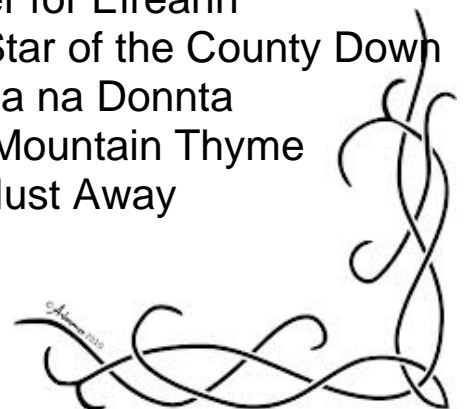


The Lake School Singers

Compiled by Cora Browne

1. **Contents:**
2. Amhrain na bhFiann
 Advance Australia Fair
3. Amhrain na gCupán
4. A Nation Once Again
5. Baídín Fheilimidh
6. The Black Velvet Band
7. Beidh Aonach Amarach
8. Boolavogue
9. The Church on the Hill
10. Danny Boy
11. Dirty Old Town
12. Down by the Sally Gardens
13. Éiníní
14. Fields of Athenry
15. Foggy Dew, The
16. Four Green Fields
17. Galway Shawl, The
18. Grace
19. Grá Dom Leonadh
20. I know My Love
21. I'll Tell Me Ma
22. Maírí's Wedding
23. Minstrel Boy, The
24. Mo Ghile Mear
25. Molly Malone
26. The Old Triangle
27. Oro 'Se do Bheatha 'Bhaile
28. Parting Glass, The
29. Patriot Game, The
30. Peggy Gordon
31. Prayer for Eireann
32. The Star of the County Down
33. Trasna na Donnta
34. Wild Mountain Thyme
35. We Must Away



Amhrán na bhFiann

(The Soldier's song) Irish National Anthem.

Music: Peadar Kearney and Patrick Heaney.

English Lyric: Peadar Kearney, Irish language translation Liam Ó Rinn.

The Soldiers Song was written in 1909-10. It became popular in the Irish Volunteer Force, but the general public heard it for the first time during the Easter rising of 1916. After the Civil War (1922-23) the song was widely, though unofficially, sung by nationalists. Public recognition of the song as the Irish National anthem began in 1924 but it wasn't officially adopted as the national anthem until 12 July 1926. The anthem is the chorus of the original song.

Sinne Fianna Fáil atá fé gheall ag Éirinn

Sheena feena fall, a-taw fay yeol egg erin

Buion dár slua thar toinn do ráinig chugainn

Bween dar slew, harr thin the rawnig cooin

Fémhóid bheith saor. Seantír ár sinsir feasta

Fay vawid veh sair, shan-teer awr shinshir fasta

Ní fhagfar fé'n tiorán ná fé'n tráil

Nee-owg-fur fain teer-awn naw fain trawl

Anocht a théam sa bhearna bhaoil,

a-nocht a hame sa varna v'wail

Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil

Le gown owr gwale cunn boss no sale

Le guna screach fé lámhach na bpiléar,

Le gunna shrake fay law-vuck na bill-air

Seo libh, canáidh Amhrán na bhFiann.

Shuh-liv con-ig arawn na-veen

Advance Australia Fair

Peter Dodds McCormick, 1878. Australian National Anthem since 1977.

Australians all let us rejoice, for we are young and free.

We've golden soil and wealth for toil,

Our home is girt by sea.

Our land abounds in nature's gifts of beauty rich and rare.

In history's page let every stage Advance Australia Fair.

In joyful strains then let us sing - Advance Australia Fair.

Amhrán na gCupán

(The Cup Song)

Tá an ticéad a'am don bhealach fada
Dhá bhuidéal uisce don thuras
Is ba bhreá liom cara a bheith in éindí liom
Mé ag fágáil amárach, mbeidh tú liom?

