

Lyrics – Bar Rooms and Ballads

Mary Mac *(Trad)*

Chorus:

Mary Mac's mother's makin' Mary Mac marry me,
My father's makin' me marry Mary Mac,
I'm goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care o' me;
We'll all be feelin' merry when I marry Mary Mac.

There is a little girl and her name is Mary Mac,
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm goin' to tak',
And a lot of other fellas, they would soon be on her track,
But I'm thinkin' that they'll have to get up early.

Chorus:

This little lass she has got a lot of class,
She's got a lot of brass, and her father thinks I'm gas,
And I'd be a silly ass for to let the matter pass,
Her father thinks I'm goin' with her fairly.

Chorus:

Now Mary and her mother go an awful lot together,
In fact, you hardly ever see the one without the other,
And people wonder whether it is Mary or her mother
Or the pair o' them together that I'm courtin'.

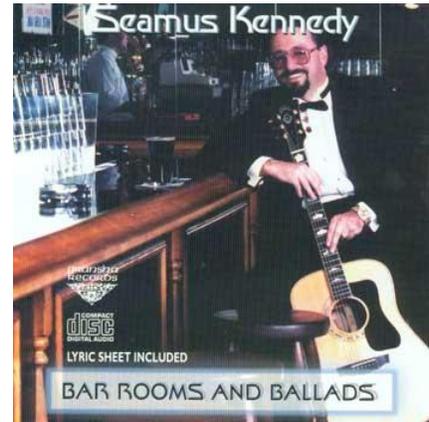
Chorus:

The wedding's on a Wednesday, and everything's arranged,
Soon I'm going to be her man unless her mind is changed,
With makin' the arrangements I'm just about deranged,
Marriage is an awful undertakin'.

Chorus:

It's going to be a grand affair, grander than a fair,
There's goin' to be a coach and pair for every pair that's there,
The eatin' will be great and I'll be sure to get my share,
If I don't, well I'll be very much mistaken.

Chorus:



Yuppidee-Doo-Dah *(Kevin Brown)*

Yuppidee-doo-dah, yuppidee-ay, my oh my, what a yuppidee day,
Plenty of money flowing our way, yuppidee-doo-dah, yuppidee-ay.

Gucci bag upon my shoulder, we're hip, we're trendy,
We've got names like Biff and Wendy;
Tennis and sailing, polo, croquet, yuppidee-doo-dah, yuppidee-ay.

Mr. Weejun on my loafer, we're chic, not trashy,
L.L. Bean and Laura Ashley;
Bloomies and Woodies, K-Mart no way, yuppidee-doo-dah, yuppidee-ay.

We've got Chablis, got Brie, got breeding,
George Bush, we love ya, one Volvo and B.M.W.
Yuppidee-doo-dah, yuppidee-ay, upwardly mobile and heading your way.

Belfast Mills *(Si Kahn/Copyright Mgt., addt'l verses S. Kennedy)*

At the east end of our town, at the foot of the hill,
There's a chimney so tall that reads "Belfast Mill"
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack,
For the mill has closed down, and it's never coming back.

Belfast is a city built on factory and mill,
Though her heart has been broken, she is a mill-town still.
The Catholic, the Protestant, we all could work the flax,
And we clothed the world in linen from beneath those old smoke stacks.

Chorus:

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind,
As she moans through the town, "weave and spin, weave and spin."

Clonard, Rosses', Greeveses', the great mills are no more,
The Pound and the Milewater, have shut down and closed their doors;
There are no children playing in the wee, dark narrow streets,
Now the mills have all closed, it's so quiet I can't sleep.

I was a hackler in Campbell's, 'twas the only job I know,
So what will I do now, tell me where will I go.
I'm too old to learn new work, but I'm too young to die,
So we'll just live off our pensions, my dear old girl and I.

Chorus:

Now the doffers are all gone, no weavers at their looms,
The singing of the spinners is an echo from a tomb;
No more laughing women going home with their friends,
No more we'll hear the doffing mistress cry "lay up your ends!"

Hacklers, tenters, band-tiers -- workers from the past,
Warpers, winders, reelers, spreaders, nothing ever lasts.
Work is here for a day or two, then the next day it is gone,
So you do you job as best you can, and the world goes on and on.

