



Beltaine

Irish Lyrics.....mostly

All For Me Grog.....	10	Mairi's Wedding.....	7
Big Strong Man.....	9	Merry Plowboy, The.....	15
Black Velvet Band, The.....	14	Moonshiner, The.....	5
Bold Thady Quill, The.....	4	Monto.....	1
Brown Eyed Girl.....	12	Muirsheen Durkin.....	17
Cockles and Muscles.....	9	Nation Once Again, A.....	3
Come Out Ye Black and Tans.....	4	Old Joe Clark.....	17
Danny Boy.....	6	Parting Glass, The.....	11
Dirty Old Town.....	7	Rakes of Mallow.....	18
Donkey Riding.....	11	Rising of the Moon, The.....	1
Fields of Athenry, The.....	5	Rocky Road to Dublin.....	18
Finnegan's Wake.....	12	Rosin the Bow.....	2
Henry My Son.....	13	Scotsman, The.....	6
I'll Tell My Ma.....	14	They're Moving Father's Grave.....	10
Johnny Jump Up.....	13	Too Ra Loo Ra Loo Ra.....	7
Johnson's Motor Car.....	15	Wild Rover.....	3
Jolly Beggarman, The.....	16	Whiskey in the Jar.....	8
Jolly Tinker, The.....	2	Whiskey You're the Devil.....	8
Lowlands of Holland, The.....	16	You've Got to Hide Your Love Away..	7

Information about Beltaine events, gigs and happenings can be found at
www.beltainemusic.com

Monto

**And take her up to
Monto, Monto, Monto.
Take her up to
Monto lan-ger-roo, to
you!**

Well if ye got a wing-o take her
up to ring-o, where the waxies
sing-o all the day.
If you've had your fill of porter
and you can't go any further,
give your man the order, "Back to
the Quay!"

Well you've heard the Duke of
Glouster the dirty old imposter,
took his mot and lost her up at
the Furry Glen.
He first put on his bowler and he
buttoned up his trousers,
he whistled for his growler and
he said, "My man!"

And when the Czar o' Roosha and
the King o' Proosha landed in the
phoenix in a big balloon.
They asked the Garda Band to play
'The Wearing of the Green'
but the buggers in the lower deck
didn't know the tune.

The Queen she came to call on us;
she wanted to see all of us,
I'm glad she didn't fall on us;
she's eighteen stone.
"Mister Mayor, Me lord", she
said, "is that all you've got to
show to me?"
"Why no ma'am there's more to
see: "Poag mo hoan!" (kiss my
arse!)

The Rising of the Moon

"Oh then tell me, Sean
O'Farrell, tell me why you
hurry so." "Hush a bhuach-
aill, 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 rising on the moon!"
**At the rising of the moon, at
the rising of the moon, for the
pikes must be together at the
rising of the moon.**

"Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell
where the gathering's to be."
"In the old spot by the river,
right well known to you and me.
One word more for signal token,
whistle up the marching tune.
With your pike upon your
shoulder by the rising of the
moon."
**By the rising of the moon, by
the rising of the moon. With
your pike upon your shoulder by
the rising of the moon.**

Out of many a mud-wall cabin
eyes were watching out that
night. Many a manly heart was
throbbing for that blessed
warning light. Murmurs passed
along the valley like a
banshee's lonely croon.
And a thousand blades were
flashing at the rising of the
moon.
**At the rising of the moon, at
the rising of the moon. And a
thousand blades were flashing
at the rising of the moon.**

Rosin the Bow

I've traveled this world all over, and now to
another must go

I know that good quarters are waiting, for to
welcome old Rosin the Bow.

To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
to welcome old Rosin the Bow.

I know that good quarters are waiting, for to
welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter, a
voice you will hear from below, saying "Send
down a hogshead of whiskey, to drink with old
Rosin the Bow."

To drink with old Rosin the Bow,
to drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey,
to drink with old Rosin the Bow."