Nuair 'tá mé imithe, Nuair 'tá mé imithe

Noor tawim immy, noor tawim immy

Aireoidh tú uait mé 's gan mé ann

Aero tu-oot may iss gone may on

Aireoidh tú uait mé 's mo aoibh

Aero tu-oot may iss muh ay-ve

Aireoidh tú uait mé 'chuile thaobh

Aero tu-oot may sculla tayve

Ó, aireoidh tú uait mé 's gan mé ann

Oh aero tu-oot may iss gone may on

Tá an ticéad 'am don bhealach fada
Tá an saol mór ag fanacht liom
Measc na sléibhte, taobh na habhann
Ait a bhíonn an t-aer breá úr
Beidh sé i bhfad níos fearr leat a stóir

Nuair 'tá mé imithe, Nuair 'tá mé imithe

Aireoidh tú uait mé 's gan mé ann

Aireoidh tú uait mé 's me ag caint

iss-may-egg-kynt

Aireoidh tú uait mé 's mé ag seinnt

iss-may-eggsent

Ó, aireoidh tú uait mé 's gan mé ann

A Nation Once Again

Thomas Osborne Davis(1814-1845), a founder of Young Ireland. Davis wrote that "a song is worth a thousand harangues". He felt that music could have a particularly strong influence on Irish people at that time. He wrote: "Music is the first faculty of the Irish... we will endeavour to teach the people to sing the songs of their country that they may keep alive in their minds the love of the fatherland."

"A Nation Once Again" was first published in [The Nation](#) on 13 July 1844 and quickly became a rallying call for the growing Irish nationalist movement at that time.

G **C** **D7** **G**
When boyhoods fire was in my blood I read of ancient freemen
G **C** **Am** **D7**
For Greece & Rome who bravely stood three hundred men and three
men
D **C** **G**
And then I prayed I might yet see our fetters rent in twain
C **D** **G** **D** **G**
And Ireland long a province be A nation once again

CH: G C Am D7
A nation once again. A nation once again
G Em C D G D G
And Ireland long a province be, A nation once again

And from that time through wildest woe that hope has shone a far light
Nor could loves brightest summer glow outshine that solemn starlight
It seemed to watch above my head in forum, field and fane
Its angel voice sang 'round my bed, A nation once again

CH:

So, as I grew from boy to man I bent me to my bidding
My spirit of each selfish plan And cruel passion ridding
For thus I hoped someday to aid nor can such hope be vain
When my dear country shall be made A nation once again.

CH:

Báidín Fheilimidh

Traditional childrens song.

Báidín Fheilimidh d'imigh go Gabhla,

Baw-jean eye-limee dim-ee guh Go-la

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann,

Baw-jean eye-limee iss Fie-lim-ee ouwn.

Báidín Fheilimidh d'imigh go Gabhla

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann.

Curfá:

Báidín bídeach, báidín beosach,

Baw-jean bee-dock, baw-jean byo-sock,

Báidín bóidheach, báidín Fheilimidh,

baw-jean boy-yock, baw-jean eye-limee

Báidín díreach, báidín déontach,

baw-jean deer-och, baw-jean jown-tach

Báidín Fheilimidh is Feilimidh ann.

baw-jean eye-lim iss Fie-lim-ee ouwn.

Báidín Fheilimidh d'imigh go Toraigh,

Baw-jean eye-limee dim-ee guh Tor-ee

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann.

Báidín Fheilimidh d'imigh go Toraigh,

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann.

Curfá

Báidín Fheilimidh briseadh i dToraigh,

Baw-jean eye-limay brishah ee dor-ee

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann.

Báidín Fheilimidh briseadh i dToraigh,

Báidín Fheilimidh 's Feilimidh ann.

Curfá

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call
Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour sweet
happiness
Have I spent in that neat little
town
A 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

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

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

CH:

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

CH:

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 quite
clear
Seven long years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the
land
Far away from my friends and
companions
Betrayed by the black velvet
band"

CH:

So come all you jolly young
fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town,
me boys
Beware of the pretty colleens
They'll feed you with strong drink,
(more yah!)
'Til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll
me lads
You've landed in Van Diemens
Land. **CH:**

BEIDH AONACH AMÁRACH

There's a market/ fair tomorrow. A childrens song.

Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir.

Beg ay-nock amoreock ee goonday on clar

Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir.

Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir.

Cé mhaith dom é, ní bheidh mé ann.

Kay mah dum ay, nee veg may ow-n

CH: A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé?

