freedom, 'tis the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate  
O' what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of Ninety-Eight!  
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon  
Who would follow in their footsteps at the risin' of the moon

ROCK ON ROCKALL

Brian Warfield

Oh the Empire it is finished, no foreign lands to seize  
So the greedy eye of England is stirring towards the seas  
Two hundred miles from Donegal there's a place that's called Rockall  
And the groping hands of Whitehall are grabbing at its walls

Chorus:

Oh rock on Rockall you'll never fall to Britains greedy hands  
Oh you'll meet the same resistance like you did in many lands  
May the seagulls rise and pluck your eyes and the water crush your shell  
And the natural gas will burn your ass and blow you all to hell

This rock is part of Ireland, for it's written in folklore  
When Finn McCool took a sod of grass, he threw it to the fore  
When he tossed a pebble across the sea, where ever did it fall?  
For the sod became the Isle of Man, now the pebble's called Rockall

Chorus:

Oh the seas will not be silent while Britannia grabs the waves  
And remember that the Irish will no longer be your slaves  
And remember that Britannia well, she rules the waves no more  
So keep your hands off Rockall, it's Irish to the core

Chorus:

ROSE OF TRALEE

John Brougham (words) & J.G. Maeder (music)

Oh the pale moon was rising above the green mountain  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea  
When I strayed with my love o'er the pure crystal fountain  
That stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee

She was lovely and fair as the roses in the summer  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh no 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning  
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading  
And Mary, all smilin', sat listening to me  
The moon though the valley her pale rays were shedding  
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee

Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh! no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee

SALLY GARDENS

William Butler Yeats

It was down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet

She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet

She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow upon the tree

But I was young and foolish and with her did not agree

In a field down by the river my love and I did stand

And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs

But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet

She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the trees

But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree

SONG FOR IRELAND

Phil and June Colclough

Walking all the day near tall towers where falcons build their nests.  
Silver winged they fly, they know the call of freedom in their breasts.  
Saw Blackhead against the sky where twisted rocks they run to the sea.

Chorus:

Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea and sang a song for Ireland.

Talking all the day, with true friends who try to make you stay,  
Telling jokes and news, singing songs to pass the night away.  
Watched the Galway salmon run, like silver, dancing, darting in the sun.

Chorus:

Drinking all the day, in old pubs where fiddlers love to play,  
Saw one touch the bow, he played a reel which seemed so grand and gay.  
Stood on Dingle beach and cast, in wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

Chorus:

Dreaming in the night, I saw a land where no one has to fight,  
Walking in your dawn, I saw you crying in the morning light.  
Lying where the falcons fly, they twist and turn all in your air blue sky.

Chorus:

## SPANCIL HILL

Michael Considine

On June 14th each year 4 major horse fair takes Place at Spancil Hill, a cross-roads four miles from Ennis. In the song the emigrant dreams of the spot and the happy memories it holds for him.

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
Me mind been bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and followed with a will  
Till next I came to anchor at the cross near Spancil Hill.

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with the scene  
Where in my early boyhood where often I had been  
I thought I heard a murmur and I think I hear it still  
It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.

To amuse a passing fancy I lay down on the ground  
And all my school companions they shortly gathered round  
When we were home returning we danced with bright goodwill  
To Martin Moynahan's music at the cross at Spancil Hill.

It was on the twenty-fourth of June the day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfill  
At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what they might say  
The old ones they were dead and gone, the young ones turning grey  
I met the tailor Quigley, he as bold as ever still  
For he used to make my britches when I lived at Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
She's as fair as any lily and gentle as a dove  
She threw her arms around me, crying Johnny I love you still  
She was a farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill.

Well I dreamt I hugged and kissed her as in the days of yore  
She said, Johnny you're only joking as many the time before  
The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill  
And I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Cathal McGarvey

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down one morning last July  
Down a Boreen green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet; to the sheen of her nut-brown hair  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself, for to see I really there

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town

No maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head, and I looked with a feeling rare  
And I says, says I, to a passer-by; "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
He smiled at me and he says, says he; "That's the gem of Ireland's crown  
Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann; She's the star of the County  
Down."

Chorus:

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there; so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right; for a smile from my nut-  
brown rose

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, till my plough is a rust-colored brown  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down

Chorus:

Over in Kilarney,  
Many years ago  
My Mother sang a song to me  
In tones so sweet and low  
Just a simple little ditty  
In her good old Irish ways  
And I'd give the world if she could sing  
That song to me this day

Chorus:

'Twas too rah loo rah loo rah,  
Too rah loo rah lie  
Too rah loo rah loo rah Hush now don't you cry  
Too rah loo rah loo rah Too rah loo rah lie  
Too rah loo rah loo rah That's an Irish lullaby

Oft in dreams I've wandered  
To my home again  
I feel her arms a huggin' me  
As when she held me then  
And I hear her voice a hummin'  
As in days of yore  
When she used to rock me fast asleep  
Outside our cabin door

Chorus (twice):

