

CELTIC MUSIC CLUB SONG BOOK

The lyrics to some of the tunes we play on Monday Evening



	<i>Numerical Listing</i>			<i>Alphabetic listing</i>
1	Bonnie Doon		22	100 Pipers
2	Will ye go Lassie		1	Bonnie Doon
3	South Wind		9	Boys from County Armagh
4	Dear Old Donegal		11	Cockles and Mussels
5	Garden where the Praties Grow		10	Daisy Bell
6	Macnamara's Band		4	Dear Old Donegal
7	Fields of Athenry		16	Drunken Sailor
8	Green Glens of Antrim, The		7	Fields of Athenry
9	Boys from County Armagh		5	Garden where the Praties Grow
10	Daisy Bell		13	Garry Owen
11	Cockles and Mussels		8	Green Glens of Antrim, The
12	Isle of Innisfree		12	Isle of Innisfree
13	Garry Owen		14	Leaving of Liverpool
14	Leaving of Liverpool		6	Macnamara's Band
15	South Australia		18	Mull of Kintyre
16	Drunken Sailor		19	O'Donnell Abu
17	Tell Me Ma		20	Phil the Fluters Ball
18	Mull of Kintyre		21	Scotland the Brave
19	O'Donnell Abu		15	South Australia
20	Phil the Fluters Ball		3	South Wind
21	Scotland the Brave		17	Tell Me Ma
22	100 Pipers		2	Will ye go Lassie

Compiled by Brian and Nina Maddison
Highclere – June 2008

Copies of this song book can be downloaded from: <http://CelticMusicClub.wikispaces.com/>

1 Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary, fulu' care!

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause Luvver staw the rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

2 Will Ye Go, Lassie? (Wild Mountain Thyme)

Oh the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

Chorus

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a tower
Near yon' pure crystal fountain
And on it I will build
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, Lassie go?

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go, Lassie go?

3 South Wind [An Ghaoth Aneas]

The wind from the south brings soft rain
That makes all the green grasses grow
Brings life to the lakes and the streams
And abundance of fruit to the trees

Far to the north I once lived
And that is where you will blow
Carry the scents of this land
To my kin in my far away home

[Loose translation: Brian Maddison 2008]

4. Dear Old Donegal

It seems like only yesterday
I sailed from out of Cork.
A wanderer from old Erin's isle,
I landed in New York.
There wasn't a soul to greet me there,
A stranger on your shore,
But Irish luck was with me here,
And riches came galore.
And now that I'm going back again
To dear old Erin's isle,
My friends will meet me on the pier
And greet me with a smile.
Their faces, sure, I've almost forgot,
I've been so long away,
But me mother will introduce them all
And this to me will say

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me boy,
And here's your sister, Kate.
And sure there's the girl you used to swing
Down by the garden gate.
Shake hands with all your neighbours,
And kiss the colleens all
You're as welcome as the flowers in May
To dear old Donegal.

They'll line the roads for miles and miles
They'll come from near and far.
And they'll give a party when I go home,
With Irish jauntin' cars.
The spirits'll flow and we'll be gay,
We'll fill your hearts with joy.
And the piper will play an Irish reel
To greet the Yankee boy.
We'll dance and sing the whole night long,
Such fun as never was seen.
The lads'll be decked in corduroy,
The colleens wearin' green.
There'll be thousands there that I never saw,
I've been so long away,
But me mother will introduce them all
And this to me will say:

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike,

Meet Branigan, Fannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
Duffy, McCuffy, Malachy, Mahone,
Rafferty, Lafferty, Donnelly, Connelly,
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowney, Malone,
Madigan, Cadigan, Lanihan, Flanihan,
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Hoolihan, Flynn,
Shanihan, Manihan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
Kelly, O'Kelly, McGuinness, McGuinn.

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike,

5 Garden where the Praties Grow

Have you ever been in love, me boys, Oh! have you felt the pain?
I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again.
Tho' the girl I love is beautiful, and I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

cho: She was just the sort of creature that nature did intend
To walk throughout the world, my boys, without the Grecian Bend*,
Nor did she wear the chignon, I'd have ye all to know
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

Says I, "My lovely colleen, I hope you'll pardon me."
But she wasn't like the city girls who'd say "You're making free."
She answered me right modestly, and curtsied very low,
"You're welcome in the garden where the praties grow."

Says I, "My lovely darling, I'm tired of single life
And if you've no objections, I will make you my sweet wife."
Says she, "I'll ask my parents, and tomorrow you shall know
If you'll meet me in the garden where the praties grow."

Her parents they consented, and we're blessed with children three
To girls just like their mother, and a boy the image of me.
We'll train them up in decency, the way they ought to go
And I'll ne'er forget the garden where the praties grow.

6 Macnamara's Band

My name is Macnamara,
I'm the leader of a band,
And though we're small in number,
We're the best in all the land.
Of course I'm the conductor
And I've often had to play
With all the fine musicians
That you read about today.

