

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 *Charlie on the M.T.A.*

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named
Charley on a tragic and fateful day
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and
family, went to ride on the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and
his fate is still unknown
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.
He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square
Station and he changed for Jamaica Plain
When he got there the conductor told him, "One
more nickel." Charlie couldn't get off of that
train

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and
his fate is still unknown
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.
He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned

Now, all night long Charlie rides through the
station, crying, "What will become of me?!"
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or my
cousin in Rocksbury?"

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and
his fate is still unknown
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.
He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned

Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square
Station every day at quarter past two
And through the open window she hands Charlie a
sandwich as the train comes rumblin' through

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and
his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.
He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a
scandal how the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase! Vote for George O'Brien!
Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and
his fate is still unknown
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.
He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.
He's the man who never returned

He's the man who never returned. He's the man
who never returned
E tu, Charlie?

2 *Take 'Em Away*

(Chorus) Take 'em away, take 'em away, Lord
Take away these chains from me
My heart is broken 'cause my spirit's not free
Lord take away these chains from me
Some birds' feathers are too bright to be caged
I know I'm not that colorful but a bird just the
 same
Open up your gate now, let me put down my load
So I can feel at ease and go back to my home
(Chorus)
Sun beatin' down, my legs can't seem to stand
There's a boss man at a turnrow with a rifle in his
 hand
I've got nine children, nothin' in the pan
My wife she died hungry while I was plowin' land
(Chorus)
Can't see when I go to work, can't see when I get
 off
How do you expect a man not to get lost
Every year I just keep getting deeper in debt
If there's a happy day, Lord, I haven't seen one yet
(Chorus)
Land that I love is the land that I'm workin'
But it's hard to love it all the time when your back
 is a-hurtin'
Gettin' too old now to push this here plow
Please let me lay down so I can look at the clouds
(Chorus)
Land that I know is where two rivers collide
The Brazos the Navaho and the big blue sky
Flood plains, freight trains, watermelon vines
Of any place on God's green earth, this is where I
 choose to die

3 *Sally Gardens*

It was down by the Sally gar—dens
My love and I did meet
She crossed the Sally gar—dens
With little snow-white feet

(Chorus) She bid me to take life easy
As the leaves grow on the tree
But I was young and fool—ish
And with her did not agree

In a field down by the river
My love and I did stand
And upon my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand

She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish
And now I am full of tears

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

4 *Marie's Wedding*

(Chorus) Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm and arm and row and row
All for Marie's wedding

Over hillways, up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheilings through the town
All for the sake of marie

(Refrain)

Red her cheeks as rowan's are
Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darlin' marie

(Refrain)

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her reel
Plenty bonnie bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie
(Refrain 2x)

5 *The Irish Rover*

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six,
We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand City Hall in New York
We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged 'fore and aft
And how the trade winds drove her
She had twenty-three masts and she stood several
 blasts

And they called her the Irish -Rover

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of
 work

And a chap from Westmeath named 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 on the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrells of bone
We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails
We had four million barrells of stone
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrells of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke
 out

And our ship lost her way in a fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh, Lord what a shock
And nearly tumbled over
Turned nine times around then the poor old dog
 was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

6 *Fields of Athenry*

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl
call—ing

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 Athen—ry
Where once we watched the (*Bm) 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 Athen—ry

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
fall

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]

7 *New York Girls*

As I walked down the Broadway one evening in July
I met a maid who asked my trade – A sailor lad
says I

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense
An' I bought her two gold ear-rings, and they cost
me fifty cents

| (Chorus) And away Santy – My dear Annie
O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka
Says she – You lime-juice sailor, now see me home
you may
But when we reached her cottage door, she unto me
did say
She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut short
behind
And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails in
the Blackball Line

| (Chorus)
He's homeward bound this evening, and with me he
will stay
So get a move on sailor boy, get cracking on your
way!

| (Chorus)
I kissed her hard and proper, before her yankee
came
So fare ya well you Bowery girl, I know your little
game.

| (Chorus)
I wrapped me rags right round me and to the docks
did steer.
I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and
beer

| (Chorus)
I joined a yankee slug boat, we're set to sail next
morn,
Don't ever mess with women boys, you're safer
round cape horn!

| (Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so....

8 *Star of the County Down*

In Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July,
From a breen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For to see I was really there.

[Chorus] From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and
From Galway to Dublin Town,
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down.