Chorus:

The Three Minute Hamlet *(Adam McNaughtan/MCPS)*

There was a king nodding in his garden all alone,
When his brother in his ear poured a little bit of henbane,
Stole his brother's crown, and his money and his widow,
But the dead king walked and got his son, and said "Now listen, kiddo..."

"I've been killed and it's your duty to take revenge on Claudius;
"Kill him quick and clean, and tell the nation what a fraud he is."
The kid says, "Right, I'll do it, but I'll have to play it crafty;
"So that no-one will suspect me, I'll let on that I'm a daftie."

So for all except Horatio, and he counts him as a friend,
Hamlet - that's the kid - let's on he's round the bend,
And because he's not yet willing for obligatory killing,
He tries to make his uncle think he's tuppence off the shilling.

Takes a rise out of Polonius, treats poor Ophelia vile,
Tells Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that Denmark's bloody bile;
Then a troupe of travelling actors, like Seven Eighty Four,
Arrive to do a special one-night gig at Elsinore.

Hamlet, Hamlet, acting balmy; Hamlet, Hamlet, loves his mommy,
Hamlet, Hamlet, hesitating; he wonders if the ghost's a fake,
And that is why he's waiting.

So Hamlet writes a scene for the players to enact,
So Horatio and he could watch and see if Claudius cracked.
The play was called "The Mousetrap," not the one that's running now,
And sure enough, the king walked out before the scene was through.

Now Hamlet's got to prove his uncle gave the dose,
The only trouble being now that Claudius knows he knows,
So while Hamlet tells his mother her new husband's not a fit man,
Uncle Claude takes out a contract with the English king as hit-man.

And when Hamlet killed Polonius, and hid corpus delecti,
"Twas the king's excuse to send him for an English hempen neck-tie
With Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to make quite sure he got there,
But Hamlet jumped the boat, and put the finger straight on that pair.

When Laertes heard his dad's killed in the bedroom of the Arras,
He came running back to Elsinore toute-suite, hot-foot from Paris.
And Ophelia, with her dad killed by the man she was to marry,
After saying it with flowers, she committed hari-kari.

Hamlet, Hamlet, no messin', Hamlet, Hamlet, learned his lesson,
Hamlet, Hamlet, Yorick's trust, convinced him all men good or bad,
At last must come to dust.

Then Laertes lost his cool and was demanding retributions,
The king says "Keep your head and I'll supply you with solutions."
So he arranged a sword-fight for the interested parties,
With a blunted sword for Hamlet, and a sharp one for Laertes.

And to make double-sure the old belt-and-brace was lined,
He arranged a poisoned sword-tip and a poisoned cup of wine.
The poisoned sword got Hamlet, but Laertes went and fluffed it,
"Cause he got stabbed himself and he confessed before he snuffed it.

Then Hamlet's Mommy drank the wine, and as her face turned blue,
Hamlet said "I think this king is a baddie through and through."
Well, "Incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane," he said to be precise,
And made up for hesitating once by killing Claudius twice.
'Cause he stabbed him with his knife, and forced the wine between his lips,
Then he said "The rest is silence," and he cashed in all his chips.
Then they fired a volley over him that shook the topmost rafter,
And Fortinbras, knee-deep in Danes, lived happy ever after.

Hamlet, Hamlet, end of story, Hamlet, Hamlet, very gory,
Hamlet, Hamlet, I'm on my way,
And if you think that was confusing, you should read the bloody play.

Scotland the Brave *(Cliff Hanley)*

Hark when the night is falling, hear, hear, the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling down thro' the glen;
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the old highland men.

Chorus:

Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
Lang 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 highlands, out by the purple islands,
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.

Chorus:

Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain,
Where tropic skies are beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again.

Chorus:

Kilkelly *(Peter Jones)*

Kilkelly, Ireland 18 & 60, my dear and loving son John
Your good friend the schoolmaster, Pat McNamara's
So good as to write these words down.
Your brothers have all gone to find work in England,
The house is so empty and sad.
The crop of potatoes is sorely infected,
A third to a half of them bad;
And your sister Bridget and Patrick O'Donnell
Are going to be married in June.
Your mother says not to work on the railroad,
And be sure and come on home soon.

