

Welcome!

All songs below are in order of our set tonight. Please sing-a-long with us!

Highlighted words mean - **shout it out to us**.

Cheers to you and yours, and thank you for your support tonight.

- The Black Velvet Band 🍀

SET 1:

Come In

Come in, come in, I'll do the best I can,
Come in, come in, bring your whole bloody clan.
Take it slow and easy and I'll shake you by the hand,
Sit you down I'll treat you decent, I'm an Irishman.

I've traveled East, I've traveled West, I've roamed from town to town,
I've cut the harvest down in Clare, met people of renown.
Wherever I went the welcome mat was always waiting me',
So fill your glass along with us and sing old Ireland free.

Come in, come in, I'll do the best I can,
Come in, come in, bring your whole bloody clan.
Take it slow and easy and I'll shake you by the hand,
Sit you down I'll treat you decent, I'm an Irishman.

When I am gone some other place and my memories going dim,
Raise your glass and join the toast, invite the colleens in.
Then think about the good old times and you'll remember me,

When good old songs were roaring out and the porter flowing free.
Come in, come in, I'll do the best I can,
Come in, come in, bring your whole bloody clan.
Take it slow and easy and I'll shake you by the hand,
Sit you down I'll treat you decent, I'm an Irishman.

Come in, come in I'll do the best I can,
Come in, come in, bring your whole bloody clan.
Take it slow and easy and I'll shake you by the hand,
Sit you down I'll treat you decent, I'm an Irishman.

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced me pistol and I then produced me rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.
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 me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

'Twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roamin' through Kilkenney
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own me sportin' Jenny

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

There's some take delight in the carriages a rollin'
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early
Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar. x 2

Wild Colonial Boy

There was a Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Duggan was his name
He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemain
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy
And dearly did his parents love, the Wild Colonial Boy

At the early age of eighteen years, he left his native home
And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam
He robbed the rich, to help the poor, he shot Judge McEvoy
A terror to Australia was, the Wild Colonial Boy

One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode along
A listening to the mocking bird, singing a cheerful song
Up rode three mounted troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They all set out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy

Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
Surrender in the Queen's high name, you are a plundering son

Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them high "I'll fight but not surrender, " said the Wild Colonial Boy

He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
And turning round to Davis, he received a mortal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

Finnegan's Wake

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

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

3.3M

One mornin' Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed

With a gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

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

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotters shake,
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

Dicey Reilly

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

Oh she walks along Fitzgibbon street,

With an independent air.
And then it's down be Summerhill,
And as the people stare.
She says it's nearly half past one,
And it's time I had another little one,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

NOT DONE YET! 

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

A long years ago when men were men,
And fancied May Oblong
Or lovely Beckie Cooper,
Or Maggie's Mary Wong.
One woman put them all to shame,
Just one was worthy of the name,
And the name of the dame was Dicey Reilly.

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

Oh but time went catching up on her,
Like many pretty whores.

And it's after you along the street,
Before you're out the door.
They looks all fade and the balance weighed,
But out of all that great brigade,
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

HERE WE GO! 

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,
Oh poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up.
For it's off each morning to the pop,
And then she's in for another little drop,
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly.

Farewell to Nova Scotia

Farewell to Nova Scotia
And your sea bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the
Briny oceans tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
Or a wish for me.

The sun is setting in the west
The birds are singing from every tree
All nature seems inclined to rest
But still there will be
No rest for me
I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my aged parents
Whom I love so dear
And the bonny, bonny lassie
That I adore

Farewell to Nova Scotia
And your sea bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the
Briny oceans tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
Or a wish for me.

The drums do beat the wars do alarm
The captain calls, I must obey
Farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
For it's early in the morning
And I'm far, far away

Farewell to Nova Scotia
And your sea bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the
Briny oceans tossed

Will you ever heave a sigh
Or a wish for me.

I have 3 brothers they are at rest
Their arms are folded on their chest
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven
In the deep blue sea

Farewell to Nova Scotia
And your sea bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the
Briny oceans tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
Or a wish for me. x2

Irish Washerwoman - fiddles

Jug of Punch

One pleasant evening in the month of June
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay

A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire?
Upon his knee a pretty wench
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

Upon his knee a pretty wench
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch
Let the doctors come with all their art
They'll make no impression upon my heart (*I like that Paddy, sing*)
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
And if I get drunk, oh well the money's me own
And them don't like me, they can leave me alone (*give it hell, Paddy boy*)
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go
And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I have (*not this one, Paddy!*)
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Orange and the Green

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

Oh my father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he
My mother was a Catholic girl, from County Cork was she
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough
Until the day that I was born and things got rather tough

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

HERE WE GO! 

