



# **UCCMC Song Book**

## **2005/06**

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

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A Place in the Choir	HAKA
Alice's Restaurant	Hallelujah
All The Things You Said	He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother
Always on my Mind	Help me Make it Through the Night
America, F**k Yeah!	Horse with No Name
American Pie	House of the Rising Sun
Amhrán Na bhFiann	I am Sailing
An Poc Ar Buile	I Don't Like Mondays
Angel	I Wish I was Back Home in Derry
Annie's Song	I'll Tell My Ma
Atwa	I'm Leaving on a Jet Plane
Auld Lang Syne	Imagine
Baby Got Back	In the Town of Ballybay
Baby One More Time	Johnny Jump Up
Baidin Fheilimi	Joy To The World
Ball of Inverness	Just The Way You Are
Barry's Song	Land of My Fathers
Beidh Aonach Amárach	Lannigan's Ball
Biddy Mulligan	Les Prisons de Nantes
Black Is The Colour	Let Your Love Flow
Black Velvet Band	Light My Fire
Blowing in the Wind	Lisdoonvarna
Bohemian Rhapsody	Living on a Prayer
Botany Bay	Loch Lomond
Bottle Hymn of the Repulsive	Lola
Bridge Over Troubled Waters	Lyin' Eyes
Bucket of Mountain Dew	Maggie
Bunch of Thyme	Maggie May
California Dreaming	Maids When You're Young
Carrick Fergus	McAlpine's Fusiliers
Chop Suey	Me and Bobby McGee
Cliffs of Dooneen	Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard
Climber Boy	Men in tights
Cockles And Mussels	Michelle
Country Roads	Mr. Tambourine Man
Cows With Guns	Moondance
Cuckoo's Nest	Moon Shadow
Danny Boy	Mrs. Robinson
Delirium Tremens	Muirsin Durkin
Derry Air	My Bonnie
Dicey Riley	Nancy Spain
Dingle Jingle	Nation Once Again
Dirty Old Town	New York, New York
Do You Want Your ould Lobby Washed Down	NIL NA LÁ
Down by the Sally Gardens	Nothing Else Matters
Drunken Sailor	Oh Sir Jasper
Du Hast	Old King Cole
Enter Sandman	Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly
Father And Son	Old Woman Who Lived in the Woods
Feelin' Groovy	Only Our Rivers Run Free
Fiddler's Green	Ordinary Man
Fields of Athenry	Óró sé do bheatha 'bhaile
Fire and Rain	Patricia The Stripper
Flower of Scotland	Paradise City
Gett Off	Piano Man
Ghost Riders in the Sky	Plastic Jesus
Green Fields of France	RawHide
Green Green Grass of Home	Red Is The Rose

Red Red Wine  
Return To Sender  
Rhinestone Cowboy  
Salonika  
Scarborough Fair  
Seven Drunken Nights  
Simply the Best  
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay  
She Moved Through the Fair  
Slip Sliding Away  
Soldiers Song  
Something Inside So Strong  
Spencil Hill  
Spanish Lady  
Star Spangled Banner  
St. Brendan's Voyage  
Star of County Down  
Streets of London  
Streets of New York  
Summer Nights  
Summertime  
Sunny Afternoon  
Sweet Child O' Mine  
Sweet Home Alabama  
Swing Low Sweet Chariot  
Take it Easy  
The Banks of my own Lovely Lee  
The Boxer  
The Cobbler  
The Curragh of Kildare

The Dutchman  
The Final Countdown  
The Irish Rover  
The Ould Triangle  
The Rare Ould Times  
The Raitlin Bog  
The Scotsman  
The Sick Note  
Thrashing Machine  
Time In a Bottle  
Total Eclipse of the Heart  
Toxicity  
Trasna na dTonnta  
Turning Japanese  
Two out of Three Ain't Bad  
Van Deiman's Land  
Vincent  
Waltzing Matilda  
Way Down in Alabama  
Whiskey In The Jar  
Whiter Shade of Pale  
Wild Rover  
Wild World  
Will you go, Lassie go?  
Wlad Fy Nhadau  
Wonderful Tonight  
Wonderful World  
Yellow Submarine  
Yesterday

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### Version 3.0 Additions

+ America, F\*\*k Yeah!  
+ Baby Got Back  
+ Baby One More Time  
+ California Dreaming  
+ Cuckoo's Nest  
+ Du Hast  
+ Enter Sandman  
+ Living on a Prayer  
+ Nothing Else Matters  
+ Paradise City  
+ Simply the Best  
+ Sweet Child O'Mine  
+ The Final Countdown  
+ Total Eclipse of the Heart

## A PLACE IN THE CHOIR

### CHORUS

All God's creatures got a place in the choir,  
Some sing lower and some sing higher,  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire,  
Some just clap their hands or paws or  
anything they got now.

Now listen to the bass it's the one on the  
bottom  
Where the bullfrog croaks and the  
hippopotamus  
Moans and groans with a big to do  
The old cow just goes moo.  
The dogs and the cats they take up the  
middle  
Where the honeybee hums and the cricket  
fiddles  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
And the old grey badger sighs.

### CHORUS

On to the top with the little birds singing  
On the melodies and high notes ringing  
The hoot owl cries over everything  
And the blackbird disagrees.  
Singing in the night-time, singing in the day  
The little duck quacks and is on his way  
The otter hasn't got much to say  
And the porcupine talks to himself.

### CHORUS

It's a simple song, a living song everywhere  
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear  
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above  
The sly old weasel and the turtle dove.

### CHORUS

## Alice's Restaurant

By Arlo Guthrie

This song is called Alice's Restaurant, and  
it's about Alice, and the  
restaurant, but Alice's Restaurant is not the  
name of the restaurant,  
that's just the name of the song, and that's  
why I called the song Alice's  
Restaurant.

You can get anything you want at Alice's  
Restaurant

You can get anything you want at Alice's  
Restaurant

Walk right in it's around the back  
Just a half a mile from the railroad track  
You can get anything you want at Alice's  
Restaurant

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago,  
was on - two years ago on  
Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went  
up to visit Alice at the  
restaurant, but Alice doesn't live in the  
restaurant, she lives in the  
church nearby the restaurant, in the bell-  
tower, with her husband Ray and  
Fasha the dog. And livin' in the bell tower  
like that, they got a lot of  
room downstairs where the pews used to  
be in. Havin' all that room,  
seein' as how they took out all the pews,  
they decided that they didn't  
have to take out their garbage for a long  
time.

We got up there, we found all the garbage  
in there, and we decided it'd be  
a friendly gesture for us to take the garbage  
down to the city dump. So  
we took the half a ton of garbage, put it in  
the back of a red VW  
microbus, took shovels and rakes and  
implements of destruction and headed  
on toward the city dump.

Well we got there and there was a big sign  
and a chain across across the  
dump saying, "Closed on Thanksgiving."  
And we had never heard of a dump  
closed on Thanksgiving before, and with  
tears in our eyes we drove off  
into the sunset looking for another place to  
put the garbage.

We didn't find one. Until we came to a side  
road, and off the side of the  
side road there was another fifteen foot cliff  
and at the bottom of the  
cliff there was another pile of garbage. And  
we decided that one big pile  
is better than two little piles, and rather than  
bring that one up we  
decided to throw our's down.

That's what we did, and drove back to the  
church, had a thanksgiving  
dinner that couldn't be beat, went to sleep  
and didn't get up until the

next morning, when we got a phone call from officer Obie. He said, "Kid, we found your name on an envelope at the bottom of a half a ton of garbage, and just wanted to know if you had any information about it." And I said, "Yes, sir, Officer Obie, I cannot tell a lie, I put that envelope under that garbage."

After speaking to Obie for about forty-five minutes on the telephone we finally arrived at the truth of the matter and said that we had to go down and pick up the garbage, and also had to go down and speak to him at the police officer's station. So we got in the red VW microbus with the shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the police officer's station.

Now friends, there was only one or two things that Obie coulda done at the police station, and the first was he could have given us a medal for being so brave and honest on the telephone, which wasn't very likely, and we didn't expect it, and the other thing was he could have bawled us out and told us never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity again, which is what we expected, but when we got to the police officer's station there was a third possibility that we hadn't even counted upon, and we were both immediately arrested. Handcuffed. And I said "Obie, I don't think I can pick up the garbage with these handcuffs on." He said, "Shut up, kid. Get in the back of the patrol car."

And that's what we did, sat in the back of the patrol car and drove to the scene of the crime. I want to tell you about the town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where this happened here, they got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the scene of the crime there were five police officers and three police cars, being the biggest crime of the last fifty years, and everybody wanted to get in the newspaper story about it. And they were using up all kinds of cop equipment that they had hanging around the police officer's station. They were taking plaster tire tracks, foot prints, dog smelling prints, and

they took twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. Took pictures of the approach, the getaway, the northwest corner the southwest corner and that's not to mention the aerial photography.

After the ordeal, we went back to the jail. Obie said he was going to put us in the cell. Said, "Kid, I'm going to put you in the cell, I want your wallet and your belt." And I said, "Obie, I can understand you wanting my wallet so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but what do you want my belt for?" And he said, "Kid, we don't want any hangings." I said, "Obie, did you think I was going to hang myself for littering?" Obie said he was making sure, and friends Obie was, cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper so I couldn't bend the bars roll out the - roll the toilet paper out the window, slide down the roll and have an escape. Obie was making sure, and it was about four or five hours later that Alice (remember Alice? It's a song about Alice), Alice came by and with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, bailed us out of jail, and we went back to the church, had another thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we all had to go to court.

We walked in, sat down, Obie came in with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, sat down. Man came in said, "All rise." We all stood up, and Obie stood up with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures, and the judge walked in sat down with a seeing eye dog, and he sat down, we sat down. Obie looked at the seeing eye dog, and then at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, and looked at the seeing eye dog. And then at twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles

and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one and began to cry, 'cause Obie came to the realization that it was a typical case of American blind justice, and there wasn't nothing he could do about it, and the judge wasn't going to look at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. And we was fined \$50 and had to pick up the garbage in the snow, but that's not what I came to tell you about.

Came to talk about the draft.

They got a building down New York City, it's called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down to get my physical examination one day, and I walked in, I sat down, got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning. 'Cause I wanted to look like the all-American kid from New York City, man I wanted, I wanted to feel like the all-, I wanted to be the all American kid from New York, and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down, brung down, hung up, and all kinds o' mean nasty ugly things. And I waked in and sat down and they gave me a piece of paper, said, "Kid, see the psychiatrist, room 604."

And I went up there, I said, "Shrink, I want to kill. I mean, I wanna, I wanna kill. Kill. I wanna, I wanna see, I wanna see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth. Eat dead burnt bodies. I mean kill, Kill, KILL, KILL." And I started jumpin up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL," and he started jumpin up and down with me and we was both jumping up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL." And the sargent came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said, "You're our boy."

Didn't feel too good about it.

Proceeded on down the hall gettin more injections, inspections, detections, neglections and all kinds of stuff that they was doin' to me

at the thing there, and I was there for two hours, three hours, four hours, I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean nasty ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched. Proceeded through, and when I finally came to the see the last man, I walked in, walked in sat down after a whole big thing there, and I walked up and said, "What do you want?" He said, "Kid, we only got one question. Have you ever been arrested?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the Alice's Restaurant Massacre, with full orchestration and five part harmony and stuff like that and all the phenome... - and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, did you ever go to court?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and the paragraph on the back of each one, and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, I want you to go and sit down on that bench that says Group W .... NOW kid!!"

And I, I walked over to the, to the bench there, and there is, Group W's where they put you if you may not be moral enough to join the army after committing your special crime, and there was all kinds of mean nasty ugly looking people on the bench there. Mother rapers. Father stabbers. Father rapers! Father rapers sitting right there on the bench next to me! And they was mean and nasty and ugly and horrible crime-type guys sitting on the bench next to me. And the meanest, ugliest, nastiest one, the meanest father raper of them all, was coming over to me and he was mean 'n' ugly 'n' nasty 'n' horrible and all kind of things and he sat down next to me and said, "Kid, whad'ya get?" I said, "I didn't get nothing, I had to pay \$50 and pick up the garbage." He said, "What were you arrested for, kid?" And I said, "Littering." And they all moved away from me on the bench there, and the hairy eyeball and all kinds of mean nasty things, till I

said, "And creating a nuisance." And they all came back, shook my hand, and we had a great time on the bench, talkin about crime, mother stabbing, father raping, all kinds of groovy things that we was talking about on the bench. And everything was fine, we was smoking cigarettes and all kinds of things, until the Sargeant came over, had some paper in his hand, held it up and said.

"Kids, this-piece-of-paper's-got-47-words-37-sentences-58-words-we-wanna-know-details-of-the-crime-time-of-the-crime-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say-pertaining-to-and-about-the-crime-I-want-to-know-arresting-officer's-name-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say", and talked for forty-five minutes and nobody understood a word that he said, but we had fun filling out the forms and playing with the pencils on the bench there, and I filled out the massacre with the four part harmony, and wrote it down there, just like it was, and everything was fine and I put down the pencil, and I turned over the piece of paper, and there, there on the other side, in the middle of the other side, away from everything else on the other side, in parentheses, capital letters, quoted, read the following words:

("KID, HAVE YOU REHABILITATED YOURSELF?")

I went over to the sargeant, said, "Sargeant, you got a lot a damn gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself, I mean, I mean, I mean that just, I'm sittin' here on the bench, I mean I'm sittin' here on the Group W bench 'cause you want to know if I'm moral enough join the army, burn women, kids, houses and villages after bein' a litterbug." He looked at me and said, "Kid, we don't like your kind, and we're gonna send you fingerprints off to Washington."

And friends, somewhere in Washington enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints. And the only reason I'm singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar

situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a situation like that there's only one thing you can do and that's walk into the shrink wherever you are ,just walk in say "Shrink, You can get anything you want, at Alice's restaurant.". And walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them. And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. They may think it's an organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day,I said fifty people a day walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. And friends they may thinks it's a movement.

And that's what it is , the Alice's Restaurant Anti-Massacre Movement, and all you got to do to join is sing it the next time it come's around on the guitar.

With feeling. So we'll wait for it to come around on the guitar, here and sing it when it does. Here it comes.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant  
You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant  
Walk right in it's around the back  
Just a half a mile from the railroad track  
You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

That was horrible. If you want to end war and stuff you got to sing loud. I've been singing this song now for twenty five minutes. I could sing it for another twenty five minutes. I'm not proud... or tired.

So we'll wait till it comes around again, and this time with four part harmony and feeling.

We're just waitin' for it to come around is what we're doing.

All right now.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's  
Restaurant  
Excepting Alice  
You can get anything you want, at Alice's  
Restaurant  
Walk right in it's around the back  
Just a half a mile from the railroad track  
You can get anything you want, at Alice's  
Restaurant

Da da da da da da dum  
At Alice's Restaurant

### **ALWAYS ON MY MIND**

Maybe I didn't treat you quite as good as I  
should have  
Maybe I didn't love you quite as often as I  
could have  
If I made you feel all second best  
Girl, I'm sorry, I was blind  
You were always on my mind  
You were always on my mind.

Maybe I didn't hold you. all those lonely  
lonely times.  
I guess I never told you, I'm so happy that  
you're mine.  
Little things I should have said & done,  
I just never took the time.  
You were always on my mind,  
You were always on my mind.

Tell me, tell me that your sweet love hasn't  
died  
Forgive me, give me one more chance to  
keep you satisfied.  
I'll keep you satisfied.

Little things I should have said & done,  
I just never took the time.  
You were always on my mind,  
You were always on my mind.

### **America, F\*\*k Yeah**

America...  
America...  
America, FUCK YEAH!  
Coming again, to save the mother fucking  
day yeah,  
America, FUCK YEAH!  
Freedom is the only way yeah,  
Terrorist your game is through cause now  
you have to answer too,

America, FUCK YEAH!  
So lick my butt, and suck on my balls,  
America, FUCK YEAH!  
What you going to do when we come for  
you now,  
it?s the dream that we all share; it?s the  
hope for tomorrow

FUCK YEAH!

McDonalds, FUCK YEAH!  
Wal-Mart, FUCK YEAH!  
The Gap, FUCK YEAH!  
Baseball, FUCK YEAH!  
NFL, FUCK, YEAH!  
Rock and roll, FUCK YEAH!  
The Internet, FUCK YEAH!  
Slavery, FUCK YEAH!

FUCK YEAH!

Starbucks, FUCK YEAH!  
Disney world, FUCK YEAH!  
Porno, FUCK YEAH!  
Valium, FUCK YEAH!  
Reeboks, FUCK YEAH!  
Fake Tits, FUCK YEAH!  
Sushi, FUCK YEAH!  
Taco Bell, FUCK YEAH!  
Rodeos, FUCK YEAH!  
Bed bath and beyond (Fuck yeah, Fuck  
yeah)

Liberty, FUCK YEAH!  
White Slips, FUCK YEAH!  
The Alamo, FUCK YEAH!  
Band-aids, FUCK YEAH!  
Las Vegas, FUCK YEAH!  
Christmas, FUCK YEAH!  
Immigrants, FUCK YEAH!  
Columbine, FUCK YEAH!  
Democrats, FUCK YEAH!  
Republicans (republicans)  
(fuck yeah, fuck yeah)  
Sportsmanship  
Books

### **AMERICAN PIE**

A long long time ago I can still remember  
how that music used to make me smile,  
And I knew if I had my chance  
I could make those people dance  
and maybe they'd be happy for a while,  
But February made me shiver  
with every paper I'd deliver:  
bad news on the doorstep,  
I couldn't take one more step,



I can't remember if I cried  
when I read about his widowed bride,  
Something touched me deep inside  
the day the music died.

- So bye bye Miss American Pie:  
- Drove my Chevy to the levee but the  
levee was dry  
- Them good old boys were drinking  
whiskey and rye  
- Singing this'll be the day that I die  
- This'll be the day that I die

Did you write the book of love,  
and do you have faith in God above?  
If the bible tells you so  
now do you believe in rock and roll:  
can music save your mortal soul  
and can you teach me how to dance real  
slow;  
well I know you're in love with him  
cause I saw you in the dancin' in the gym;  
you both kicked off your shoes;  
man I dig those rhythm and blues  
I was lonely teenage bronkin' buck  
with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck  
but I knew I was out of luck the day the  
music died  
I started singing bye bye Miss American  
Pie.....

Now for 10 years we've been on our own,  
and Moss grows fat on a rolling stone  
but that's not how it used to be  
when the jester sang for the king and  
queen  
in a coat he borrowed from James Dean  
and a voice that came from you and me  
oh and while the king was looking down  
the jester stole his thorny crown;  
The courtroom was adjourned,  
no verdict was returned;  
And while Lenin read a book on Marx  
the quartet practised in the park  
and we sang dirges in the dark, the day the  
music died.  
We were singing bye bye Miss American  
Pie.....

Helter skelter in the summer swelter  
the birds flew off with a fallout shelter  
8 miles high and falling fast  
it landed foul on the grass;  
The players tried for a forward pass,  
with the jester on the sideline in a cast,  
Now the half-time air was sweet perfume  
while the sergeants played on a marching  
tune :  
We all got up to dance, but we never got  
the chance

'Cause the players tried to take the field,  
the marching band refused to yield,  
do you recall what was revealed,  
the day the music died, we started  
singing.....

And there we were all in one place,  
a generation lost in space:  
With no time left to start again.  
So come on Jack be nimble Jack be quick  
Jack Flash sat on the candlestick  
'Cause fire is the Devil's only friend,  
and as I watched him on the stage  
my hands were clenched in fists of rage,  
no angel born in Hell could break that  
Satan's spell:  
And as the flames climbed high into the  
night  
to light the sacrificial rite:  
I saw Satan laughing with delight the day  
the music died.  
We were singing bye bye Miss American  
Pie.....

I met a girl who sang the blues  
and I asked her for some happy news,  
but she just smiled and turned away  
I went down to the sacred store  
where I heard the music years before,  
but the man there said the music wouldn't  
play;  
and in the streets the children screamed,  
the lovers cried and the poets dreamed.  
But not a word was spoken, the church  
bells were broken:  
And 3 men I admire most, The Father,  
Son and the Holy Ghost:  
They caught the last train for the coast ,  
the day the music died and they were  
singing....

## AMHRÁN NA bhFIANN

Sinne Fianna Fáil  
Atá faoi gheall ag Éirinn  
Buíon dár slua  
Thar toinn do ráinig chugainn  
Faoi mhóid bheith saor  
Sean-tir ár sinsear feasta  
Ní fhágfar faoin tíorán ná faoin tráill  
Anocht a théam sa Bhearna Bhaoil  
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil  
Le gunna-scréach faoi lámhach na bpiléar  
Seo libh canaig Amhrán na bhFiann

## AN POC AR BUILE

Ag gabháil dom sior chun Droichead Uí  
Mhóradha

Píce im dhóid 's mé ag dul i meithil  
Cé casfaí orm i gcuma ceóidh  
Ach pocán crón is é ar buile

Curfa

Ailluliú puilliliú, ailliliú tá an poc ar buile  
(x2)

Do ritheamar trasna trí ruilleogach  
Is do ghluais an cómhraic ar fuaid na  
muinge  
Is treasscairt dá bhfuair sé sna turtóga  
Chuas 'na ainneoin ina dhrom le fuinneamh

Níor fhág sé carraig go raibh scót ann  
Ná gur rith le fársa chun mé a mhuilleadh  
Ansan sea do chaith sé an léim ba mhó  
Le fána mór na Faille Brice

Bhí gárda mór i mBaile an Róistigh  
Is bhailigh fórsaí chun sinn a clipeadh  
Do bhuail sé rop dá adhairc sa tóin ann  
Is dá bhríste nua do dhein sé giobaíl

I nDaingean Uí Chúis le haghaidh an  
tráthnóna  
Bhí an sogart paróiste amach in ár gcoinne  
Is é dúirt gurbh é an diabhal ba dhóigh leis  
A ghaibh an treo ar phocán buile

### Angel

Spend all your time waiting  
for that second chance  
for a break that would make it okay  
there's always one reason  
to feel not good enough  
and it's hard at the end of the day  
I need some distraction  
oh beautiful release  
memory seeps from my veins  
let me be empty  
and weightless and maybe  
I'll find some peace tonight.