And get a half dozen stout fellows, and stack
them all up in a row. Let them drink out of half
gallon bottles, to the memory of Rosin the Bow.

To the memory of Rosin the Bow,
to the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Let them drink out of half gallon bottles, to
the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Now get this half dozen stout fellows, and let
them all stagger and go. And dig a great hole in
the meadow, and in it put Rosin the Bow.

And in it put Rosin the Bow,
and in it put Rosin the Bow.

And dig a great hole in the meadow, and in it
put
Rosin the Bow.

Now get ye a couple of bottles, put one at me
head and me toe. With a diamond ring scratch
out upon them, the name of old Rosin the Bow.

The name of old Rosin the Bow,
the name of old Rosin the Bow.

With a diamond ring scratch out upon them,
the name of old Rosin the Bow.

The Jolly Tinker

*Well walking down a shady lane a door
I chanced to knock.*

*"Have you any pots or kettles with
rusty holes to block?"*

*"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed I have"*

*Now up came the Mistress and she asked
me to come in.*

*"You're welcome jolly tinker and I hope
you brought your tin".*

*"Well indeed I did, don't you know I did,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed I did."*

*She took me through the kitchen and she led
me through the hall.*

*And the servants cried "The Devil!
Has he come to block us all?"*

*"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed I have."*

*She took me up the stairs, me lads, to show
me what to do.*

*Then she fell on the feather bed and
I fell on it too.*

*"Well indeed I did, don't you know I did,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed I did."*

*She took up one of me kettles and
she began to knock.*

*For to let the servants know, me lads,
that I was at my work.*

*Well, Indeed I was, don't you know I was,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed I was."*

*She put her hand into her pocket and she pulled
out twenty pounds.*

*"Take this me jolly tinker and
we'll have another round."*

*"Well, indeed we will, don't you know we will,
To me right a floor a laddy, well indeed we will."*

A Nation Once Again

A nation once again. A nation once again.
And Ireland long a provence be, a nation once again.

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 3 men. And then I prayed I yet might see our fetters rent in twain. And Ireland long a province be a nation once again.

And from that time through wildest woe that hope has shone a far light. Nor could love's brightest summer glow, outshine that solemn starlight. It seemed to watch above my head in forum field and fane. Its angel voice sang 'round my head, a nation once again.

It whispered too 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.

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 can be made a nation once again.

Wild Rover **And it's no, nay, never; no nay never no more, I will play the wild rover, no never, no more.**

I've been a wild rover for manys the 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.

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the land lady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can have any day."

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

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.

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

Oh, come out you black and tans,
come out and fight me like a man.

Show your wives how you won
medals down in Flanders.
Tell them how the IRA made you
run like hell away,
from the green and lovely lanes in
Killashandra.

I was born on a Dublin street where the

Royal drums do beat and the loving
English feet they tramped all over us.

And each and every night when me
father'd come home tight, he'd invite
the neighbors outside with this chorus.

Come let me hear you tell, how you
slammed the brave Pernell, when you
fought them well and truly persecuted.
Where are the smears and jeers, that
you bravely let us hear when our heroes
of sixteen were executed?

Come tell us how you slew, them poor
Arabs two by two, like the Zulus they
had spears and bows and arrows.
How you bravely faced each one, with
your sixteen pounder gun and you
frightened them poor natives to their
marrow.

The day is coming fast, and the time is
here at last, when each yeoman will be
cast aside before us.

And if there be a need, sure my kids will
sing, "Godspeed!" With a verse or two
of Steven Beehan's chorus.

Bold Thady Quill

For rambling, for roving, for football or
sporting, for emptying a bowl just as fast as
you'd fill.

In all your days roving you'll find none so
jovial as that Muskerry sportsman, the bold
Thady Quill.

Ye maids of Duhallow who are anxious for courting a
word of advice I will give unto ye.

Go down to Banteer to the athletic sporting and hand in
your name to the club committee.

But do not commence any sketch of your progress 'till a
carriage you see
coming over the hill.