Baptised by father Reilly, I was rushed away by car
To be made a little orangeman, my father's shining star
I was christened David Anthony, but still in spite of that
To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

With mother every Sunday to mass I'd proudly stroll
Then after that the orange lads would try to save my soul
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
I played the flute or played the harp, depending where I was

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

One day my ma's relations came round to visit me
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sittin' down to tea
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight
And me being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

Now my parents never could agree about my type of school
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool

They both passed on, god rest them, but left me caught between
That awful color problem of the orange and the green

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green x2

Paddy Doyle's Boots

To me Way-hey-hey-yah! We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.
To me Way-hey-hey-yah! We'll all drink whiskey and gin.
To me Way-hey-hey-yah! We'll all shave under our chin.
To me Way-hey-hey-yah! We'll all throw mud at the cook.
To me Way-hey-hey-yah! We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

Dirty Ol' Town

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

Clouds are drifting across the moon,
Cats are prowling on their beat,
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 a good sharp axe,
Shining steel tempered in the fire,
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree, that's what they say,
Dirty old town,
Dirty old town.

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

Jolly Tinker

As I went down a shady lane, at a door I chanced to knock
"Have you any pots or kettles, with rusty holes to block?"
"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I have"

The misses came out to the door and she asked me to come in
"You're welcome jolly tinker and I hope you brought your tin"
"Well indeed I did, don't you know I did
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I did"

She took me through the kitchen and she led me through the hall
And the servants cried "The devil, has he come to block us all"
"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I have"

HERE WE GO! ↓

She took me up the stairs, me lads, to show me what to do
Then she fell on the feathery bed and I fell on it too
"Well indeed I did, don't you know I did
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I did"
She then took out a frying pan and she began to knock
For to let the servants know, me lads, that I was at my work
"Well indeed I was, don't you know I was
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I was"

She put her hand into her pocket and she pulled out twenty pounds
"Take that my jolly tinker and we'll have another round"
"Well, indeed we will, don't you know we will
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed we will"

Well, I've been a jolly tinker for these forty years or more
But such a lovely job as that, I never did before
Well, indeed I didn't, don't you know I didn't...
To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I didn't"

Brown Eyed Girl

FUN FACT: VAN MORRISON IS AN IRISH GROUP!

Hey, where did we go?
Days when the rains came
Down in the hollow
Playin' a new game
Laughin' and a-runnin', hey, hey
Skippin' and a-jumpin'

In the misty morning fog with
Our, our hearts a-thumping and you

My brown-eyed girl
And you, my brown-eyed girl

And whatever happened
To Tuesday and so slow?
Going down the old mine with a
Transistor radio
Standing in the sunlight laughing
Hiding 'hind a rainbow's wall
Slipping and sliding
All along the waterfall with you

My brown-eyed girl
You, my brown-eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing?
Sha-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la tee-da
Just like that
Sha-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la tee-da, la-tee-da

So hard to find my way
Now that I'm all on my own
I saw you just the other day
My, how you have grown
Cast my memory back there, Lord
Sometimes I'm overcome thinking 'bout it
Making love in the green grass
Behind the stadium with you

My brown-eyed girl
You, my brown-eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing?
Sha-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la tee-da
Sha-la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la tee-da

Drunken Sailor

What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning!

Put him in a long boat till his sober,
Put him in a long boat till his sober,
Put him in a long boat till his sober,
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning!

Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe bottom,
Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe bottom,
Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe bottom,
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning!

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,
Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,
Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning!

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Way hay and up she rises,
Early in the morning! X 2

The Wind that Shakes the Corn

I sat within the valley green I sat with my true love
My sad heart had to choose between Old Ireland and my love
I looked at her and then I thought how Ireland was torn
While soft the wind blew down the glen and shook the golden corn.

t'was hard the woeful words to bring to break the ties that bound
But harder still to bear the shame of English chains around
And so I said, the mountain glen I'll seek in early morn
And join the brave united men while soft winds shook the corn.
While sad I kissed away her tears my fond arms round her clung
A British shot burst in our ears from out of the wild woods round
One bullet pierced my true love's side a rose pierced by a thorn
And in my arms in blood she died while soft winds shook the corn.

