

# Will ye go, Lassie go

Oh the Summer time is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go lassie go.....  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
From around the blooming heather  
Will ye go lassie go

I will build my love a bower  
Near yon pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will ye go lassie go.....  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
From around the blooming heather  
Will ye go lassie go

If my true love she were gone  
I will surely find no other  
Where wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go lassie go.....  
And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
From around the blooming heather  
Will ye go lassie go



Musical  
Route  
through  
Ireland

Belleek Collectors  
Celebrating 150 Years  
Belleek Ireland  
International Society





# When Irish eyes are Smiling

There's a tear in your eye, And I'm wondering why,  
For it never should be there at all.  
With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd beguile,  
So there's never a teardrop should fall.  
When your sweet lilting laughter's  
Like some fairy song,  
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be;  
You should laugh all the while  
And all other times smile,  
And now, smile a smile for me.

When Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring.  
In the lilt of Irish laughter  
You can hear the angels sing.  
When Irish hearts are happy,  
All the world seems bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, they steal your heart away.

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,  
And it makes even sunshine more bright.  
Like the linnet's sweet song,  
Crooning all the day long,  
Comes your laughter and light.  
For the springtime of life  
Is the sweetest of all  
There is ne'er a real care or regret;  
And while springtime is ours  
Throughout all of youth's hours,  
Let us smile each chance we get.



# Anna From Fermanagh

He lived all alone up in County Tyrone with forty acres  
and cattle  
As he struggled through life with no child or no wife  
Life sure was no hell of a battle  
So he thought he would go to ould matchmaker Joe  
and ask about Mary McKenna  
When he heard she'd got wed the ould matchmaker said  
Sure there's lots of fine girls in Fermanagh

Owney loves Anna from the County Fermanagh  
Ah sure Anna loves Oweney as well  
As they drove up and down doing laps round the town  
They were madly in love you could tell  
On the day they sure the preacher he said  
Do you take her to love and to honour  
I'd swim every lake he said for her sake  
For there's lots of fine lakes in Fermanagh

First there was Sue she came from Belcoo  
He thought it was Sue he would marry  
But her father red Dan disapproved of the plan  
So Owen left Belcoo in a hurry  
There was Maggie Magee she came from Belleek  
He thought he would wine her and dine her  
But at the disco one night he got such a fright  
For her teeth shone like fine Belleek china

Twas then he met Ann in her little white van  
As she drove through the streets all alone  
It was in Enniskillen she said she was willing  
To marry this man from Tyrone  
Now they both have a son and his name is John  
The girls are called Maeve and Alana  
And old Joe was right when he told him that night  
That he'd meet his sweetheart in Fermanagh



# Back Home in Derry

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 we carried.

In the rusty iron chains we sighed for our wains

As our good wives we left in sorrow.  
As the mainsails unfurled our curses we hurled  
On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

chorus:

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

I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the swell.  
Our ship danced like a moth in the firelights.  
White horses rode high as the devil passed by  
Taking souls to Hades by twilight.

Five weeks out to sea we were now forty-three  
Our comrades we buried each morning.  
In our own slime we were lost in a time.  
Endless night without dawning.

chorus

Van Dieman's land is a hell for a man  
To live out his life in slavery.  
When the climate is raw and the gun makes the law.  
Neither wind nor rain cares for bravery.

Twenty years have gone by and I've ended me bond  
And comrades' ghosts are behind me.  
A rebel I came and I'll die the same.  
On the cold winds of night you will find me  
me.

chorus

# The Wild Rover



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 "nay  
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

chorus

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

chorus

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

chorus

# The wild Colonial Boy

There was a Wild Colonial Boy,  
Jack Doolan was his name,  
Of poor but honest parents  
He was born in Castlemaine.  
He was his father's only hope,  
His mother's pride and joy  
And dearly did his parents love  
The wild colonial boy.

Chorus: So come away me hearties  
We'll roam the mountains high,  
Together we will plunder  
And together we will die.  
We'll scour along the valleys  
And we'll gallop o'er the plains,  
And scorn to live in slavery,  
Bound down by iron chains.

At the age of sixteen years  
He started out to roam,  
Stowed away and reached Australia  
Which he chose to make his home.  
They put him in an iron gang  
In the government employ,  
But never an iron on earth could hold  
The wild colonial boy.

Chorus:  
Forsaking means of honest toil  
To earn his daily bread  
There on Australia's sunny shores,  
A bushranger life he led.  
To help the poor, he robbed the rich,  
A pistol was his toy,  
With which he slew a man or two,  
The wild colonial boy.