In the arms of an angel  
fly away from here  
from this dark cold hotel room  
and the endlessness that you fear  
you are pulled from the wreckage  
of your silent reverie  
you're in the arms of the angel  
may you find some comfort there.

So tired of the straight line  
and everywhere you turn  
there's vultures and thieves at your back  
and the storm keeps on twisting  
you keep on building the lie  
that you make up for all that you lack  
it don't make no difference  
escaping one last time  
it's easier to believe in this sweet madness  
oh  
this glorious sadness that brings me to my  
knees.

In the arms of an angel  
fly away from here  
from this dark cold hotel room  
and the endlessness that you fear  
you are pulled from the wreckage  
of your silent reverie  
you're in the arms of the angel  
may you find some comfort there  
you're in the arms of the angel  
may you find some comfort here.

### Annie's Song

You fill up my senses like a night in the  
forest  
Like the mountains in springtime like a walk  
in the rain  
Like a storm in a desert, like a sleepy blue  
ocean  
You fill up my senses, come fill me again

Come let me love you, let me give my life  
too you  
Let me drown in your laughter, let me die in  
your arms  
Let me lay down beside you, let me always  
be with you  
Come let me love you, come love me  
again.

### Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never bro't to mind  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For the sake of auld lang syne

And here's a hand, my trusty friend  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
I'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For the sake of auld lang syne

### **Baby Got Back**

I like big butts and I can not lie  
You other brothers can't deny  
That when a girl walks in with an itty bitty  
waste  
And a round thing in your face  
You get sprung, wanna pull up tough  
'Cause you notice that butt was stuffed  
Deep in the jeans she's wearing  
I'm hooked and I can't stop staring  
Oh baby, I wanna get wit'cha  
And take your picture  
My homeboys tried to warn me  
But with that butt you got makes  
Ooh, Rump-o'-smooth-skin  
You say you wanna get in my Benz?  
Well, use me, use me  
'Cause you ain't that average groupy  
I've seen them dancin'  
The hell with romancin'  
She's wet, wet,  
Got it goin' like a turbo 'Vette  
I'm tired of magazines  
Sayin' flat butts are the thing  
Take the average black man and ask him  
that  
She gotta pack much back  
So, fellas! (Yeah!) Fellas! (Yeah!)  
Has your girlfriend got the butt? (Hell yeah!)  
Tell 'em to shake it! (Shake it!) Shake it!  
(Shake it!)  
Shake that healthy butt!  
Baby got back!

(LA face with Oakland booty)  
Baby got back!

I like 'em round, and big  
And when I'm throwin' a gig  
I just can't help myself, I'm actin' like an  
animal  
Now here's my scandal  
I wanna get you home  
And ugh, double-up, ugh, ugh  
I ain't talkin' bout Playboy  
'Cause silicone parts are made for toys  
I want 'em real thick and juicy  
So find that juicy double  
Mix-a-Lot's in trouble

Beggin' for a piece of that bubble  
So I'm lookin' at rock videos  
Watchin' these bimbos walkin' like hoes  
You can have them bimbos  
I'll keep my women like Flo Jo  
A word to the thick soul sistas, I wanna get  
with ya  
I won't cuss or hit ya  
But I gotta be straight when I say I wanna  
\*fuck\*  
Til the break of dawn  
Baby got it goin' on  
A lot of simps won't like this song  
'Cause them punks like to hit it and quit it  
And I'd rather stay and play  
'Cause I'm long, and I'm strong  
And I'm down to get the friction on  
So, ladies! {Yeah!} Ladies! {Yeah!}  
If you wanna role in my Mercedes {Yeah!}  
Then turn around! Stick it out!  
Even white boys got to shout  
Baby got back!

Baby got back!  
Yeah, baby ... when it comes to females,  
Cosmo ain't got nothin'  
to do with my selection. 36-24-36? Ha ha,  
only if she's 5'3".

So your girlfriend rolls a Honda, playin'  
workout tapes by Fonda  
But Fonda ain't got a motor in the back of  
her Honda  
My anaconda don't want none  
Unless you've got buns, hon  
You can do side bends or sit-ups,  
But please don't lose that butt  
Some brothers wanna play that "hard" role  
And tell you that the butt ain't go  
So they toss it and leave it  
And I pull up quick to retrieve it  
So Cosmo says you're fat  
Well I ain't down with that!  
'Cause your waste is small and your curves  
are kickin'  
And I'm thinkin' bout stickin'  
To the beanpole dames in the magazines:  
You ain't it, Miss Thing!  
Give me a sista, I can't resist her  
Red beans and rice didn't miss her  
Some knucklehead tried to dis  
'Cause his girls are on my list  
He had game but he chose to hit 'em  
And I pull up quick to get wit 'em  
So ladies, if the butt is round,  
And you want a triple X throw down,  
Dial 1-900-MIXALOT  
And kick them nasty thoughts  
Baby got back!

(Little in the middle but she got much back)  
[4x]

### **Baby One More Time**

Oh baby baby, Oh baby baby

Oh baby baby, how was I supposed to  
know  
that something wasn't right here  
Oh baby baby, I shouldn't have let you go  
and now you're out of sight, yeah  
show me how you want it to be  
tell me baby cuz I need to know now  
oh, because

#### **CHORUS**

My loneliness is killin me (and I)  
I must confess I still believe (still believe)  
When I'm not with you I lose my mind  
give me a sign,  
hit me baby one more time!

Oh baby, baby, the reason I breathe is you  
Boy you've got me blinded  
Oh pretty baby, there's nothin that I  
wouldn't do  
It's not the way I planned it

Show me how you want it to be  
tell me baby cuz I need to know now  
oh, because

#### **CHORUS**

Oh baby baby, how was I supposed to  
know  
Oh pretty baby, I shouldn't have let you go

I must confess that my loneliness  
is killin me now  
don't you know I still believe  
that you will be here  
to give me a sign  
hit me baby one more time

#### **CHORUS**

I must confess (my loneliness)  
that my loneliness(is killing me)  
Is killing me now(I must confess)  
Don't you know I still believe (still believe)  
that you will be here (im losin my mind)  
to give me a sign...  
hit me baby one more time!

### **Baidin Fheilimi**

Baidin Fheilimi, d'imigh go Gabhla,  
Baidin Fheilimi 's Feilimi ann,  
Baidin Fheilimi D ' imigh go Gabhla  
Baidin Fheilimi 's, Feilimi ann.

Baidin bideach, baidin beosach, Baidin  
boidheach,  
baidin Fheilimi, Baidin direach, baidin  
deontach,  
Baidin Fheilimi 's Feilimi ann.

Baidin Fheilimi d ' imigh go Trocaigh,  
Baidin Fheilimi 's Feilime ann. X2

Baikin Fheilimi briseadh i dToraigh,  
Baidin Fheilimi 's Feilimi ann. X2

### **Ball of Inverness**

There were four and twenty virgins at the  
Ball of Inverness,  
And after the Ball was over there were four  
and twenty less.

Chorus  
With your balls against your partner and  
your ass against the wall,  
If you don't get laid on Saturday night you  
won't get laid at all.

The village granny she was there, sittin' by  
the fire,  
Knitting contraceptives out of worn out  
Dublin tyres.

#### **Chorus**

The village blacksmith he was there with  
his balls of brass,  
He lined 'em up against the walls and bate  
'em up the...,

#### **Chorus**

The village doctor he was there, sittin' on  
the gate,  
Teaching all the eight year olds how to  
masturbate.

#### **Chorus**

The village Bishop he was there, with his  
purple shroud,  
Hanging from the chandelier and pissin' on  
the crowd.

Chorus

The village cripple he was there, he  
couldn't do that much,  
He lined 'em up against the wall, and bate  
'em with his crutch.

Chorus ( Big Cresendo )

### Barry's Song

You fill up our senses like a streaker in  
football,  
On the mountains on Sunday you dance up  
the hill,  
If you were lost in a desert, you'd make the  
clouds cry with laughter,  
You pay no expenses, send Bryan the bill.

Come let us join you, in a song from the  
back rows,  
Let us drown in your laughter, we'll sing of  
chickens on farms,  
And when you pick up the gee-tar, we are  
like rabbits in headlights,  
Come let us love you, only on weekends.

### Beidh Aonach Amárach

Beidh aonach amárach i gcontae an Chláir  
(x3)  
Cén mhaith dom é - ní bheidh me ann

Curfá:  
A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé?  
(x3)  
A mhúirnín é, ná héiligh é.

Níl tú a deich nó a haondéag fós (x3)  
Nuair a bheidh tu trídéag, beidh tú mór

Táimse i ngra le gréansaí bróg (x3)  
Mar bhfaighe mé é ní bheidh me beo

B'fhéarr liom féin mo ghréasaí bróg (x3)  
Ná oifigeach airm gona lásaí óir

### Biddy Mulligan

I'm a buxom fine widow, I live in a spot  
In Dublin they call it the Coombe  
My shops and my stalls are laid out in the  
street

And my palace consists of one room  
I sell apples and oranges nuts and split  
peas  
Bananas and sugar stick sweet  
On a Saturday night I sell second hand  
clothes  
From the floor of my stall in the street.

### CHORUS

You may travel from Clare to the County  
Kildare  
From Frances Street back to the Coombe  
But where would you find a fine widow like  
me  
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe,  
my boys,  
Biddy Mulligan the pride of the Coombe.

I sell fish on a Friday spread out on a board  
The finest you'd find in the sea  
But the best is my herrings, fine Dublin bay  
herrings  
There's herrings for dinner and tea  
I have a son Mick he's great on the flute  
He plays in the Longford Street Band  
It would do your heart good to see him  
march out  
On a Sunday for Dollymount Strand.

In the Park on a Sunday I make quite a  
dash  
The neighbours look on with surprise  
With my Aberdeen shawlie thrown over my  
head  
I dazzle the sight of their eyes  
At Patrick Street corner for sixty four years  
I've stood and no one can deny  
That while I stood there no one could dare  
To say black was the white of my eye.

### Black Is The Colour

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair.  
She has the sweetest smile and the  
gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes  
I hope the day it soon would come  
When she and I will be as one.

I go to the Clyde I mourn and weep  
For satisfied I ne'er can be  
I write her a letter, just a few short lines  
And suffer her death a thousand times.

### **Black Velvet Band**

T'was in the town of Tralee  
As apprenticeship to trade I was bound  
With plenty of bright amusement  
To see the days go round  
Till misfortune and trouble came over me  
Which caused me to stray from land  
far away from me friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band

#### **CHORUS**

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

As I was walking down Broadway  
Not intending to stay very long  
I met with a frolicsome damsel  
As she came tripping along.  
A watch she pulled out of her pocket  
And slipped it right into my hand  
On the very first day I met her  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

#### **CHORUS**

Before the judge and jury,  
the both of us had to appear  
A gentleman swore to the jewellery,  
and the case against us was clear.  
For seven long years transportation  
Right over to Van Diemen's land  
Far away from my friends and companions  
To follow the black velvet band.

#### **CHORUS**

Come all you brave, young Irish lads,  
A warning take by me,  
Beware of all the pretty young damsels  
That are knocking around in Tralee  
They'll treat you to the whiskey and porter  
Until you're unable to stand  
And before you have time to for to leave  
them  
You're bound for Van Diemens land.

#### **CHORUS**

### **Blowing in the Wind**

How many roads must a man walk down  
before you call him a man?  
Yes 'n' how many seas must a white dove  
sail  
before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes 'n' how many times must the canon  
balls fly  
before they're forever banned?  
The answer my friend is blowing' in the  
wind,  
the answer is blowing' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
before he can see the sky?  
Yes 'n' many ears must one man have,  
before he can hear people cry?  
Yes 'n' how my deaths will it take till he  
knows  
that too many people have died?  
The answer.....

How many years can a mountain exist,  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
Yes 'n' how many years can some people  
exist,  
before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his  
head,  
pretending he just doesn't see?  
The answer.....

### **Bohemian Rhapsody**

Is this the real life, is this just fantasy,  
caught in a landslide, no escape from  
reality  
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and  
see  
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy  
(because I'm) easy come, easy go, a little  
high, a little low  
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really  
matter to me.  
Mama just killed a man, put a gun against  
his head,  
pulled my trigger now he's dead  
Mama, life has just begun,  
but now I've gone and thrown it all away.  
Mama, ooh didn't mean to make you cry,  
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on as if nothing really  
matters.

Too late, my time has come, sends shivers  
down my spine, body's aching all the time  
Goodbye everybody, I've got to go, gotta  
leave it all behind and face the truth

Mama, ooh I don't want to die, I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouette of a man  
Scaramouche, Scaramouche  
Will you do the fandango, thunderbolt and  
lightening very very  
frightening me

Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo,  
Figaro magnifico  
I'm just a poor boy and nobody loves me,  
he's just a poor boy from a poor family  
Spare him his life from his monstrosity,  
Easy come easy go will you let me go  
No we will not let you go, let him go,  
Bismillah! Bismillah!  
We will not let you go, let him go, never will  
not let you go,  
ah let me go  
Ah! no no no no no no no oh Mamma mia  
Mama mia mama mia let me go.

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for  
me, for me  
So you think you can stone me and spit in  
my eye  
So you think you can love me and leave me  
to die  
Oh baby can't do this to me, baby  
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta  
here  
Nothing really matters anyone can see,  
nothing really  
matters to me.

### **Botany Bay**

CHORUS  
Farewell to your bricks and mortar,  
farewell to your dirty lies.  
Farewell to your gangers and gang planks,  
to hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin she's lying at  
the Quay,  
to take out Pat with a shovel on his back to  
the shores of Botany Bay

I'm on my way down to the quay where the  
ship at anchor lays  
To command a gang of navvies that they  
told me to engage  
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went  
away  
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the  
shores of Botany Bay.

The boss came up this morning he says:  
well Pat you know  
If you don't get your navvies out I'm afraid  
you'll have to go  
So I asked him for my wages and  
demanded all my pay  
For I told him straight, I'm going to emigrate  
to the shores of Botany Bay.

And when I reach Australia I'll go and look  
for gold  
There's plenty there for the digging of, or so  
I have been told  
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a  
hundred bricks I'll lay  
Because I live for an eight hour shift on the  
shores of Botany Bay.

### **Bottle Hymn of the Repulsive**

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
opening of the Tun,  
I have bought a pint of cider when the night  
had just begun,  
I have been three-quarters plastered ere  
the sinking of the sun,  
And my soul goes drinking on.

CHORUS Praise the mighty Church of  
Yurinn,  
Praise the mighty Church of Yurinn,  
Praise the mighty Church of Yurinn,  
For its soul goes drinking on.

I have stood on draughty platforms waiting  
for the final train,  
I have kipped on Bastards' couches and  
sustained severest strain,  
And been ready one week later to endure it  
all again,  
And my soul goes drinking on.

### **CHORUS**

I have faced the times of hardship when the  
pubs were running dry,  
When I heard about the draymen's strike a  
tear stood in my eye,  
And when the Hold ran out of cider I was  
sure that I would die,  
But my soul went drinking on.

### **CHORUS**

For the mighty Church of Yurinn is a  
symbol to the brave,

A defence against the lertish hordes in  
search of souls to save,  
Anyone can be a Bastard, man or woman,  
peer or knave,  
And the Church goes drinking on.

#### CHORUS

In the bogs of Lesser Kastath it was born  
across the sea,  
It was brought to Earth in secret through  
the game of D & D,  
Though the lerts may make us holy, yet the  
Church will make us free  
And our souls go drinking on.

#### CHORUS

(For the Church of Yurinn, see "THREE  
YURINNIC SONGS". "Lert"=a  
non-Yurinnic person, a killjoy or dullard.)

#### Bridge Over Troubled Waters

When you're weary, feelin' small:  
When tears are in your eyes,  
I'll dry them all  
I'm on your side, oh when times get rough:  
And friends just can't be found  
Like a bridge over troubled waters: I will lay  
me down  
Like a bridge over troubled waters: I will lay  
me down.

When you're down and out, when you're on  
the street:  
When evening falls so hard, I will comfort  
you  
I'll take your part, oh, when darkness comes  
And pain is all around, Like a bridge etc...  
Sail on silver bird sail on by:  
Your time has come to shine  
All your dreams are on their way, See how  
they shine,  
Oh, if you need a friend: I'm sailing right  
behind  
Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease  
your mind  
Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease  
your mind

#### Bucket of Mountain Dew

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow  
in a free and easy way

But give me enough of the rare ould stuff  
that's made near Galway Bay  
Come one and all from Donegal,  
from Sligo and Leitrim too,  
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip  
of the real old Mountain Dew.

#### CHORUS

Hi diddel idle dum diddle doodle idle dum  
Diddle doori diddli de

There's a neat little still at the foot of the  
hill,  
where the smoke curls up to the sky,  
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell,  
that there's poitin boys close by,  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,  
and betwixt both me and you  
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,  
or a bucketful of mountain dew.

Now learned men as use the pen,  
have writ the praises high  
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green,  
distilled from wheat and rye  
Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills,  
be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew  
So take off your coat and grease your  
throat,  
with a bucketful of mountain dew.

#### Bunch of Thyme

Come all you maidens young and fair  
All you that are blooming in your prime  
And always beware to keep your garden  
fair  
Let no man steal away your thyme.

#### CHORUS:

For thyme it is a precious thing  
And thyme brings all things to my mind,  
Thyme with all its flavours along with all its  
joys,  
Thyme brings all things to my mind.

Once I had a bunch of thyme,  
I thought it never would decay  
Then came a lusty sailor who chanced to  
pass my way,  
And stole my bunch of thyme away.

The sailor gave to me a rose,  
A rose that never will decay  
He gave it to me to keep me reminded  
Of when he stole my thyme away.



## California Dreaming

All the leaves are brown (All the leaves are brown)

And the sky is grey (And the sky is grey)  
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)  
On a winter's day (On a winter's day)  
I'd be safe and warm (I'd be safe and warm)  
If I was in L.A. (If I was in L.A.)

California dreaming (California dreaming)  
On such a winter's day...

Stopped into a church  
I passed along the way  
Well, I got down on my knees (Got down on my knees)  
And I pretend'd to pray (I pretend'd to pray)  
You know the preacher likes the cold  
(Preacher likes the cold)  
He knows I'm gonna stay (Knows I'm gonna stay)

California dreaming (California dreaming)  
On such a winter's day...

All the leaves are brown (All the leaves are brown)  
And the sky is grey (And the sky is grey)  
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)  
On a winter's day (On a winter's day)  
If I didn't tell her (If I didn't tell her)  
I could leave today (I could leave today)

California dreaming (California dreaming)  
On such a winter's day...  
California dreaming  
On such a winter's day...  
California dreaming  
On such a winter's day...

## CarrickFergus

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,  
only for nights on Ballygrant.  
I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
the deepest ocean for my love to find,  
But the sea is wide and I can't swim over,  
and neither have I wings to fly,  
If I could find me a handsome boatman  
to ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad  
reflections  
of happy times I spent so long ago,  
My boyhood friends and my own relations

have all passed on now like melting snow,  
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,  
soft is the grass, my bed is free,  
Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus,  
on that long road down to the sea.

Ah but in Kilkenny it is reported  
there are marble stones there as black as ink  
With gold and silver I did support her,  
but I'll sing no more now till I get a drink,  
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober,  
a handsome rover from town to town,  
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are  
numbered  
so come all ye young men and lay me  
down.

## Cliffs of Dooneen

You may travel far, far from your own  
native home,  
Far away o'er the mountains, far away o'er  
the foam;  
But of all the fine places that I've ever  
been,  
Oh there's none can compare with the  
Cliffs of Dooneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's  
day,  
Watching all the wild flowers that ne're do  
decay,  
The hares and the rabbits are all plain to be  
seen,  
Making homes for their young 'round the  
Cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights  
you'll see there,  
You'll see high rocky mountains on the  
west coast of Clare,  
The towns of Kilrush and Kilkee can be  
seen  
From the high rocky slopes 'round the Cliffs  
of Dooneen.

Fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well  
for a while,  
And to all the fine people I'm leaving  
behind;  
To the streams and the meadows where  
late I have been,  
And the high rocky slopes round the Cliffs  
of Dooneen

### **Climber Boy**

He was a boy, she was a girl Can I make it  
anymore obvious?

He was a climber, she did walking What  
more can I say?

He wanted her, she'd never tell secretly  
she wanted him as well.

But all of her friends stuck up there nose  
they had a problem with his powerstretch.

He was a climbing boy, she said see ya  
later boy  
he wasn't good enough for her she had a  
pretty face,  
but her head was up in the reeks she  
needed to come back  
down to the wall down in the gym.

five years from now, she sits at home  
feeding the baby she's all alone  
she turns on tv guess who she sees  
climber boy rockin' up the north face of the  
eiger.  
she calls up her friends, they already know  
and they've all got tickets to see his lecture  
tour  
she tags along and stands in the crowd  
looks up at the man that she turned down.

He was a climbing boy, she said see ya  
later boy he wasn't good enough for her  
now he's a super star slapin' on his chalk  
does your pretty face see what he's  
worth?

sorry girl but you missed out well tuff luck  
that boys mine now we are  
more than just good friends this is how the  
story ends too bad that you couldn't  
see see that man that boy could be there is  
more that meets the eye I see the  
soul that is inside

He's just a boy, and i'm just a girl can I  
make it anymore  
obvious? we are in love, haven't you heard  
how we rock each others world I'm  
with the climbing boy, I said see ya later  
boy i'll be at the crag afterwards  
i'll be at a cliff face naming the route we  
first ascended about a girl you used  
to know

### **Cockles And Mussels**

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 alive oh!

Chorus:  
Alive alive oh,  
Alive alive oh,  
Crying cockles and mussels,  
Alive alive oh.

She was a fishmonger,  
but sure 'twas no wonder  
for so were her father and mother before,  
And they both wheel'd their barrows  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and Mussels, Alive alive oh!

