

GUINNESS-Liga Edition



Céad Míle Fáilte im GUINNESS-Liga Pub Songbook!

Irland - das Land der grünen Hügel, mystischen Legenden und vor allem der traditionellen Pubsongs.

In den ländlichen Pubs Irlands wird nicht nur über das Wetter gesprochen, sondern vor allem gesungen – mit reichlich Pathos und mit möglichst vielen Mitsängern. Die Lieder sind wie gute Geschichten: mündlich überliefert und jede Aufführung fügt eine individuelle Note hinzu. Da es sich um traditionelle Musik handelt sind verschiedene Text-Versionen im Umlauf.

Diese Sammlung enthält ausgwählte Lyrics, wie sie in der berühmten Donnerstags-Session im Dülmener Irish Pub „The Corner“ gesungen wurden.

Hier die playlist auf Spotify. Da könnt ihr schon einmal reinhören und vielleicht zu Hause mitschmettern.

Hier eine kleine Diskographie

"The Dubliners" - Dublin Delights

"The Pogues" - Pogues' Pub Party

"Altan" - Altan's Epic Evening

"Christy Moore" - Moore Magic

„Glengar“ – Great Whale

„Innisfree“ – Sixpack

„The Stokes“ – Stokes in Rock

„Shamrock“ – A Song for Ireland

Viel Spaß damit und Sláinte!



Dülmen im März 2025, Martin Wiesel

Best Irish Pub Songs
Die GUINNESS-Liga Edition

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Hier geh's zur Spotify playlist.

A tiny selection by Martin Wiesel © 2025

1 All for me grog

chorus

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

chorus

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

chorus

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies movin' slow
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

chorus

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and now the sheets are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better whether.

chorus

2 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
The marks of out fetters we carried
On our rusty iron chains we cried for out weans
Our good women we left in sorrow
As the main sails unfurled, wild curses we hurled
On the English and thought of tomorrow

chorus: Oh, I wish I was back home in Derry,
Oh, I wish I was back home in Derry

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to the soil
As down below deck we were lying
O'Doherty screamed woken out of a dream
By a vision of Bold Robert dying
The sun burned us cruel as we dished out the gruel
Dan O'Connor was down with a fever
Sixty rebels today bound for Botany Bay
How many will reach their receiver?

chorus

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

chorus

Van Diemen's Land is the hell for a man
To spend out his whole life in slavery
Where the climate is raw and the gun makes the law
Neither wind nor rain care for bravery
Twenty years have gone by and I've ended my bond
My comrades ghosts walk behind me
A rebel I came and I'm still the same
On the cold winds of night you will find me

chorus

3 The black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound,
And many an hour's sweet happiness,
Have I spent in that neat little town.
A sad misfortune came o’er 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 shone like diamonds,
I thought her the queen of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
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,
Coming trapping along the highway.
She was both fair and handsome,
Her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair 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 it 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,
Your 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 know it is,
You've landed in Van Diemens Land.

4 Dicey Reilly

chorus Poor old Dicey Reilly
she has taken to the sup
Poor old Dicey Reilly
she will never give it up
It's off each morning to the pub
and then she's in for another little drop
Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She walks down Fitzgibbon Street with an independent air
And then it's down by Summerhill and as the people stare
She says it's nearly half past one
And it's time I had another little one
Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

chorus

Long years ago when men were men and fancied may oblong
Or lovely Becky Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong
One woman put them all to shame
Just one was worthy of the name
And the name of that dame was Dicey Reilly

chorus

But time went catching up on her like many pretty whores
It's after you along the street before you're out the door
Their balance vague, their looks all fade
But out of all that great brigade
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

chorus

5 Dirty Old Town

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

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the street at night
    Dirty old town
    Dirty old town

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 me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
Will chop you down like an old dead tree
    Dirty old town
    Dirty old town

6 Fields of Athenry

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
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 cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity

chorus

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she'll live and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

chorus

7 The Hills of Connemara

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

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.

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

||: 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. :||

8 I'll tell me ma

chorus 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 all right till I get home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and ring the bell
Saying, hello my true love, are you well?
Out she comes, as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Johnny Morrassy says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
She'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

chorus *repetere ad lib*

9 I'm a man

So my name is Jock Stewart
I'm a canny gun man
And a roving young fellow I've been

So be easy and free
When you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

I have acres of land
I have men at command
I have always a scholen to smell,

So be easy and free
When you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

With me dog and me gun,
I go out for to shoot
All along the green banks of the Boyne,

So be easy and free
When you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

So come fill up your glasses
Of brandy and wine
Whatever it costs I will pay

So be easy and free
When you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

10 I'm a Rover

*c*horus:
I'm a rover, seldom sober,
I'm a rover of high degree,
And when I'm drinking I'm always thinking
How to gain my love's company.

