

ACTUAL DEATH:

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NOT IRISH!

Bonnie Earl of Moray, The
Captain Kidd
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Saint, A (No Bones About It)
Streets of Laredo, The
Twa Corbies
Waltzing Matilda
With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

EXILE & LEAVING --

AMERICAN/AUSTRALIAN "DEATH":

Black Velvet Band, The
Fields of Athenry (?)
Goodbye Mick
Goodbye Musheen Durkin
Mary from Dungloe
Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore
Wild Colonial Boy

All for the Bull

Words: Janet Cornwell; Tune: All for Me Grog

What is the Bull, the bonny, bonny Bull,
The Bull that we all know in Tara?
Said the Queen unto the King,
 "I've more bull than *you* can sling! —
And we'll sling it all the way to Connemara."

(Chorus)

And it's all for the Bull, the bonny, bonny Bull,
All for a Bull out of Ulster,
That our Queen, the royal Medb,
 her command to us she gave,
For to field the biggest army we could muster!

Where is my sword, my noggin, noggin sword?
Gone for a Bull out of Ulster!
To the battlefield it went;
 now the blade is badly bent,
And between the blood and sweat, it's gotten rusted.

Where is my spear, my noggin, noggin spear?
Gone for a Bull out of Ulster!
Oh, the point and shaft are broke
 where I drove it through the cloak
Of a great Ulidian bloke, to cut his bluster.

Where is my shield, my noggin, noggin shield?
Gone for a Bull out of Ulster!
Oh, I took it to the war;
 now it's soaked in guts and gore,
And most every part is tore and bent and busted.

Now I'm cut in the head, and half my friends are dead,
Gone for a Bull out of Ulster!
But for glory that we had, we could never long be sad,
And we'll find more fightin' lads to fill the roster!

Are You Ready for a War?

From the Clancy Brothers

Are you ready for a war, for we are the English?
Are you ready for a war?
 For we are the English soldiers!

Yes we're ready for a war, for we are the Irish!
Yes we're ready for a war,
 For we are the Irish soldiers!

Now we only have one eye, for we are the English.
Now we only have one eye,
 For we are the English soldiers

Now we have no eyes at all, for we are the Irish.
Now we have no eyes at all,
 For we are the Irish soldiers.

Now we only have one arm, for we are the English.
Now we only have one arm,
 For we are the English soldiers.

Now we have no arms at all, for we are the Irish.
Now we have no arms at all,
 For we are the Irish soldiers.

Now we only have one leg, for we are the English.
Now we only have one leg,
 For we are the English soldiers.

Now we have no legs at all, for we are the Irish.
Now we have no legs at all,
 For we are the Irish soldiers.

Now we are all dead & gone, for we are the English.
Now we are all dead and gone,
 For we are the English soldiers.

Now we're all alive again, for we are the Irish!
Now we're all alive again,
 For we are the Irish soldiers!

[Spoken:]

*Up the long ladder and down the short rope,
To Hell with King Billy and God bless the Pope!
If that doesn't do it, we'll tear him in two,
And send him to Hell with his red white and blue!*

The Bard of Armagh

From the singing of Tommy Makem

Oh list to the lay
 of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains
 of his old, withered hands,
But remember his fingers,
 they once could move sharper,
To raise up the memory
 of his dear native land.



At a fair or a wake, I could twist my shillelagh,
Or trip through a jig with my brogues bound with straw.
And all the pretty colleens in the village or the valley
Loved their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

Oh, how I long to muse on the days of my boyhood
Though four score & three years
 have flitted since then;
But they bring sweet reflections,
 as every young joy should,
For the merry hearted boys make the best of old men.

And when sergeant death
 in his cold arms shall embrace me,
And lull me to sleep with sweet "Erin go bragh,"
By the side of my Kathleen,
 my young wife, then place me—
Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

Bloody Well Dead

Look at the coffin, with golden handles,
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?

Ch: Let's not have a snuffle,
Let's have a bloody-good cry!
And always remember, the longer you live,
The sooner you'll bloody-well die.

Look at the flowers, all bloody withered,....

Look at the mourners, bloody-great hypocrites,....

Look at the preacher, bloody drunk pederast,....

Look at the choir boys, bloody big tonsils,....

Look at the widow, bloody-great female,....

Look at the tombstone, bloody great boulder,....

Cruiscin Lan

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
let the hunter praise his hounds,
Let the shepherd praise his sweetly scented lawn;
But I, more wise than they,
spend each happy night and day
With my darlin' little cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín lán.

Ch: Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín,
Slainte geal Mauverneen,
Gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín lán, lán, lán,
Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín lán.

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine
Create me by adoption your own son.
In hopes that you'll comply,
that my glass shall ne'er run dry
Nor my darlin' little cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín lán.

And when cruel Death appears,
in a few but happy years,
To say, "Oh, won't you come along with me?"
I'll say, "Begone, you knave!
for King Bacchus gave me leave
To take another cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruiscín lán.

Then fill your glasses high,
let's not part with lips so dry,
For the lark now proclaims it is the dawn;
And since we can't remain
may we shortly meet again,
To fill another cruiscín lán, lán, lán
To fill another cruiscín lán.

