

Caledonian Lions

Scottish & Irish folk
Established since 2010

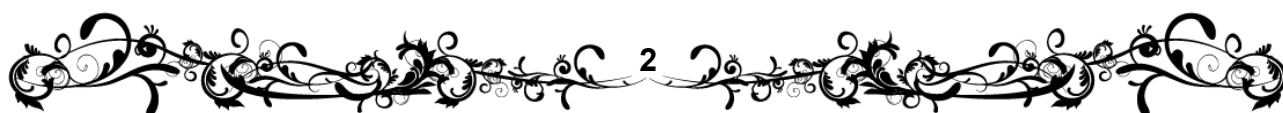


Tiziano Lanfranconi	Guitars
Stephan Heutschi	Whistles
Ruth Thalmann	Bodhrán
Joel Perler	Guitars, Mandolin, Concertina
Christine Sdiri	Fiddle
Marcel Bopp	Banjo, Bouzouki, Flute
Federico Teatini	Guitars
Peter Haller	Bass guitar

The Songbook

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Address To A Haggis*

Robert Burns, 1786

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o need,
While thro your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An cut you up wi ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an strive:
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit' hums

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi perfect sconner,
Looks down wi sneering, scornfu view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit:
Thro bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,
Like taps o thrissle

Dein feines Gesicht sei von Glück erhellt,
du Häuptling in der Würstewelt!
Bist hoch über alle anderen gestellt,
ob Pansen, ob Darm:
Verdienst, dass man dein Lob erzählt,
so lang wie mein Arm

Die ächzende Schüssel da füllst du aus,
dein Hintern schaut wie ein Bergrücken raus,
Dein Holzspieß hülf als 'ne Rad-Achse aus,
in Zeiten der Not,
Und aus deinen Poren tritt Tau heraus,
wie Bernstein rot

Sieh, wie der Bauer sein Messer wischt;
er schneidet dich auf, wenn aufgetischt,
Und in dein saftiges Inneres er bricht,
dem Pflüger gleich;
Und dann, o welch gesegnete Sicht,
warm-dampfend, reich!

Und Löffel für Löffel macht man sich ran,
der Teufel kriegt den letzten dran,
Bis alle Bäuche, ob Frau, ob Mann,
sind wie Trommeln gespannt;
Und kurz vor dem Platzen der Hausvater dann
stöhnt: "Gott sei Dank"

Gibts einen, der nach Ragout noch trachtet,
und Eintopf, den 'ne Sau verachtet,
Und Frikassee, das sie kotzen machte,
vor Ekelqual,
der hinschaut und verächtlich lachte,
auf solch ein Mal?

Der Ärmste! Seht ihn bei seinem Müll,
ist kraftlos wie trockene Binsen und still,
Für Schnüre die Schenkel man halten will;
die Faust für 'ne Nuss;
Wie wenig für blutiges Schlachtengebrüll
der taugen muss!

Doch seht den Landsmann, haggisgenährt,
von seinem Schritt tönt zitternd die Erd,
Drückt ihm in die breite Faust ein Schwert,
er lässt es tanzen;
Mit Armen und Beinen er verfährt,
wie mit Unkrautpflanzen

*Bei Haggis handelt es sich um einen Schafsmagen, der mit einer Mischung aus Innereien, Hafergrütze, Hafermehl und Gewürzen gefüllt ist. Die Bezeichnung kommt von 'hageis' (1375; 'zerschneiden, zerhacken'). Der Schafsmagen wird mit einem Schwert im rechten Winkel angeschnitten und zwar mit genügend Kraft, so dass Fleisch und Hafer herausquellen.
Die Übersetzung des Gedichts ist nicht wörtlich, sondern entspricht dem Sinn der einzelnen Strophen!



Auld Lang Syne

Lyrics	Traditional/Robert Burns	1788
Music	Traditional	SCO

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

*For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll take a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

Chorus

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne

Chorus

We twa hae rin aboot the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne

Chorus

We twa hae paidl'd i'the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne

Chorus

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere
And gie's a hand o'thine
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waughtm
For auld lang syne



Back Home In Derry

Lyrics Bobby Sands
Music Gordon Lightfoot

1979
NIR

In 1803 we sailed out to sea
Out from the sweet town of Derry.
For Australia bound if we didn't all drown
And the marks of our fetters were heavy
In the rusty iron chains we sighed for our weans
Our good women we left there in sorrow
As the mainsails unfurled, our curses were hurled
At the English and the thoughts of tomorrow

Chorus

Oh....oh, I wish I was back home in Derry
Oh....oh, I wish I was back home in Derry

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the soil
As down below decks we were lying.
O'Docherty's scream woke him out of a dream
By a vision of bold Robert dying.
The sun burned cruel and they dished out the gruel
Dan O'Connor was down with the fever
Sixty rebels that day bound for Botany Bay
How many would reach there this evening?

Chorus

I cursed them to hell, as her bow fought the swell
Our ship danced like a moth on the firelight
Wild horses rode high as the devil passed by
Taking souls into Hades by twilight light
Five weeks out to sea we were now 43
We buried our comrades each morning
And in our own slime we were lost in a time,
Endless days without dawning

Chorus

Van Diemen's Land is a hell for a man
To live out his life in slavery
Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law
Neither wind nor rain care of bravery
Twenty years have gone by and I've ended my bond
My comrades' ghosts walk beside me
Well a rebel I came and sure I'll die the same
On a cold winter's night you will find me.

Chorus 2x



Black Is The Colour

Lyrics	Traditional
Music	Traditional/John Jacob Niles SCO

Chorus

*Black is the colour of my true love`s hair
His lips are like some roses fair
He`s the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground wheron he stands*

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
But some times I wish the day will come
That he and I will be as one

Chorus

The winter's passed and the leaves are green
The time is passed that we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one

Chorus

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

Chorus

So fare you well, my own true love
The time has passed, but I wish you well
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one

Chorus

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
But some times I wish the day will come
That he and I will be as one



Black Velvet Band

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

ENG

In a neat little town they called Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town
As sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus

*Her eyes they shown like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band*

I took a stroll down broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come a-traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck, it was just like a swan
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Chorus

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 my hand
And the very first thing that I said, was
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band

Chorus

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning, I had to appear
The judge, he says to me:
"Young man, you're case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band"

Chorus



So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town, me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads
'Till you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

Chorus



The Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

SCO

There once was a troop o' Irish dragoons
Cam marching doon through Fyvie-o
And the captain's fa'en in love wi' a very bonnie lass
And her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy-o

There's many a bonnie lass in the Howe o Auchterless
There's many a bonnie lass in the Garioch
There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen
But the floower o' them aw lies in Fyvie-o

O come doon the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear
Come doon the stairs, Pretty Peggy-o
Come doon the stairs, comb back your yellow hair
Bid a last farewell to your mammy-o

The colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount
The captain, he cried, tarry-o
O tarry yet a while, just another day or twa
Til I see if the bonnie lass will marry-o

Twas in the early morning, when we marched awa
And O but the captain he was sorry-o
The drums they did beat o'er the bonnie braes o' Gight
And the band played the bonnie lass of Fyvie-o