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

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

[Chorus]

9 *Molly Malone*

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—lone
As she wheeled her wheel—barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
She was a fishmonger
And sure, t'was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they wheeled their barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
(Refrain)
She died of a fever
And sure, so one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
(Refrain 2x)

10 *Eileen Aroon*

I know a valley fair, Ei—leen A—roon
I know a cottage there, Ei—leen A—roon
Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid
Flow'r of the hazel glade, Ei—leen Aroon
Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon
Who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon
Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter free
Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon
Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon
What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon
Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main
Never to love again, Eileen Aroon
Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon
Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon
Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far
Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon
—Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon

11 *Rose Red Round*

Rose, Rose, Rose red,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire
At thy will.
Ding ding ding dong
Wedding bells on an April morn'
Carve your name on a moss covered stone
On a moss covered stone.
Heigh—ho, nobody home
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none.
Yet I will be merry.
Heigh—ho, Heigh—ho.
Little bird
Take thy flight,
High above the sorrows
Of this dark night.

12 *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

While in the merry month of June from me home I
started,
Left the girls of Tuam Nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
Cut a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and
goblins;
Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs
And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to
Dublin.

[Chorus] One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
all the way to Dublin, Whack fol la de rah !

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early,
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking;
Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking.
See the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a
bubblin'
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.
[Chorus]
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught
brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.
[Chorus]
From there I got away, me spirits never falling,
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had
he;
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me
bubbling;
When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead,
Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin.
[Chorus]
Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.
"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly.
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a
hobble in,
With a load "hurray !" joined in the affray.
We quitely cleared the way for the rocky road to
Dublin.

[Chorus]

13 *Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)*

The gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so sha—dy
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a la—dy

Ah dee do, ah dee do da day
Ah dee do, ah dee day dee
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a la—dy

She left her father's castle gate
She left her own fond lover, left her servants
And estate

To follow the gypsy rover

(Chorus)

Her father saddled his fastest steed
Roamed these valleys all over
Sought his daughter at break neck speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover

(Chorus)

he came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady

(Chorus)

"He is no gypsy, my father", she said
But Lord of these lands all over
And I will stay till my dying day
With the whistlin' gypsy rover

14 *Roddy McCorley*

O see the fleet-foot host of men, who speed with
 faces drawn,
From farmstead and from fishers' hut, along the
 banks of Ban;
They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late!
 Too late are
they,
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
 bridge of Toome
today.
Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling, proud and
 young.
About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden
 ringlets clung;
There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and
 bright are
they,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge
 of Toome
today.
When he last stepped up that street, his shining
 pike in hand
Behind him marched, in grim array, a stalwart
 earnest band.
To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to
 the fray,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge
 of Toome today.
There's never a one of all your dead more bravely
 fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of
 Toome today;
True to the last! True to the last, he treads the
 upwards way,
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
 bridge of Toome today.

And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
 bridge of Toome today.

15 *My Comrade*

Fighting bravely in the battle
Gallop on and on,
Riding in the ranks of horsemen
Thou wert my dearest comrade
Thou the one I loved the most, (x2)

An arrogant Cavalier
The strongest of his corps
Lunged at me in thirst of blood
But thy faithful love showed no fear
And thy heart the lance did find (x2)

I've avenged this mortal wound
That thou received in my stead
Deep and deep into the dark of night
I have wept for thee my comrade
Kneeling by thy holy grave, (x2)

In my sadness, how I wander
Without meaning I must ride
From this o so deadly ambush
I have lost my dearest comrade
I will never laugh again, (x2)

O prince pray thee, hear my ballade
Listen to my pleading call
I pray God who loves the soldier
To quickly place him, my comrade,
At the right of Christ the Lord, (x2)

16 *Blacks and Tans*

I was born in the Dublin street
Where the loyal drums do beat,
And the loving English feet walked all over us;
And every single night when me dad would come
home tight,
He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:
[Chorus] Come out you black and tans,
Come out and fight me like a man,
Show your wife how you won medals down in
Flanders;
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell away,
From the green and lovely lanes of Killeshandra.

Come tell us how you slew
Them ol' Arabs two by two,
Like the Zulus they had knives and bows and
arrows;
Of how bravely you faced one with your
sixteen-pounder gun,
And you frightened all the natives to the marrow.
(Chorus)
Come let us hear you tell
How you slammed the brave Parnell,
And taught him well and truly persecuted;
Where are the stares and jeers that you proudly let
us hear,
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.
(Chorus)
Oh! Come out you British Huns,
Come out and fight without your guns,
Show your wife how you won medals up in Derry;
You murdered sixteen men and you'll do the same
again,
So get out of here and take your bloody army.
(Chorus)
The day is coming fast
And the time is here at last,
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,
And if there be a need
Sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!"
With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.
(Chorus)

17 *Edelweiss* Richard Rogers

Edelweiss , Edelweiss Every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me.

Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
Bloom and (Am7)grow forever Edelweiss, Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

18 *The little beggarmen*

I am a little beggarman, a-begging I have been
For three score or more in this little isle of green
I'm known from the Liffey down to Segue
And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu

Of all the trades that's going, I'm sure begging is
the best

For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do
Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

I slept in the barn right down at Caurabawn
A wet night came on and I slept until the dawn
With holes in the roof and the rain coming through
And the rats and the cats, they were playing
peek-a-boo

When who did I waken but the woman of the house
With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse
She began to frighten, I said, "Boo
Ara, don't be afraid, ma'am, it's only Johnny Dhu"

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day
"Good morning, little flaxy-haired girl," I did say
"Good morning, little beggarman, and how do you
do

With your rags and your tags and your old
rig-a-doo?"

I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by
I'll buy a pair of goggles, I'll color them blue
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her, too

Over the road with me pack on me back
Over the fields with me great, heavy sack
With holes in me shoes and me toes peeping through
Singing, "Skinny-me-rink-a-doodle-o and old
Johnny Dhu"

I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night
The fire's all raked and out goes the light
So now you've heard the story of me old rig-a-doo
"It's good-bye and God be with you," says old
Johnny Dhu

19 *Red is the rose*

Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
Come over the hills to your darling You choose the
rose, love, and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love for—ever.

(Chorus) Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley Clear is the water that
flows from the Boyne But my love is fairer than any.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we
strayed

When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

| (Chorus)

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.

| (Chorus)

20 *Rising of the moon*

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you
hurry so
Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were
all a glow
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick
and soon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the
moon
(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the
moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin
is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you
and me
One more word for signal token, whistle out the
marchin' tune
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of
the moon
(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of
the moon
Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were
watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed
warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees
lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of
the moon
(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of
the moon

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

21 *Finnegan's Wake*

Tim Finnegan lived in Wattling Street
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
To rise in the world he carried a hod
See he'd sort of a tripling way
With love for a liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day
He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

[Chorus] And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to your
partner
Round the floor, your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laided him upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a gallon of porter at his head
[Chorus]
His friends assembled at his wake
And Missus Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien begged to cry
Such a nice clean corpse did you see
Aye, Tim me boy, oh why did you die?
Arrah shut your gob said Paddy McGee
[Chorus]
Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job
Biddy says she you're wrong I'm sure
Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
There the war did soon engage
Woman to woman and man to man
Shillelah-law was all the rage
An a row and a ruction soon began
[Chorus]
Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a bottle Of whiskey flew at him
It missed him falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
"Whirl your whiskey around like blazes?
Tonamondeal, do you think I'm dead!?"
[Chorus 2x]

22 *My son John (Cannonball)*

My son John was tall and slim
And he had a leg for every limb
Now he's got no legs at all
They're both shot away by a cannon ball

| (Chorus) Hoo—rum rye, fadda riddle dye
| Whack fo' the diddle To me hoo rum rye

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind
To leave your two fine legs behind
Or was it from walkin upon the sea
That took your legs from the ground to the knee

(Chorus)
Well I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
To leave my two fine legs behind
T'was a cannonball on the fifth o' May
That took my legs from the ground to the knee
(Chorus)

Each foreign war I'll now denounce
'tween this King of England and that King of France
I'd rather my legs as they used to be
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy
(Chorus)

I was tall and I was slim
And I had a leg for every limb
But now I've got no legs at all
You can't win a race with a cannon ball

23 *Leaving of Liverpool*

Fare—well to you, my own true love,
I am going far, far a—way
I am bound for Cali—forni—a,
And I know that I'll return someday

| (Chorus) So fare thee well, my own true love,
| For when I return, united we will be
| It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
| But my darling when I think of thee.

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the Captain of her,
And they say that she's a floating hell
(Chorus)

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain,
For I know that it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again
(Chorus)

24 *Annie Laurie*

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like a swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I lay me doon and dee.