Chorus:  
In sixty-one this daring youth  
Commenced his wild career,  
With a heart that knew no danger  
And no foeman did he fear.  
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach  
And robbed Judge MacEvoy  
Who, trembling cold, gave up his gold  
To the wild colonial boy.

Chorus:

He bade the judge good morning  
And he told him to beware,  
That he'd never rob a needy man  
Or one who acted square,  
But a judge who'd rob a mother  
Of her one and only joy  
Sure, he must be a worse outlaw than  
The wild colonial Boy.

Chorus:  
One day as Jack was riding  
The mountain side along,  
A-listening to the little birds,  
Their happy laughing song.  
Three mounted troopers came along,  
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy  
With a warrant for the capture of  
The wild colonial Boy.

Chorus:  
"Surrender now! Jack Doolan,  
For you see it's three to one;  
Surrender in the Queen's own name,  
For the plund'ring deeds you've done!"  
Jack drew a pistol from his side  
And waved it like toy,  
"I'll fight, but not surrender, cried  
The Wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus:  
He quickly turned to Davis,  
And shot him through the thigh,  
Then he took aim for Kelly's brain,  
But missed the lucky guy.  
The shot returned by Davis did  
Not bring Jack any joy.  
All shattered through the jaw he lay  
The Wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus:  
He fired at trooper Kelly  
And brought him to the ground,  
And in return from Davis  
Received a mortal wound,  
His proud young heart was torn apart  
Still firing at Fitzroy.  
And that's the way they captured him,  
The Wild Colonial Boy.

Chorus:

# Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast Apprenticed in trade  
I was bound  
And many an hour of sweet happiness  
Till bad misfortuned befell me and caused me to stray  
from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations to follow the black  
velvet band

Her eyes they shone like a diamond you'd think she was  
queen of the land and her hair hung over her shoulder tied  
up in a black velvet band

Well, I was out strolling one evening not meaning to go  
very far when I was met with a pretty young damsel, she  
was selling her trade in a bar when I watched, she took  
from a customer and slipped it right into my hand  
Then the watch came and put me in prison Bad luck to  
the black velvet band

Next morning before judge and jury for our trial I had to  
appear The judge, he said, "Young fellow the case against  
you is quite clear and seven years is your sentence You're  
going to Van Dieman's land Far away from your friends  
and relations to follow the black velvet band."

So come all you jolly young fellows I'd have you take  
warning by me and whenever you're out on the liquor  
beware of the pretty colleen they'll fill you with whiskey  
and porter until you're not able to stand and the very next  
thing that you know you're landed in Van Dieman's land



# Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying  
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

# The town I loved loved so well

In my memory I will always see  
The town that I have loved so well.  
Where our schools played ball by the gas yard wall and we  
laughed through the smoke and the 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 mother's role,  
fed the children and they trained the dogs  
and when times got tough there was just 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 in the Derry Air  
like a language that we could all understand  
I remember the day when I earned my first pay  
And I played in a small pick-up band  
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
For I learned about life, it all behind me 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 its knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars  
and the gas that hangs on to every tree  
Now the army's installed by that old gas yard 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 will not forget but 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 gone forever I can only pray  
for a bright, brand new day in the town I loved so well.



# The star of the County Down

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

CHORUS: Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,  
And from Galway to Dublin Town,  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
That I met in the County Down.

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

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

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

# Dirty Old Town



I met my love by the gas works croft  
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 a 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  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty Old Town  
Dirty Old Town

I'm going to make a good 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 croft  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
I kissed my girl by the factory wall  
Dirty Old Town  
Dirty Old Town

## Dublin in the Rare Ould Times

Ring a ring a Rosie as the lights declines,  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown,  
The passing tales and 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie as the lights declines,  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times.

My name is Sean Dempsey as Dublin as could be  
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house that ceased to be  
My trade I was a cooper, lost out to a 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 skin as black as coal,  
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul.

Ring a ring a Rosie as the lights declines,  
I remember Dublin city in the rare ould times.

The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims me 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie as the lights declines,  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times.

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay,  
And watch the new glass cages, that spring up along the 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.

Ring a ring a Rosie as the lights declines,  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould times

## The spinning Wheel

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

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly, whirring,  
Spins the wheel, rings the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

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

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

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

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

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

Slower... and slower... and slower the wheel swings  
Lower... and lower... and lower the reel rings  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving



# The Sally Gardens

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.