So blood for blood without remorse I've taken in the glen
I placed my true love's clayful corpse I joined true Irish men
But around her grave I wander drear sometimes in early morn

And with breaking heart sometimes I hear the wind that shakes the corn.

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam, nearly broken hearted
Saluted Father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs
Frightenin' all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight me spirits bright and airy
Took a drop of the pure
Keep me heart from sinking
That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'
An' asked if I was hired, wages I required
'Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road

And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city
Well then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!

From there I got away, me spirits never falling
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling
When off Holyhead wished meself was dead
Or better far instead
On the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it

Blood began to boil, temper I was losing
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusing
"Hurrah me soul!" says I, me shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in
With a loud "Hurray!" joined in the affray
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!

Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!
Whack fol lol le rah!
Whack fol lol le rah!

(Break time! Go grab a drink)

SET 2

The Sick Note

Dear Sir, I write this note to you to tell you of me plight
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight
Me body is all black and blue, me face a deathly gray
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today

While working on the 14th floor, some bricks I had to clear
Now, to throw them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he being an awkward sod
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in me hod

Now, clearing all these bricks by hand it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrellful 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
Well, I shot up like a rocket 'til to my dismay I found
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel coming down

Well, the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top, I banged the pulley with my head
Well, I clung on tight through numbed shock from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks 14 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

Well, I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst
When the barrel hit the pulley-wheel and then the bottom burst
Well, a shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope
As I lay there moaning on the ground, I let go of the bloody rope

The barrel than being heavier, it started down once more
And landed right across me, as I lay upon the floor
Well, it broke three ribs and my left arm and I can only say
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today

Night Paddy Murphy Died

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet
As long as a bottle was passed around, every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame, and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died.

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold.

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame, and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

About two o'clock in the morning after emptying the jug
Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug

We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame, and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

They stopped the hearse on George Street outside Sundance Saloon
They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
Found out, when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame, and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk and they ain't been sober yet
As long as a bottle was passed around, every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame, and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died!

Barrett's Privateers

O the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

O Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

The Antelope sloop was a sickening site
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

On the King's birthday we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Then at length she stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Now here I lay in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Black Velvet Band

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land **AND SHE WAS!**
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they called Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour o' sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
'Til bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

3.2M

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land **AND SHE WAS!**
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Well I went out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a fickle some damsel
She was sellin' her trade in the bar

When a watch she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the law came and put me in prison
Bad luck to her black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land **AND SHE WAS!**
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury
For trial I had to appear
Then the judge he says me young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You're goin' to Van Dieman's land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land **AND SHE WAS!**
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

So come all ye jolly young fellows
I'll have you take warnin' by me
And when ever you're out on the liquor, me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
For they'll fill you with whisky and porter
'Til you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know, me lads

You've landed in Van Dieman's land

Her eyes they shone like the diamonds

You'd think she was queen of the land **AND SHE WAS!**

And her hair hung over her shoulders

Tied up with a black velvet band. x 2

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year

And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer

But now I'm returning with gold in great store

And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never,

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent

I told the landlady my money was spent

I ask her for credit, she answered me nay

Such a custom as yours I can have any day

And it's no, nay, never,

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

I took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest'

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

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've caressed me, as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never,
No, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more X 2

Irish Rover

On the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the port quay of Cork.
We were sailing away with a Cargo of bricks
For the grand City Hall of New York.
We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged fore and aft.
And how the trade winds drove her.
She had twenty-three masts and she stood several blasts,
And they called her the Irish Rover.

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

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of pone.
We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails,
We had four million barrels of stone.

KEEP GOING!!! 

We had five million hogs,
And six million dogs,

Seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million sides of poor blind horses' hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the mizzens broke out
And the ship lost her way in the fog. ***BIG FOG***
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two.
Twass meself and the captain's old dog.
Well, the ship struck a rock, and Lord what a shock!
I nearly tumbled over.
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
HOWL!

I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

Galway Girl

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day -l-ay-l-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
Of a fine soft day -l-ay

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down
Of a day -l-ay-l-ay
And she asked me up to her flat downtown
Of a fine soft day -l-ay

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone
With a broken heart and a ticket home

And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue

You've seen her traveled around I've been all over this world
Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

Londonderry Aire (Danny Boy)

Ordinary Day

I've got a smile on my face and I've got four walls around me
I've got the sun in the sky, all the water surround me, oh, you know
Yeah, I win now and sometimes I lose
I've been battered, but I never bruise
It's not so bad
And I say way-hey-hey, it's just an ordinary day
And it's all your state of mind
At the end of the day
You've just got to say it's all right.

