

## Lyrics – On the Rocks

### All of the Hard Days are Gone *(Kevin McKrell, Dráguin Music)*

Chorus: All of the hard days are gone,  
It's all beer and whiskey and songs from now on;  
We'll laugh at the darkness and dance until dawn;  
All of the hard days are gone.

We're all safe and warm here my friends,  
The bad times are over, they won't come again;  
Raise up your voices and give us a song,  
All of the hard days are gone.

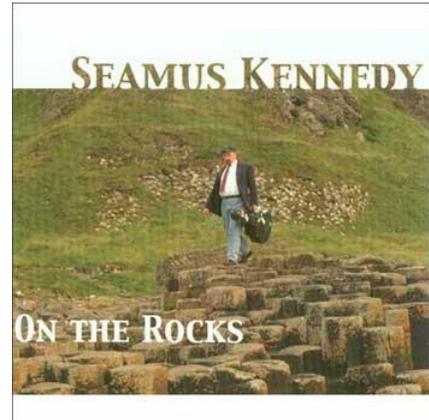
**Chorus:**

Well, life has been cloudy and gray,  
Let's take the bad memories and put them away;  
The sun's comin' out, we have waited so long,  
All of the hard days are gone.

**Chorus:**

So raise up your glasses and sing,  
All the hard times are gone, sure they don't mean a thing;  
If you want to be happy, well just come along,  
All of the hard days are gone.

**Chorus:**



### The Beer Song *(R. Rodgers & O. Hammerstein, Williamson Music Co.)*

When you read you begin with A B C,  
When you drink you begin with Dough, Ray, Me...

DOUGH, buys beer, it buys me beer  
RAY, the guy who sells me beer  
ME, the one who drinks my beer  
FA, a long way to the john  
SO, I'll have another beer  
LA-ger, LA-ger, LA-ger beer  
TEA, no thanks I'll have a beer  
That will bring us back to...  
DOUGH, buys beer....  
Repeat ad nauseam

**You're Always At Home In A Bar** *(Chuck McCabe, Scuppernon Music ASCAP)*

I have wandered the whole world around,  
Tipperary to old Timbaktu.  
I've been lost in the woods,  
And in fine neighborhoods  
Where the buildings were brick or bamboo.  
And you still find the kindness of strangers,  
Tho' the street's unfamiliar and new.  
There's a place you can go,  
When there's no one you know,  
Where a welcome is waiting for you....

Oh, you're always at home in a bar, boys,  
You're always at home in a bar,  
With your elbows at rest,  
And a glass of the best,  
You always know right where you are.  
There's a pub to be found  
In every city and town,  
No matter how near or how far,  
And you're never alone  
Till your money's all gone...  
Yes, you're always at home in a bar.

For there's a feeling comes over a gent,  
When his elbow is comfortably bent,  
When the cares of the day  
Are all "spirited" away,  
Who cares if you can't pay the rent,  
Tho' you know that your supper is waiting,  
And the children are calling your name,  
Tho' your conscience says "No,"  
And it's time you should go  
Is when your mouth says  
"One more of the same"....

Oh, you're always at home in a bar, boys,  
You're always at home in a bar.  
With your arse on the stool,  
And a glass that is full,  
You always know right where you are.  
If the wife locks you out,  
You can wander about,  
Call a friend, spend the night in your car,  
You can weep, you can moan,  
Brother why cry alone?  
When you're always at home in a bar.

## Come To The Bower *(Trad.)*

Will you come to the bower  
O'er the free boundless ocean,  
Where stupendous waves  
Roll in thundering motion?  
Where the mermaids are seen  
And the fierce tempest gathers,  
Over Erin the green,  
The dear land of our fathers,

**Chorus:** Will you come, will you,  
Will you, will you come to the bower?

Will you come to the land  
Of O'Neill and O'Donnell,  
Of Lord Lucan of old  
And the immortal O'Connell?  
Where King Brian chased the Danes  
And St. Patrick the vermin,  
And whose valleys remain  
Still most beautiful and charming.

**Chorus:**

You can visit New Ross,  
Gallant Wexford and Gorey,  
Where the green was last seen  
By proud Saxon and Tory.  
Where the soil is sanctified  
By the blood of each truemán,  
Where they died satisfied  
That their enemies would not rule them.

**Chorus:**

You can visit Benburb  
And see storied Blackwater,  
Where Owen Roe met Munroe  
And his chieftains did slaughter,  
You can ride o'er the tide  
On the broad majestic Shannon,  
You can sail round Lough Neagh  
And see storied Dungannon.

