

## Lyrics – Ireland's 32 – Volume 2

### Farewell To Carlingford *(Tommy Makem ©1968-Tin Whistle Music – Key of G)*

G   C   G   C   D  
 When I was young and in my prime, and could wander wild and free,  
G   C   G   Em   G   D  
 There was always a longing in my mind to follow the call of the sea.

#### Chorus:

G   C   G   D  
 So I'll sing farewell to Carlingford, and farewell to Greenore,  
G   C   G   C   D  
 And I'll think of you both day and night, until I return once more,  
C   D   G  
 Until I return once more.

G   C   G   C   D  
 On all of the stormy seven seas, I have sailed before the mast,  
G   C   G   Em   G   D  
 And on every voyage I ever made, I swore it would be my last.

#### Chorus:

G   C   G   C   D  
 I had a girl called Mary Doyle, and she lived in Greenore,  
G   C   G   Em   G   D  
 And the foremost thought that was in her mind was to keep me safe on shore.

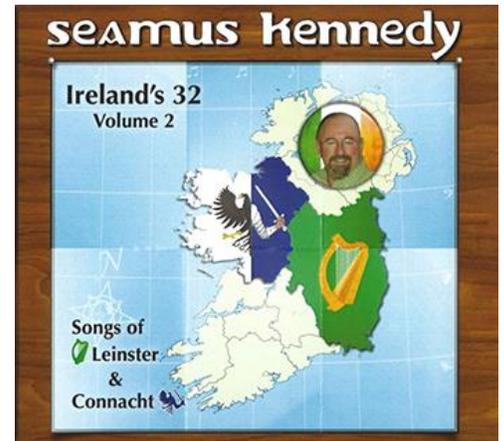
#### Chorus:

G   C   G   C   D  
 Now the landsman's life is all his own, he can go or he can stay,  
G   C   G   Em   G   D  
 But when the sea gets in your blood, when she calls you must obey.

#### Chorus

### Avondale *(A song about Charles Stewart Parnell – Key of D)*

One D  
 Oh have you been to Avondale,  
G   Em   A7  
 And lingered in her lovely vale,



D            G            D  
 Where tall trees whisper low the tale,  
G/A7                      C/D  
 Of Avondale's proud eagle.

D  
 Where pride and ancient glory fade,  
G            Em            A7  
 Such was the land where he was laid,  
D                      G            D  
 Like Christ was thirty pieces paid,  
G/A7                      C/D  
 For Avondale's proud eagle,

D  
 Long years that green and lovely vale,  
G            Em            A7  
 Has nursed Parnell, her grandest Gael,  
D                      G            D  
 And cursed the land that has betrayed,  
G/A7                      C/D  
 Fair Avondale's proud eagle.

### Fall Down Billy O'Shae *(Traditional Shanty)*

1. Oh, we all got drunk in Dublin City.  
 Fall down, me Billy.  
 We all got drunk and more's the pity!  
 Oh, it's fall down, Billy O'Shea.

#### **Chorus:**

Fall down, fall down,  
 Fall down, me Billy.  
 Were bound away for Americay.  
 Oh, it's fall down, Billy O'Shea.

2. We fell down drunk on Rogerson's Quay, Fall down...  
 And when we awoke, we were all at sea. Fall down...

3. The captain's name was Michael Flynn, Fall down...  
 A devil with a belayin' pin. Fall down...

4. Oh, we're not sailors, Captain dear. Fall down...  
 And we don't know how to reef or steer. Fall down...

5. The captain said, "I've a cure for that,      Fall down...  
And here for a start is a dose of the cat."      Fall down...