Janie sings on the corner, what keeps her from dying
Let them say what they want, she won't stop trying, oh, you know
She might stumble if they push her 'round
She might fall, but she'll never lie down
It's not so bad.

And I say way-hey-hey, it's just an ordinary day
And it's all your state of mind
At the end of the day
You've just got to say it's all right

It's all right, it's all right
It's all right

In this beautiful life there's always some sorrow
And It's a double-edged knife, but there's always tomorrow, oh, you
know

It's up to you now if you sink or swim
Just keep the faith that your ship will come in
It's not so bad

And I say way-hey-hey, it's just an ordinary day
And it's all your state of mind
At the end of the day
You've just got to say
I say way-hey-hey, it's just an ordinary day
And it's all your state of mind
At the end of the day
You've just got to say it's all right
It's all right, it's all right
'Cause I've got a smile on my face, and I've got four walls around me.

Run Runaway

I like black and white
(Dreaming of black and white)
You like black and white
Run run away

See chameleon
(Lying there in the sun)

All things to everyone
Run run away

If you're in the swing
(Money ain't everything)
If you're in the swing
Run run away

See chameleon
(Lying there in the sun)
All things to everyone
Run run away

If you gotta crush
(Don't beat about the bush)
When I gotta crush
Run run away

See chameleon
(Lying there in the sun)
All things to everyone
Run run away

Oh now can't you wait
(Love don't come on a plate)
Oh now can't you wait
Run run away

See the chameleon
Lying there in the sun

All things to everyone
Run run away

Rambling Rover

Oh there's sober men & plenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a rambling rover
Fae Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment
From merciless employment
Their ambition was this deployment
From the minute they left the school
And they save and scrape and ponder,
While the rest go out and squander
See the world and rove and wander -
And they're happier as a rule.

Oh there's sober men & plenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a rambling rover
Fae Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over

And together we'll face the world.
I've roamed through all the nations
Ta'en delight in all creation
And I've tried a wee sensation
Where the company did prove kind.
When parting was no pleasure
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that we treasure
For they always are in our mind.

Oh there's sober men & plenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a rambling rover
Fae Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world.

If you're bent with arthritis
Your bowels have got colitis
You've galloping ballicitus
And you're thinking it's time you died.
If you've been a man of action
While you're lying there in traction
You may gain some satisfaction
Thinking "Jesus, at least I've tried"

Oh there's sober men & plenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety

That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a rambling rover
Fae Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world x 2

Fiddler's Green

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

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

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

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

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

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

When you get by on dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Oh where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

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

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

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

The Unicorn

A long time ago when the Earth was green
And there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
But the loveliest of them all was the unicorn.

There were green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn.

Now God seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"
He says, "Hey brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do"
"Build me a floating zoo, and take some of them"
There were green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born,
Don't you forget my unicorn.

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started falling
He marched in the animals two by two
And he called out as they went through, "Hey Lord, I got your"

There were green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord I'm so forlorn
I just can't see no unicorn

Then Noah looked out through the driving rain
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the rain was pouring
Oh, them silly unicorns

There were green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn

Noah cried, "Close the door, 'cause the rain is pouring"
"And we just can't wait for no Unicorn"
The ark started movin', it drifted with the tide
Them unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
And that's why you'll never seen a unicorn to this very day

You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpy-back camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
You're never gonna see no unicorn.

Rattlin' Bog

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Well in the bog there was a **hole**
A rare hole and a rattlin' hole

Hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Well in that hole there was a **tree**
A rare tree and a rattlin' tree

The tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

On that tree there was a **branch**
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch

The branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

On that branch there was a **limb**
A rare limb and a rattlin' limb

The limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Well on that limb there was a **nest**
A rare nest and a rattlin' nest

The nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o

Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

In that nest there was a **bird**
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird

The bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
Down in the valley o
Ho, ho, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

In that bird there was an **egg**
A rare egg and a rattlin' egg

The egg on the bird
And the bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

In that egg there was a **bird**
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird
The bird on the egg
And the egg on the bird
And the bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley o
Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o
Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley o

Break time/Drink time: see you for the final set
soon!

SET 3

Sea Shanty/Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go.

She'd not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go.