Long ere we came to the Howe of Auchterless
We had our captain to carry-o
And long ere we won into the streets of Aberdeen
We had our captain to bury-o

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ythanside
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie-o
The captain's name was Ned and he died for a maid
He died for the bonnie lass of Fyvie-o

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be
A soldier shall never enjoy me-o
I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land
And I never will marry a soldier-o

It's braw, aye it's braw, a captain's lady for to be
And it's braw to be a captain's lady-o
It's braw to ride around and to follow the camp
And to ride when your captain he is ready-o

There's many a bonnie lass in the Howe o Auchterless
There's many a bonnie lass in the Garioch
There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen
But the floower o' them aw lies in Fyvie-o



Bonny Portmore

Lyrics	Traditional
Music	Traditional

IRL

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus



Border Reiver

Lyrics Mark Knopfler
Music Mark Knopfler

2009
SCO

Southern bound from Glasgow town, she's shining in the sun
My Scotstoun lassie, on the border run
We're whistling down the hillsides and tearing up the climbs
I'm just a thief, stealing time
In the Border Reiver.

Three hundred thousand on the clock and plenty more to go
Crash, box and lever, she needs the heel and toe
She's not too cold in winter but she cooks me in the heat
I'm a six foot driver but you can adjust the seat
In the Border Reiver

Chorus

Sure as the sunrise, that's what they say about the Albion
Sure as the sunrise, that's what they say about the Albion
She's an Albion, she's an Albion

The ministry don't worry me my paperwork's alright
They can't touch me, I got my sleep last night
It's knocking out a living wage in nineteen sixty nine
I'm just a thief, stealing time
In the Border reiver.

Chorus



Boys Of The Old Brigade

Lyrics Paddy McGuigan
Music Paddy McGuigan

1972
NIR

"Oh father, why are you so sad,
on this bright Eastermorn?
When Irishmen are proud and glad
Of the land where they were born."
"Oh, son, I see sad mem'ries view
Of far-off distant days
When, being just a boy like you
I joined the Old Brigade

Chorus

*Where are the lads who stood with me
When history was made?
Oh, gra mo chroi I long to see
The Boys of the Old Brigade*

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

Chorus

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

Chorus



The Braes O' Killiecrankie

Lyrics	Traditional/Robert Burns	1789
Music	Traditional	SCO

Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whaur hae ye been sae brankie-o?
Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie-o?

Chorus

*An' ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
An' ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o*

I fought at land, I fought at sea
At hame I fought my auntie-o
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

Chorus

The bauld pit cur fell in a furr
And Clavers gat a clankie-o
And I had fed an Atholl gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

Chorus

Oh fie, MacKay, What gart ye lie
I' the brush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof
Than come tae Killiecrankie- o

Chorus

It's nae shame, it's nae shame
It's nae shame to shank ye-o
There's sour slaes on Athol braes
And the de'ils at Killiecrankie-o

Chorus



The Bricklayer's Song

Lyrics Pat Cooksey
Music Pat Cooksey

1969
IRL

Dear sir, I write this note to you to tell you of me plight
For at the time of writing it I am not a pretty sight
Me body is all black and blue, me face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say you why I'm not at work today

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear
But tossing them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he is an awkward sod
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in me hod

Well clearing all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me

And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay, I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel comin' down

Well the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head
I clung on tightly, numb with shock from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope, me body wracked with pain
And Halfway down I met the bloody barrel once again

The force of this collision halfway down the office block
Caused multiple vibrations and a nasty case of shock
But clung untightly to the rope, as I felt toward the ground
And landed on the broken bricks the barrel had scattered 'round

Well as I lay there on the floor, I thought I'd passed the worst
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I didn't have a hope
As I lay there bleeding on the ground I let go the bloody rope

The barrel, being unsecured, then started down once more
And it landed right across me as I lay there on the floor
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
I hope you understand why I am not at work today



Broken Wings

Lyrics Dougie MacLean
Music Dougie MacLean

1994
SCO

A tall tree, turn and face the west
O we're running with the wind
A high cliff-top, we're waiting with the rest
For this journey to begin

And how we laugh, but maybe we should crawl
And ask to be excused
We shout loudly, have answers to it all
O but we have been refused

Chorus

*But these broken wings won't fly
These broken wings won't fly at all*

Girl child, you're dancing with the stream
Growing with the silver trees
Your young questions, you ask me what it means
O but I am not at ease

Chorus

A tall tree, turn and face the west
O we're running with the wind
A high cliff-top, we're waiting with the rest
For this journey to begin

Chorus



Caledonia

Lyrics Dougie MacLean
Music Dougie MacLean

1983
SCO

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

Chorus

*Oh, but let me tell you that I love you
That I think about you all the time
Caledonia you're calling me
And now I'm going home
If I should become a stranger
You know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything
I've ever had*

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

Chorus

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

Chorus



Caledonian Lions Song

Lyrics Stephan Heutschi
Music Caledonian Lions

2015
CHE

Every week we come together and we play some reels and jigs
Yes, the band is getting better, it looks forward to the gigs
Then we take a pint or two, on the table waits fine food
Whisky is included too and the band is in the mood

But **Chorus**

*What we really wanna do is to play a song for you
What we really want and need, clapping hands and tapping feet
Let us out of the cage, we wanna up on this stage
What the Lions want to do, to perform some tunes for you*

Our stuff is in the pub, the whole PA lays around
Let us start to built it up, all the work for a good sound
If the telltale light is green and the mics are wired now
Sandwiched on that little scene, we are ready for the show

Now the bodhrán leads the way, feel the rhythm, feel the beat
Then the guitar starts to play, oh, the fiddle sounds so sweet
Flute and whistle in your ear, Mandolin and Banjo too
That's the sound we like to hear, we can't get enough, it's true

Then **Chorus**

Every song tells a story, some are funny, some are sad
About love, hate and glory, treason, heroes or a cad
Each we play with heart and soul and we hope you feel it too
That the Lions have one goal, to enjoy the time with you

Yes **Chorus**

If we've played the last song and you've drunken the last beer
Then it's time to say: So long! It was great to have been here
Homeward through the starry night, looking to the moon's pale light
Tired but quite satisfied. Addicted, we can't denied

Because **Chorus 2x**



Come Out Ye Black And Tans

Lyrics
Music

Doiminic Ó Beacháin
Piaras MacGearailt

NIR

I was born in a Dublin street where the loyal drums do beat
And the loving english feet they walked all over us,
And every single night when me father came home tight
He'd invite the neighbours out with this fine chorus

Chorus

*Come out ye black and tans, come out and fight me like a man
Show yer wife how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell away
From the green and lovely lakes of Killeshandra*

Come tell us how you slew them poor Arabs two by two
Like the Zulu, they had spears and bows and arrows
How you bravely faced each one with your 16-pounder gun
And you frightened them poor natives to their narrows

Chorus

Come let us hear you tell, how you slandered great Parnell
When you thought him well and truly persecuted
Where are your sneers and jeers that you loudly let us hear
When our leaders of '16 where executed