A vah-areen, on liggy too cun ay-nig may

A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé?

A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé?

A mhuirnín ó ná héiligh é!

A voor-neen-oh, naw hay-lig ay

Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós.

Neel too a deh no a hain day-og fohs

Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós.

Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós.

Nuair a bheidh tú trí déag, beidh tú mór.

Noor a v-egg to tree day-og, beg too moor

Tá 'nion bheag agam is tá sí óg

Taw neon vee-ug agum iss taw she owg

Tá 'nion bheag agam is tá sí óg

Tá 'nion bheag agam is tá sí óg

Is tá sí i ngrá leis an ghréasaí bróg

Iss taw she in-raw lesh on greasy brogue

Bfhearr liom féin mo ghréasaí bróg.

Var lom fein muh greasy brogue

Bfhearr liom féin mo ghréasaí bróg.

Bfhearr liom féin mo ghréasaí bróg.

á oifigeach airm faoi lásaí óir.

Aw if-i-gock airm fay laysay ore

There's a market /
fair tomorrow in
County Clare ...

What good is it to
me, I won't be
there

Oh mother will
you let me go to
the market? ...

Oh little maid stop
asking!

You're not even
10 or 11 years yet
...

When you're 13
then you'll be big

I've a little
daughter and she
is young ...

She's in love with
a cobbler /
shoemaker

I prefer my
cobbler ...

To a soldier with
his gold laces

BOOLAVOGUE

This ballad covers the victories of Father John Murphy of the town of [Boolavogue](#) in County Wexford as he led his parishioners in routing the [Camolin Cavalry](#) on 26 May 1798, to defeat the British at [Oulart Hill](#), as well as at [Enniscorthy](#). The Wexford insurgents fought bravely against professional troops, and were eventually defeated at the [Battle of Vinegar Hill](#) on 21 June. Father Murphy and the other leaders were hanged.

Father Murphy was a priest who at first tried to persuade people not to take part in the rebellion. He changed his opinion and became a reluctant rebel leader after soldiers burned down the homes of his parishioners whom they suspected of rebellion. The Lieutenant Thomas Bookey whose 'regiment' is mentioned in the song was the leader of the [Yeoman Cavalry](#) in the Boolavogue area.

C **F**
At Boolavogue as the sun was setting,
C **Am** **D** **G7**
O'er the bright May meadow of Shelmalier,
C **F**
A rebel hand set the heather blazing,
C **Am** **G** **C**
and brought the neighbours from far and near,
C **F**
Then Father Murphy from old Kilcormack
C **Am** **D** **G7**
spurred up the rock with a warning cry,
C **F**
Arm, arm he cried, for I've come to lead you,
C **Am** **G** **C**
for Ireland's freedom we fight or die.

He led us on against the coming solders,
the cowardly yeomen we put to fight,
T'was at the harrow, the boys of Wexford
showed Bookies regiments how men could fight,
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
search every kingdom where breathes a slave,
For Fr. Murphy from Co.Wexford,
sweeps or the land like a mighty wave.

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney
our heroes vainly stood back to back.
And the yeos of Tullow took Fr. Murphy
and burned his body upon the rack.
God grant you glory brave Fr. Murphy,
and open heaven to all your men,
The cause that called you, may come tomorrow,
in another fight for the green again

The Church on the Hill

Shane Howard

There's a church up on the hill
Some days it's peaceful and still
And the world seems a million miles away
This church that's made of stone
Was made with love and love alone
To welcome all to that church up on the hill

Our people died on Ireland's streets
Their children starving at their feet
Where out into the great wild world young lives were sent
With little but the will to live,
The old ones cried first day they went
Into that church up on the hill

CH: And the Angelus rings
The working day to close it brings
Through the struggle and the laughter, every day
So devoted so devout,
They had so little but went without
To build that church up on the hill

Well they laboured down below
In the fields their crops they'd grow
And then walk the well-worn way to Sunday church
Daniel Mannix rose to talk, St Brigid's blessing be on you all
And your children's children in that church up on the hill

CH:

Fade away, not fade away
Survive and live another day
The light's still shining from that church up on the hill
To welcome all to that church up on the hill