**Chorus:**

You can see Dublin City  
And the fine groves of Blarney,  
The Bann, the Boyne, the Liffey,  
And the lakes of Killarney.  
Where the lambs sport and play  
On the mossy all-over,  
From the green glens of Antrim  
To enchanting Rostrevor.

**Chorus:**

Will you come and awake  
Our dear land from her slumber?  
And her fetters we will break,  
Links that long have encumbered.  
And the air will resound  
With hosannas to greet you,  
On the shore will be found  
Gallant Irishmen to meet you.

**Chorus:**

### **Only Our Rivers Run Free**      *(Mickey McConnell)*

When apples still grow in November,  
When the blossoms still bloom on each tree,  
When the leaves are still green in December,  
It's then that our land will be free.  
I've wandered her hills and her valleys,  
And still to my sorrow I see  
A land that has never known freedom,  
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood,  
Those men who would rather have died  
Than live in the cold chains of bondage.  
To bring back their rights were denied.  
Oh, where are you now when we need you,  
What burns where the flame used to be?  
Are you gone like the snows of last winter,  
And only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life, but we're crying;  
How mellow the wine but we're dry;  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying;  
How gentle the breeze but it sighs.  
What good is in youth when it's aging,  
What joy is in eyes that can't see,  
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers,  
And still only our rivers run free.

**The Errant Apprentice** (*Andy M. Stewart, Gerry O'Beirne, Bill Watkins*)

When I was a young apprentice, and less than *compos mentis*,  
I took leave of all my senses, with a maid I fell in love.  
Her ringlets so entwined me, Aphrodite's smile did blind me,  
Cupid's arrow struck behind me, and her father owned a pub.

It was there I met my nemesis in her father's licensed premises,  
Like the Seraphim of Genesis sat Mary Ann Maguire,  
Arrayed in fine apparel, astride a porter-barrel,  
She looked the sort of girl That would fill you with desire.

All the turtle doves were cooin' as I took to my wooin',  
Her loveliness pursuin' in the Springtime of that year.  
But she thought I should be older, and more gallant and much bolder;  
In the uniform of a soldier, 'tis then she'd hold me dear .

*In extremis* and euphoria, I joined with Queen Victoria  
For a spell of death or gloria a-fightin' with the Boers.  
To the winds I threw all caution, I'll return with fame and fortune  
And together make a portion of matrimony's chores.

On the gravestone of her mother, she swore she loved no other,  
But I did soon discover that she played me for a berk,  
For Lady Luck had beached me, and intelligence had reached me,  
Whilst I'd been overseas that she had married to a Turk.

Well, me, I then deserted to find the girl who flirted.  
Back to Ireland I reverted for my jealousy was roused,  
In Maguire's pub in Derry, I found him makin' merry  
With his arms around my Mary as together they caroused.

So I took my time and waited until his thirst was sated,  
And home he navigated through the streets of Derry Town,  
At his lodgings he stood knockin', and whilst they were unlockin',  
I put a stone into a stockin', on his head I brought it down.

'Twas then the night's serenity was rent with loud obscenity,  
And Ottoman profanity I couldn't understand,  
With an oath he made to grab me, with full intent to stab me,  
But as he tried to kebab me I was screamin' up the Strand.

All around the town's perimeter he chased me with his scimitar  
A powerful passion-limiter to an errant in his pride.  
Through the Waterside he chased me, to the Bridge of Foyle he raced me,  
And at Derry Quay he faced me so I jumped into the tide.

Sure bravery's no virtue when some heathen's trying to hurt you,  
And all noble thoughts desert you when you see his curly knife,  
For there's many things worth tryin' for, and occasionally worth lyin' for,  
But there's bugger all worth dyin' for, so I'll stick to the soldier's life.

**God Is From New Jersey (The Tornado Song)** *(Seamus Kennedy, Gransha Music)*

I am a wandering minstrel,  
And I travel round the land,  
With lots of silly stories  
And songs to beat the band  
Some folks say I'm irreverent  
Because of all my jokes,  
But I was there at Jack Frost  
When the Almighty spoke.  
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,  
He brought the whole house down.  
West Virginia's almost heaven,  
But Bayonne's God's home town.

I was poking fun at Jersey  
And girls who can't say no,  
When suddenly the sky turned black  
And the wind began to blow.  
I was singing about the Turnpike,  
And the rest stops on the way  
When the Lord said "That ain't funny."  
So he blew the tent away.  
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,  
He made it very clear;  
He tore the tent to pieces  
And he sucked up all the beer..