6. So we swung him up to the top'sl yard.      Fall down...  
When hit the deck he hit it hard.      Fall down...

7. And we wrapped him up in a canvas sail,      Fall down...  
And lowered him gently o'er the rail.      Fall down...

8. Over the side and down he goes,      Fall down...  
To Davy Jones with a stitch through his nose.      Fall down...

9. Oh, I thought I heard the old man say:      Fall down...  
"We're bound away for Americay."      Fall down...

10. Farewell, farewell, Farewell, me Billy,  
We're bound away for Americay. Farewell, Billy O'Shea.

### Back Home to Athenry *(Lyrics: Patrick Moriarty; Music: Joseph Bly © 2012 – Key of C)*

When Michael he was taken from his home in Athenry,  
His last words to Mary spoken were, "My true love, please don't cry.  
"Though I am now a pris'ner, in my heart I'm always free;  
"And there are no chains of bondage can restrain a man like me."

#### First Chorus:

"So Mary, walk the boreens through the Fields of Athenry,  
And keep our love strong in your heart, 'til I'm with you by and by."

The years passed and one evening, as the sun set in the bay,  
Through the fields went Mary walking, when she heard a neighbor say,  
"Go quickly now, young Mary, to that spot down by the shore,  
Where you spent time with Michael in the happy days of yore."

So to the cottage Mary ran, where she grabbed her young son's hand;

With tear-filled eyes and pounding heart, they raced across the sand;  
 There, praised be God, before them standing where the tide was high,  
 Was her loving husband Michael, home again in Athenry.

**Second Chorus:**

By day she'd walk the boreens, and by night she'd always cry,  
 And pray he'd keep his promise to come back to Athenry.

He hugged them both and kissed them, but said "We must make haste,  
 "There's a boat out in the breakers, not a moment can we waste.  
 "We're heading o'er to Queenstown which is the Cobh of Cork;  
 "There a sailing ship will take us to the City of New York."

**Second Chorus:**

By day she'd walk the boreens, and by night she'd always cry,  
 And pray he'd keep his promise to come back to Athenry.

**Last Chorus:**

She'll no longer walk the boreens, and at night no more will cry,  
 For he kept his sacred promise, and came back to Athenry.

### In Praise Of The City of Mullingar *(William John Macquorn Rankine - Key of D)*

Ye may strain your muscles to brag of Brussels,  
 Of London, Paris or Timbuktu;  
 Constantinople, or Sebastopol,

A                      D  
 Vienna, Naples or Tong Taboo.  
G                      Em  
 Of Copenhagen, Madrid, Kilbeggan,  
A  
 Or the capital of the Russian Czar;  
D                      G  
 They're all inferior to the vast, superior  
A                      D  
 And gorgeous city of Mullingar.

That fair metropolis, so great and populous,  
 Adorns the regions of sweet Westmeath;  
 That fertile county which nature's bounty  
 Has richly gifted with bog and heath;  
 Those scenes so charming where snipes a-swariming  
 Attracting sportsmen from near and far,  
 Whoever wishes may catch fine fishes  
 In deep Lough Owel near Mullingar.

I could stray forever by Brosna's river,  
 And watch the sparkle of its water fall,  
 The swans a-swimming and lightly skimming  
 O'er the crystal bosom of the Royal Canal.  
 On Thursdays wander 'mid geese and ganders,  
 And hens and turkeys on many a car,  
 Exchanging pleasantry with the fine, bold peasantry  
 That throng the market of Mullingar.

The scenes inspire me and with rapture fire me  
 To sing of buildings both old and new,  
 The majestic court-house, the spacious workhouse,  
 The church and steeple which adorn the view;  
 The barracks airy for the military,  
 Where the brave repose from the toils of war,  
 Five schools, a nunnery, and a thriving tannery  
 In the gorgeous city of Mullingar.

The railway station with admiration  
 I next must mention in terms of praise,  
 Where trains a-rolling, their engines howling,  
 Strike each beholder with wild amaze;  
 And then, there's Main St., that broad and clean street,  
 With its rows of gas-lamps that shine so far,  
 I could give a lecture on the architecture  
 Of the gorgeous city of Mullingar.