DANNY BOY

Lyrics: Frederic Weatherly, 1910, adjusted 1913 to fit the Londonderry Air;

Music: Trad. Londonderry Air – first collected for publication in 1855

Often played/ sung in the key of D (CAPO 5), more comfortable to sing in C (CAPO 3)

Intro: A A7 D Dm A E7 A

A A7 D Dm

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

A E E7

From glen to glen and down the mountain side

A A7 D Dm

The summer's gone and all the roses falling

A E7 A

Tis you, Tis you must go and I must bide

A D A

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

A D E E7

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

A D A F#m

I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

A E7 A

Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so

A A7 D Dm

But if you come and all the flowers are dying

A A7 E7

And I am dead, as dead I well may be

A A7 D Dm

You'll come and find the place where I am lying

A E7 A

And kneel and say an Ave there for me

D A

And I will know tho' soft you tread above me

A D E E7

And all my dreams will warmer sweeter be

A D A F#m

If you will bend and tell me that you love me

A E7 D E7 A

And I will sleep in peace until you come to me

Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl

I met my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smokey wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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

Down by the Sally Gardens

(Lyrics: W.B. Yeats. Music: Trad – The Maids of Mourne Shore)

‘Twas down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did
meet;

She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy,

As the leaves grow upon the tree;

But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field 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 I am full of tears.

‘Twas down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did
meet;

She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy,

As the leaves grow upon the tree;

But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

Éiníní

Éiníní, éiníní, codalaígí, codalaígí

Aynini, aynini, cod-a-leegee, cod-a-leegee

Éiníní, éiníní, codalaígí, codalaígí

Curfa:

Codalaígí, codalaígí

Cois an chlaí amuigh, cois an chlaí amuigh

cush on clay amwee, cush on clay amwee

Codalaígí, codalaígí

Cois an chlaí amuigh, cois an chlaí amuigh

An londubh is an fiachdubh

on lon-duv is on fee-ak-duv

Téigí chodladh, téigí chodladh

Chay-gee culla, chaygee culla

An cheirseach is an preachain

On shershock is on praykawn

Téigí chodladh, téigí chodladh

Chay-gee culla, chaygee culla

An spideog is an fhuiseog

On spid-eog is on Ee-shoeg

Téigí chodladh, téigí chodladh

An dreólín is an smóilín

On droleen is on smoleen

Téigí chodladh, téigí chodladh

Translation:

Little birds, little birds, sleep, sleep

Little birds, little birds, sleep, sleep

Chorus:

Sleep, sleep, next to the wall outside,
next to the wall outside

Sleep, sleep, next to the wall outside,
next to the wall outside

The blackbird and the raven,
go to sleep, go to sleep

The (female) blackbird and the crow,
go to sleep, go to sleep

The robin and the lark,
go to sleep, go to sleep

The wren and the thrush,
go to sleep, go to sleep

Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John

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

CH: 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.

CH:

By a lonely harbor wall
She watched the last star falling
As 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.

CH:

CH:

It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.

THE FOGGY DEW

Lyrics: Canon Charles O'Neill, 1919

"The Foggy Dew" is a product of the political situation in Ireland in the aftermath of the Easter Rising and World War I. Recorded by The Wolfe Tones, The Dubliners, Francis Black, Sinead O'Connor and Paddy Reilly to name a few.

Am **G** **Em** **Am Dm** **Am**
As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
Am **G** **Em** **Am** **Dm** **Am**
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
C **G** **Em** **Am** **Dm** **Am**
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo
Am **G** **Em** **Am** **DmAm**
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

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

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

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

Ah, back through the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, When you fell in the foggy dew

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

Tommy Makem 1967

Makem frequently described the song as having been inspired by a drive through the "no man's land" adjoining Northern Ireland, where he saw an old woman tending livestock. She was oblivious to the political boundaries that loomed so large in the public's eye; the land was older than the argument, and she didn't care what was shown on the map. The words spoken by the woman in Makem's song are taken directly from "Cathleen ni Houlihan", an early play by W. B. Yeats.

Makem commonly sang the song as an encore.

D A7 D G D
What did I have said the fine old woman,
D A7 D Em A7
What did I have, this fine old woman did say,
D A7 D G A
I have four Green fields, each one was a jewel,
D A D G A
But strangers came and tried to take them from me,
D A D G A
I had fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels,
G D A D
They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she.

