

Lyrics – Favorite Selections

Newry Highwayman *(Trad.)*

In Newry town I was bred and born,
 In Stephen's Green now I die in scorn.
 I served my time to the saddling trade,
 But I turned out to be (TWICE) a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,
 I loved her dearly as I loved my life;
 And for to keep her in fine array,
 I went a-robbing (TWICE) on the King's highway.

I never robbed any poor man yet,
 Nor any tradesman did I beset;
 I robbed both lords and the ladies bright,
 And brought their jewels (TWICE) to my heart's delight.

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,
 And Lady Mansel, in Grosvenor Square;
 I shut the shutters, and bade them good night,
 And home I went then (TWICE) to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I made my way,
 With my dear wife for to see the play;
 Lord Fielding's gang they did me pursue,
 And I was taken (TWICE) by that cursed crew.

My father cried, "O, my darling son."
 My wife she wept and sighed, "I am undone."
 My mother tore her white locks and cried,
 Saying, "In the cradle (TWICE) he should have died."

And when I'm dead and in my grave,
 A flashy funeral pray let me have;
 With six bold highwaymen to carry me,
 Give them good broadswords (TWICE) and sweet liberty.

Six pretty maidens to bear my Pall,
 Give them white garlands and ribbons all.
 And when I'm dead they will speak the truth,
 He was a wild and (TWICE) a wicked youth.



The Fields of Athenry *(P. St. JOHN, EMMA/SAINT)*

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling,
 "Michael, they are sending you away,
 "For you stole Trevelyan's corn, that 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;
 O our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing
 And it's lonely round the Fields of Athenry.

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

Chorus:

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling,
 As the prison-ship sailed out against the sky,
 But she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay,
 And it's lonely round the Fields of Athenry.

Chorus and repeat last line: So lonely round the Fields, etc..

Mormond Braes *(Trad.)*

As I came in by Strachan toon I heard a fair maid mournin',
 She was makin' sair complaint for her true love ne'er returnin'.

Chorus: Fare ye well ye Mormond Braes, where oft time I've been cheery,
 Fare ye well ye Mormond Braes, for it's there I lost my dearie.

There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were taken,
 I'll cast my net and try again for I'm only once forsaken.

There's many a horse has slipped and fell and risen again fu' rarely,
 Many a lass has lost her lad and gotten another right early.

Chorus:

So I'll put on my gown o' green, it's a forsaken token,
 And that will let the young lads know that the bonds of love are broken.

And I'll gang back to Strachan toon where I was bred and born in,
 There I'll get another young man to marry me in the mornin'.

Chorus:

The Rose Of Allendale *(Trad.)*

The morn was fair, the sky was clear,
 No breath came over the sea,
 When Mary left her highland home
 And wandered forth with me.
 The flowers bedecked the mountainside,
 Their fragrance filled the vale,
 But by far the sweetest flower there
 Was the Rose of Allendale.

Chorus: Twas the Rose of Allendale,
 Twas the Rose of Allendale.
 (Repeat last 2 lines of verse)

Where'er I wandered East or West,
 When fate began to low'r,
 A solace still to me was she
 In sorrow's lonely hour.
 When tempest flashed our gallant barque
 Had rent her quivering sail,
 One maiden's form withstood the storm
 'Twas the Rose of Allendale

Chorus:

And when my fevered lips were parched
 On Afric's burning sands
 She whispered hopes of happiness,
 And tales of distant lands
 My life had been a wilderness
 Unblessed by fortune's gale,
 Had Fate not linked my love with hers -
 The Rose of Allendale.

Chorus:

I Know My Love *(Trad.)*

I know my love by his way of walking,
 And I know my love by his way of talking,
 And I know my love in his jersey blue,
 And if my love leaves me what will I do?

Chorus: And still she cried: "I love him the best,
 And a troubled mind sure can know no rest,"
 And still she cried: "Bonny boys are few,
 And if my love leaves me what will I do?"

There is a dance-hall in Mardyke,
 And it's there my love goes every night,
 And he takes a strange girl upon his knee,
 And don't you know it vexes me?

Chorus:

If my love knew I could wash and wring,
 If my love knew I could weave and spin,
 I'd make for him a suit all of the finest kind,
 But the want of money leaves me far behind.

Chorus:

I know my love is an arrant rover,
 And I know my love roams the wide world over;
 In some foreign town he will surely tarry,
 And a foreign damsel he will surely marry.

