

# CCE San Francisco

## Singing Session Song Sheets

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Note: cross-references to books are for the tune only. Words may differ.

## All for me Grog

*Chorus:*

*Well its all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog  
It's all for me beer and tobacco  
For I've spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin  
Far 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 are worn out and the toes are kicked about  
And the soles are looking out for better weather.

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed  
Since first I 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*

*Optional verse:*

*Where is me goat, me noggin', noggin' goat?  
It's all gone for stew and lasagna  
For the hooves are torn out and the brains are spread about  
And the kids are looking out for better weather.*

White book, page 57

# Bedlam Boys / Tom of Bedlam

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam  
Ten thousand miles I traveled  
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes  
To save her shoes from gravel.

*Chorus:*

*Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys  
Bedlam boys are bonny  
For they all go bare and they live by the air  
And they want no drink nor money.*

I went down to Satan's kitchen  
To break my fast one morning  
And there I got souls piping hot  
All on the spit a-turning.

There I took a cauldron  
Where boiled ten thousand harlots  
Though full of flame I drank the same  
To the health of all such varlets.

My staff has murdered giants  
My bag a long knife carries  
To cut mince pies from children's thighs  
For which to feed the fairies.

No gypsy, slut or doxy  
Shall win my mad Tom from me  
I'll weep all night, with stars I'll fight  
The fray shall well become me.

From the hag and hungry goblin  
That into rags would rend ye,  
All the sprites that stand by the naked man  
In the book of moons, defend ye.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,  
And a cruse of cockle pottage,  
With a thing thus tall, Sky bless you all,  
I befell into this dotage.

I slept not since the Conquest,  
Till then I never waked,  
Till the naked boy of love where I lay  
Me found and stripped me naked.

I know more than Apollo,  
For oft when he lies sleeping  
I see the stars at mortal wars  
In the wounded welkin weeping.

The moon embrace her shepherd,  
And the queen of love her warrior,  
While the first doth horn the star of morn,  
And the next the heavenly farrier.

Of thirty years have I  
Twice twenty been enrage-ed  
And of forty been three times fifteen  
In durance soundly cage-ed

On the lordly lofts of Bedlam  
With stubble soft and dainty,  
Brave bracelets strong, sweet whips, ding-dong  
With wholesome hunger plenty.

When I short have shorn my sour-face  
And swigged my horny barrel  
In an oaken inn, I pound my skin  
As a suit of gilt apparel.

The moon's my constant mistress,  
And the lonely owl my marrow;  
The flaming drake and the night crow make  
Me music to my sorrow.

The spirits white as lightening  
Would on my travels guide me  
The stars would shake and the moon would  
quake  
Whenever they espied me.

And then that I'll be murdering  
The Man in the Moon to the powder  
His staff I'll break, his dog I'll shake  
And there'll howl no demon louder.

With a host of furious fancies,  
Whereof I am commander,  
With a burning spear and a horse of air  
To the wilderness I wander.

By a knight of ghosts and shadows  
I summoned am to tourney  
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end-  
Methinks it is no journey.

The palsy plagues my pulses  
When I prig your pigs or pullen  
Your culvers take, or matchless make  
Your Chanticleer or sullen.

When I want provant, with Humphrey  
I sup, an when benighted  
I repose in Paul's with waking souls,  
Yet never am affrighted.

The Gipsy Snap an Pedro  
Are none of Tom's comrades,  
The punk I scorn, and the cutpurse sworn  
And the roaring boy's bravadoes.

The meek, the white, the gentle,  
Me handle not nor spare not;  
But those that cross Tom Rhinoceros  
Do what the panther dare not

That of your five sound senses  
You never be forsaken,  
Nor wander from your selves with Tom  
Abroad to beg your bacon.