And down through the valleys and hills of Kilcorney with
that Muskerry sportsman the bold Thady Quill.

At the great hurling match between Cork and Tipp'rary
was played in the park by the banks of the Lee. Our
own darling boys were afraid of being beaten, so they
sent for bold
Thady to Ballinagree.

He hurled the ball left and right into their faces, and
showed the Tipp'rary boys learning and skill. If they
came in his way he was willing to brain them, the
papers were full of the praise of Thady Quill.

In the year '91 before Parnell was taken, our Thade was
outrageously breaking the peace.

He got a light sentence for causing commotion, and six
months hard labour for beating police. But in spite of
coercion he's still agitating, ev'ry drop of his life's blood
he's willing to spill.

To gain for old Ireland complete liberation, 'til then
there's no rest for the
bold Thady Quill.

The Fields of Athenry

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 the 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."

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 shot me down.
Now you must
raise our child with dignity."

By a lonely, harbor wall, she watched the last
star falling,
as the 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.

The Moonshiner

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home,
and if you don't
like me then leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry,
and if the Moonshine
don't kill me I'll live till
I die.

I've been a Moonshiner for
many's a year and I've spent
all my money on whiskey and
beer.
I'll go to some hollow and
set
up my still and I'll make
you a gallon for a two dollar
bill.

I'll go to some hollow in
this country, ten gallons of
wash and I'll go on a spree.
No woman to follow and the
world is all mine, I love
none so
well as I love the Moonshine.

Moonshine, dear Moonshine, oh
how I love thee, you killed
my poor
father but dare you try me.
Bless all the Moonshiners and
bless
the Moonshine, its breath
smells
as sweet as the dew on the
vine.

Danny Boy

Beltaine – Nice Craic!

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 flowers are dying. 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come you 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 if you come when all the flowers are dying. And 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 dreams will warm and sweeter be. If you'll not fail to tell me
that you love me. I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

The Scotsman

Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair, and
one could tell by how we walked that he drunk more than his share.
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet. Then he
stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh, ring di diddly I oh.

He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by, and
one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye, "See yon sleeping
Scotsman so strong and handsome built. I wonder if it's true what
they don't wear beneath the kilt?"

Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh, ring di diddly I oh.

I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt.

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be and
lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see. And there
behold, for them to see, beneath his Scottish skirt, was nothing
more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh, ring di diddly I oh.

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment, then one said "we must be gone.
Let's leave a present for our friend, before we move along". As a
gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow. Around the
bonnie star, the Scots kilt did lift and show.

Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh, ring di diddly I oh.

Around the bonnie star, the Scots kilt did lift and show.

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards a
tree. Behind a bush, he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes, "O lad I
don't know where you been but I see you won first prize."

Ring ding diddle diddle I de oh, ring di diddly I oh.

O lad I don't know where you been but I see you won first prize.

Beattles

Hey, you got to hide your
love away
Hey, you got to hide your
love away

Here I stand, head in hand,
turn my face to the wall.
If she's gone I can't go on,
feeling two foot small.
Everywhere people stare, each
and every way.

I can see them laugh at
me and I hear them say ay ay.

Mairi's Wedding

Step we gaily, on we go,
heel for heel and toe for toe.
Arm and arm and row and row,
all for Mari's wedding.

Over hill ways up and down,
Myrtle green and Bracken brown.
Pass the shilling through the town,
all for the sake of Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty fish to fill the creel.
Plenty bonny bairns as well
That's the toast of Mairi.

Cheeks are bright as rowans are,
brighter far than any star.
Fairest of them all by far,
is my darling Mairi.