And men of genius contemporaneous  
 They flock spontaneous to this favoured spot,

Where good society and a great variety  
 Of entertainment is still their lot;  
 The neighbouring quality for hospitality,  
 And conviviality unequalled are;  
 And from December until November,  
 You'll find diversion in Mullingar.

Now, in conclusion I make allusion  
 To the beauteous females that here abound,  
 Celestial creatures with lovely features,  
 And tapered ankles that skim the ground;  
 But this suspends me, the theme transcends me,  
 My muse's powers are too weak by far,  
 T'would take Catullus, likewise Tibullus,  
 To sing the praises of Mullingar.

### Bunclody *(Traditional – Key of G)*

G
D
G  
 Oh, were I at the Moss House where the birds do increase,  
D7
C
D7  
 At the foot of Mount Leinster or in some silent place,  
G
C
D7  
 By the streams of Bunclody where all pleasures do meet,  
G
D7
G  
 And all I would ask is one kiss from you, sweet.

G
D
G  
 Oh, the streams of Bunclody flow down to the sea,  
D7
C
D7  
 And the streams of Bunclody make sweet music to me,  
G
C
D7  
 And I'm drinking strong brandy at the height of good cheer,  
G
D7
G  
 Here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear.

G
D
G  
 Here's how my love slights me as you might understand,  
D7
C
D7  
 For she has a freehold and I have no land.  
G
C
D7  
 She has plenty of good things and a large store of gold,  
G
D7
G  
 And everything fitting, a house to uphold.

G
D
G  
 Now if I were a clerk and could write a fine hand,  
D7
C
D7  
 I'd write my love a letter that she might understand.  
G
C
D7

But I'm a young fellow who is wounded in love,  
 G D7 G  
 Once I dwelt near Bunclody, but now must remove.

G D G  
 So farewell to my father, and mother adieu;  
 D7 C D7  
 My sisters and brothers, farewell unto you;  
 G C D7  
 I am bound for America, my fortune to try,  
 G D7 G  
 When I think of Bunclody, sure I'm ready to die.

### Portlaoise Town (©Johnny Brady – Key of D)

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D G D  
 Oh, well does she remember September 'fifty three,  
 G D A  
 When her husband Pat of just three years sailed out across the sea;  
 D G D  
 To work was his intention, to send a few bob home,  
 G D A D  
 So his wife and son could pack their bags and join him 'cross the foam.

G D A  
**Chorus:** Well, he worked the hours the Good Lord sent, building up and tearing down;  
 G D A D  
 His name was Paddy Phelan and he came from Portlaoise Town.

D G D  
 She remembers too the '60's; he finally made it back;  
 G D A  
 He was happy to be home again although the work was slack,  
 D G D  
 Until one day their son came in and told his parents dear,  
 G D A D  
 "I'm going to work in London town, I can't find work round here."

D G D  
 She suffered through the '80's, in times both bad and good;  
 G D A  
 In '82 their first grandson was born in Cricklewood.  
 D G D  
 Though she heard from them quite often with letters and the phone,  
 G D A D  
 She prayed that things would brighten up, and they would come back home.

**Chorus:**

Now she's in the house alone at night, this woman old and grey,  
 For her husband Pat took sick and died, and now lies in the clay,  
 But she likes to show the pictures to the people who call round,  
 "That's my grandson Paddy Phelan, and my son from Portlaoise Town."

**Chorus:**

### A Man You Don't Meet Every Day *(Traditional Collected by John Ward – Key of G)*

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I've a neat little cabin that's built out of mud,  
 Near the Curragh in County Kildare.  
 I've an acre of land where I grow my own spuds;  
 I've enough, and a little to share.  
 Sure, I've not come over here seeking your jobs,  
 But just a short visit to pay;  
 So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
 I'm a man you don't meet every day.

**Chorus:** Come fill up your glass, and drink what you please,  
 And whatever the damage I'll pay.  
 So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
 I'm a man you don't meet every day.