I now repent that ever  
Poor Tom was so disdain-ed  
My wits are lost since him I crossed  
Which makes me thus go chained

So drink to Tom of Bedlam  
Go fill the seas in barrels  
I'll drink it all, well brewed with gall  
And maudlin drunk I'll quarrel

## **Black is the Colour**

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She's the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.  
I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love and well she knows  
I love the grass whereon she goes.  
But I know the day it never will come  
when she and I will be as one.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never can sleep  
I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines  
and suffer death ten thousand times

I know my love and well she knows  
I love the grass whereon she goes  
If she on earth no more I see  
My life will quickly fade away

## Capernaum

If a' the blood shed at thy Tron  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
If a' the blood shed at thy Tron  
Were shed intae a river  
t'would ca' the mills of Bonnington  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
t'would ca' the mills of Bonnington  
For ever and for ever

If a' the tears that thou hast grat  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
If a' the tears that thou hast grat  
Were shed intae the sea  
Where would ye find an Ararat  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
Where would ye find an Ararat  
Frae that fell flood tae flee?

If all the psalms sung in thy kirks  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
If all the psalms sung in thy kirks  
Were gaithered in the wynd  
t'would shaw the tops o' Roslin's birks  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
t'would shaw the tops o' Roslin's birks  
Till time was oot o' mind.

If a' the broken hearts o' thee  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
If a' the broken hearts o' thee  
Were heaped in a howe  
There would be neither land nor sea  
Edinbro', Edinbro'  
There would be neither land nor sea  
But yon rede brae and thou.

## Do You Want Your Old Lobby Washed Down?

I've a nice little cot and a small piece of land  
And a place by the side of the sea  
And I care about no one because I believe  
That nobody cares about me  
My peace is destroyed and I'm very annoyed  
By a lassie who works in the town  
She sighs ev'ry day as she passes the way  
"Do you want your old lobby washed down?"

*Chorus:*

*"Do you want your old lobby washed down, Con Shine  
Do you want your old lobby washed down?  
She sighs ev'ry day as she passes the way, "Do you want your old lobby washed down?"*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

White book, page 58

## Fiddlers Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the salt waters and take the sea air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song  
Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

*Chorus:*

*Wrap me up in me oil-skin and jumper  
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 some day on Fiddler's Green*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through  
Here's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too  
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free  
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

*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 rigging to sing me a song

*Chorus*

White book, page 12

## The Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling  
“Michael they are taking you away,  
For you stole Trevelan’s corn, so the young might see the morn,  
Now the 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 a lonely harbor wall she watched the last star falling  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
And she’ll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay  
It’s so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

*Chorus*

Blue book, page 60



## 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 pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go  
that small nations might be free  
but their lonely graves are by Sulva'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.

Right proud 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 great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Easter tide  
In the springtime of the year  
While the world did gaze with great amaze  
At those fearless men though few  
Who bore the fight, that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

Green book, page 15

## Four Green Fields

“What did I have?” said the fine old woman  
“What did I have?” this fine old woman did say  
“I had four green fields, each one was a jewel  
But strangers came and they tried to take them from me,  
I had fine strong sons; they 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 strangers’ hands that 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.

White book, page 44

## Galway Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland  
Then maybe at the closing of your day  
You will sit and watch the moon beams over Claddagh  
And watch the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream  
The women in the meadows making hay  
And to sit beside the turf fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play.

For the breeze is blowing over the seas from Ireland  
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow  
And the women in the upland diggin' praties  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways  
They scorn'd us just for being what we are  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams  
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter  
And somehow I am sure there's going to be  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
In the dear land across the Irish Sea.

Blue book, page 36

## The Galway Shawl

In Oranmore, in the County Galway  
One pleasant evening in the month of May,  
I spied a damsel, she was young 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 walking, she kept on talking,  
till her father's cottage came into view.  
She said, 'Come in sir and meet my 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 in 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*

100 Irish Ballads, volume one, page 35

## Grace

As we gather in the chapel here in old Kilmainham jail  
I think about these past few days, O 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:*

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

Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand  
The love I bear for this great man, my love for this dear land  
But when Padraig called me to his side down in the GPO  
I had to leave my own sickbed; to him I had to go.

*Chorus*

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  
And I'll write some words upon the wall, so everyone will know  
I love so much that I could see his blood upon the rose.

