



Lyrics BOOK



# The Hounds of Cuchulainn

Lyríc Book  
2023

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# ALL FOR ME GROG

CHORUS:

*And 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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

# AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

CHORUS:

*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne.  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne. [CHORUS]

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne. [CHORUS]

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne. [CHORUS]

And there's a hand, my trusty friend!  
And gie us a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne [CHORUS x2]

# BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
A letter of marque came from the king  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

CHORUS:

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

Oh, 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 [CHORUS]

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

On the King's birthday we put to sea  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
We were 91 days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way [CHORUS]



On the 96th day we sailed again  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight [CHORUS]

Now the Yankee lay low down with gold  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days [CHORUS]

Then at length we stood two cables away  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din  
But with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in [CHORUS]

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 [CHORUS]

So here I lay in my 23rd year  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
It's been 6 years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday [CHORUS]

# BLACK & TANS

I was born on a Dublin street  
where the Royal drums do beat  
And the loving English feet they tramped all over us,  
And each and every night  
when me father'd come home tight  
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

CHORUS:

*Come out you black and tans,  
Come out and fight me like a man  
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders  
Tell them how the IRA  
Made you run like hell away,  
From the green and lovely lanes in Killashandra.*

Come let me hear you tell  
How you slandered brave Parnell,  
How you fought him well and truly persecuted,  
Where are the sneers and jeers  
That that give out a little cheer  
When our leaders of sixteen were executed. [CHORUS]

Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien--  
How you bravely called them swine!  
Robert Emmett who you hung and drew and quartered!  
High upon that scaffold high,  
How you murdered Henry Joy!  
And our Croppy Boys from Wexford you did slaughter!

[CHORUS]

The day is coming fast  
And the time is here at last,  
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,  
And if there be a need  
Sure my kids will sing, "Godspeed!"  
To a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus. [CHORUS x 2]

## BLACK IS THE COLOUR

Black is the color 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 where on she stands

I love my love and well she knows  
I love the ground where on she goes  
I wish the day would soon come  
When she and I can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourne and weep  
For satisfied I ne'er can be  
I wrote her a letter just a few short lines  
And suffered death a thousand times

Black is the color 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 where on she stands

# BLACKLEG MINER

It's in the evening after dark,  
When the blackleg miner creeps to work,  
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt,  
There goes the blackleg miner!

CHORUS:

*Oh bonny boy, why don't ye gang  
Bonny boy why don't ye gang  
Bonny boy why don't ye gang  
Back to the blackleg miner*

He takes his picks and down he goes  
To hew the coal that lies below,  
But there's not a woman in this town-row  
Will look at the blackleg miner.

[CHORUS]

Now dinna gang near the Delavel mine  
Across the way they stretch a line  
To catch the throat and break the spine  
Of the dirty backleg miners.

[CHORUS]

And Seghill is a terrible place,  
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face,  
And around the heaps they run a foot race  
To catch the backleg miner!

[CHORUS]

They take his duds and his tools as well,  
And they hoy them down the pit of hell.  
Down you go, and fare you well,  
You dirty blackleg miner!

[CHORUS]

So join the union while you may.  
Don't wait till your dying day,  
Cause that may not be far away,  
You dirty blackleg miner!

[CHORUS x2 ]

# BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprentice to a trade I was bound  
And many's an hour's sweet happiness  
Have I spent in this neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

CHORUS:

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulders  
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
Came a traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swans'  
And her hair is hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

CHORUS

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And the gentleman passing us by  
Well I knew she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her roguish black eye  
A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing I said was  
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band.