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

### **Country Roads**

Almost heaven , West Virginia  
The Blue Ridge Mountains, the  
Shenandoah river  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a  
breeze

Country roads, take me home,  
to the place I belong  
West Virginia, mountain momma,  
take me home, country roads

All my memories gather round her  
Miners lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty painted on the sky  
Mystic taste of moonshine, tear drops in my  
eyes

I hear her voice in the morning how she  
calls me  
The radio reminds me of my home far away  
Drivin' down the road I get a feelin'  
that I should be home Yesterday  
yesterday.

### Cuckoo's Nest

There's a corner in the meadow where the  
lads and lasses meet  
Oh they do here what they couldn't do in  
the open street  
They play all kinds of games there, but the  
one I like the best  
Is where every laddie rumples up the  
cuckoo's nest.

#### *Chorus:*

It's high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high  
the cuckoo's nest  
It's high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high  
the cuckoo's nest  
I'll give any maid a shilling and a bottle of  
the best  
Just to rumple up the feathers of her  
cuckoo's nest

I wooed her in the morning and I had her in  
the night  
She was my very first one so I tried to do it  
right  
I searched around and wandered and I  
never would have guessed  
If she hadn't showed me where to find her  
cuckoo's nest

#### Chorus

When she showed me where to find it I  
knew just where to go  
Through the underbrush and brambles  
where the little cuckoos grow  
From the moment that I found it, she would  
never let me rest  
From rumpling up the feathers of her  
cuckoo's nest.

#### Chorus

It was bushy, it was prickled, it was  
feathered all around  
It was tucked away so neatly and it wasn't  
easy found  
She said young man you're blundering, but  
I knew it wasn't true  
For I left her with the makings of a young  
cuckoo

#### Chorus x2

### Danny Boy

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes the pipes are  
calling  
From glen to glen and down the mountain  
side  
The summers gone and all the roses fallen  
Tis you tis you must go and I must bide  
But come ye back when summers in the  
meadow  
Or when the valleys hushed and white with  
snow  
Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
On Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy I love you  
so.

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

### Delirium Tremens

I dreamt a dream the other night I couldn't  
sleep a wink,  
the rats were trying to count the sheep and  
I was off the drink,  
there were footsteps in the parlour and  
voices on the stairs  
I was climbing up the wall and moving  
round the chairs  
I looked out from under the blanket and up  
at the fireplace  
The Pope and J.F. Kennedy were staring in  
me face,  
Suddenly it dawned on me I was gettin' the  
old DT's  
when the Child o' Prague began to dance  
around the mantelpiece.

Goodbye to the Port and Brandy,  
to the Vodka and the Stag,  
to the Schmiddy and the Harpic,  
the bottle draught and keg.  
As I sat lookin' up at the Guinness ad  
I could never figure out  
how your man stayed up on the surfboard

after 14 pints of stout.

Well I swore upon the bible  
I'd never touch a drop  
My heart was palpitatin'  
I was sure 'twas going to stop,  
thinkin' I was dyin'  
I gave my soul to God to keep  
A tenner to St. Anthony  
to help me get to sleep.  
I fell into an awful nightmare  
and got a dreadful shock  
When I dreamt there was no duty free  
at the airport down in Knock,  
Ian Paisley was sayin' the rosary  
and Nora Bennis was on the pill,  
Finbar Wright was gargled  
and singin' Spancil Hill.

I dreamt that Mr Haughey  
had recaptured Crossmaglen  
then Garret got reelected  
and gave it back again.  
Dick Spring and Roger Casement  
were on board the Marita Ann  
as she sailed into Fenit  
they were singin' Banna Strand,  
I dreamt Archbishop McNamara  
was on Spike Island for 3 nights  
havin' been arrested  
for supportin' travellers rights,  
I dreamt that Ruari Quinn was smokin'  
marijuana in the Dail  
and Barry Desmond handin' Frenchies out  
to the scuts in Fianna Fail.

I dreamt of Nell McCafferty and Mary  
Kenny too  
the things that we got up to, but I'm not  
tellin' you,  
I dreamt I was in a jacussi along with Alice  
Glenn  
'twas them I knew I'd never ever ever drink  
again.

repeat CHORUS

### **Derry Air**

In my memory, I will always see,  
the town that I have loved so well,  
Where our school played ball by the Gas  
yard wall,  
And we laughed through the smoke and the  
smell.  
Going home in the rain, running up the dark  
lane,

Past the jail and down behind the fountain  
Those were happy days in so many many  
ways  
In the town I love so well.

In the early morning the Shirt Factory horn  
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and  
the Bog,  
While the men on the dole played the  
mother's role  
Fed the children and then walked the dog;  
And when times got rough there was just  
about enough,  
But they saw it through without complaining  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
For the town I love so well.

There was music there in the Derry air  
Like a language that we could all  
understand  
I remember the day when I earned my first  
pay  
As I played in the small pick up band  
There I spent my youth, and to tell you the  
truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
For I'd learned about life and I'd found me a  
wife,  
In the town I loved so well.

But when I returned, how my eyes were  
burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its  
knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed out  
bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
Now the army's installed by the old Gas-  
yard wall  
And that damned barbed wire gets higher  
and higher.  
With their tanks and guns, oh my God what  
have they done  
To the town I love so well.

Now the music is gone but they still carry  
on  
Though their spirit's bruised but never  
broken  
They will not forget for their hearts are all  
set  
On tomorrow and peace once again.  
For what's done is done, and what's won is  
won  
And what's lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a brand new day  
In the town I love so well.

## Dicey Riley

Oh poor aul Dicey Riley she has taken to  
the sup  
Poor aul Dicey Riley she will never give it  
up  
For it's off each morning to the hock  
And she nips in for another little drop  
Ah the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.

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

She owns a little sweet-shop at the corner  
of the street,  
And every evening after school I go to  
wash her feet.  
She leaves me there to mind the shop  
While she nips in for another little drop,  
Ah the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.

## Dingle Jingle - How Much Further?

How's it goin' there, everybody?  
From Cork, New York, Dundalk, Gortahork  
and Glenamady.  
Here we are in the county Kerry,  
A world away from Happy Gerry,  
Mike Clifford's missing Andie's hand,  
And Jenny's lookin' for a man.  
Bryan Feeney's counting bills,  
And Aidan's popping *funny-pills*.  
Stephens charm will ne'er diminish,  
Have you seen his new belle, I hear she's  
Finnish.

CHORUS:  
Oh! How much further? How much... how  
much...  
how much? How much further?  
Oh! How much further? How much... how  
much...  
how much? How much further?

The way we work is very simple,  
It's easier than poppin' pimples.  
Sunday is a day of rest,  
So we put Jesus to the test.  
We charge Him four pounds for the bus,  
And ask Him that He do not curse.  
Up the mountains to the heavens,  
And back down to the pub for seven.

Uisce beatha mór gach duine,  
Tá brón mhór orm le fuladh gloine.  
Bodies battered, bruised and haggard,  
It's a common sight in Ballintaggart.

repeat Chorus

We left for Dingle on a Friday night,  
If ya missed the bus well that's tough shyte.  
With P.J. Hammond you can't go wrong,  
For ten pounds more he'd sing a song.  
A ballad or a haunting air,  
*O Holy Night* Rob, if you dare.  
A song for those who've gone before us,  
And t'hell with those who've stayed to bore  
us.  
Sur' the poor ol' Yanks can't speak the  
language...  
*Is that TOMATO in my sandwich?*

repeat CHORUS

The compass is what plots our course,  
If that don't work we'll use the force.  
We haven't lost a soul to date,  
But that's not counting those we ate!  
From bulling up the slopes of Scragg,  
To posing naked for the RAG,  
There's nothing that we will not do,  
Except squeeze fifty people in a Port-a-  
Loo.  
Nor BACKMARK for the flower pluckers...  
*Oh my God! What a bunch of...*

repeat CHORUS

In every corner of the World,  
Where worried shepards watch their herds,  
There's folk like us, who for no reason,  
Bull up mountains, in any season.  
The more the wind and rain the better.  
It may be cold so bring a sweater!  
Pneumonia is the silent killer,  
So please don't die 'til after dinner...  
But I do believe we have a pair,  
Of medical sweethearts with us here...  
*"Amputate"* says Diarmuid *"That'll do!"*  
*"Feck off"* says Rachel *"It's only the flu!"*

repeat CHORUS

Now there's someone that I've left out,  
The backbone of the club - NO DOUBT!  
She may not be the best at spelling,  
Climbs in her bra... but then... that's telling.  
If there's a problem that can't be solved,  
She jumps right in and gets involved.  
She'll work the problem to it's feet,  
All the better if she knocks out teeth.  
So Mike, don't tete-a-tete with Ciara,

Or you'll be hearing *Nee-Naw Nee-Naw*  
*Nee-Naw*

*She has a sense of humour too -*  
*apparently!*

repeat CHORUS

Has anyone seen Tom-Tom Randal?  
We'll hunt him down with a pick-axe  
handle!  
Aidan Hannifin is takin' bets,  
That Tom will never pay his debts.  
Askea organised the bus here!  
John and Helen represent the first years.  
A pot of friendship that's soon to pop,  
*Come 'ere. Have yey seen Helen's Black*  
*Top?*  
Conor's gone to see New Zealand.  
Thinks he'd do a better job than Warren  
Gatland.  
So there's a mention for the committee...  
I've left one out - Oh, that's me!

repeat CHORUS

This song is getting mighty boring,  
I think I hear someone snoring!  
So before the lynch mob begins to loom,  
I'll hurry up and finish soon.  
But one last thing I have to say,  
One simple word, and I'll be on my way.  
From countries far this word has travelled.  
On Purple Mountain it was discovered.  
It may wear boots - but it's not farmer...  
It's *Jerry's Word!* It's...

Oh! Lumpensammler! Lumpen... Lumpen...  
Lumpen... Lumpensammler.  
Oh! Lumpensammler! Lumpen... Lumpen...  
Lumpen... Lumpensammler.

### **Dirty Old Town**

I met my love, by the gas works 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,  
Spring's a girl from the streets at night,  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren from the docks,  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind,

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

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

### **Do you want your ould Lobby Washed Down**

I've a nice little cottage and a small bit of  
land  
and a place by the side of the sea.  
And I care about no one because I believe  
that nobody cares about me.  
My peace is destroyed and I'm fairly  
by a lassie who works in the town.  
She sighs every day as she passes the  
way,  
do you want your old lobby washed down.

CHORUS:

Do you want your old lobby washed down  
Con Shine;  
do you want your old lobby washed down.  
She sighs every day as she passes the  
way,  
do you want your old lobby washed down.

The other day the old landlord came by for  
the rent:  
I told him no money had I,  
Besides twasn't fair for to ask me to pay,  
the times were so awfully bad.  
He felt discontented at not getting the rent;  
and he shook his big head in a frown.  
Says he I'll take half but says I with a laugh;  
do you want your old lobby washed down.

Now the boys looks so bashful when they  
go out courting,  
they seem to look so very shy,  
As to kiss a young maid, sure they seem  
half afraid  
but they would if they could on the sly,  
But me, I do things in a different way,  
I don't give a nod or a frown.  
When I goes to court, I says here goes for  
a sport,  
do you want your old lobby washed down.

### **Down by the Sally Gardens**

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 on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish and with her  
would not agree.

In 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 am  
full of tears.

### **Drunken Sailor**

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (x3)  
Ear-lye in the morning

CHORUS  
Wey hey and up she rises (x3)  
Ear-lye in the morning

Put in the life-boat until he's sober ....  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over ....  
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe  
on him...  
Heave him by the leg in a running  
bowline...  
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm  
over...

### **Du Hast**

Du...  
Du hast...  
Du hast mich... (4x)

.....

Du...  
Du hast...  
Du hast mich...  
Du hast mich...  
Du hast mich gefragt...  
Du hast mich gefragt...  
Du hast mich gefragt, und ich hab nicht  
gesagt!

Willst du bis der tod euch scheide  
Treu ihr sein fur alle tagen

NEIN!

NEIN!

Willst du bis der tod euch scheide  
Treu ihr sein fur alle tagen

NEIN!

NEIN!

Du...  
Du hast...  
Du hast mich... (2x)

Du...  
Du hast...  
Du hast mich...  
Du hast mich...  
Du hast mich gefragt...  
Du hast mich gefragt...  
Du hast mich gefragt, und ich hab nicht  
gesagt!

Willst du bis der tod euch scheide  
Treu ihr sein fur alle tagen

NEIN!

NEIN!

Willst du bis zum tod der scheide  
Sie lieben auch in schlechten tagen

NEIN!

NEIN!

Willst du bis der tod euch scheide  
Treu ihr sein.....

NEIN!

NEIN!

### **Enter Sandman**

Say your prayers little one  
Dont forget, my son  
To include everyone  
Tuck you in, warm within  
keep you free from sin  
till the sandman he comes  
sleep with one eye open  
gripping your pillow tight

CHORUS  
Exit, light

Enter, Night  
Take my hand  
we're off to never-never land

Somethings wrong, shut the light  
heavy thoughts tonight  
And they aren't of snow white  
dreams of war, dreams of liars  
dreams of dragon's fire  
and of things that will bite  
sleep with one eye open  
gripping your pillow tight

#### CHORUS

#### SOLO

Now I lay me down to sleep (x2)  
I pray the lord my soul to keep (x2)  
If i die before i wake (x2)  
I pray the lord my soul to take (x2)

hush little baby, don't say a word  
never mind that noise you heard  
it's just the beasts under your bed  
in your closet, in your head

CHORUS (replacing 'take....land with 'grain  
of sand)

CHORUS (done the normal way)

AD LIB TO FADE

#### Father And Son

It's not time to make a change,  
just relax, take it easy,  
you're still young, that's your fault,  
there's so much you have to know.  
Find a girl, settle down,  
if you want you can marry,  
look at me, I am old but I'm happy.

I was once like you are now,  
and I know that it's not easy  
to be calm when you've found  
something going on.  
But take your time, think a lot,  
think of everything you've got  
for you will still be here tomorrow  
but your dreams will not.

How can I try to explain?  
When I do he turns away again,  
it's always been the same, same old story.  
From the moment I could talk  
I was ordered to listen,  
now there's a way, and I know

that I have to go away  
I know, I have to go.

All the times that I've cried,  
keeping all the things I knew inside,  
it's hard, but it's harder to ignore it.  
If they were right I'd agree,  
but it's them they know not me,  
now there's a way, and I know  
I have to go away: I know I have to go.

#### Feelin' Groovy

Slow down you move too fast.  
You got to make the morning last.  
Just kickin' down the cobblestones,  
Lookin' for fun and Feelin' Groovy.  
Ba da da da da da da feelin' groovy

Hello lamppost, whatcha knowin',  
I've come to watch your flowers growin'  
Ain'tcha got no rhymes for me?  
Dootin' doodoo, Feelin' Groovy.  
Ba da da da da da da feelin' groovy

Got no deeds to do, no promises to keep.  
I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.  
Let the morning time drop all its petals on  
me.  
Life I love you all is groovy.  
Ba da da da da da da feelin' groovy

#### Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening  
so fair,  
To view the salt waters and taste the sea  
air,  
I heard an old fisherman singing this song  
'oh take me away boys my time is not long.

Wrap me up in me oil skins and blankets  
No more on the docks I'll be seen.  
Just tell me old ship mates, I'm taking a  
trip mates  
And I'll see you some day on Fiddlers  
Green

Now Fiddlers 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.

And when you're in dock and the 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 growing on every tree

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo not me  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea.  
And I'll play my old squeeze box as we sail along,  
With the wind in the rigging, singing this song.

### **Fields of Athenry**

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

CHORUS  
Low lie the fields of Athenry  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
Our love was on the wing  
We had dreams and songs to sing  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

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

repeat CHORUS.

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

repeat CHORUS

### **Fire and Rain**

Just yesterday mornin' they let me know  
you were gone  
Susan the plans they made put an end to you  
I walked out this mornin' and I wrote down this song  
I just can't remember who to send it to.

CHORUS:  
I've seen fire and I've seen rain,  
I seen sunny days that I thought would never end  
I seen lonely times when I could not find a friend  
but I always thought that I'd see you again.

Won't you look down upon me Jesus  
you got to help me make a stand  
You just got to see me through another day  
My body's achin' and my time is at hand,  
an' I won't make it any other way

repeat CHORUS

Been walkin' my mind to an easy time,  
my back turned towards the sun  
Lord knows when the cold wind blows  
it'll turn your head around  
Well there's hours of time on the telephone line  
to talk about things to come  
Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground.

repeat CHORUS

### **Flower of Scotland**

Oh flower of Scotland, when will we see  
your like again That fought and died for yon wee bit and glen.  
That stood against him (gainst who) proud  
Edward's army  
and sent him homeward to think again.

The hills are bare now and autumn leaves lie thick and still  
On land that is lost now, that was so dearly held,  
That stood against him ('gainst who) proud  
Edward's army  
And sent him homeward to think again

Those days are past now and in the past  
they will remain  
But we can still rise now and be that nation  
again,  
That stood against him ('gainst who) proud  
Edward's army  
And sent him homeward to think again.

### **Gett Off (by Prince)**

How can I put this in a way so as not to  
offend or unnerve  
There's a rumor goin' all round that u ain't  
been gettin' served  
They say that u ain't u know what  
In baby who knows how long  
It's hard 4 me 2 say what's right  
When all I wanna do is wrong

Gett off - 23 positions in a 1 night stand  
Gett off - I'll only call u after if u say I can  
Gett off - let a woman be a woman and a  
man be a man  
Gett off - I u want 2 baby here I am (here I  
am)

I clocked the jizz from a friend  
Of yours named vanessa bet (bet)  
She said u told her a fantasy  
That got her all wet (wet)  
Something about a little box with a  
Mirror and a tongue inside  
What she told me then got me so hot  
I knew that we could slide

Gett off - 23 positions in a 1 night stand  
Gett off - I'll only call u after if u say I can  
Gett off - let a woman be a woman and a  
man be a man  
Gett off - I u want 2 baby here I am (here I  
am)

Gett off (gett off)

1 2 3 - nah, little cutie, I ain't drinkin' (gett  
off)  
Scope this, I was just thinkin'  
U + me, what a ride  
If u was thinkin' the same  
We could continue outside (gett off)  
Lay your pretty body against a parkin'  
meter  
Strip your dress down  
Like I was strippin' a peter paul's almond  
joy  
Lemme show u baby I'm a talented boy

Everybody grab a body

Pump it like u want somebody

Gett off (gett off)

So here we-so here we-so here we are,  
here we are (g-g-gett off)  
In my paisley crib  
Whatcha want 2 eat? ribs  
Ha, toy, I don't serve ribs...  
U better be happy that dress is still on  
I heard the rip when u sat down

Honey them hips is gone  
That's alright, I clock 'em that way  
Remind me of something james used to  
say...

I like 'em fat  
I like 'em proud  
Ya gotta have a mother for me

Now move your big ass 'round this way  
So I can work on that zipper, baby  
Tonight your a star  
And I'm the big dipper

(kick it)

(gett off)

(gett off)

How can I put this in a way so as not to  
offend or unnerve (gett off)  
There's a rumor goin' all round that u ain't  
been gettin' served (gett off)  
They say that u ain't u know what  
In baby who knows how long (gett off)  
It's hard 4 me 2 say what's right  
When all I wanna do is wrong

Gett off - 23 positions in a 1 night stand  
Gett off - I'll only call u after if u say I can  
Gett off - let a woman be a woman and a  
man be a man  
Gett off - I u want 2 baby here I am

Come on

Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off  
Gett off

### **Ghost Riders in the Sky**

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark  
and windy day  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along  
his way  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed  
cows he saw  
Ploughin through the ragged skies and up  
the cloudy draw

Their brands were still on fire  
and their hooves were made of steel  
Their horns were black and shiny  
and their hot breath he could feel  
A bolt of fear went through him  
as they thundered through the sky  
For he saw the riders coming hard  
and he heard their mournful cry.

Yippee-I-ay, yippee-I-oo  
Ghost riders in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,  
their shirts all soaked with sweat,  
They're riding hard to catch that herd  
but they ain't caught them yet  
Cos they've got to ride forever  
on that range up in the sky  
Their horses snorting fire  
as they ride onto their cry.

Yippee-I-ay, yippee-I-oo  
Ghost riders in the sky.

As the riders rode on by him,  
he heard one cry his name  
If you want to save your soul from hell,  
a riding on our range  
Then cowboy change your ways  
or with us you will ride  
Trying to catch the devil's herd  
across these evil skies.

Yippee-I-ay, yippee-I-oo  
Ghost riders in the sky.

### **Green Fields of France**

Well how do you do young Willie McBride,  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your  
grave-side,  
And rest for a while neath the warm  
summer sun,  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly  
done.

I see by your gravestone you were only  
nineteen  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916.  
I hope you died well and I hope you died  
clean,  
Or young Willie McBride was it slow and  
obscene.

CHORUS:

Did they beat the drums slowly,  
Did they play the pipes lowly,  
Did they sound the death march,  
As they lowered you down.  
Did the band play the last post and chorus  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.

Did you leave a young wife or sweetheart  
behind,  
In some faithful heart is your memory  
enshrined.  
Although you died back in 1915,  
In that faithful heart are you forever  
nineteen.  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Enclosed and forever behind the glass  
frame,  
Of an old photograph torn, battered and  
stained,  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather  
frame.

repeat CHORUS

The sun now it shines on the Green Fields  
of France,  
As a warm summer breeze makes the red  
poppies dance.  
And look how the sun shines from under  
the clouds,  
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no  
guns firing now.  
But here in this graveyard, it's still no-mans  
land,  
The countless white crosses stand mute in  
the sand.  
To mans blind indifference to his fellow  
man,  
To a whole generation that was butchered  
and damned.

repeat CHORUS

Well Willie McBride I can't help wonder  
why,  
Do all those that lie here know why they  
died.  
Or did they believe when they answered  
the call,

Did they really believe that this war would  
end wars.  
For the sorrow the suffering the glory the  
pain,  
The killing and dying were all done in vain.  
For young Willie McBride it all happened  
again,  
And again and again and again and again.

repeat CHORUS

### **Green Green Grass of Home**

The old home town looks the same  
as I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my Mama and  
Papa  
Down the road I look and there runs Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
Its good to touch the green green grass of  
home.

CHORUS:  
Yes, they'll all come to meet me,  
arms reachin' smilin' sweetly  
Its good to touch the green green grass of  
home.