When I landed in Liverpool, O what a sight  
 Met my gaze as I lit on the shore;

There was Mickey McCollum and young Dinny White,

G D G

Michael Lane and big Rory O' Moore.

Em Bm

And they all burst out laughing when they saw me walk down,

C Am D7

But they treated me in a fine way;

G D G C

Says I "You young spalpeens, I'll stand you a round,

G D G

I'm a man you don't meet every day."

**Chorus:**

G D G C

And there on that quayside not three days ago,

G D G/D7

We went for a drink in the Star,

G D G C

And the first man I met was out? Pat McEnroe,

G D G

With a pint of best ale at the bar.

Em Bm

I spoke to him kindly, shook him by the hand,

C Am D7

And these words unto him I did say,

G D G C

"Be easy and free when you're drinking with me,

G D G

I'm a man you don't meet every day."

**Chorus:**

G D G C

There's a neat little colleen who lives around here,

G D G/D7

And it's her I've come over to see;

G D G C

Next Saturday morning I'll marry my dear;

G D G

Then she'll come back to Ireland with me.

Em Bm

And if you come over a twelve month from now,

C Am D7

It's this I will venture to say,

G D G C

We will have a smart lad, and he'll say of his dad:

G D G  
 “He’s a man you don’t meet every day.”

## Men of Roscommon *(Traditional – Key of D)*

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D G D  
 Bring me a man whose voice proudly raises  
 G D E A  
 Tales and the glories that only you knew.  
 D G D  
 Where are the songs that ring with your praises?  
 G D A D  
 Lovely Roscommon will sing them anew.  
 A D  
 Every Roscommon man, think of your ancient clan.  
 E A D  
 Gather around us to sing thy name; shout; let old Erin hear,  
 G A D  
 Proudly that they might hear: men of Roscommon are marching again.

D G D  
 While though at Croghan the mayflower is blooming,  
 G D E A  
 There long ago was the palace of Maeve.  
 D G D  
 High on the mound where the foeman was looming  
 G D A D  
 Stood men of Roscommon so loyal and brave.  
 A D  
 Shouting their battle cry, willing to fight or die,  
 E A D  
 Forward to victory down to the plains; join with them as they go,  
 G A D  
 So that the world may know: men of Roscommon are marching again.

D G D  
 Farnbeg and Roosky, [Boyle](#) and [Dundonnell](#),  
 G D E A  
[Strokestown](#) and [Frenchpark](#), [Elphin](#), [Castlereagh](#),  
 D G D  
 Tell them at old [Ballyclare](#) on the [Shannon](#),  
 G D A D  
 Men of Roscommon are gathering today.

A D  
 Raise up the standards high, wave banners to the sky.  
 E A D  
 Follow them onward through sunshine and rain, and with a mighty roar,  
 G A D  
 Let Erin know once more: men of Roscommon are marching again.

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree** *(Lyrics: W. B. Yeats Music: Seamus Kennedy, 2016 – Key of G)*

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G C G D G  
 I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
 C G D  
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
 G C G D  
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;  
 G/C G G D G  
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.  
 G C G D G  
 And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
 C G D  
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
 G C G D  
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
 G/C G G D G  
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.  
 G C G D G  
 I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
 C G D  
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
 G C G D  
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
 G/C G G D G  
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## The County of Mayo *(Translated by George Fox from the Irish of Thomas Lavelle, mid 19<sup>th</sup> C. – Key of G)*

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G
C
G
D
G  
 On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woeful plight,  
D  
 Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the night;  
G
C
G  
 Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,  
G
C
G
D
G  
 By the blessed sun! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

G
C
G
D
G  
 When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,  
D  
 In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round,  
G
C
G  
 'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go  
G
C
G
D
G  
 And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

G
C
G
D
G  
 They are alter'd girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,  
D  
 With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by.  
G
C
G  
 But it 's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,  
G
C
G
D
G  
 That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet Mayo.