### CHORUS

Before the judge and the jury  
Next morning I had to appear  
And the judge he said to me 'Young man  
Your case is proven clear'  
We'll give you seven years penal servitude  
To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and companions  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

### CHORUS x2

# BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

The Diamond is a ship, my lads  
For the Davis Strait we're bound  
The quay it is all garnished  
With bonnie lasses 'round  
Captain Thompson gives the order  
To sail the ocean wide  
Where the sun it never sets, my lads  
Nor darkness dims the sky

CHORUS:

*For it's cheer up my lads  
Let your hearts never fail  
For the bonnie ship the Diamond  
Goes a-hunting for the whale*

Along the quay at Peterhead  
The lasses stand aroon  
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them  
And the saut tears runnin' doon  
Don't you weep, my bonnie wee lass  
Though you be left behind  
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice  
Before we change our mind

CHORUS



Here's a health to the Resolution  
Likewise the Eliza Swan  
Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose  
And the Diamond, ship of fame  
We wear the trousers o' the white  
The jackets o' the blue  
When we get back to Peterhead  
We'll hae sweethearts enou'

### CHORUS

It will be bright both day and night  
When the Greenland lads come hame  
Our ship full up with oil, my lads  
And money to our name  
We'll make the cradles for to rock  
And the blankets for to tear  
And every lass in Peterhead sing  
"Hushabye, my dear"

### CHORUS x 2

# BOTANY BAY

CHORUS:

*Farewell to your bricks and mortar  
Farewell to your dirty lime  
Farewell to your gangways and your gangplanks  
And to hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the quay  
For to take out Pat with the shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay*

I'm on my way down to the quay,  
where the good ship lies in bay  
To command a gang of navvies,  
I was told to engage  
I stopped in for to drink a while  
Thought it was okay  
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS

Well, the foreman called this mornin'  
He said "Well Pat, hello  
If you didn't get them navvies out,  
I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
I asked him for me wages  
He told me "Go away"  
Then I told him straight I would emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay

## CHORUS

And when we reach Australia  
I'll go and look for gold  
There's plenty there for diggin' up  
Or so I have been told  
And if I take a notion  
I'll go back to the sail  
For to take out Pat with the shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS x 2

# 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  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I'm gonna 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

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

# DOLLAR BILL BLUES

If I had a dollar bill  
Yes, I believe I surely will  
Go to town and drink my fill  
Early in the morning

Little darling, she's a redhaired thing  
Man, she makes my legs to sing  
Gonna buy her a diamond ring  
Early in the morning

Mother was a golden girl  
I slit her throat just to get her pearls  
Cast myself into a whirl  
Before a bunch of swine

It's a long way down the harlan road  
Busted back and a heavy load  
Won't get through to save my soul  
Early in the morning

I've always been a gambling man  
I've roled them bones with either hand  
Seven is the promised land  
Early in the morning

Whiskey'd be my dying bed  
Tell me where to lay my head  
Not with me is all she said  
Early in the morning

[REPEAT FIRST VERSE]

# FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

The sun was setting in the west  
The birds were singing on every tree  
All nature seemed inclined to rest  
But still there was no rest for me

## CHORUS

*Farewell Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be  
For when I am far away  
On your briny ocean tossed  
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me*

I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my parents whom I held so dear  
And the bonny, bonny lassie  
That I do adore [CHORUS]

The drums they do beat  
And the wars do alarm  
The Captain calls, I must obey  
So farewell, farewell  
To my Nova Scotia home  
For it's early in the morning  
That I'm far, far away [CHORUS]

I had three brothers and they are at rest  
Their arms are folded on their chests  
But a poor, simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and driven  
On the deep, blue sea [CHORUS x 2]

# FIREMAN'S SONG

Whenever you see a train go by,  
Or hear an engine's whistle cry,  
Think of the man on the old footplate  
Shovelling coal, the drivers mate.

CHORUS:

*A loco fireman is me grade,  
Boiling water is me trade,  
The driver thinks he runs the show,  
But if I'm not there the train won't go.*

Heaving coal for a hungry fire,  
Sweating cobs to get steam higher,  
Of the colliers harvest that I burn,  
With toil and sweat, me wages earn [CHORUS]

The driver sits there like a god,  
A decent mate but an idle sod.  
Though I'll be shovelling on me knees  
Still he'll sit there at his ease. [CHORUS]

The pick and shovel are tools of me trade  
And two strong arms to swing the blade,  
Hands with palms as hard as leather,  
And nimble feet as light as a feather [CHORUS]

One day a driver I will be,  
Of the pick and shovel I'll be free,  
Until that day I'll shift the coal,  
Raising steam so the train can roll. [CHORUS x 2]