The old house is still standing  
'tho the paint is cracked and dry  
And there's that old oak tree I used to play  
on  
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
Its good to touch the green green grass of  
home.

SPOKEN: Then I awake and look around  
me  
at four grey walls that surround me  
And I realise that I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and theres a sad old  
padre  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I'll touch the green green grass of  
home.

FINAL CHORUS:  
Yes, they'll all come to see me  
in the shade of that old oak tree  
As they lay me 'neath the green green  
grass of home.

### **HAKA**

### **(TE RAUPAROTA'S HAKA)**

Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora ka ora  
Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora ka ora  
Tenei te torgata !  
Puhuru Puhuru  
Nga nga e whiti wenhaka whiti te Ra  
A Hapore a hapore  
A hapore, kapore whiti te Ra !

Rough translation

O death, O death, this life this life  
O death, O death, this life this life  
Behold !  
There he stands  
The man who will lead us into the sun  
One upward step, another upward step  
One last upward step, step into the sun  
The sun that shines !

### **Hallelujah**

By L. Cohen

I've heard there was  
A secret chord  
That David played, and  
It pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care  
For music, do you?  
It goes like this:  
The fourth, the fifth  
The minor fall, the major lift  
The baffled king  
Composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong  
But you needed proof  
You saw her bathing  
On the roof  
Her beauty and the  
Moonlight overthrew you  
She tied you to a kitchen chair  
She broke your throne  
And she cut your hair  
And from your lips  
She drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Maybe I've been here before  
I know this room  
I've walked this floor  
I used to live alone  
Before I knew you

I've seen your flag  
On the marble arch  
Love is not a victory march  
It's a cold and  
It's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

There was a time  
You let me know  
What's really going on below  
But now you never show  
It to me, do you?  
I remember when  
I moved in, you  
Your holy dark  
Was moving too  
And every breath we drew  
Was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Maybe there's a God above  
And all I ever  
Learned from love  
Was how to shoot  
At someone  
Who outdrew you  
It's not a cry  
You can hear at night  
It's not somebody  
Who's seen the light  
It's a cold and  
It's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

### **He ain't Heavy He's My Brother**

The road is long with many a winding turn  
That leads us to who knows where  
Who knows where: But I'm strong  
Strong enough to carry him  
He ain't heavy he's my brother.

So on we go his welfare is my concern  
No burden is he to bear we'll get there  
For I know he would not encumber me  
He ain't heavy he's my brother.

If I'm laden at all, I'm laden with sadness

That everyone's heart isn't filled with  
gladness  
Of love for one another.

It's a long long road from which there is no  
return  
While we're on the way to there, why not  
share  
And the load doesn't weigh me down at all  
He ain't heavy he's my brother.

### **Help me Make it Through the Night**

Take the ribbon from your hair, shake it  
loose and let it fall  
Lay'in soft upon my skin, like on the  
shadows on the wall,  
Come and lay down by my side, 'till the  
early morning light  
All I'm taking is your time, help me make it  
through the night.

#### **CHORUS**

I don't care who's right or wrong, I don't try  
to understand  
Let the devil take tomorrow, Lord tonight I  
need a friend.  
Yesterday is dead and gone and  
tomorrow's out of sight  
And it's so sad to be alone, help me make it  
through the night.

### **Homeward Bound**

I'm sitting in the railway station  
Got a ticket for my destination  
On a tour of one night stands  
My suitcase and guitar in hand  
And every stop is neatly planned  
for a poet and a one man band

#### **CHORUS**

Homeward bound, I wish I was homeward  
bound  
Home, where my thoughts are escaping  
Home, where my music's playing  
Home where my love lies waiting silently for  
me

Every day's an endless stream  
Of cigarettes and magazines  
And each town looks the same to me  
The movies and the factories  
And every stranger's face I see

Reminds me that I long to be

repeat CHORUS

Tonight I sing my songs again  
I'll play the game and pretend  
But all my words come back to me  
In shades of mediocrity  
Like emptiness in harmony  
I need someone to comfort me

repeat CHORUS

### **Horse with No Name**

On the first part of the journey,  
I was looking at all the life  
there were plants and birds and rocks and  
things,  
there was sand and hills and rain.  
The first thing I saw was a fly with no buzz  
and a sky with no clouds,  
The heat was hot and the ground was dry  
but the air was full of sound

CHORUS:

You see, I've been through the desert  
on a horse with no name,  
It felt good to get out of the rain,  
In the desert, you can remember your  
name,  
'Cause there ain't no one to give you no  
pain,  
La, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, La, la, la (x2)

After two days in the desert sun,  
my skin began to turn red,  
After three days in the desert sun,  
I was looking at a river bed.  
Now the story is told of a river that flowed,  
Made me sad to think it was dead.

repeat CHORUS.

After nine days, I let the horse run free  
cause the desert had turned to sea,  
There were plants and birds and rocks and  
things,  
there was sand and hills and rain.  
the ocean is a desert with it's life  
underground  
and the perfect disguise above,  
Under the cities beats a heart in the ground  
but the humans will give no love.

repeat CHORUS

### **House of the Rising Sun**

There is a house in New Orleans,  
they call the rising sun,  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,  
and God I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,  
she sewed my new blue jeans,  
My father was a gambling man,  
way down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a drunkard needs,  
is a suitcase and a trunk,  
And the only time he's satisfied,  
is when he's down and drunk.

Now mothers warn your children,  
not to do what I have done,  
To live your life in pain and misery,  
In the house of the rising sun.

I've one foot on the platform,  
The other on the train,  
I'm going back to New Orleans,  
to wear that ball and chain.

(repeat first verse again)

### **I am Sailing**

I am sailing I am sailing,  
home again 'cross the sea.  
I am sailing stormy waters,  
to be near you to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,  
like a bird 'cross the sky.  
I am flying passing high clouds,  
to be with you, to be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me,  
'thru the dark night far away  
I am trying forever trying,  
to be with you who can say

We are sailing we are sailing,  
home again 'cross the sea.  
We are sailing stormy waters,  
to be near you to be free.

## **I Don't Like Mondays**

The silicone chip inside her head  
got switched to overload  
and nobody's gonna go to school today  
she's gonna make them stay at home  
and Daddy doesn't understand it  
he always said she was as good as gold

### **CHORUS**

And he can see no reason,  
'cause there are no reasons  
what reasons do you need to be shown?  
Tell me why! I don't like Mondays.  
Tell me why! I don't like Mondays.  
Tell me why! I don't like Mondays,  
I want to shoot the whole day down .

The telex machine is kept so clean  
and it types to a waiting world,  
and Mother feels so shocked and this world  
is rocked  
and the thoughts turn to their own little girl,  
sweet 16 and a peachy keen -  
now I ain't so mean to admit defeat

### **repeat CHORUS**

And now the playing has stopped in the  
playground now,  
she wants to play with the boys awhile,  
and school's out early and soon we'll be  
learning  
that the lesson today is how to die  
and the speaker crackles and the captain  
cackles  
with the hounds awhile  
and he can see no reasons,  
'cause there are no reasons,  
what reasons do you need to die, die, die?

tell me why I don't like ,  
I don't like, I don't like,  
I don't like Mondays,  
tell me why I don't like,  
I don't like, I don't like,  
I don't like Mondays,  
tell me why I don't like,  
I don't like, I don't like,  
I don't like Mondays,  
I want to shoo...oot the whole day down...  
oohh!

## **I Wish I was Back Home in Derry**

In 1803 we sailed out to sea,

out from the sweet town of Derry,  
For Australia bound if we didn't all drown,  
the marks of our fetters we carried.  
In our rusty iron chains we cried for our  
wains,  
our good women we left in sorrow.  
As the main sails unfurled our curses we  
hurled  
on the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

At the mouth of the Foyle, bid farewell to  
the soil,  
as down below decks we were lying.  
O'Doherty screamed woken out of a dream  
by a  
vision of bold Robert dying.  
The sun burnt us cruel as we dished out  
the gruel,  
Dan O'Connor was down with a fever.  
Sixty rebels today bound for Botany Bay  
how many  
will reach their receiver.  
Oh I wish I was back home in Derry (x2)

I cursed them to hell as our bow fought the  
swell,  
our ship danced like a moth in the firelight.  
White horses rode high as the devil passed  
by,  
taking souls to Hades by twilight.  
Five weeks out to sea we were now forty  
three,  
we buried our comrades each morning.  
In our own slime we were lost in a time,  
endless nights without dawning.

### **CHORUS**

Van Diemens land is a hell for a man  
to live out his whole life in slavery.  
Where the climate is raw and the gun  
makes the law,  
neither wind nor rain care for bravery.  
Twenty years have gone by, I've ended my  
bond,  
my comrades ghosts walk behind me.  
A rebel I came and I'm still the same  
on the cold wind of night you will find me.  
CHORUS

## **I'll Tell My Ma**

I'll tell me ma when I go home,  
the boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair and they stole my  
comb,  
well that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
she is the belle of Belfast City.  
She is courting one two three,  
please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
all the boys are fighting for her  
They knock at the door and they ring at the  
bell  
saying o my true love are you well.  
Out she comes, as white as snow,  
rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
Old Johnny Murray says she'll die  
if she doesn't get the girl with the roving  
eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow  
high,  
and the snow come tumbling from the sky,  
She's as nice 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 goes home,  
Let them all come as they will,  
for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

repeat first verse

### **I'm Leaving on a Jet Plane**

All my bags are packed I'm ready to go,  
I'm standing here outside your door,  
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye,  
but the dawn is breaking - it's early morn,  
the taxi's waiting he's blowing his horn,  
Already I'm so lonesome I could die.

#### **CHORUS:**

So kiss me and smile for me,  
tell me that you'll wait for me -  
hold me like you'll never let me go  
'cause I'm leaving on a jet plane,  
don't know when I'll be back again,  
Oh baby I hate to go.

There's so many times I've let you down,  
So many times I've fucked around,  
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing,  
Every place I go I'll think of you  
Every song I sing I'll sing for you,  
When I come back, I'll wear your wedding  
ring.

repeat CHORUS

Now the time has come to leave you,  
one more time please let me kiss you,

then close your eyes and I'll be on my way,  
Dream about the days to come,  
when I won't have to leave you alone,  
about the times I won't have to say :

repeat CHORUS

### **Imagine**

Imagine there's no heaven  
It's easy if you try  
No hell below us  
Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people  
Living for today aha

Imagine there's no countries  
It isn't be hard to do  
nothing to kill or die for  
And no religion too  
Imagine all the people  
Living life in peace aha

You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope some day you'll join us  
And the world will live as one

Imagine no possessions  
I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger  
A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world aha

You may say I'm a dreaming

### **In the Town of Ballybay**

In the town of Bally Bay  
There was a lassie dwellin'  
I knew her very well  
and the tale it were a tellin'  
her father had a still  
he was a good distiller  
but when she took a drink  
the devil couldn't fill her

#### **Chorus:**

ringa-dinga dum  
a'ringa-dinga daddio'  
ringa-dinga dum  
fol-a whack fol-a laddio'



She had a wooden leg  
that was hollow down the middle  
she tied it with some string  
and she played it like a fiddle  
she fiddled in the hall  
she fiddled in the alley way  
she didn't give a damn  
'cause she had to piddle any way

She said she wouldn't dance  
unless she had her Wellies on  
but when she had 'em on  
she could dance as well as anyone  
she wouldn't go to bed  
unless she had her chemise on  
but when she had it on  
she'd go to bed with anyone

She had lovers by the score  
she had Tom-n-Dick-n-Harry  
she courted night and day  
and yet she wouldn't marry  
but then she fell in love  
with the fella' with the stammer  
when he tried to run away  
she hit him with a hammer

She had children up the stairs  
she had children in the boyer  
another ten or twelve  
sittin' rollin' by the fire  
she fed them on potatoes  
and soup she made from nettles  
and lumps of hairy bacon  
that she boiled up in the kettle

She had led a sheltered life  
eatin' porridge and black puddin'  
she terrorized her man  
until he died right sudden  
when her husband died  
she was feeling kind of sorry  
so she rolled him in a sack  
and threw him in the quarry

### **Johnny Jump Up**

I'll tell you a story that happened to me  
One day as I went down to Youghal by the sea.  
The sun it was bright and the day it was warm  
Says I: a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm.

I went in and I called for a bottle of stout

Says the barman: I'm sorry all the beer is sold out.

Try whiskey or Paddy, ten years in the wood

Says I: I'll try cider I hear that it's good.

### **CHORUS:**

Oh never, oh never, oh never again,  
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten  
For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up  
After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up.

After leaving the third I went to the yard  
Where I bumped into Brophy, the big civic guard.  
Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law  
I upped with my fist and I shattered his jaw.

He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up  
But it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up.

The next thing I met down in Youghal by the sea  
Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me:

I'm afraid of me life I'll be hit by a car  
Won't you help me across to the Railways Men's Bar  
After drinking a quart of that cider so sweet  
He threw down his crutches and danced in the street.

### **repeat CHORUS**

I went up to the Lee road a friend for to see  
And they call it the mad house in Cork by the Lee  
But I when I got up there, the truth I do tell,  
They had the poor bugger locked up in a cell.

Said the guard, testing him, say these words if you can  
Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.

Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad.

It was only a sup of the cider I had.

### **repeat CHORUS**

A man died in the Union by the name of McNabb  
They washed him and laid him outside on a slab

And after O'Connor his measurements did  
take  
His wife took him home to a bloody fine  
wake.

About twelve o'clock and the beer it was  
high  
When the corpse he sat up and says he  
with a sigh  
I can't get to heaven they won't let me up  
Till I bring them a quart of the Johnny Jump  
Up.

repeat CHORUS.

### **Joy To The World**

Jeremiah was a bullfrog  
Was a good friend of mine  
I never understood a single word he said  
But I helped him drink his wine  
He always had some mighty fine wine

Chorus :

Joy to the world  
All the boys and girls  
Joy to fishes in the bright blue sea  
Joy to you and me

If I were the king of the world  
I tell you what I'd do  
I'd throw away the cars and the bars and  
the wars  
And make sweet love to you.

### **Just The Way You Are**

Don't go changing to try and please me  
You never let me down before  
I don't imagine you're too familiar  
And I don't see you anymore  
I would not leave you in times of trouble  
We never could have come this far  
I took the good times I'll take the bad times  
I'll take you just the way you are.

Don't go trying some new fashion  
Don't change the colour of your hair  
You always have my unspoken passion  
Although I might not seem to care  
I don't want clever conversation  
I never want to work that hard  
I just want someone that I can talk to

I want you just the way you are.

I need to know that you will always be  
The same old someone that I knew  
Oh what will it take till you believe in me  
The way that I believe in you  
I said I love you and that's forever  
And this I promise from the heart  
I could not love you any better  
I want you just the way you are.

### **Land of My Fathers**

The land of my fathers is dear unto me,  
A land of poets and minstrels, men  
honoured and free.  
It's warring defenders so gallant and brave,  
For freedom their life's blood they gave.

Chorus:

Home! home! True am I to my homeland,  
While seas secure the land so pure,  
O may the old language endure.

Old land of the mountains, the Eden of  
bards,  
Each gorge and each valley a loveliness  
guards,  
Through love of my country, charned  
voices will be  
It's streams, and it's rivers to me.

Though foemen have trampled my land  
'neath their feet,  
The old language of Cambria still knows no  
retreat;  
The muse is not vanquished by traitor's fell  
hand,  
Nor silenced the harp of my hand.

### **Lannigan's Ball**

In the town of Athy one Jeremy Lannigan  
battered away till he hadn't a pound.  
His father he died and made him a man  
again,  
left him a farm and ten acres of ground.  
He gave a grand party to friends and  
relations  
who did not forget him when come to the  
wall.  
If you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten  
at rows and ructions at Lannigan's Ball.

### CHORUS

Six long months I spent in Dublin,  
six long months doing nothing at all.  
Six long months I spent in Dublin,  
learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.  
I stepped out, I stepped in again;  
I stepped out again, I stepped in again  
I stepped out and I stepped in again  
learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

Myself to be sure got free invitations;  
for all the nice girls and boys I might ask,  
And just in a minute both friends and  
relations  
were dancing as merry as bees round a  
cask.  
There was lashings of punch and wine for  
the ladies,  
potatoes and cakes there was bacon and  
tea,  
There were Nolans, Dolans, O'Gradys,  
courting the girls and dancing away.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical  
polkas,  
all round the room in a whirligig,  
But Julia and I soon banished their  
nonsense,  
and tipped them a twist of a real Irish jig.  
Oh how that girl got mad on me,  
and danced till you'd think the ceilings  
would fall,  
For I spent three weeks at Brook's  
Academy,  
learning to dance for Lanigan's Ball.

repeat CHORUS.

The boys were as merry, the girls all  
hearty,  
dancing away in couples and groups.  
Till and accident happened young Terence  
McCarthy,  
he put his right foot through Miss Finerty's  
hoops.  
The creature she fainted and cried "meelia  
murther"  
called for her brothers and gathered them  
all  
Carmody swore that he'd go no further  
till he'd have satisfaction at Lanigan's Ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan  
fainted,  
her cheeks at the same time as red as a  
rose,  
Some of the boys decreed she was  
painted,  
she took a small drop too much I suppose.

Her sweetheart Ned Morgan so powerful  
and able,  
when he saw his fair colleen stretched out  
by the wall,  
He tore the left leg from under the table  
and smashed all the dishes at Lanigan's  
Ball.

Boys oh boys tis then there was ructions  
myself got a kick from big Phelim McHugh,  
But soon I replied to his kind introduction  
and kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.  
Ould Casey the piper was near being  
strangled,  
they squeezed up his pipes, bellows,  
chanters and all  
The girls in their ribbons they all got  
entangled  
and that put an end to Lanigan's Ball.

### Les Prisons de Nantes

Dans les prisons de Nantes  
*Long digou digou dong,*  
*digou di long di long*  
*digou digou dong*  
Dans les prisons de Nantes  
Y'avait un prisonnier  
Y'avait un prisonnier

Personne ne vint le "vouère"  
*Long digou digou dong,*  
*digou di long di long*  
*digou digou dong*  
Personne ne vint le "vouère"  
Que la fille du geôlier  
Que la fille du geôlier

Un jour il lui demande..  
Et que dit-on de "moué" ?

On dit de vous en ville..  
Que vous serez pendu

Mais s'il faut qu'on me pende..  
Déliez-moi les pieds

La fille était jeunette..  
Les pieds lui a délié

Le prisonnier alerte..  
Dans la Loire s'est jeté

*(Slow verse)*  
Dès qu'il fût sur les rives..  
Il se prit à chanter

Je chante pour les belles..  
Surtout celle du géôlier

Si je reviens à Nantes..  
Oui je l'épouserai

Dans les prisons de Nantes..  
Y'avait un prisonnier

### Let Your Love Flow

Theres a reason for the sunshine sky  
Theres a reason why I'm feelin' so high  
Must be the season when that love light  
shines all around us  
So let that feeling grab you deep inside  
And send you reeling where your love can't  
hide  
And then go stealing through the moonlit  
nights with your lover.

#### CHORUS

Just let your love flow like a mountain  
stream  
Let your love grow with the smallest of  
dreams  
And let your love show  
And you'll know what I mean, its the  
season  
Let your love fly like a bird on a wing  
Let your love bind you to all living things  
And let your love shine  
And you'll know what I mean thats the  
reason

Theres a reason for the warm sweet nights  
Theres a reason for the candlelights  
Must be the season when those love rites  
shine all around us  
So let that wonder take you into space  
And lay you under its loving embrace  
Just feel the thunder as it warms your face,  
you can't hold back.

#### CHORUS

### Light My Fire

You know that it would be untrue  
You know that I would be a liar  
If I was to say to you  
Girl, we couldn't get much higher  
Come on baby light my fire  
Come on baby light my fire  
Try to set the night on fire.

The time to hesitate is through,  
No time to wallow in the mire  
Try now we can only lose  
and our love becomes a funeral pyre.  
Come on baby light my fire  
Come on baby light my fire  
Try to set the night on fire.  
Try to set the night on fire.

### Lisdoonvarna

How's it going everybody  
from Cork, New York, Dundalk, Gortahork  
and Glenamaddy.  
Here we are in the County Clare,  
it's a long, long way from here to there.  
There's the Burren, and the Cliffs of Moher,  
and the Tulla and the Kilfenora.  
Miko Russell, Dr. Bill, Willie Clancy, Noel  
Hill.  
Flutes and fiddles every where,  
if it's music you want, then go to Clare.

#### CHORUS:

Oh Lisdoonvarna, Lisdoon Lisdoon Lisdoon  
Lisdoonvarna.

I always leave of a Thursday night  
With my tent and my ground-sheet rolled  
up tight.  
I like to hit Lisdoon in or around Friday  
afternoon.  
It gives me time to get my gear together,  
I don't need to worry about the weather.  
Ramble in for a pint of stout,  
'cos you never know who'd be hanging  
about.  
There's a Dutchman playing the mandolin,  
a German's looking for Liam Og O'Flynn.  
And there's Adam, Bono, Garret Fitzgerald  
getting their photos taken for the Sunday  
World.  
Finbarr, Charlie and Jim Hand  
drinking pints to beat the band. It's grand.

repeat CHORUS.

Sure every body needs a break,  
climb Purple Mountain and jump in a lake.  
Some head off to exotic places,  
others go to the Galway Races.  
A cousin of mine goes pot-holing,  
a cousin of hers loves Joe Dolan.  
Matty goes to the South of France,  
Jim to the dogs, Peter to the dance.

Summer comes around each year  
we go there and they come here.  
Some jet off to Frahiliana,  
but I always go to Lisdoonvarna.

repeat CHORUS.

The multitudes they flocked in throngs  
to hear the music and the songs.  
On motor bikes and hi-ace vans,  
with bottles, barrels, flagons, cans;  
mighty craic, loads of frolics; pioneers and  
alcoholics,  
FLAC, SPUC and the FCA, free Nicky Kelly  
and the IRA.  
Hairy chests and milk white thighs  
and mickey dodgers in disguise.  
McGraws, O'Briens, Pippens, Coxes,  
massage parlours in horse boxes.  
RTE are making tapes, taking breaks and  
throwing shapes.  
Amhrans, bodhrans amadans,  
Arab sheiks, Hindu sheiks, Jesus freaks.  
This is heaven, this is hell, who cares, who  
can tell.  
Anyone for the last few choc ices now.

repeat CHORUS.

A 747 for Jackson Browne,  
they had to build a special runway just to  
get him down.  
Before the Chieftains could start to play,  
seven creamy pints came out on a tray.  
Shergar was ridden by Lord Lucan;  
Sean Cannon did the backstage cooking.  
Clannad were playing Harry's Game  
Christy was singing Nancy Spain.  
Mary O'Hara and Brush Sheils  
together doing The Four Green Fields.  
Van the Man and Emmylou,  
Moving Hearts and Planxty too.

repeat CHORUS.

Everybody needs a break,  
CLIMB A MOUNTAIN or jump in a lake.  
Sean Doherty goes down to the Rose of  
Tralee,  
and Oliver J. Flanagan goes swimming in  
the Holy Sea.  
But I like me music in the open air  
so every summer I go to Clare.  
'Cos Woodstock, Knock nor the Feast of  
Cana  
could hold a match to Lisdoonvarna.

repeat CHORUS.

## Living on a Prayer

Once upon a time  
Not so long ago  
Tommy used to work on the docks  
Union's been on strike  
He's down on his luck...it's tough, so tough  
Gina works the diner all day  
Working for her man, she brings hom her  
pay  
For love - for love

She says: We've got to hold on to what  
we've got  
'Cause it doesn't make a difference  
If we make it or not  
We've got each other and that's a lot  
For love - we'll give it a shot

We're half way there  
Livin' on a prayer  
Take my hand and we'll make it - I swear  
Livin' on a prayer

Tommy got his six string in hock  
Now he's holding in what he used  
To make it talk - so tough, it's tough  
Gina dreams of running away  
When she cries in the night  
Tommy whispers: Baby it's okay, someday

We've got to hold on to what we've got  
'Cause it doesn't make a difference  
If we make it or not  
We've got each other and that's a lot  
For love - we'll give it a shot

We're half way there  
Livin' on a prayer  
Take my hand and we'll make it - I swear  
Livin' on a prayer

We've got to hold on ready or not  
You live for the fight when it's all that you've  
got

We're half way there  
Livin' on a prayer  
Take my hand and we'll make it - I swear  
Livin' on a prayer

## Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie  
braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomond,

There me and my true love were ever wont  
to go,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady  
glen,  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
where in purple hue the Highland hills we  
view,  
And the moon glints out in the gloaming.

**CHORUS:**

You take the high road, and I'll take the low  
road,  
and I'll be in Scotland before you,  
but me and my true love will never meet  
again  
on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomond.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers  
spring,  
In the sunshine the waters lie sleeping,  
But the broken heart, it kens nae second  
spring,  
Though the woeful may cease frae their  
greetin'.

repeat CHORUS

**Lola**

I met her in a club in old Soho  
where you drink champagne  
and it tastes just like cherry cola  
Cee-oh-el-aye cola la la la Lola.

She walked up to me and asked me to  
dance  
I asked her name and in a dark brown  
voice  
she said Lola El-oh-el-aye Lola la la la Lola

Well I'm not the world's most physical guy,  
but when she squeezed me tight she nearly  
broke my spine  
Oh my Lola la la la Lola

Well I'm not dumb but I can't understand  
why she walks like a woman and talks like  
a man  
Oh my Lola la la la Lola la la la Lola

Well we drank champagne and danced all  
night

under electric candle light  
she picked me up and sat me on her knee  
and she said dear boy come home with me.

Well I'm not the world's most passionate  
guy  
but when I looked in her eye, well I almost  
fell  
for my Lola la la la Lola la la la Lola.

I pushed her away I walked to the door,  
I fell to the floor I got down on my knees  
then I looked at her, and she at me.

Well that's the way I want it to stay,  
and I always want it to be that way  
for Lo-la la la la Lo-la.

**Lyin' Eyes**

City girls just seem to find out early,  
how to open doors with just a smile  
A rich old man and she won't have to  
worry,  
she'll dress up all in lace and go in style  
Late at night a big old house gets lonely  
I guess every form of refuge has its price  
And it breaks her heart to think her love is  
only  
Given to a man with hands as cold as ice  
So she tells him she must go out for the  
evening  
To comfort an old friend who's feeling down  
But he knows where she's goin' as she's  
leavin'  
She is headed for the cheatin' side of town.

**CHORUS:**

You can't hide your lyin' eyes  
and your smile is a thin disguise  
I thought by now you'd realise  
there ain't no way to hide your lyin' eyes

On the other side of town a boy is waiting  
with fiery eyes and dreams no one could  
steal  
She drives on through the night anticipating  
'cause he makes her feel the way she used  
to feel  
She rushes to his arms they fall together  
she whispers that it's only for a while  
She swears that soon she'll be coming  
back forever  
she pulls away and leaves him with a smile.

She gets up and pours herself a strong one  
and stares out at the stars up in the sky

Another night it's gonna be a long one  
 she draws the shade and hangs her head  
 to cry  
 She wonders how it ever got this crazy  
 she thinks about a boy she knew in school  
 Did she get tired or did she just get lazy  
 She's so far gone she feels just like a fool  
 My oh my you sure know how to arrange  
 things  
 you set it up so well so carefully  
 Ain't it funny how your new life didn't  
 change things  
 you're still the same old girl you used to be

repeat CHORUS.

There ain't no way to hide you lyin' eyes  
 honey you can't hide your lyin' eyes.

### **Maggie**

The violets were scenting the woods,  
 Maggie  
 Displaying their charms to the bee  
 When I first said I loved only you, Maggie  
 And you said you loved only me.

The chestnut blooms gleam in the glade,  
 Maggie  
 A robin sang loud from a tree  
 When I first....

The golden robed daffodils shone, Maggie  
 And danced in the breeze on the lea.  
 When I first...

The birds in the trees sang a song, Maggie  
 Of happier transports to be.  
 When I first...

Our hopes have never come true, Maggie  
 Our dreams were never to be  
 Since I first....

### **Maggie May**

Wake up Maggie I think I got somethin' to  
 say to you  
 it's late September and I really should be  
 back at school  
 I know I keep you amused but I feel I'm  
 being used  
 oh Maggie I couldn't have tried any more  
 You lured me away from home

just to save ya from being alone  
 You stole my heart and that's what really  
 hurt.

The morning sun when it's in your face  
 really shows your age  
 But that don't worry me none in my eyes  
 you're ev'ry thing  
 I laughed at all your jokes my love you  
 didn't need to coax  
 Oh Maggie I couldn't have tried any more  
 You lured me away from home  
 just to save ya from being alone  
 You stole my soul and that's a pain I can do  
 without.

All I needed was a friend to lend a guiding  
 hand  
 but you turned into a lover and mother,  
 what a lover; you wore me out  
 All you did was wreck my bed  
 and in the morning kick me in the head  
 Oh Maggie I couldn't have tried any more  
 You lured me away from home  
 'cause you didn't want to be alone  
 You stole my heart . I couldn't leave you if I  
 tried.

I suppose I could collect my books  
 and get on back to school  
 Or steal my daddy's cue  
 and make a livin' out of playin' pool  
 Or find myself a rock and roll band,  
 that needs a helping hand  
 Oh Maggie I wish I'd never seen your face  
 You made a first class fool out of me,  
 but I'm as blind as a fool can be  
 You stole my heart but I love you anyway

Maggie I wish I'd never seen your face  
 I'll get on back home one of these days.

### **Maids When You're Young**

An old man came courting me, Hey ding  
 dorum da.  
 An old man came courting me, me being  
 young.  
 An old man came courting me, asked me to  
 marry him,  
 maids when you're young never wed an old  
 man.

CHORUS:  
 Cen fath ?  
 He's got no falorum,fy-diddle-dy-dorum-da;  
 he's got no falorum,fy-diddle-dy-day;

he's got no falorum,he's lost his ding-  
dorum-da,  
maids when you're young,never wed an old  
man.

He asked me to marry him...  
...gave me a fine gold ring...

repeat CHORUS.

When we went to church...  
...he left me in the lurch...

repeat CHORUS.

When we went to bed...  
...he lay like he was dead..

repeat CHORUS.

I threw my leg over him...  
..damn nearly smothered him...

repeat CHORUS.

When he went to sleep.....  
...out of bed I did creep  
into the arms of a handsome young man.

Cen fath?  
He's got a falorum,fy-diddle-dy-dorum-da;  
he's got a falorum,fy-diddle-dy-day;  
he's got a falorum,a huge big ding-dorum-  
da,  
maids when you're young,never wed an old  
man,  
okay?

### **McAlpine's Fusiliers**

As down the glen came McAlpine's men,  
with their shovels slung behind them,  
T'was in the pub that they drank their sup  
or  
down in the spike you will find them,  
They seared blood and they washed down  
mud  
with pints and quarts of beer.  
And now we're on the road again  
with McAlpine's fusiliers.

I stripped to the skin with Darky Finn,  
Down upon the Isle of Grain,  
With Horseface Toole, I learned the rule,  
No money if you stop for the rain.  
For McAlpine's god is a well filled hod  
with your shoulders cut to bits and seared,

And woe to he, who looks for tea,  
With McAlpine's fusiliers.

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea,  
Fell into a concrete stair,  
What Horseface said when he saw him  
dead,  
Well it wasn't what the rich call prayers.  
I'm a navvy short, was the one retort  
That reached unto my ears,  
When the going is rough, well you must be  
tough,  
With McAlpine's fusiliers.

I've worked till the sweat near had be beat,  
With Russian, Czech and Pole,  
At shuttering jams in the hydro dams,  
Or underneath the Thames in a hole,  
I grafted hard and I got me cards and  
Many a gangers fist across me ears,  
If you pride your life, don't join, by Christ,  
With McAlpine's fusiliers.

### **Me and Bobby McGee**

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the  
trains  
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before  
it rained  
Took us all the way to New Orleans  
Took my harpoon out of my dirty red  
bandanna  
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the  
blues  
With them wind-shield wipers slappin' time  
and Bobby clappin' hands  
We finally sang every song that driver knew

CHORUS  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left  
to lose  
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free  
Feelin' good was easy Lord when Bobby  
sang the blues  
And buddy that was good enough for me,  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

From the coalmines of Kentucky to the  
California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Standin' right beside me through everythin'  
I done  
And every night she kept me from the cold  
Then somewhere near Selinas, Lord, I let  
slip away



She was lookin' for the love I hoped she'd find  
Well I'd trade all my tomorrow's for a single yesterday  
Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine

repeat CHORUS

### **ME AND JULIO DOWN BY THE SCHOOLYARD**

Mama pyjama rolled outta bed, she ran to the police station  
When the cop found out, he began to shout, he started the investigation  
And it's against the law, it was against the law  
What what mama saw, it was against the law

Mama looked down and spit on the ground ever time her name gets mentioned  
The cop said oy, if I get that boy  
I'm gonna stick him in the house of detention  
Well I'm on my way, I don't know where I'm goin'  
I'm on my way, takin' my time, but I don't know where

Goodbye to Rosie, the queen of Corona  
Seein' me and Julio down by the schoolyard  
Seein' me and Julio down by the schoolyard

In a couple of days they're gonna take me away  
When the press let the story leak  
Now when the radical breach comes to get me released  
Appears all on the cover of Newsweek  
And I'm on my way, I don't know where I'm goin'  
But I'm on my way, takin' my time, but I don't know where

Goodbye to Rosie, the queen of Corona  
Seein' me and Julio down by the schoolyard  
Seein' me and Julio down by the schoolyard  
Seein' me and Julio down by the schoolyard

### **Men in tights**

We're men, we're men in tights  
We roam around the forest looking for fights  
We're men, We're men in tights  
We rob from the rich and give to the poor, that's right  
We may look like sissies  
But watch what you say, or else we'll put out your lights  
We're men, we're men in tights  
Always on guard defending the people's rights  
La, la, la, ...etc  
We're men, manly men, we're men in tights  
Yeah!  
We roam around the forest looking for fights  
We're men, we're men in tights  
We rob from the rich and give to the poor, that's right  
We may look like pansies  
But don't get us wrong, or else we'll put out your lights  
We're men, we're men in tights, tight tights  
Always on guard defending the people's rights  
When you're in a fix, call for the men in tights  
We're Butch!!

### **Michelle**

Michelle, ma belle,  
these are words that go together well, My Michelle  
Michelle,ma belle,  
sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble, tres bien ensemble  
I love you,I love you, I love you  
That's all I want to say,until I find a way  
I will say the only words I know,  
that you'll understand.

I need to,I need to,I need to,  
I need to make you see  
Oh what you mean to me  
Until I do I'm hoping you will know what I mean.

### **Mr. Tambourine Man**

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

I'm not sleepy and there's no place I'm  
going to.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song  
for me,

In the jingle jangle morning I'll come  
following you.

Though I know that evening's empire  
returned unto sand,  
Vanished from my hand,  
left me blindly here to stand but still not  
sleeping.  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on  
my feet,  
I have no one to meet,  
and the ancient empty street's too dead for  
dreaming.

repeat CHORUS

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin'  
ship,  
My senses have been stripped, my hands  
can't feel to grip,  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my  
boot heels to be wanderin',  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to  
fade,  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing  
spell my way,  
I promise to go under it

repeat CHORUS

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin',  
swingin' madly across the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escaping  
on the run,  
And but for the sky there is no fences  
facing,  
And if you hear vague traces of shippin'  
reels of rhyme,  
to your tambourine in time, it's just a  
ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow  
you're seein' that he's chasing

repeat CHORUS

When take me disappearin' through the  
smoke rings of my mind,  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the  
frozen leaves,  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the  
windy beach,  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky  
with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus  
sands,

With all memory and fate driven deep  
beneath the waves,  
Let me forget today until tomorrow.

repeat CHORUS

### **Moondance**

Well it's a marvellous night for a  
moondance  
With the stars up above in your eyes  
A fantabulous night to make romance  
'Neath the cover of October skies  
And all the leaves on the trees are falling  
To the sound of the breezes that blow  
And I'm trying to please to the calling  
Of your heart strings that play soft and low  
And all the night's magic seems to whisper  
and hush  
And all the soft moon light, seems to shine  
in your blush.

Can I just have one more Moondance with  
you my love  
Can I just make some more romance with a  
you my love.

Well I wanna make love to you tonight  
I can't wait till the morning has come  
And I know now the time is just right  
And straight into my arms you will run  
And when you come my heart will be  
waiting  
To make sure that you're never alone  
There and then all my dreams will come  
true, dear  
There and then I will make you my own  
And every time I touch you, you just  
tremble inside  
And I know how much you want me, that  
you can't hide.

### **Moon Shadow**

Oh I'm bein' followed by a moon shadow,  
moon shadow, moon shadow.  
Leapin' and hoppin' on a moon shadow,  
moon shadow, moon shadow.

And if I ever lose my hands, lose my power,  
lose my hands,  
Oh if I ever lose my hands oh ifififif,  
I won't have to work no more.  
And if I ever lose my eyes,

if my colours all run dry,  
yes if I ever lose my eyes, oh ifififif,  
I won't have to cry no more.

I'm been followed by a moon shadow,  
moon shadow....

And if I ever lose my legs,  
I won't moan and I won't beg,  
Oh if I ever lose my legs, oh ifififif,  
I won' have to walk no more.  
if I ever lose my mouth,  
all my teeth, north and south,  
Yes, if I ever lose my mount, oh ifififif,  
I wont have to talk...

Did it take long to find me? I asked the  
faithful light.  
Did it take long to find me and are you  
gonna stay tonight?

I'm been followed by a moon shadow,  
moon shadow....

### **Mrs. Robinson**

CHORUS:-

And here's to you Mrs.Robinson,  
Jesus loves you more than you will know  
God bless you please Mrs.Robinson,  
heaven holds a place for those who pray

We'd like to know a little bit about you for  
our files  
We'd like to help you learn to help yourself  
Look around you,all you see are  
sympathetic eyes  
Stroll around the grounds until you feel at  
home.

repeat CHORUS

Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever  
goes  
Put it in your pantry with your cup cakes  
It's a little secret like the Robinson's affair  
Most of all you've got to hide it from the  
kids  
Coo,Coo,Cachoo,

repeat CHORUS

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon  
Going to the candidates debate  
Laugh about it,shout about it when you've  
got to choose  
Ev'ry way you look at it you lose

Where have you gone Joe Dimaggio?  
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you.  
What's that you say,Mrs.Robinson  
"Joltin' Joe" has left and gone away  
(Hey,hey,hey;Hey,hey,hey)

### **Muirsin Durkin**

In the days I went a courtin'  
I was never tired resortin'  
to the alehouse or the whorehouse  
or many a house besides.  
I told my brother Seamus  
I'd go off and grow right famous  
and before I would return again,  
I'd roam the whole world wide.

CHORUS

So goodbye Muirsin Durkin  
sure I'm sick and tired of working  
No more I'll dig the praties,  
no longer I'll be fooled  
As sure as 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 Kantuck and in Killarney,  
in Passage and in Queenstown,  
that is the Cobh of Cork  
So goodbye to all this pleasure  
for I'm going to take me leisure  
And the next time you will hear from me,  
will be a letter from New York

Goodbye to all the boys at home,  
I'm sailing far across the foam  
To try and make me fortune  
in far Amerikay.  
There's gold and money plenty  
for the poor and for the gentry,  
and when I come back home again,  
I never more will stray.

### **My Bonnie**

My bonnie lies over the ocean,  
my bonnie lies over the sea;  
My bonnie lies over the ocean,  
oh bring back my bonnie to me,

CHORUS:

Bring back, oh bring back,  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me;  
Bring back, oh bring back,  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
last night as I lay in my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow  
I dreamt that my bonnie was dead.

repeat CHORUS

My 1 skin lies over my 2 skin,  
My 2 skin lies over my 3,  
My 3 skin lies over my 4 skin,  
Oh pull back my 4 skin for me.

Pull back, oh pull back,  
Oh pull back my 4 skin for me, for me;  
Pull back, oh pull back,  
Oh pull back my 4 skin for me.

### **Nancy Spain**

Of all the stars that ever shone  
Not one does twinkle like your pale blue  
eyes,  
Like golden corn at harvest time, your hair,  
Sailing in my boat  
the wind gently blows and fills my sail,  
Your sweet scented breath is everywhere.

Daylight peeping through the curtains of  
The passing night time is your smile.  
The sun in the sky is like your laugh.  
Come back to me my Nancy,  
linger for just a little while.  
Since you left these shores I know no  
peace nor joy.

CHORUS:  
No matter where I wander I'm still haunted  
by your name.  
The portrait of your beauty stays the same.  
Standing by the ocean, wondering where  
you've gone,  
If you'll return again,  
Oh where is the ring I gave to Nancy  
Spain?

On a day in Spring  
when snow starts to melt and streams to  
flow,  
with the birds I'll sing to you a song.  
In the while I'll wander down  
by bluebell groves where wildflowers grow  
And I'll hope that lovely Nancy will return.

repeat CHORUS.

### **Nation Once Again**

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen  
for Greece and Rome who bravely stood  
Three hundred men and three men  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain  
And Ireland long a province be  
A nation once again.

CHORUS:  
A nation once again,  
A nation once again,  
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 love's 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.

It whispered too that freedoms ark  
And service high and holy  
Would be profaned by feelings dark  
And passions vain or lowly  
For Freedom comes from God's right hand  
And needs a godly train  
And righteous men must make our land  
A nation once again.

So as I grew from boy to man  
I bent me to that bidding  
My spirit of each selfish plan  
and cruel passion ridding  
For thus I hoped some day to aid  
Oh can such hope be vain  
When my dear country shall be made  
A nation once again.

### **New York, New York**

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leaving today  
I wanna be a part of it New York, New York  
These vagabond shoes are longing to stray  
and step around the heart of it New  
York, New York

I wanna wake up in the city that doesn't  
sleep  
to find I'm king of the hill, Top of the heap

My little town blues are melting away  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York  
If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere  
It's up to you New York, New York.  
King of the hill, head of the list,  
Cream of the crop at the top of the heap  
My little town blues are melting away  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York  
If I can make it there I'd make it anywhere  
Come on, come through New York, New  
York.

### **NIL NA LÁ**

Chuas isteach i dteach aréir  
Is d'iarr me cáirt ar bhean a leanna  
'sé dúirt sí liom " 'Ní bhfaighe tú deor  
Buail an bóthar 's gabh 'n a bhaile"

Curfá  
Níl 'na lá, níl a ghrá  
Níl 'na lá, ná baol ar maidin  
Níl 'na lá, is ní bheidh go fóill  
Solas ard atá sa ghealaigh

Chuir me féin mo lámh im phóc  
Is d'iarr mé briseadh c'róinneach uirthi  
's dúirt sí liom "suigh síos ag bard  
Is bí ag as seo go maidin"

"Éirigh 'do shuí, a fhir a tí,  
Cuir ort do bhríste is do hata  
'Gcoinní tú ceol leis an duine cóir  
A bhéas ag ól anseo go maidin"

Nach mise féin an fear gan chéill  
A d'fhág mo chíos in mó scórnaigh  
Do rinn' mé léirscios aom féin  
Is d'fhág mé séan ar dhaoine eile

### **Nothing Else Matters**

So close, no matter how far  
Couldn't be much more from the heart  
Forever trusting who we are  
and nothing else matters

Never opened myself this way  
Life is ours, we live it our way

All these words I don't just say  
and nothing else matters

Trust I seek and I find in you  
Every day for us something new  
Open mind for a different view  
and nothing else matters

never cared for what they do  
never cared for what they know  
but I know

So close, no matter how far  
Couldn't be much more from the heart  
Forever trusting who we are  
and nothing else matters

never cared for what they do  
never cared for what they know  
but I know

Never opened myself this way  
Life is ours, we live it our way  
All these words I don't just say

Trust I seek and I find in you  
Every day for us, something new  
Open mind for a different view  
and nothing else matters

never cared for what they say  
never cared for games they play  
never cared for what they do  
never cared for what they know  
and I know

So close, no matter how far  
Couldn't be much more from the heart  
Forever trusting who we are  
No, nothing else matters

### **Oh Sir Jasper**

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me  
As she lay between her lily-white sheets  
with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch...

Oh, Sir Jasper do not...

Oh, Sir Jasper, do...

Oh, Sir Jasper...!

Oh, Sir...!

Oh...!

(Silent verse;with feeling!)

### Old King Cole

#### CHORUS:

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,  
and a bugger for his hole was he was he-  
He called for his wife in the middle of the  
night  
And he called for his...

Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle  
And a very fine fiddle had he  
So 'fiddle, diddle de diddle de', said the  
fiddlers  
very fine men are we, there's no one here  
can drink the beer like the girls of UCCMC

Now every juggler had fine balls  
and very fine balls had he  
So balls in the air, in the air said the  
jugglers  
fiddle diddle de diddle de said the fiddlers  
very fine men are we, there's no one here  
can drink the beer like the boys of UCCMC

Now every tailor had a fine needle  
and a very fine needle had he  
So... stick it in and out in and out said the  
tailors  
.....

Now every painter has a fine paintbrush,  
And a very fine paintbrush has he,  
So, slap it up and down, up and down said  
the painter  
.....

Now every butcher has a fine cleaver,  
And a very fine cleaver has he,  
So, slap it on the block, chop it off said the  
butcher  
.....

Now every postman has a fine letter,  
and a very fine letter has he,  
So, do'ya want it in the front or the back  
said the postman  
.....

### Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly;  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly;  
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider,  
that wriggled and jiggled and tickled inside  
her.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird,  
How absurd, to swallow a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,  
that wriggled and jiggled .....(continue as  
last verse)

Cat - imagine that  
Dog - what a hog  
Goat - she just opened her throat  
Cow - I don't know how  
Deer - it seemed rather queer  
Horse - for her main course  
Rhinoceros - how preposterous  
Giraffe - she just let out a laugh  
Whale - she just picked up his tail  
Minister - how sinister - IT FINISHED HER!

### Old Woman Who Lived in the Woods

There was an old woman who lived in the  
woods,  
A wheela, wheela, wallya.  
There was an old woman who lived in the  
woods,  
Down by the river Saulya.

She had a baby three months old,  
A wheela, wheela, wallya.  
She had a baby three months old,  
Down by the river Saulya.

She had a penknife long and sharp....  
She stuck the penknife in the baby's ass.....  
The knife went in and the guts came out  
Two policemen came a knocking on the  
door..  
Are you the woman who killed the child?....  
Yes I'm the woman who killed to child...  
They took her away and she was hung...

### Only Our Rivers Run Free

When apples still grow in November,

When blossoms still bloom from each tree,  
When leaves are still green in December,  
Its then that our lands will be free.  
I wander her hills and valleys,  
and still through my sorrow I see,  
A land that has never known freedom  
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood,  
Those men who would rather have died,  
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage,  
To bring back their rights where denied.  
Oh where are you now when we need you,  
What burns where the flame used to be.  
Are you gone like the snows of last winter,  
And will only our rivers run free.

How sweet is life, but we're crying,  
How mellow the vines, but we're dry,  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying,  
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.  
What good is in youth when it's aging?  
What joy is in eyes that can't see?  
When there's sorrow and sunshine and  
flowers  
And still only our rivers run free.

### Ordinary Man

I'm an ordinary man, nothin' special nothin'  
grand,  
I've had to work for everything I own,  
Well I never asked for a lot, I was happy  
with what I got,  
enough to keep my family and my home.  
Now they say that times are hard and  
they've handed me my cards,  
they say there's not the work to go around,  
When the whistle blows the gates will finally  
close,  
tonight they're going to shut this factory  
down,  
Then they'll tear it down, they'll tear it down.

I never missed a day nor went on strike for  
better pay  
for 20 years I served them best I could,  
with a handshake and a cheque it seems  
so easy to forget  
loyalty through bad times and the good.  
The owner says he's sad to see that things  
have got so bad  
but the Captains of Industry won't let him  
lose,  
he still drives a car and smokes his big  
cigar  
and still he takes his family on a cruise.

He'll never lose, he'll never lose.

Now it seems to me to be such a cruel  
irony,  
he's richer now than ever he was before.  
Now my cheque is spent and a I can't  
afford the rent,  
there's one law for the rich, one for the  
poor.  
Every day I've tried to salvage some of my  
pride,  
to find some work so's I might pay my way,  
but everywhere I go the answer is always  
no,  
there's no work for anyone here today.  
No work today, no work today.

And so condemned I stand, just an ordinary  
man,  
like thousands beside me in the queue,  
I watch my darlin' wife tryin' to make the  
best of life,  
God knows what the kids are goin' to do.  
Now that we are faced with this human  
waste,  
a generation cast aside,  
for as long as I live I never will forgive,  
you've stripped me of my dignity and pride.  
You've stripped me bare, they striped me  
bare.  
No work today, no work today.

### Óró sé do bheatha 'bhaile

Sé do bheatha a bhean ba leánmhar  
B'é ár greach tú bheith i ngéibhinn  
Do dhúiche bhreá bheith i seilbh méirleach  
S' tú díolta leis na Gaillimh

Curfá Oró sé do bheatha 'bhaile (x3)  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag tíocht thar sáile  
Oglaigh armtha léi mar ghárda  
Geil iad féin is ní Gaill ná Spáinnigh  
Is cuirfid ruaig ar Ghallaibh

A bhuí le Dia na bhFeart go bhfeiceann  
Muna mbeam beo in a dhiaidh ach  
seachtain  
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch  
Ag fógart fáin ar Ghallaibh

### Patricia The Stripper

Dennis is a menace with his "anyone for tennis?" and beseeching me to come and keep the score.

And Maud says "oh Lord I'm so terribly bored  
I really can't stand it any more".  
I'm going out to dinner with a gorgeous singer  
to a little place I found down by the quay,  
her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia  
and the reason isn't very hard to see.  
She says God made her a sinner  
just to keep fat men thinner  
as they tumble down in heaps before her feet,  
they hang around in groups like battle weary troops  
one can often see them queue right down the street.  
You see Patricia (or Delicia) not only is a singer,  
she also removes all her clothing,  
for Patricia is the best stripper in town.

#### CHORUS

And with a swing of her hips she started to strip,  
to tremendous applause she took off her drawers  
and with lick of her lips she undid all her clips,  
and threw it all in the air and everybody stared  
and as the last piece of clothing fell to the floor,  
the police were banging on the door  
(2nd. time: yelling out for more)  
on a Saturday night in nineteen twenty four.

But poor Patricia was arrested and everyone detested  
the manner in which she was exposed,  
later on in court well everybody thought  
a summer run in jail would be proposed.  
But the judge said Patricia, or may I say Delicia,  
the facts of this case lie before me - case dismissed  
this girl was in her working clothes.  
CHORUS

#### Paradise City

#### CHORUS x2

Take me down to the Paradise City

Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)

Just an urchin livin' under the street  
I'm a hard case that's tough to beat  
I'm your charity case  
So by me somethin' to eat  
I'll pay you at another time  
Take it to the end of the line

Rags to riches  
Or so they say  
You gotta  
Keep pushin' for the fortune and fame  
You know it's, it's all a gamble  
When it's just a game  
You treat it like a capitol crime  
Everybody' doin' their time

#### CHORUS x2

Strapped in the chair of the city's gas chamber  
Why I'm here, I can't quite remember  
The surgoen general say's it's hazardous to breathe  
I'd have another cigarette  
But I can't see  
Tell me that you're gonna believe

#### CHORUS x2

#### So far away x4

Capitain America's been torn apart  
Now he's a court jester  
With a broken heart  
He said turn me around  
And take me back to the start  
I must be losing my mind  
"Are you blind?!"  
I've seen it all a mllion times

#### CHORUS x4

I want to go  
I want to know  
Oh, won't you please take me home

I want to see  
Oh, look at me  
Oh, won't you please take me home

Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)



Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Oh, won't you please take me home

Take me down  
Oh yeah  
Beat me down  
Oh, won't you please take me home

I want to see  
Oh, look at me  
Oh, won't you please take me home

I want to see  
Boy, I'm gonna be mean  
Oh, oh take me home

Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Oh, won't you please take me home

I want to go  
I want to know  
Oh, won't you please take me hooooooooome  
Baby

### **Piano Man**

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
the regular crowd shuffles in  
there's an old man sitting next to me  
Making love to his tonic and gin  
He says "Son can you play me a memory?  
I'm not really sure how it goes  
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it  
complete  
When I wore a younger mans clothes"

### **CHORUS**

Da da da de de da .... da da de de da ...  
da da  
Sing us a song you're the piano man  
Sing us a song tonight  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
And you've got us feelin' alright

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine  
He gets me my drinks for free  
And he's quick with a joke or to light up  
your smoke  
But there's some place that he'd rather be  
He says "Bill I believe this is killing me"  
As a smile ran away from his face  
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star

If I could get out of this place"

Now Paul is a real estate novelist who  
never had time for a wife  
And he's talkin' with Davy, who's still in the  
navy,  
And probably will be for life  
And the waitress is practising politics  
As the businessmen slowly get stoned  
Yes they're sharing a drink they call  
loneliness  
But it's better than drinking alone

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday  
And the manager gives me a smile  
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been  
to see  
To forget about life for a while  
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival  
And the microphone smells like a beer  
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my  
jar  
And say "Man what are you doing here?"

### **Plastic Jesus**

Well I don't care if it rains or freezes  
As long as I've got my plastic Jesus  
Sitting on the dash board of my car  
well I don't care if rains or freezes  
As long as I've got my plastic Jesus  
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

chorus  
Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus,  
Sitting on the dashboard of my car  
Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus,  
Sitting on the dashboard of my car

Well I don't care if the road gets scary  
As long as I got my plastic Mary.....

Well now we're going for the hat-trick  
Jesus Mary and St Patrick.....

Well I don't care if it rains or snows  
As long as I got my plastic Moses....

Well I don't care if he slips and slides  
His little ass is magnetised.....

Plastic Jesus gives me hope  
He's a good place to hide my dope.....

Well after a great big dirty session  
Plastic Jesus hears confession....

He comes in colours pink and pleasant  
Glow in the dark cause he's fluorescent...

Plastic Jesus gotta go  
He's \*\*\*king up my radio..

### **Rawhide**

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' - Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'  
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' - Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' -  
Rawhide

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' - though the streams  
are swollen -  
Keep them doggies Rollin' - Rawhide.  
Rain and wind and weather - hell bent for  
leather-  
Wishing my girl was by my side.  
All the things I'm missing - my girls love  
and kissing -  
All waiting at the end of my ride.

CHORUS Move 'em on - get 'em up  
Get 'em up - move 'em on  
Move 'em on - get 'em up - Rawhide  
Cut 'em out - ride 'em in  
Ride 'em in - cut 'em out  
Cut 'em out - ride 'em in - Rawhide

Keep moving moving moving - though  
they're disproving -  
Keep them doggies moving - Rawhide.  
Don't try to understand them -  
just rope 'em, throw 'em, brand 'em,  
Soon we'll livin' high and wide.  
My hearts calculatin', my true love will be  
waitin' -  
Be waitin' at the end of my ride.

CHORUS (twice)

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' - Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' -  
yeahh  
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' - Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' -  
yeahh yeahh RAWHIDE!!

### **Red Is The Rose**

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

### **CHORUS**

Red is the rose that in yonder garden  
grows,  
And fair is the lily of the valley.  
Clear is the water that flows from the  
Boyne,  
But my love is fairer than any.  
'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that  
we strayed,  
And the moon and the stars they were  
shining,  
The moon shone its rays on her locks of  
golden hair,  
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

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

### **Red Red Wine**

Red, red wine, go to my head,  
make me forget that I, still need her so,  
Red, red wine, it's up to you,  
all that I can do I've done, But memories  
won't go,  
No memories won't go; I'd have thought that  
with time,  
thoughts of her would leave my head  
I was wrong and I find just one thing makes  
me forget, Red Red Wine,  
Stay close to me, Don't leave me alone,  
it's tearing a-part my blue, blue heart.

### **Return To Sender**

I gave a letter to the postman, he put it in  
his sack.  
Bright and early next morning, he brought  
my letter back.  
She wrote upon it return to sender, address  
unknown,  
No such number, no such zone.  
We had a quarrel a lover's spat, I write I'm  
sorry  
but my letter keeps coming back.

This time I'm gonna take it myself and put  
it right in her hand.  
And if it comes back the very next day,  
Then I'll understand  
the writing on it.  
Return to sender, address unknown,

No such number, no such zone.

So then I dropped it in the mail box and  
sent it Special D.  
Bright and early next morning it came right  
back to me.  
She wrote upon it return to sender, address  
unknown,  
No such number, no such zone.  
We had a quarrell a lover's spat, I write I'm  
sorry  
but my letter keeps coming back.

### **Rhinestone Cowboy**

I've been walking these streets so long  
Singin' the same old song  
I know every crack in these dirty sidewalks  
of Broadway  
Where hustle's the name of the game  
And nice guys get washed away like the  
snow and the rain  
There's been a load of compromisin' on the  
road to my horizon  
But I'm gonna be where the lights are  
shining on me.

CHORUS  
Like a rhinestone cowboy,  
riding out on a horse in a star spangled  
rodeo  
Like a rhinestone cowboy,  
gettin cards and letters from people I don't  
even know  
And offers coming over the phone

Well I really don't mind the rain and a smile  
can hide all the pain  
But you're down when you're riding the  
train that's taking the long way  
And I dream of the things I'll do with a  
subway token and a dollar tucked inside my  
shoe  
There'll be a load of compromisin' on the  
road to my horizon  
But I'm gonna be where the lights are  
shining on me.

### **RIDE ON**

True you ride the finest horse, that I have  
ever seen  
Standing sixteen one or two with eyes wild  
and green.  
You ride the horse so well, hands light to  
the touch,

I could never go with you no matter how I  
wanted to.

### **CHORUS**

Ride on, see you, I could never go with you  
no matter how I wanted to (x2).

When you ride into the night, without a  
trace behind  
Run your claw along my gut one last time.  
I turn to face the empty space, where you  
used to lie,  
And look for the spark that lights the night  
through a tear drop in my eye.

### **Salonika**

Me husband's in Salonika  
I wonder if he's dead  
I wonder if he know's he has  
A kid with a foxy head

(chorus)  
So right away, so right away  
Right away to Salonika right away  
Me soldier boy

When the war is over  
What will the slackers do  
They'll be all around the soldiers  
For the loan of a bob or two

They taxed our pound of butter  
And they taxed our ha'penny bun  
But still with all their taxes  
They can't beat the bloody hun

And when the war is over  
What will the slackers do  
For ev'ry kid in America  
In Cork there will be two

They taxed the Coliseum  
They taxed St Mary's hall  
Why don't they tax the bobbies  
With their backs against the wall

They take us out to Blarney  
They lays us on the grass  
They puts us in the family way  
And leaves us on our ass

### **Scarborough Fair**

Are you going to Scarborough Fair  
Parsley,sage,rose-mary and thyme  
Remember me to one who lives there  
For she was once a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley,sage,rose-mary and thyme  
Without any seams nor needlework  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land  
Parsley,sage,rose-mary and thyme  
Between the salt water and the sea strand  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather  
Parsley,sage,rose-mary and thyme  
And gather it all in a bunch of heather  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

### **Seven Drunken Nights**

As I came home on Monday night  
as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a horse outside the door  
where my old horse should be.  
So I called my wife and I said to her,  
will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns the horse outside the door,  
where my old horse should be.

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old  
fool  
And still you cannot see;  
Sure that's the lovely sow that my mother  
sent to me.  
Well it's many a day I've travelled  
a hundred miles or more  
But a saddle on a sow sure I've never seen  
before.

Tuesday ...coat behind the door...blanket...  
buttons on a blanket?

Wednesday... pipe upon the chair.. tin  
whistle...  
tobacco in a tin whistle ?

Thursday...two boots beneath the bed...  
geranium pots..  
lacers on geranium pots ?

Friday ...head upon the bed... babby...  
whiskers on a babby?

Saturday...lad inside the wife...cucumber...  
condom on a cucumber?

### **Simply the Best**

I call you when I need you, my heart's on  
fire  
You come to me, come to me wild and  
wired  
When you come to me  
Give me everything I need  
Give me a lifetime of promises and a world  
of dreams  
Speak the language of love like you know  
what it means  
ohh, it can't be wrong  
Take my heart and make it stronger baby

You're simply the best, better than all the  
rest  
Better than anyone, anyone I've ever met  
I'm stuck on your heart, I hang on every  
word you say  
Tear us apart, baby I would rather be dead

In your heart I see the stars of every night  
and every day  
In your eyes I get lost, I get washed away  
Just as long as I'm here in your arms  
I could be in no better place

You're simply the best, better than all the  
rest  
Better than anyone, anyone I've ever met  
I'm stuck on your heart, and hang on every  
word you say  
Tear us apart, baby I would rather be dead

Each time you leave me I start losing  
control  
You're walking away with my heart and my  
soul  
I can feel you even when I'm alone  
Oh baby, don't let go

You're the best, better than all the rest  
Better than anyone, anyone I've ever met  
I'm stuck on your heart, and hang on every  
word you say  
Tear us apart, baby I would rather be dead

Oh, You're the best...

### **Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay**

Sitting in the mornin' sun  
I'll be sitting when the evenin' comes  
Watching the ships roll in

Then I watch them roll away again  
I'm sitting on the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
Sitting on the dock of the bay wasting time.

I left my home in Georgia  
Headed for the 'Frisco Bay  
'Cos I've had nothin' to live for  
And look like nothin's gonna come my way  
So I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay  
Watchin' the tide roll away...

Looks like nothin's gonna change  
Everything still remains the same  
I can't do what ten people tell me to do  
So I guess I'll remain the same yes  
Sittin here resting my bones  
And this loneliness won't leave me alone  
Yes --- 2000 miles I roam  
Just to make this dock my home  
I'm just sittin' on ...

### **She Moved Through the Fair**

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 stepp'd away from me and this  
she did say,  
It will not be long love till our wedding day.

She stepped away from me and she moved  
through the fair,  
And fondly I watch her go here and go  
there,  
Then she went her way homeward with one  
star awake,  
As the swan in the evening moves over the  
lake.

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

I dreamt it last night that my young love  
came in,  
So softly she entered, her feet maade no  
din:  
She came close beside me, and this she  
did say,  
It will not be long love , till our wedding day.

### **Slip Sliding Away**

CHORUS Slip sliding away, Slip sliding  
away,  
You know the nearer your destination  
The more you slip slide away

I know a man, he came from my home  
town  
He wore his passion for his woman like a  
thorny crown  
He said "Dolores, I live in fear  
My love for you is so overpowerin'  
I'm afraid that I will disappear"  
CHORUS

I know a woman, became a wife  
These are the very words she uses to  
describe her life  
She said "A good day ain't got no rain"  
She said " A bad day is when I lie in bed  
And think of things that might have been"  
CHORUS

And I know a father, who had a son  
He longed to tell him all the reasons for the  
things he'd done  
He came a long way just to explain  
He kissed the boy as he lay sleeping  
Then he turned around and headed home  
again  
CHORUS

God knows why, God makes this plan  
The information is unavailable to the mortal  
man  
We work our jobs, collect our pay  
Believe we are gliding down the highway  
When in fact we are slip slidin' away  
CHORUS

### **Soldiers Song**

We'll sing a song , a soldiers song  
With cheering rousing chorus,  
As round our campfires blaze we throng  
The starry heavejs o'er us.  
Impatient for the coming fight  
As we wait the morning light  
Here in the silence of the night  
We'll sing a soldier's song

In valley green, on towering crag  
Our fathers fought before us  
And conquered neath the same old flag  
Thats proudly floating o'er us.

We're children of a fighting race  
That never yet have known disgrace  
As we march the foe to face  
We'll sing a soldier's song.

Men of the pale, sons of the gael,  
The long watched day is breaking,  
The serried ranks of Inishfail  
Shall set the tyrant quaking.  
Our campfires now are burning low  
See in the east a silvery glow  
Out yonder lie the saxon foe  
So sing a soldier's song.

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to  
Ireland  
Some have come from a land beyond the  
wave  
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient  
sireland  
Shall shelter the despot or the slave  
Tonight we'll man the bearna baoighil  
In Eireann's cause, come woe or weal  
Mid cannon's roar and rifles peal  
We'll sing a soldier's song.

### **Something Inside So Strong**

The higher you build your barriers,  
the taller I become,  
The further you take my rights away,  
the faster I will run,  
You can deny me,  
you can decide to turn your face away,  
No matter 'cos there's.....

CHORUS  
Something inside so strong,  
I know that I can make it,  
Though you're doing me wrong, so wrong,  
You thought that my pride was gone, oh no,  
There's something inside so strong,  
Oh, something inside so strong.

The more you refuse to hear my voice,  
the louder I will sing,  
You hide behind walls of Jericho,  
your lies will come tumbling,  
Deny my place in time,  
you squander wealth that's mine,  
A light will shine so brightly it will blind you,  
Because there's...

repeat CHORUS

Brothers and sisters

when they insist we're just not good  
enough,  
We'll know better,  
just look them in the eyes and say,  
We're gonna do it anyway, we're gonna do  
it anyway,  
We're gonna do it anyway, we're gonna do  
it anyway,  
'Cos there's ....

### **Spancil Hill**

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant  
days gone by  
My mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland  
I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision, and following  
with a will  
Till next I came to anchor at the cross of  
Spancil Hill.

{Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with  
the scene  
Where in my early boyhood where often I  
had been  
I thought I heard a murmur and I think I  
hear it still  
It's the little stream of water that flows down  
Spancil Hill.} (a seldom sung verse)

To amuse a passing fancy I lay down on  
the ground  
And all my school companions they shortly  
gathered round  
When we were home returning we danced  
with bright goodwill  
To Martin Moynihan's music at the cross of  
Spancil Hill.

It was on the twenty third of June the day  
before the fair  
When Ireland's sons and daughters and  
friends assembled there  
The young the old the brave the bold came  
their duty to fulfil  
At the parish church in Cloony, a mile from  
Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what  
they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone the  
young ones turning grey  
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as  
ever still  
For he used to make my britches when I  
lived at Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
 She's as fair as any lily and gentle as a  
 dove  
 She threw her arms around me  
 crying Johnny I love you still  
 She's Nell the farmers daughter,  
 the pride of Spencil Hill.

Well I dreamt I hugged and kissed her  
 as in the days of yore  
 She said Johnny you're only joking as  
 many the time before  
 But the cock crew in the morning  
 he crew both loud and shrill  
 And I awoke in California, many miles from  
 Spencil Hill.

### Spanish Lady

As I went out by Dublin city  
 At the hour of 12 at night  
 Who should I meet but a Spanish lady  
 Washing her feet by candlelight  
 First she washed them, then she dried  
 them  
 All by the fire of amber coal  
 In all my life I ne'er did see  
 A maid so sweet about the sole

CHORUS Whack for the too-ra loo-ra  
 ladie }  
 Whack for the too-ra loo-ra le } x2

Oh I asked her would she come out walking  
 And we went on till the grey cocks crew  
 A coach I stopped then to instate her  
 We went on till the sky was blue  
 Combs of amber in her hair  
 And her eyes knew every spell  
 In all my life I never did see  
 A maid whom I could love so well

Oh but when I came to where I found her  
 And set her down from the halted coach  
 Who was there with his arms folded  
 But the fearful swordsman, Tiger Roche  
 Blades were out, t'was thrust and cut  
 And never the man gave me more fright  
 Till I laid him out upon the floor  
 Where she stood holding the candlelight

Oh so if you go to Dublin city  
 At the hour of 12 at night  
 Beware of young girls who sit in their  
 windows  
 Washing their feet by candlelight  
 I met one and we went walking

I thought that she would be my wife  
 When I came to where I found her  
 If it wasn't for me sword I'd 'a lost me life

### Star Spangled Banner

O say can you see  
 By the dawns early light  
 What so proudly we hailed  
 At the twilight's last gleaming.  
 Whose bright stripes and bright stars  
 Through the perilous fight  
 On the ramparts we watched  
 Were so gallantly streaming.

And the rockets red glare  
 The bombs bursting in air  
 Gave proof through the night  
 That our flag was still there.  
 O say does that Star Spangled Banner  
 Still wave  
 O'er the land of the free  
 And the home of the brave.

### St. Brendan's Voyage

A boat sailed out of Brandon in the year of  
 501,  
 'twas a damp and dirty mornin' Brendan's  
 voyage it begun,  
 Tired of thinnin' turnips and cuttin' curley  
 kale,  
 when he got back from the creamery he  
 hoisted up the sail.  
 He ploughed a lonely furrow to the north,  
 south, east and west,  
 of all the navigators St. Brendan was the  
 best.  
 When he ran out of candles he was forced  
 to make a stop,  
 he tied up in Long Island and put America  
 on the map,  
 Did you know that Honolulu was found by a  
 Kerryman,  
 who went to find Australia them China and  
 Japan,  
 when he was touchin' 70, he began to miss  
 the crack,  
 turnin' to his albatross sez he I'm headin'  
 back.

CHORUS Is it right or left for Gibraltar,  
 what tack do I take for Mizen Head?

I'd love to settle down near Ventry  
Harbour  
St. Brendan to his albatross he said.

To make it fast he bent the mast and built  
up mighty steam,  
Around Terra del Fuego and up the warm  
Gulf Stream,  
He crossed the last horizon, Mr. Brandon  
came in sight  
and when he cleared the customs into  
Dingle for the night.  
When he got the Cordon Bleu he went to  
douse the drought,  
he headed west to Krugers to murder pints  
of stout  
around to Ballyferriter and up the Conor  
Pass.  
He freewheeled into Brandon, the saint was  
home at last.

The entire population came (281) the place  
was chockeblock  
love nor money wouldn't get your nose  
inside the shop.  
The fishermen hauled up their nets, the  
farmers left their hay,  
Kerry people know that saints don't turn up  
every day.  
Everythin' was goin' fine 'til Brendan did  
announce  
his reason for returning was to try and set  
up house,  
the girls were flabbergasted at St.  
Brendan's neck  
to seek a wife so late in life and him a total  
wreck.

Worn down by rejection that pierced his  
humble pride,  
'Begod' sez Brendan if I run I'll surely catch  
the tide  
Turnin' on his sandals he made straight for  
the docks  
and haulin' up his anchor he cast off from  
the rocks.  
As he sailed past Innishvickallaune there  
stood the albatross  
I knew you'd never stick it out 'tis great to  
see you boss  
I'm balin' out sez Brendan I badly need a  
break  
A fortnight is about as much as any aul  
saint could take.

### Star of County Down

Near to Banbridge town,  
in the county Down one morning in July  
Down a boreen green came a sweet  
colleen  
And she smiled as she passed me by;  
Oh she looked so neat from her two bare  
feet  
To the crown of her nut brown hair,  
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself,  
to make sure I was standing there.

Oh from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And 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 I shook my head  
And I gazed with a feeling quare  
And I said says I to a passer by  
Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?  
Oh he smiled at me, and pride says he  
That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks  
of the Bann  
She's the star of the county Down.

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly,  
And a smile like the rose in June  
And you hung on each note from her lily  
white throat  
As she lilted an Irish tune.  
At the pattern dance you were held in  
trance  
As she tripped through a reel or jig,  
And when her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax  
upon my soul  
A spud from a hungry pig.

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

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

### Streets of London



Have you seen the old man in the closed  
down market,  
picking up the papers with his worn out  
shoes?  
In his eyes you'll see no pride,  
and held loosely by his side,  
Yesterdays paper tellin' yesterdays news.

CHORUS So how can you tell me you're  
lonely,  
and say for you that the sun don't  
shine?  
Let me take you by the hand  
and lead you through the streets of  
London,  
I'll show you something,  
that will make you change your mind.

Have you seen the old gal who walks the  
streets of London,  
dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?  
She's no time for talking she just keeps on  
walking,  
carrying her home in two carrier bags.

CHORUS

And in the all-night cafe at a quarter past  
eleven,  
same old man sitting there on his own,  
looking at the world over the rim of his tea-  
cup,  
each tea lasts a hour, and then he wanders  
home alone.

CHORUS

And have you seen the old man outside the  
seaman's mission,  
his memories fading with those medal  
ribbons he wears,  
and in this winter city, the rain cries a little  
pity,  
for one more forgotten hero, in a world that  
doesn't care.

CHORUS

### **Streets of New York**

I was eighteen years old when I went down  
to Dublin  
With a fistful of money and a cargo of  
dreams,  
Take your time said my father, stop rushing  
like hell,  
And remember all's not what it seems to  
be.

For there's fellas would cut you for the coat  
on your back,  
Or the watch that you got from your mother,  
So take care my young buckoo and mind  
yourself well,  
And give this wee note to my brother.

At the time uncle Bengy was a policeman in  
Brooklyn,  
And my father the youngest looked after  
the farm.  
When a phone call from America said send  
the lad over,  
And the owl fella said, sure it wouldn't do  
any harm.  
For I spent my life working this dirty old  
ground  
For a few pints of porter and the smell of a  
pound,  
And sure maybe there's something you'll  
learn or you'll see  
And you can bring it back home, make it  
easy on me.

So I landed at Kennedy and a big yellow  
taxi,  
Carried me and my bags through the  
streets and the rain,  
Well my poor heart was pumping around  
with excitement,  
And I hardly even heard what the driver  
was saying.  
We came in the short parkway to the  
flatlands in Brooklyn,  
To my uncles apartment on East 53rd,  
I was feeling so happy I was humming a  
song,  
And I sang you're as free and a bird.

Well to shorten the story what I found out  
that day  
Was that Bengy got shot in a downtown  
foray,  
And while I was flying my way to New York,  
Poor Bengy was lying in a cold city morgue.  
Well I phoned the old fella, told him the  
news,  
I could tell he could hardly stand up in his  
shoes,  
And he wept as he told me, go ahead with  
the plan,  
And not to forget be a proud Irishman.

So I went up to Nelly's beside Fordham  
road,  
And I started to learn about lifting the load,  
But the healthiest thing that I carried that  
year,  
Was the bitter sweet thoughts of my home  
town so dear.

I went home that December cause the old  
fella died,  
Had to borrow the money from Phil on the  
side,  
And all the bright flowers and grass could  
not hide,  
The poor wasted face of my father.

I sold up the old farmyard for what it was  
worth,  
And into my bag stuck a handful of earth,  
Then I boarded a train and I caught me a  
plane,  
And I found me back in the US again.  
It's been twenty two years since I set foot in  
Dublin,  
The kids know to use the correct knife and  
fork,  
But I'll never forget the green grass and the  
rivers,  
As I keep law and order in the streets of  
New York.

### Summer Nights

(sorry about the missing words)

Summer lovin' had me a blast  
- Summer lovin' happened so fast  
I met a girl crazy for me  
- I met a boy cute as can be.

Summer days driftin' away, ooh aah those  
summer nights

Tell me more (x2) did you get very far  
- Tell me more (x2) like does he have a  
car

She swam by she got a cramp  
- He went by me got me so damp  
I saved her life she nearly drowned  
- He showed up splashing around  
Summer sun, somethings begun, ooh aah  
those summer nights

Tell me more (x2) was it love at first sight  
- Tell me more (x2) did she put up a fight.

We went bowling in the arcade  
- We went strolling drank lemonade  
We made out under the dark  
- We stayed up till ten o'clock

Summer flings, don't mean a thing, but oh  
those summer nights

Tell me more (x2) sounds like she got it  
bad  
Tell me more (x2) he sounds like a drag.

He got friendly holding my hand  
- She got friendly down in the sand  
He was sweet just turned 18  
- She was good you know what I mean.  
Summer heat, morning till eve

Tell me more (x2) how much dough did he  
spare  
Tell me more (x2) can she give you it clean

It turned colder, that's where it ends  
- So I told her we'd still be friends  
Then we made our true love vows  
- Wonder what she's doing now  
Summer dreams ripped at the seams  
But oh, those summer nights.

### Summertime

Summertime and the living is easy:  
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high.  
Oh your daddy's rich and your mother's is  
good looking  
so hush little baby don't you cry.

One of these mornings you're going to  
wake up singing  
And then you'll spread your wings and take  
to the sky  
Until that morning there ain't nothing can  
harm you  
With your daddy and mommy standing by

Summertime and the living is easy  
Fish are jumping and the cotton is high.  
Oh your daddy's rich and your mother's is  
good looking  
So hush little baby don't you cry.

### Sunny Afternoon

The taxman's taken all my dough  
And left me in my stately home  
Lazing on a sunny afternoon  
And I can't sail my yacht  
He's taken everything I've got  
All I've got is this sunny afternoon  
Save me, save me, save me from this  
squeeze  
I've got a big fat mamma tryin' to break me

I've got to live so pleasantly  
Live this life of luxury  
Lazing on a sunny afternoon  
In summertime, in summertime, in  
summertime

My girlfriends gone off with my car  
And gone back to her ma and pa  
Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty  
Now I'm sitting here  
Sipping at my ice cool beer  
Lazing on a sunny afternoon  
Help me, help me, help me sail away  
You give me two good reasons  
Why I ought to stay  
'Cause I love to live so pleasantly  
Live this life of luxury  
Lazing on a sunny afternoon  
In summertime, in summertime, in  
summertime.

### **Sweet Child O' Mine**

She's got a smile that it seems to me  
Reminds me of childhood memories  
Where everything  
Was as fresh as the bright blue sky  
Now and then when I see her face  
She takes me away to that special place  
And if I'd stare too long  
I'd probably break down and cry

Sweet child o' mine  
Sweet love of mine

She's got eyes of the bluest skies  
As if they thought of rain  
I hate to look into those eyes  
And see an ounce of pain  
Her hair reminds me of a warm safe place  
Where as a child I'd hide  
And pray for the thunder  
And the rain  
To quietly pass me by

Sweet child o' mine  
Sweet love of mine

Where do we go  
Where do we go now  
Where do we go  
Sweet child o' mine

### **Sweet Home Alabama**

Big wheels keep on turning  
Carry me home to see my kin  
Singing songs about the Southland  
I miss Alabamy once again  
And I think its a sin, yes

Well I heard mister Young sing about her  
Well, I heard ole Neil put her down  
Well, I hope Neil Young will remember  
A Southern man don't need him around  
anyhow

Sweet home Alabama  
Where the skies are so blue  
Sweet Home Alabama  
Lord, I'm coming home to you

In Birmingham they love the governor  
Now we all did what we could do  
Now Watergate does not bother me  
Does your conscience bother you?  
Tell the truth

Sweet home Alabama  
Where the skies are so blue  
Sweet Home Alabama  
Lord, I'm coming home to you  
Here I come Alabama

Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers  
And they've been known to pick a song or  
two  
Lord they get me off so much  
They pick me up when I'm feeling blue  
Now how about you?

Sweet home Alabama  
Where the skies are so blue  
Sweet Home Alabama  
Lord, I'm coming home to you

Sweet home Alabama  
Oh sweet home baby  
Where the skies are so blue  
And the governor's true  
Sweet Home Alabama  
Lordy  
Lord, I'm coming home to you  
Yea, yea Montgomery's got the answer

### **Swing Low Sweet Chariot**

(full actions please)

CHORUS Swing low, sweet chariot,  
coming forth to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
coming forth to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of sweet angels coming after me,  
coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,  
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day I ever saw,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,  
Coming for to carry me home.

### Take it Easy

Well I'm running down the road tryin' to  
loosen my load  
I've got seven women on my mind  
Four that want to own me one that wants to  
stone me  
One says she's a friend of mine  
Take it easy take it easy  
Don't let the sounds of your own wheels  
drive you crazy  
Lighten up while you still can  
Don't even try to understand  
Just find a place to make a stand and take  
it easy

Well I'm standing on corner in Winslow,  
Arizona  
And such a fine sight to see  
It's a girl my Lord, in a flat bed Ford  
Slowin' down to take a look at me  
Come on baby, don't say maybe  
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna  
save me  
We may lose we may win  
Though we will never be here again  
So open up, I'm climbing in  
So take it easy

Well I'm a runnin' down the road tryin' to  
loosen my load  
I've got a world of troubles on my mind  
Looking for a lover who won't blow my  
cover  
She's so hard to find  
Take it easy take it easy

Don't let the sound of your own wheels  
drive you crazy  
Come on baby, don't say maybe  
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna  
save me

### The Banks of my own Lovely Lee

How oft do my thoughts in their fancy take  
flight  
to the home of my childhood away  
To the days when each patriot's vision  
seem'd bright  
Ere I dream'd that those joys should decay,  
When my heart was as light as the wild  
winds that blow  
down the Mardyke through each elm tree,  
Where I sported and played }  
'neath each green leafy shade, }  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee } x2

And then in the springtime of laughter and  
song  
Can I ever forget the sweet hours  
With the friends of my youth as we rambled  
along  
'Mongst the green mossy banks and wild  
flowers  
Then too, when the evening sun's sinking  
to rest  
Sheds its golden light over the sea  
The maid with her lover the wild daisies  
pressed }  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.  
} x2

'Tis a beautiful land this dear isle of song  
Its gems shed their light to the world  
And her faithful sons bore thro' ages of  
wrong  
The standard St. Patrick unfurled.  
Oh would I were there with the friends I  
love best  
And my fond bosom's partner with me  
We'd roam thy banks over, and when  
weary we'd rest }  
By the waters, my own lovely Lee.  
} x2

On what joys should be mine ere this life  
should decline  
To seek shells on thy sea girdled shore.  
While the steel feathered eagle, oft  
splashing the brine  
Brings longing for freedom once more.  
Oh all that on earth I wish for or crave  
Is that my last crimson drop be for thee,

To moisten the grass of my forefathers'  
grave }  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.  
} x2

### **The Boxer**

I am just a poor boy though my story's  
seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance  
for a pocketful of mumbles, such as  
promises.  
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he  
wants to hear,  
And disregards the rest, la la.....

When I left my home and my family,  
I was no more than a boy, In the company  
of strangers,  
In the quiet of a railway station running  
scared,  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
Where the ragged people go,  
looking for the places only they would  
know.  
Lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie lie-la-lie etc..

Asking only workmans wages I come  
looking for a job,  
but I get no offers,  
just a come on from the whores on 7th  
Avenue.  
I do declare there were times when I was  
so lonesome  
I took some comfort there, la la.....

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes  
and wishing I was gone, Going home.  
Where the New York City winters aren't  
bleeding me,  
bleeding me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter  
by his trade  
and he carries the reminders  
of every glove that laid him down  
or kept him till he cried out in his anger and  
his shame,  
I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter  
still remains.

Lie-la-lie etc.

### **The Cobbler**

Oh, me name is Dick Darby, I'm a cobbler  
I served out me time at th'ould camp  
Some call me an ould agitator  
But now I'm resolved to repent

CHORUS With me ing twing of an ing twing  
of an i do

With me ing twing of an ing of an i  
daaay  
With me rou bu bu rou bu bu randy  
And me lap stone keeps beatin' away.

Well, me father was hung for sheep stealin'  
Me Mother was burned for a witch  
Me sister's a dandy house keeper  
And I'm a mechanical switch

Tis forty long years I have travelled  
All by the contents of me pack  
Me hammers, me awls and me pincers  
Sure, I carries them all me pack

Well, me wife, she is lumpy, she's grumpy  
Me wife, she's the devil, she's cracked  
No matter what I may do with her  
Her tongue it goes clickity clack

T'was early one fine summers mornin'  
A while before it was daaaay  
I dipped her three times in the river  
And carelessly bade her good day.

### **The Curragh of Kildare**

The winter it is past, and the summer's  
come at last,  
And the birds they are singing in the trees.  
Their little hearts are glad but mine is very  
sad  
For my true love is far away from me.

The rose upon the briar by the water  
running free  
gives joy to the linnet and the bee.  
Their little hearts are blessed, but mine is  
not at rest,  
for my true love is far away from me, so

CHORUS:  
A livery I'll wear, and I'll comb back my hair,  
and in velvet so green I will appear;  
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of  
Kildare  
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

All ye who are in love and who cannot it  
remove  
I do pity all the pain that ye endure  
For experience lets me know that your  
heart is full of woe  
It's a woe that no mortal can endure

repeat CHORUS,  
repeat last two lines,  
repeat last line.

### **The Dutchman**

The Dutchman's not the kind of man  
To keep his thumb jammed in the dam  
That holds his dreams in.  
But that's a secret only Margaret knows.  
When Amsterdam is golden  
In the morning Margaret brings him  
breakfast  
She believes him - he thinks the tulips  
bloom beneath the snows  
He's mad as he can be,  
but Margaret only sees that sometimes.  
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in  
his eyes.

CHORUS  
Let us go to the banks of the ocean,  
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.  
Long ago I used to be a young man,  
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes  
His cap and coat are patched with love that  
Margaret sowed in.  
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam  
He watches tugboats down canals,  
and calls out to them when he thinks he  
knows the captain.  
'Til Margaret comes to take him home  
again,  
through unforgiving streets that trip him  
though she holds his arm.  
Sometimes he thinks that he is alone, and  
calls her name.  
The windmills swirl the winter in  
She winds his muffler tighter, they sit in the  
kitchen  
And the tea with whiskey keeps away the  
dew  
He sees her for a moment and calls her  
name,  
she makes his bed up humming some old  
love song.  
She learned it when the tune was very new,

He hums a line or two, they hum together in  
the night.  
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret  
blows the candle out.

### **The Final Countdown**

We're leaving together,  
But still it's farewell  
And maybe we'll come back,  
To earth, who can tell?  
I guess there is no one to blame  
We're leaving ground (leaving ground)  
Will things ever be the same again?

It's the final countdown...

...the final countdown

We're heading for Venus and still we stand  
tall  
Cause maybe they've seen us and  
welcome us all  
With so many light years to go and things  
to be found  
I'm sure that we'll all miss her so.

It's the final countdown...

...the final countdown

...the final countdown (final countdown)

### **The Irish Rover**

In the year of our lord, 1806,  
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork,  
We were sailing away with a cargo of  
bricks,  
For the grand city hall in New York.  
'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore  
and aft,  
And how the wild wind drove her,  
She could stand a great blast in her 27  
masts,  
And we called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo  
rags,  
We had two million barrells of stones,  
We had 3 million sides of old blind horses  
hides,  
We had 4 million barrels of bone.  
We had 5 million hogs, 6 million dogs,  
Seven million barrels of porter,

We had 8 million bales of old nanny goat  
tails,  
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 McGuirk who was  
scared stiff of work,  
And a chap from WestMeath called  
Malone.  
There was Slugger O' Toole who was  
drunk as a rule,  
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover.  
Ther was Dolan from Clare, just as strong  
as a bear,  
All aboard on the Irish Rover.

We had sailed 7 years when the measels  
broke out,  
And our ship lost its way in the fog.  
The the whole of the crew was reduced  
down to two,  
Just myself and the captain's old dog.  
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock,  
The boat, it was flipped right over,  
Turned nine times around and the poor old  
dog was drowned,  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

### **The Ould Triangle**

A hungry feelin' came oer' me stealin'  
All the mice were squeali' all in my cell

CHORUS - And the ould triangle went  
jingle jangle  
- Along the banks of the Royal Canal

Early in the morning the screws were ballin'  
Saying get up ya bousy and clean out your  
cells

Chorus

Oh the land was sleeping and big Gussy  
was peepin'  
As I lay dreaming of my girl Sal

Chorus

In the female prison there are 75 women  
And I wish among them I did dwell

And the ould triangle could go jingle jangle  
Along the banks of the Royal Canal

### **The Rare Ould Times**

CHORUS:  
Ring a ring a rosies,as the light declines  
I remember Dublin City in the rare ould  
times

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

repeat CHORUS

My name it is Sean Dempsey as Dublin as  
can be,  
Born hard and late in Pimlico in a house  
that ceased to be  
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to  
redundancy  
Like my house that fell to progress, my  
trades a memory.

And I courted Peggy Dignam, as pretty as  
you please  
A rogue and Child of Mary from the rebel  
Liberties  
I lost her to a student lad with skin as black  
as coal,  
When he took her off to Birmingham he  
took away my soul.