Danny Boy

Lyrics by Frederic Weatherly, tune traditional

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside;
The summer's gone, and all the leaves are falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow:
Oh, Danny boy, oh, Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
I pray you'll find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,
And oh, my grave will warmer, sweeter be;
And you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

The Devil's Dead

Some say the devil's dead,
the devil's dead, the devil's dead,
Some say the devil's dead, and buried in Killarney.
More say he rose again, more say he rose again,
More say he rose again, and married Katie Darney.

Ch: Feed the hens and milk the cows,
Milk the cows, milk the cows,
Feed the hens and milk the cows,
So early in the morning.

Katie, she is tall and thin, tall and thin, tall and thin,
Katie, she is tall and thin, she likes a drop of brandy.
Drinks it in the bed at night,
drinks it in the bed at night,
Drinks it in the bed at night,
it makes her nice and randy

My wife, she has a hairy thing,
a hairy thing, a hairy thing,
My wife, she has a hairy thing,
she showed it to me Sunday.
She bought it in the furrier shop,
she bought it in the furrier shop,
She bought it in the furrier shop;
it's going back on Monday.

Some say the devil's dead,
the devil's dead, the devil's dead,
Some say the devil's dead,
and buried in Killarney.
More say he rose again, more say he rose again,
More say he rose again...

...and joined the British Army!



Fiddler's Green

As I walked down the dockside one evenin' so fair,
To view the still waters and take the salt air,
I heard an old fisherman singin' this song,
Saying, "Take me away boys, me time is not long."

Ch: Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper;
No more by the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green.

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

Where the sky's always blue and there's never a gale,
Where the fish jump on board with a swish of their tail.
You can lie at your leisure, for there's no work to do,
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

When you get back to dock & your long trip is through,
There's pubs and there's clubs,
and there's lassies there too;
The girls are all pretty, and the beer is all free,
And there's bottles of rum growin' on every tree.

Well I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me;
Just give me a breeze and a good rollin' sea.
And I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along,
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song.

Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street,
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd.
He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world, he carried a hod.
You see, he'd a sort of a tipplin' way,
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born;
So to help him on with his work each day,
He'd a drop o' the critter every morn.

Ch: Whack, fol-the-da, now, dance to your partner,
Welt the floor, your trotters shake!
Wasn't it the truth, I tell you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake!

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell from a ladder and he broke his skull,
And they carried him home, his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a barrel of whiskey at his feet
And a bottle of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch:
First she brought in tay and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a nice clean corpse did you never see!
Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
"Arragh, hold yer gob!" said Paddy McGee.

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job;
"Ah, Biddy, says she, you're wrong, I'm sure!"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
Then the war did soon engage,
It was woman to woman and man to man;
Shillelagh-law was all the rage,
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Moloney raised his head,
And a noggin 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,
Says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
Thundering jazus!* Do you think I'm dead?!"

The Glendalough Saint (St. Kevin)

In Glendalough lived an old saint
Renowned for learning and piety.
His manners was curious and quaint
And he looked upon girls with disparity.

Ch: With me fol di dol fol di dol day,)
Fol di dol rol di dol ad dy) [2x]

He was fond of readin' a book
When he could get one to his wishes;
He was fond of castin' his hook
In among the ould fishes.

But one evenin' he landed a trout,
He landed a fine big trout, sir,
When young Kathleen from over the way
Came to see what the monk was about, sir.

"Oh, get out o' me way," said the saint,
"For I am a man of great piety,
And me good manners I wouldn't taint,
Not by mixing with female society."

Oh, but Kitty she wouldn't give in,
And when he got home to his rockery,
He found she was seated therein,
A-polishin' up his ould crockery.

Well, he gave the poor creature a shake,
And I wish that the Garda had caught him;
For he threw her right into the lake,
And, be Jaysus, she sank to the bottom!

The Frog in the Well

From Liam Clancy by way of Mary O'Hara

There was a frog lived in the well,
"Hi ho" says Roly.

There was a frog lived in the well,
And a merry mouse in the dell.
*With me roly poly cabbage and spinach,
And "Hi!" for Anthony Roly.*

Said the frog, "I must go court,...
With me bayonet and me sword."...

Little Miss Mouse was having her tea...
Says he, "Miss Mouse, would ya marry me?"...

Where will the weddin' be? ...
Down at the butt of an Ivy tree...

Now we're all in very good cheer...
If we had some music here...

In came the bumble bee...
And clamped a bagpipe on his knee...

Now we're all in very good cheer...
If we had some dancin' here...

In came the butterfly...
She swore she'd dance until she died...

The next on the floor was Uncle Rat...
He up and danced a jig on the mat...

Suddenly there was a terrible din...
The cat and the kittens came tumblin' in...

The frog jumped up in a terrible fright...
He doffed his hat and said, "Goodnight!" ...

But as the frog was crossing the stream...
A big duck came and gabobbed him up...

The Hiring Fair (Salt)

From the singing of Kevin Coneff of the Chieftains

Come all ye young lads and young lasses
Who hanker to work on a farm,
Now be careful when choosin' a master:
Might serve for to keep you from harm.

When I was a strappin' young fellow
Aged about seventeen,
I hired myself to a farmer
At the horsefair at Ballynascreen.