Chorus

Well the time is coming fast and I think those days are near
When each Yeoman will run before us
And if ther'll be a need, sure my kids will say 'Godspeed'
With a bar or two of Stephan Behan's chorus



Culloden's Harvest

Lyrics Alastair McDonald
Music Alastair McDonald

1995
SCO

Chorus

*Cold the wind on the moors blow
Warm the enemy's fire glows
Black the harvest of Culloden
Pain and fear and death grow*

'Twas love of our prince drove us on to Drumossie
But in scarcely the time that it takes me to tell
The flower of our country lay scorched by an army
As ruthless and red as the embers of hell

Chorus

Red Campbell and fox did the work of the English
MacDonald in anger did no work at all
With musket and cannon 'gainst honor and courage
The invader's men stood while our clansmen did fall

Chorus

Now mothers and children are left to their weeping
With only the memory of father and son
Turned out of their homes to make shelter for strangers
The blackest of hours on this land has begun

Chorus



Dirty Old Town

Lyrics Ewan MacColl
Music Ewan MacColl

1949
ENG

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a 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 beat
Spring's 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 smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I issued my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town
Dirty old town, dirty old town



Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Lyrics Andy Stewart
Music Neil Grant

1960
SCO

I just down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
All the lassies shout as I walk by
"Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"

Chorus

*Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I go
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
Donald, where's your troosers?"*

I went to a fancy ball
It was slippery in the hall
I was afeared that I may fall
Fur I hadnae on ma' troosers

Chorus

To wear the kilt is my delight
It isna wrong, I know its right
The islanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers

Chorus

I went down to London town
To have a little fun in the underground
All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus



Down By The Sally Gardens

Lyrics	William Butler Yeats	1889
Music	Traditional	IRL

It was down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet
She crossed the Sally Gardens
With little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree
But I was young and foolish
And with her did not agree

In a field down by the river
My love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish
And now am full of tears

Down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet
She crossed the Sally Gardens
With little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree
But I was young and foolish
And with her did not agree



The Drunken Scotsman

Lyrics Mike Cross
Music Mike Cross

1976
USA

Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair
One could tell by how he walked the he'd drunk more than his share
He fumbled 'round until he could no longer keep his feet
And he stumbled off in to the grass to sleep beside the street

Ring-ding didle idle i de-o Ring dye didley i oh
He stumbled off in to the grass to sleep beside the street

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

Ring-ding didle idle i de-o Ring dye didley 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
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there, behold, for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

Ring-ding didle idle i de-o Ring dye didley 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 in to a bow
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show

Ring-ding didle idle i de-o Ring dye didley i oh
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show

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

Ring-ding didle idle i de-o Ring dye didley i oh
Lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize



Dumbarton's Drums

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

SCO

My love he is a handsome laddie
And thought he is Dumbarton's caddie
Some day I'll be a captain's lady
When Johnnie tends his vow to me

Chorus

*Dumbarton's drums they sound sae bonnie
When they remind me of my Jeannie
Such fond delight can steal upon me
When Jeannie kneels and sings tae me*

Across the hills o' burning heather
Dumbarton tolls the hour of pleasure
A song of love that has no measure
When Jeannie kneels and sings tae me

Chorus

It's she alone who can delight me
As gracefully she doth invite me
And when her tender arms enfold me
The blackest night can turn and flee

Chorus

When Jeannie kneels and kisses me



Farewell To Tarwathie

Lyrics George Scroggie
Music George Scroggie

1850
SCO

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
To the green land o' Crimond, I'll bid ye farewell
I'm bound out for Greeland get ready to sail
In hopes to find riches a-hunting the whale

Our ship is well rigged, she's ready to sail
And the crew all are anxious to follow the whale
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
And the land and the ocean is covered in snow

Farewell to my comrades, from you I must part
Likewise my dear darlings, you fair won my heart
But the cold ice of Greenland will not heart chill
And the longer my absence, more loving you'll feel

This cold land of Greenland is barren and bare
No seed-time nor harvest is ever known there
The birds here sing sweetly o'er mountain and dale
But there is not a bird here to sing to whale

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
To the green land o' Crimond, I'll bid ye farewell
I'm bound out for Greeland get ready to sail
In hopes to find riches a-hunting the whale



Feel So Near

Lyrics Dougie MacLean
Music Dougie MacLean

1997
SCO

You'll find me sitting at this table with my friend Steve and my friend John
My friend Mike he tells us stories of things long gone long gone
And we may take a glass together the whisky makes it all so clear
It fires our dulled imaginations and I feel so near so near

Chorus

*I feel so near to the howling of the wind
Feel so near to the crashing of the waves
Feel so near to the flowers in the field
Feel so near*

The old man looks out to the island he says this place is endless here
There's no real distance here to mention we might all fall in
There's no distance to the spirits of the living no distance to spirits of the dead
And as he turned his eyes were shining and he proudly said

Chorus

So we build our tower of construction there to mark our place in time
To justify our great destruction as on we climb on we climb
Now the journey doesn't seem to matter the destinations's faded out
But gathering out along the headlands I hear the children shout children shout



The Ferryman

Lyrics Pete St. John
Music Pete St. John

1985
IRL

The little boats are gone from the breast of Anna Liffy
The ferryman is stranded on the quay
Sure the Dublin docks is dying and a way of life is gone
And Molly it was part of you and me

Chorus

*Where the Strawberry beds sweep down to the Liffy
You kissed away the worry from my brow
I love you well today and I'll love you more tomorrow
If you ever love me Molly love me now*

T'was the only job I knew it was hard but never lonely
The Liffy ferry made a man of me
And it's gone without a whisper and forgotten even now
And sure it's over Molly over can't you see

Chorus

Well now I'll tend the yard and I'll spend me days in talking
And I'll here them whisper Charlie's on the dole
But Molly we're still living and darling we're still young
And that river never owned me heart and soul



The Fields Of Athenry

Lyrics Pete St. John
Music Pete St. John

1979
IRL

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
'Michael, they have taken you away
For you stole Trevelyan's corn
So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay'

Chorus

*Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
Now it's 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 cut 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
For she lived to hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Chorus



Finnegan's Wake

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

1850
IRL

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentleman Irish mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
Tim had a sort of a tipplers way
With the love of the liquor he was born
And to send the man away each day
A drop of the craythur every morn

Chorus

*Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner
Around the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake*

One morning Tim got rather full
His head felt heavy which made him shake
He fell of a ladder and broke his skull
So they carried him home his corpse to wake
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
They laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake,
And Misses Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see
Tim, auvreem! Why did you die?"
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Chorus

Merry Murphy took up the job,
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Civil did there engage,
T'was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began



Chorus

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
Bedad he revived see how he rises
Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying: "Whirl you whiskey around like blazes
Me thunderin' Jesus, do ye think I'm dead?"