G
C
G
D
G  
 'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,  
D  
 And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill,  
G
C
G  
 And that Colonel Hugh McGrady should be lying dead and low,  
G
C
G
D
G  
 And I sailing, sailing swiftly from my county of Mayo.

Repeat first verse.

Thanks to Mayoman and singer extraordinaire Kevin Kennedy for giving me this song.



**Chorus:**

When Reynard was taken, his wishes to fulfill,  
 He called for ink and paper and a pen to write his will,  
 And what he made mention of, it they found it no blank,  
 For he gave them all a cheque on the National Bank.

**Chorus:**

"To you Mr. Casey, I leave my whole estate,  
 And to you, young O'Brien, my money and me plate,  
 And I leave to you, Sir Francis, my brush, mask and cap,  
 For you jumped walls and ditches, never looking for a gap."

**Chorus:****Am I Wrong To Long for Longford?**

*(Traditional Melody: The Riddle Song Music: Seamus Kennedy © 2016 - Key of D)*

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Am I wrong to long for Longford, my home across the sea?  
 Her little towns and villages are calling out to me.  
 The cottages and boreens are in my memory yet,  
 And Lough Allen's peaceful waters I never can forget.

Am I wrong to long for Longford, where I was bred and born?  
 Where I hear the small birds singing each sunny harvest morn;  
 Though I am in Americay, still I hear them in my dreams,  
 As I hear the rushing waters of the Camlin's flowing stream.

**D**                      **G**                      **D**  
Am I wrong to long for Longford, my county of renown?

**A7**                      **D**                      **A7**  
And the steeple of Saint Mel's Cathedral on its hallowed ground,  
**D**                      **A7**  
Where as a lad I played and sang while walking home from school,  
**D**                      **G**                      **D**  
With my comrades by my side on the road to Abbeysruble.

Am I wrong to long for Longford, my fair and native land?  
And the true love that I left behind, that cailín fine and grand?  
It broke my heart from her to part upon the ocean wave,  
Now I long to say an Ave as I kneel beside her grave.

Am I wrong to long for Longford, and her people staunch and true?  
From Aughnacliffe to Granard, all those good folks that I knew?  
Could I but have Aladdin's lamp, for just one thing I'd wish,  
To be among my own folk at the Fair day in Drumlish.

Am I wrong to long for Longford, as teardrops fill my eyes,  
To roam the hills around Dromard beneath her summer skies,  
But I am old and weary now, and my days are nearly o'er,  
No more will I return again to Erin's lovely shore.

So farewell lovely Longford, each valley and each glen,  
Ballymahon too, and Edgeworthstown, I'll ne'er see you again,  
Killashee and Ballinalee, Newtown Forbes and old Killoe,  
My heart belongs to Longford wherever I may go.

## Go And Leave Me *(Traditional: Co. Leitrim – Key of C)*

**C**                      **F**                      **C**  
In Aghamore in the County Leitrim,  
**Em**                      **Dm**                      **G7**  
I loved a lass so dear to me;  
**C**                      **F**                      **C**  
Until there came a dreary parting,  
**G7**                      **C**  
Now she thinks no more of me.  
**C**                      **F**                      **C**  
From Carrigallen to Drumshanbo,  
**Em**                      **Dm**                      **G7**  
O'er the verdant fields so green,  
**C**                      **F**                      **C**  
Arm in arm with you I've rambled,  
**G7**                      **C**

My heart was yours, my Leitrim queen.

**Chorus:**

C     F     C  
 Go and leave me if you wish, love,  
Em     Dm     G7  
 Never let me cross your mind;  
C     F     C  
 If you think I've proved unworthy,  
G7     C  
 Go and leave me, I won't mind.

Many's the night, love, as you lay sleeping,  
 Dreaming in your sweet repose,  
 I lay beside you broken-hearted,  
 Listening to the wind that blows.