Kilkelly, Ireland 18 & 70, dear and loving son John,
Hello to your missus and to your four children,
May they grow healthy and strong.
Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble,
I think that he never will learn.
Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak of,
And now we have nothing to burn.
And Bridget is happy you named a child for her,
You know she's got six of her own;
You say you've found work, but you don't say what kind,
Oh, when will you be coming home?

Kilkelly, Ireland 18 & 80, dear sons, Michael and John,
I'm sorry to give you the very sad news
That your dear old mother passed on.
We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly,
Your brothers and Bridget were there;
You don't have to worry, she died very quickly,
Remember her in your prayers.
And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning,
With money he's sure to buy land.
For the crops have been poor, and the people are selling
At any price that they can.

Kilkelly, Ireland 18 & 90, my dear and loving son John,
I guess that I must be close on to eighty,
It's thirty years since you've gone.
Because of all the money you sent me,
I'm still living out on my own;
Michael has built himself a fine house,
And Bridget's daughters are grown.
And thank you for sending your family picture,
They're lovely young women and men.
You say you might even come home for a visit,
Oh, what joy to see you again!

Kilkelly, Ireland 18 & 92, my dear brother John.
I'm sorry I didn't write sooner to tell you
That father passed on. He'd been living with Bridget,
She says he was healthy and cheerful right down to the end.
Ah, you should have seen him play with the grandchildren

Of Pat McNamara, your friend.
And we buried him alongside of mother, down in the Kilkelly churchyard.
He was a strong and a feisty old man, considering his life was so hard.
And it's funny the way he kept asking for you,
And calling your name at the end,
Why don't you think about coming to visit, we'd all love to see you again.

Mom's Lullaby *(Mike Barrett)*

Go to bed, go to sleep, I've had enough of your bullshit,
Close your eyes you little monster, or I'll blister your behind;
I'll explain, you're a pain when you're tired and cranky,
I get cranky sometimes, too, like when I'm sick and tired of you.
No, you can't have a drink, no I won't read you one more story,
I've had it up to here, I could use a drink myself.

Pampers and potties and runny red noses,
Babies are seldom a bed full of roses,
Whining and crying and carrying on,
This is what sucks about being a Mom.
Babies are cute but it's just when they're sleeping,
New Moms don't realize soon they'll be keeping
Hours that Dracula couldn't live on,
This is what sucks about being a Mom.

When a toy breaks, when your back aches,
When you're feeling down...
Real Moms aren't depressed when they see a big mess,
They just know that a child's around.

Let me go to the bathroom...all alone,
Let me watch some T.V. or talk on the telephone.
I hate Ernie and Bert, and Rainbow Brite,
I'm sick to death of the Smurfs,
So give me a break tonight.

I know how much you love me, and you know how much I love you, too,
But really!
Please my darling daughter, won't you go and bug your father,
I don't want you near me.
Let me sit down to eat, let me rest awhile,
I don't know if my feet could last through another child.
Living with a kid like you's like being keeper of a zoo,
You should be in a cage.

The Garden Song *(David Mallett)*

Chorus:

Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow,
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fertile ground,
Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow,
Someone warm them from below, till the rains come tumbling down.

Plant your rows straight and long, temper them with prayer and song,
Mother Earth will make them strong if you give them loving care;
Old crow watching hungrily from his perch in yonder tree,
In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there.

Chorus:

Pulling weeds, picking stones, man is made of dreams and bones,
Feel the need to grow my own for the time is close at hand,
Grain for grain, sun and rain, make my way in nature's chain,
Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land.

Chorus:

Lord of the Dance *(Sydney Carter)*

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
I danced in the moon, the stars and the sun;
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus: Dance, Dance, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance said he,
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced for the Scribe and the Pharisee;
They wouldn't dance and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen James and John,
They came with me and the dance went on.

Chorus:

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy men they said it was a shame;
They whipped me, stripped me, hung me high
And left me up on the cross to die

Chorus:

I danced on the Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
But I am the life and the dance goes on.

Chorus:

They cut me down, I leapt up high.
I am the light that will never, never die.
I live in you, if you live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he

Chorus:

A Place in the Choir *(Bill Staines/Mineral River Music)*

Chorus:

All god's critters got a place in the choir,
Some sing low, some sing higher,
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire,
Some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got now.