Chorus:
The drums they bang, the cymbals clang,
The horns they blaze away,
Macarthy puffs the ould bassoon,
Doyle (And I) the pipes does play.
Hennessey tuteily tootles the flute,
The music is something grand,
And a credit to ould Ireland's boys
Is Macnamara's Band.

Whenever an election's on
We play on either side,
And the way we play the fine ould airs
Fills every heart with pride.
If dear Tom Moore was living now
He'd make them understand
That none can do him justice
Like ould Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

We play for fairs or weddings
And for every County Ball,
And at any great man's funeral
We play "The Dead March in Saul."
When General Grant to Ireland came
He shook me by the hand,
And said he never heard the like
Of ould Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

Just now we are practicing
For a very grand affair,
It's an annual celebration,
All the gentry will be there.
The girls and boys will all turn out
With flags and colours grand,
And in front of the procession
Will be Macnamara's Band.

Oh me name is Uncle Yulas (sp)
and from Sweeden I have come
To play with MacNamara's band
and beat the big base drum
And when I march along the streets,
the lady think I'm grand,
They shout their Uncle Yulas
playing with the Irish Band.

Oh I wear a bunch of Shamrocks,
and a uniform of Green,
And I'm the funniest looking Sweed
that you have ever seen,
There's O'Brians and Ryans,
and Sheehans (sp) and mehans (sp),
they come from Ireland,
But by yiminie I'm the only Sweed
in MacNamara's Band.

7 The Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl callin'
"Michael they have taken you away
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay"

Chorus:

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

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

By a lonely harbour wall she watched
the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she'll live in hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

8 Green Glens Of Antrim

Far across yonder blue lies a true fairy land
With the sea rippling over the shingle and sand
Where the gay honeysuckle is luring the bee
And the green glens of Antrim are calling to me

If only you knew how the lamp of the moon
Turns a blue irish bay to a silver lagoon
You'd imagine the picture of heaven it would be
Where the green glens of Antrim are calling to me

(BREAK)

Soon I hope to return to my own Cushendall
'Tis the one place for me that can outshine them all
Sure I know ev'ry rock I recall every tree
Where the green glens of Antrim are welcoming me

I'd be where the people are simple and kind
And there's one there for me who's been aye on my mind
And I'd pray that the world would in peace let me be
Where the green glens of antrim are heaven to me
Where the green glens of antrim are heaven to me

9 Boys from County Armagh

There's one fair county in Ireland
With memories so glorious and grand
Where nature has lavished its beauty
In the orchards of Erin's green land
I love it's cathedral city
Once founded by Patrick so true
And it bears in the heart of it's bosom
The ashes of Brian Boru

Chorus:

It's my own Irish home
Far across the foam
Although I've oft times left it
In foreign lands to roam
No matter where I wander
Through cities near or far
My heart is at home in old Ireland
In the County of Armagh

I've traveled that part of the County
Through Newtown, Forkhill, Crossmaglen
Around the Gap of Mount Norris
And home by Baclwater again
Where the girls are so gay and so hearty
None fairer you'll find near or far
But where are the boys that can court them
Like the boys from the County Armagh

Chorus

The noble and the brave have departed from our shore
They've gone off to a foreign land
where the wild canyons roar
No more they'll see the shamrock, the plant so dear to me
Or hear the small birds singing around sweet Tralee

Chorus

No more the sun will shine on that blessed harvest morn
Or hear our reaper singing in a golden field of corn
There's a band for every woe and a cure for every pain
But the happiness of my darling girl I never will see again

Chorus

10 Daisy Bell

Daisy Daisy
Give me your answer do!
I'm half Crazy
All for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish Marriage.
I can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet
On the seat of a bicycle built for two

11 Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

12 Isle of Innisfree

I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer,
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say.
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer,
When all the things he loves are far away.

And precious things are dreams unto an exile,
They take him o'er the land across the sea,
Especially when it happens he's an exile,
From that dear lovely Isle of Innisfree.

CHORUS

And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops,
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be, I'm once again
back home in Innisfree.

I wander o'er green hills thro' dreamy valleys,
And find a peace no other land could know.
I hear the birds make music fit for angels,
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.

And then into a humble shack I wander,
My dear old home and tenderly be-hold
The folks I love around the turf fire gathered
On bended knees their rosary is told.

(new CHORUS)

But dreams don't last, tho' dreams are not forgotten,
And soon I'm back to stern reality,
But tho' they paved the footways here with gold dust,
I still would choose the ISLE OF INNISFREE.

13 Garryowen

Note: This song was the official song
of Col. George A. Custer's 7th Calvary.

