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Whiskey, You're the Devil

Whiskey, you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're me darlin' drunk or sober

Oh now brave boys we're on the march, we're off to Portugal and Spain
The drums a-beating, banners flying, the devil a-home will come tonight

Love fare thee well
With a tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me right fol tur-a lade, oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're me darlin' drunk or sober

Oh, the French are fighting boldly, men are dying hot and cowardly
Give every man a flask of powder, a firelock on his shoulder

Love fare thee well
With a tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me right fol tur-a lade, oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're me darlin' drunk or sober

Said the mother, "Do not wrong me, don't take me daughter from me
For if you do, I will torment you & after death me ghost will haunt you"

Love fare thee well
With a tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me tither-y-eye the diddlum the dah
Me right fol tur-a lade, oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tea
Oh, whiskey you're me darlin' drunk or sober

Beer, Beer, Beer

One, two, three!

Beer, beer, beer, tiddly beer, beer, beer
A long time ago, way back in history
when all there was to drink
was nothin' but cups of tea
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

He might have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king
and to his praises we shall always sing
And look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Our Lord bless Charlie Mops
the man who invented beer beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

The fanciest bar, the purest pub, the hole in the wall as well
One thing you can be sure of
It's Charlie's beer they sell
So come on all ye lucky lads 11:00 she stops
For five clock seconds, remember Charlie Mops...

One, two, three, four, five...

He might have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king
and to his praises we shall always sing
And look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Our Lord bless Charlie Mops
the man who invented beer beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick
the kind of lubrication that makes your engine tick
For 40 pints a wallop a day will keep away the clacks
It's only eight pence hapenny a pint & one & six they tax

One, two, three, four, five...

He might have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king
and to his praises we shall always sing
And look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Our Lord bless Charlie Mops
the man who invented beer beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

Where the Streets Have No Name

I want to run, I want to hide, I want to tear down the walls that hold me inside
I wanna reach out and touch the flame
Where the streets have no name

I want to feel sunlight on my face, I see that dust cloud disappear without a trace
I wanna take shelter from the poison rain
Where the streets have no name, oh oh

Where the streets have no name, where the streets have no name
We're still building then burning down love, burning down love
And when I go there, I go there with you, it's all I can do

The city's a flood and our love turns to rust
We're beaten and blown by the wind, trampled into dust
I'll show you a place, high on the desert plain
Where the streets have no name, oh oh

Where the streets have no name, where the streets have no name
We're still building then burning down love, burning down love
And when I go there, I go there with you, it's all I can do

Our love turns to rust
We're beaten and blown by the wind, blown by the wind
Oh and I see love see our love turn to rust
We're beaten and blown by the wind, blown by the wind
Oh when I go there I go there with you, it's all I can do

Bold O'Donaghue

Well, here I am from Paddy's land a land of high renown
I've broke the hearts of all the girls for miles 'round Keady town
And when they hear that I'm awa' they'll raise a hullabaloo
When they hear about that handsome lad they call O'Donaghue!

For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to squeeze her
I'm the boy that can tease her up an' I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll court her like an Irishman wi' brogue and blarney too is me plan
With me holligan, rolligan, swolligan, molligan Bold O'Donaghue!

Well, I wish me love was a red, red rose a-growing on yon garden wall
And me to be a dewdrop upon her brow I'd fall
Perhaps she might think of me as a rather heavy dew
And no more she'd love that handsome lad they call O'Donaghue!

For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to squeeze her
I'm the boy that can tease her up an' I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll court her like an Irishman wi' brogue and blarney too is me plan
With me holligan, rolligan, swolligan, molligan Bold O'Donaghue!

Well, I hear that Queen Victoria has a daughter fine and grand
Perhaps she'd take it into her head to marry an Irishman
And if I could only get a chance to have a word or 2
I'm sure she'd take a notion to the bold O'Donaghue!

For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to squeeze her
I'm the boy that can tease her up an' I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll court her like an Irishman wi' brogue and blarney too is me plan
With me holligan, rolligan, swolligan, molligan Bold O'Donaghue!

Dicey Reilly

Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup (clap clap!)
Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up (clap clap!)
For it's off each morning to the pub and then she's in for another little drop
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly (repeat)

Oh, she walks along Fitzgibbon street with an independent air
& then it's down be Summerhill & as the people stare
She says it's nearly half past one, & it's time I had another little one
Ah the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup (clap clap!)
Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up (clap clap!)
For it's off each morning to the pub and then she's in for another little drop
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

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

Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup (clap clap!)
Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up (clap clap!)
For it's off each morning to the pub and then she's in for another little drop
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh, but time went catching up on her like many pretty whores
And it's after you along the street before you're out the door
Their looks all fade and the balance weighed, ah, but out of all that great brigade
Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup (clap clap!)
Oh, poor old Dicey Reilly she will never give it up (clap clap!)
For it's off each morning to the pub and then she's in for another little drop
For the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly (repeat)

