

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
That 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's freedoms 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 falling 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 about 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 Hell

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 kind"
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 gig
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.