25 *Four Green Fields*

What did I have',
Said the fine old woman.
What did I have',
This proud old woman did say.
'I had four green fields,
Each one was a jewel.
But strangers came
And tried to take them from me.
But my fine strong sons
They fought to save my jewels.
They fought and they died
And that was my grief', said she.
'Long time ago',
Said the fine old woman,
'Long time ago',
This proud old woman did say.
'There was war and death,
Plundering and pillage.
My children starved
By mountain, valley and stream.
And their wailing cries
They reached the very heavens.
And my four green fields
Ran red with their blood', said she.
'What have I now',
Said the fine old woman.
'What have I now',
This proud old woman did say.
'I have four green fields,
One of them's in bondage.
In strangers' hands,
That try to take it from me.
But my sons have sons
As brave as were their fathers.
And my four green fields
Will bloom once again', said she.

26 *The Foggy Dew*

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When armed line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
No pipes did hum, no battle drum
Did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out in the (A/Fm) foggy dew.
Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a 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 Brittania's huns with their great big guns
Sailed in through 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
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.
The night fell black and the rifle crack
Made Perfidious Albion reel
Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame
Shone out o'er the line of steel
By each shining blade a prayer was said
That to Ireland her sons be true
When the morning broke still the war flag shook
Out its folds in the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year.
And 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.
And back through the glen
I rode again and my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men
That I shall see no more
But to and fro in my dreams I'll go
And I'll kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled, O glorious Dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew!

27 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o

In that bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree
The tree in the bog
In the bog down in the valley-o (Chorus)
And on that tree there was a limb
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
The limb on the tree...
(Chorus)
And on that limb there was a branch
A rare branch, a rattlin' branch
The branch on the limb..
(Chorus)
And on that branch there was a twig
A rare twig, a rattlin' twig
The twig on the branch...
(Chorus)
And on that twig there was a nest
A rare nest, a rattlin' nest
The nest on the twig...
(Chorus)
And in that nest there was an egg
A rare egg, a rattlin' egg
The egg in the nest...
(Chorus)
And on that egg there was a bird
A rare bird, a rattlin' bird
The bird on the egg...
(Chorus)
And on that bird there was a feather
A rare feather, a rattlin' feather
The feather on the bird...
(Chorus)
And on that feather there was a flea
A rare flea, a rattlin' flea
The flea in the feather...
(Chorus)

28 *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus) With your drums and guns and guns and
drums, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums,
hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild

When my heart you so beguiled

Why did ye run from me and the child

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run

When you went for to carry a gun

Indeed your dancing days are done

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(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 Sulloon

So low in flesh, so high in bone

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg

Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg

Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(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.

29 *The Parting Glass*

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

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
"Good night and joy be with you all"

If I had money enough to spend
And Leisure time to stay awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town
Who surely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
My own, she has my heart enthralled
So I'll gently rise and softly call
"Goodnight and joy to be with you all."

30

*Song of the Pelagian Heresy for
the Strengthening of Men's
Backs and the very Robust
Out-thrusting of Doubtful
Doctrine and the Uncertain
Intellectual*

Pelagius lived at Kardanoel
 And taught a doctrine there
 How, whether you went to heaven or to hell
 It was your own affair.
 How whether you rose to eternal joy,
 Or sank forever to burn,
 It had nothing to do with the Church, my boy,
 But was your own concern.
 No, he didn't believe
 In Adam and Eve
 He put no faith therein!
 His doubts began
 With the Fall of Man
 And he laughed at Original Sin.
 With my row-ti-tow
 Ti-oodly-ow
 He laughed at original sin.
 Then came the bishop of old Auxerre
 Germanus was his name
 He tore great handfuls out of his hair
 And he called Pelagius shame.
 And with his stout Episcopal staff
 So thoroughly whacked and banged
 The heretics all, both short and tall —
 They rather had been hanged.
 Oh he whacked them hard, and he whacked them
 long
 Upon each and all occasions
 Till they bellowed in chorus, loud and strong
 Their orthodox persuasions.
 With my row-ti-tow
 Ti-oodly-ow
 Their orthodox persuasions.

Now the faith is old and the Devil bold
 Exceedingly bold indeed.
 And the masses of doubt that are floating about
 Would smother a mortal creed.
 But we that sit in a sturdy youth
 And still can drink strong ale
 Let us put it away to infallible truth
 That always shall prevail.
 And thank the Lord
 For the temporal sword
 And howling heretics too.
 And all good things
 Our Christendom brings
 But especially barley brew!
 With my row-ti-tow
 Ti-oodly-ow
 Especially barley brew!