If I Should Fall from Grace with God

If I should fall from grace with God where no doctor can relieve me
If I'm buried 'neath the sod but the angels won't receive me
Let me go, boys, let me go, boys
Let me go down in the mud where the rivers all run dry

This land was always ours, it was the proud land of our fathers
It belongs to us and them, not to any of the others
Let them go, boys, let them go, boys
Let them go down in the mud where the rivers all run dry

If I should fall from grace with God where no doctor can relieve me
If I'm buried 'neath the sod but the angels won't receive me
Let me go, boys, let me go, boys
Let me go down in the mud where the rivers all run dry

Bury me at sea where no murdered ghost can haunt me
If I rock upon the waves, no corpse can lie upon me
Coming up threes, boys, coming up threes, boys
Let them go down in the mud where the rivers all run dry

If I should fall from grace with God where no doctor can relieve me
If I'm buried 'neath the sod but the angels won't receive me
Let me go, boys, let me go, boys
Let me go down in the mud where the rivers all run dry

Poor Paddy Works on the Railway

In 1841 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 1842 from Hartlepool I moved to Crewe
And I found meself with a job to do workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In 1843 I broke me shovel across me knee
And went to work for a company on the Leeds and Selby Railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In 1844 I landed on the Liverpool shore
Well, me belly was empty me throat was raw from workin' on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In 1845 when Danny O'Connell he was alive, when Danny O'Connell he was alive
And workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches, digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In 1846 I changed me trade to carryin' bricks, I changed me trade to carryin' bricks
A-workin' on the railway, I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches, I was workin' on the railway

In 1847 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

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

When I Come Around

I heard you crying loud all the way across town
You've been searching for that someone & it's me out on the prowl
As you sit around feeling sorry for yourself

Well, don't get lonely now and dry your whining eyes
I'm just roaming for the moment, sleazin' my backyard so don't get
So uptight you been thinking about ditching me

No time to search the world around
'Cause you know where I'll be found when I come around

I heard it all before so don't knock down my door
I'm a loser and a user so I don't need no accuser
To try & flag me down because I know you're right

So go do what you like, make sure you do it wise
You may find out that your self-doubt means nothing was ever there
You can't go forcing something if it's just not right

No time to search the world around
'Cause you know where I'll be found when I come around

Ace of Spades

If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man
You win some, lose some, it's all the same to me
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is the Ace Of Spades

Playing for the high one, dancing with the devil
Going with the flow, it's all a game to me
Seven or eleven, snake eyes watching you
Double up or quit, double stake or split, the Ace of Spades

You know I'm born to lose, and gambling's for fools
But that's the way I like it baby, I don't wanna live forever
And don't forget the joker

Pushing up the ante, I know you wanna see me
Read 'em and weep, the dead man's hand again
I see it in your eyes, take one look and die
The only thing you see, you know it's gonna be
The Ace of Spades

Cod Liver Oil

I'm a young married man and I'm tired of me life, for lately I married an ailing young wife
She does nothing all day, only sits down and sighs
Saying I wish to the lord that I only could die

Oh doctor, oh doctor, oh doctor De'Johngh, your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong
I'm afraid of me life, I'll go down in the soil if me wife don't stop drinking your cod liver oil

'Til a friend of me own came to see me one day
And he told me my wife was just fading away
But he afterwards told me that she would get strong
If I buy her a bottle of Dr. De'Johngh

Oh doctor, oh doctor, oh doctor De'Johngh, your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong
I'm afraid of me life, I'll go down in the soil if me wife don't stop drinking your cod liver oil

So I gave her a bottle, t'was just for to try, & the way that she scoffed it
you'd swear she was dry
I bought her another, it went just the same 'till I swear she's got cod liver oil on the brain

Oh doctor, oh doctor, oh doctor De'Johngh, your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong
I'm afraid of me life, I'll go down in the soil if me wife don't stop drinking your cod liver oil

Me house it resembles a big doctor's shop with bottles and bottles from bottom to top
And when in the morning the kettle do boil, you'd swear it was singing out cod liver oil

Oh doctor, oh doctor, oh doctor De'Johngh, your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong
I'm afraid of me life, I'll go down in the soil if me wife don't stop drinking your cod liver oil

Orange and the Green

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy,
My father would jump up and say "Look here would you, me boy
That's quite enough of that, lad," he'd then toss me a coin
And he'd have me sing "The Orange Flute" or "The Heroes of The Boyne"

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

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

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

Now my parents never could agree about my type of school
My learning was all done at home that's why I'm such a fool
They both passed on, God rest them, but they left me caught between
That awful color problem of the orange and the green

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and me mother she was green
Yes, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and me mother she was green – HEY!