Chorus:

The Bold Fenian Men *(M. Scanlan)*

See who comes over the red-blossomed heather
 Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air.
 Heads erect, eyes in front, proudly stepping together,
 Sure freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there.
 Down the hill twining, their blessed steel shining,
 Like rivers of beauty that flow from each glen;
 From mountain and valley, 'tis liberty's rally,
 Out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men!

Our prayers and our tears they have scoffed and derided,
 They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind.
 Our foes were united and we were divided,
 We met and they scattered our ranks to the wind.
 But once more returning, within our veins burning
 The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen,
 We'll raise the old cry anew, slogan of Conn and Hugh,
 Out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men!

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon,
 Let the tyrant come forth we'll bring force against force;
 Our pen is the sword, and our voice is the cannon,
 Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.
 We've made the false Saxon yield on many a red battlefield,
 God on our side we will triumph again.
 Pay them back woe for woe, give them back blow for blow,
 Out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men!

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled
 When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave,
 In many a field where the leaden hail rattled
 Through the red gap of glory, they marched to their grave.
 And those who inherit their name and their spirit
 Will march 'neath the banners of liberty then.
 All who love foreign law, native or Sassenach,
 Must out and make way for the Bold Fenian Men

Farewell to Sicily (*H.S. Roberson/H. Henderson*)

Now the piper is drowsy, his pipes laid away;
 And he won't be around for his vino today;
 And the sky o'er Messina is heavy and gray,
 And all the poor soldiers are weary.

Chorus:

Farewell, ye banks of Sicily,
 Fare ye well, ye valleys and shores,
 There's no' a Scot will mourn the loss o' ye,
 And all the poor soldiers are weary.

Now the drummer is dressed up all handsome and tall;
 His drums and his gear are laid out by the wall;
 He's dressed himself up for his photo and all,
 To leave with his Lola, his dearie.

Chorus:

Then tune your pipes and sound your tenor-drum,
 Gather your kit to one side of the wall;
 Then tune your pipes and sound your tenor-drum,
 And all the poor soldiers are weary.

Chorus:

Then down to the pier, and line the waterside,
 Wait your turn, the ferry's awa';
 Then down to the pier, and line the waterside,
 And all the poor soldiers are weary.

Chorus:

Bonny Kellswater (*Trad.*)

Chorus:

Here's a health unto you bonny Kellswater,
 For it's there you'll find the pleasures of life,
 And it's there you'll find the fishin' and the fowlin',
 And a bonny wee girl for your wife.

On the hills and the glens and low valleys,
 Grows the softest of linen so fine,
 And the flowers are all droopin' with honey,
 There lives Martha, a true love of mine

Lovely Martha, you're the first girl I courted,
 You're the one put my heart in a snare,
 And if ever I should lose you to another,
 I will leave my Kellswater so fair.

Chorus:

For this one and that one may court her,
 But no other can take her from me,
 For I love her as I love my Kellswater,
 As the primrose is loved by the bee.

Some say the Kellswater runs muddy,
 But I know that it always runs clear.
 As I sit here alone in my study,
 I dream of Martha and them that's not here.

Chorus:

The Star of the County Down *(C. MacGarvey)*

Near Banbridge town in the County Down,
 One morning last July,
 Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen,
 And she smiled as she passed me by.
 She looked so neat from her two bare feet,
 To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
 Such a winsome elf I had to pinch myself
 To make sure I was really there.

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
 And from Galway to Dublin Town,
 No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
 That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head
 And I gazed with a feelin' quare,
 And I said, says I to a passerby,
 "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
 Oh, he smiled at me and with pride says he,
 "That's the gem of old Ireland's crown,
 Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
 She's the Star of the County Down."

Chorus:

I've travelled a bit but never was hit
 Since my rovin' career began,
 But fair and square I surrendered there
 To the charms of young Rose McCann.
 With a heart to let, and no tenant yet
 Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
 But in she went and I asked no rent
 From the Star of the County Down.

Chorus:

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there,
 And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
 And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludherin' lies
 On the heart of the nut-brown rose.
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,

Though my plough with rust turns brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the Star of the County Down.

Chorus:

La Vie En Rose *(Edith Piaf)*

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens,
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,
Voilà le portrait sans retouche,
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens.

Refrain:

Quand il me prend dans ses bras,
Qu'il me parle tout bas,
Je vois la vie en rose.
Il me dit des mots d'amour,
Des mots de tous les jours,
Et ça m' fait quelque chose,
Il est entré dans mon coeur,
Il n'est pas de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie,
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie..
Et dès que je l'aperçois, alors je sens en moi
Le coeur qui bat.