Chorus 2x



Flower Of Scotland

Lyrics Roy Williamson
Music Roy Williamson

1967
SCO

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves
Lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

Those days are past now
And in the past
They must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again



The Foggy Dew

Lyrics Canon O'Neill
Music Traditional

1919
IRL

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 pipes did hum, no battle drum, did sound it's loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell, rang out in the foggy dew

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

O, the night fell black and the rifles' crack made 'Perfidious Abion' reel
'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's fold in the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small Nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea
O, had they died by Pearse's side, or had fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

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

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



The Galway Girl

Lyrics Steve Earle
Music Steve Earle

2000
USA

Well I took a stroll on the old wild walk
Of the day -l-ay-l-ay-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
Of a fine soft day -l-ay
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do
Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl
Down the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down
On a day -l-ay-l-ay-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown
On a fine soft day -l-ay
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do
Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
So I took her hand and I gave it a twirl
then I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone
With a broken heart and a ticket home
And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
Cause I've travelled around I've been all over this world
Boys I aint never seen nothin' like a Galway girl



Go On Home British Soldiers

Lyrics Tommy Skelly
Music Tommy Skelly

1972
NIR

Chorus

*Go on home British soldiers, go on home
Have you got no fucking homes of your own
For 800 years we've fought you without fear
And we'll fight you for 800 more*

If you stay British soldiers, if you stay
You'll never ever beat the IRA
For the 14 men in Derry
Are the last that you will bury
So take a tip, and leave us bloody be

Chorus

We're not British, we're not Saxon, we're not English
We're Irish and proud we are to be
So fuck your Union Jack, we want our country back
We want to see old Ireland free once more

Chorus

We'll fight them British soldiers for the cause
We'll never bow to soldiers because
Troughout our history, we were born to be free
So get out British bastards leave us be

Chorus 2x



God Save Ireland

Lyrics
Music

Timothy Daniel Sullivan
George F. Root

1867
IRL

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom
But they met him face to face, with the courage of their race
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom

Chorus

*"God save Ireland!" said the heroes
"God save Ireland" said they all
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall!*

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear

Chorus

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly
True to home and faith and freedom to the last

Chorus

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land
But on the cause must go, amidst joy and weal and woe
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand

Chorus



Grace

Lyrics	Sean & Frank O'Meara	1985
Music	Sean & Frank O'Meara	NIR

As we gather in the chapel here in old Kilmainham Jail
I think about these past few weeks, oh will they say we've failed?
From our school days they have told us we must yearn for liberty
Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me

Chorus

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

Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand
The love I shared for these brave men, the love for my dear land
But when glory called me to his side down in the GPO
I had to leave my own sick bed, 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 loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose

Chorus



The Green Fields Of France (No Man's Land)

Lyrics Eric Bogle
Music Eric Bogle

1976
SCO

Well how do you do, Private William McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side?
A rest for awhile in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done
And I see by your gravestone that you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or, William McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Chorus

*Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they sound the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugle sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined
And though you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart are you always 19
Or are you just a stranger without even a name
Forever enclosed behind some glass-pane
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

Chorus

Well the sun it shines down on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches are vanished now under the plough
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard it is still No Man's Land
And the countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation that was butchered and downed

Chorus

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe them that this war would end war?
But the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame -
The killing, the dying - it was all done in vain
For Willie McBride, it's all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again

Chorus



Herr Mannelig

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

SWE

Bittida en morgon, innan solen upprann
Innan foglarna började sjunga
Bergatrollet friade till fager ungersven
Hon hade en falskeliger tunga

Chorus

*Herr Mannelig, herr Mannelig, trolofven I mig
För det jag bjuder så gerna
I kunnen väl svara endast ja eller nej
Om i viljen eller ej*

Eder vill jag gifva de gångare tolf
Som gå uti rosendelunden
Aldrig har det varit någon sadel uppå dem
Ej heller betsel uti munnen

Chorus

Sådana gåfvor jag toge väl emot
Om du vore kristelig qvinna
Men nu så är du det värsta bergatroll
Af Neckens och djefvulens stämma

Chorus

Bergatrollet ut på dörren sprang,
Hon rister och jämrar sig svåra:
Hade jag fått den fager ungersven,
Så hade jag mistat min plåga.

Chorus



Highland Paddy

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

One evening fair, as the sun was shining
Through Kilkenny I did ride
I did meet Captain Brady
A tall Comander by his side

Chorus

*Then you are well come Highland Paddy
By my side you'll surly stand, hear the people shout for freedom
We'll rise in the morning with the Fenian band
Rise in the morning with the Fenian band*

In the morning we rose early, just before the break of day
Blackbirds singing in the bushes, greeting to the smiling morn

Gather round free men of Ireland, gather Fenians gather round
Hand to hand with sword and musket, spill the blood upon this holy ground

Chorus

(slow)
There's a glen beside a river
Just outside Kilkenny Town
There I met this noble captain
Men lay dead upon the ground

Chorus

There's a grave beside the river, a mile outside Kilkenny
There we laid pur noble captain, birds were silent when this fenian died

All my life I will remember, I'll remember night and day
Once I rode into Kilkenny, and I heard this noble captain say

Chorus 2x



I Want Sex

Lyrics Booze Brothers
Music Booze Brothers

2004
FRA

Sweet is the feeling when love is in the air
Dream of a white gown by my side
That's what you read, in your magazines
But all you have to fear, is when I say to you

Chorus

I want sex behind a gas tank
I want sex behind a gas tank
I want sex behind a gas tank
I wanna fuck you behind a gas tank

Sweet is the feeling when love is in the air
I'd like to pray, oh! for you
Sweet little life in your head
But now reality, is when I say to you

Chorus

I want sex behind a gas tank
I want sex behind a gas tank
I want sex behind a gas tank
I wanna quick you behind a gas tank



I Will Go

Lyrics	Traditional
Music	Traditional/ Roddy McMillan SCO

Chorus

*I will go, I will go, when the fighting is over
To the land o' McLeod that I left to be a soldier, I will go, I will go*

When the King's son came along, he called us a' together,
Saying "Brave Highland men, will ye fight for my father?"
I will go, I will go

Chorus

I've a buckle on my belt, a sword in my scabbard
A red coat on my back and a shilling in my pocket
I will go, I will go

Chorus

When they put us all on board the lasses were singing
But the tears came to their eyes when the bells started ringing
I will go, I will go

Chorus

When we landed on the shore and saw the foreign heather
We knew that some would fall and would stay there forever
I will go, I will go

Chorus

When we came back to the glen, the winter was turning
Our goods lay in the snow and our houses were burning
I will go, I will go

Chorus



I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me

Lyrics Robert Massey
Music Robert Massey

1924
USA

I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me his own
Someone to sleep with me nightly
I weary of sleeping alone

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me
Yes, someone to call me their own
Oh, I wish I had someone to live with
Cause I'm tired of living all alone

Please meet me tonight in the moonlight
Please meet me tonight all alone
For I have a sad story to tell you
It's a story that's never been told

I'll be carried to the new jail tomorrow
Leaving my poor ol' darling alone
With the cold prison bars all around me
And my head on a pillow of stone

Now, I have a grand ship out on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold
And before my poor darling would suffer
That ship would be anchored and sold

Now, if I had the wings of an angel
Over these prison walls I would fly
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor darling
And there I'd be willing to die

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me
Yes, someone to call me their own
Oh, I wish I had someone to live with
Cause I'm tired of living all alone



I'll Tell Me Ma

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

ENG

I'll tell me ma when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair and stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home

Chorus

*She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast city
She is a courtin' one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she*

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her
Knock at the door and ring at the bell
Saying oh my true love, are you well

Chorus

Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come travellin' through the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie,
She'll get her own lad by and by

Chorus

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
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus



I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)

Lyrics The Proclaimers
Music The Proclaimers

1988
SCO

When I wake up, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you
When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

If I get drunk, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you
And if I haver, hey I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's havoring to you

Chorus

*But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*

When I'm working, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you
And when the money comes in for the work I do
I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home, oh I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you
And if I grow old, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

Chorus

Da d-da da (da d-da da), da d-da da (da d-da da) ...