Now his farm was way up on the mountain,
And it all was just heather and bog;
And my job, well, I got to look after
His donkey, his goat and his dog.

Now me and the farmer and his mother,
We lived in a tumble-down shack.
His mother was well over ninety,
With the bones sticking out of her back.

It was only a tumble-down ruin
Held together by old yeller clay;
The roof it was past all repairin',
For the goat had the thatch ate away.

His poor mother, she slept by the fire,
For the rain it came down on her bed;
And when I'd get up early each morning,
She'd be sitting there nodding her head.

Well, we had three old hens and a rooster.
One day they all died in the coop,
So he plucked them and boiled them and salted them;
We lived for a month on the soup.

Bad luck, now it never runs single,
For the next day the nanny-goat died.
So he skint it and boiled it and salted it,
And made himself shoes from the hide.

It was then poor old Neddy the donkey
Broke his hind leg and suffered great pain,
So he shot him and skint him and boiled him,
And called for the salt once again.

Now I thought that his mind was affected,
And myself, I was going insane,
For when poor Fido died of distemper,
He called for the salt once again.

When I thought of what happened to Fido,
I couldn't sleep thinkin' that night,
And when I got up early next morning,
I got me a terrible fright.

His poor mother was dead by the fire,
And when I ran for the door he cried, "Halt!
Where are you going so early?
Come back here and help me to salt!"

Well, I went through that door like a rocket,
Says myself, "I'll get out of this fault!"
I tripped in the yard from excitement,
And out he come runnin' with salt.

Well I took to my heels like a cowboy,
And over the hills like a hare;
I never stopped runnin' for a fortnight,
And I've never been back to a fair!



Irish Ballad (Rickety-Tickety-Tin)

Words & Tune: Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
About a maid I'll sing a song;
Who didn't have her family long.
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did ev'ryone of them in, them in,
She did ev'ryone of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
And we had to make do with gin, with gin,
We had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
Her mother she cold never stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned.
The mother died with a spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the smoke and flame rose higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre,
Playin' a violin, -olin,
Playin' a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin.
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him off to Davy Jones.
All they ever found were some bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
Occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two,
And served him up as an irish stew,
And invited the neighbors in, -bors in,
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,
Sing rickety-tickety-tin.
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny.
To do so she would have had to lie,
And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin,
Lying, she knew, was a sin.

My tragic tale I won't prolong,
Sing Rickety-tickety-tin.
My tragic tale I won't prolong,
And if you do not enjoy the song,
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long—
You should never have let me begin, begin,
You should never have let me begin.

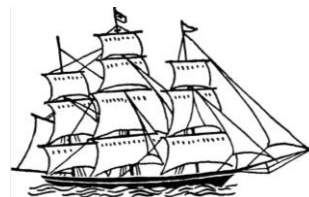
The Irish Rover

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, she was rigged fore-and-aft,
And how the trade winds drove her;
She had 23 masts, and she'd stood several blasts,
And they called her the Irish Rover.

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

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone,
There was Johnny McGurk,
who was scared stiff of work,
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone.
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule,
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover,
And yer man Mick McCann,
from the banks of the Bann,
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years
when the measles broke out,
And the ship lost her way in the fog. [*great fog!*]
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two,
'Twas meself and the Captain's old dog.
Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord! what a shock,
And nearly tumbled over!
It turned nine times around
and the poor old dog was drowned—
I'm the last of the Irish Rover!



Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye

All right, he didn't die; but doesn't he wish he had!

When goin' the road to sweet Athy,

Hurroo Hurroo,

When goin' the road to sweet Athy,

Hurroo Hurroo,

When goin' the road to sweet Athy,

A stick in me hand, a drop in me eye,

A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Johnny, I hardly knew ya.

Ch: Wi' yer guns and drums and drums and guns,

Hurroo Hurroo,

Wi' yer guns and drums and drums and guns,

Hurroo Hurroo,

Wi' yer guns and drums and drums and guns

The enemy nearly slew ya;

Oh, darlin' dear, ya looked sa queer,

Johnny, I hardly knew ya.

[Similarly:]

Where are the legs with which you run...

Where are the legs with which you run...

Where are the legs with which you run,

When first you went to carry a gun

Indeed your dancing days are done...

Where are the eyes that looked so mild...

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, ...

Where are the eyes that looked so mild

When my poor heart you first beguiled;

Why did ye skedaddle from me and the child?...

You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg...

You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg...

You haven't an arm, you hadn't a leg,

You're a eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg;

You'll have to be put with the bowl to beg...

I'm happy for to see ya home...

I'm happy for to see ya home...

I'm happy for to see ya home,

All from the island of Ceylon,

Do low in the flesh, so high in the bone...



Kevin Barry

In Mountjoy jail one Monday morning,

High upon the gallows tree,

Kevin Barry gave his young life

For the cause of liberty.

Just a lad of eighteen summers,

Yet there's no one can deny

As he walked to death that morning,

He proudly held his head on high.

Just before he faced the hangman

In his dreary prison cell,

British soldiers tortured Barry,

Just because he would not tell

The names of all his brave comrades

And other things they wished to know;

"Turn informer or we'll kill you!"

Kevin Barry answered, "No!"