# Fields of Athenry


By the lonely prison wall,  
I heard a young girl calling.  
Michael, they are taking you away,  
for you stole Trevelyn's corn,  
So the young might see the morn  
Now a prisonship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus: Low lie, the Fields of Athenry,  
where once we watched the small free birds fly.  
Our love was on the wing,  
we had dreams and songs to sing.  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall  
I heard a young man calling.  
Nothing matters Mary when you're free,  
Against the Famine and the Crown  
I rebelled, they ran me down.  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus:

By a lonely harbour wall  
She watched the last star falling.  
And that prison ship sailed out against the sky.  
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray,  
for her love in Botany Bay.  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry





## Forty Shades of Green

I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea  
From the fishing boats at Dingle to the shores of Donaghadea  
I miss the River Shannon, the folks at Skibbereen.  
The moorlands and the meadows and the forty shades of green.

But most of all I miss a girl in Tipperary town.  
And most of all I miss her lips as soft as eiderdown.  
Again I want to see and do the things we've done and seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalamar  
And there's forty shades of green.

I wish I could spend an hour at Dublin churning stuff  
I'd love to watch the farmer drain the bog and spade the turf  
To see again the thatching of straw the women clean  
I'd walk from Cork to Laren to see the forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl in Tipperary town  
and most of all I miss her lips as soft as eiderdown  
Again I want to see and do the things we've done and seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalamar  
And there's forty shades of green

## The Rose of Tralee



The pale moon was rising above the green mountain  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea  
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain  
That stands in beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth in her eye ever beaming  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading  
And Mary all smiling was listening to me  
The moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding  
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me  
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth in her eye ever beaming  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee



# The Irish Rover

Traditional

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six  
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 winds drove her.  
She’d got several blasts, she’d twenty-seven masts  
And we called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stones  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,  
We had four million barrels of bones.  
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs,  
Seven million barrels of porter.  
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats’ tails,  
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for his set  
He was tootin’ with skill for each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther’d and bet  
With his sparse 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  
And he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O’Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Tracey 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 it’s way in a fog.  
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two,  
Just meself 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 dog was drowned  
I’m the last of the Irish Rover

# From Clare to here

The songs of Ralph CDc Tell

There’s four who share this room as we work hard  
for the craic  
And sleeping late on Sundays I never get to Mass

It’s a long way from Clare to here  
It’s a long way from Clare to here  
It’s a long, long way, it grows further by the day  
It’s a long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around Terry’s only into fighting  
My ma would like a letter home but I’m too tired for writing

Chorus

It almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine  
I told her I’d be coming home with my pockets full of green

Chorus


And the only time I feel alright is when I’m into drinking  
It sort of eases the pain of it and levels out my thinking

Chorus

I sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it’s a notion  
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus

It’s a long, long way from Clare to here





# I'll Tell me Ma

I'll tell me Ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
But that's alright til I go home.

Chorus:

She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast City  
She is courtin' one, two, three.  
Please won't ya tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
All the boys are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door and ring at the Bell  
Saying "Oh, my true love, are you well?"  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
Oul Jenny Murray 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 tumblin' from the sky  
She's as nice as apple pie  
And she'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own,  
She won't tell her Ma when she goes home  
Let them all come as they will  
For its Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus...

# The homes of Donegal

(Sean McBride / arranged Paul Brady)


I've just dropped in to see you all  
I'll only stay a while  
I want to hear how you're getting on  
I want to hear you smile  
I'm happy to be back again  
And greet you big and small  
For there's no place on earth just like  
The homes of Donegal

I long to see your smiling children  
Standing by the door  
The kettle boiling on the hearth  
As I walk up the floor  
And then to see a welcome free  
For travellers one and all  
For your hearts are like your mountains  
In the homes of Donegal

I'd like to stay along with you  
And while away the night  
With fairy lore and tales of yore  
Beside the turf fire bright  
And then to see laid out for me  
A shake-down by the wall  
For there's rest for weary wanderers  
In the homes of Donegal

The time has come for me to go  
And bid you all adieu  
For the open highway calls me back  
To do these things I do  
But when I'm travelling far away  
Your friendship I'll recall  
And please God I'll soon return unto  
The homes of Donegal

Donegal, Pride of all  
Donegal, Pride of all





# The hills of Connemara

Chorus

Gather up the pots and the old tin cans  
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran.  
Run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.  
Keep your eyes well peeled today  
The excise men are on their way  
Searching for the mountain tay  
In the hills of Connemara.

Swinging to the left, swinging to the right  
The excise men will dance all night  
Drinkin' up the tay till the broad daylight  
In the hills of Connemara.

Chorus

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for John  
And a bottle for poor old Father Tom  
Just to help the poor old dear along  
In the hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, for it's too late  
The excise men are at the gate.  
Glory be to Paddy, but they're drinkin' it straight  
In the hills of Connemara.