*Chorus*

## The Green Fields of France

Well how do you do young Willie McBride?  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside  
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done  
I can see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen  
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean  
Or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

*Chorus:*

*Did they beat the drum slowly?*

*Did they play the fife lowly?*

*Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down?*

*Did the band play the last post and chorus?*

*Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the forest?"*

Did you leave 'ere a wife or a sweetheart behind?  
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined  
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen  
In some faithful heart are you forever nineteen  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Enclosed and forever behind the glass frame  
In an old photograph torn battered and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

*Chorus*

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France  
There's a warm summer breeze, it makes the red poppies dance  
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds  
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no gun firing now  
But here in this graveyard it's still no-mans land  
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
To a whole generation that was butchered and damned.

*Chorus*

Now young Willie McBride I can't help wonder why  
Do those that lie here know why did they die  
Or did they believe when they answered the call  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?  
The sorrow, the suffering, the glory the pain  
The killing and dying was all done in vain  
For young Willie McBride it all happens again  
And again, and again, and again, and again.

## I'll Tell Me Ma

*Chorus:*

*I'll tell me Ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pull my hair and they stole my comb  
And that's all right till I go home.  
She is handsome she is pretty  
She is the bell of Belfast city  
She is a courting, one, two, three,  
Please won't you tell me who is she.*

Albert Mooney says he loves her  
All the boys are fighting for her  
They rap on the door and they ring at the bell  
Saying "O my true love, are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,  
Old Johnny Murphy says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

*Chorus*

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come tumbling from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
And she'll get her own lad by and by  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma when she gets home  
Let them all come as they will  
But it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

*Chorus*

Green book, page 52

## I'm a Rover (and seldom sober)

*chorus:*

*I'm a rover and seldom sober  
I'm a rover, o' high degree;  
And when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking  
How to gain my love's company.*

Though the nicht be dark as dungeon  
No' a star to be seen above,  
I will be guided without a stumble  
Into the airms o' my ain true love.

He steppit up to her bedroom window,  
Kneelin' gently upon a stone;  
He rappit at her bedroom-window  
"Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She raised her heid on her snaw-white pillow  
Wi' her arms aboot her breast,  
"Wha' is that at my bedroom window  
Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

"It's only me, your ain true lover,  
Open the door and let me in.  
For I hae come on a lang journey,  
And I'm near drenched to the skin."

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,  
She opened the door and let him in,  
They baith shook hands and embraced each other  
Until the mornin' they lay as one.

The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin'  
The burns they ran free abune the brae;  
"Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie  
And the fairmer I must obey."

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee  
And though the hills they are high above,  
I will climb them wi' greater pleasure  
Since I been in the airms o' my love.

Yellow book, page 12



## In Dublin's Fair City / Cockles and Mussels / Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow, through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh!

*Chorus:*

*Alive, Alive Oh, Alive, Alive Oh!  
Crying Cockles and Mussels, Alive Alive Oh!*

She was a fishmonger and sure t'was no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
And they both wheeled their barrows, through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh!

*Chorus*

She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive Oh!

*Chorus*

Green book, page 10

# The Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage  
River Mersey, fare thee well  
I am bound for California  
A place I know right well

*Chorus:*

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

I'm bound off for California  
By the way of stormy Cape Horn  
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love  
When I am homeward bound

*Chorus*

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship  
Davy Crockett is her name  
And Burgess is the Captain of her  
And they say she's a floating shame

*Chorus*

I have shipped with Burgess once before  
And I think I know him well  
If a man's a seaman, he can get along  
If not, then he's sure in Hell

*Chorus*

Farewell to lower Frederick Street  
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane  
For I think it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again

*Chorus*

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love  
And I wish I could remain  
For I know it will be a long, long time  
Till I see you again

*Chorus*

Green book, page 14

## Maid's When You're Young

An auld man came courtin' me - hey ding doorum dah  
An auld man came courtin' me, me bein' young  
An auld man came courtin' me, said would he marry me,  
Maid's when you're young never wed an auld man.

