



Lyrics BOOK

The Hounds of Cuchulainn

Lyríc Book
2023

Edited by Madeleine Townley

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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

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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

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

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

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]

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?

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

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!

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

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

[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 blackleg 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 blackleg miner!

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]

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]

[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

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)*

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

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

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.*

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

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

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*

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

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

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

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

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]

(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

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

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 Luftwaffe 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

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

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]

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 Brittain'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

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

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]

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]

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]

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]

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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