Dirty Old Town

I met my love,
by the gas works wall,
dreamed the dream,
by the old canal.
I kissed my girl,
by the factory wall.
**Dirty old town,
dirty old town.**

Clouds are drifting,
across the moon.
Cats are prowling,
on their beats.
Springs a girl,
from the streets at night
**Dirty old town,
dirty old town.**

I heard a siren,
from the docks.
Saw a train,
set the night on fire.
I smelled the spring,
on the smokey wind.
**Dirty old town,
dirty old town.**

I'm going to make,
me a big sharp ax.
Shining steel,
tempered in the fire.
I'll chop you down,
like an old dead tree.
**Dirty old town,
dirty old town.**

How can I even try,
I can never win.
Hearing them, seeing them,
in the state I'm in.
How could she say to me,
love will find a way.
Gather round all you clowns,
let me hear you say ay ay.

TOO-A-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now,
don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
that's an Irish lullaby."

Over in Killarney, many years ago,
me mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and
low.

Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way.
And I'd give the world if she could sing
that song to me this day.

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

Whiskey You're The Devil

Hey, whiskey you're the devil, you're
leading me astray.
Over hills and mountains and to
Amerikay.
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter,
you're spunkier than tae.
O whiskey, you're my darlin' drunk or
sober.

Now brave boys, we're on for marching, off to
Portugal and Spain. Drums are beating,
banners flying, the Devil a home will have
tonight. *Love, fare thee well*, with me tithery
eye the doodelum the da.

Me tithery eye the doodelum the da.
Me rikes fol tour a laddie, Oh! There's whiskey
in the jar!

Says the mother "do not wrong me, don't take
me daughter from me. For if you do I will
torment you when I'm dead my ghost will haunt
you". *Love, fare thee well*, with me tithery eye
the doodelum the da.

Me tithery eye the doodelum the da.
Me rikes fol tour a laddie, Oh! There's whiskey
in the jar!

The French are fighting boldly, men are dying
hot and coldly. Give every man his flask of
powder, his firelock on his shoulder.

Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the
doodelum the da. Me tithery eye the doodelum
the da. Me rikes fall tour a laddie, Oh! There's
whiskey in the jar!

Whiskey In The Jar

With me ring dum-a-doo,
dum-a da.
Whack fol the daddy-o,

whack fol the daddy-ay,
there's whiskey in the jar.

As I was going over the Cork and
Kerry mountains, I met with Captain
Farrel and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol and I then
produced my rapier saying, "Stand and
deliver for I am a bold deceiver!"

I counted out his money and it made a
pretty penny, I put it in my pocket and
I brought it home to Jenny.

She sighed and she vowed that she
never would deceive me.
But the devil take the women for they
never can be easy.

I went into her chamber all for to take
a slumber, I dreamt of gold and jewels
and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my pistols and she
filled them full of water.
And sent for Captain Farrell to be
ready for the slaughter.

They threw me into prison, bound
without a writ or bounty,
for robbin' Captain Farrell near the
Cork and Kerry mountains.
But they couldn't take me fist so I
punched and knocked the sentry.
And bade no farewell to the captain or
the gentry.

Cockles & Mussels

Alive alive o-Oh! Alive alive o-Oh! Crying "Cockles and
mussels alive, alive Oh!"

In Dublin's fair
city,
where the girls are
so pretty,
I first set my eyes
on
sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her
wheel barrow,
through streets

She was a fishmonger and
sure 'twas no wonder
for so was her father and
mother before.
And they both wheeled
their barrows through
streets broad & narrow,
crying "Cockles and
mussels alive, alive Oh!"

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

Big Strong Man

That's my brother Sylvest' (what's he got?)
He's got a row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the west; he knows no rest.
Think of the man, (hell's fire), don't push, (just shove),
Plenty of room for you and me.

He's got an arm like a leg (a lady's leg!)
And a punch that would sink a battleship (big ship!)
It takes all the Army and the Navy to take the bra off Mae West.

Have you heard about the big strong man? He lived in a caravan.
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight? Oh, Lord what a hell of a fight.
Well you can take all the heavyweights you've got. (what you got?)

You've got a lad that will beat the whole lot.
He used to work here as a doorman, now he's gonna fight George Foreman.