*Chorus:*

*For he's got no faloorum, fadiddle aye oorum ay  
He's got no faloorum, fadiddle aye ay.  
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding doorum  
O maid's when you're young never wed an auld man*

When we went to bed - hey ding doorum day  
When we went to bed, me bein' young  
When we went to bed, he lay like he were dead  
Maid's when you're young never wed an auld man.

*Chorus*

When he went to sleep - hey ding doorum day  
When he went to sleep, me bein' young  
When he went to sleep, out of bed I did creep  
Into the arms of a handsome young man.

*Chorus*

A young man is my delight- hey ding doorum day  
A young man is my delight, me bein' young  
A young man is my delight, he'll kiss you day and night  
Maid's when you never wed an auld man

*Last Chorus:*

*And I found his faloorum, fadiddle aye oorum ay  
I found his faloorum, fadiddle aye ay.  
I found his faloorum, he's got my ding doorum  
O maid's when you're young, never wed an auld man.*

Yellow book, page 27

## Mingulay Boat Song

Heel y'ho, boys; let her go, boys;  
Bring her head round, into the weather,  
Heel y'ho, boys, let her go, boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we though, white the Minch is?  
What care we for wind or weather?  
Let her go boys; every inch is  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,  
Looking seaward, from the heather;  
Pull her round, boys, then you'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Ships return now, heavy laden  
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'  
They'll return, though, when the sun sets  
They'll return to Mingulay.

Heel y'ho, boys; let her go, boys;  
Bring her head round, into the weather,  
Heel y'ho, boys, let her go, boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

## My Irish Molly-O

Molly dear now did you hear the news that's going round  
Down in the corner of my heart a love is what you've found  
And every time I gaze into your Irish eyes so blue  
They seem to whisper "darling boy", my love is all for you"

*Chorus:*

*O Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet a cushla dear  
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly, when you are near  
Spring time you know is ring time, come dear now don't be shy  
Change your name go out with game begore wouldn't I do the same  
My Irish Molly-O*

Molly dear now did you see I furnished up the flat  
Three little cozy rooms and bath and a "welcome" on the mat  
It's five pounds down and two a week, we'll soon be out of debt  
It's all complete except they haven't brought the cradle yet.

*Chorus*

Molly dear now did you hear what all the neighbors say  
About the hundred sovereigns you have safely stored away  
They say that's why I love you a but Molly that's a shame  
If you had only ninety-nine I'd love you just the same.

*Chorus*

Blue book, page 6

## The Parting Glass

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

If I had money enough to spend  
And leisure time to sit a while  
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.

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweet hearts e're I had  
They'd wish me one more day to stay  
But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I gently rise and softly call  
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Yellow book, page 67

## Raglan Road

On Raglan road on an autumn day, I saw her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave a snare, that I might one day rue  
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way  
And I said "Let grief be a fallen leaf, at the dawning of the day"

On Grafton street in November, we tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of a deep ravine where can be seen, the worth of passion play  
The Queen of Hearts not making tarts, and I not making hay  
O I love too much and by such and such, is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her the secret signs  
That's known to the artists who have known true Gods of sound and stone  
And her words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say  
With her own name there and her own dark hair, like clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now  
Away from me so hurriedly, my reason must allow  
That I had loved not as I should, a creature made of clay  
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose, his wings at the dawn of day.

White book, page 45

## Red is the Rose

*Chorus:*

*Red is the rose that in 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.*

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

*Chorus*

"T'was down by Killarney's green wood that we strayed  
The moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair  
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

White book, page 9



## Roddy McCorley

Oh see the host of fleet foot men who speed with faces wan  
From farmstead and from fishers cot along the banks of Bann  
They come with vengeance in their eyes too late, too late are they  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

When last he stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand  
Behind him marched in grim array, a stalwart earnest band  
For Antrim town! For Antrim town, he led them to the fray  
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

Up the narrow streets he steps, smiling proud and young  
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung  
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright were they  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

100 Irish Ballads, volume one, page 78

## Sally Gardens

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.