Another martyr for old Ireland,

Another murder for the crown;

The English laws may kill the Irish,

But cannot keep their spirit down.

Lads like Barry are no cowards,

From the foe they will not fly;

Lads like Barry will free Ireland:

For her cause they live and die.

The Mermaid

It was Friday morn when we set sail,

And we were not far from the land,

When our captain, he spied a mermaid so fair,

With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Ch: Oh, the ocean waves do roll,

And the stormy winds do blow.

We poor sailors go skipping to the tops,

While the landlubbers lie down below,

below, below,

Oh, the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,

And a fine old man was he.

"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom,

We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,

And a well-spoken man was he.

"Oh, I have a wife in Salem by the sea,

And tonight a widow she will be."

Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,

And a brave young lad was he.

"Oh, I have a sweetheart in Plymouth by the sea,

And tonight she'll be weeping for me."

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,

And a crazy old butcher was he.

"Oh, I care much more for my pots and my pans,

Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round spun our gallant ship,

And three times around spun she.

Three times round spun our gallant ship,

And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Me Grandfather Died

From the singing of Peg Power

Me grandfather died, and peace be with him,
In dying he did not forget me.
In making his will, sure, he wrote with a quill,
And 'tis many the thing that he left me.

Ch: Tie-oodle, tie-um, tie-illy, aye-yum.
Tie-oodle, tie-illy, tie-air-o.
Tie-oodle, tie-um, tie-illy, aye-yum.
Whack for the toora-lye-air-o.

He left me a skillet, a pot and a griddle,
A fork and a knife that would open,
Some silly matters, a few pewter platter,
Faith, aye, and a tenpenny token.

He left me a dresser with hooks for the mugs,
A few holy books and a table'
For readin' me prayer book an' skippin' hard work,
Sure, it's right well ye know that I'm able!

He left me nine hens that would lay every day,
Nine geese and a good-lookin' gander,
A brown-berry cock, he's the pride of the flock,
And he goes like a marchin' Highlander.



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 has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though 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!"

The Old Woman from Wexford

From the singing of Tommy Makem

There was an old woman from Wexford,
In Wexford town did dwell;
She loved her husband dearly,
But another man twice as well.

(Chorus)
With me right fol lidder-all ar-yl,
And me right fol lo-ra-lee.

One day she went to the doctor
Some medicine for to find,
Saying, "Doctor give me something
That'll make me ould man blind."

"Oh, feed him eggs and marrow bones,
And make him sup them all,
And it won't be so very long after that
That he won't see you at all."

Oh, the doctor wrote a letter,
And he signed it with his hand;
Then he sent it off to her ould man
So he would understand.

So she fed him eggs and marrow bones,
And made him sup them all,
And it wasn't so very long after that
'Til he couldn't see the wall.

Says he, "I'd go and drown meself,
But that might be a sin."
Says she, "I'll go to the water's edge,
And I'll help to push you in."

The old woman she went back a bit
To get a running go.
The old man blithely stepped aside,
And she went in below.

Oh, how loudly did she roar,
And how loudly did she bawl!
"Arrah, hould yer whisht, ould woman," says he,
"Sure I can't see you at all!"

She swam and swam and swam and swam
'Till she came to the further brim.
The old man got a long barge pole,
And he pushed her further in.

O eggs are eggs and marrow bones
Will make your old man blind.
But if you want to drown him,
You must creep up close behind!



Paddy Murphy

Tune: Wearin' of the Green

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died,
I never will forget,
We all got stinkin' drunk that night,
and some ain't sober yet.
But the only thing they did that night
that filled my heart with fear:
They took the ice right off the corpse,
and put it in the beer.

The widow in the corner sat pouring out her grief,
Then Kelly and his gang, they came
a-tearing down the street.
They went into an empty room,
a whiskey jar they stole;
They put the bottle with the corpse,
to keep the whiskey cold.

They stopped the hearse on George Street
right outside the old saloon,
They all went in at half past eight,
and staggered out at noon.
They went up to the graveyard,
so holy and sublime,
And found out when they got there
that they'd left the corpse behind!

Roddy McCorley

O see the fleet-foot host of men,
who march with faces drawn,
From farmstead and from fishers' cot,
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 is never 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 the 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;
But 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
in Toomebridge town today.
True to the last! True to the last,
he treads the upward way,
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
on the bridge of Toome today.

Rosin the Beau

I've traveled all over this world,
And now to another I go;
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

[Similarly, with repeats of the last 2 lines:]

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Saying, "Send down a hogshead of whiskey,
To drink with old Rosin the Beau!"...

Then get a half-dozen stout fellows,
And stack them all up in a row,
Let them drink out of half-gallon bottles
To the name of old Rosin the Beau....

Then get this half-dozen stout fellows,
And let them all stagger and go,
And dig a great hole in the meadow,
And in it put Rosin the Beau....

Then get ye a couple of bottles,
Put one at me head and me toe;
With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em
The name of old Rosin the Beau....

I feel that old tyrant approaching,
That cruel, remorseless old foe,
And I lift up my glass in his honor:
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau!...



She Moved Through the Fair

Words: Padraic Colum

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
And she laid her hand on me, and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

And she stepped away from me,
and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.
And then she turned homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed,
But one had a sorrow that never was said;
And I smiled as she passed with her goods & her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in,
And so softly she came that her feet made no din,
As she laid her hand on me, and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

Sweet Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first laid my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!"