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother
Drank a pint of beer, grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn where I was born
I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin
Brand new pair of brogues rattled o'er the bogs
Frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five – hunt the hare & turn her down
the rocky roads & all the way to Dublin whak-fol-la-de-ra

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight, me spirits light and airy
Took a drop of the pure to keep my heart from sinkin'
That's a Paddy's cure whene'er he's on for drinking
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while
At my curious style 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
Ax'd if I was hired, wages I required
Til I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five – hunt the hare & turn her down
the rocky roads & all the way to Dublin whak-fol-la-de-ra

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

One two three four five – hunt the hare & turn her down
the rocky roads & all the way to Dublin whak-fol-la-de-ra

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

One two three four five – hunt the hare & turn her down
the rocky roads & all the way to Dublin whak-fol-la-de-ra

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 losin'
Poor ould Erin's isle they began abusin'
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were by saw I was a hobble in
Then with loud hurray they joined in the 'fray
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five – hunt the hare & turn her down
the rocky roads & all the way to Dublin whak-fol-la-de-ra

The Real Old Mountain Dew

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
But give me enough of the fine old stuff that's made near Galway Bay
And policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too
We'll give them the slip & we'll take a sip of the real old mountain dew

Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day
Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still where the smoke curls up to the sky
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell there's poteen real nearby
For it fills the air with an odor rare and betwixt both me and you
When home you stole take a bucket or a bowl of the real old mountain dew

Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day
Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day

Now learned men who use a pen have wrote yer praises high
That sweet poteen from Ireland green distilled from wheat and rye
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills ye pagan, Christian, or Jew
Take off your coat and grease your throat with the real old mountain dew

Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day
Hi-di-diddly-aye-dum-diddly-dum-die-dum-diddly-dum-die-diddly-aye-day
(repeat and accelerate!)

Krupnik on a Sunday

My head is a beehive of dynamite, my stomach's a mean tilt-a-whirl
How I wound up half-dressed in this bed of mine, sure, I haven't a clue in the world

La da da da, come day, go day, wish in me heart it was Sunday
La da da da, drinking diet Coors all the week, and it's krupnik on a Sunday

In 2013, lo, the Dyers arrived with a jug o' the honeyest punch
It's smoother and sweeter than caramel pie, and too much will cost you your lunch

La da da da, come day, go day, wish in me heart it was Sunday
La da da da, drinking Starka all the week, and it's krupnik on a Sunday

The sound of the bell...aye, your mouth liquefies
For ye know something fine is in store
Vanilla or orange or a barrel's insides
To your detriment you will want more

La da da da, come day, go day, wish in me heart it was Sunday
La da da da, drinking absinthe all the week, and it's krupnik on a Sunday

For 500 years from the monks of *Nieśwież* through the Poldiers of World War 2
To the plinkies & fiddlers & drinkers in green known as the Bold O'Donaghues

La da da da, come day, go day, wish in me heart it was Sunday
La da da da, drinking car bombs all the week, and it's krupnik on a Sunday

(repeat)

Whak Fol the Diddle

I'll tell you a tale of peace and love whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
To the land that reigns all lands above whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
May peace and plenty be her share who kept our homes from want and care
Oh, God bless England is our prayer whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Whak fol the diddle fol the di do day, so we say, Hip Hooray!
Come and listen while we play whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Now our fathers oft were naughty boys whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
For pikes and guns are dangerous toys whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
At Bearna Baol and Bunker's Hill, we made poor England cry her fill
But old Brittainia loves us still whak fol the diddle fol the di do day day

Whak fol the diddle fol the di do day, so we say, Hip Hooray!
Come and listen while we play whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Now, when we were savage, fierce, and wild whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
She came as a mother to her child whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
Gently raised us from the slime and kept our hands from hellish crime
And she sent us to heaven in our own good time whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Whak fol the diddle fol the di do day, so we say, Hip Hooray!
Come and listen while we play whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Oh, now Irishmen forget the past whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
And think of the day that's comin' fast whak fol the diddle fol the di do day
When we shall all be civilized, neat and clean and well-advised
Oh won't Mother England be surprised whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Whak fol the diddle fol the di do day, so we say, Hip Hooray!
Come and listen while we play whak fol the diddle fol the di do day

Drunken Lullabies

Must it take a life for hateful eyes to glisten once again
500 years like gelignite have blown us all to hell
What savior rests while on his cross we die forgotten freedom burns
Has the shepherd led his lambs astray to the bigot and the gun

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

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

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

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

I sit and dwell on faces past like memories seem to fade
No colour left but black and white and soon will all turn grey
But may these shadows rise to walk again with lessons truly learnt
When the blossom flowers in each our hearts shall beat a new found flame

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

Drunken Sailor

What will we do with a drunken sailor, what will we do with a drunken sailor
What will we do with a drunken sailor early in the morning?