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 I 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.

Yellow book, page 66

## She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine"  
And she stepped away from me and this she did say:  
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day".

As she stepped away from me and she moved through the fair  
And fondly I watched her move here and move there  
And then she turned homeward with one star awake  
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed  
But one had a sorrow that never was said  
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,  
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in  
So softly she came that her feet made no din  
As she laid her hand on me and this she did say  
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day".

Green book, page 24

## Song of the Dawn

The song I sing is the song of home, a song of Roisin Dudh  
Of ford and fen, of glade and glen, of lake and of mountain blue  
Of the signs that stand over all the land, to tell of the long ago  
Let your voices ring in the song I sing, Sean Eirean na Gaedheal go deo!

*Chorus:*

*Hurrah, the night has ended, we see the dawn's red glow  
O shout it high, it's the free man's cry, Sean Eirean na Gaedheal go deo!*

I sing of every wood and stream, of tower and vale and town  
Where brave men died, where brave men tried, to pull the red flag down  
From Kerry brave to the winding wave, where lagan's waters flow  
From Tournaree to the winding Lee, Sean Eirean na Gaedheal go deo!

*Chorus*

I raise a rann to the ones who tread the path to the dawning day  
who will pause no more till our native shore is free from the saxon's way  
Till from every hill and from every rill the freedom cry shall go.  
From old and young, in the Gaelic tongue, Sean Eirean na Gaedheal go deo!

*Chorus*

# Spancil Hill

Green book, page 33

Last night as I lay dreaming  
Of pleasant days gone by  
My mind being 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  
I think I hear it still  
It's the little stream of water  
That flows down Spancil Hill.

It being the twenty-third of June  
The day before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters  
In crowds assembled there.  
The young, the old, the brave, the bold  
They came for sport and kill  
There were jovial conversations  
At the cross of Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbors  
To hear what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone  
The young ones turning grey.  
I met with tailor Quigley  
He's as bold as ever still  
Sure he used to mend my britches  
When I lived in Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to  
My first and only love  
She's as white as any lily  
And as gentle as a dove.  
She threw her arms around me  
Saying "Johnny I love you still"  
She's Mag, the farmer's daughter  
And the pride of Spancil Hill.

I dreamt I stooped and kissed her  
As in the days of yore  
She said "Johnny you're only joking  
As many's a time before".  
The cock crew in the morning  
He crew both loud and shrill  
And I awoke in California  
Many miles from Spancil Hill.

## The Spanish Lady

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

*Chorus:*

*Whack for the toora, loora, ladie*  
*Whack for toora, loora lay.*  
*Whack for the toora, loora, ladie*  
*Whack for toora, loora lay.*

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

*Chorus*

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

*Chorus*

I've wandered north and I've wandered south,  
Through Stonybatter and Patrick's close  
Up and around by the Gloster Diamond  
And back by Napper Tandy's house  
Old age had left her hand on me  
Cold as a fire of ashy coal  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet as the Spanish lady

Green book, page 38

# The Spinning Wheel

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning  
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting  
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping  
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass clapping  
Eily I surely hear somebody sighing  
'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying.

*Chorus:*

*Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring  
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing  
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.*

What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder?  
'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under  
What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on?  
And singing all wrong the old song of "The Coolin"?"

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love  
And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love  
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly  
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

*Chorus:*

*Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring  
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing  
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing*

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers  
Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother  
Puts a foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings  
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings  
E're the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

# Star Of The County Down

White book, page 72

Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down  
One morning last July,  
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen,  
And she smiled as she passed me by;  
Oh, she looked so neat from her two white feet  
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,  
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself  
To make sure I was standing there

*Chorus:*

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,  
And from Galway to Dublin town,  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped I shook my head  
And I gazed with a feeling quare,  
And I said, says I, to a passer-by,  
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
She's the Star of the County Down."