Now, I can pick on Pottsville  
And no one really cares,  
'Cause I saw cans of Yuengling  
Go swirling through the air.  
And the moral of the story  
That I have learned is this:  
Thou shalt not pick on Jersey,  
'Cause the Lord gets really pissed!  
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,  
He brought the whole house down,  
West Virginia's almost heaven,  
But Bayonne's God's home town.

**Concrete Road** *(J. Denver, B. Danoff, T. Nivert Danoff, Cherry Lane Music Pub.)*  
*(New Lyrics: C. Goff, S. Kennedy)*

Almost fatal, north New Jersey,  
Newark Airport, Pulaski skyway,  
Pollution's old there,  
Killed off all the trees,  
Trash piled up in mountains,  
Blowing in the breeze.

**Chorus:** Concrete Road, take me home  
To the place I belong,  
Jersey City, Bayonne Mama,  
Take me home Concrete Road.

All the horseflies gather 'round her,  
Refinery lady, stranger to clean water;  
Dark and dirty,  
Floating in the sky,  
Disgusting smell of sewage,  
Cinders in your eye. **Chorus:**

I hear her voice,  
From the cheap motel she calls me,  
Sirens remind me  
That the cops aren't far away,  
And drivin' down the road  
I get the feelin'  
I ain't got the toll  
Again today, again today...**Chorus:**

Molly Pitcher, Richard Stockton,  
Vince Lombardi, Admiral William Halsey,  
Clara Barton, Woodrow Wilson, too.  
J. Fenimore Cooper, John Fenwick,  
Joyce Kilmer I love you,  
And old Walt Whitman, too,  
Grover Cleveland, too, Alexander Hamilton, too,  
And Thomas A. Edison, too.  
And when Bruce Springsteen dies,  
he'll have a rest area named after him too -  
In the end-zone, next to Jimmy Hoffa.) **Chorus:**

**The Manchester Rambler** *(Ewan MacColl, Stormking Music, Inc.)*

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon  
I've camped by the Waynestones as well  
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder  
And many more things I can tell  
My rucksack has oft been my pillow  
And the heather has oft been my bed  
And sooner than part from the mountains  
I think I would rather be dead

**Chorus:** I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler  
From Manchester way  
I get all my pleasure the wild moorland way  
I may be a wage slave on Monday  
But I am a free man on Sunday.

The day was just ending and I was descending  
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper Thong  
When a voice said "Hey you" the way gamekeepers do  
He had the worst face that ever I saw  
Now the things that he said were unpleasant  
But in the teeth of his fury I said  
That sooner than part from the mountains  
I think I would rather be dead.

He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse"  
Well I thought, but I still couldn't see  
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout  
Couldn't take both the poor grouse and me  
He said "All this land is my master's"  
At that I stood shaking my head  
For how can a man own a mountain  
Any more than the deep ocean bed? **Chorus:**

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade  
She was fair as the Rowan in bloom  
And the blue of her eye matched the May morning sky  
I wooed her from April to June  
On the day that we should have been married  
I went for a ramble instead  
For sooner than part from the mountains  
I think I would rather be dead. **Chorus:**

So I'll walk where I will over mountain or hill  
I'll lie where the bracken is deep  
I belong to the mountain, the clear running fountain  
Where the grey rocks lie rugged and steep  
I've seen the white hare in the gully,  
And the curlew fly high overhead,  
And sooner than part from the mountains  
I think I would rather be dead. **Chorus:**

**The Diet Song**     *(Shel Silverstein, Evil Eye Music, Inc.)*

For breakfast, black coffee,  
One slice of dry toast,  
No butter, no jelly, no jam;  
For lunch, just some lettuce  
And two celery stalks,  
No beer, no potatoes, no ham.  
For dinner, one chicken wing –  
Broiled, not fried  
No gravy, no biscuits, no pie.  
This dietin', dietin', dietin', dietin',  
Sure is a slow way to die.

For supper, two pieces of cauliflower – raw,  
A beefsteak the size of a nail,  
One slice of tomato,  
A dab of coleslaw,  
I swear I'd eat better in jail.  
Stop eatin' that pizza right under my nose,  
Girl, that's the least you can do;  
And put down that candy-bar while I am singin'  
And starvin' my ass off for you.