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

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

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober, put him in a long boat 'til he's sober
Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober early in the morning!

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him, stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him early in the morning!

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

(And now, a brief side trip...to POLAND!)

Kiedy rum zaszumi w głowie cały świat nabiera treści
Wtedy chętnie słucha człowiek morskich opowieści

Hej ha kolejkę nalej, hej ha kielichy wznieście
To zrobi doskonale morskim opowieściom

Jak pod Helem raz dmuchnęło, Żagle zdarła moc nadludzka,
Patrzę - w koję mi przywiało Nagą babę z Pucka

Na zdrowie! (And now, back to *Éire*...)

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter
Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter early in the morning!

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

Have you seen the captain's daughter, have you seen the captain's daughter
Have you seen the captain's daughter early in the morning?

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

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

Way hey and up she rises, way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises early in the morning!

With or Without You

See the stone set in your eyes, see the thorn twist in your side
I wait for you
Sleight of hand and twist of fate on a bed of nails she makes me wait
And I wait without you

With or without you, with or without you

Through the storm we reach the shore, you give it all but I want more
And I'm waiting for you

With or without you, with or without you
I can't live with or without you

And you give yourself away, and you give yourself away
And you give, and you give, and you give yourself away

My hands are tied, my body bruised, she's got me with
Nothing to win and nothing left to lose

And you give yourself away, and you give yourself away
And you give, and you give, and you give yourself away

With or without you, with or without you
I can't live with or without you

Oh...

With or without you, with or without you
I can't live with or without you
With or without you

Ooh...

The Ballad of Michael Malloy

This is the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

All the speakeasies feared of his thirst
His fifteenth gin went down like his first
When he darkened their doors
They shouted "MORE! MORE! MORE!"
But by morning, he'd always felt worse

It's the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

Then one day, his patrons got wise
An insurance scam they did devise
They would fill him full of every alcohol
And get paid when he met his demise

It's the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

But no matter the tun or the keg
Michael always seemed to find his legs
Even when he'd fall
He wasn't dead at all
Merely using the floor as a bed

It's the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

Methanol, liniment, antifreeze
He imbibed all these poisons with ease
Uncooked oysters brined
For days in turpentine
Nothing brought Iron Mike to his knees

It's the ballad of Michael Malloy

He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

[instrumental break]

Then they fed him the oddest repast
Sardines, carpet tacks, tin, broken glass
Yet he savored each bite
And slept throughout the night
And he came back for more after mass

It's the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

After weeks of attempting to kill
Via taxi, exposure, and swill
Michael passed out cold
And swallowed gas from coal
Through a hose that his patrons instilled

Sure, he died then, and they buried Mike
Much too soon for the police to like
They exhumed the grave
And thus ensnared the knaves
Who had killed him the previous night

All five patrons were found culpable
In the death of Mike the Durable
They collected no winnings
But they rode the lightning
For the death of their pickled old pal

This was the ballad of Michael Malloy
He'd been pickled since he was a boy
'Twas an institution during Prohibition
And his name was Michael Malloy

The Irish Rover

On the 4th of July, 1806, we set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork
We were sailin' away with a cargo of bricks for the grand city hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-&-aft, and oh how the wild winds drove her
She withstood several blasts and had 27 masts and they called her the Irish Rover

We had 1 million bags of the best Sligo rags, we had 2 million barrels of stones
We had 3 million sides of old blind horses' hides, we had 4 million barrels of bones
We had 5 million hogs, 6 million dogs, 7 million barrels of porter
We had 8 million bales of old nanny goats' tails in the hold of the Irish Rover

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for his set
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet

With his sparse witty talk, he was cock of the walk
As he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance & 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 Tracey from Dover and your man Mick McCann
From the banks of the Bann was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life, it's so lonesome by night and by day
'Til he launch for the shore and this charming young whore
Who will melt all his troubles away
All the noise and the rout, swollen poitin and stout for him soon the torment's over
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid an old sot from 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 the crew was reduced down to two
Just meself and the captain's old dog

Then the ship struck a rock, oh lord what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned 9 times around and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover!

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many's the hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
'Til sad misfortune came over me that caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations betrayed by the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

I took a walk down Broadway meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid come-a traipsin' along the highway
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan
And her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

I took a walk with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well, I knew that she meant the ruin of him by the look in her roguish black eyes
A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right into me hand
And the very next thing that I said was "Bad says to the black velvet band"

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
And the judge, he said to me "Young man, your case it is proven quite clear
You'll get seven years penal servitude to be spent off in Van Diemen's Land
Far away from your friends and relations betrayed by the black velvet band"

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band
(repeat)