Ch: "Alive, alive o-o, alive, alive o-o,"
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!"

She was a fishmonger, and sure, 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And each wheeled a barrow
through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-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, alive-o."

Weela Wallia

There was an old woman who lived in the wood,
Weela weela wallia;
There was an old woman who lived in the wood,
Down by the river Sallia.

She had a baby six months old...
She had a baby six months old...

She had a big knife three foot long...
She had a big knife three foot long...

She stuck the knife in the baby's head,...
The more she stabbed it the more it bled...

Three big knocks come a knockin' at the door...
Two policemen and a man...

"Are you the woman what killed the child?" ...
"Are you the woman what killed the child?" ...

"I am the woman what killed the child."...
"I am the woman what killed the child."...

The rope got chucked and she got hung,...
The rope got chucked and she got hung,...

The moral of this story is...
Don't stick knives in babies' heads!...

Wexford Mummer's Song

From the singing of Mary O'Hara

In Derry town there dwelt two maids,
There dwelt two maids in Shroden;
One of their names was Patty Grey,
The other was Nancy Hogan.

Ch: Fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la.

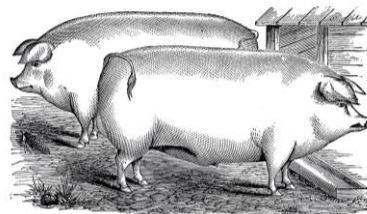
Now these two maids led an awful life,
An awful life and dreary;
From morn 'til night they'd fuss and fight,
Everything quite contrary.

Now Nancy bought a little pig,
And he grew like the wonder;
Patty bought another one,
Scarce could tell them asunder.

Now these two pigs were out one day,
These pigs were out a feedin',
Blackguards came, cut off their tails,
Sent them home a bleedin'.

Now Nancy died of a Saturday night,
And Patty died of a Sunday,
Blackguards came and dug their graves,
Buried them both on Monday

Now these two maids are dead and gone,
Their bones they lie in Shroden,
And devil a prayer was offered up,
For Patty and Nancy Hogan.



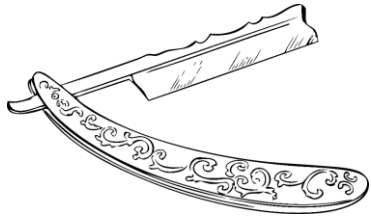
William Bloat

In a mean abode on the Shankill Road
Lived a man named William Bloat.
He had a wife, the bane of his life,
And she always got his goat;
So one day at dawn, with her nightdress on,
He slit her bloody throat.

Then he was glad he had done what he had
As she lay there stiff and still,
'Til sudden awe of the angry law
Filled his mind with an awful chill;
So to finish the fun so well begun,
He decided himself to kill.

So he took the sheet from his wife's cold feet,
And he twisted in into a rope,
And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf—
'Twas an easy end, let's hope.
With his dying breath, and he facing death,
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

But the strangest turn of the whole concern
Is only just beginning:
He went to hell, but his wife got well,
And she's still alive and sinning,
For the razor blade was German made,
But the rope was Belfast linen.



The Wind That Shakes the Barley

By Robert Dwyer Joyce (1836–1883)

I sat within a valley green,
I sat there with my true love,
My sad heart strove the two between,
The old love and the new love—
The old for her, the new that made me
Think on Ireland dearly,
While soft the wind blew down the glen,
And shook the golden barley.

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame
To break the ties that bound us;
Twas harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, "The mountain glen
I'll seek next morning early,
And join the brave United Men!"
While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,
My fond arms 'round her flinging,
The foeman's shot burst on our ears,
From out the wildwood ringing.
A bullet pierced my true love's side
In life's young spring so early,
And on my breast in blood she died,
While soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse
I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow,
And laid my true love's clay-cold corpse
Where I full soon may follow.
And round her grave I wander drear,
Noon, night, and morning early,
With breaking heart whene'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley!¹

EXILE & EMIGRATION: THE AMERICAN & AUSTRALIAN "DEATH"

The Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds,
You'd think she was queen of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound,
And many's the hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
'Til sad misfortune came o'er me,
And forced me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friend and relations,
To follow the Black Velvet Band.

As I went walking one evening
Not meaning to stray very far,
I met with a frolicsome damsel:
She was sellin' her trade at the bar.
A watch she took from a customer,
And slipped it right into my hand,
And the law came and chucked us in prison:
Bad luck to her Black Velvet Band!

Next morning before judge and jury,
For trial I had to appear.
The judge said, "Me saucy young fellow,
The case against you is quite clear.
It's seven long years transportation,
You're going to Van Dieman's Land,
Far away from your friends and relations,
To follow the Black Velvet Band."

So come all you jolly young fellows,
I'd have you take warning by me:
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of the pretty colleens!
For they'll ply you with whiskey and porter
till you are not able to stand,
And the very next thing that you know me lads,
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Fields of Athenry

by A.M. Barr, K.W. Casey, M.J. Orrell & M. Kelly

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 win, g
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"

By a lonely harbor wall,
she watched the last star falling,
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,
For she lived to hope and pray
for her love in Botany Bay;
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Goodbye Mick

Now the ship it sails in half an hour
to cross the broad Atlantic,
Me friends are standing on the quay
in grief and sorrow frantic.
I'm just about to sail away
on the good ship Dan O'Leary;
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.