When I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you
And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you

When I go out, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
And when I come home, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

Chorus

Da d-da da (da d-da da), da d-da da (da d-da da) ... (2x)

*And I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*



The Irish Rover

Lyrics J. M. Crofts
Music J. M. Crofts

IRL

On the Fourth of July, 1806
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft she was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts she had twenty seven masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million barrels of old blind horses hides'
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old nanny goate tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was awl Mickey Coote Who played hard on his flute
And the ladies lined up for a set
He would tootle with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk He was cock of the walk
As he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance When he took up his stance
That he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from county Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man, Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

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



Johnnie Cope

Lyrics Adam Skirving
Music Traditional

1745
SCO

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar'
Sayin 'Chairlie meet me an' ye dare
And I'll learn ye the airt o' war
If ye'll meet me in the mornin'

Chorus

*Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet
Or are your drums a-beating yet
If ye were waukin' I would wait
Tae gang tae the coals in the morning*

When Chairlie looked the letter upon
He drew his sword his scabbard from
Follow me, my merry men
And we'll meet Johnny Cope in the morning

When Johnny Cope he heard o' this
He thought it wouldnae be amiss
Tae hae a horse in readiness
Tae flee aw a' in the morning

Chorus

Fye noo Johnny, get up and rin
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din
It's better tae sleep wi' a hale skin
It will be a bloody morning

When Johnny Cope tae Dunbar cam'
They speirt at him, 'Whaur's a' your men?'
The de'il confound me gin I ken
For I left them a' in the morning

Chorus

Now Johnny, troth ye werenae blate
Tae come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning

In faith, quo' Johnny, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and philabegs
Gin I face them again de'il brak' my legs
So I wish ye a' good morning

Chorus



Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya

Lyrics	Joseph B. Geoghegan	1867
Music	Traditional	ENG

When on the road to sweet Athy, hurroo hurroo
When on the road to sweet Athy, hurroo hurroo
When on the road to sweet Athy
A stick in the hand, A drop in the eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry
Johnny I hardly knew ya

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled
Why did ya run from me and the child
Johnny I hardly knew ya

Chorus

We had guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo hurroo
We had guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo hurroo
We had guns and drums and drums and guns
The enemy never slew ya
Me darling dear, you look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ya

Chorus

Where are the legs with which you run, hurroo hurroo
Where are the legs with which you run, hurroo hurroo
Where are the legs with which you run,
When first you went to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Johnny I hardly knew ya

Chorus

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Ceylon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg, hurroo hurroo
You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg, hurroo hurroo
You hadn't an arm, you hadn't a leg
You're a spinless, boneless, chickenless egg
You'll Have to be put with the bowl to beg
Johnny I hardly knew ya



Chorus

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again,
But they never will take our sons again,
No they never will take our sons again,
Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

Chorus



Leaving Of Liverpool

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

18??
ENG

Fare thee well to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I'm 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 am bound for California
By way of stormy Cape Horn
And I will write to thee a letter 'a love
When I am homeward-bound

Chorus

I have sailed on a Yankee clipper ship
'Davy Crockett' is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating shame

Chorus

I have sailed with Burgess once before
I think I know him well
Oh, if a man's a sailor he will get along
But if not, then he's sure in hell

Chorus

Fare thee well, to Lower Frederick Street
Anson Terrace and Park Lane
Oh, I am bound away for to leave you
I may never see you again

Chorus 2x



Loch Lomond

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

SCO

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

Chorus

*Oh ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond*

Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond
Where in deep purple hue the Hieland hills we view
And the moon comin' out in the gloamin'

Chorus

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping;
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

Chorus



Lord Of The Dance

Lyrics Sydney Carter
Music Joseph Brackett

1963
ENG

I danced in the morning when the world was young
I danced in the moon, and the stars, and the sun
I came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth

Chorus

*Dance, then, wherever you may be
I am the lord of the dance said he
And I lead you all wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the dance said he*

I danced for the Pharoah and the pharisees
They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen James and John
They came with me so the dance went on

Chorus

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They ripped me and they stripped me and they hung me high
Left me there on the cross to die

Chorus

I danced on a Friday when the world turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body; they thought I was gone
But I am the dance, and the dance goes on

Chorus



A Man's A Man For A' That

Lyrics Robert Burns
Music Robert Burns

1795
SCO

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that
The coward slave-we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that, an' a' that
Our toils obscure an' a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The Man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A Man's a Man for a' that
For a' that, and a' that
Their tinsel show, an' a' that
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that
Tho' hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that
For a' that, an' a' that
His ribband, star, an' a' that
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight
A marquis, duke, an' a' that
But an honest man's abon his might
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that
For a' that, an' a' that
Their dignities an' a' that
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that
For a' that, an' a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that



The Massacre Of Glencoe

Lyrics Jim McLean
Music Jim McLean

1963
SCO

Chorus

*Oh cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave o' Donald
And cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house o' MacDonald*

They came through the blizzard, we offered them heat
A roof ower their heads, dry shoes for their feet
We wined them and dined them, they ate o' our meat
And slept in the house O' MacDonald

Chorus

They came from Fort William with murder mind
The Campbell had orders, King William had signed
Pit all tae the sword, these words underlined
And leave none alive called MacDonald

Chorus

They came in the night when the men were asleep
That band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes, among helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe
Some fled in the night, were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him, what struck the first blow
But gone was the house of MacDonald

Chorus



The Merry Ploughboy

Lyrics Doiminic Ó Beacháin
Music Traditional

1960
NIR

I am a merry ploughboy and I plough the fields all day
Till a sudden thought came to me head that I should roam away
For I am sick and tired of slavery since the day I was born
And I am off to join the I.R.A. and I am off tomorrow morn

Chorus

And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where the bay'nets flash and the riffles crash
To the rattle of a Thompson gun.

I'll leave aside me pick and spade, I'll leave aside me plough
I'll leave aside me horse and yoke, I no longer need them now
I'll leave aside me Mary, she's the girl that I adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me whe hears the riffles roar

Chorus

And when the war is over, and dear old Ireland is free
I'll take her to the church to wed and a rebel's wife she'll be
Well some men fight for silver and some men fight for gold
But the I.R.A. are fighting for the land that the Saxons stole

Chorus 2x



The Molly Maguires

Lyrics	Phil Coulter/Bill Martin	1969
Music	Phil Coulter/Bill Martin	IRL

Chorus

*Make way for the Molly Maguires
they're drinkers, they're liars, but they're man
Make way for the Molly Maguires
you'll never see the likes of them again*

Down the mines no sunlight shines
Those pits they're black as hell
In modest style they do their time
It's Paddy's prison cell
And they curse the day they travelled far
And down their tears with a jar

Chorus

Backs will break and muscles ache
Down there no time to dream
Of fields afar of a womans arm
Just dig that bloody seam
Though they drain their bodies and their brow
Who dare to push them around

Chorus



Molly Malone

Lyrics James Yorkston
Music James Yorkston

1883
SCO

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 the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
Alive alive o!

Chorus

Alive alive o!
Alive alive o!
Crying cockles and mussels
Alive alive o!

She was a fish monger
And sure it was no wonder
For so were her Father
And Mother before
And they both wheeled their barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
Alive alive o!

Chorus

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end
Of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
Alive alive o!

Chorus



Mull Of Kintyre

Lyrics	P. McCartney/Denny Laine	1970
Music	P. McCartney/Denny Laine	ENG

Chorus

Mull of Kintyre

Oh mist rolling in from the sea

My desire is always to be here

Oh Mull of Kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green
Past painted desserts the sunset's on fire
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

Chorus

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen
Carry me back to the days I knew then
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

Chorus

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain
Still take me back where my memories remain
Flickering embers grow higher and higher
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

Chorus



My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose

Lyrics Robert Burns
Music Traditional

1794
SCO

Chorus

*O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O my Luve's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune*

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass
So deep in luve am I
And I will luve thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry

Chorus

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear
And the rocks melt wi' the sun
I will luve thee still, my dear
While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only Luve
And fare thee weel, a while
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile



A Nation Once Again

Lyrics	Thomas Osborne Davis	1840
Music	Thomas Osborne Davis	IRL

When boyhood's fire was in my blood, I read of ancient freemen
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood three hundred men and three men
And then I prayed I yet might see our fetters rent in twain
And Ireland long a province, be a nation once again.

Chorus

*A nation once again, a nation once again
And Ireland long a province, be a nation once again*

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 bed: A nation once again!

Chorus

It whisper'd, too, that freedom's ark and service high and holy
Would be profaned by feelings dark and passion vain or lowly
For Freedom comes from God's right hand and needs a godly train
And righteous men must make our land a nation once again!

Chorus

So as I grew from boy to man I bent me to that bidding
My spirit of each selfish plan and cruel passion ridding
For thus I hoped someday to aid, oh can such hope be vain
When my dear country shall be made a nation once again!

Chorus



Óró, Sé Do Bheatha 'Bhaile

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

Sé do bheatha a bhean ba léanmhar
B'é ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh méirleach
Is tú díolta leis na Ghallaibh

Chorus

Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile! Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile!
Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile! Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

A bhuí le Rí na bhfeart go bhfeiceam
Muna mbeam beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch.
Ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh

Chorus

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile
Oglaigh armtha léi mar gharda
Gaeil iad féin 's ní Gaill ná Spáinnigh;
'S cuirfid siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.

Chorus



Piping Tim Of Galway

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

Every person in the nation
Or of great or humble station
Holds in highest estimation
Piping Tim of Galway
Loudly he can play, or low
He can move you fast or slow
Touch your hearts or stir your toe
Piping Tim of Galway

When the wedding bells are ringing
His the breath to lead the singing
Then in Jigs the folks go swinging
What a splendid piper!
He will blow from eve to morn
Counting sleep a thing of scorn
Old is he but not outworn
Know you such a piper?

When he walks the highway pealing
Round the head the birds come wheeling
Tim has carols worth the stealing
Piping Tim of Galway
Thrush and linnet, finch and lark
To each other twitter "Hark!"
Soon they sing from light to dark
Pipings learnt in Galway



Portree Kid

Lyrics J. W. Hill
Music Stan Jones

1978
SCO

A man cam' riding oot the west one wild and stormy day
He was quiet, tail and hungry, his eyes were smokey grey
He was lean across the hurdies, but his shouders they were big
The terror o' the hielan' glens, that was the Portree Kid

Chorus

*He drum ho, he drum hey
The teuchter that cam' frae Skye*

His sidekick was an orra' man, and oh but he was mean
He was ca'ad the Midnight Ploughboy, and he cam' frae Aberdeen
He had twenty seven notches on his cromack so they say
And he killed a million indians, way up in Stornoway

Portree booted in the door, he sauntered tae the bar
He poured a shot o' Crabbies, he shouted Slainte Mhath
While Midnight was being chatted up by a bar room girl called Pam
Who said 'Well how-dy stranger, wad' ye buy's a Babycham'

Now over in the corner sat three men frae Auchtertool
They were playing games for money, in a snakes and ladder school
The fourth man was a southerner who'd come up frae Macmerry
He'd been a river gambler, on the Ballachulish Ferry

Chorus

Portree walked tae the table and he shouted 'Shake me in'
He shoogled on the eggcup, he gave the dice a spin
He threw seven sixes in a row and the game was nearly done
But then he landed on a snake, and finished on square one

The game was nearly over and Portree was daein fine
He'd landed on a ladder, he was up to forty nine
He only had but one to go and the other man was beat
But the gambler couped the board up, and shouted 'You're a cheat'

Men dived behind the rubber plants, to try and save their skins
The accordionist stopped playing, his sidekick dropped the spoons
He says 'I think its funny, you've been up that ladder twice
And ye ayeways dunt the table, when I go tae throw my dice'

Chorus

The gambler drew his Skian Dubh as fast as lightning speed
Portree grabbed a screwtop, he cracked him o'er the heid
Then he gave him laldy, wi' a salmon off the wall
And he finished off the business, wi' his lucky grousefoot's claw



Portree walked up tae the bar, he says 'I'll hae a half'
And d'ye like the way I stuck it on that wee Macmerry nyaff
But the southerner crept up behind, his features wracked wi' pain
And he gubbed him wi' an ashtray, made oot o' a curling stane

The fight went raging on all night till opening time next day
Wi' a break for soup and stovies aff a coronation tray
It was getting kind o' obvious, that neither man would win
When came the shout that stopped it all, 'There's a bus trip comin' in'

Chorus

They sing this song in Galashiels and up by Peterheid
Way down o'er the border, across the Rio Tweed
But what became o Portree, Midnight and the Gambling Man
They opened up a gift shop, selling fresh air in a can

Chorus



A Pub With No Beer

Lyrics
Music

G. Parsons/D. Sheahan
Stephen Foster

1954
AUS

Chorus

*Well it's lonesome away from your kindred and all
By the camp fire at night, where the wild dingos call
But there's nothin' so lonesome morbid or drear
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer*

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come
And there's a far away look on the face of the bum
The maids got all cranky and the cooks acting queer
What a terrible place, is a pub with no beer

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat
He presses up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat.
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
As the barman says sadly, "The pubs got no beer"

Then the swaggy comes in smothered in dust and flies
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes
But when he is told he says "what's this I hear"
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer

Now there's a dog on the veranda for his master he waits
But the boss is inside drinkin' wine with his mates.
He hurries for cover and he cringes with fear
It's no place for a dog, round a pub with no beer

And old Billie the Blacksmith, the first time in his life
Why he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife
He walks in the kitchen she says your early Bill dear
But then he breaks down and he tells her the pub's got no beer

Well its hard to believe that there's customers still
But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient til
The wine dots are happy and I know they're sincere
When they say they don't care if the pubs got no beer

Chorus



The Rare Old Mountain Dew

Lyrics Edward Harrigan
Music David Braham

1882
IRL

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay
Come 'goughers all from Donegal
Galway and Eitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old mountain dew

Chorus

Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh
Hi di-diddly-idle-um, diddly-doodle-idle-um, diddly-doo-ri-diddlum-deh

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still
Where the smoke curls up to the sky
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitin boys close by
For it fills the air with perfume rare
And betwixt both you and me
When home we roll, we can drink a bowl
Or a bucket full of mountain dew

Chorus

Now learned men
As use the pen have writ the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green
Distilled from wheat and rye
Away with your pills It'll cure all ills
Be ye pagan Christian or Jew
So take of your coat and grease your throat
With the rare old mountain dew

Chorus

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay
Come 'goughers all from Donegal
Galway and Eitrim too
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old mountain dew

Chorus



The Rare Ould Times

Lyrics Pete St. John
Music Pete St. John

1976
IRL

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

Chorus

*Ring a Ring a Rosey
As the light declines
I'll remember Dublin City
In the rare ould Times*

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus 2x



The Red Rose Cafe

Lyrics	Pierre Kartner (Dutch) Don Black (English)	1975 NDL
Music	Pierre Kartner	

They come from the farms and the factories too
And they all soon forget who they are
The cares of today are soon washed away
As they sit at a stool by the bar
The girl with green eyes and the rolling stones shirt
Doesn't look like she works on the land
The man at the end is a very good friend
Of a man who sells second hand cars

Chorus

*Down at the red rose cafe in the harbour
There by the port just outside Amsterdam
Everyone shares in the songs and the laughter
Everyone there is so happy to be there*

The grey haired old man, the piano will play
Any song that you wanted to hear
That pritty young thing doesn't know how to sing
But the customers give her a cheer
Now outside in the real world the race is still on
It's all gone a little bit mad
In circles we go and it's good to know
Of the place where good times are had

Chorus

The salesmen relax with a few pints of beer
And they try not to talk about life
The poet wont write any verses tonight
But he may sing a sweet sernade
So pull up a chair and forget about life
It's a good thing to do now and then
And if you like it here I have an idea
Tomorrow lets all meet again

Chorus 2x



Ride On

Lyrics James MacCarthy
Music James MacCarthy

1991
IRL

True you ride the finest horse I've ever seen
Standing sixteen, one or two, with eyes wild and green
And you ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

Chorus (2x)

*Ride on, see you,
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to*

When you ride in to the night without a trace behind
Run your claw along my gut one last time
I turn to face an empty space where once you used to lie
And look for the spark that lights the night
Through a teardrop in my eye

Chorus (2x)



The Rising Of The Moon

Lyrics John Keegan Casey
Music Traditional

1866
IRL

Oh then, tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so
Hush me buachaill 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 by the rising of the moon

Chorus

*By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon*

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

Chorus

*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 from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

Chorus

*By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon*

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune
And hoorah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

Chorus

*By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
And hoorah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon*

And they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate,
Oh what glorious pride and sorrow, fills the name of ninety-eight!
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps, at the rising of the moon

Chorus

*By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
Who would follow in their footsteps, at the rising of the moon*



Rocky Road To Dublin

Lyrics D. K. Gavan
Music D. K. Gavan

18??
IRL

In the merry month of June from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted
Saluted Father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs
Frightenin' all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus

*One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!*

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight me spirits bright and airy
Took a drop of the pure
Keep me heart from sinking
That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'
An' asked if I was hired, wages I required
'Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin

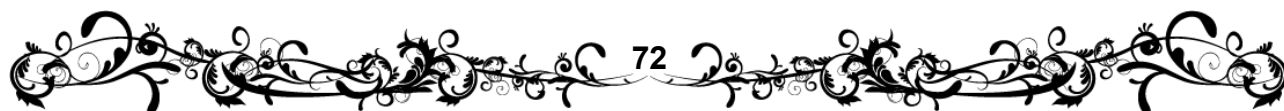
Chorus

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city
Well then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus

From there I got away, me spirits never falling
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling
When off Holyhead wished meself was dead
Or better far instead
On the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus



The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusing
"Hurrah me soul!" says I, me shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in
With a loud "Hurray!" joined in the affray
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

*One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!
Whack fol lol le rah!
Whack fol lol le rah!*



Rose Tattoo

Lyrics Dropkick Murphys
Music Dropkick Murphys

2012
USA

The pictures tell the story, this life has many shades
I'd wake up every morning and before I'd start each day
I'd take a drag from last night's cigarette that smoldered in its tray
Down a little something and then be on my way

I traveled far and wide and laid this head in many ports
I was guided by a compass, I saw beauty to the north
I drew the tales of many lives and wore the faces of my own
I had these memories all around me so I wouldn't be alone

Chorus

*Some may be from showing up, others are from growing up
Sometimes I was so messed up and didn't have a clue
I ain't winning no one over, I wear it just for you
I've got your name written here in a rose tattoo*

*In a rose tattoo, in a rose tattoo
I've got your name written here
In a rose tattoo*

This one's for the mighty sea, mischief, gold and piracy
This one's for the man that raised me, taught me sacrifice and bravery
This one's for our favorite game, black and gold, we wave the flag
This one's for my family name, with pride I wear it to the grave

Chorus (2x In a rose tattoo ...)

This one means the most to me, it stays here for eternity
A ship that always stays the course, an anchor for my every choice
A rose that shines down from above, I signed and sealed these words in blood
I heard them once, sung in a song, It played again and we sang along

You'll always be there with me, even if you're gone
You'll always have my love, our memory will live on

Chorus

In a rose tattoo, in a rose tattoo
With pride I'll wear it to the grave for you
In a rose tattoo, in a rose tattoo
I've got your name written here
In a rose tattoo

In a rose tattoo, in a rose tattoo
Signed and sealed in blood «I would die for you»



Scotland The Brave

Lyrics Cliff Hanley
Music Traditional

1950
SCO

Far off in sunlit places
Sad are the Scottish faces
Yearning to feel the kiss
Of sweet Scottish rain
Where tropic skies are beaming
Love sets the heart a-dreaming
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again

Hark when the night is falling
Hear! Hear the pipes are calling
Loudly and proudly calling
Down thro' the glen
There where the hills are sleeping
Now feel the blood a-leaping
High as the spirits of the old Highland men

Chorus

*Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards gloriously wave
Land of my high endeavour
Land of the shining river
Land of my heart for ever
Scotland the brave*

High in the misty Highlands
Out by the purple islands
Brave are the hearts that beat
Beneath Scottish skies
Wild are the winds to meet you
Staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes

Chorus



Scots Wha Hae

Lyrics Robert Burns
Music Robert Burns

1793
SCO

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led
Welcome tae your gory bed
Or tae victorie

Now's the day, and now's the hour
See the front o' battle lour
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and slaverie

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee

Wha, for Scotland's king and law?
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa'
Let him follow me

By Oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free

Lay the proud usurpers low
Tyrants fall in every foe
Liberty's in every blow
Let us do or dee

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led
Welcome tae your gory bed
Or tae victorie



Seven Drunken Nights

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

As I went home on **Monday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be?

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before*

And as I went home on **Tuesday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before*

And as I went home on **Wednesday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before*

And as I went home on **Thursday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before*



And as I went home on **Friday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before*

And as I went home on **Saturday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before*

As I went home on **Sunday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a thing in her thing where my old thing should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that thing in your thing where my old thing should be

*Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But hair on a tin whistle sure I never saw before*



Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir

Lyrics Clannad
Music Clannad

1973
IRL

D'éirigh mé ar maidin a tharrait
Chun aonaigh mhóir
A dhíol is a cheannacht
Mar a dhéanadh mo dhaoine romham
Bhuail tart ar an bhealach mé
Is shuigh mise síos a dh'ól
Is le Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir
Gur ól mise luach na mbróg

A Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir
An miste leat mé bheith tinn?
Mo bhrón is mo mhilleadh
Más miste liom tú bheith i gcill
Bróinte 'gus muilte bheith
'Scileadh ar chúil do chinn
Ach cead a bheith in Iorras
Go dtara síol Éacha chun cinn

A Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir
Is tú bun agus barr mo scéil
Ar mhná na cruinne
Go dtug sise an báire léi
Le gile le finne le maise
Is le dhá dtrian scéimh
Is nach mise an trua Mhuire
Bheith ag scaradh amárach léi



Skye Boat Song

Lyrics Harold Boulton
Music Traditional

1870
SCO

Chorus

*Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye*

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar
Thunderclaps rend the air
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare

Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore did wield
When the night came, silently lain
Dead on Culloden field

Chorus

Though the waves heave, soft will ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head

Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again

Chorus



Sonny's Dream

Lyrics Ron Hynes
Music Ron Hynes

1976
CAN

Sonny lives on a farm, in a wide open space
Take off your shoes, stay out of the race
Lay down your head, on a soft river bed
Sonny always remembers the words Mamma says

Chorus

*Sonny don't go away, I'm here all alone
Your Daddy's a sailor, never comes home,
Nights are so long, silence goes on,
I'm feeling so tired and not all that strong.*

Sonny works on the land, though he's barely a man
There's not much to do but he does what he can
Sits by his window in his room by the stairs
Watching the waves drifting soft on the pier

Chorus

Many years have rolled on, Sonny's old and alone
His Daddy the sailor, never came home
Sometimes he wonders what his life might have been
But from the grave Mamma still haunts his dreams

Chorus



The Spanish Lady

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

As I came down through Dublin city at the hour of twelve at night
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her feet by candlelight
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 laddy
Whack for the 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 daylight
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 went 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 knee
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 Glouster Diamond and back by Napper Tandy's house.
Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady

Chorus



Star Of The County Down

Lyrics Cathal MacGarvey
Music Traditional

18??
IRL

Near 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.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
Such a winsome elf, I'm ashamed of myself
For to see I staring there.

Chorus

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry's Quay
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feelin' rare
And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?
Well he looked at me and he said to me
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the County Down".

Chorus

She had soft brown eyes with a look so shy
And a smile like the rose in June.
And she sang so sweet what a lovely treat
As she lilted an Irish tune.
At the Lammas dance i was in the trance
As she whirled with the lads of the town.
And it broke my heart just to be apart
From the star of the County Down.

Chorus

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough was rust coloured brown.
And a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.

Chorus 2x.



Take Me Home To Mayo

Lyrics Seamus Robinson
Music Seamus Robinson

1974
IRL

Chorus

*Take me home to Mayo across the Irish Sea
Home again to Mayo where once I roamed so free
Take me home to Mayo and let my body lie
Home at last in Mayo beneath an Irish sky*

My name is Michael Gaughan, from Ballina I came
I saw my people suffering and swore to break their chain
I raised the flag in England, prepared to fight or die
Far away from Mayo beneath an Irish sky

Chorus

My body cold and hungry, in Parkhurst Gaol I lie
For loving of my country, on hunger strike I die
I have but one last longing, I'm sure you'll not deny
Bury me in Mayo beneath an Irish sky

Chorus



The Town I Loved So Well

Lyrics Phil Coulter
Music Phil Coulter

1973
IRL

In my memory I will always see
The town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
And we laughed through the smoke and smell.
Going home in the rain running up the dark lane
Past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many many ways
In the town I loved so well

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

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

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

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

For what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
In the town I loved so well.



What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

ENG

What shall we do with the drunken sailor (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Hoo-ray, and up she rises
Hoo-ray, and up she rises
Hoo-ray, and up she rises
Early in the morning

Take him and shake him and try to awake him (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Give him a dose of salt and water (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Put him in the long boat until he's sober (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Pull out the plug and wet him all over (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

Haeve him by the leg in a running bowline (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus

That's what to do with a drunken sailor (3x)
Early in the morning

Chorus



Whisky In The Jar

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus

*Musha ring dumma do damma da whack for the daddy 'ol
Whack for the daddy 'ol there's whisky in the jar*

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

Chorus

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny

Chorus

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Chorus



The Whoreson Prison Blues

Lyrics Joseph Trapanese
Music Joey Batey

2021
USA

It's been a long time travellin'
On roads that lead to nowhere
With hopes and dreams that always rot

Sometimes it takes a prison cell
The tricks and tales, the traitors' tell
To help you see that freedom is all you've got

If I had to do it over, I'd do it all again
The wind don't cower to powerful men

Chorus

*So lock me up, and sock me up
And throw away the key
Go fuck yourself, you whoreson
'Cause you're through fuckin' with me*

You learn the more you live
They say, "Don't settle for your lot"
Opinions are like arseholes, which everybody's got

Chorus 2x



Wild Mountain Thyme

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

SCO

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
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 cool crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers o' the mountain
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy
And return wi' their spoils
Tae the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus

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

Chorus



The Wild Rover

Lyrics Traditional
Music Traditional

IRL

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

Chorus

*And it's no, nay, never, no nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover no never no more*

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

Chorus

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's legs opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And she took off her bra and she showed me her chest"

Chorus

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

Chorus



Ye Jacobites By Name

Lyrics Robert Burns
Music Traditional

1791
SCO

Chorus 2x

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name
Your fautes I will proclaim
Your doctrines I might blame, you shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I might blame, you shall hear

What is right, and What is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, or a lang
A weak arm or a strang, for to draw, for to draw
A weak arm or a strang, for to draw

Chorus

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife
Or haunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war, wi' bluidy war
Or haunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war

Chorus

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone in the state.
So let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone, to his fate, to his fate.
And leave a man undone, to his fate

Chorus 2x