Bold Thady Quill

Ye maids of Dunhallow who're anxious for courting, a word of advice I will give unto ye:
Proceed to Banteer to the athletic sporting, & hand in your names to the club committee
And never commence any sketch of your program
'til a carriage ye see flyin' over the hill
And down through the valleys and glens of Kilcorney
With our own darlin' sportsman the bold Thady Quill

For.....ramblin', for rovin', for football or courtin'
For drinkin' black porter as fast as you fill
In all your days rovin' you'll find none so jovial as the Muskerry sportsman
The bold Thady Quill

At the great hurlin' match between Cork & Tipperary
'Twas played in the park on the banks of the Lee
Our own darlin' lads were afraid of being beaten
So they sent for bold Thady to Ballinagree
He hurled that ball left and right in their faces
And show'd them Tipp'rary men action and skill
If they touched on his lines, he would certainly brain them
And the papers were full of the praise for Thade Quill

For.....ramblin', for rovin', for football or courtin'
For drinkin' black porter as fast as you fill
In all your days rovin' you'll find none so jovial as the Muskerry sportsman
The bold Thady Quill

At the Cork Exhibition there was a fair lady
Whose fortune exceeded a million or more
But a bad constitution had ruined her completely
And medical treatment had failed o'er and o'er
"Oh Mother" said she "sure I know what will ease me
And cure this disease which will certainly kill
Give over your doctors and medical treatment
I'd rather one squeeze outta bold Thady Quill"

For.....ramblin', for rovin', for football or courtin'
For drinkin' black porter as fast as you fill
In all your days rovin' you'll find none so jovial as the Muskerry sportsman
The bold Thady Quill

Linger

If you, if you could return, don't let it burn, don't let it fade
I'm sure I'm not being rude, but it's just your attitude
It's tearing me apart, it's ruining everything

I swore, I swore I would be true, and honey, so did you
So why were you holding her hand? Is that the way we stand?
Were you lying all the time? Was it just a game to you?

But I'm in so deep, you know I'm such a fool for you
You got me wrapped around your finger, ah, ha, ha
Do you have to let it linger?
Do you have to, do you have to, do you have to let it linger?

Oh, I thought the world of you, I thought nothing could go wrong
But I was wrong, I was wrong
If you, if you could get by trying not to lie
Things wouldn't be so confused and I wouldn't feel so used
But you always really knew I just wanna be with you

But I'm in so deep, you know I'm such a fool for you
You got me wrapped around your finger, ah, ha, ha
Do you have to let it linger?
Do you have to, do you have to, do you have to let it linger?

(repeat)

Quarantinin' in the Kitchen

Come people of this world unto me pay attention
Don't gather more than 10 'tis the devil's own invention
Maternal Nature slays when there is no discretion
So be a decent soul by quarantinin' in the kitchen

With me too-rah-loo-rah-la-me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
Too-rah-loo-rah-la-too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

When COVID-19 came, most did not heed its meanness
We figured it would pass, and our lives would go on seamless
But here we are instead with jaws and butts a-clenchin'
Adaptin' to the weirdness quarantinin' in the kitchen

With me too-rah-loo-rah-la-me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
Too-rah-loo-rah-la-too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

No one has asked for this, we'd rather all be drinkin'
Our shoulders choc-a-bloc with a minimum of thinkin'
But future happy times depend upon compassion
Which furthermore depends on quarantinin' in the kitchen

With me too-rah-loo-rah-la-me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
Too-rah-loo-rah-la-too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

You may not like your ma, you may not like your dada
You may not like your kids, but it really doesn't matter
It's bigger than your stress, it's bigger than the tension
The Golden Rule requires quarantinin' in the kitchen

With me too-rah-loo-rah-la-me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
Too-rah-loo-rah-la-too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

Though some in dark blue suits and red hats made in China
Will gladly sacrifice you to get another dime-a
We B O'Ds, meanwhile, will keep your throat from itchin'
By drinkin' Guinness pints and quarantinin' in the kitchen

With me too-rah-loo-rah-la-me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
Too-rah-loo-rah-la-too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

Chruiscín Lán (My Little Full Jug)

Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the hunter praise his hounds
Let the shepherd praise his dewy scented lawn
But I, more wise than they, spend each happy night and day
With me darlin' little chruiscín lán lán lán, oh, my darlin little chruiscín lán

O grá mo chroí mo chruiscín, slainte geal mo mhuirnín,
Grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán, lán, lán, o grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán

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

O grá mo chroí mo chruiscín, slainte geal mo mhuirnín,
Grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán, lán, lán, o grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán

And when cruel Death appears in a few but happy years
To say, "Oh won't you come along with me?"
I'll say, "Begone, you knave! For great Bacchus gave me leave
To take another chruiscín lán lán lán, to take another chruiscín lán

O grá mo chroí mo chruiscín, slainte geal mo mhuirnín,
Grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán, lán, lán, o grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips a-dry
Though the lark now proclaims it is the dawn
And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again
To fill another chruiscín lán lán lán, to fill another chruiscín lán