Here's the ring, love, which first you gave me,  
 When our hearts became entwined.  
 Now I must leave fair County Leitrim,

Knowing you were never mine.

Go and leave me if you wish, love,  
 Never let me cross your mind;  
 If you think I've proved unworthy,  
 Go and leave me, I won't mind.

**Kilkenny Louse House** *(Traditional – Key of A minor)*

Am                     C     Am  
 Well the first of me downfall of this I am sure,  
G  
 Was going the road out of Carrick-on-Suir.  
Am  
 Going into Kilkenny 'twas late in the night,  
G  
 'Twas there that I'm sure I first saw the gas light.  
Am                     G     Am  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

And there in the city I saw a gas lamp,  
 And under it sitting a ragged old tramp,  
 He asked for a penny; and to him I did say,  
 'You'll get it if you show me a place for to stay.'  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

He directed me down to Sweet Lovers' Lane  
 To a place called the Refuge, I think that's the name.  
 I opened the door, with me back to the wall  
 'Twas then I found out 'twas a cobbler's hall.  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

And there in a room sat a man mending *brógs*  
 His hammer and pincers going 'round like *ciarógs*. (beetles)  
 When up came a woman, and to me did say,  
 'If you've got a shilling sir, here you can stay.'  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

Well we went up the stairs and we put out the light,  
 Sure in less than five minutes, I had to show fight.  
 And in less than five more, well, the story was worse;  
 The fleas came around me and brought such a curse.  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

For the fleas and the bugs all collected to march,  
 And over me stomach they formed a great arch.  
 And one old campaigner gave me such a nip,  
 I thought I was losing the use of me hip!  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

I sat up on the bed and demanded fair play,  
 Sure if I had me stick I'd have beat them away.  
 Jumped out through the window and gathered some stones,  
 If they gave me sore sides, I'd give them broken bones.  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

So come all ye travellers, take warnin' from me,  
 Beware of the Refuge and the black cavalry.  
 If you're going to Kilkenny and thinking of stayin',  
 Beware of the louse house in Sweet Lovers' Lane.  
 With me fol-da-diddle-aro; fol-daro-fol-day.

### The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls *(Thomas Moore – Key of G)*

G                      C   Am   G   D   G  
 The Harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,  
    Em                      C                      D  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled,  
G                                      C       G       Am   C  
 So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er  
G                                      C       Am                      G       D       G  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise, now feel that pulse no more.

G                                      C   Am       G       D   G  
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright the Harp of Tara swells.  
    Em                      C                      D  
 The chord alone that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells;  
G                                      C       G       Am       C  
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes the only throb she gives,

G C Am G D G  
Is when some heart indignant breaks to show that she still lives

### The Girl I Left Behind Me *(Traditional – Key of G)*

G C Am G D G  
The Harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,  
Em C D  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled,  
G C G Am C  
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er  
G C Am G D G  
And hearts that once beat high for praise, now feel that pulse no more.

G C Am G D G  
No more to chiefs and ladies bright the Harp of Tara swells.  
Em C D  
The chord alone that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells;  
G C G Am C  
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes the only throb she gives,  
G C Am G D G  
Is when some heart indignant breaks to show that she still lives

G C G C/D  
Come all ye handsome, comely maids, that live near Carlow dwelling,  
G C D G  
Beware of young men's flattering tongues, when love to you they're telling.  
G C D  
Beware the kind words they do say, be wise and do not mind them,  
G C D G  
For if they were talking till they die, they'd leave you all behind them.

G C D  
**Chorus:** A fine young lass to call my own, but Carlow could not bind me,  
G C D G  
And now I grieve my native home, and the girl I left behind me.

G C G C/D  
In Carlow town I lived and dwelt, all free from debt and dangers,  
G C D G  
Till Colonel Reilly listed me to join the Wicklow Rangers.  
G C/D  
They dressed me up in scarlet red, and used me very kindly,