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom,
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big ta-doo,
And the old cow just goes moo!

Chorus:

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
While the honey bee hums and the cricket fiddles,
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old coyote howls.

Chorus:

Listen to the top where the little birds sing
On the melody with the high notes ringin'
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jaybird disagrees.

Chorus:

Singin' in the nighttime, singin' in the day,
The little duck quacks then he's on his way,
The possum ain't got much to say,
And the porcupine talks to himself.

Chorus:

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere,
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

Chorus:

If Wishes Were Horses *(R. O'Connell/Slievenamon Music)*

I started painting pictures just to pass away the time;
Then you sang a song for me and I knew our thoughts would rhyme;
But the pictures are all faded now, and I'm singing a lonesome song;
'Cause you touched me much too deeply and I know I can't stay long.

Chorus:

But if wishes were horses, then beggars would ride,
I would always be with you,
Always here by your side I would stay,
And I'd never go away.

The rain is softly falling, and the leaves are on the ground;
There's a cold wind blowing, and the winter's coming down;
Soon I will be leaving you though my heart will stay behind;
My thoughts will all belong to you, you'll be always on my mind.

Chorus:

The snow is gently falling, and the skies are cold and gray;
I keep thinking now if only I could stay another day;
But the pictures are forgotten, and the songs have passed us by;
There are only dreams and memories and time to say goodbye.

Chorus:

The Scottish Soldier *(Andy Stewart/G.Rossini)*

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away, and soldiered far away,
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulders,
He'd fought in many a fray, and fought and won.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious;
Now he's sighing, his heart is crying to leave
To leave those green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

Because those green hills are not Highland hills,
Nor the Island hills, they're not my land's hills,
And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
They are not the hills of home.

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Who wandered far away, and soldiered far away,
Sees leaves are falling, and death is calling,
And he will fade away in that far land.
He's called his piper, his trusty piper,
And bade him sound a lay, a pibroch sad to play,
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside,
Not on those green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

And now the soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Will wander far no more, and soldier far no more,

And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside,
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story,
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious;
He is at peace now, the bugles cease now,
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

Christmas in the Trenches *(John McCutcheon)*

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool;
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school;
To Belgium and to Flanders, then to Germany to here,
I fought for King and Country I loved dear.

It was Christmas in the trenches, where a frost so bitter hung,
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas songs were sung.
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,
Their brave and glorious sons so far away.

I was lying with my mess-mates on the cold and rocky ground,
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.
"Now listen up me lads," says I, and each soldier strained to hear,
As one young German voice sang out so clear.

"He's singing bloody well, you know," my comrade said to me.
Then one by one each German voice was joined in harmony;
The cannons they were silent and the gas clouds rolled no more,
As Christmas brought us rest from the war.

As soon as they had finished and a reverent pause was spent,
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," struck up some lads from Kent.
The next they sang was "Stille Nacht," "That's 'Silent Night'," says I,
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.

"There's someone coming towards us," our front-line sentry cried.
All sights were trained on one lone figure trudging from their side;
His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright,
As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night.

Then one by one from either side walked into no man's land;
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave them hell.

We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs from home,
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.
Young Saunders played his squeeze-box and they had a violin,
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more;
With sad farewell we each began to settle back to war,

But the question haunted every heart who lived that wondrous night,
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"

It was Christmas in the trenches where a frost so bitter hung;
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung;
But the walls they'd raised between us, to exact the work of war,
Had been tumbled and were gone forever more.

My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell,
Each Christmas come since World War I, I've learned its lessons well,
That the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame,
And on each end of the rifles we're the same.

How the Yodel was Born *(Douglas B. Green/ Songs Of The Sage)*

When you hear a cowboy yodeling his song of open range,
Your heart leaps up to hear his stirring tale,
But did you ever wonder at the end of his refrain,
Why his voice leaps in a mournful wail?
The story as was told to me was handed down thro' history,
Of a singing cowboy brave enough to try
To ride the meanest old cayuse, it bucked him off right at the chute
And left him spinning 'way up in the sky.
The bronco jumped up, the cowboy came down,
They met at the old saddlehorn;
It made a deep impression, you could say it changed his life,
And that's how the yodel was born!

Yodel! Yodel!