Da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum

One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go
Da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go x 2

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

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

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

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

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

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed,
Since first I came ashore from me slumber,
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

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

Wasn't that a Party

Could have been the whiskey, might have been the gin.
Could have been three or four six-packs,
I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in,
My head is like a football, I think I'm gonna die,
Tell me, me oh me oh my,
Wasn't that a party?

Someone took a grapefruit and wore it like a hat,
I saw someone under my kitchen table, talking to my old tom cat,
They were talking about hockey and the cat was talkin' back,
Along about then everything went black,
But wasn't that a party?

I'm sure it's just my memory playin' tricks on me,
But I think I saw my buddy cuttin' down my neighbour's tree,

Could have been the whiskey, might have been the gin.
Could have been three or four six-packs,

I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in,
My head is like a football, I think I'm gonna die,
Tell me, me oh me oh my,
Wasn't that a party?

Old Billy Joe and Tommy, well they went a little far,
They were sitting in my backyard blowing on the siren in somebody's
police car.

So you see, your honour,
It was all in fun,
That little bitty track meet down on main street,
Was just to see if the cops could run,
Well, they run us in to see you,
In an alcoholic haze,
I can sure use those thirty days to recover from the party.
Could have been the whiskey, might have been the gin.
Could have been three or four six-packs,
I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in,
My head is like a football, I think I'm gonna die,
Tell me, me oh me oh my,
Wasn't that a party? X 2

Home for a Rest

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest.

We arrived in December and London was cold
We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest.
Take me home...
Euston Station the train journey North
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth
Past old crooked dykes through Yorkshire's green fields
We were flung into dance as the train jigged and reeled

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest.
Take me home...

By the light of the moon, she'd drift through the streets
A rare old perfume, so seductive and sweet
She'd tease us and flirt, as the pubs all closed down
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest.
Take me home...

The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
The spirits we drank now ghosts in the room
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon
And don't lift up my head 'til the the twelve bells at noon

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest.
Take me home...

Devil's Dream (fiddles)

If I Ever Leave This World Alive

If I ever leave this world alive
I'll thank you for the things you did in my life
If I ever leave this world alive
I'll come back down and sit beside your feet tonight
Wherever I am, you'll always be
More than just a memory
If I ever leave this world alive

If I ever leave this world alive
I'll take on all the sadness that I left behind
If I ever leave this world alive
The madness that you feel will soon subside
So, in a word, don't shed a tear

I'll be here when it all gets weird
If I ever leave this world alive
So when in doubt, just call my name
Just before you go insane
If I ever leave this world
Hey, I may never leave this world
But if I ever leave this world alive
She says, "I'm okay, I'm alright
Though you have gone from my life
You said that it would
Now everything should be alright"
She says, "I'm okay, I'm alright
Though you have gone from my life
You said that it would
Now everything should be alright"
Yeah, should be alright

Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast City
She is a courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are after her

Rap at the door and ring on the bell
Oh, my true love, are you well?
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Wee Jenny Murray said she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast City
She is a courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

A-skipping she's the best of all
She never slips, she never falls
Double Dutch or Heel and Toe
She's the one that steals the show
When they all come out to play
She's the one that leads the way
And Albert Mooney's always there
To see the girl with the golden hair

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast City

She is a courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

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
And 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 comes home
Let them all come as they well
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the Belle of Belfast City
She is a courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me, who is she? x 2

Seven Drunken Nights

As I went home on **Monday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***
Will you kindly tell to me. Who owns that horse outside the door
where my old horse should be?

Ah, you're drunk,

you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see,
That's a lovely sow that me 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 never saw before

And as I went home on **Tuesday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***
Will you kindly tell to me, Who owns that coat behind the door
where my old coat should be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see,
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on **Wednesday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***
Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before.

And as I went home on **Thursday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should
be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

And as I went home on **Friday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***
Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

And as I went home on **Saturday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***

Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands
should be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before
As I went home on **Sunday** night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a thing in her thing where my old thing should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: ***HEY WIFE!***
Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that thing in your thing where my old thing should be

Ah, you're drunk,
you're drunk you silly old fool,
still you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But hair on a tin whistle sure I never saw before

Lily the Pink

We'll drink a drink a drink
To Lily the pink the pink the pink
The savior of (the savior of) the human race.
She invented medicinal compound
Most efficacious in every case.