And he thought he'd take a trip to Italy. And he thought that he'd go by sea.
He jumped off the harbor in New York, and swam like a man from Cork.

He saw the Lusitania in distress. (what'd he do?)
He shoved the Lusitania up his dress. (big dress!)
He drank all the water in the sea, and he walked all the way to Italy.

He thought he take a trip to old Japan. They turned out a big brass band.
You can take all of the instruments you've got, we got a lad that can play the whole lot.

And the old church bells will ring. (Hells bells!)
The old church choir will sing. (Hells fire!)
They all turned out to say farewell, to the man that they knew so well.

All For Me Grog

And it's all for me grog,
me jolly jolly grog.
All for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin,
on the lassies drinkin' gin.
It's 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 lookin' out for better
weather.

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

I'm sick in the head
and I haven't been to bed,
since I first came ashore
from me slumber.
For I spent all me dough on
the lassies,
don't you know. Far across
the Western Ocean I must
wander.

They're Moving Fathers Grave

They're moving father's grave to build a
sewer.
They're moving it regardless of expense.
They've dug up his remains
to lay down nine-inch drains.
To irrigate some rich bloke's residence...

His Residence!

Now what's the use of having a religion?
If when you're dead you cannot get some
peace

'Cause some society chap
wants a pipeline for his privy, and moves
you from your place of rest and peace...

Rest in Peace!

Now father in his life was not a quitter.
And I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now.
And in his winding sheet,
he will haunt that privy seat,
and only let them go when he'll allow....

When He'll Allow!

Now won't there be some bleedin'
consternation.
And won't those city toffs begin to rave!
But it's no more than they deserve,
'cause they had the bleedin' nerve,
to muck about a British workman's grave.

**To rest in peace is a work man's right.
Not to be disturbed by some
bloody sewer pipe.**

**A human being can never die, his soul
lives on and on, not like a pipe
for running water.**

**They may dig up the grave
where me old man lies,
but they'll never dig up mine.**

The Parting Glass

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

If I had money enough to spend and leisure to sit awhile.

There is a fair maid in the 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 that e'er I had, they're sorry for my going away.
And all the sweethearts that e'er 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'll gently rise and softly call, good night and joy be with you all.

Donkey Riding

Were you ever in Quebec, stowin' timber on the deck?
Where ye'd break yer bleedin' neck, **Riding on a donkey!**

Way O

and

away we go.

Donkey
riding,

Donkey
riding.

Way O

and

away we go,

riding on a
donkey.

Were you ever off the Horn, where it's always fine and
warm?

Where's there's a lion and a unicorn, **Riding on a
donkey.**

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay, where the folks all shout,
"Hooray!""?

Here comes Johnny with his six months pay, **Riding on a
donkey.**

Were you ever in Timbucktoo, where the gals are black
and blue?

And they wriggle their arses, too, **Riding on a donkey.**

Were you ever in Vallipo, where the gals put on a show?

Wriggle their arse with a roll and go, **Riding on a
donkey.**

Wuz ye ever in Canton, where the men wear pigtails long,
And the gals play hong-ki-kong? **Riding on a donkey.**

Wuz ye ever on the Broomielaw, where the Yanks are all
the go,

And the boys dance heel an' toe? **Riding on a donkey.**

Brown Eyed Girl

Van Morrison

Do you remember when we
used to sing

Sha la la la la la la la la
la la la te da

Sha la la la la la la la la
la la la te da la te da

My brown eyed girl.

You my brown eyed girl.

Hey where did we go, days
when the rain came.

Down in the hollow, playing a
new game.

Laughing and a running, hey,
hey, skipping and a jumping.

In the misty morning fog,
with our hearts a thumpin'
and you, my brown eyed girl.

You my brown eyed girl.

Whatever happened, to Tuesday
and so slow.

Going down to the old mine,
with a transistor radio.

Standing in the sunlight
laughing, hiding behind a
rainbow's wall.

Slipping and a sliding, all
along the waterfall with you,
my brown eyed girl.