So pass me a carrot stick,  
Peel me a prune,  
One glass of skim milk and that's all;  
Turn off the TV  
For the Big Mac commercials  
Are drivin' me straight up the wall.  
I'm thinkin' of French fries,  
And sausage and waffles,  
Spaghetti and cookies and cake,  
And each night I'm dreamin'  
Of chocolate ice-cream,  
And I'm starving to death when I wake.

You're fixin' the kids  
All those creamed mashed potatoes,  
But it's bouillon and water for me,  
And you have a lock on the refrigerator,  
Lord knows where you're hidin' the key.  
And while I am starvin' for food late at night,  
I'm starvin' for lovin' from you,  
But you say that when I can see my own willie,  
You'll be glad to look at it too.

But when I am dead and the insurance is paid,  
You'll look down at me and you'll grin,  
You'll say, "Well, the boy tried,  
And he starved and he died,  
But don't he look good when he's thin!"

**The Sons Of Molly**      *(Chuck Rogers)*

When the wind blows wild at night,  
Past the breaker melancholy,  
If you stand in the dark with your ear to the wind,  
You can hear the sons of Molly.  
Deep in the dark of the old mine-shaft,  
You can smell the smoke and the fire,  
And the whisper low in the mines below,  
Is the ghost of Molly Maguire.

Now I'll tell you boys,  
Mickey Doyle is my name  
And I come from Carbon County.  
And I shot the boss of the Lansford Mine,  
And my soul is up for bounty,  
But I will die with my head held high,  
For I fought for the men below.  
The men who slave and sweat and die  
Down in that black hell-hole.

Now I'll tell you boys,  
Edward Kelly is my name,  
And I'm hanging in the morning.  
For I shot Jack Jones for skinnin' my bones  
And I curse the sounds of mournin',  
But I will die with my head held high,  
For I fought for the men below.  
The men who slave and sweat and die  
Down in that black hell-hole.

Now I'll tell you boys,  
Alex Campbell is my name,  
And no pistol did I fire,  
But I will fall from the gallows wall  
Just for bein' a Molly Maguire,  
But I will die with my head held high,  
For I fought for the men below.  
The men who slave and sweat and die  
Down in that black hell-hole.

Repeat first verse

**O'Shaughnessy's Lament**      *(Aengus Finnan SOCAN)*

Oh, the sun is setting low  
O'er Scranton and the mines.  
And I've come here again  
To touch and read the lines  
Of your name here on the stone,  
No longer flesh and bone,  
Oh, my sweet Rosella May,  
I miss you dearly.

When I was but a lad,  
I signed on with the crew  
For a life below the earth,  
What more was I to do?  
But as the years went by,  
You'd wait along the path;  
I soon lived for your smile  
And to hear your tender laugh.

Well we courted long and dear  
While McCarthy was your name,  
And when you untied your hair,  
All the flowers were put to shame.  
So the fellas spruced me up  
For the first time in my life;  
How I felt that I was someone  
When you became my wife.

For you took this hard-coal man,  
So poor in grace and charms  
And gave to me a world  
Lying in your arms,  
Soon, from the sound of heartbeats,  
"Twins," the doctor said;  
But their birth left this house empty,  
And I alone in bed.

Oh, we miners live in fear  
Of the price that we might pay,  
To never come back up  
Or see the light of day.  
But ne'er a one did warn me  
A life might cave in too,  
And Sacred Heart, that happened  
When God from me took you.

So I'll chip away my days,  
Deep beneath the ground,  
Pickin' at the seams  
Where the anthracite is found.  
But oh, it's all for naught  
And I'd throw it all away,

If I could have you near  
And hold you one more day.

For the sun is setting low  
O'er Scranton and the mines,  
And I've come here again  
To touch and read the lines  
Of your name here on the stone,  
No longer flesh and bone,  
Oh, my sweet Rosella May,  
I miss you dearly.

### **My Father Was a Miner**

*(Seamus Kennedy, Gransha Music)*

My father was a miner  
As his father was before him,  
Hacking out the anthracite  
From the Pennsylvania clay,  
He left school at fifteen,  
Was down the mines at sixteen,  
At nineteen he was married  
And soon I was on the way.

At seven every morning,  
My mother made him breakfast,  
Then he'd walk down to the pithead  
With all the other men.  
He'd swing his old lunch bucket,  
As she watched him from the window,  
Wond'ring if this was the day  
That she would not see him again.

His name is Jim Cunningham,  
from Lackawanna County,  
Like all his childhood buddies  
He toiled at digging coal.  
Risking black-lung and cave-ins,  
And flying red-hot splinters,  
And bleeding ruptured eardrums  
After "Fire in the hole!"