Long time ago said the fine old woman,
Long time ago this fine old woman did say,
There was war and death, plundering and pillage,
My children starved, by mountain valley and stream,
And their wailing cry, it shook the very heavens,
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 tried to take them from me,
But my sons have sons as brave as were their fathers,
My four Green fields will bloom once again said she,
My fourth Green field will bloom once again said she

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 nor powder, no none at all
She wore a bonnet with ribbons on it
And around her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking
Till her fathers cottage came in to view
Said she, 'come in sir', and meet my father
And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

Chorus:

I played, 'The Black Bird', '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', she cried and kissed me
But my heart remained with the Galway shawl

Chorus:

GRACE

Sean and Frank O'Meara (1985)

Grace was written about Joseph Mary Plunket and Grace Gifford who married hours before Joseph was executed for his part in the 1916 rising in Dublin. She was Thomas MacDonagh's sister-in-law. The song tells the sad story of their wedding. Joseph Mary Plunkett had tuberculosis and was hospitalised for that prior to Easter, the phrase, "the blood upon the rose" comes from one of Joseph's poems - he was a Catholic mystic and poet. Grace Gifford was protestant and her parents did not much approve of the relationship. She never remarried.

G **C** **D**
As we gather in the chapel here, in old Kilmainham jail,
C **G** **Am**
I think about the last few weeks, Oh will they say we failed,
G **C** **D**
From our school days they have told us we must yearn for liberty,
C **G** **D** **G**
Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me.

CH:

D **C** **G (E D A)**
Oh Grace just hold me in your arms, and let this moment linger,
C **G** **Am D** **(D A Bm E)**
They take me out at dawn and I will die,
C **G** **(E D A)**
With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger,
C **G** **D** **G** **(D A E A)**
There won't be time to share our love so we must say goodbye.

2. Now I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand,
The love I bear for these brave men my love for this brave land,
But when Padraic called me to his side down in the G.P.O.
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go.

CH:

Key change

A **D** **E**
Now as the dawn is breaking, my heart is breaking too
D **A** **Bm** **E**
On this May morn' as I walk out, my thoughts will be of you
A **D** **E**
And I'll write some words upon the wall so everyone will know
D **A** **E** **A**
I loved so much that I could see His Blood Upon The Rose **CH:**

Grá dom leonadh

Irish translation of Falling Slowly by Glen Hansard

Ní aithním thú,
ach teastaíonn tú
uaim níos mó dá bharr.
Tá mo bhriathra
'dhéanamh grinn dom,
ní fhéadamh tada a rá
Cluichí 's cleasanna nach
gciallaíonn tada ach
a imíonn tharainn mar cheo.

CH:

Tabhair an bád atá fós
ar snámh abhaile
slán gan mhoill;
Glór is dóchas,
tá rogha fós ann,
(A)nois, táir slán a chroí.

Grá dom leonadh,
súil is eol dom,
níl aon dul ar ais;
Dallann gruaim is brón mo
stuaim,
is Braithim dubh ar fad.
Ach, go d'fhulaing tú go leor,
is throid tú leat féin,
(A)nois, tuilleann tú(an) bua.

CH:

Grá dom leonadh
can do cheol a chroí
Canfad go h-ard!
D'íoc mise as rómhall..
Níl sé ann..

Nee ah-nim who
Och chas-tin too
Umm nees moo da varr
Taw muh v'ree-rha
Yain-uv grin dum
Nee ya-dum taa da-ra
Clee-fees class-an-ack
Gill-in ta da-ock
Am-e-on ha-rann mar key-o

CH:

Tore-on bawd ataw fose
Air snav a-walya
Slawn gone wheel
Gore iss do-cas
Tour ro fos-auwn
a-nish tar slawn a cree

graw dum yonna,
shule iss ole dum
neel ane dull air ash
dallin grew'm iss brone muh
stu-im, Iss
braw-him dove air fod
Och g'dullin too galore
iss red too lat fain
a-nish tillen too-an boo-a

CH:

graw dum yonna
can da key-ole a-cree
can-awed ga-hoard
jock misha ass-rawl
nill-shay on

I Know My Love

Trad.

I know my love by his way of walking
And I know my love by his way of talking
And I know my love dressed in a suit of blue
And if my love leaves me what will I do...

CH: And still she cries, "I love him the best
And a troubled mind sure can know no rest"
And still she cries, "Bonny boys are few
And if my love leaves me what will I do"

There is a dance house in Maradyke
And there my true love goes every night
He takes a strange girl upon his knee
Well now don't you think that that vexes me?

CH:

If my love knew I can wash and wring
If my love knew I can sew and spin
I'd make a coat all of the finest kind
But the want of money sure leaves me behind

CH:

I know my love is an arrant rover
I know he'll wander the wild world over
In dear old Ireland he'll no longer tarry
An Australian girl he's sure to marry

CH:

CH:

What will I do...

I'll Tell Me Ma

CH: I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave, the girls alone
They pulled my hair and stole my comb
But that's alright til I go home
She is handsome she is pretty.
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is a-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.
They knock at the door and they 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
Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

CH:

Let the wind and the rain and the breeze blow high
And the snow come falling 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

CH:

Maírí's Wedding

CH: Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Maírí's wedding

Over hill-ways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town,
All for Maírí's wedding

CH:

Cheeks as bright as rowans are
Brighter far than any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is our darling Maírí

CH:

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as well
That's the toast for Maírí

CH:

The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore (1779-1852). Tune: The Moreen

Believed to have been written in memory of friends who had fought and died in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Popular in the American Civil War and World War I. Recently made famous by The Clancy Brothers And Tommy Makem, timing 4/4.

C Am C F
The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
C Am G C
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
C Am C F
His father's sword he has girded on,
C Am G C
And his wild harp slung behind him,
Am F Em
"Land of Song"! said the warrior bard,
Am F C
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
C Am C F
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
C Am G C
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

C-Am-C-F

C-Am-G-C

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!"

Mo Ghile Mear (My Dashing/ Bright Hero/ Gallant Darling)

Seán Clárach Mac Domhnaill, to honor Prince Charles Stewart

From the album Long Black Veil by The Chieftains, Arrangement by Paddy Moloney

English lyric translations by Sean MacReamoinn

Capo 4

CH:

D

Sé mo laoch mo Ghile Mear

G D G A

'Sé mo Chaesar, Ghile Mear,

D

Suan ná séan ní bhfuair eas féin

A D

Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile Mear.

D

G D

Grief and pain are all I know

G A

My heart is sore, My tears a'flow

D G D

Since o'er the seas we saw him go

G Bm Em A

No word we know to ease our woe **CH:**

A proud and gallant chevalier

A highland lion of gentle mien

A fiery blade engaged to reap

He'd break the bravest in the field **CH:**

Come sing his praise as sweet harps play

And proudly toast his noble name

As long as blood flows in your veins

So wish him strength and length of day **CH:**

Phonetics:

D

Shay muh lake muh yilla mar

G D G A

Shay muh hazeah yilla mar

D

Soo-nah shean nee voor-ahs

fain

A D

Ah quig ih gain muh yilla mar

Chorus Translation:

He's my champion my

Gallant Darling,

He's my Caesar, a Gallant

Darling,

I've found neither rest nor

fortune

Since my Gallant Darling

went far away

Molly Malone

Irish Trad

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

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 a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

The Old Triangle

Brendan Behan

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell
CH: And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning the warder's bawling
"Get up you bousie and clean up your cell"
CH: And the old triangle ...

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreaming
The seagulls wheeling high above the wall
CH: And the old triangle ...

The screw was peeping the lag was sleeping
While he lay weeping for his girl Sal
CH: And the old triangle ...

The wind was rising and the day declining
As I lay pining in my prison cell
CH: And the old triangle ...

In the female prison there are seventy women
I wish it was with them that I did dwell
CH: And the old triangle ...