# FLOWER CLASS CORVETTE

When Cal went off to war in 1943  
He was shipped to Halifax by the NSC  
To join the good ship Kamloops, led by Captain Stewart  
To battle Nazi Wolfpacks in the North Atlantic Seas

Now Cal was Welsh and Irish, wrote prose and poetry  
He lived along the river but always loved the sea  
He didn't have a penny to feed his family  
So he packed away his dreams  
And he joined the Eastern fleet

CHORUS:

*When those cold winds blow 'cross the North Atlantic  
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!*

They escorted merchant ships  
With the Newfoundland Command  
Watched hundreds die at sea from the German Kriegsmarine  
Saved the men of York Mar, from the cold icelandic sea  
The Luftwafte shredding men,  
You could hear their dying screams

*When those cold winds blow 'cross the North Atlantic  
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!*

The Battle for the Atlantic was a brutal tonnage war  
Ships by the thousands fell to the ocean floor  
The mariners suffered hardships  
That shook their souls and minds  
Their lives were changed forever  
By the war they'd leave behind



When Cal rejoined his family in 1944  
He was haunted by the memories and visions of the war  
He wandered Verdun's alleys, bottle in his hand  
The poet dead and gone he was a broken empty man

*When those cold winds blow 'cross the North Atlantic  
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!*

*When those cold winds blow 'cross the North Atlantic  
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!  
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!*

# FOGGY DEW

As down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
There armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.

No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo,  
But the Angelus Bells o'er the Liffey swells  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town  
Hung they out a flag of war.  
T'was better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Sulva or Sud el Bar.

And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through  
While Brittania's huns with their long-range guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go,  
that "small nations might be free"  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the shores of the great North Sea

Oh, had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their graves we will keep where the Fenians sleep,  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew

The bravest fell and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the springing of the year.

While the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

# GINGER GOODWIN

“Oh then tell me Mr. Goodwin where do you hurry so?”

“For the western hills of Cumberland on foot I do go.  
Those lawmen have it for me, want me dead or alive,  
So with my trusty band of friends it’s there I do fly.”

“From Halifax to smoky Trail, to the Comox Valley too  
In every pit and smelting town I fought for me and you.  
But I’ll not face the hangman, nor rot in some dreary cell  
So for one final desperate stand, I bid you farewell.”

CHORUS:

*Hear the winds of summer blowing, the sea upon the shore  
I’ll fight and die upon the hill, they’ll harry me no more*

“Another martyr for the Left is all I’ll ever be  
They need their heroes, I suppose, in place of being free.  
So I’ll take up my rifle, I guess it has to be.  
For I’d rather flee and fight and die, than live in misery.”

[CHORUS]

The summer day was fadin as we climbed that rocky hill  
I hear that lawman comin, he’s coming for the kill.  
The sea it rolls so sweetly, broad silver-clear and cold  
Please tell my freinds and family I won’t be coming home.”

[CHORUS]

Dan Campbell murdered Goodwin on a black day in July Longshore  
men and shipbuilders, they hung their heads and cried.

The minors they stopped workin to join that funeral train A mile  
long procession to Albert’s lonely grave.

[CHORUS x 2]

# HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

Oh Sally my dear, it's you I'd be kissing  
Oh Sally my dear, it's you I'd be kissing  
She smiled and replied, you don't know what you're missing

Oh Sally my dear, I wish I could wed you  
Oh Sally my dear, I wish I could bed you  
She smiled and replied, "Then you'd say I'd misled you"

If all you young men were hares on the mountain  
If all you young men were hares on the mountain  
How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes  
If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes  
How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

If all you young men were fish in the water  
If all you young men were fish in the water  
How many young girls would undress and dive after?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling  
Oh the young men are given to frisking and fooling  
So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

# GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
And of March the eighteenth day,  
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast  
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,  
And for Greenland sailed away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood  
With spyglass in his hand;  
There's a whale, there's a whale,  
And a whalefish he cried  
And she blows at every span, brave boys  
She blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter deck,  
The ice was in his eye;  
Overhaul, overhaul! Let your gibsheets fall,  
And you'll put your boats to sea, brave boys  
And you'll put your boats to sea.