(Chorus)

So it's goodbye Mick, and goodbye Pat,
and goodbye Kate and Mary,
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.
And now the steam is blowin' off,
and I've got no more to say:
I'm bound for New York City, boys,
three thousand miles away.

In my old kitbag here I have
cabbage, spuds and bacon;
Isn't that the finest fare, and is your belly aching?
If the ship it starts to pitch and toss,
I'll leave very quickly,
I'll pack me bundle on me back
and I'll walk to New York City

Those Yankee girls will sure love me,
of course I'm speculatin';
I'll oil them well with liquor, boys,
and they'll love the way I'm treatin'.
I'm as deep in love with Molly Burke
as an ass is fond of clover;
When I get there I'll send for her,
that's if she will come over!

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin

In the days when I was courtin',
I was never tired resortin'
To the ale-house or the playhouse,
and many's the house besides.
But I told me brother Seamus
I'd go off and be right famous,
And I never would return again
'til I'd roamed the world wide.

Ch: Oh, it's goodbye Muirsheen Durkin,
sure I'm sick and tired of workin'.
No more I'll dig the praties,
and no longer I'll be fooled.
As sure's me name is Carney,
I'll be off to Californy,
Where instead of diggin' praties,
I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.

I've courted girls in Blarney,
in Kanturk and in Killarney,
In Passage and in Queenstown,
that is the Cobh of Cork.
Goodbye to all this pleasure,
I'll be off to take me leisure,
And the next time that you'll hear from me
is a letter from New York.

Goodbye to the girls at home,
I'm going far across the foam,
To try and make me fortune in far Amerikay.
There's gold and riches plenty,
for the poor and for the gentry,
And if ever I return again,
no more you'll hear me say:

Mary from Dungloe

Words: Pádraig MacCumhaill, rev. by Colm O'Laughlin

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

Oh, then, Mary, you're my heart's delight,
My pride and only care.
It was your cruel father
Would not let me to stay there.
But absence makes the heart grow fond,
And when I am over the main,
May the Lord protect my darling girl,
'Til I return again.

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

Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

Oh fare-thee-well, Ireland,
My own dear native land;
It breaks my heart to see friends part,
For it's then that the teardrops fall.
I'm on my way to Amerikay,
Will I e'er see my home once more?
For now I leave my own true love
On Paddy's green shamrock shore.

Our ship she lies at anchor,
She's standing by the quay.
May fortune bright shine down each night,
As we sail over the sea.
Many ships were lost, many lives it cost
On the journey that lies before;
With a tear in my eye I'm bidding good-bye
To Paddy's green shamrock shore.

So fare thee well my own true love,
I'll think of you night and day,
And a place in my mind you surely will find,
Although I am so far away.
Though I'll be alone far away from my home,
I'll think of the good times once more,
Until the day I can make my way
Back to Paddy's green shamrock shore.

And now the ship is on the waves;
May heaven protect us all.
With the wind in the sail, we surely can't fail
On this voyage to Baltimore.
But my parents and friends did wait till the end,
Till I could see them no more;
I then took a chance for to glance
At Paddy's green shamrock shore.



The Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Duggan was his name;
He was born and raised in Ireland
In a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son,
His mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years
He left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore
He was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,
He shot James McAvoy;
A terror to Australia was
The wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie
As Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mockingbird
A-singing a cheerful song,
Out stepped a band of troopers,
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy;
They'd all set out to capture him,
The wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan,
For you see we're three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's high name,
For you're a plundering son."
Jack pulled two pistols from his belt,
He proudly waved them high
"I'll fight, but not surrender!"
Said the wild colonial boy

He fired a shot at Kelly,
Which brought him to the ground;
And turning 'round to Davis,
He received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his proud young heart
From the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him,
The wild colonial boy.

NOT IRISH!

(Well, some *are* Scottish....)

The Bonnie Earl of Moray

Based on a true story!

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Where hae ye been?
They have slain the Earl of Moray
And laid him on the green.
 He was a braw gallant
 And he played at the ball,
 And the bonnie Earl of Moray
 Was the flow'r among them all.

Oh wae betide ye, Huntley,
And wherefore did ye say?
I bade ye bring him here,
But forbade ye him to slay.
 He was a braw gallant,
 And he rade at the ring,
 And the bonnie Earl of Moray
 He might have been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove,
And the bonnie Earl of Moray
He was the Queen's own love.
 Long may his lady
 Look o'er the castle and down,
 Ere the bonnie Earl of Moray
 Comes sounding through the town.

Captain Kidd

My name is Robert Kidd
 As I sailed, as I sailed.

My name is Robert Kidd
 As I sailed.

My name is Robert Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
 As I sailed, as I sailed.

My parents taught me well... [3x]
To shun the gates of hell,...
But against them I rebelled...

I murdered William Moore... [3x]
And I left him in his gore...
Twenty leagues away from shore...

And being cruel still,... [3x]
The gunner I did kill,
All his precious blood did spill...

To execution dock I must go, I must go,
To execution dock I must go,

To execution dock,
Lay my head upon the block,
No more the laws I'll mock
 As I sail, as I sail.

Dr. Price

*Tune: Earli in the Morning, aka Drunken Sailor
(BTW, this one is Welsh, and Price was a real person!)*

There once was a man named Dr. Price
Who lived on lettuce, nuts and rice;
His idols were the moon and sun,
And he walked the hills with nothing on, singing,

Ch: I don't give a bugger, [3x]
 What anybody thinks of me!

The randy Doctor in his day
Put lots of girls in a family way;
His little bastards could be seen
From Pontypool to Pontyclun, singing,

Now, at the age of eighty-eight
The Doctor had to choose a mate;
He met a girl named Gwenlian
And became the father of her son, singing,

A doting dad was Dr. Price;
He named the baby Jesus Christ,
And wrapped it in a flannel shawl,
The bonniest bastard of them all! Singing,

But in a twelvemonth, sad to say,
The little baby passed away;
So, after chapel one fine night,
He set the little corpse alight, singing,

But when the local Deacons saw
That Dr. Price had broke the law,
They shouted out, "Ach y fil!"
And put him under lock and key, singing,

The Doctor told the magistrate
He didn't care about his fate.
"It was the most hygienic way—
I'll be a famous man one day!" Singing,

The morning that the Doctor died,
His children stood at his bedside.
He drank a bottle of champagne,
And started singing once again:

He told his children in his will
To burn him on Llantrisant Hill.
They built a crematorium,
And the Doctor went to Kingdom Come, singing,

It's thanks to Dr. William Price
That modern corpses have the choice
To linger in the mould'ring clay
Or go up the chimney right away, singing,

Lord Randal

In 1803 Sir Walter Scott published this ballad, possibly based on Randolph, 6th Earl of Chester (d. 1232).

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha been at the greenwood;
mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O, I met wi my true-love;
mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', an fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
What did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down."

"And what was their color, Lord Randal, my son?
What was their color, my handsome young man?"
"They were spickled and speckled;
mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavin's, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat your leavin's, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother,
mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down"

"And what becam' of them, Lord Randall, my son?
What became of them, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out an died;
mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d' ye leave to your mother,
Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your mother,
my handsome young man?"
"Four and twenty milk kye;
mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d' ye leave to your sister,
Lord Randal, my son?
What d' ye leave to your sister,
my handsome young man?"
"My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d' ye leave to your brother,
Lord Randal, my son?
What d' ye leave to your brother,
my handsome young man?"
"My house and my lands; mother,
mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d' ye leave to your true-love,
Lord Randal, my son?
What d' ye leave to your true-love,
my handsome young man?"
"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak' my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

Miss Bailey

By Lou Gottlieb

A captain bold from Halifax,
Who dwelt in country quarters,
Seduced a maid who hanged herself
One Monday in her garters.
His wicked conscience smited him,
He lost his stomach daily;
He took to drinking ratafia
And tho't upon Miss Bailey.

Ch: Poor Miss Bailey!
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

One night betimes he went to bed
For he had caught a fever;
Said he, "I am a handsome man
And I'm a bold deceiver."
His candle just a twelve o'clock
Began to burn quite palely:
A ghost stepped up to his bedside
And said, "Behold, Miss Bailey!"

"Avast, Miss Bailey," then he cried,
"You can't affright me, really."
"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied,
"You used me ungentlely."

The coroner's quest goes hard with me
Because I've acted frailly,
And Parson Biggs won't bury me
Tho' I'm a dead Miss Bailey."

"Dear Madam, then, since you and I
Accounts must once for all close,
I have a five-pound note
In my regimental small clothes.
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave."
The ghost then vanished gaily,
Crying, "Bless you, wicked Captain Smith,
Remember poor Miss Bailey!"

MacCrimmon's Lament

Round Cuillin's peak the mist is sailing,
The banshee croons her note of wailing.
But my blue e'en wi' sorrow are streaming
For him that will never return—MacCrimmon.

Ch: No more, no more, no more forever,
In war or peace shall return MacCrimmon.
No more, no more, no more forever,
Shall love or gold bring back MacCrimmon.

The beasts on the braes are mournfully moaning;
The brook in the hollow is plaintively mourning.
But my blue e'en wi' sorrow are streaming
For him that will never return—MacCrimmon.

My Son David

Oh, what's that blood it's on your sword,
My son David, ho, son David,
What's that blood that's on your sword?
Come, promise, tell me true.

That's the blood of my grey mare,
O lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my grey mare,
Because she wadnae rule by me.

Oh, that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, ho, son David,
That blood it is ower clear;
Come, promise, tell me true.

That's the blood of my grey hound,
Hey lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my grey hound,
Because it wadnae rule by me.

Oh, that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, ho, son David,
That blood it is ower clear;
Come, promise, tell me true.

That's the blood of my brother John,
Hey lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
That's the blood of my brother John,
Because he wadnae rule by me.

Oh, whan will you come back again,
My son David, ho, son David,
Whan will you come back again?
Come, promise, tell me true.

Whan the sun an' the moon meets in yon glen,
Hey lady Mother, ho, lady Mother,
Whan the sun an' the moon meets in yon glen,
For I'll return again.