Des nuits d'amour a plus finir
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place;
Des ennuis, des chagrins s'effacent
Heureux, heureux, a en mourir.

Refrain:

As above, except for:
C'est toi pour moi, moi pour toi, dans la vie,

Air-Fa-La-La-Lo *(H. S. Roberson)*

Chorus:

Air fa-la-la-lo horo, air fa-la-la-lay;
Air fa-la-la-lo horo, air fa-la-la-lay;
Air fa-la-la-lo horo, air fa-la-la-lay;
Fa-lee fa-lo horo, air fa-la-la-lay.

The song that I sing's a song of laughter and love,
There's a tang off the sea and blue from heaven above.
Of reason there's none and why should there be forbye,
With fire in the blood and toe and a light in the eye?

Chorus:

The heather's ablaze with bloom and myrtle is sweet,
 There's a song in the air, the road's a song at our feet;
 So step it along as free as a bird on the wing,
 And while we are stepping let's join our voices and sing.

Chorus:

And whether the blood be highland, lowland or no;
 And whether the skin be white or black as a sloe;
 Of kith and of kin we are one, be it right be it wrong,
 As long as our hearts beat true to the lilt of a song.

Chorus:

My Lagan Love *(Trad.)*

Where Lagan stream sing lullabye, there grows a lily fair.
 The twilight gleam is in her eye, the night is on her hair.
 And like a lovesick lennan shee, * she has my heart in thrall,
 Nor life I own nor liberty, for love is lord of all.

* Lennan shee - Fairy child.

And often when the beetle's drone hath lulled the eve to sleep,
 I steal unto her sheelin lone, and through the half-door peep.
 There, on the cricket's singing-stone, she stirs the bogwood fire,
 And sings in sad sweet undertone the song of heart's desire.

Belfast Town *(Davy Scott)*

We've barricades and gelignite, and gunmen walk the street,
 We've CS gas imported for the hungry kids to eat,
 Our town's an ould sandcastle mow, and waves begin to pound,
 And I'll tell you John, I've oft times longed to leave ould Belfast town.

O Belfast is a city where decent men are few,
 Where guns and drums have mesmerized the working-man, it's true,
 Where democracy means hypocrisy and corruption does abound,
 And I'll tell you John, I've oft times longed to leave ould Belfast town.

For long we've been exploited and often I've asked why,
 That men without compunction were allowed to bleed us dry,
 In many a filthy tenement, in districts falling down
 And I'll tell you John, I've oft times longed to leave ould Belfast town.

Our minds are filled with poison, and I fear it is too late,
 To wipe our walls of malice and the words that speak of hate,
 For freedom has been banished now, and honest men put down,
 And I'll tell you John, I've oft times longed to leave ould Belfast town.

Well now John, you've been and gone around the world to see,
 And have you found a country where the working-man is free,
 Where there are no grasping landlords nor forces of the crown,
 Ah, tell me John, and I'll be gone far from ould Belfast town.

Flower of Scotland *(R. Williamson)*

O Flower of Scotland, when will we see your like again,
That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen?
And stood against them, proud Edward's army,
And sent them homewards to think again.

The hills are bare now and autumn leaves lie thick and still
On a land that is lost now which those so dearly held,
That stood against them, proud Edward's army,
And sent them homewards to think again.

Those days are gone now, and in the past they must remain,
But we can still rise now and be the nation again
That stood against them, proud Edward's army,
And sent them homewards to think again

Repeat First Verse.

There Were Roses *(Tommy Sands/Elm Grove Music)*

My song for you this evening is not to make you sad,
Or for adding to your sorrows in this troubled Northern land,
But lately I've been thinking and it just won't leave my mind,
I'll tell you of two friends one time who were both good friends of mine.
Alan Bell from Benagh came from just across the fields,
He was a great man for the music, for the dancing and the reels;
O'Malley came from South Armagh to court young Alice fair,
And we'd often meet on the Ryan Road and laughter filled the air.

Chorus: There were roses, roses, and the tears of the people ran together.

O Alan he was Protestant, and John was Catholic born,
But it never made a difference for their friendship it was strong;
And sometimes in the evening when we heard the sound of drums,
We said it won't divide us, we will always be as one.
For the ground our fathers ploughed in, the soil it is the same,
And the places where we say our prayers have just got different names;
We talked about the friends who died and hoped there'd be no more;
It's little then we realized the tragedy in store.

