

Lyrics – Party Pieces

Arkle *(Dominic Beban Essex Music)*

It happened in the Springtime of the year of sixty-four,
When Englishmen were making pounds and fivers by the score;
He beat them in the hollows, he beat them o'er the jumps,
A pair of fancy fetlocks he showed them all at once.

He's English, he's English, as easy might be seen,
With a little bit of Arab stock and more from Stephen's Green;
Take a look at Millhouse, throw out your chest with pride,
He's the greatest steeplechaser on the English countryside.

But a quiet man called Dreaper living in the Emerald Isle
Says, "That horse of yours called Millhouse surely shows a bit of style,
But I've a little fella and Arkle is his name,
Put your money where you put your mouth and then we'll play the game."

Now the English racing gentry, laughing fit to burst,
Said, "You tried before Tom Dreaper, and then you came off worst;
If you think your horse could beat us, you're running short on brains,
It's Millhouse that you're speaking of, and not those beastly Danes."

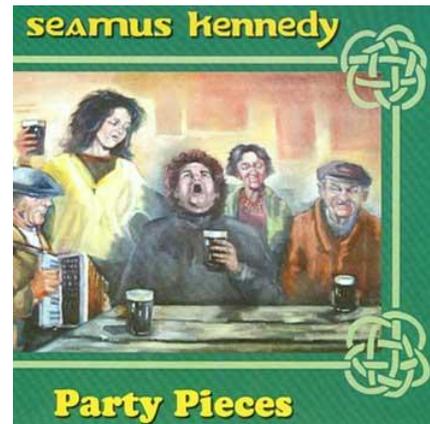
Arkle now is five to two, Millhouse is money-on;
They're off, and dear I do believe the champion has it won.
There are other horses in the race to test the great chap's might;
But dearie me, it's plain to see the rest are out of sight.

With two more fences now to go, he leads by twenty lengths,
Brave Arkle's putting in a show, poor chap, he's all but spent;
Millhouse rides on majestically, great glory in each stride;
He's the greatest horse undoubtedly within the whole world wide.

But two to go, still Arkle comes, he's cutting down the lead;
He's beaten bar the shouting, he hasn't got the speed;
On the run-up to the last, my God can he hold out,
"Look behind you Willie Robinson! Man, what are you about?"

They're at the last and over, Pat Taaffe has more in hand,
He's passing England's Millhouse, the finest in the land,
My God, he has us beaten, what can we English say?
The ground was wrong, the distance long, too early in the day?

So came all ye gallant Irishmen wherever you may be,
And let the glasses toast a round to Arkle's victory.
When the English think they've bred a horse to wipe out this disgrace,
Sure we'll send another over to take great Arkle's place.



Back In The Clydesdale

(Mike Campbell, Gold'N'Moose Productions)

I went to the pub after working all day,
And ordered a slow Guinness Stout,
But the Yuppies were yapping so loud on their cellphones
The barman did not hear me shout.
He brought me a glass and a bottle of Bud,
And set them down in front of me;
Well, I coughed and I sputtered in pure disbelief,
Then I sang out this chorus with glee.

Chorus:

Ohhh – Put that Budweiser back in the Clydesdale,
It's not the right flavor for me.
The color's all wrong and there's not enough foam,
And it's got all the kick of weak tea.
Pull me a pint of that good Guinness stout
With a body you cannot see through;
Put that Budweiser back in the Clydesdale, boys,
And pour me a beer that is true.

Then the waitress came by when I'd finished my first one,
A frazzled young woman named Jill;
She snatched up my empty without even looking
And went off to get a refill.
She brought me a glass of some pale fizzy liquid,
And said, "Here's the Bud you asked for."
Well I gave her a glare that would knock down a moose,
And I sang out this chorus once more.