Though the night be as dark as dungeon,
No' a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the airms o' my ain true love.

Trippin' up to her bedroom window,
Kneelin' gently upon a stone,
He rappit up to her bedroom-window
"Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She raised her head from her snow-white pillow,
Wi' her airms aboot her breast:
"Wha' is that at my bedroom-window,
Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

"It's only me, your ain true lover;
Open the door and let me in,
For I have come from a lang lang journey
And I'm near drenched to the skin."

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,
She opened the door and she let him in;
They baith shook hands and embraced each other,
Until the mornin' they lay as one.

The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin',
The burns they ran free abune the brae;
"Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie
And the fairmer I must obey.

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee,
And though the hills they are high above,
I will climb them wi' greater pleasure
Since I been in the airms o' my love."

11 The Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And 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'll lead you all, wherever you may be,

And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.

I danced for the scribe
And the pharisee,
But they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen,
For James and John -
They came with me
And the Dance went on.

chorus

I danced on the Sabbath And I cured the lame;
The holy people Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
And they hung me on high,
And they left me there On a Cross to die.

chorus

I danced on a Friday
When the sky turned black -
It's hard to dance
With the devil on your back.
They buried my body
And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance,
And I still go on.

chorus

They cut me down And I leapt up high;
I am the life That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you If you'll live in me -
I am the Lord Of the Dance, said he.

chorus

12 Mairi's Wedding

chorus
Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel toe for toe
Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town, all for sake of Mairi

chorus

Red her cheeks as rowans are, brighter eyes than any star
Fairest o' them all by far, is my darling Mairi

chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi

chorus

13 Molly Malone



In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty

I first set me eye on sweet Molly Malone

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow

Through street 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 barrows

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"

She died of a faver 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 repeat ad lib

14 Murshin Durkin

In the days I went a-courtin I was never tired resorting,
to the alehouse and the playhouse and many's the house beside,
but I told me brother Seamus I'd be off and be right famous,
and when I return again I roamed the world wide.

chorus:
So, good bye Murshin Durkin; I'am sick and tired of working.
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled.
But as sure me name is Carney I'll be off to Californy.
And instead of digging praties I'll be digging lumbs of gold.

I courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarny,
in Passage and in Queenstown, that is the cobh of Cork,
But I'm sick of all this treasure, I'm gone and make me leasure,
and the next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York.

chorus

Good bye to all the girls at home, I'm sailing far across the foam,
to good old Abbey Lincoln and to Americay,
there's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry,
and next time I'll return again I'll never more will say.

Chorus

15 The ould Triangle

Oh a hungry feelin' came o'er me stealin',
And the mice were squeelin' in my prison cell,
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The lags lay sleepin', Humpy Gussey was peepin',
As I lay there weepin' for my girl Sal,
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

To begin the mornin', the screw was bawlin',
Bet up you bowsey and clean up your cell,
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Up in the female prison there are seventy-five women,
And among them now I wish I did dwell,
Then the ould triangle could go jingle-jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

16 The rare old times

(Pete St John)

Raised on songs and stories, heroes of reknown.
The passing tales and glories, that once was Dublin town.
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes.
That once was part of Dublin, in the rare old times.

chorus: Ring a ring a rosie, as the light declines,
I remember Dublin city in the rare oul' times.

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as could be,
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in ahouse that ceased to be.
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy.
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory.
And I courted Peggy Dignam, as pretty as you please,
A rogue and a 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.

chorus

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

chorus

Fare thee well sweet Anna 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 part of what was Dublin, in the rare ould times.

chorus

17 The Star of the County Down

Near to Banbridge town, in the county Down,
one morning last July,

down a boreen green came a sweet colleen

and she smiled as she passed me by.

She looked so neat from her two white feet,

to the sheen of her nutbrown hair,

such acoaxing elf, I´d to shake myself

to make sure I was standing there.

chorus

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,

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 said with a feeling rare,

“Oh“ I said say I

„Who´s the maid with the nutbrown hair?”

he smiled at me and then said he:

“She’s gem of Ireland´s crown,

Young 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

an I´ll dress in my Sunday clothes

with my shoes shine bright and my hat upright

for a smile of the nutbrown rose.

No pipe I smoke, no horse I´ll yoke

let my plough with the rust turn brown

till a smiling bride by my own fireside

sits the star of the county down

chorus

18 WEILE WÁILE

There was an ould woman and
she lived in the woods,
Weile, weile, wáile,
There was an ould woman and
she lived in the woods,
Down by the river Sáile.

She had a baby three months old,
Weile, weile, wáile,
She had a baby three months old,
Down by the river Sáile.

She had a penknife long and sharp,
Weile, weile, wáile,
She had a penknife long and sharp,
Down by the river Sáile.

She stuck the penknife in the baby's heart,
Weile, weile, wáile,
She stuck the penknife in the baby's heart,
Down by the river Sáile.

Three loud knocks came a-knocking on the door,
Weile, weile, wáile,
Three loud knocks came a-knocking on the door,
Down by the river Sáile.

There were two policemen and a man,
Weile, weile, wáile,
There were two policemen and a man,
Down by the river Sáile.

Are you the woman who stabbed the child?
Weile, weile, wáile,
Are you the woman who stabbed the child?
Down by the river Sáile.

I am the woman who stabbed the child,
Weile, weile, wáile,
I am the woman who stabbed the child,
Down by the river Sáile.

They took her away and they put her into jail,
Weile, weile, wáile,
They took her away and they put her into jail,
Down by the river Sáile.

They put the rope around her neck,
Weile, weile, wáile,
They put the rope around her neck,
Down by the river Sáile.

They pulled the rope and she got hung,
Weile, weile, wáile,
They pulled the rope and she got hung,
Down by the river Sáile.

And that was the end of the woman in the woods,
Weile, weile, wáile,
And that was the end of the baby too,
Down by the river Sáile.

19 Whiskey in the jar

As I was going over, the far famed Kerry Mountain,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier,
Sayin' „Stand an deliver for you are the bold deceiver.“

Musha ring dum o doo dum o dah,
whack fol de daddie o,
wack fol the daddie o,
there's whiskey in the jar.

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

Musha ring ...

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

Musha ring ...

T'was early in the morning, before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Capatain Farrell.
I first produced me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so as prisoner I was taken.

Musha ring ...

Now there's some take delight in the fishing or the bowling,
and others take delight in the carriage fast a'rollin'.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courtin' pretty lassies on the mountains of Killarney.

||: Musha ring ... :|| *a capella, repetere ad lib*

20 Whiskey you’re the Devil

Now brave boys, we're on the march
Off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
The Devil at home will come tonight
So it's go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
There's whisky in the jar – Hey!

chorus Whisky you're the devil
You're leading me astray
O’er the hills and mountains
And to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter,
you’re spunkier than tea
Oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

The French are fighting boldly
Men are dying hot and coldly
Give every man his flask of powder
His firelock on his shoulder
So its go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
There's whisky in the jar – Hey!

chorus

Says the old man do not wrong me
Don't take me daughter from me
For if you do I will torment you
When I'm dead my ghost will haunt you
So its go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
There's whisky in the jar – Hey!

chorus

21 The Wild Rover

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

chorus
And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the rover
No never, no more.

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.
Such custom like 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 whiskeys and wines of the best,
For the words that you told me 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 me as oft times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more!

chorus

22 Will Ye Lassie Go

The summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

c**horus**
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a tower
By yon' pure crystal fountain
And on it I will build
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, Lassie go?

chorus

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

Chorus

23 Seven Drunken Nights

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.
I called my 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?

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, Still you cannot see.
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before.

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.
I called my 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?

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk You silly old fool, Still you cannot see.
That's a woolen blanket that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.

As I went home on Wednesday night, As drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a pipe upon the chair, Where my old pipe should be.
I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe upon the chair Where my old pipe should be.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk You silly old fool, still you cannot see.
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before.

As I came home on Thursday nigh, As drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two boots beside the bed, Where my old boots should be.
I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns them boots beside the bed Where my old boots should be.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk You silly old fool, Still you cannot see.
They're two lovely geranium pots my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But laces in flower pots I never saw before.

As I came home on Friday night, As drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a head upon the bed, Where my old head should be.
I called my 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.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk You silly old fool, Still you cannot see.
That's a baby boy, that my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before.

24 Home Boys Home

Well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a 'sailin' on the main
To gain the goodwill of his captain's good name
He came ashore one evening for to be
And that was the beginning of me own true love and me

chorus
And it's home, boys, home
Home I'd like to be, home for a while in me own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growin' green in the north country

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do
So then I says to her: "Now won't you leap in with me too?"

chorus

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm
Well I hugged her and I kissed her the whole night long
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long

chorus

Well, early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
Saying, "Take this, me dear, for the mischief that I've done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son"

chorus

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse
And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do

chorus

Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee
chorus

25 Jacobites By Name

scots.trad., lyrics by Robert Burns

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name your fauts I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear, you shall hear,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

What is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law
What is right and what is wrong by the law
What is right and what is wrong, a short sword and a long
A weak arm and a strong for to draw, for to draw,
A weak arm and a strong for to draw.

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear, you shall hear,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, to whet th’assassin's knife
Or haunt a parent's life with bloody war, bloody war,
Or haunt a parent's life with bloody war.

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear, you shall hear,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

Then leave your schemes alone in the state, in the state
Then leave your schemes alone in the state
Then leave your schemes alone, adore the arising sun
And leave a man undone to his fate, to his fate,
And leave a man undone to his fate.

26 The Holy Ground

Adieu to you my Dinah,

tenthousand times adieu
We're going away from the Holy Ground

and the girls that we love true

We will sail the salt sea over

and then return for sure
To see again the girls we love

and the Holy Ground once more **– Fine Girl you are!**

chorus
You’re the girl I do adore
And still I live in hopes to see

the Holy Ground once more - Fine girl you are!

And now a storm is raging,
And we are far from shore
And the good old ship is tossing about,
And the rigging is all tore
And the secrets of the fine, my dear,
You're the girl that I adore
And still I live in hopes to see

the Holy Ground once more **– Fine Girl you are!**

And now the storm it is over

and we are safe and well
we’ll go into a public house

and the girls that we adore
We will drink strong ale and porter

and make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent

we'll go to sea once more **– Fine Girl you are!**

27 The Galway Shawl

In 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 diamonds or costly jewels
No paint no powder, no none at all
She wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And around her shoulders was the Galway shawl.

As we kept on walking, she kept on talking
Till her father’s cottage came into view
Said she "Come in sir and meet my father
And for to please him play "The Foggy Dew"

chorus

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley"
"Rodney’s Glory" and "The Foggy Dew"
She sang each note like an Irish linnet
And the tears flowed in her eyes of blue

chorus

'Twas early, early, all in the morning
I hit the road for old Donegal
Said she "Goodbye sir" as she cried
And my heart remained with the Galway shawl.

chorus

28 Fiddler’s Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt waters and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh, take me away boys me time is not long

chorus Wrap me up in me oilskin and Jumber
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Now when you're in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song

29 Galway Girl

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day -I-ay-I-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
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown
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
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
And 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
You've seen her traveled around I′ve been all over this world
Boys I ain't never seen nothin′ like a Galway girl

30 Finnegan’s Wake

Tim Finnegan lived on Walken Street
a gentle Irishman tho mighty odd
he'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweat
and to rise in the world he carried a hod
but Tim had a sort of a tippling' way
with the love of the liquor Tim was born
and to help him on his way each day
he'd a drop of the crather every morn

chorus
Whack for the hurrra dance your partner
round the floor ye trotters shake
isn't it the truth I tell you
lots of fun at Finegan's wake

One day when Tim was rather full
his head felt heavy which made him shake
he fell off a ladder and broke his skull
and they carried him home his corpse to wake
they wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
and laid him out upon the bed
with a gallon of porter by his feet
and a bottle of whiskey by his head

His friends assembled at the wake
and Mrs. Finegan call for lunch
first they brought in tay and cakes
and pipes and tobacco and whiskey punch
then Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"such a lovely corpse have you ever seen"
Oh Tim Avoreen why did you die?"
"Oh shut your gob!", said Biddy McGee

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job
"Oh Biddy" she said, "You're wrong I'm sure!"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
and sent her sprawling upon the floor
Each side in a war soon did engage
t’was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
and a row and a ruction soon began

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
when a noggin' of whiskey flew at him
it missed and landed on the bed
and the whiskey splattered all over Tim
"Begad! He revives! See how he rises!"
Tim Finnegan rising from the bed
running all around like blazes
"Thunderin' blazes! You think I'm Dead?"