You my brown eyed girl.

So hard to find my way, now
that I'm on my own. I saw
you just the other day, my
how you have grown. Can't
help but laugh when I think
about it, sometimes I'm
overcome thinkin' 'bout it.

Making love in the green
green grass, behind the
stadium with you, my brown
eyed girl.

You my brown eyed girl.

Finnegan's Wake

Whack fol de da, will you dance with your
partner, around the floor, your trotters
shake. Isn't it the truth I told ye,
lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

Tim Finnegan lived in Watling Street, a gentleman, Irish,
mighty odd. He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and
to rise in the world he carried a hod. Now Tim had a bit
of the tipplin' way, with a love of the whiskey he was
born.

To help him on his work each day,
a drop of the cray-thur every morn.

One morning Tim was feeling full, his head was heavy
which made him shake. He fell from the ladder and
broke his skull and 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 bucket of whiskey at
his feet and a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan
she did call for lunch. First she gave them tay and
cake, then piped tobacco and whiskey punch. Biddy
O'Brien began to bawl "Such a lovely corpse, did you
ever see?"

"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"

"Arragh, hold your gob" said Paddy McGhee!

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job; "O Biddy," says
she, "You're wrong, I'm sure". Then Biddy gave her a
belt in the gob and left her sprawlin' on the floor. The
hell of 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.

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bottle of
whiskey flew at him. He ducked and, landing on the
bed, the whiskey scattered over Tim! The body revives!
See how he rises! Timothy rising from the bed. Saying,
"Whirl your whiskey around like blazes! Be the
thundering Jayses do you think I'm dead?"

Johnny Jump Up

Oh never, oh never, oh never again. If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten.

I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up, after drinking a quart of that Johnny Jump Up.

I'll tell you a story that happened to me, one day as I went down to Yawl by the sea. The sun it was bright, and the day it was warm. Says I, "a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm". I went in to the barman and said "give me a stout". Says the barman, "I'm sorry, all the beer is sold out. Try whiskey or Paddy, ten years in the wood". Says I, "I'll try cider, I've heard that it's good".

After downing the third I went out to the yard, where I bumped into Brody, the big civic guard. "Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law?" Well I upped, with me fist, and I shattered his jaw. He fell to the ground, with his knees doubled up, but it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up. And the next thing I remember, down in Yawl by the sea, was a cripple on crutches and says he to me: "I'm afraid for me life, I'll be hit by a car. Won't you help me across to the Celtic Knot Bar?" After downing a quart, of that cider so sweet, he threw down his crutches and danced on his feet.

I went up the lee road, a friend for to see. They call it the madhouse, in Cork by the Lee. But when I got there, sure the truth I will tell, they had the poor buggler locked up in a cell. Said the guard testing him, say these words if you can, "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran". "Tell him I'm not crazy, tell him I'm not mad. It was only a sip of the bottle I had."

Well a man died in the mines, by the name of McNabb. They washed him and laid him outside on the slab. And after the parlor's measurements did take, his wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake. Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer was high, the corpse sits up, and says with a sigh; "I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up, 'Til I bring them a quart of the Johnny Jump Up"

I'll Tell My Ma

I'll tell my ma when I go
home,
the boys won't leave
the girls alone.
They pulled my hair and
they
stole my comb, but that's
alright 'til I go home.
She is handsome she is
pretty,
she is the belle of Belfast
City.
She is courting 1, 2, 3.
Please won't you tell me
who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves
her,
all the boys are fighting for
her.
They knock at the door and ring
the bell,
saying, oh my true love, are
you well?

Out she comes, white as snow,
rings on her fingers and bells
on her toes.
Old Johnny Murray says she'll
die,
if she doesn't get the fellow
with the roving eye.

Let the wind and rain and the
hail blow high, and the snow
come tumbling
from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie,
she'll get her own lad by and
by.

When she gets a lad of her own,
she won't tell her ma 'til she
comes home.

Let them come as they will,
For it's Albert Mooney she
loves still.