Chorus:

So if ever you're seeking a beer with great flavor
To round out your day or your meal,
And they serve you a Miller, a Coors or a Schlitz
Or some other brand that ain't real,
If the "King Of Beers" is your only selection,
I hope that you'll answer like this:
Put that Budweiser back in the Clydesdale, boys,
I won't drink twelve ounces of that lousy beer.

Chorus:

The Forty Shades of Green *(Johnny Cash/Chappell & Co.)*

I close my eyes and picture the Emerald of the sea;
From the fishing boats at Dingle, to the shores of Donaghadee.
I miss the River Shannon, and the folks at Skibbereen,
The moorlands and the midlands with their forty shades of green.

Chorus: But most of all, I miss a girl in Tipperary Town,
Most of all, I miss her lips, as soft as eiderdown;
Again I long to see and do the things we've done and seen;
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar, and there's forty shades of green.

Again I long to spend an hour at Dublin's churning surf;
I love to watch the farmers drain the bogs and spade the turf;
To see again the thatching of the straw the women glean;
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see the forty shades of green.

Bold Thady Quill *(Johnny Tom Gleeson)*

Ye maids of Duhallow who are anxious for courting
A word of advice I will give unto ye;
Proceed to Banteer to the athletic sporting,
And hand in your name to the Club Committee.
But do not commence any sketch of your program,
Till a carriage you see coming over the hill,
And down thro' the valleys and hills of Kilcorney
With that Muskerry sportsman, the Bould Thady Quill.

Chorus: For rambling, for roving, for football or sporting,
For drinking black porter as fast as you'd fill,
In all your days roving you'll find none so jovial
As the Muskerry sportsman, the Bould Thady Quill.

Bould Thady is known in all sorts of places,
Like the athletic meet that was held in Cloughroe;
Where he won the long jump without throwing off his braces,
Going twenty four feet from the heel to the toe.
At the shot of the putt with the Dublin foremost,
Bould Thady got up and exceeded him still;
And all round the park went a loud ringing chorus:
Good health and good luck to you, Bould Thady Quill!

At the great hurling match between Cork and Tipperary,
'Twas played in the park on the banks of the Lee;
Our own darlin' sportsmen for fear of being beaten
Sent for Bould Thady to Ballinagree.
He hurled that ball right and left in their faces,
And showed the Tipperarymen hurling and skill,
If they trod on his lines he swore he would brain them,
And the papers were full of the praise of Thad Quill.

At the Cork Exhibition there was a young lady
Whose fortune exceeded a million or more,

But a poor constitution had ruined her completely,
And medical treatment had failed o'er and o'er.
"Ah, mother," she says, "sure I know what will cure me,
And banish this ailment that threatens to kill,
Give over your quacks with their medical treatment,
I just need one kiss from the Bould Thady Quill.

She Moved Thro' the Fair *(Padraic Colum/Herbert Hughes)*

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine*."
And she stepped away from me and this she did say:
It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"
* *Cattle*

She stepped away from me, and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying, no two were e'er wed,
But one had a sorrow that never was said;
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in;
So softly she came that her feet made no din;
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day"

The Spaniard Who Blighted My Life *(Billy Merson/Copyright Control)*

List to me while I tell you of the Spaniard who blighted my life;
List to me while I tell you of the man who stole my future wife.
T'was at the bull fight where we met him, we'd been watching his daring display,
And when I went out for some nuts and a program the dirty dog stole her away
Ah yes! Ah no! But tonight I shall have my revenge!

Chorus: When I catch Alphonso Spagoni, the Toreador,
With one mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw!
I'll find the bullfighter, I will, when I catch the bounder, the blighter I'll kill.
He shall die! He shall die! He shall die tiddly-I-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti!
He shall die! He shall die!
For I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion if I catch him bending tonight!

Now, when I catch Spagoni he will wish that he'd never been born.
And for this special reason, my stiletto I've fetched out of pawn.
It cost me five shillings to fetch it, the expense it has caused me much pain,
But the pawnbroker's promised when I've killed Spagoni, he'll take it in pawn once again.
Ah yes! Ah no! So tonight there will be dirty work.