Our harpoon struck and the line played out,  
With a single flourish of his tail,  
He capsized the boat and we lost five men,  
And we did not catch the whale, brave boys,  
And we did not catch the whale.

The losing of those five jolly men,  
It grieved the captain sore,  
But the losing of that fine whalefish  
Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
Now it grieved him ten times more.

Oh Greenland is a barren land  
A land that bares no green  
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow  
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
And the daylight's seldom seen.

# HAPPY THAT YOU'RE GONE

One can never tell the way  
That our lives will go you know  
Will we be your under class,  
Or will be your working poor?  
It's said we have a choice you know,  
But now I'm not so sure you know  
Many find it hard to live  
A life they can't afford, you know

Hang out on the streets at night,  
Or on the rotten stoop at home  
When there is no money in where else can you go?  
Crack the whip, there is no doubt,  
They're happy that you're gone

We live in shacks by railroad tracks  
Or on the edges of the town  
Where our presence won't upset,  
Or let suburban families down  
The roofs are full of leaks and holes,  
The basements crawl with rats you know  
Living under slumlords who  
Will gladly take the cash you know

Hang out on the streets at night,  
Drink upon the stoop alone  
Blame them hate them, curse their names  
Kick em while they're down  
They'll carve your name right where you lay,  
They're happy that you're gone



They've watered many lives in fears,  
Night and morning with no tears  
Sunned it with their crooked smiles,  
With their soft deceitful wiles  
The people drugged upon the street,  
No where to go, no one to meet  
Sleeping in the dark doorways,  
Or left to die down alley ways

Specters on some lonesome road,  
By the docks out in the cold  
When there is no money in, where else can you go?  
Crack the whip, there is no doubt,  
They're happy that you're gone

One can never tell the way  
That our lives will grow you know  
Will we be your under class  
Or will we be your working poor  
Its said we have a choice you know,  
But now I'm not so sure you know  
So many find it hard to live  
A life they can't afford you know

Hang out on the streets at night,  
Or on the rotten stoop at home  
When there is no money in, where else can you go?  
They'll dance a jig upon your grave,  
They're happy that you're gone

# HOT ASPHALT

Good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well  
If you'll gather all around me, now, the story I will tell  
For I've got a situation and begorra and begob  
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob

'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native home  
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest down  
But now I wear the gansey and around me waist a belt  
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

CHORUS:

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat  
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat  
Well, I've wandered up and down the world  
and sure I never felt  
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

The other night a copper comes and he says to me, McGuire  
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?  
And he planks himself right down in front,  
with hobnails up, till late  
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find your bait

He ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer pranks  
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?  
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt  
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt

CHORUS

We quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub  
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub  
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone  
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the copper groan

I'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin' like old Nick  
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick  
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he melts  
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphalt

### CHORUS

You may talk about yer sailor lads, ballad singers and the rest  
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best  
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt  
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt

With rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death of cold  
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold  
In the Kelvin grove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt  
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphalt

### CHORUS

# IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July, 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 a wonderful craft  
She was rigged fore and aft  
And oh, how the wild wind drove her  
She stood several blasts  
She had twenty-seven masts  
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo Rags  
We had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  
We had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs  
Six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails  
In the hold of The Irish Rover

There was ol' Mickey Coote  
Who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootin' with skill  
For each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart witty talk  
He was cock of the walk

And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance  
When he took up his stance  
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee  
From the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGurk  
Who was scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole  
Who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mick MacCann  
From the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper on The Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years  
When the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew  
Was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock  
Oh Lord, what a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around  
And the poor old dog was drowned  
That's the last of The Irish Rover

# JOIN THE BRITISH ARMY

When I was young I used to be  
As fine a man as ever you'd see  
And the Prince of Wales he said to me  
'Come And Join The British Army'

Toora loora loora loo  
They're looking for monkeys up in the zoo  
And says one if I had a face like you  
I'd join the British army