Omie Wise

What a sorrowful story of poor Omie Wise,
How she was deluded by John Lewis's lies.

He told her he'd meet her at Adams' spring;
He promised her money and other fine things.

So fool-like, she met him at Adams' spring;
She found there no money, nor other fine things.

"John Lewis, John Lewis, won't you tell me your mind,
Do you intend to marry me, or leave me behind?"

"Little Omie, Little Omie, I'll tell you my mind:
My mind it is to drown you and leave you behind."

"Take pity on my baby, and spare me my life;
I'll go home as a beggar, and never be your wife."

He kissed her, and hugged her,
and turned her around,
And threw her in the river,
where he knew that she would drown.

Two boys went a-fishing upon a fine day.
They saw Little Omie's body go floating away.

They threw a rope around her
and drew her to the bank;
Her clothes all wet and muddy,
they laid her on a plank.

They called for John Lewis to come to that place,
And look on Little Omie, so he might see her face.

It's a debt to the devil John Lewis must pay,
For killing Little Omie and running away.

Tom Dooley

Ch: Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

Met her on the mountain,
There I took her life;
Met her on the mountain,
Stabbed her with my knife.

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'd be,
Hadn't-a been for Grayson,
I'd-a been in Tennessee.

This time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be,
Down in some lonesome valley,
Hangin' from a white oak tree.

A Saint (No Bones About It!)

Words: Janet Cornwell; Tune: Variant of "Rosin the Beau"

I once lived a simple existence,
No thrills, but no serious complaint,
'Til I struck out and got myself martyred,
And took up the job of a saint.
Now, a saint's work is helping the people:
Intercession, and curing of fits;
If you do your work well for the faithful,
They'll love you—*they'll love you to bits.*

They've an odd way of showing devotion:
Your holiness doesn't stay whole.
They each take a piece of your body
To help them remember their souls.
So my knee's in a casket in Cracow,
My blood's in a bottle in France,
Rome has my ear and left elbow,
While Hanover harbors my hands.

I've heard my right foot's in Ravenna,
While Spain has a span of my spine—
I've toured the great cities of Europe,
But only one piece at a time.
I get credit for miracles daily,
But one's still a mystery to me:
My skull's both in Prague and in Paris,
And *all* of my bones in Dundee!

If you'd like to apply for a sainthood,
You first let the Lord have your heart;
Then you do your part for the faithful,
While the faithful do you for a part.
When the trumpet is sounded at judgment,
With joyous and triumphant tone,
And these bones try to rise on that morning,
Lord, help them to find their way home!

The Streets of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy, all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy."
These words he did say as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
For I'm shot in the chest, and today I must die."

"'Twas once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
'Twas once in the saddle I used to go gay.
First down to Rosie's, and then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast, and I'm dying today."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Take me to the valley, and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water.
To cool my parched lips", the cowboy then said.
Before I returned, his soul had departed,
And gone to the round up – the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along.
For we loved our comrade,
so brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our comrade, although he'd done wrong.

Twa Corbies

As I was walking a' alane,
I heard twa corbies makin' a mane.
The tane untae the tither did say,
Whaur sail we gang and dine the day, O,
Whaur sail we gang and dine the day?

It's in ahint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk and his hound, and his lady fair, O,
But his hawk and his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is tae the hunting gane,
His hawk tae fetch the wild-fowl hame.
His lady ta'en anither mate,
So we may mak' our dinner swate, O,
So we may mak' our dinner swate.

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike oot his bonny blue e'en.
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare, O,
We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare.

There's mony a ane for him mak's mane,
But nane sail ken whaur he is gane.
O'er his white banes when they are bare,
The wind sail blaw for evermair, O,
The wind sail blaw for evermair.



Waltzing Matilda

*First written in 1895 by Australian poet Banjo Paterson;
rewritten in 1903 by Marie Cowan to advertise Billy Tea.*

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched
 and waited till his billy boiled:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me
And he sang as he watched
 and waited till his billy boiled:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman
 and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved
 that jumbuck in his tucker bag:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred.
Down came the troopers, one, two, and three.
"Where's the jolly jumbuck
you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up jumped the swagman
 and sprang into the billabong;
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he.
And his ghost may be heard
 as you pass by that billabong:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm

by R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, 1934

In the tower of London, large as life,
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they declare.
Poor Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife
Until he made the headsman bob her hair.
Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years ago,
And she comes up at night to tell him so.

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour.

She comes to haunt King Henry,
She means giving him what-for.
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off,
She's feeling very sore,
And just in case the headsman
Wants to give her an encore,
She's got her head tucked underneath her arm.

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour.

The sentries think that it's a football
That she carries in,
And when they had a few they shout,
"Is Army going to win?"
They think that it's Red Grange
Instead of poor old Ann Boleyn,
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread
For all his pals and gals, and ghostly crew.
The headsman craves the joint and cuts the bread,
Then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the do.
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,
And Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!"

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour.

One night she caught King Henry,
He was in the canteen bar.
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour,
Anne Boleyn, or Katherine Parr?
How the sweet san perryann do I know who you are,
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"

With her head tucked underneath her arm
She walks the bloody tower.
With her head tucked underneath her arm
At the midnight hour.