31 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O 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 all right till I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is a-courting one two three
Pray, would you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh my true love, are you well
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye
(Refrain)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come toppling from the sky
She's as sweet 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 till she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still
(Refrain)

32 *Wagon Wheel*

Heading down south to the land of the pines
I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina
Staring up the road and pray to God I see headlights
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby
tonight

So rock me mamma like a wagon wheel
Rock me mamma any way you feel
Hey mamma rock me
Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain
Rock me mamma like a south bound train
Hey mamma rock me

Running from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down
Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town
But I ain't turning back to living that old life no
more

(Chorus)

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long talk
But he's a-heading west from the Cumberland gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee
I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that
she's the only one

And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free
(Chorus 2x)

33 *Dooley*

Dooley was a good old man
He lived below the mill
Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the
spout
Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched
them out

(Chorus) Dooley, slipping up the holler
Dooley, trying to make a dollar
Dooley, give me a swaller and I'll pay you back
some day

The revenuers came for him a slipping through the woods Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his
goods Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton (Chorus)
I remember very well the day old Dooley died The women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and
cried Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a
stone (Chorus)

35 *Swing low*

(Chorus) Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry he home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry he home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home
(Chorus)

Woods Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his
Coming for to carry me home
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton (Chorus)
The women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and
cried Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a
stone (Chorus)

34 *The Minstrel Boy*

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him
"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
(Should) "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder

And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

36 *Carrickfergus*

I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Only for nights in Ballygrand
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Only for nights in Ballygrand
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
And neither have I the wings to fly
I wish I had a handsome boatsman
To ferry me over my love and I

My childhood days bring back sad reflections
Of happy times there spent so long ago
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all past on now with the melting snow
So I'll spend my days in this endless roving
Soft is the grass, my bed is free
Oh to be home now in carrickfergus
On the long rode down to the salty sea

Now in Kilkenny it is reported
On marble stone there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her
But I'll sing no more now til I get a drink
Cause I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover from town to town
Ah but I'm sick now my days are numbered
Come all me young lads and lay me down.

37 *One More Dollar*

A long time ago I left my home
For a job in the fruit trees
But I missed those hills with the windy pines
For their song seemed to suit me
So I sent my wages to my home
Said we'd soon be together
For the next good crop would pay my way
And I would come home forever

| (Chorus) One more dime to show for my day
One more dollar and I'm on my way
When I reach those hills, boys
I'll never roam
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door
There's a freeze on the branches
So when the dice came out at the bar downtown
I rolled and I took my chances.

| (Chorus)

A long time ago I left my home
Just a boy passing twenty
Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer
For my luck has turned against me.

| (Chorus)

38 *The Last Rose Of Summer*

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with
 them
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and
 dead

So soon may I follow when friendships decay
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are
 flown
Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

39 *The Green Fields Of France*

Oh how do you do, young Willy Mc—Bride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave—side
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done
And I see by your gravestone you were only
 nine—teen
When you joined the great fallen in 19—16
Well I hope you died quick
And I hope you died clean
Or Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene

(Chorus) Did they beat the drums slowly
Did they play the fife lowly
Did they sound the death march as they lowered
 you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did the pipes play the flowers of the for—est

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined
And though you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane
In an old photograph torn, tattered, and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame
(Chorus)
The sun shining down on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies
 dance
The trenches have vanished long under the plow
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard that's still no mans land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation were butchered and damned
(Chorus)
And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died
Did you really believe them when they told you the
 cause
Did you really believe that this war would end wars
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing and dying it was all done in vain
Oh Willy McBride it all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again
(Chorus)

40 *The Black Velvet Band*

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

Her eyes they shown like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land (And she was!)
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
Seven long 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 (Oh yeah!)
'Till you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemens Land
(Chorus)

41 *Auld Lang Syne*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And 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!

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

(Chorus)

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

We twa hae paidl'd in 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 guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne!

42 *Haul Away Joe*

O when I was a little lad
Or so my mother told me,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
That if I did not kiss the gals
Me lips would all grow moldy.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

(Chorus) Sing it!
Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

King Louis was the king of France
Before the revolut-i-on
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
But then he got his head cut off
Which spoiled his constitut-i-on
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
(Chorus)

First I met a yankee girl,
But she was fat and lazy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
Then I met an Irish girl
She darn near drives me crazy!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
(Chorus)

Saint Patrick was a gentleman
He came from decent people,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
He built a church in Dublin Town
And on it put a steeple,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
(Chorus)