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus:

Our hearts so stout have got no fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus:

14 Leaving of Liverpool

"Fare Thee Well My Own True Love"

Farewell to Prince'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's grieving me
But my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the Captain of her
And they say she's a floating Hell

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a seaman, he can get along
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Till I see you again

15 South Australia

In South Australia I was born
Heave Away Haul Away
In South Australia Round Cape Horn
Bound for South Australia

CHORUS

Heave away you ruler kings
Heave away all the way
Heave away you'll hear me sing
Bound for South Australia

There's one thing there that grieves my mind –
Heave Away Haul Away
It's leaving Nancy Blair behind –
Bound for South Australia

Chorus

I'll tell you the truth and tell you no lie
I'll love that girl till the day I die

As I was walloping around Cape Horn
I'd wished to God I'd never been born

And now I'm on a foreign strand
With a bottle of whisky in my hand

I'll drink one glass to the foreign shore
And another to the girl that I adore

Fare thee well and fare thee well
And sweet news to my girl I'll tell

16 Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning!

chorus:

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning
Put him in a long-boat till he's sober

Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.

Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.

Tie him to the tasffrail when she's yard-arm under.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.

Give 'im a dose of salt and water.

Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end.

Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster.

Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts a flipper.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him in the guard room till he gets sober.

17 Ill Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the bell of Belfast city
She is counting one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old John Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the bell of Belfast city
She is counting one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she.

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

18 Mull of Kintyre

Far have I travelled and much have I seen
dark distant mountains with valleys of green
past painted deserts the sunset's on fire
as he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre oh mist rolling in from the sea,
my desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen;
carry me back to the days I knew then.
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
to the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

19 O'Donnell abu

(The Clan Connell War Song)
(M.J.McAnn cir. 1843)

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding
Loudly the warcries arise on the gale
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding
To join the thick squadrons on Saimiers green vale!
On every mountaineer! Stranger to flight or fear!
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bonnaught and Gallowglass,
throng from each mountain pass!
Onward for Erin! O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan!
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
Neath the Borderers brave from the banks of the Bann!
Many a heart shall quail under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue
When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breezes wing
TyrConnell's dread war cry O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the warwolf is howling
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling
And all who would conquer them are banished, or slain!
On with O'Donnell then! Fight the good fight again!
Sons of TyrConnell are valiant and true!
Make the proud Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel!
Strike! For your Country! O'Donnell abu!

20 Phil the Fluter

Have you heard of Phil the Fluter, of the town of Ballymuck?
The times were going hard with him, in fact the man was broke.

So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours, one an all.
As to how he'd like their company that evening at a ball.
And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,
That if they found a hat of his convenient to the door,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them
The better would the music be for battherin' the flute.
With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle-O!
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on the griddle-O!
Up! down, hands around, crossing to the wall-O!
Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

There was Mister Denis Dogherty, who kep' the runnin' dog;
There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett bog;
There was boys from every Barony, and girls from ev'ry "art"

And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an' cart,
And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,
Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore,
Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty,
The flower of Ardmagullion, and the pride of Pethravore.
With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle-O!
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on the griddle-O!
Up! down, hands around, crossing to the wall-O!
Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

First, little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,
And then the Widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow,
I could dance you off your legs, sez she, as sure as you are born,
If ye'll only make the piper play, "The hare was in the corn."
So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,
The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;
Faith, then Mick it's you that has agility,
Begorra Mrs. Cafferty, yer leppin' like a hare!
With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle-O!
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on the griddle-O!
Up! down, hands around, crossing to the wall-O!
Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

Then Phil the Fluter tipped a wink to little Crooked Pat,
"I think it's nearly time," sez he,
"for passin' round the hat."
So Paddy pass'd the caubeen round,
and looking mighty cute.
Sez, "Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on the flute."
Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,
Covering the buckle, and the shuffle,
and the cut;
Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,
But the Widda' bet the company at "handling the fut."
With the toot of the flute,
and the twiddle of the fiddle-O!
Hopping in the middle,
like a herrin' on the griddle-O!
Up! down, hands around, crossing to the wall-O!
Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

21 Scotland the Brave

Hark where the night is falling
hark hear the pipes a calling
Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen
There where the hills are sleeping
Now feel the blood a leaping
High as the spirits of the old highland men

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards gloriously wave
Land of my high endeavor
Land of the shining river
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave

High in the misty mountains
Out by the purple highlands
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies
Wild are the winds to meet you
Staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens eyes

22 Hundred Pipers

Lady Nairne

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.
O it's owre the border awa', awa'
It's owre the border awa', awa',
We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'
Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartan kilts an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitt'rin' gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return oor Heilan' men?
Second sighted Sandy looked fu' wae.
An' mithers grat when they march'd away.

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.

Oh! wha' is foremos o' a', o' a',
Oh wha' is foremost o' a', o' a',
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet and feathers he's waving high,
His prancing steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers play wi'an unco flare.

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.

The Esk was swollen sae red, sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.

On the 18th November 1745, the city of Carlisle, after two days' show of resistance, opened its gates to Bonnie Prince Charlie. On entering the city the Prince was preceded by one hundred pipers. The crossing of the River Esk, referred to in heroic terms, was, on the contrary, accomplished during the retreat from England in the concluding stages of the '45 Rising.