Sarrah came and baked the cake  
And sold for poor old Stafely's sake  
So I'll throw myself into the lake  
Pretending I was barmy

Toora loora loora loo  
I've made me mind up what to do  
Now I'll work me ticket home to you  
And ... the British army

Sergeant Healy went away  
And his wife got in the family way  
And the only words that she could say  
Was 'Blame the British army'

Toora loora loora loo  
Me curse upon the Labour too  
That took me darling boy from me  
To join the British army

Corporal Sheane has a terrible mouth  
Just give him a couple o' jars of stout  
And he'll fight the enemy with his mouth  
And save the British army

Toora loora loora loo  
I've made me mind up what to do  
Now I'll work me ticket home to you  
And ... the British army

# LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to England's landing stage  
River Mersey fare thee well  
I am bound for California  
A place I know right well

CHORUS:

*So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee*

I have sailed with Burgess once before  
I think I know him well  
If a man's a sailor he will get along  
If not then he's sure in hell [CHORUS]

I've shipped aboard a Yankee sailing ship  
"Davy Crockett" is her name  
And Burgess is the captain of her  
And they say that she's a floating shame [CHORUS]

I have sailed with Burgess once before  
I think I know him well  
If a man's a sailor he will get along  
If not then he's sure in hell [CHORUS]

Oh the ship in the harbour, love  
And you know I can't remain  
Oh, you know that it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again [CHORUS x 2]



# LEEZIE LINDSAY

CHORUS:

*Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,  
Will ye gang tae the highlands wi' me  
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay  
My bride and my darling tae be.*

Tae gang tae the heilands wi' you sir,  
Would bring the saut tear tae my e'e  
Aye at leaving the green glens and woodlands  
And streams o' my ain country [CHORUS]

I'll show you the home of the red deer  
On mountains where waves the tall pine  
And as far as the bound of the red deer,  
Ilk moorland and mountain is mine [CHORUS]

A thousand claymores I can muster,  
Ilk blade and its bearer the same  
And when round their cheiftain they rally,  
The gallant Argyll is my name. [CHORUS]

There's dancing and joy in the heilands,  
There's piping and gladness and glee.  
For Argyll has brought hame Leezie Lindsay,  
His bride and his darlin' to be. [CHORUS x 2]

# MERRY PLOUGHBOY

Oh I am a merry ploughboy  
I plough the fields all day,  
But a sudden thought, came to my mind  
That I should roam away

I've always hated slavery  
since the day that I was born  
And I'm off to join the I.R.A,  
I'm off tomorrow morn.

CHORUS:

*We're off to Dublin in the green In the green,  
Where the helmets glisten in the sun  
Where bayonets flash and rifles clash  
To the echoes of a Thompson Gun.*

I'll leave behind my pick and spade  
I'll leave behind my plough  
I'll leave behind my old grey mare  
I'll no longer need them now

I'll leave behind my Mary  
she's the one that I adore  
I wonder if she'll think of me  
when she hears those cannons roar [CHORUS]

And when the war is over  
And Dear Old Ireland's free  
I'll take her to the church to wed  
and a rebel's wife she'll be [CHORUS x 2]

# MILTON STREET MINE DISASTER

In Hub City eighteen eighty seven  
In the pits of coal mine number one  
There's blood on the coal where dead minors lie  
On roads that never saw sun nor sky

In coal town one doesn't sleep with ease  
The earth will shake and tremble and will roll  
When the earth is restless its then the minors die  
Blood & bone shall be their sacrifice

In the pits the black faced minors toil  
The rattling belt the roaring cutter's blade  
Exploding rock, the walls close around  
Burning dust creates a living hell

Down Milton St. under Protection isle  
With coming death the collier reconciles  
Days still comes, sun still shines  
Its like a grave down there in the mines

One fifty dead and trapped beneath the clay  
In the darkened pit they lay and sang and prayed  
Wrote their farewells in dust upon their spades  
And never saw the light of day again

In Hub City eighteen eighty seven  
In the pits of coal mine number one

There's blood on the coal where dead minors lie  
On roads that never saw sun nor sky  
On roads that never saw sun nor sky

# MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

In the days I went a courtin',  
I was never tired resortin'  
To an alehouse or a playhouse  
And many's the house beside  
But I told me brother Seamus,  
I'd go off and be right famous  
And I'd never would return again  
Till I'd roam the world wide

CHORUS:

*(And it's ) goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'  
No more I'll dig the prates, and no longer I'll be fooled  
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy  
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold!*

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

Goodbye to all the girls at home,  
I'm going far across the foam  
To try and make me fortune  
In far America  
There's gold and jewels in plenty  
For the poor and for the gentry  
And when I return again  
I never more will say [CHORUS x 2]

# PARCEL OF ROGUES

Farewell to all our Scottish way  
Farewell our ancient glory  
Farewell even to our Scottish name  
So famed in martial story

Now Sark over the Solway sands  
And Tweed runs to the ocean  
To mark where England's province stands  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

What force or guile could not subdue  
Through many war-like ages  
Is wrought now by a coward few  
For hireling traitor's wages

The English steel we could disdain  
Secure in Valor's station  
But we're bought and we're sold for English gold  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

Oh would or I had seen the day  
That treason thus could sell us  
My old gray head had lain in clay  
With Bruce and loyal Wallace

But pith and power, till my last hour  
I'll make this declaration  
That we're bought and we're sold for English gold  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

# ORO SE DO BHEATHA BHAILE

(IRISH GAELIC)

CHORUS

*Oro 'se do bheatha 'bhaile*  
*Oro se do bheatha 'bhaile*  
*Oro se do bheatha 'bhai - le*  
*Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh*

'Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar  
Do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhin  
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh meirleach  
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

CHORUS

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile  
óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,  
Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaillná Spáinnigh  
'S cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.

CHORUS

A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceam  
muna mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain  
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch  
ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh.

CHORUS x 2

## **(PHONETIC)**

### CHORUS:

*Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-ya,  
Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-ya,  
Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-yaaa,  
Ah-nish air hawkt un tauw-rEE!*

Shay duh vah-ha uh vahn bah layn-var,  
B-Ay air grack too veh EEnn gay-vin,  
Do-oo-EEv rah-EE shay-live mare-lawchk...  
Iss too deal-tah lesh nah Gah-live!

### CHORUS

Tah gran-yah wail egg chawkt ar saul-yah  
Oh-gulEE ar-muh lay mahr gard-uh  
Gayl EE-ad fayn iss nEE Gahl nah spahn-EE...  
Iss cur-fee(d) shEE-id roo-ig air Gah-live!

### CHORUS

Ah vEE leh rEE nah vairt guh veck-ann  
Mun-uh mEEn b-yo in-uh jeh-i(d)-ock shawktan  
Gran-yah wail iss mEE-leh gahsh-kEE...  
Egg foe-gurt fahn air Gah-live!

### CHORUS x 2

# PADDY ON THE RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and forty one  
Me corduroy breeches I put on  
Me corduroy breeches I put on  
To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm weary of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty two  
From Bartley Pool I moved to Crewe  
And I found meself a job to do  
Workin' on the railway

CHORUS:

*I was wearing corduroy britches  
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches  
I was workin' on the railway*

In eighteen hundred and forty three  
I broke me shovel across me knee  
And went to work with the company  
In the Leeds and Selby Railway

CHORUS

In eighteen hundred and forty four  
I landed on the Liverpool shore  
Me belly was empty, me hands were soar  
With workin' on the railway, the railway  
I'm weary of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway



In eighteen hundred and forty five  
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
Daniel O'Connell he was alive  
And workin' on the railway

### CHORUS

In eighteen hundred and forty six  
I changed me trade from carryin' bricks  
Changed me trade from carryin' bricks  
To work upon the railway

### CHORUS

In eighteen hundred and forty seven  
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' to heaven  
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' to heaven  
To work upon the railway, the railway  
I'm weary of the railway  
Poor Paddy works on the railway

### CHORUS

# PAIR OF BROWN EYES

One summer evening drunk to hell  
I sat there nearly lifeless  
An old man in the corner sang  
Where the water lilies grow  
And on the jukebox Johnny sang  
About a thing called love  
And its how are you kid and whats your name  
And how would you bloody know?