O grá mo chroí mo chruiscín, slainte geal mo mhuirnín,
Grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán, lán, lán, o grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán

Galway Girl

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk of a day-i-ay-i-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk of a fine soft day-i-ay
And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do 'cause her hair was black
And her eyes were blue

And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl
'round the salthill prom with a Galway girl

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

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

When I woke up, I was all alone
With a broken heart and a ticket home
And I ask you now, tell me what would you do
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue

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

All for Me Grog

Well, it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog, all for me beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

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

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog, all for me beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

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

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog, all for me beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

I am sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed since first I came ashore for me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't ya know
Far across the western ocean I must wander

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog, all for me beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

Oh, where is me bed, me noggin', noggin' bed, it's all gone for beer & tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and the sheets they are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog, all for me beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander

(repeat)

I'll Tell Me Ma

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

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

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

Let the wind & the rain and the hail blow high, let the snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as an apple pie and she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she goes home
Let them all come as they will, for it's Albert Mooney she loves still

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

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with Colin Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
Said stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

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

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for Colin Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

'Twas early in the morning as I rose up for travel
The guards were all around me & likewise Colin Farrell
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

If anyone can aid me, 'tis me brother in the army
If I can learn his station down in Cork or in Killarney
When I go and join him, we'll go roving near Kilkenny
And he better treat me fairer than me sportling Jenny

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

Now some men take delight in the whoring and the roving
Others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty women when the sun is rising early—ring dumma do damma da...

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's a year
And I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

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

I went into an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me "Nay –
Such a custom like yours I could have any day"

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

Then out of me pocket I took sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said, "I have whiskies and ales of the best
And I'll take you upstairs and I'll show you the rest"

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

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

And it's no, nay, never, no, nay, never, no more
Will I play the wild rover no never, no more
(one more time...)

Seven Drunken Nights

Well, as I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my own horse should be
I called my wife and I said to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door where my own horse should be?"

"Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool until you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me"
Well, many's the day I've traveled 100 miles or more
But a sow with a saddle on I never seen before

And as I came home on Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door where my own coat should be
So I called my wife and I said to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door where my own coat should be?"

"Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool until you cannot see
That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me"
Well, many's the day I've traveled 100 miles or more
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never seen before

And as I came home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the chair where my own pipe should be
So I called my wife and I said to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my own pipe should be?"

"Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool until you cannot see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me"
Well, many's the day I've traveled 100 miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure, I never saw before

And as I came home on Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my own boots should be
So I called my wife and I said to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns those boots beneath the bed where my own boots should be?"

"Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool until you cannot see
That's a lovely geranium pot me mother sent to me"
Well, many's the day I've traveled 100 miles or more
But laces on geranium pots I never saw before

And as I came home on Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my own head should be
So I called my wife and I said to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my own head should be?"

“Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool until you cannot see
That’s a baby boy me mother sent to me”
Well, many’s the day I’ve traveled 100 miles or more
But a baby boy with whiskers on I never saw before

And as I came home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands upon the breasts where my own hands should be
So I called my wife and I said to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns those hands upon the breasts where my own hands should be?”

“Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool until you cannot see
That’s a lovely nightgown that me mother sent to me”
Well, many’s the day I’ve traveled 100 miles or more
But knuckles on a nightgown, sure, I never seen before

And as I came home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a man sneaking out the back door at a quarter after three
So I called my wife and I said to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who was that man sneaking out the back door at a quarter after three?”

“Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool until you cannot see
That was just a taxman that the queen sent to me”
Well, many’s the day I’ve traveled 100 miles or more
But an Englishman who can last ‘til 3 I never seen before

(repeat)

On Raglan Road

On Raglan Road, of an autumn day, I saw her first and new
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street in November, we tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen the worst of passions pledge
The queen of hearts still making tarts, and I not making hay
Well, I loved too much, and by such by such is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her the secret sign
That's known to the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say
With her own name there and her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields off May

On a quiet street, where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now
Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow
That I have loved not as I should, a creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay, he'd lose his wings at the dawn of the day

Drink It Up, Men

At the pub on the crossroads, there's whiskey & beer
There's brandy from cognac that's fragrant but dear
But for killing the thirst and for easing the gout
There's nothing at all beats a pint of good stout
Drink it up, men, it's long after ten

At the pub on the crossroads, I first went astray
There I drank enough drink for to fill Galway Bay
Going up in the morning, I wore out me shoes
Going up to the cross for the best of good booze
Drink it up, men, it's long after ten

Some folk o'er the water think bitter is fine
And others they swear by the juice of the vine
But there's nothing that's squeezed from the grape or the hop
Like the black liquidation with the froth on the top
Drink it up, men, it's long after ten