Chorus (Twice)

# If we only had old Ireland over here


I was dreamin' of old Ireland and Killarneys  
lakes and dells  
I was dreamin' of the shamrock, and the dear  
old Shandon Bells  
When my reverie suggested in a vision bright and clear  
All the strange things that would happen  
If we had old Ireland here

If the Blarney stone stood out on Sydney Harbour  
And Dublin Town in Melbourne came to stay  
If the Shannon River joined the Brisbane Waters  
And Killarneys lakes flowed into Botany Bay  
If the Shandons Bells rang out in Old Fremantle  
And County Cork in Adelaide did appear  
Erin's sons would never roam, all the boys would  
stay at home  
If we only had old Ireland over here

(Break)

There were lots of lovely fairies dancing on  
the village green  
There were lots of lovely coleens, the finest ever seen  
And the boys were all called Paddy  
And the girls called Molly Dear  
Sure we'd wrap the green flag round them  
If we had old Ireland here

If the Blarney Stone stood out on Sydney Harbour  
And Dublin Town in Melbourne came to stay  
If the Shannon River joined the Brisbane Waters  
And Killarneys lakes flowed into Botany Bay  
If the Shandons Bells rang out in Old Fremantle  
And County Cork in Adelaide did appear  
Erin's sons would never roam, all the boys would  
stay at home  
If we only had old Ireland over here  
If we only had old Ireland over here





## If your Irish come into the parlour

If You're Irish Come Into the Parlour

In sweet Lim'rick Town, they say,  
Lived a chap named Patrick John Molloy.

Once he sailed to U.S.A.

His luck in foreign parts he thought he'd try.  
Now he's made his name, and is a wealthy man,

He put a bit away for a rainy day;

So if you gaze upon

The house of Patrick John,

You'll find a notice that goes on to say:

Chorus:

If you're Irish come into the parlour,

There's a welcome there for you;

If your name is Timothy or Pat,

So long as you come from Ireland,

There's a welcome on the mat,

If You come from the Mountains of Mourne,

Or Killarney's lakes so blue,

We'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss,

Whoever you are you are one of us,

If you're Irish, this is the place for you!

Patrick loved the girl he wed,

But he could not stand his Ma-n-aw,

Once with joy he turned quite red,

When she got into trouble thro' her jaw.

Six police they had to take her to the Court,  
She was informed a month she would have to do,

So Patrick quickly wrote

Up to the Judge a note

Explaining, "Sir, I'm much obliged to you!"

## The Galway Shawl



At Oranmore in the County Galway,  
One pleasant evening in the month of May  
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome  
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

Chorus: - She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds, No paint  
or powder, no, none at all.

But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it and round her  
shoulder was a Galway Shawl

We kept on walking, she kept on talking 'til her fathers cottage  
came in view.

Says she "Come in, sir, and meet my father and play to please  
him 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the fire I could see her father, he was  
six feet tall.

And soon her mother had the kettle singing,  
All I could think of was the Galway shawl

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley", "Rodney's  
Glory" and "The Foggy Dew",

She sang each note like an Irish Linnet.

Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue.

'Twas early, early all in the morning, when I hit the road for old  
Donegal. She said 'Goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me and  
my heart remained with that Galway shawl.



# The dear little Shamrock

(Andrew Cherry)

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,  
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;  
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It shines thro' the bog thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,  
And he call'd it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

Chorus: The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little  
Shamrock, The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,  
In each climate they ever appear in:  
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the  
mireland,  
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,  
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.  
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,  
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.

# It's a long, long way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay;  
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:


Chorus:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye, Piccadilly!  
Farewell, Leicester Square!  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there!"

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,  
Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
Write and let me know!  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he  
"Remember it's the pen that's bad,  
Don't lay the blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O,  
Saying, "Mike Mahoney wants to marry me, and so  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame  
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same!"

Chorus.



# Kathleen

I'll take you home again, Kathleen  
Across the ocean wild and wide  
To where your heart has ever been  
Since you were first my bonnie bride.  
The roses all have left your cheek,  
I've watched them fade away and die,  
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak  
And tears bedim your loving eyes.  
Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen  
To where your heart will feel no pain  
And when the fields are fresh and green  
I'll take you to your home again!

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear  
Your heart was ever fond and true.  
I always feel when you are near  
That life holds nothing, dear, but you.  
The smiles that once you gave to me  
I scarcely ever see them now  
Though many, many times I see  
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

To that dear home beyond the sea  
My Kathleen shall again return.  
And when thy old friends welcome thee  
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.  
Where laughs the little silver stream  
Beside your mother's humble cot  
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam  
There all your grief will be forgot.