While crawling in a shaft one day  
To hew a brand-new coalface,  
He didn't hear the timbers creak  
Or the rumble overhead,  
But a hand reached in and grabbed him,  
And pulled him from the tunnel,  
Just another second later  
And my dad would have been dead.

Well, he finished out his shift,  
There was no time off for dyin',  
That night he told my mother,

And she began to keen and moan,  
She threw his supper on the table,  
Her eyes were red with cryin'.  
Saying, "If you go down tomorrow,  
I won't be here when you come home."

So now he drives a truck  
For a bakery here in Scranton,  
And once a week I help him  
With deliveries round the town.  
He lived to see us growin',  
And it keeps my mother happy,  
But sometimes I think for one more day,  
He'd love to go back down.

One morning having coffee  
In a nearby Dunkin' Donuts,  
An older man came in  
And sat down not too far away.  
My father brought me over,  
And said, "Shake hands with Ray Hinkley,  
If it hadn't been for him, son,  
I would not be here today."

I whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Hinkley."  
As I took his hand and shook it.  
My tears fell hot and heavy,  
So I could scarcely see.  
He put a big hand on my shoulder,  
And pulled me close beside him,  
Saying, "Your dad and I are miners,  
He'd have done the same for me."

My father was a miner,  
As his father was before him,  
Hacking out the anthracite  
From the Pennsylvania clay.

### **The Isle Of Innisfree**     *(Richard Farrelly, Universal-MCA Music Pub.)*

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.

And when the moonlight peeps across the roof-tops  
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be  
I scarce can feel it's wonder or it's laughter  
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 behold,  
The folks I love around the turf fire gathered  
On bended knees the rosary is told.

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.

### **Erin the Fair, Hibernia the Brave**     *(Chuck McCabe, Scuppernong Music ASCAP)*

My name is Kennedy, but it might be O'Carroll,  
McCrudden, McCabe or Magee,  
I'm your neighbor today, but I'm from far away,  
From an island that's over the sea.  
To the ends of the earth I've been driven by hunger  
And hope and the madness of kings;  
And I've left the fair land that I love for another  
With freedom wherever it rings.

I'm a singer, a soldier, a beggar, a bandit,  
A prisoner but never a slave.  
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant  
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

In peacetime a builder, a writer a farmer,  
A scholar of learned degree,  
I have marched off to war like my father before me,  
That my son a poet might be;  
I have raised up my hand and I've laid down my body  
In all of the wars you can name,  
And I've carried the colors of many a country  
To glory again and again.

I have pledged my allegiance and fought to defend it  
With a pride that I'll take to my grave,  
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant  
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

With troubles around me and sorrows behind me,  
I'm bound to get down on my knees  
And pray for a time when all men shall be brothers

And the weeping of widows shall cease.  
And if duty calls me to fight one more battle,  
I'll pray that it might be the last,  
And maybe I'll find some peace in the future,  
For God knows there's none in the past.

If there's a fight to be fought I'm the one who can end it,  
The one who could take all they gave.  
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant  
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

## You're Not Irish

*(Robbie O'Connell, Slievenamon Music BMI)*

When first I came to the USA with my guitar in hand  
I was told that I could get a job singing songs from Ireland  
So I headed up to Boston, I was sure it would be alright  
But the very first night I got on the stage, I was in for a big surprise  
They said...

### Chorus

You're not Irish, you can't be Irish, you don't know "Danny Boy"  
Or "Toora Looa Looa" or even "Irish Eyes"  
You've got a hell of a nerve to say you came from Ireland  
So cut out all the nonsense and sing "McNamara's Band"!

To tell the truth I got quite a shock and I didn't know what to say  
So I sang a song in Gaelic, I thought that might win the day  
But they looked at me suspiciously and I didn't know what was wrong  
Then all of a sudden they started to shout " Now sing a real Irish song"  
They said...

### Chorus

The next day I was on my way, for Chicago I was bound  
I was ready to give it another try and not let it get me down  
From the stage they looked quite friendly but I'd hardly sung one word  
When a voice called out from the back of the room and what do you think I heard?  
They said...

### Chorus

Now I've travelled all round the country, but it's always been the same  
From LA to Philadelphia, and from Washington to Maine  
But sometimes now I wonder if it's a secret society  
And it doesn't matter wherever I go, they'll be waiting there for me  
Saying...

### Chorus