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

Fair thee well sweet Anna Liffey,  
I can no longer stay  
And watch the new glass cages  
that spring up along the quay  
Me minds too full of memories,  
too old to hear new chimes  
I'm a part of what was Dublin  
in the rare ould times.

### **The Raitlin Bog**

Oh row the Ratlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o. (x2)

And in that bog there was a hole,  
a rare hole, a Ratlin hole.  
And the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the vally-o.  
CHORUS

And in that hole there was a tree,  
a rare tree, a Ratlin tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the vally-o.  
CHORUS

Branch, twig, leaf, nest, bird, wing, feather, flea,...

### **The Scotsman**

by Bowers Bryan

Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evenin' fair  
And one could tell by how he walked that he drunk more than his share  
He stumbled 'round until he could no longer keep his feet  
And he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street  
Ring ding diddle-diddle die-di-oh! Ring ding diddly-eye-oh!  
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by,  
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,  
"See yon sleeping Scotsman so young and handsome built--  
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the quilt."  
Ring ding diddle-diddle die-di-oh! Ring ding diddly-eye-oh!  
"I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the quilt."

They crept up on that sleepin' Scotsman quiet as could be;  
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.  
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.  
Ring ding diddle-diddle die-di-oh! Ring ding diddly-eye-oh!  
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment; then one said, "We must be gone!  
Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along!"  
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow.  
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.  
Ring ding diddle-diddle die-di-oh! Ring ding diddly-eye-oh!  
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.

Well the Scotsman woke to Nature's call and stumbled towards the trees.  
Behind the brush he lifts his kilt and drunk says what he sees.  
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,  
"Oh, lad I don't know where ya been, but I see ya won first prize!"  
Ring ding diddle-diddle die-di-oh! Ring ding diddly-eye-oh!  
"Well, lad I don't know where ya been, but I see ya won first prize!"

### **The Sick Note**

Dear Sir, I write this note to you,  
to tell you of my plight.  
And at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight.  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey,  
and I write this note to tell you why Paddy's not at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,  
and to throw them down from such a height was not a good idea.  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, him being an awkward sod.  
He told me I'd have to cart them down the ladder in my hod

To clear all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow,  
so I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below.



But in my haste to do the job I was too blind to see,  
that a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,  
and clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead.  
I shot up like a rocket and to my dismay I found,  
that half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

The barrel broke my shoulders as to the ground it sped  
and when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head.  
I clung on tight too mesmerised by this almighty blow,  
and the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more.  
Still clinging tightly to the rope I sped towards the ground  
and I landed on the broken bricks that were all scattered round.

As I lay there moaning on the ground I was sure I'd passed the worst,  
when the barrel hit the pulley wheel and then the bottom burst.  
A shower of bricks fell down on me, I hadn't got a hope.  
As I lay there moaning on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel now being heavier it started down once more,  
it landed right across me as I lay upon the floor.  
It broke three ribs and my left arm and I can only say -  
I hope you understand why Paddy's not at work today.

### **Time In a Bottle**

If I could spend time in a bottle,  
the first thing that I'd like to do,  
is to save everyday 'till eternity passes away,  
just to spend them with you.

If I could make days last forever,  
if words could make wishes come true,  
I'd save everyday like a treasure and then again I would spend them with you.

But there's never seem to be enough time,  
to do the things you want to do once you find them-  
I've looked around enough to know,  
that you're the one I want to go through time with.

If I had a box just for wishes,  
and dreams that would never come through,  
the box would be empty except for the memory,  
of how they were answered by you.

But there's never seem to be enough time,  
to do the things you want to do once you find them-  
I've looked around enough to know,  
that you're the one I want to go through time with.

### **Total Eclipse of the Heart**

Turnaround, every now and then I get a little bit lonely and you're never coming around  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit tired of listening to the sound of my tears  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit nervous that the best of all the years have gone by  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eyes  
Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and then I fall apart  
Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and then I fall apart  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit restless and I dream of something wild  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit helpless and I'm lying like a child in your arms  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit angry and I know I've got to get out and cry  
Turnaround, Every now and then I get a little bit terrified but then I see the look in your eyes  
Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and

then I fall apart  
 Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and  
 then I fall apart  
 And I need you now tonight  
 And I need you more than ever  
 And if you'll only hold me tight  
 We'll be holding on forever  
 And we'll only be making it right  
 Cause we'll never be wrong together  
 We can take it to the end of the line  
 Your love is like a shadow on me all of the  
 time  
 I don't know what to do and I'm always in  
 the dark  
 We're living in a powder keg and giving off  
 sparks  
 I really need you tonight  
 Forever's gonna start tonight  
 Forever's gonna start tonight  
 Once upon a time I was falling in love  
 But now I'm only falling apart  
 There's nothing I can do  
 A total eclipse of the heart  
 Once upon a time there was light in my life  
 But now there's only love in the dark  
 Nothing I can say  
 A total eclipse of the heart  
 Turnaround bright eyes  
 Turnaround bright eyes  
 Turnaround, every now and then I know  
 you'll never be the boy you always you  
 wanted to be  
 Turnaround, every now and then I know  
 you'll always be the only boy who wanted  
 me the way that I am  
 Turnaround, every now and then I know  
 there's no one in the universe as magical  
 and wonderous as you  
 Turnaround, every now and then I know  
 there's nothing any better and there's  
 nothing I just wouldn't do  
 Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and  
 then I fall apart  
 Turnaround bright eyes, Every now and  
 then I fall apart  
 And I need you now tonight  
 And I need you more than ever  
 And if you'll only hold me tight  
 We'll be holding on forever  
 And we'll only be making it right  
 Cause we'll never be wrong together  
 We can take it to the end of the line  
 Your love is like a shadow on me all of the  
 time  
 I don't know what to do and I'm always in  
 the dark  
 We're living in a powder keg and giving off  
 sparks  
 I really need you tonight  
 Forever's gonna start tonight

Forever's gonna start tonight  
 Once upon a time I was falling in love  
 But now I'm only falling apart  
 There's nothing I can do  
 A total eclipse of the heart  
 Once upon a time there was light in my life  
 But now there's only love in the dark  
 Nothing I can say  
 A total eclipse of the heart

### Trasna na dTonnta

Curfá Trasna na dtonnta 'dul siar, 'dul siar  
 Slán leis an uaigneas is slán leis an  
 gcian  
 Geal é mo chroí agus geal í an ghrian  
 Geal bheith ag filleadh go hÉirinn

Chonac mo dhóthain de thíortha i gcéin  
 ór agus airgead saibhreas an tsaol  
 Éiríonn an crói ionam le breacadh gach lae  
 's mé ag druidim le dúthaigh mo mhuintir

Muntir an iarthair siad cáirde mo chroí  
 Fáilte is féile beidh romham ar gach taobh  
 'S ar fhágaint an tsaol seo sé guím ar an  
 Rí  
 Gur leo san a sínfear i gcill mé ;

### Two out of Three Ain't Bad

Baby we can talk all night,  
 but that ain't getting us nowhere  
 I've told you everything I possibly can  
 there's nothing left inside of here  
 And maybe you can cry all night,  
 but that'll never change the way that I feel  
 The snow is really piling up outside;  
 I wish you wouldn't make me leave here  
 I poured it on and I poured it out,  
 I tried to show you just how much I care  
 I'm tired of words and I'm too hoarse to  
 shout,  
 but you've been cold to me so long  
 I'm crying icicles instead of tears  
 and all I can do is keep on telling you  
 I want you (x2) I need you (x2),  
 but there ain't no way I'm ever gonna love  
 you;  
 now don't be sad 'Cause two out of three  
 ain't bad.  
 Now don't be sad, 'cause two out of three  
 ain't bad

You'll never find your gold on a sandy beach,  
 you'll never drill for oil on a city street  
 I know you're looking for a ruby in a mountain of rocks  
 But there ain't no Coupe de Ville hiding at the bottom of a cracker jack box  
 I can't lie, I can't tell you that I'm something  
 I'm not no matter how I try  
 I'll never be able to give you something, something that I just haven't got  
 There's only one girl that I will ever love and that was so many years ago  
 And though I know I'll never get her out of my heart,  
 she never loved me back, ooh I know  
 I remember how she left me on a stormy night,  
 she kissed me and got out of our bed  
 And though I pleaded and I begged her not to walk out that door  
 She packed her bags and turned right away, and she kept on telling me  
 she kept on telling me  
 She kept on telling me I want you,  
 I need you, but there ain't no way I'm ever gonna love you  
 Now don't be sad, 'cause two out of three ain't bad.

### Van Deiman's Land

Hold me now , oh hold me now,  
 Until this hour has gone around,  
 And I am gone on the rising tide,  
 For to face Van Dieman's Land.

It's a bitter pill, I swallow here,  
 To be rent from one so very dear,  
 We fought for justice and not for gain,  
 But the magistrate sent me away.

Oh kings will rule and the poor will toil,  
 And tear their hand's as they tear the soil,  
 But a day will come in a dawning age,  
 When an honest man sees an honest wage.

Hold me now, oh hold me now,  
 Until this hour has come around,  
 And I am gone on the rising tide,  
 For to face Van Dieman's Land.

### Vincent

Starry Starry night paint your pallet blue  
 and grey  
 Look out on a summers day  
 with eyes that know darkness in my soul  
 Shadows on the hills  
 sketch the trees and daffodils  
 And catch the breeze and the winter chills:  
 In colours on a snowy linen land.

### CHORUS:-

And now I understand what you try to say  
 to me:  
 how you suffered for your sanity  
 How you tried to set them free:  
 they would not listen they did not know  
 how:  
 Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry,starry night flaming colours that  
 brightly blaze:  
 swirling colours in a violet haze  
 Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue:  
 colours changing hue,morning fields of  
 amber grain  
 Weathered faces lined in pain  
 are soothed beneath the artists loving  
 hand.

### CHORUS

For they could not love you,but still your  
 love was true  
 And when no hope was left in sight  
 on that starry starry night  
 You took your life as lovers often do:  
 but I could have told you Vincent  
 This world was never meant for one as  
 beautiful as you

Starry Starry night,portraits hung in empty  
 halls:  
 frameless heads on nameless walls  
 With eyes that watch the world and can't  
 forget:  
 like the strangers that you've met  
 The ragged men in ragged clothes:  
 the silver thorn of bloody rose  
 Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.

### CHORUS

### Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried my  
 pack,  
 And I lived the free life of a rover,  
 From the Murray's green basin to the dusty  
 outback

I waltzed my Matilda all over.  
 Then in nineteen fifteen the country said:  
 "son it's time to stop rambling there's work  
 to be done"  
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave  
 me a gun  
 And they sent me away to the war.  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
 As our ship pulled away from the quay,  
 And amidst all the cheers, flag waving and  
 tears,  
 We sailed off for Gallipoli.

How well I remember that terrible day  
 When our blood stained the sand and the  
 water  
 And how in that place that they called Suvla  
 Bay  
 We were butchered like lambs at the  
 slaughter.  
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed  
 himself well  
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us  
 with shells  
 And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us all to  
 hell  
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As we stopped to bury our slain  
 We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
 Then we started all over again.

Now those that were left, well we tried to  
 survive  
 In a mad world of blood, death and fire,  
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself  
 alive,  
 But around the corpses piled higher.  
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse  
 over head,  
 And when I woke up in my hospital bed.  
 When I saw what it done, I wished I was  
 dead  
 Never knew there were worse things than  
 dying.  
 For I'll go no more waltzing Matilda  
 All around the green bush far and near  
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs  
 both legs  
 No more waltzing Matilda for me.

So they collected the cripples, the wounded  
 the maimed  
 And they shipped us back home to  
 Australia  
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the  
 insane  
 Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.  
 As our ship pulled in to Circular Quay

I looked at the place where my legs used to  
 be  
 And thanked Christ there was no one there  
 waiting for me  
 To grieve and to mourn and to pity.  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As they carried me down the gangway  
 But nobody cheered they just stood there  
 and stared  
 Then turned all their faces away.

And now every April I sit on my porch  
 And I watch the parade pass before me  
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly  
 they march  
 Renewing old dreams of past glory  
 The old men marched slowly, all bent, stiff  
 and sore  
 The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war  
 And the young people ask what are they  
 marching for  
 And I ask myself the same question.  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 And the old men answer the call  
 But year after year the numbers get fewer  
 Some day no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
 Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?  
 And their ghosts may be heard as you pass  
 the Billabong  
 Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?

### Way Down in Alabama

Way down in Alabama where the miners  
 shovel coal,  
 A miner shoved a shovel in another miners  
 hole,  
 said the miner to the miner we're here to  
 shovel coal,  
 and not to shove a shovel in another  
 miners hole.

### CHORUS

Maniana, Maniana, Maniana is good  
 enough for me ,  
 My rhubarb refuses to rise,  
 refuses to rise to it natural size,(bum bum  
 bum)  
 My rhubarb refuses to rise 'cause my  
 baby don't love me,  
 my baby don't love me, my baby don't  
 love me no morrre.

Way down in Alabama where the birdies  
 learn to fly,

A birdy dropped a turdy in a another birdies  
eye,  
Say the birdy to the birdy, we're here to  
learn to fly  
and not to drop a turdy in another birdies  
eye.

CHORUS

Way down in Alabama where the bodies  
decompose,  
a body robbed a snotty from another bodies  
nose,  
said the body to the body were here to  
decompose  
and not to rob a snotty from another bodies  
nose.

CHORUS

Way down in Alabama where the beaver  
build their walls,  
A beaver bashed a rock on another  
beavers balls,  
said the beaver to the beaver we're here to  
build a wall  
a not the bash your rocks off another  
beavers balls.

CHORUS

Way down in Alabama where the ladies  
learn to knit,  
A lady stuck a needle in another ladies tit,  
said the lady to the lady we're here to learn  
to knit  
and not to stick a needle in another ladies  
tit.

CHORUS

### Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry  
mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money  
he was counting,  
I first produced my pistol and I then  
produced my rapier  
Saying stand and deliver for you are my  
bold deceiver.

CHORUS

Wishum ring-um door-um da  
whack fol the diddle O, whack fol the diddle  
O  
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a  
pretty penny  
I put it my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny

She sighed and she swore that she never  
would betray me,  
But the devil take the woman for they never  
can be easy.

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

And 'twas early in the morning before I rose  
to travel  
Up comes a band of footmen and like wise  
Captain Farrell  
I then produced my pistol for she away  
stole my rapier  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner  
I was taken.

And if any one can aid me 'tis my brother in  
the army  
If I could learn his station in Cork or in  
Killarney  
And if he'd come and join me we'd go  
roving in Kilkenny  
I'll engage he'd treat me fairer than my  
darling sporting Jenny.

### Whiter Shade of Pale

We skipped the light fan-dan-go  
And turned cartwheels 'cross the floor  
I was kind of sea-sick  
But the crowd called out for more  
The room was humming harder  
As the ceiling flew away  
When we called out for another drink  
The waiter brought a tray  
And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale.

She said 'There is no reason'  
And the truth is plain to see  
But I wandered through my playing cards  
And would not let her be  
One of sixteen vestal virgins  
Who were leaving for the coast  
And altho' my eyes were open  
They might just have well been closed  
And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale

That her face at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale.

### Wild Rover

(sing ordinary or rap or county&western  
etc.)

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

#### CHORUS

And it's NO NAY NEVER, (4 claps/right up  
your...)  
no nay never no more. (2 claps)  
will I play the wild rover  
no never, no more.

I returned to an ale house I used to  
frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was  
spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me  
"nay,  
Sure it's custom like yours I can have any  
day."

I took from my pockets 10 sovereigns  
bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with  
delight.  
She said, "I have whiskies and wines of the  
best,  
And the words that I spoke sure were only  
in jest".

I returned to my parents, confessed what  
I'd done,  
And asked them to pardon their prodigal  
son,  
and when they caressed me as oft times  
before,  
It's never I'll play the wild rover no more.

### Wild World

Now that I've lost everything to you  
you said you want to start something new  
and it's breaking my heart you're leaving....  
Baby, I'm grievin'  
And if you want to leave take good care

hope you have a lot of nice things to wear  
But then a lot of nice things turn bad out  
there

CHORUS Oh baby baby it's a wild world  
it's hard to get by just upon a smile  
Oh baby baby it's a wild world  
I'll always remember you as like a  
child, girl

You know I've seen a lot of what the world  
can do  
and it's breaking my heart in two  
'cos I never want to see you sad, girl..  
But if you want to leave take good care  
hope you make a lot of nice friends out  
there (but)  
just remember there's a lot of bad air and  
beware.

#### CHORUS

la la la... baby I love you  
But if you want to leave take good care  
hope you make a lot of nice friends out  
there (but)  
just remember there's a lot of bad  
everywhere.

#### CHORUS x 2

### Will you go, Lassie go?

Oh, the summer time is coming and the  
trees are sweetly  
blooming, and the wild mountain thyme  
grows around the  
blooming heather, Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together to pluck wild  
mountain thyme,  
all around the blooming heather, will ye go  
lassie go?

I will build my love a tower near yon pure  
crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the  
mountain,  
Will ye go lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone, I would  
surely find another,  
Where wild mountain thyme grows around  
the blooming heather,  
Will ye go lassie, go?

### Wlad Fy Nhadau

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn an nwyf I mi,  
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;  
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tramad,  
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Cytgan:

Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad  
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,  
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradowys y bardd,  
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd  
hardd;  
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si  
Ei nentydd, afonydd, I mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad tan ei droed,  
Mae hen iaith y Cymru mor fyw ag eriod;  
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,  
Na thelyn berseinol fy ngwlad.

(see land of my fathers)

### Wonderful Tonight

It's late in the evening,  
she's wondering what clothes to wear  
She puts on her make-up and brushes her  
long blond hair  
And then she asks me Do I look alright,  
and I say yes You look wonderful tonight.

We go to a party and everyone turns to see  
this beautiful lady who's walking around me  
And then she asks me Do you feel alright,  
and I say yes I feel wonderful tonight.

I feel wonderful because I see the lovelight  
in your eyes  
And the wonder of it all is that you just don't  
realise how much I love you.

It's time to go home now and I've got an  
aching head  
So I give her the car keys and she helps  
me to bed  
And then I tell her as I turn out the light  
I say My darling you are wonderful tonight  
Oh my darling you are wonderful tonight.

### Wonderful World

I see trees of green, Red roses too,  
I see them bloom, For me and you,  
And I say to myself, what a wonderful  
world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,  
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred  
night,  
And I think to myself, what a wonderful  
world.

The colours of the rainbows, so pretty in  
the sky,  
Also on the faces, of people going by,  
I see friends shaking hands, saying how do  
you do,  
They're really saying, I love you.

I hear babies crying, I've watched them  
grow,  
They'll learn much more, than I'll never  
know,  
And I think to myself, what a wonderful  
world,  
Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful  
world.  
Oooh Yeaah.

### Yellow Submarine

In the town where I was born  
lived a man who sailed to sea  
And he told us of his life in the land of  
submarines  
So we sailed on to the sun  
'till we found the sea of green  
And we lived beneath the waves in our  
Yellow Submarine

We all live in a Yellow Submarine, Yellow  
Submarine, Yellow Submarine  
We all live in a Yellow Submarine, Yellow  
Submarine, Yellow Submarine

And our friends are all aboard,  
many more of them live next door,  
And the band begins to play

We all live in a Yellow Submarine,  
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine  
We all live in a Yellow Submarine,  
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine

As we live a life of ease,  
ev'ry one of us has all we need  
Sky of blue and sea of green

in our Yellow Submarine.

We all live in a Yellow Submarine,  
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine  
We all live in a Yellow Submarine, Yellow  
Submarine,  
We all live in a Yellow Submarine,  
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine.  
We all live in a Yellow Submarine, Yellow  
Submarine.

### **Yesterday**

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far  
away:  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,  
Oh I believe in yesterday

Suddenly I'm not half the man I used to be:  
There's a shadow hanging over me  
Oh yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go I don't know she  
wouldn't say  
I said something wrong now I long for  
yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to  
play:  
Now I need a place to hide away  
Oh I believe in yesterday.

Why she had to go I don't know she  
wouldn't say  
I said something wrong now I long for  
yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to  
play:  
Now I need a place to hide away  
Oh I believe in yesterday.

### **Thrashing Machine**

Chorus:  
Toora loo,  
Toora lay,  
+(last line of verse)

Now there was a farmer that I knew quite  
well,  
and he had a daughter and her name was  
Nell.  
Now Nell was so schexy and only 16,

So I showed her the works of my Thrashing  
Machine.

### **Chorus**

Now there was a hay-barn not 3 fields  
away,  
and right in the middle was a great rake of  
hay.  
It was there that we built up a powerful  
schteam,  
and I gave her the works of my thrashing  
machine.

### **Chorus**

Now 4 (?) months have passed and all is  
not well,  
For something has happened to my lovely  
Nell.  
And under her Geansaí can clearly be  
seen,  
the smashing results of my thrashing  
machine.

### **Chorus**

Now 9 months have past, and all is quite  
well,  
For a baby was boirn to my little Nell,  
And under its pampers can clearly be seen,  
A brand new 2 (? or 6) cylinder thrashing  
machine.

### **Chorus**

### **Turning Japanese**

I've got your picture  
Of me and you  
You wrote, 'I love you.'  
I love you, too  
I sit there staring when there's nothing else  
to do

Oh, it's in color  
Your hair is brown  
Your eyes are hazel  
And soft as clouds  
I often kiss you when there's no one else  
around

I've got your picture, got your picture  
I'd like a million of 'em over myself  
I want a doctor to take your picture  
So I can look at you from inside as well



You've got me turning up, I'm turning down,  
I'm turning in, and I'm  
turning 'round

Chorus:

I'm turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so

I've got your picture, I've got your picture  
I'd like a million of them over myself  
I want a doctor to take your picture  
So I can look at you from inside as well  
You've got me turning up, I'm turning down,  
I'm turning in, and I'm  
turning 'round

Chorus.

No sex, no drugs, no wine, no women  
No fun, no sin, no you, no wonder it's dark  
Everyone around me is a total stranger  
Everyone avoids me like a cyclone ranger  
Everyone

That's why I'm turning Japanese, I think I'm  
turning Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so

Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
(Think so, think so, think so)  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning  
Japanese, I really think so  
(Think so, think so, think so...)

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END OF SONG BOOK