The Black Velvet Band

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

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
apprenticed to trade I was bound.
And many the hours of sweet happiness,
have I spent in that neat little town.
Till a sad misfortune came over me,
which caused me to stray from the land.
Far away from me friends and relations,
betrayed by a black velvet band.

As I was walking down Broadway,
meaning not long for to stay.
Well who should I meet but this
pretty fair maid,
come a-trapsen along the highway.
She was both fair and handsome,
her neck it was just like a swan's.
And her hair hung over her shoulder,
tie up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
and a gentleman passing us by.
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,
by the look in her roguish black eye.
A gold watch she took from his pocket,
and placed it right into me hand.
And the very next thing that I knew was,
I'd landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Johnson's Motor Car

It was down by Brannigan's corner one morning I did stray.
I met a fellow rebel and to me he did say;
"We have orders from our Captain to assemble at Dunbar.
But how are we to get there without a motor car?"

Oh Barney dear be of good cheer I'll tell you what you'll do.
The Specials they are plentiful but the I.R.A. are few,
We'll send a wire to Johnson to meet us at Stranlar.
And we'll give the boys a bloody good ride in Johnson's Motor Car.

When Doctor Johnson heard the news he soon put on his shoes.
He said "this is an urgent case, there is not time to lose."
He then put on his castor hat and on his breast a star.
You could hear the din all through Glen Fin of Johnson's Motor Car.

But when he got to the Railway Bridge, the rebels he saw
there,
Ould Johnson knew the game was up for at him they did stare;
He said "I have a permit to travel near and far,"
To hell with your English permit, we want you motor car.

"What will my loyal brethren say when they hear the news.
My car it has been stolen by the rebels at Dunluce,"
We'll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr.
And when Ireland gets her freedom boy, you'll get your Motor Car.

Well we put that car in motion and filled it to the brim.
With guns and bayonets shining, which made old Johnson grim.
Then Barney hoisted the Sinn Fein flag and it fluttered like
a star.
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson's Motor Car.

Lowlands of Holland

The love that I had chosen was to
my hearts content. The salt sea
shall be frozen before that I
repent.

Repent it will I never until the
day I dee. Though the lowlands
of Holland have taken my love
from me.

My love lies in the salt sea and
I am on the side. It's enough to
break a young maid's heart who
lately was a bride. What lately
was a bonny bride, with pleasure
in her e'e.

But the lowlands of Holland have
taken my love from me.

My love he built a bonny ship and
sent her on the sea. With 7 score
brave mariners to bear her
company. Well 3 score went to
the bottom and 3 score died at
sea.

And the lowlands of Holland have
taken my love from me.

There shall never mantel cover me
or comb come in my hair.

There shall neither coat or
candle light come in my bower
mair.

Nor shall I have another love
until the day I dee.

For I never loved a love but one
and he's drowned in the sea.

It's hold your tongue my daughter
dear be still and rest content.

For there's men enough in
Galloway you need not so sore
lament.

Oh there's men enough in
Galloway, alas there's none for
me.

For I never loved a love but one
and he's drowned in the salt sea.

The Jolly Beggarman

Of all the trades a going, sure the
begging is the best, for when a
man is tired he can sit him down
and rest.

He can beg for his dinner, he has
nothing else to do but to slip
around the corner with his old
rigadoo.

I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been
for three score years in this little isle of green
I'm known along the Liffey from the Basin to
the Zoo and everybody calls me by the name of
Johnny Dhu.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn,
a shocking wet night it was but I slept until the
dawn. There were holes in the roof and the
raindrops coming thru and the rats and the
cats were a playing peek a boo.

Who did I waken but the woman of the house
with her white spotted apron and her calico
blouse. She began to frighten and I said "boo"
sure don't be afraid at all, it's only
Johnny Dhu.

I met a little girl while a walkin out one day,
good morrow little flaxen haired girl, I did say.
Good morrow little beggarman and how do you
do, with your rags and your tags and your auld
rigadoo.