Here's a story, a little bit gory
A little bit happy, a little bit sad
Of Lily the Pink and her medicinal compound
And how it drove her to the bad
Meet Ebenezer, thought he was Julius Caesar.
So they put him in a home.
And then they gave him medicinal compound,
And now he's Emperor of Rome.

We'll drink a drink a drink
To Lily the pink the pink the pink
The savior of (the savior of) the human race.
She invented medicinal compound
Most efficacious in every case.

And Freddie Clinger, the opera singer,
Who could break glasses with his voice they said.
They rubbed his tonsils with medicinal compound,
And now they break glasses over his head.
Meet Johnny Hammer had a t-t-terrible s-s-stammer.
He could hardly s-s-say a word.
So they g-g-gave him medicinal compound,
And now he's s-s-seen, but never heard.

We'll drink a drink a drink
To Lily the pink the pink the pink
The savior of (the savior of) the human race.
She invented medicinal compound
Most efficacious in every case.

And Uncle Paul, he was very small. He
Was the shortest man in town.
So on his body he rubbed medicinal compound,
And now weighs only half a pound.
(slow) Lily died and went up to heaven.
Oh, the church bells they did ring.
She took with her medicinal compound.
Hark the herald angels sing.

We'll drink a drink a drink
To Lily the pink the pink the pink
The savior of (the savior of) the human race.
She invented medicinal compound
Most efficacious in every case x 2

Drunken Lullabies

Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
Five hundred years like Gelignite
Have blown us all to hell
What savior rests while on his cross we die
While forgotten freedom burns
Has the Shepard led his lambs astray
To the bigot and the gun

Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies

I watch and stare as Rosin's eyes
Turn a darker shade of red
And the bullet with this sniper lie
In their bloody gutless cell
Must we starve on crumbs from long ago
Through bars these men made steel
Is it a great or little thing we fought
Knelt the conscience blessed to kill

Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies.

Ah, but maybe it's the way you were taught
Or maybe it's the way we fought
But a smile never grins without tears to begin
For each kiss is a cry we all lost
Though there is nothing left to gain
But for the banshee that stole the grave
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies.

I sit in and dwell on faces past
Like memories seem to fade
No color left but black and white
And soon will all turn grey
But may these shadows rise to walk again
With lessons truly learnt

When the blossom flowers in each our hearts
Shall beat a new found flame

Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies

'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies, singin' drunken lullabies

Old Black Rum

I drank sixteen doubles for the price of one
Trying to find the courage to talk to one
I asked her for a dance
Not a second glance
My night had just begun

Well I drink to the father and the holy ghost
I'm kneeling at the alter of my nightly post
So I'll raise a glass, not the first nor last
Come join me in this toast

Because the old black rum's got a hold on me
Like a dog wrapped round my leg
And the old black rum's got a hold on me
Will I live for another day?
Hey, Will I live for another day?

Well the queen of George street just went walking on by
Walking on by with some guy who don't care
That she stood in line
Since half past nine
And spent three hours on her hair ***ON HER HAIR***

Well her friend is looking at me with an evil grin
I think the bloody racket might soon begin
I must have said some thing
To the George street queen
The boys are joining in!

So I drank all of my money
And I slept out in the rain
Everyday is different but the nights they're all the same
You never see the sun on the old black rum
But I know I'm gonna do it again!

Desire

Lover, I'm off the streets
Gonna go where the bright lights
And the big city meet
With a red guitar, on fire
Desire
She's a candle burnin' in my room
Yeah, I'm like the needle
The needle and spoon
Over the counter, with a shotgun

Pretty soon, everybody's got one
I'm in a fever, when I'm beside her
Desire
Desire
And the fever, gettin' higher
Desire
Desire
Burning
Burning

She's the dollars
She's my protection
Yeah, she's a promise
In the year of election
Oh sister, I can't let you go
Like a preacher stealin' hearts at a travellin' show
For love or money, money, money
Money, money, money, money, money
Money, money, money

And the fever, gettin' higher
Desire
Desire
Desire
Desire
Desire
Desire, hey

Shippin' up to Boston

I'm a sailor peg
And I lost my leg
Climbing up the topsails
I lost my leg!

I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping off

To find my wooden leg
I'm a sailor peg
And I lost my leg
Climbing up the top sails
I lost my leg!
I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping up to Boston (whoa)
I'm shipping off
To find my wooden leg

I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away, in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away, I'll fly away

ENCORE? We'll leave this up to you!

Thank you again for your support tonight!