# The Boys of County Armagh

There's one fair county in Ireland  
With memories so glorious and grand  
Where nature has lavished its bounty  
On the orchard of Erin's green land  
I love its cathedral city  
Once founded by Patrick so true  
And there in the heart of its bosom  
Lie the ashes of Brian Boru

It's my old Irish home  
Far across the foam  
Although I've often left it  
In foreign lands to roam  
No matter where I wander  
Through cities near and far  
My hearts at home in old Ireland  
In the county of Armagh

I've travelled through parts of this county  
Through Newtown, Forkhill, Crossmaglen  
And round by the gap of Mountnorris  
And home by Blackwater again  
Where the girls are so gay and so hearty  
None fairer in Erin go Bragh  
And where are the boys that can court them  
The boys of the county Armagh

It's my old Irish home  
Far across the foam  
Although I've often left it  
In foreign lands to roam  
No matter where I wander  
Through cities near and far  
My hearts at home in old Ireland  
In the county of Armagh

# Song for Ireland

By Phil and June Colclough

Walking all the day Near tall towers  
where falcons build their nests silver-winged they fly  
They know the call of freedom in their breasts  
Saw Black head against the sky  
Where twisted rocks they run to the sea

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
And sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day  
In the old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
Saw one touch the bow  
He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay

Stood on Dingle Beach and cast  
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
And sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day  
With true friends who try to make you stay  
Telling jokes and news  
Singing songs to while the time away  
Watched the Galway salmon run  
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
And sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night  
I saw a land where no one had to fight  
Walking in your dream  
I saw you crying in the morning light  
Sleeping where the falcons fly  
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
And sang a song for Ireland

# Mary from Dunloe

Oh, then fare ye well sweet Donegal,  
The Rosses and Gweedore  
I'm crossing the main ocean  
where the foaming billows roar.  
It breaks my heart from you to part  
when I spent many happy days,  
farewell to kind relations I'm bound for Amerikay

Oh, my love is tall and handsome  
and her age is scarce eighteen,  
she far exceeds all other fair maids  
when she trips o'er the green.  
Her lovely neck and shoulder are fairer than the snow,  
Till the day I die I'll ne'er deny  
My Mary from Dunloe

If I was at home in sweet Dunloe  
a letter I would write,  
kind thoughts would fill my bosom.  
For Mary, my delights in her father's  
garden the fairest violets grow,  
And 'twas there I came to court the maid,  
My Mary from Dunloe

Ah, then Mary you're my heart's delight  
my pride and only care,  
it was your cruel father would not let me stay there.  
But absence makes the heart grow fonder  
and when I'm o'er the main,  
May the lord protect my darling girl,  
Till I return again.

And I wished I was in sweet Dunloe  
and seated on the grass  
and by my side a bottle of wine and on my knee a lass.  
I'd call for liquor of the best and  
I'd pay before I would go,  
and I'd roll my Mary in my arms in the town of  
sweet Dunloe.



# Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city,  
Where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she pushed her wheelbarrow  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

Alive, alive oh! alive, alive oh!  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"  
Now she was a fishmonger,  
And sure twas no wonder,  
For so were her mother and father before,  
And they each wheeled their barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

She died of a fever,  
And no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

Chorus:

# Noreen Bawn



There's a spot in old Tirconnell  
With a wee house in the glen  
Where dwelt an Irish colleen  
Who'd woo the hearts of men

She was winsome, fair and hearty  
Shined graceful as a fawn  
It was love that widow's daughter  
Happy laughing Noreen Bawn

One day there came a letter  
With a passage paid to go  
To lands where the Missouri  
And the Mississippi flow

So she bade farewell to Erin  
And next morning at the dawn  
Said a brokenhearted mother  
Bid farewell to Noreen Bawn

Many years that mother waited  
Till a morning at the door  
Sat a gorgeous looking lady  
All grand the clothes she wore

Said, Mother don't you worry  
Said, I've only got a cold  
But the purple spots upon her cheek  
The tragic story told

There's a graveyard in Tirconnell  
Where the blossoms sadly sway  
Her brokenhearted mother  
Living o'er a lonely grave

Saying, Noreen you were calling  
Many years since you have gone  
Was the curse of emigration  
Laid you low my Noreen Bawn

*NOREEN BAWN  
(Traditional Irish)*

*Daniel O'Donnell - 1987*

*Also recorded by: Dick Delaney; Glen Curtin.*