The day was dying and the wind was sighing
As I lay crying in my prison cell
CH: And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Oro 'Se Do Bheatha 'Bhaile

(Padraig Pearse, 1914)

CURFA

Oro 'se do bheatha 'bhaile
Oro se do bheatha 'bhaile
Oro se do bheatha 'bhaile
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

'Se do bheatha 'bhean ba
leanmhar
B'e ar gcreach tu bheith i ngeibhinn
Do dhuiche bhrea i seilibh
meirleach
Is tu diolta leis na Gallaibh!

CURFA

Ta Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar
saile
Oglaigh armtha lei mar gharda
Gaeil iad féin is ne Gaill na
Spainnigh
Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh!

CURFA

A bhui le Ri na bhfeart go
bhfeiceann
Muna mbionn beo ina dhiaidh ach
seachtain
Grainne Mhaol is mile gaiscioch
Ag fógairt fain ar Ghallaibh

CURFA

CHORUS

Oh-row shay duh vah-ha walya,
Oh-row shay duh vah-ha walya,
Oh-row shay duh vah-ha walya,
A-nish air yockt un tauw-ra!

Shay duh vah-ha u vahn bah lan-
yar,^{[L][SEP]}
Bay-air greck too veh inyay-vin,^{[L][SEP]}
Duh yeehah vrah e-shellive mare-
lock^{[L][SEP]}
Iss too deal-tah lesh nah Gah-liv!

CHORUS

Taw Gran-yah Wail egg chockt har
sal-yah^{[L][SEP]}
Oh-gee ar-muh lay mar garda
Gael e-ad fain iss nee Gahl naw
spannig^{[L][SEP]}
Iss curig sheed roo-ig air Ga-live!

CHORUS

Ah vee leh ree nah vairt guh veck-
ann^{[L][SEP]}
Muna munn b-yo ina yee-ah ock
shocktin^{[L][SEP]}
Gawnya Wail iss melah
gashock^{[L][SEP]}
Egg foe-gurt fain air Ga-live!

CHORUS

Translation:

Chorus: Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, Now that summer's coming

V1: Welcome woman so afflicted, twas our ruin you were in bondage, in the possession of thieves and sold to foreigners

V2: Grainne (Grace) O Malley is coming over the seas, with armed warriors. Irish not French or Spanish to rout the foreigners

V3: May it please the King of Miracles that we may see, even if we live only a week after, Grainne Mhaol and her thousand warriors disperse the foreigners

THE PARTING GLASS

Scottish Traditional, first printed version 1770, Herd's Scots Songs 1803.
Popular in Scotland and Ireland

CAPO 2

Am F C G Am F C G
Of all the money that e'er I had, I spent it in good company.
Am F C G Am C F Dm7- Am
And all the harm that e'er I've done, alas it was to none but me.
C F C F C Dm G C G
And all I've done for want of wit to mem'ry now I can't recall;
Am F C G Am C F Dm7- Am
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend, and leisure for to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town that sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart enthralled
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, would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it fell unto my lot, that I should rise and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call; Good night and joy be to you all.

Alternate traditional verse:

A man may drink and not be drunk, A man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl, And perhaps be welcomed back again
But since it has so ought to be, By a time to rise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass, Good night and joy be with you all
Good night and joy be with you all

Peggy Gordon

A traditional song which comes from Scotland. Made famous by 'The Dubliners' with Luke Kelly on vocals. Luke sings this song in the key of G. The song was also recorded by The Corries, Paddy Reilly, The Coors, Sinead O'Connor, Donna Taggart and The Chieftains

D A D A
Oh Peggy Gordon you are my darling,
G D A
Come sit you down upon my knee,
G D G D A
Come tell to me the very reason,
G D A D
Why I am slighted, so by thee,

I'm so in love that I can't deny it,
my heart lies smothered in my breast,
But it's not for you to let the world know it,
a troubled mind can know no rest.

I did put my head to a cask of brandy,
it was my fancy I do declare,
For when I'm drinking I am thinking,
and wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

I wish I was a whaling boat
Far across the briny sea
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean
Where love nor care never bother me

I wish I was in some lonesome valley,
where woman kind cannot be found,
Where the pretty small birds, do change their voices,
and every moment a different sound.