Chorus:

It was on a Sunday morning when the awful news came round,
Another killing had been done just outside Newry town.
Well, we knew that Alan danced up there, we knew he liked the band,
But when we heard that he was dead, we just could not understand.
We gathered at the graveside on a cold and rainy day,
And the minister he closed his eyes and prayed for no revenge.
And all the ones who knew him from along the Ryan Road,
They bowed their heads and said a prayer for the resting of his soul.

Chorus:

Well, fear it filled the countryside, there was fear in every home
 When the car of death came crawling round the lonely Ryan Road.
 "A Catholic will be killed tonight to even up the score."
 O Christ, it's young O'Malley that they've taken from the door.
 "Alan was my friend!" he cried. He begged them in his fear.
 But centuries of hatred have ears that cannot hear.
 "An eye for an eye." was all that filled their minds,
 And another eye for another eye, till everyone is blind.

Chorus:

I don't know where the moral is, or when this song should end,
 But I wonder just how many wars are fought between good friends.
 And those who give the orders, they're not the ones to die,
 It's Bell and O'Malley, and the likes of you and I.

Chorus:

My Love is Like a Red Red Rose

(Robert Burns)

My love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June,
 My love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune.
 As fair art thou my bonny lass, so deep in love am I,
 And I will love thee still my dear, till all the seas gang dry.
 Till all the seas gang dry my dear, till all the seas gang dry,
 And I will love thee still my dear, till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun,
 O I will love thee still my dear while the sands o' life shall run.
 Then fare thee weel my only love, then fare thee weel a while,
 And I will come again my love tho' it were ten thousand mile.
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile,
 And I will come again my love, tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Sound the Pibroch

(N. MacLeod.)

Sound the pibroch loud on high,
 From John o' Groats to the Isle o' Skye.
 Let all the clans their slogans cry:
 "Rise and follow Charlie!"

See! A small devoted band
 By dark Loch Sheil have made their stand.
 They vowed to fight wi' heart and hand,
 To fight or die for Charlie!

Chorus: Hatcheen foem, foem, foem,
 Hatcheen foem, foem, foem,
 Hatcheen foem, foem, foem,
 Rise and follow Charlie!

Frae every hill and every glen,
 Are gathering fast the loyal men,

They grasp their dirks and cry again:
"Hurrah for royal Charlie!"

On dark Culloden's field of gore,
Hark, hark! They shout: "Claymore! Claymore!"
They bravely fought, who can do more
Than die for royal Charlie?

Chorus:

No more we'll see such deeds again;
Deserted is each highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who died for royal Charlie.

Now on the barren heath they lie;
Their funeral dirge the eagles cry.
The mountain breezes round them sigh
Who died for royal Charlie.

Chorus:

Bheir Me O (*Trad.*) (*VER MAY OH*)

Chorus:

*Ver may oh, oh row van oh, Ver may oh, oh row van ee
Ver may oh, row oh, oh; ta may bronock iss too imyee.*

Iss shummy eeha fluck iss foor, hug may coort is may lum hane,
Naw guh rawnig may sun atch, mara row gra gal muh cree.

Chorus:

Ih muh clarsnock nee row kyole, ih muh veoriv nee row bree;
Naw gur looig too duh roon, iss foor may olis air muh gown.

Chorus:

Róisín, My Róisín (*S. & F. O'Meara/Hurley Music*)

It's a long time now since first we met when I was but a child;
I felt you were just mine alone for I loved you all the while.
In those days when I was O so young I could not understand
Why so many others loved you too and tried to take your hand.

Chorus: Oh Róisín, my Róisín, I know you know just what I mean,
And I feel love and sadness when I think of you Róisín.

And down the years in words and song, your lovers reminisced;
We dreamed our old familiar dreams of the Lady in the Mist.
Yet still today we will not ask what you want us to do;
Why do we hurt the ones we love and claim to love you too?

Chorus:

Oh the years pass by as I grow old, but you remain still young.
There's one regret within my heart that we never were as one.

But one thing I can say for sure in all your future days,
You'll know the pain of love because we love in different ways.

Chorus:

Leave Her Johnny Leave Her *(Trad.)*

Oh I thought I heard the old man say,
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
"It's a long hard pull to the next pay day,
"And it's time for us to leave her."

Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Oh, the voyage is done
And the winds won't blow,
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate was worse,
Leave her, etc.
He'd blow you down with a spike and a curse;
And it's time, etc.

Chorus:

Oh, pull you lubbers or you'll get no pay,
Leave her, etc.
Oh, pull you lubbers, and then belay;
And it's time, etc.

Chorus: And repeat first verse and chorus