In blood and death neath a screaming sky  
I lay down on the ground  
And the arms and legs of other men  
Were scattered all around  
Some cursed, some prayed, some prayed then cursed  
Then prayed and bled some more  
And the only thing that I could see  
Was a pair of brown eyes that was looking at me  
But when we got back, labeled parts one to three  
There was no pair of brown eyes waiting for me

*And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
For a pair of brown eyes*

I looked at him he looked at me  
All I could do was hate him  
While Ray and Philomena sang  
Of my elusive dream  
I saw the streams, the rolling hills  
Where his brown eyes were waiting  
And I thought about a pair of brown eyes  
That waited once for me

So drunk to hell I left the place  
Sometimes crawling sometimes walking  
A hungry sound came across the breeze  
So I gave the walls a talking  
And I heard the sounds of long ago  
From the old canal  
And the birds were whistling in the trees  
Where the wind was gently laughing

*And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
A rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
For a pair of brown eyes  
For a pair of brown eyes*

*And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
And a rovin, a rovin, a rovin I'll go  
For a pair of brown eyes  
For a pair of brown eyes*

# PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that e'er I had  
I've spent it in good company  
And all the harm that ever I done  
Alas it was to none but me

And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They'd wish me one more day to stay

But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend  
And leisure to sit awhile  
There is a fair maid in the town  
That sorely has my heart beguiled

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
I own she has my heart enthralled  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

# PEATBOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander,  
Heath and bog are everywhere.  
Not a bird sings out to cheer us.  
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

*We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.  
We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

Up and down the guards are marching,  
No one, no one can get through.  
Flight would mean a sure death facing,  
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

*We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.  
We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

But for us there is no complaining,  
Winter will in time be past.  
One day we shall rise rejoicing.  
Homeland, dear, you're mine at last.

*No more the peat bog soldiers  
Will march with our spades to the moor.  
No more the peat bog soldiers  
Will march with our spades to the moor.*

# ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

While in the merry month of May, now from me home, I started  
Left, the girls of Tuam were 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, and leave where I was born  
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins  
A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs  
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin  
A-one, two, three, four, five

*Hunt the hare, and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary  
Started by daylight, next morning blithe and early  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from shrinking  
That's the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for drinking

To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'  
They asked me was I hired, and wages I required to lay  
Was almost 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 ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city  
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality  
Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality

Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'  
'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught brogue  
It 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 ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

From there I got away, me spirits never falling  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing  
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy

Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs  
I played some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling  
When off Holy head I wished meself was dead  
Or better for 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 ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

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  
Galway's boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'  
With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the affray  
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 ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah (x2)*

# RUSTY TIN CUP

Drinkin hard liquor from a rusty tin cup  
It will push out the cold, but never bring you back up  
You've got nowhere to go and no one to fight  
And nothin to bring back into the light

You've gambled and lost, you've wandered behind  
Born with a bad hand an unsteady mind  
You drink that hard liquor from a cold rusty cup  
The rest of your life you spend looking up

Down under your layers of dirt filth and loss  
Your heart has turned cold like the deep winter frost  
Your loved ones have left you, forgotten in time  
As you wander the wastelands on that long dusty line

Your good looks have faded your presence is shunned  
No one will care when you're drained of your blood  
Your skin it is cracked from the blaze of the sun  
Cracked like the desert the rain's come and gone

A thief to survive you take what you find  
To breath is chore and your life is a grind  
You're drinking hard liquor, from a rusty tin cup  
Sinkin each day and there's no way back up

You lay under that bridge on that wintery night  
There you lay stiff and cold by the pale mornin light  
You'll drink no more liquor from your old rusty cup  
Not a soul did care that you never rose up

[REPEAT VERSE 1]



# STREAMS OF WHISKEY

Last night as I slept, I dreamt I met with Behan  
I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day  
When questioned on his views  
On the crux of life's philosophies  
He had but these few clear and simple words to say

CHORUS:

*I am going, I am going  
Any which way the wind may be blowing  
I am going, I am going  
Where streams of whiskey are flowing*

I have cursed, bled and sworn  
Jumped bail and landed up in jail  
Life has often tried to stretch me  
But the rope always was slack  
And now that I've a pile  
I'll go down to the Chelsea  
I'll walk in on my feet  
But I'll leave there on my back [CHORUS]

Oh the words that he spoke  
Seemed the wisest of philosophies  
There's nothing ever gained  
By a wet thing called a tear  
When the world is too dark  
And I need the light inside of me  
I'll walk into a bar  
And drink fifteen pints of beer [CHORUS x 2]

# TRAMPS AND HAWKERS

Oh come all ye tramps and hawker lads  
Ye gaitherers o' blaw  
That tramps the country round and round  
Come listen ane and all  
I'll tell to ye a rovin' tale  
O' sights that I hae seen  
Far up unto the snowy north  
And south by Gretna Green

Oftimes I've laughed untae myself  
When trudgin' on the road  
My toerags round my blistered feet, m  
My face as brown as a toad  
Wi' lumps o' cake and tattie scones,  
Wi' whangs o' braxie ham  
Nae gi'en a thought frae where I've been  
An' less tae whaur I'm gan

I've seen the high Ben Lomond  
A towering tae the moon  
I've been by Creiff and Callendar  
And roon' by bonny Doon  
I've seen Loch Ness' silvery tides  
Places ilk ye ken  
Far up unto the snowy north  
Lies Urquart's fairey glen

I'm happy in the summer time beneath the bright blue sky  
No thinkin' in the mornin' where at night I'll hae tae lie  
In barn or byre or anywhere, dossin' out among the hay  
And if the weather treats me right I'm happy every day

# WEST COAST OF CLARE

Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief  
Memories I have of you, won't leave me in peace  
My mind is running back, to the west coast of Clare  
Thinking of you, and the times we had there

I walked to Spanish Point, I knew I'd find you there  
I stood on the white strand, and you were everywhere  
Vivid memories faint, but the mood still remains  
I wish I could go back, and be with you again

In Miltown there's a pub, its there that I sat down  
I see you everywhere, your face is all around  
The search for times past, contain such sweet pain  
I banish lonesome thoughts, but they return again

I walk along the shore, the rain in my face  
My mind is numb with grief, of you there is no trace  
I'll think of this again, when far off lands I roam  
Walking with you, by this cold Atlantic foam

Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief  
Memories I have of you, won't leave me in peace  
My mind is running back, to the west coast of Clare  
Thinking of you, and the times we had there

# AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

When I was a young man I carried my pack  
And I lived the free life of a rover  
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback  
I waltzed my Matilda all over  
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son  
It's time to stop rambling 'cause 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 we sailed away from the quay  
And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers  
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
When the blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well  
He showered 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

But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury our slain  
And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
Then it started all over again

Now those who were living did their best to survive  
In that mad world of blood, death and fire  
And for seven long weeks I kept myself alive  
While the corpses around me piled higher  
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit  
And when I woke up in my hospital bed

And saw what it had done, Christ I wished I was dead  
Never knew there were worse things than dying

And no more I'll go waltzing Matilda  
To the green bushes so far and near  
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs  
No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia  
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane  
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
I looked at the place where me legs used to be  
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me  
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As they carried us down the gangway  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared  
And they turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch  
And I watch the parade pass before me  
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march  
Reliving their dreams of past glory  
I see the old men, all twisted and torn  
The forgotten heroes of a forgotten war  
And the young people ask me, "What are they marching for?"  
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men still answer to the call  
But year after year their numbers get fewer  
Some day no one will march there at all  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
Who'll go a-waltzing Matilda with me?

# 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

CHORUS:

*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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

'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

CHORUS

They took me to the jailhouse, with judges all a writin'  
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.  
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,  
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

### CHORUS

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

### CHORUS

There's some take delight in the carriages a rollin'  
And others take delight in the hurly and the bowling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

### CHORUS

# 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

CHORUS:

*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

CHORUS

I brought 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'

CHORUS

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

CHORUS