*Chorus*

I've traveled a bit, but never was hit  
Since my roving career began;  
But fair and square I surrendered there  
To the charms of young Rose McCann.  
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet  
Did I meet with in shawl or gown,  
But in she went and I asked no rent  
From the Star of the County Down.

*Chorus*

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies  
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
Though with rust my plough turns brown,  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the Star of the County Down.

*Chorus*

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly  
And a smile like the rose in June  
And you hung on each note from her lily-white throat  
As she lilted an Irish tune.  
At the pattern dance you were held in a trance  
As she tripped through a reel or a jig  
And when her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax, upon my soul,  
A spud from a hungry pig.

*Chorus*



## Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier  
Saying stand and deliver for you are the bold deceiver

*Chorus:*

*With me ring dum a doodle dah  
Whack for the daddy O  
Whack for the daddy O  
There's whiskey in the jar.*

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

*Chorus*

I went into my chamber for to take a slumber  
Dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up water  
And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

*Chorus*

And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel  
Up came a band of soldiers and likewise Captain Farrell  
I then produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

*Chorus*

And if anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army  
If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney  
And if he'll come and join me, we'd go roaming in Kilkenny  
I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

*Chorus*

Green book, page 53

## Whistlin' Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover came over the hill  
Down by the river so shady  
He whistled and he sang 'till the greenwoods rang  
And he won the heart of the lady

*Chorus:*

*Ah-dee-do, ah-dee-do-da-day  
Ah-dee-do, ah-dee-day-dee  
He whistled and he sang 'till the greenwoods rang  
And he won the heart of the lady*

She left her father's castle gate  
She left her fair young lover  
She left her servants and her estate  
To follow the gypsy rover

*Chorus*

Her father saddled his fastest steed  
He searched the valleys all over  
He sought his daughter at great speed  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover

*Chorus*

Last night she slept on a goose feather bed  
Under her quilts and cover  
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground  
At the side of her gypsy rover

*Chorus*

At last they came to a castle fine  
Down by the River Clady  
And there was music and there was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady

*Chorus*

He is no gypsy my father she said  
But laird of these lands all over  
And I shall stay 'till my dying day  
With my whistlin' gypsy rover

*Chorus*

Yellow book, page 19

## Wild Mountain Thyme / Will You Go, Lassie Go?

Oh, the summer time is coming  
And the leaves are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the bloomin' heather  
Will ye go, lassie go?

*Chorus:*

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

I will build my love a bower  
By yon clear crystal fountain  
And on it I will pile  
All the flowers from the mountain  
Will ye go, lassie go?

*Chorus*

I will roam the county wild  
And the dark lands so dreary  
And return wi' my bounty  
Tae the arms of my deary  
Will ye go, lassie go?

*Chorus*

If my true love she won't go  
Then I'll surely find another  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the bloomin' heather  
Will ye go, lassie go?

*Chorus*

Green book, page 40

## The Wild Rover

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

*Chorus:*

*And its no nay never, No nay never no more  
Will I play the wild rover, No never no more.*

I went into 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 as yours I can have any day".

*Chorus*

I pulled out from my pockets ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best  
Sure the words that I spoke they 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 when they've caressed me as oft times before  
I never will play the wild rover no more.

*Chorus*

Green book, page 48

## The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,  
And downstairs ran this a-lady, O.  
One sang high and another sang low  
And the other sang bonny bonny Biscay O

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown,  
And put on hose of leather, O  
The ragged ragged rags about our door  
And she's gone with the wraggle, taggle gypsies O

It was late last night when my lord came home,  
Inquiring for his a-lady O  
The servants said on every hand  
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O

O saddle to me my milk-white steed  
And go and fetch me my pony, O  
That I may ride and seek my bride,  
Who's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O

O he rode high, and he rode low  
He rode through wood and copses too,  
Until he came to a wide open field,  
And there he espied his a-lady O

What makes you leave your house and land?  
What makes you leave your money, O?  
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,  
To follow the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O.

What care I for my house and land?  
What care I for my money, O?  
What care I for my new-wedded lord,  
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O.  
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field,  
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O.

What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O.  
For tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field,  
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O.