I've travelled in England, I've travelled in France
At the sound of good music, I'll sing or I'll dance
So hear me then mister and pour me one more
If I canna drink it up, then throw me out the door
Drink it up, men, it's long after ten

It's Guinness's porter that has me this way
For it's sweeter than buttermilk and stronger than tea
But when in the morning I feel kinda rough
Me curse on Lord Iveagh who brews the damn stuff

Drink it up, men, it's long after ten
Drink it up, men, it's long after ten

Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see he'd a sort of a tipplin' way with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Whak fol the dah, now dance to yer partner, wipe the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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

Whak fol the dah, now dance to yer partner, wipe the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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

Whak fol the dah, now dance to yer partner, wipe the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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

Whak fol the dah, now dance to yer partner, wipe the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives! See how he rises! Timothy rising from the bed!
Saying "Whittle your whiskey 'round like blazes! T'underin' Jaysus, d'ye think I'm dead?"

Whak fol the dah, now dance to yer partner, wipe the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

I'm Rover

There's ne'er a night I am gang to ramble, there's ne'er a night I am gang to roam
There's ne'er a night I am gang to ramble into the arms of the one I love

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

Though the night be as dark as dungeon not a star can be seen above
I will be guided without a stumble into the arms of the one I love

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

He stepped up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently on a stone
He whispered through to her bedroom window: "Is me darling in there at home?"

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

She raised her head from her downy pillow with her arms around her breast
Said "Who is that at me bedroom window disturbing me from me long night's rest?"

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

Says I, "Me love, it's your own true lover, open the door and let me in"
They both shook hands and embraced each other, to the morning they lay as one

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

Says I: "Me love, I must go and leave you to climb the hills they are far above
But I will climb with the greatest pleasure, I've been in the arms of the one I love"

I'm a rover, seldom sober, I'm a rover of high degree
It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

It's when I'm drinkin' I'm always thinkin' how to gain my love's company

Spanish Lady

As I came into Dublin city at the hour of 12 at night
Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady washing her feet by candlelight
First she washed them, then she dried them over a fire of angry coal
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the soul

Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay
Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay

As I came back through Dublin city at the hour of half-past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it, on her lap was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet since I did roam

Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay
Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay

As yet again I came back through Dublin city as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady catching a moth in a golden net
When she saw me, then she fled me, lifting her petticoat over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady

Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay
Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay

I've wandered north, I've wandered south, thru Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond, back by Napper Tandy's house
But old age hath laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals
But where is the lovely Spanish Lady, neat and sweet about the soul?

Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay
Whack fol the toora, loora laddi, whack fol the toora loora lay

Four Leaf

All right now, won't you listen

When I first picked you
I didn't realize
You weren't a trio
What a surprise
You introduced me
To Erin's isle
And got me singing
With a whisky smile
Oh yeah

I love you, oh you know it

I was unlucky
Poor Crooked Jack
Until I found you
And now I'm back
My life is green now
These songs are fun
I love you four leaf
You are my sun
Oh yeah

Come on now, try it out

Though Scots and Britons
May think you're shite
And no one knows
What the Welsh are like
Yet we have bonded
Over Guinness pints
Shared bad decisions
Night after night
Oh yeah baby

Come on now, oh yeah

Whak for the tur-a-lur-a-laddie
Whak for the four leaf do da day
Whak for the tur-a-lur-a-laddie
Whak for the four leaf do da day

The Boxer

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

When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station running scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-la-lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-la-la-la-lie
La-la-la-la-lie

Asking only workman's wages, I go looking for a job but I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there
La la la la la la la

Now I'm laying out my winter coat and wishing I was gone, going home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me
Leading me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade and he carries the reminders
Of every glove that laid him down or cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving" but the fighter still remains
La la la la la la la

Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-la-lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-la-la-la-la-lie
La-la-la-la-lie

(over and over and over)

Muirsheen Durkin (MUR-shin DUR-kin)

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

It's goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, sure, I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be poor
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californey
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of gold

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and 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'll be a letter from New York

It's goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, sure, I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be poor
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californey
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of gold

Goodbye to all the girls at home, I'm going far across the foam
To try to make me fortune in far Amerikay
There's gold and jewels aplenty for the poor and for the gentry
And when I return again, I never more will stray

It's goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, sure, I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be poor
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californey
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of gold
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of gold

The Risin' of the Moon

"Oh! then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush ma bouchal, hush and listen," and his cheeks were all a-glow
"I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon"

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon

"Oh! then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, where the gatherin' is to be?"
"In the ould spot by the river, right well known to you and me
One word more, for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder by the risin' of the moon"

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon

Out from many a mudwall cabin, eyes were watching thru the night
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the comin' morning' light
Murmurs ran along the valleys like the banshee's lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashin' by the risin' of the moon

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was seen
Far above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green
"Death to ev'ry foe and traitor! Forward! strike the marchin' tune
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom! 'Tis the risin' of the moon"

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon

Well, they fought for poor old Ireland and full bitter was their fate
(Oh what glorious pride and sorrow fill the name of Ninety-Eight)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon
Who would follow in their footsteps by the risin' of the moon!