Chorus:

I tracked him to Dublin, and he gave me the slip once again,
And they told me this morning that he'd doubled and gone back to Spain.
But whatever it costs me I'll catch him, then no more will he give me the slip.
With my last fifty euro on Sunday I'm going to Spain on El Cheapo round trip.
Ah yes! Ah no! And then the dark deed will be done.
Chorus:

The Kentucky Waltz *(Bill Monroe/BMI)*

We were waltzing that night in Kentucky
Beneath the beautiful harvest moon;
And I was the boy that was lucky,
But it all ended too soon.

As I sit here alone in the moonlight
I see your smiling face,
And I long once more for your embrace
And the beautiful Kentucky waltz.

Boulavogue *(P.J. McCall)*

At Boulavogue, as the sun was setting
O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmalier,
A rebel hand set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbors from far and near.
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack,
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry;
"Arm! Arm!" he cried, "for I've come to lead you,
For Ireland's freedom we fight or die."

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,
The cowardly Yeomen we put to flight;
'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search every kingdom where breathes a slave,
For Father Murphy of the County Wexford
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,
And Wexford storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Slieve Coillte our pikes were reeking
With the crimson stream of the beaten yeos.
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore;
Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over,
The green flag floated from shore to shore!

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,
Our heroes vainly stood back to back,
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack.

God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open Heaven to all your men;
The cause that called you may call tomorrow
In another fight for the green again.

Homes of Donegal *(Sean MacBride)*

I've just dropped in to see you all, I'll only stay a while
I want to see how you're gettin' on, I want to see you smile.
I'm happy to be back again to greet you big and small
For there's no place else on Earth quite like The Homes of Donegal.

I love to see your happy faces smiling at the door,
The kettle bubblin' on the crook as I step up the floor.
And soon the tay-pot's fillin' up my cup that's far from small
For your hearts are like your mountains in the Homes of Donegal.

Now, I long to sit along with you and while away the night
With tales of yore and fairy lore beside your turf-fire bright.
And then to see prepared for me a shake-down by the wall
There's repose for weary wand'ers in the Homes of Donegal..

A tramp I am and a tramp I've been, a tramp I'll always be
My father tramped, my mother tramped sure trampin's bred in me.
If some there are my ways disdain and won't have me at all
Sure I'll always find a welcome in the Homes of Donegal.

The time has come and I must go I bid you all adieu
The open highway calls me forth to do the things I do.
And when I'm trampin' far and wide I'll hear your voices call
And please God I'll soon return unto the Homes of Donegal.

Carrickfergus *(Trad.)*

I wish I was in Carrickfergus;
Just for one night in Ballygrand.
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
The deepest ocean, my love to find.
But the sea is wide, and I cannot swim over,
Neither have I wings to fly;
Oh, I will find a handsome boatman
To ferry me over to my love and die.

And in Kilkenny, it is reported
On marble stones as black as ink.
With gold and silver, I did support her,
But I'll sing no more now, till I get a drink.
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober,
A lonesome rover from town to town,
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered.
Come all ye young men and lay me down.

My boyhood days bring back sad reflections
 Of happy hours spent long ago.
 That joyful haze and those recollections
 Have all passed on like the melting snow.
 So I'll end my days in errant roving,
 The ground is soft and my bed is free.
 Oh! to be back in Carrickfergus,
 On that long road that leads down to the sea.

The Glass Eye Song *(Kit Cofer & Collette Herrick)*

A man is dining out alone, a redhead sits nearby;
 He checks her out; she's gorgeous, but he lacks the nerve to try;
 When suddenly she sneezes, her glass eye shoots out a mile;
 He reaches out and grabs it; hands it back and gets a smile.

