

# The Songbook



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## Songs

A Man's A Man For A' That.....	5
A Nation Once Again .....	6
A Pub With No Beer.....	7
Auld Lang Syne .....	8
Back Home In Derry.....	9
Black Is The Colour .....	10
Black Velvet Band.....	11
The Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie.....	13
Bonny Portmore.....	14
Boys Of The Old Brigade .....	15
The Braes O' Killiecrankie.....	16
The Bricklayer's Song .....	17
Broken Wings .....	18
Caledonia.....	19
Caledonian Lions Song.....	20
Come Out Ye Black And Tans .....	21
Culloden's Harvest.....	22
Dirty Old Town .....	23
Donald, Where's Your Trousers?.....	24
Down By The Sally Gardens.....	25
The Drunken Scotsman .....	26
Dumbarton's Drums .....	27
Farewell To Tarwathie .....	28
Feel So Near.....	29
The Fields Of Athenry .....	30
Flower Of Scotland .....	31
The Foggy Dew .....	32
The Galway Girl .....	33
God Save Ireland.....	34
Grace .....	35
Herr Mannelig .....	36
Highland Paddy .....	37
I Want Sex .....	38
I Will Go .....	39
I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me .....	40
I'll Tell Me Ma.....	41



I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles) .....	42
The Irish Rover .....	43
Johnnie Cope.....	44
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya.....	45
Loch Lomond .....	47
Lord Of The Dance .....	48
The Massacre Of Glencoe .....	49
The Molly Maguires .....	50
Molly Malone.....	51
Mull Of Kintyre .....	52
Óró, Sé Do Bheatha 'Bhaile .....	53
Piping Tim Of Galway .....	54
Portree Kid.....	55
The Rare Old Mountain Dew .....	57
Ride On.....	58
Scotland The Brave .....	59
Scots Wha Hae.....	60
Seven Drunken Nights .....	61
Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir.....	63
Skye Boat Song .....	64
Sonny's Dream .....	65
The Spanish Lady.....	66
Take Me Home To Mayo .....	67
The Town I Loved So Well.....	68
What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor .....	69
Whisky In The Jar .....	70
Wild Mountain Thyme .....	71
The Wild Rover .....	72



## 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

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

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

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

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!

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!

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

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"

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?

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?

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!

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 Schlachtegebrüll  
der taugen muss!

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

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!



## 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



## **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**



## A Pub With No Beer

Lyrics	G. Parsons/D. Sheahan	1954
Music	Stephen Foster	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



## Auld Lang Syne

Lyrics Trad./Robert Burns  
Music Trad.

1788  
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 about 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 Trad.  
Music Trad./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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**



## **Boys Of The Old Brigade**

Lyrics Paddy McGuigan  
Music Paddy McGuigan

1972  
NIR

"Oh father, why are you so sad,  
on this bright Easter morn?  
When Irishmen are proud and glad  
Of the land where they were born."  
"Oh, son, I see sad memories 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 chroí 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 Trad./Robert Burns  
Music Trad.

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**



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 or 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, you have 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 2 x**



## 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 waked 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 Trousers?"

### **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	Trad.	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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

SCO

My love he is a handsome laddie  
And trought 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 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**



## 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 Trad.

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 Easter tide 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 -I-ay-I-ay-ay  
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk  
Of a fine soft day -I-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 -I-ay-I-ay-ay  
And she asked me up to her flat downtown  
On a fine soft day -I-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



## **God Save Ireland**

Lyrics Timothy Daniel Sullivan  
Music 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**



## Herr Mannelig

Lyrics Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**

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

FRA

Sweet is the feeling when love is in the air  
Cime of a white camp by my side  
That's what you've red in your magasins  
But all what you have to fear is when I say to you

### **Chorus**

I want sex behind the gas tank  
I want sex behind the gas tank  
I want sex behind the gas tank  
I want fuck you behind the gas tank

Sweet is the feeling when love is in the air  
Now I want to pray all for you  
Sweet in the life and in your head  
But reality is when I say to you

### **Chorus**



## I Will Go

Lyrics Trad.  
Music Trad./ 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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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  
Rrings 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 havering 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 Trad.

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 Trad. 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**



## Loch Lomond

Lyrics Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**



## 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 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**



## Óró, Sé Do Bheatha 'Bhaile

Lyrics Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**



## 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**



## Ride On

Lyrics	James MacCarthy	1991
Music	James MacCarthy	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)**



## Scotland The Brave

Lyrics Cliff Hanley  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 tharraint  
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 chúl 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 Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**



## Take Me Home To Mayo

Lyrics	Seamus Robinson	1974
Music	Seamus Robinson	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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**



## Wild Mountain Thyme

Lyrics Trad.  
Music Trad.

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 Trad.  
Music Trad.

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**