O I must be going to bed for it's getting late
at night. The fire is all raked and now tis out
of light. For now you've heard the story of my
auld rigadoo. So good and God be with you,
from auld Johnny Dhu.

Old Joe Clark

**Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark
Fare ye well, I say
Fare ye well, Old Joe Clark
I'm a going away**

Old Joe Clark's a fine old man,
tell you the reason why.
He keeps good likker 'round his house,
good old Rock and Rye.

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
preached all over the pain.
The only text he ever knew,
was High, low, Jack and the game.

Old Joe Clark had a mule,
his name was Morgan Brown.
And every tooth in that mule's head,
was sixteen inches around.

Old Joe Clark had a yellow cat,
she would neither sing or pray.
She stuck her head in the buttermilk
jar,
and washed her sins away.

Old Joe Clark had a house,
fifteen stories high.
And every story in that house,
was filled with chicken pie.

I went down to Old Joe's house,
he invited me to supper.
I stumped my toe on the table leg,
and stuck my nose in the butter.

Sixteen horses in my team,
the leaders they are blind.
And every time the sun goes down,
there's a pretty girl on my mind.

Eighteen miles of mountain road,
and fifteen miles of sand.
If ever travel this road again,
I'll be a married man.

Muirsheen Durkin

**So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin,
I'm sick and tired of working.
No more I'll dig for praties,
no longer I'll be fool.
For as sure as my name is Carney,
I'll be off to Californiyea.
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 alehouse and the playhouse
or many a house beside.
I told me brother Seamus
I'd go off and be right famous
and before I'd return again
I'd roam the world wide.**

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

**Goodbye to all the boys at home,
I'm sailing far across the foam.
To try to make me fortune, in old
Amerikay.**

**For there is gold and money,
plenty for the poor and gentry.
And when I come back again,
I never more will stray,**

The Rocky Road to Dublin

Beltaine – Nice Craic!

One, two, three, four five: Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the ways to Dublin. Whack-fo-lor-re-a.

In the merry month of May, from my home I started, left the girls of Tuam, nearly broken hearted. Saluted father dear, kissed my darlin' mother, drank a pint of beer, my grief and tears to smother. Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born, I cut a stout blackthorn, to banish ghost and goblin. In a brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs, and frightened all the dogs, on the rocky road to Dublin.

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary, started by daylight, next mornin' light and airy. Took a drop of the pure, to keep my heart from sinkin', that's old Patty's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking. To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while, at my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'. They asked if I was hired, the wages I required, til I was almost tired, of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity, to be so soon deprived, a view of that fine city. Then I took a stroll, all among the quality, my bundle it was stole, in a neat locality. Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind; no bundle could I find, upon my stick a wobblin'. Enquirin' for the rogue, they said my Connacht brogue, wasn't much in vogue, on the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away, my spirits never failin', landed on the quay, as the ship was sailin'. Captain at me roared, said that no room had he, when I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy. Down among the pigs, I played some funny rigs, danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'. When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead, or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed, called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it. Blood began to boil, temper I was losin', poor ould Erin's isle, they began abusin'. "Hurrah me soul," says I, my shillelagh I let fly, Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobblin'. With a loud hurray, they joined in the affray, we quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.

Rakes of Mallow

Beuing, belleing, dancing,
drinking. Breaking windows,
cursing, sinking.

Ever raking, never thinking;
Live the Rakes of Mallow.
Spending faster than it comes,
beating waiters bailiffs, duns.
Bacchus' true begotten sons;
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret
drinking, then like politicians
thinking, to raise the "sinking
funds" when sinking.
Live the Rakes of Mallow!
When at home, with da-da dying,
still for mellow water crying;
But, where there's good claret
plying. Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing.
Swiftly spending, slowly raising.
Wishing to spend all their days in
raking as at Mallow.
Then to end this raking life,
they get sober, take a wife.
Ever after live in strife,
and wish again for Mallow.