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the risin' of the moon

One

Is it getting better
Or do you feel the same?
Will it make it easier on you now?
You got someone to blame

You say one love, one life
When it's one need in the night
It's one love we get to share it
It leaves you baby if you don't care for it

Did I disappoint you?
Leave a bad taste in your mouth?
You act like you never had love
And you want me to go without

Well, it's too late tonight
To drag the past out into the light
We're one, but we're not the same
We get to carry each other, carry each other
One

Have you come here for forgiveness?
Have you come to raise the dead?
Have you come here to play Jesus
To the lepers in your head?

Did I ask too much, more than a lot?
You gave me nothing now it's all I got
We're one but we're not the same
We hurt each other then we do it again

You say: Love is a temple
Love the higher law
Love is a temple
Love the higher law
You ask me to enter, but then you made me crawl
And I can't keep holding on to what you got when all you got is hurt

One love, one blood, one life you got to do
what you should
One life with each other, sisters, brothers
One life, but we're not the same we get to carry each other, carry each other

One

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
She wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "Cockles and mussels
Alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
They both wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "Cockles and mussels
Alive, alive, oh!"

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

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "Cockles and mussels
Alive, alive, oh!"

(repeat)

Zombie

Another head hangs lowly
Child is slowly taken
And the violence caused such silence
Who are we mistaken?

But you see, it's not me, it's not my family
In your head, in your head, they are fighting
With their tanks and their bombs
And their bombs and their guns
In your head, in your head, they are crying
In your head, in your head
Zombie, zombie, zombie, hey, hey

What's in your head, in your head
Zombie, zombie, zombie?
Hey, hey, hey, hey, oh...

Another mother's breakin'
Heart is taking over
When the violence causes silence
We must be mistaken

It's the same old theme since 1916
In your head, in your head
They're still fighting
With their tanks and their bombs
And their bombs and their guns
In your head, in your head, they are dying

In your head, in your head
Zombie, zombie, zombie, hey, hey
What's in your head, in your head,
Zombie, zombie, zombie?
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Oh, oh, oh...
Hey ah, ah ah ah...

Nell Flaherty's Drake

Oh, me name it is Nell, & the truth for to tell
I come from Cootehill which I'll never deny
I had a fine drake & I'd die for his sake
That me grandmother left me & she goin' to die
The dear little fellow his legs they were yellow
He could fly like a swallow or swim like a hake
Til some dirty savage to grease his white cabbage
Most wantonly murdered me beautiful drake

Now his neck it was green almost fit to be seen
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree
His body was white, and it would you delight
He was plump, fat, and heavy and brisk as a bee
He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound
And the universe round I would roam for his sake
Bad luck to the robber be he drunk or sober
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig
May each hair in his wig be well trashed with the flail
May his door never latch, may his roof have no thatch
May his turkeys not hatch, may the rats eat his meal
May every old fairy from Cork to Dun Laoghaire
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake
That the eel and the trout they may dine on the snout
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt
May a ghost ever haunt him the dead of the night
May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh
May his coat fly away like an old paper kite
That the flies & the fleas may the wretch ever tease
May the piercin' March breeze make him shiver & shake
May a lump of the stick raise the bumps fast & thick
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake

Well, the only good news that I have to infuse
Is that old Paddy Hughes and young Anthony Blake
Also Jamie Dyer and Corney Maguire
They each have a grandson of my darlin' drake
My treasure had dozens of nephews and cousins
And one I must get or me heart it will break
For to set me mind easy or else I'll run crazy
So ends the whole song of Nell Flaherty's drake

The Parting Glass

Oh, all the money that e'er I spent
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that I ever did
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

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this 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

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

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with Colin Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
Said stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

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

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for Colin Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

'Twas early in the morning as I rose up for travel
The guards were all around me & likewise Colin Farrell
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

If anyone can aid me, 'tis me brother in the army
If I can learn his station down in Cork or in Killarney
When I go and join him, we'll go roving near Kilkenny
And he better treat me fairer than me sportling Jenny

Ring dumma do damma da, whak for the daddy 'ol
Whak for the daddy 'ol there's whiskey in the jar

Now some men take delight in the whoring and the roving
Others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty women when the sun is rising early—ring dumma do damma da...

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's a year
And I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

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

I went into an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me "Nay –
Such a custom like yours I could have any day"

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

Then out of me pocket I took sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said, "I have whiskies and ales of the best
And I'll take you upstairs and I'll show you the rest"

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

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

And it's no, nay, never, no, nay, never, no more
Will I play the wild rover no never, no more
(one more time...)