Rpt V1

PRAYER FOR EIREANN

(Words and Music by Louis Hesterman
Additional Words Cyril Moran, Dan Bourke)

In the greenest fields I walked one day
In a land that seems so far away
Where a thousand years is locked in song
With a thousand tears for a thousand wrongs

CH:

Won't you say a prayer for Eireann
For my heart lies there in Eireann
Won't you lift your voice and sing with me
In a prayer to peace and liberty

Where the dark cliffs meet the raging sea
There the sun will always shine on me
Back at home in Eireann I belong
Where a thousand laughs keep her people strong

CH:

From the ancient streets of Dublin town
To the misty hills of County Down
Of her saints and scholars ever proud
With a thousand voices we'll sing out loud

CH:

CH:

(rpt last line) In a prayer to peace and liberty

Star of the County Down

Lyrics: Cathal McGarvey (1866-1927)

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

CH: *From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
From Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen
That I met in the County Down*

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

CH:

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

CH:

Trasna Na dtonnta

Another traditional childrens song, Across the Waves, shares the same tune as 'Westering Home'. A rover returns home heading west saying goodbye to loneliness and distant remoteness with a bright heart under bright sun glad to be back in Ireland. The person describes having their fill of countries abroad, gold, silver and other wealth. Their heart rises at the break of each day closer to the land of their people. The person is excited to be heading back to the people of the west, the weather is perfect for the home journey and they'll be in Ireland tomorrow!

Curfá:

Trasna na dtonnta, dul siar, dul siar,

Trassna na dunta, dull sheer, dull sheer

Slán leis an uaigneas 'is slán leis an gcian;

Slawn lesh on oog-ness iss slawn lesh on gee-an

Geal é mo chroí, agus geal í an ghrian,

Gyal ih m'cree oggus gyal ee on green

Geal a bheith ag filleadh go hÉirinn!

Gyal-veh egg-fillah guh hair-in

Chonaic mo dhóthain de Thíortha i gcéin,

Conac m'yothan de hear-ha ee gain

Ór agus airgead, saibhreas an tsaoil,

Or oggus air-gud sour-us on tail

Éiríonn an croí 'nam le breacadh gach lae

Ire-on on cree name la bra ca-gock-lay

'S mé druidim le dúthaigh mo mhuintir!

Is-may droodum la-doo-ig m'voonter

Curfá

Ar mo thriall siar ó éirigh mo chroí

Air ma-hrill sheer oh eiry m'cree

An aimsir go hálainn is tonnta deas réidh

On amsher ga-haulin iss tunta dus-rey

Stiúradh go díreach go dúthaigh mo chliabh

Steerah ga-deeroch ga-doo-ig m'cleev

'S bheidh mé in Éirinn amárach!

Iss veh-may in airin a-more-rock

Curfá

Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly bloomin' [L] [SEP]
And the wild mountain thyme,
Grows around the bloomin' heather [L] [SEP]
Will ye go lassie go?

Chorus:

And we'll all go together [L] [SEP]
To pluck wild mountain thyme [L] [SEP]
All around the bloomin' heather [L] [SEP]
Will ye go lassie go?

I will build my love a bower,
By yon cool crystal fountain [L] [SEP]
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers of the mountain [L] [SEP]
Will ye go lassie go?

Chorus:

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another [L] [SEP]
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather [L] [SEP]
Will ye go lassie go?

Chorus:

We Must Away

Music/Lyrics V.P. Brophy

We've drunk our last glass and sung our last song.
The road will rise to meet us, each one.
For tomorrow's sun is waiting just beyond today
We will meet again we must away

Chorus

May the wind always blow strong upon your back
May the wheels of fortune turn upon your track
May a fire always glow ever strong in your heart
For now it is the time for us to part.

So raise your glass to absent friends and time
Another to your neighbours yours and mine
For laughter is a song the spirit of the free
May your lives go in peace and liberty!

Chorus

And if laughter be the spirit and music the soul
Then the high road is a song to be sung
For these memories are free, no matter who you be.
May your walls turn to bridges the world around!

Chorus x2

Song Information and Translation Sources:

The Irish Page / Songs: <http://www.irishpage.com/songs/fly-song.htm>

Martin Dardis webpages: <http://www.irish-folk-songs.com/>

Childrens Songs: <http://songsinirish.com/tags/children/>

Individual song entries in Wikipedia – yes I did check the references