THE TOWN I LOVE SO WELL

Phil Coulter

In my memory I will always see  
The town that I have loved so well  
Where 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 I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn  
Called women from Craggen, the moor and the bog  
While the men on the dole played a mothers role  
Fed the children and then walked the dog  
And when times got tough, there was just about enough  
And they saw it through without complaining  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
In the town I loved so well

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

But when I've returned, how my eyes have burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its knees  
By the armored cars and the bombed-out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
Now the army's installed by that old gas yard wall  
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher  
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God what have they done  
To the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone, but they carry on  
Though their spirit's been bruised, never broken  
They will not forget, but their hearts are set  
On tomorrow and peace once again  
For what's done is done and what's won is won  
And what's lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day  
In the town I loved so well

## THE UNICORN

Shel Silverstein

A long time ago when the earth was green,  
There were more kinds Of animals than you've ever seen.  
They ran around free while the earth was being born,  
And the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.  
And there were green alligators, and long necked geese.  
Humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees,  
Cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born.  
The loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

Well The Lord saw some sinnin' and it gave him pain,  
He said: Stand back. I'm gonna make it rain;  
Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do,  
Build me a floatin' zoo.  
And get some of them green alligators, and long necked geese,  
Humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees,  
Cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born.  
Don't you target my Unicorns.

Old Noah was there to answer the call,  
He finished up the ark as the rain began to fall,  
Drove in the animals two by two,  
And called out as they went through:  
Whey Lord, I got you green alligators, and long necked geese,  
Humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees,  
Cats and rats and elephants, Lord I'm so forlorn,  
I just can't find no Unicorns.

Well old Noah looked out through the drivin' rain,  
The Unicorns were playin silly games,  
Kickin` and splashin' as the rain was pourin',  
Oh them silly Unicorns.  
And there were green alligators, and long-necked geese,  
Humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees,  
Cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born,  
The loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

Now the ark began to float, it drifted with the tide,  
The Unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried,  
The rain came down and sorta floated them away,  
That's why you won't see a Unicorn to this very day.  
But you'll see green alligators, and long necked geese,  
Humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees,  
Cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born,  
You're never gonna find no Unicorns.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Dion Boucicault (1864)

Oh Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round  
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground  
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep his colors can't be seen  
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green

I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand  
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"  
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen  
For they're hangin' men and women for the wearing of the Green

And if the color we must wear is England's cruel Red  
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed  
Then pull the shamrock from your hat and throw it on the sod  
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow  
And when the leaves in summertime, their color dare not show  
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen  
But 'til that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the Green

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr.

Chorus:

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring  
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing  
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay  
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they'll steal your heart away

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why  
For it never should be there at all  
With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd beguile  
So there's never a tear drop should fall  
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song  
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be  
You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile  
So now smile a smile for me

Chorus:

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart  
And it makes even sunshine more bright  
Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long  
Comes your laughter so tender and light  
For the spring-time of life is the sweetest of all  
There is ne'er a real care or regret  
And while spring-time is ours, throughout all of youth's hours  
Let us smile each chance we get

Repeat Chorus twice:

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was a-goin' over Kilgarra Mountain  
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'  
I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier, saying  
Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver

Chorus:

Mush sha ringham durham da, whack fol the daddy-o  
Whack fol the daddy-o there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out me money and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling Jenny  
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me  
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy

Chorus:

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamed of golden jewels and of course it was no wonder  
For me Jenny took me charges and filled them up with water  
Then called for Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

Chorus:

The next morning early, before I rose to travel  
There came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell  
I then produced me pistol, for she'd stole away me rapier  
But a prisoner I was taken for I could no shoot the water

Chorus:

If any one can aid me, it's me brother in the army  
I don't know where he's stationed, in Cork or in Killarney  
Together we'd go roamin' o'er the mountains of Kilkenny  
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darling sportin' Jenny

Chorus:

*Oh some take delight in the hurling or the bowling  
Some take delight in the carriages a rolling  
But I take delight in the dew of the barley  
And courtin' pretty maidens in the morning Oh so early*

Chorus:

THE WILD ROVER

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

Chorus:

And it's no nay never (clap, clap, clap, clap)  
No nay never no more (clap, clap)  
Will I play the wild rover (clap)  
No never no more

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Dominik Behan

Oh thunder and lightning it's no lark  
When Dublin City is in the dark  
If you've any money go up to the Park  
And view the Zoological Gardens

Last Sunday night we had no dough  
So I took the mot up to see the Zoo  
We saw the lions and kangaroos  
Inside the Zoological Gardens

Well we went out there by Castlenock  
Said the mot to me sure we'll court by the Lough  
And I knew she was one of the rare old stock  
Inside the Zoological Gardens

Said the mot to me "My dear friend Jack  
Would like a ride on the elephant's back"  
If you don't get ou'a that, I'll give you such a crack  
Inside the Zoological Gardens

Now we went out there on our honeymoon  
Said the mot to me "If you don't come soon  
I'll have to sleep with the hairy baboon  
Inside the Zoological Gardens"

(Repeat first verse)