He says "Let me buy your dinner, and perhaps we can be friends."
 They dine and talk and smile and laugh, and when the evening ends,
 She offers him a nightcap at her place, and breakfast too;
 He eagerly accepts her, not believing it is true.

Well, the nightcap and the breakfast are the best he'd ever had,
 He says "You're the perfect woman." And then goes on to add,
 "Are you this nice to every man who happens to pass by?"
 "Oh no," she says, "you are the first who ever caught my eye."

Then he says "I have to go on business far across the sea,
 But I'd be honored if on my return, you would go out with me."
 She says "I think this is the start of romance warm and true,
 So yes, my dear, be sure I'll keep an eye out just for you."

My Cavan Girl So Fair *(T. Moore/MCPS, Ltd.)*

As I walk the road from Killeshandra, weary I sit down.
 For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get to Cavan town.
 Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed beyond compare,
 Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so fair.

The autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will soon be bare;
 Each red-gold leaf around me seems the colours of her hair.
 My gaze retreats to find my feet, and once again I sigh,
 For the broken pools of sky remind me of the colour of her eye.

At the Cavan Cross each Sunday morning there she can be found,
 And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan town.
 If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her smile,
 And to break the hearts of Cavan men, she'll talk to me a while.

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward – Killeshandra bound,
 To work the week, till I return to court in Cavan town.
 When asked if she would be my bride, at least she'd not said "No,"
 So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and back to her I'll go.

Abdul Abulbul Ameer *(Percy French)*

The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold and quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the shah, was Abdul Abulbul Amir.
If they needed a man to encourage the van, or to harass the foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout for Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were many and well known to fame in the troops that were led by the Czar,
And the bravest of these whom no man could appease was Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.
He could imitate Irving, play Euchre and Pool and perform on the Spanish guitar.
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team was Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun and donned his most truculent sneer,
Downtown he did go where he trod on the toe of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull that you wish to end your career?"
Vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

So take your last look on sunshine and brook and send your regrets to the Czar
By this I imply, you are going to die, Count Ivan Skivinsky Skivar."
Said Ivan: 'My friend, your remarks, in the end will avail you but little, I fear
For you'll never survive to repeat them alive, Mr. Abdul Abulbul Ameer."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty chiboukh, with a cry of, "El Allah! Akhbar!"
And with murderous intent he ferociously went for Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.
They fought all that night neath the moon's yellow light; the din, it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame, of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life, in fact he was shouting, "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck, Count Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.
The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly, expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh, of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch, too, in his spectacles blue drove up in his new-crested car
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line with Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.
A tombstone arose where the Blue Danube flows, and engraved there in characters clear,
Are: 'Stranger, pass by, but contribute a sigh for Abdul Abulbul Ameer.'

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps, 'neath the light of the cold northern star,
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps, is Ivan Skivinsky Skivar.

The Water Is Wide *(Trad.)*

The water is wide, I cannot cross o'er;
Neither have I wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two,
Then both shall row, my love and I.

There is a ship, she sails the sea;
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak,

Thinking it was a mighty tree.
But first it bent and then it broke;
So did my love prove false to me.

I put my hand in some green bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find;
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower behind.

Oh love is gentle and love is kind,
Bright as a jewel when first it's new;
But love grows old and waxes cold,
Then fades away like the morning dew.

Volare *(D. Modugno, F. Migliacci/EMI Robbins)*

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più,
Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu.
Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapito,
E incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito.

Volare, oh oh,
Cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu dipinto di blu,
Felice di stare lassù.

E volavo, volavo felice più in alto del sole 'd ancora più su
Mentr' il mondo pian piano spariva lontano laggiù.
Una musica dolce suonava soltanto per me.

Volare, oh oh
Cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassù.

E continuo a volare felice più in alto del sole 'd ancora più su
Mentr' il mondo pian piano scompare negli occhi tuoi blu
La tua voce è una musica dolce che suona per me

Volare, oh oh
Cantare, oh oh oh oh.
Nel blu degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiù.