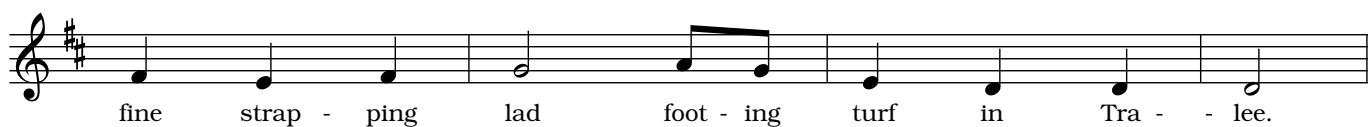
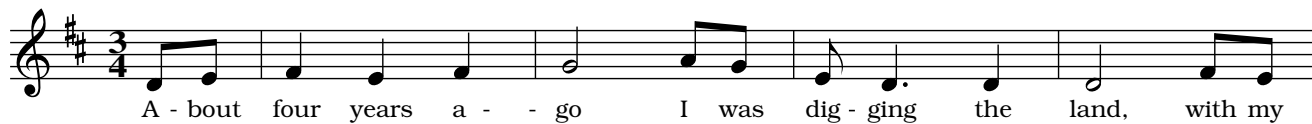


1. The Kerry Recruit

♩ = 160



So I buttered my brogues and shook hands with my spade,
And I went to the fair like a dashing young blade,
When up comes a sergeant and asks me to "list,
"Arra, sergeant a grá, put the bob in my fist."

"Oh then here is the shilling, as we've got no more,
When you get to head-quarters you'll get half a score."
"Arra, quit your kimeens," ses I, "sergeant, goodbye,
You'd not wish to be quartered, and neither would I."

And the first thing they gave me it was a red coat,
With a wide strap of leather to tie round my throat,
They gave me a quare thing I asked what was that,
And they told me it was a cockade for my hat.

The next thing they gave me they called it a gun,
With powder and shot and a place for my thumb;
And first she spit fire and then she spit smoke,
Lord, she gave a great lep and my shoulder near broke.

The next place they sent me was down to the sea,
On board of a warship bound for the Crimea.
Three sticks in the middle all rowled round with sheets,
Faith, she walked thro' the water without any feet.

When at Balakava we landed quite sound,
Both cold wet and hungry we lay on the ground.
Next morning for action the bugle did call,
And we got a hot breakfast of powder and ball.

Sure it's often I thought of my name and my home
And the days that I spent cutting turf; och mavrone,
The balls were so thick and the fire was so hot,
I lay down in the ditch, boys, for fear I'd be shot.

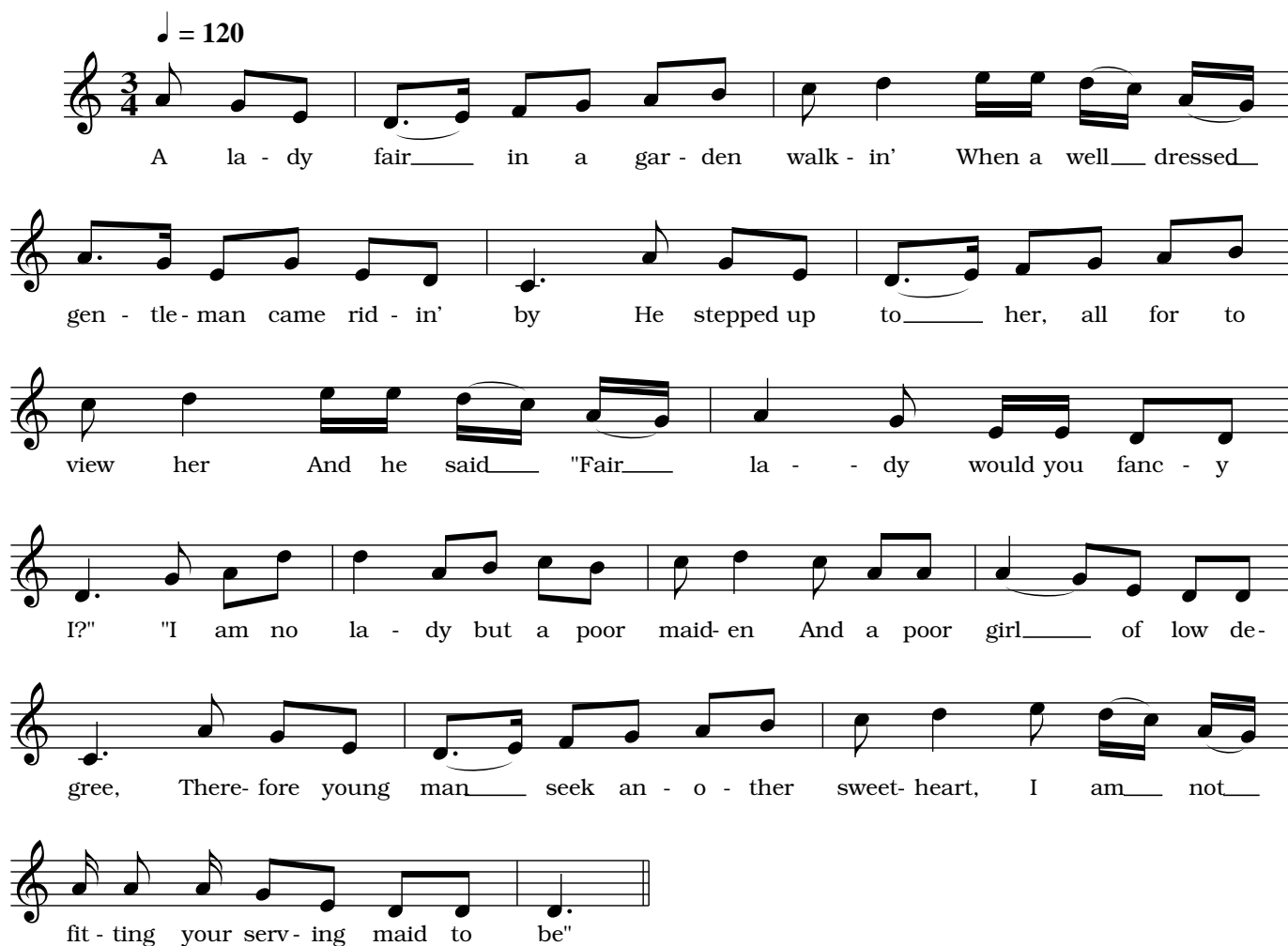
We fought at the Alma, likewise Inkermann,
But the Russians they whaled us at the Redan.
In scaling the walls there myself lost my eye,
And a big Russian bullet ran off with my thigh.

It was there I lay bleeding, stretched on the cold ground,
Heads, legs and arms were scattered all around.
Says I, if my mam or my cleaveens were nigh
They'd bury me decent and raise a loud cry.

They brought me the doctor, who soon staunched my blood
And he gave me an elegant leg made of wood,
They gave me a medal and tenpence a day,
Contented with Sheela, I'll live on halfpay.

2. A Lady Fair

$\text{♩} = 120$



A la - dy fair in a gar - den walk - in' When a well dressed
gen - tle - man came rid - in' by He stepped up to her, all for to
view her And he said "Fair la - - dy would you fanc - y
I?" "I am no la - dy but a poor maid - en And a poor girl of low de -
gree, There - fore young man seek an - o - ther sweet - heart, I am not
fit - ting your serv - ing maid to be"

And oh, kind sir, I have a lover
Tho' 'tis seven long years since I did him see.
And seven years more I will wait upon him
For if he's living he'll return to me."
"Perhaps your lover is dead or drowned
Or maybe sailing all on the sea.
Or maybe he is another's husband
And he will never return to thee."

"Oh, if he's married, I wish him happy,
And if he's dead, sure, I wish him rest;
No other young man will e'er enjoy me
For he's the one that I love the best."
He put his hand into his bosom
His lilywhite fingers they were long and small;
He took out the ring that was broke between them
And when she saw that she down did fall.

He took her up all in his arms,
He gave her kisses most tenderly;
Saying " You're my jewel and I'm your single sailor
And now at last I've won home to thee.
I am your true and your single sailor
You thought was drowned all in the sea.
But I've passed over all my toil and trouble
And I've come home, love, to wed with thee."

Come all young maidens, now heed my story
Don't slight your true love and he on the sea;
And he'll come home and make you his own,
And he'll take you over to Americay.

3. A New Song Called Granuaile

♩ = 120



All through the north as I walked forth to view the shamrock plain I



stood a while where nature smiled amid the rocks and streams On a



ma tron mild I fixed my eyes beneath a fertile vale As she



sang her song it was of the wrongs of Poor Old Granuaile.

Her head was bare and her gray hair over her eyes hung down
Her waist and neck, her hands and feet, with iron chains were bound
Her pensive strain and plaintive wail mingled with the evening gale
And the song she sung with mournful tongue was Poor Old Granuaile.

The gown she wore was stained with gore all by a ruffian band
Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed are now grown pale and wan
The tears of grief fell from her eyes each tear as large as hail
None could express the deep distress of poor old Granuaile.

On her harp she leaned and thus exclaimed "My royal Brian is gone
Who in his day did drive away the tyrants every one
On Clontarf's plains against the Danes his faction did prepare
Brave Brian Boru cut their lines in two and freed old Granuaile.

But now, alas, I must confess, avengers I have none
There's no brave Lord to wave his sword in my defence— not one.
My enemies just when they please with blows they do assail,
The flesh they tore clean off the bones of poor old Granuaile.

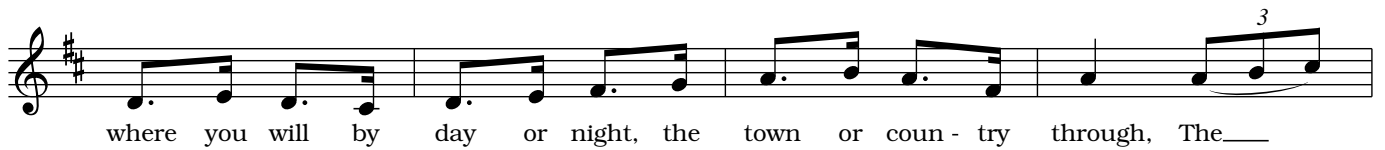
Six hundred years the briny tears have flowed down from my eyes
I curse the day that Henry made of me proud Albion's prize
From that ay down with chains I'm bound no wonder I look pale
The blood they drained from every vein of poor old Granuaile.

There was a lord came from the south he wore a laurel crown
Saying 'Grania dear, be of good cheer, no longer you'll be bound
I am the man they call great Dan, who never yet did fail
I have got the bill for to fulfil your wishes Granuaile."

With blood besmeared and bathed in tears her harp she sweetly strung
And oh the change, her mournful air from one last chord she wrung
Her voice so clear fell on my ear, at length my strength did fail
I went away and thus did say, "God help you, Granuaile."

4. A New Song on the Taxes

♩ = 120



Chorus



They're going to tax the farmers, and their horses, carts and ploughs,
They're going to tax the billygoats, the donkeys, pigs and cows;
They're going to tax the mutton, and they're going to tax the beef,
And they're going to tax the women if they do not try to read.

They will tax the ladies' chignons and their boas, veils and mats,
They're going to tax the mouse traps and the mousies, cats and rats;
They'll tax the ladies' flouncey gowns, their high-heeled boots and stays,
And before the sun begins to shine they'll tax the bugs and fleas.

They're going to tax the brandy, ale, and whiskey, rum and wine,
They'll tax the tea and sugar, the tobacco, snuff and pipes;
They're going to tax the fish that swim and all the birds that fly,
An' they're going to tax the women who go drinking on the sly.

They're going to tax all bachelors as heavy as they can,
And they'll double tax the maidens who are over forty-one;
They'll tax the ground we walk on and the clothes that keep us warm,
And they're going to tax the childer on the night before they're born.

They're going to tax the crutches and they'll tax the wooden legs,
They're going to tax the bacon, bread and butter, cheese, and eggs;
They're going to tax old pensioners as heavy as they can,
And they'll double tax young girls that go looking for a man.

They'll tax the ladies all that paint and those that walk with men,
They're going to tax the ducks and geese, and turkeys, cocks and hens;
They're going to tax the farmers' boys that work along the ditches,
And they'll double tax old drunken wives that try to wear the breeches.

They're going to tax the corn fields, potato gardens too,
They're going to tax the cabbage plants, the jackdaws and the crows;
They'll double tax the hobble skirts and table up some laws,
But the devil says he'll tax them if he gets them in his claws.

5. The Dark-Eyed Sailor

♩ = 100



It being in the sum-mer time to



He said "Fair lady, why do you roam
For the day it is spent and the night is on."
She heaved a sigh, while the tears did roll
"For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor,
So young and stout and bold."

"'Tis seven long years since he left this land,
A ring he took from off his lily-white hand,
One half of the ring is still here with me,
But the other's rolling, but the other's rolling
At the bottom of the sea."

He said, "Ye may drive him out of your mind,
Some other young man you'll surely find;
Love turns aside and soon cold does grow,
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning,
The hills all white with snow."

She said "I'll never forsake my dear,
Although we're parted this many a year.
Genteel he was and no rake like you,
To induce a maiden, to induce a maiden
To slight the jacket blue."

One half of the ring did young William show,
She ran distracted in grief and woe,
Saying, "William, William, I have gold in store
For my darkeyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor
Has proved his overthrow."

There is a cottage by yonder lea,
This couple's married and does agree;
So maids be loyal when your love's at sea,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning
Brings in a sunny day.

6. The Maid With the Bonny Brown Hair

$\text{♩} = 160$

The musical score is written on six staves of a treble clef in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 160. The lyrics are: As once I roved out ve - ry ear - ly To view the green mead - ows in Spring It was down by the side of a riv - er I heard a fair dam - sel did sing And I stood in com - pla - test a - - maze - ment I gazed on that maid - en so fair She ap - peared to me bright - er than Ve - nus That maid with the bon - ny brown hair.

Her eyes they did shine like the diamonds
Her cheeks like the red rose in June,
Her skin was as white as the lily,
And her breath had the rarest perfume;
And a dress of the best speckled velvet
This charming wee lass she did wear,
And chains of bright gold and pure silver
Were twined in her bonny brown hair.

For a long while we courted together,
Till at last we named the wedding day,
And one day while conversing together
Very kindly to me she did say:
"Oh, it's I have another far kinder My land and my fortune to share,
So farewell to you now, and forever,"
Said the maid with the bonny brown hair.

And once I went over the ocean,
Being bound for the proud land of Spain,
Some singing and dancing for pleasure,
But I had a heart full of pain;
And as the ship sailed down the river
I espied my old sweetheart so fair,
Quite content in the arms of another
Was the maid with the bonny brown hair.

So farewell to my friends and relations,
Perchance I shall see you no more,
And when I'm in far distant nations
Sure I'll sigh for my dear native shore;
When I'm in some far distant nation
My land and my fortune to share
I hope I'll get someone more kinder
Than the maid with the bonny brown hair.

7. The Mantle So Green

♩ = 160

As I went out walk - ing one mor - ning in June, To
view the fair fields and the mead - ows in bloom, I
spied a young dam - sel she ap - peared like a queen With her
cost - - ly fine robes and her man - - tle so green.

I stood with amazement and was struck with surprise
I thought her an angel that fell from the skies,
Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks like the rose
She is one of the fairest that nature composed.

I said, "My pretty fair maid, if you will come with me
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be,
I'll dress you in rich vesture, you'll appear like a queen,
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green.'

She answered me, "Young man, you must me excuse,
For I'll wed with no man, you must be refused;
To the woods I will wander to shun all men's view,
For the lad that I love fell in famed Waterloo.'

"O, then, if you won't marry, tell me your love's name,
For I being in battle, I might know the same.'
"Draw near to my garment and there will be seen,
His name all embroidered on my mantle of green.'

Oh ! Nancy, dear Nancy, 'tis I won your heart
In your father's garden that day we did part.
Now the wars are all over, no trouble is seen
And I'll wed with my true love in her mantle so green.'

In raising her mantle there I did behold
His name and his surname were in letters of gold;
Young William O'Reilly appeared to my view
He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

"We fought so victorious where the bullets did fly
In the far field of honour your true love does lie,
We fought for three days till the fourth afternoon,
He received his death summons on the 16th of June.

But when he was dying I heard his last cry
'If you were here, Lovely Nancy, contented I'd die;"
Now Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I declare
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear.'

She stood in amazement, then pale did she grow,
She flew to my arms with a heart full of woe,
"To the woods I will wander for the lad I adore,'
"Rise up, lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove.

8. Youghal Harbour

♩ = 100



As I roved out on a summer's morn- ing Ear- ly as the day did dawn, When



Sol ap- peared in pom- pand glo - ry I took my way through a pleasant lawn. Where



pinks and viol - ets were sweetly bloom- ing And lin- nets warb - ling in ev' - ry shade I've



been a - larmed by a kill- ing char- mer, Near Yough- al Har- bour I met this maid

Her aspect pleasing, her smiles engaging,
I thought she really would distract my mind,
When I viewed her features, I thought on the fair one
That in Rathangan I left behind.
Her glancing eyes they seemed most pleasing,
"I think young man I saw you before,
Here in your absence in grief I languish,
My dear you're welcome to me once more.

"Don't you remember how you once deceived me,
And courted me with right good will,
But at your returning I'll now quit mourning,
In hopes your promise you will fulfil.
A darling babe for you I'll be rearing,
As in your travels you have never seen,
If you'll agree, love, and come with me, love,
We'll all live happy in Cappoquin."

"Oh no, fair maid, I will tell you plainly,
Here to remain I will not agree,
For when your parents would not receive me,
It made me leave this country.
And when your parents would not receive me
It's then to Leinster I did repair,
Where I fell a-courting another fair one,
In sweet Rathangan, near to Kildare.

And now I'm going to leave off roving
For I am hoping her love to win,
To her I'll go now, and I'll bid adieu, now,
Saying 'Fare you well, sweet Cappoquin.'
So now he has left me in grief bewailing,
That he my tender young heart did win.
So all fair maidens, beware of strangers,
And think on Mary of Cappoquin.'

9. The Bonny Labouring Boy

♩ = 110



As I roved out one morning All in the bloom-ing Spring I



o - ver - heard a dam - sel fair Most griev - ous ly did sing, Saying



Cru - el were my par - ents Who me did sore ann - oy They



would not let me tar - rry With my bon - ny I - rish boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red,
His eyes are black as sloes,
He is meek in his behaviour
Wherever that he goes.
He is well sized both neat and wise
Like a maiden's chastity,
If I had my will I would be still
In my love's company.

Says the mother to her daughter
"Why do you stoop so low,
To marry a poor labouring boy,
Around the world to go
Some noble lord might fancy you
Great riches to enjoy,
So do not throw yourself away,
On a poor labouring boy."

Says the daughter to the mother
"Your talk is all in vain,
For knights, and lords, and dukes, and earls
Their efforts I disdain;
I'd sooner live a humble life
Where time I would employ,
Still waiting happy prospects
With my bonny labouring boy.

"If I had all the riches now
Which great men have in store,
'Tis freely I'd bestow them all
On the lad that I adore;
His beauty so entangled me,
The same I'll ne'er deny,
In the arms of my labouring boy
I mean to live and die."

We'll fill our glasses to the brim,
And let the toast go round.
Here's health to every labouring boy
That ploughs and sows the ground,
Who, when his work is over
It is home he'll go with joy,
And happy is the girl that weds
The bonny labouring boy.

10. The Sporting Races of Galway

♩ = 120



As___ I roved out thro' Gal-way town to seek for re - cre - a - tion, On the



se - ven - teenth of Au___ gust, my mind was el - e - vat - ed. There were



mul - ti - tudes ass - embl - ed with their tick - ets at the sta - - tion, My



eyes be - gan to daz - zle and they goin' to see the ra - ces. A - gus



fáim a - rís an crúis___ gín is biodh sé lán

CHORUS ad lib



Grá mo chroí mo chrúis - gín___ Sláin - te geal mo vúir - - nin is



cu - ma liom a cúil___ in veh duv___ nó___ bán ma___



fháima a - - rís an crú - is - - gín is biodh sé lán

There were passengers from Limerick and passengers from Nenagh
And passengers from Dublin and sportsmen from Tipp'rary.
There were passengers from Kerry and all quarters of the Nation
And our member Mr. Hasset for to join the Galway Blazers.

There were multitudes from Aran and members from New Quay shore
The boys from Connamara and the Clare unmarried maidens
There were people from Cork city who were loyal, true and faithful
That brought home Fenian prisoners from dying in foreign nations.

It's there you'll see confectioners with sugarsticks and dainties
The lozenges and oranges, the lemonade and raisins.
The gingerbread and spices to accommodate the ladies
And a big crubeen for threepence to be picking while you're able.

It's there you'll see the gamblers, the thimbles and the garters
And the sporting Wheel of Fortune with the four and twenty quarters
There was others without scruple pelting wattles at poor Maggy
And her father well contented and he looking at his daughter.

It's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing
And the nimble-footed dancers and they tripping on the daisies
There was others crying cigars and lights, and bills of all the races
With the colours of the jockeys and the prize and horses' ages.

It's there you'd see the jockeys and they mounted on most stately
The pink and blue, the red and green, the Emblem of our nation.
'When the bell was rung for starting, all the horses seemed impatient,
I thought they never stood on ground, their speed was so amazing.

There was half a million people there of all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian.
There was yet no animosity, no matter what persuasion
But filte and hospitality inducing fresh acquaintance.

11. The Piper's Tunes

$\text{♩} = 120$



As I rov'd thro' the town to view the pret - ty lass - es, The
old maids with a frown, peeped at me thro their glass - es, To
Cove we will go down to view the lass - es pret - ty And the
sail - or - men al - - so which sets forth all its beau - ty.

CHORUS
Ri - too - ral - oo - ral - ah, Ri - too - ral - oo - ral - ad - dy, Ri
too - ral - oo - ral - - ah Ri - - - too - ral - oo - ral - - ad - dy.

There's Captain Burke of Grove, a very famous name, sirs,
He keeps the buck and doe, and hunts the sporting game, sirs,
He winds the whip and spur, and makes the hunters rattle,
And when that home he comes he'll surely crack a bottle.

John Blake for to promote, he plays some tunes so merry;
He gave some charming notes to banish melancholy,
He'll then blow up the pipes to play the tune "Brave Larry,"
You'd laugh until you'd die to hear "Sweet Paddy Carey."

He'd play the Prussian Wars, the falls of the Boyne Water,
Jeannette and Jeannot and the March of Alexander,
The blooming White Cockade, the Old Brigade is coming,
O'Connell's in for Clare, and All the bells were ringing.

He played the Colleen Bawn, the banks of Kitty's Cottage,
The affermonious jig, called—My mother's mess of pottage.
The Wexford Rakes in style, and Trip the world before him,
The Sailor's Hornpipe, and Garryowen and Glory.

He played Kitty from Athione, with Moreen móra Glanna,
Noreen on the road, and the flashy Rakes of Mallow.
Aughrim's overthrow, and the fall of Carrig Castle,
Brave Sarsfield took command at many a famous battle.

He played the Chorus jig, the ancient Ladies' Fancy,
Jack and the Jug of Punch, and the Bonnie highland laddie
The Ale-house in great glee, with the Glass of brandy
The Roving sporting wheel—My love he is a dandy.

Nora Creena, he can play with all the variations,
The Rambler from Tralee, the De'il among the Tailors.
The Job of journey work, and the Boy she left behind her,
The song of Paddy Whack, and Tally-hi—ho the grinder.

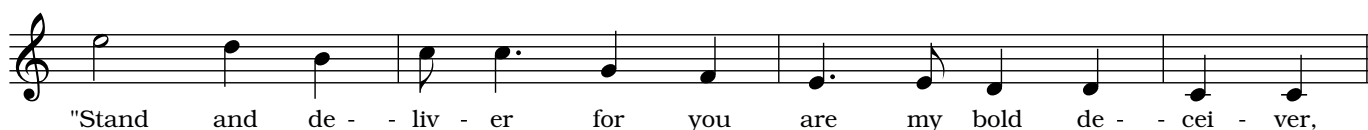
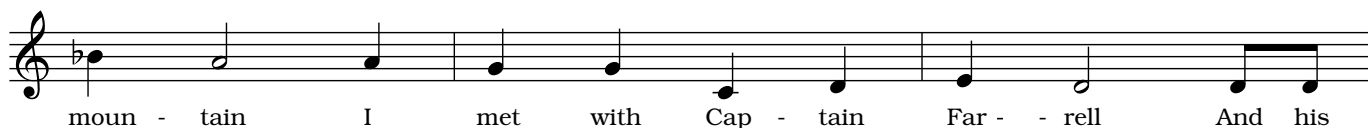
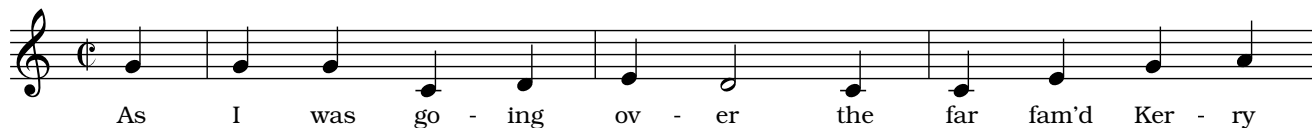
He played up Bob and Joan, with Ju Ju Joice the joker
The famous jig Tow-row, that was kept for Captain Croker
The Ball of Ballinafad, and the Banks of Bannow
Plunkett's Moll in the wad, and Shawn O'Deer a'Glana.

He played of Bonaparte who crossed the Alps in winter,
The Union hornpipe, and the Killinick fox hunters,
The song of Patrick's Day, and the jig of Paddy Carroll
And each boy will Kiss the Maid behind the whiskey barrel.

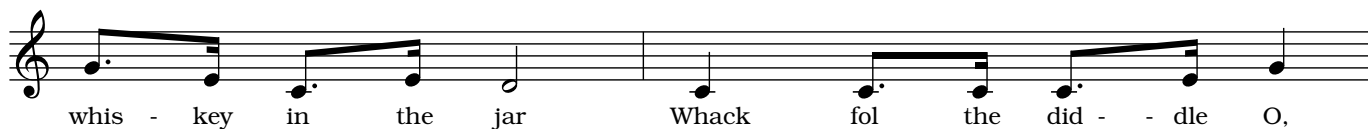
So now I'll sing no more, because my song is ended
If I said anything wrong I hope you're not offended
Of hornpipes, jigs and reels, I'm sure I told you many,
Get up and shake your heels, 'tis better sport than any.

12. There's Whiskey in the Jar

$\text{♩} = 100$



Chorus



He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

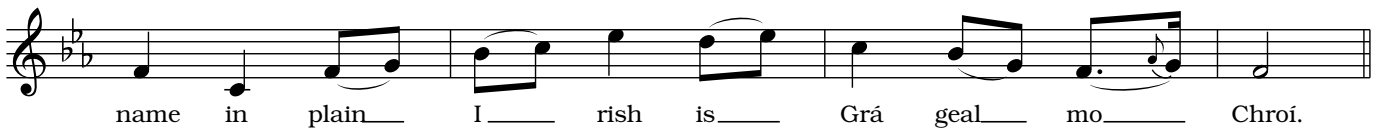
I went unto my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water
An' she sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter.

And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell;
I then produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

And if any one can aid me 'tis my brother in the army
If I could learn his station, in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me we'd go-roving, in Kilkenny
I'll engage he'd treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny.

13. Grá Geal mo Chroí

♩ = 100



'Twas on a summer's morning, as I walked along,
Down by yon green valley, I heard a fine song;
It was a fair damsel, and her voice rang most clear,
Saying, "How blest would I be if my darling was here."

I then drew anear to a shade that was green,
Where the leaves grew about her and she scarce could be seen;
And it was her whole cry, "O! my darling come away,
For without your loving company no longer can I stay.

That the moon it may darken and show us no light,
And the bright stars of heaven fall down from their height;
That the rocks may all melt, and the mountains remove
The hour I prove false to the fair one I love.

If I were an empress and had the care of a crown,
And had I all the money that's for it laid down,
I would freely return it to the boy that I love,
And my mind I'd resign to the great God above."

Like a sheet of white paper is her neck and her breast,
Her bright eyes a-shining have robbed me of rest,
She's a pattern of virtue wherever she goes,
And her cheeks I compare to the red blushing rose.

Oh, the ships on the ocean may go without sails,
And the smallest of fishes turn into great whales,
In the middle of the ocean there will grow an apple tree,
If e'er I prove false to my Grá geal mo chroí.

14. A New Song on the Manchester Martyrs; or The Smashing of the Van

♩ = 120



At — tend you gal - lant I - rish men and lis - ten for a while — I'll



sing to you — the prais - es of the sons of Er - in's Isle — It's



of those gall — ant he - roes Who vol - un - tar - il - y ran — To re -



lease — two I - rish Sham — rocks, From an Eng - lish pris - on van —

CHORUS



Hur - rah my lads — for free - dom, let's all join heart and hand, May the



Lord — have mer - cy on the boys that helped to smash the van —

On the eighteenth of September, it was a dreadful year,
When sorrow and excitement ran throughout all Lancashire,
At a gathering of the Irish boys they volunteered each man,
To release those Irish prisoners out of the prison van.

Kelly and Deasy were their names, I suppose you knew them well,
Remanded for a week they were in Bellvue Gaol to dwell,
When taking of the prisoners back, their trial for to stand,
To make a safe deliverance they conveyed them in a van.

William Deasy was a man of good and noted fame,
Likewise Michael Larkin, we'll never forget his name,
With young Allen and O'Brien they took a part so grand,
In that glorious liberation and the smashing of the van.

In Manchester one morning those heroes did agree,
Their leaders, Kelly and Deasy, should have their liberty.
They drank a health to Ireland, and soon made up the plan,
To meet the prisoners on the road and take and smash the van.

With courage bold those heroes went and soon the van did stop,
They cleared the guards from back and front and then smashed in the top,
But in blowing open of the lock, they chanced to kill a man,
So three men must die on the scaffold high for smashing of the van.

One cold November morning Ln eighteen sixty-seven,
These martyrs to their country's cause a sacrifice were given,
"God save Ireland," was the cry, all through the crowd it ran
The Lord have mercy on the boys that helped to smash the van.

So now kind friends I will conclude, I think it would be right,
That all true-hearted Irishmen together should unite,
Together should sympathise, my friends, and do the best we can
To keep the memories ever green, of the boys that smashed the van.

15. Brian O Linn

$\text{♩} = 150$

Bri - an O Linn had no breech- es to wear He
 got an old sheep - skin to make him a pair With the
 flesh - y side out and the wool - ly side in, "They'll be
 pleas - - ant and cool," says Bri - an O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no shirt to his back,
 He went to a neighbour's, and borrowed a sack,
 Then he puckered the meal bag in under his chin
 "Sure they'll take them for ruffles," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn was hard up for a coat,
 So he borrowed the skin of a neighbouring goat,
 With the horns sticking out from his oxsters, and then,
 "Sure they'll take them for pistols," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no hat to put on,
 So he got an old beaver to make him a one,
 There was none of the crown left and less of the brim,
 "Sure there's fine ventilation," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no brogues for his toes,
 He hopped in two crab-shells to serve him for those.
 Then he split up two oysters that match'd like a twin,
 Sure they'll shine out like buckles," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no watch to put on,
 So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one.
 Then he placed a young cricket in—under the skin
 "Sure they'll think it is ticking," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn to his house had no door,
 He'd the sky for a roof, and the bog for a floor;
 He'd a way to jump out, and a way to swim in,
 "'Tis a fine habitation," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn went a—courting one night,
 He set both the mother and daughter to fight;
 To fight for his hand they both stripped to the skin,
 "Sure! I'll marry you both," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn, his wife and wife's mother,
 They all lay down in the bed together,
 The sheets they were old and the blankets were thin,
 "Lie close to the wall," says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn, his wife and wif's mother,
 Were all going home o'er the bridge together,
 The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in,
 "We'll go home by the water," says Brian O Linn.

16. The Bonny Bunch of Roses

♩ = 120



By the mar- gin of the o- cean, one pleas- ant ev'-ning in the month of June, When



all those feath- er'd song- sters their li- quid notes did sweetly tune, 'Twas



there I spied a fem- ale, and on her fea- ture the signs of woe, Con-



vers- ing with young Bon- a- parte, con- cern- ing the Bonny Bunch of Ro- ses, O.

Then up speaks young Napoleon, and takes his mother by the hand,
Saying: "Mother dear, be patient until I'm able to take command;
And I'll raise a mighty army, and through tremendous dangers go,
And I never will return again till I've conquered the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"When first you saw great Bonaparte, you fell upon your bended knee,
And you asked your father's life of him, he granted it right manfully.
And 'twas then he took his army, and o'er the frozen Alp did go,
And he said: 'I'll conquer Moscow, and return for the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O.'"

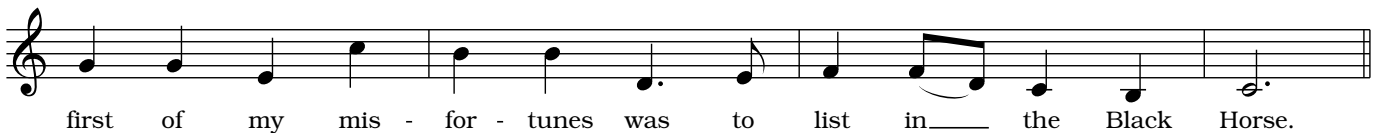
"He took three hundred thousand men, and kings likewise to bear his train,
He was so well provided for, that he could sweep the world for gain;
But when he came to Moscow, he was overpowered by the sleet and snow,
With Moscow all ablazing, and he lost the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"Now son, be not too venturesome, for England is the heart of oak,
And England, Ireland, Scotland, their unity shall ne'er be broke;
Remember your brave father, in Saint Helena he lies low,
And if you follow after, beware of the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"O mother, adieu for ever, for now I lie on my dying bed,
If I lived I'd have been clever, but now droop my youthful head;
But when our bones lie mouldering and weeping willows o'er us grow,
The name of young Napoleon will enshrine the Bonn Bunch of Roses, O."

17. The Black Horse

♩ = 140



Now it being of a Thursday morn to Galway I did go,
Meeting with a small officer which proved my overthrow;
I met with Sergeant Atkinson in the market going down,
And says he: "Young man, would you enlist to be a Light Dragoon?"

"Oh no, kind sir, a soldier's life with me would not agree,
Nor neither will I bind myself down from my libertie.
I live contented at my ease, my mind does tell me so,
So fare thee well, I'm just going down my shuttle for to throw."

"So are you in a hurry now or are you going away,
Or won't you stand and listen to those words I'm going to say;
Or do you live far from this place, the same I'd wish to know,
Your name, kind sir, now if you please, give me before you go"

"Oh, then, I am in a hurry, and my dwelling is not far,
My place of habitation lies six miles behind Armagh;
Charles Egan is my name, from Armagh town I came
I ne'er intend to do a crime that I should deny my name."

He says: "Now Cousin Charlie, perhaps you might do worse,
Now leave your native counterie and list in the Black Horse";
And with all his kind persuasiveness with him I did agree,
And I left my native country, boys, and fought for libertie.

Farewell unto my father, dear, likewise my sisters three,
Farewell unto my mother, her kind face I ne'er will see;
As I ride down through Armagh town, they all run in my mind
So farewell unto my country, boys, and the girl I left behind.

18. The Girl I Left Behind Me

♩ = 110



Come all ye handsome comely maids That live near Carlow dwell - ing Be



ware of young men's flatt' - ring tongue, When love to you they're tell - ing Be



ware of the kind words they say, Be wise and do not mind them, For



if they were talk - ing till they die They'd leave you all be hind them.

In Carlow town I lived I own
All flee from debt and danger.
Till Colonel Reilly listed me
To join the Wicklow Rangers.
They dressed me up in scarlet red
And they used me very kindly
But still I thought my heart would break
For the girl I left behind me.

I was scarcely fourteen years of age
When I was broken - hearted
For I'm in love these two long years
Since from my love I parted
These maidens wonder how I moan
And bid me not to mind him
That he might have more grief than joy
For leaving me behind him.

So now my love is gone from me
I own I do not blame him
For oftentimes he told to me
That he never would deceive me
But now he's gone across the foam
Unto some distant island
But in course of time he may come home
To the girl he left behind him.

'Tis not my love I claim I own
All for our separation
That left me wandering far from home
All in a distant station
But when e'er I get my liberty
No man shall ever bind me
I'll see my native land once more
And the girl I left behind me.

19. The Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe

♩ = 140



Come all ye lads and lass es and hear my mourn ful tale Ye



ten - der hearts that weep for love to sigh you will not fail 'Tis



all a - bout a young man and my song will tell you how He



late - ly came a court - ing of the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe.

Said he, "My pretty fair maid, could you and I agree,
To join our hands in wedlock bands, and married we will be;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, and you'll have my plighted vow,
That I'll do my whole endeavours for the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

Now this young and pretty fickle thing, she knew not what to say,
Her eyes did shine like silver bright and merrily did play;
Says she, "Young man, your love subdue, I m not ready now,
And I'll spend another season at the foot of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

"Oh," says he, "My pretty fair maid, now why do you say so
Look down in yonder valley where my verdant crops do grow
Look down in yonder valley at my horses and my plough
All at their daily labour for the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

"If they're at their daily labour, kind sir, it is not for me,
I've heard of your behaviour, I have, kind sir," says she;
"There is an inn where you drop in, I've heard the people say,
Where you rap and you call and you pay for all, and go home at the dawn of day."

"If I rap and I call and I pay for all, my money is all my own,
I've never spent aught o' your fortune, for I hear that you've got none.
You thought you had my poor heart broke in talking to me now,
But I'll leave you where I found you, at the foot of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

20. The Wreck of the "Mary Jane"

♩ = 110



Come all you dry land sailors bold That never went out in the rain And



I will sing in praise of a ship That was called the Mary Jane The



Mary Jane was a one-mastship She was built in the town of Taghmon She



carr-ied a crew of a hundred and two With a car-g-o of farm-er's dung.

The captain he was a Dutchman,
And he hailed from Barrack-lane,
And his wife was "man behind the mast,"
On board of the Mary Jane.
The mate was a great navigator,
And his nose was as red as a tart;
He belonged to the Wexford Militia,
And he knew every pub on the chart.

We had a French cook from Mullinavat,
Pat Murphy was his name;
And he was chief cook for spoiling the soup
On board of the Mary Jane.
The morning that we left Taghmon
Our ship ran short of wind,
So the crew had to get right out in the wet,
And everyone shove behind.

When going around by the Long Stone Cross
A terrible storm now blew,
So we tightened her sails with a horse's reins,
And we steered for Timbuctoo.
Next morning our cargo shifted,
So the captain cried "We're done,"
But every man took a sprong in his hand,
And went down for to turn the dung.

Next day we ran short of tobacco,
We had not a bit in our bag;
So when captain and crew had ne'er a chew,
They started to "chaw the rag."
So now we were short of lime-juice,
And the herrings they were so salt,
The skipper he told our mate so bold,
When he'd come to a pub to halt.

The mate he kept a sharp look-out,
For he was fond of a drop.
When he saw the green light he shouted "Hold tight!
We're into a doctor's shop."

The Mary Jane took a stitch in her side,
And so did the rest of the crew,
So she went ashore at the doctor's door,
And she never reached Timbuctoo.

21. Van Diemen's Land

$\text{♩} = 120$

Come all you gal-lant poach-ers that ramb-le void of care That
 walk out on a moon-light night with your dog and gun and snare. The
 hare and loft - - y pheasant you have at your com - mand. Not
 think - ing of your last ca - reer up - on Van Die - mens Land.

Poor Thomas Brown from Nenagh town, Jack Murphy and poor Joe
 Were three determined poachers as the county well does know
 By the keepers of the land, my boys, one night they were trepanned
 And for fourteen years transported unto Van Diemen's Land.

The first day that we landed upon that fatal shore
 The planters came around us there might be twenty score.
 They ranked us off like horses and they sold us out of hand
 And they yoked us to the plough, brave boys, to plough Van Diemen's Land.

The cottages we live in are built with sods of clay
 We have rotten straw for bedding but we dare not say nay.
 Our cots we fence with firing and slumber when we can
 To keep the wolves and tigers from us in Van Diemen's Land.

Of times when I do slumber I have a pleasant dream
 With my sweet girl sitting near me close by a purling stream
 I am roaming through old Ireland with my true love by the hand
 But awoken broken-hearted upon Van Diemen's Land.

God bless our wives and families, likewise that happy shore
 That isle of sweet contentment which we shall ne'er see more
 As for the wretched families see them we seldom can
 There are twenty men for one woman in Van Diemen's Land.

There was a girl from Nenagh town, Peg Brophy was her name,
 For fourteen years transported was, we all well knew the same
 But our planter bought her freedom and married her out of hand
 And she gives to us good usage upon Van Diemen's Land.

But fourteen years is a long time, that is our fatal doom
 For nothing else but poaching for that is all we done
 You would leave off both dog and gun and poaching every man
 If you but knew the hardship that's in Van Diemen's Land.

Oh, if I had a thousand pounds all laid out in my hand
 I'd give it all for liberty if that I could command,
 Again to Ireland I'd return and be a happy man
 And bid adieu to poaching and to Van Diemen's Land.

22. The Maid of Sweet Gurteen

♩ = 120



Come all ye gen- tle Mu- ses, com- bine and lend an ear While



I set forth the prais- es of a charm ing maid- en fair, It's the



curls of her yel- low locks that stole a way my heart, And



death, I'm sure, must be the cure, When she and I do part.

The praises of this lovely maid I mean for to unfold,
Her hair hangs o'er her shoulders like lovely links of gold.
Her carriage neat, her limbs complete, which fractured quite my brain,
Her skin is whiter than the swan that swims on the purling stream.

Her eyes are like the diamonds that shine with crystal sheen
So modest and so tender she's fit to be a queen,
How many pleasant hours I spent all in the garden field,
She's won my heart, I cannot part with the maid of sweet Gurteen.

It was my cruel father that caused my grief and woe.
For he took and locked her in room and would not let her go.
Her windows I have daily watched, thinking she might be seen
In hopes some time to get a sight of the maid of sweet Gurteen.

My father he arose one day and this to me did say
Oh son, dear son, be advised by me, don't throw yourself away
For to marry a poor servant girl whose parents are so mean,
So stay at home and do not roam, but always with me remain.

O father, dearest father, don't deprive me of my dear,
I would not lose my darling for a thousand pounds a year.
Was I possessed of England's crown I would make her my queen,
In high renown I'd wear the crown with the maid of sweet Gurteen.

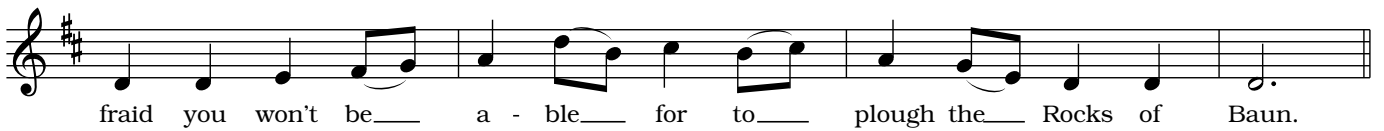
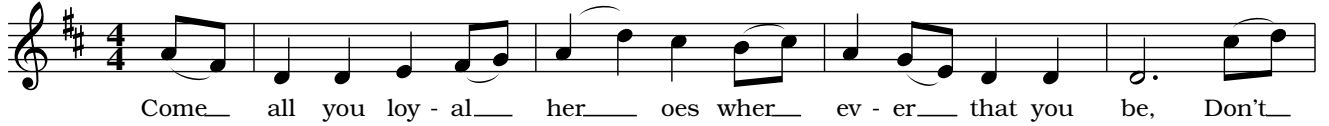
My father in a passion flew, and this to me did say,
Since it is the cause within this place no longer she shall stay,
Mark what I say, from the very day you ne'er shall see her face,
For I will send her far away unto some other place.

'Twas in a few days after that a horse he did prepare
And sent my darling far away to a place I know not where,
I may go view my darling's room where oft times she has been
In hopes to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gurteen.

Now to conclude and make an end, I take my pen in hand,
Young Johnny Reilly is my name, and Flower Hills my land,
The days I spent in merriment since my darling first I seen,
And while I live I'll always think of the maid of sweet Gurteen.

23. A New Song on the Rocks of Baun

♩ = 120



My shoes they are well worn now and my stockings they are thin,
My heart is always trembling afeared that I'd give in,
My heart is nearly broken from the clear daylight till dawn,
And I never will be able for to plough the rocks of Baun.

My curse attend you, Sweeney, for you have me nearly robbed,
You're sitting by the fireside with your feet upon the hob,
You're sitting by the fireside from the clear daylight till dawn,
But you never will be able for to plough the rocks of Baun.

O rise up, lovely Sweeney, and give your horse its hay,
And give him a good feed of oats before you start away,
Don't feed him on soft turnips, take him down to your green lawn,
And then you might be able for to plough the rocks of Baun.

I wish the Queen of England would write to me in time,
And place me in some regiment all in my youth and prime,
I'd fight for Ireland's glory from the clear daylight till dawn,
And I never would return again to plough the rocks of Baun.

24. The Suit of Green

♩ = 130

Come all you pret-ty fair maids, and lis - ten to my mel - o - dy When you
hear my lam - en ta tion, I'm sure that you will pi ty me. For
once I loved a young man as neat a lad as could be seen, He was
torn from my arms, For wear - ing of the Suit of Green.

It was on a Summer's evening as my love and I did chance to roam
Folded in each other's arms, as we strayed thro' yon shady grove,
He laid his hands against my breast, and most feelingly to me did say,
My life it lies in danger, for wearing of the suit of green.

If this be true, dear 'lilly, if this you tell to me be true,
I pray you throw aside your clothes, and I'll buy for you a suit of blue
No, no, my charming fair one, no cowardice shall e'er be seen,
For I am son to Grania and I always will adore the green.

It was of a summer's evening, as my love and I sat in a room,
Thinking it was no harm, immediately the guards did come,
It's with their guns the door they broke, the moment that my love was seen
He was torn from my arms for wearing of the suit of green.

I was sent for by my master, a man that I did wish to see,
He brought me up to Dublin, the rights of law to give to me,
He brought me to a merchant's shop, the neatest clothes that could be seen
Embroidered all with gold lace, he bought for me a suit of green.

I went unto the Colonel, down on my bended knees I fell
Begging your honour's pardon for the story I am going to tell.
You have a clever young man, the bravest boy that e'er was seen
And he lies in cold irons for the wearing of the suit of green.

Pick out six of your best men, to stand before my love and me
A thousand pounds I will lay down, that he will answer manfully
He says rise up my blooming girl, your true-love I shall set free
I'll restore him to your arms, and give him leave to wear the green.

It is now my trial is over, thanks be to God who set me free,
Prosperity attend on him, that has restored my love to me.
It is now I'll wed my Phoenix bright, a faithful girl she proved to me,
And she shall have gold ear-rings, and her mantle shall be of the green.

25. The Bold Belfast Shoemaker

♩ = 130



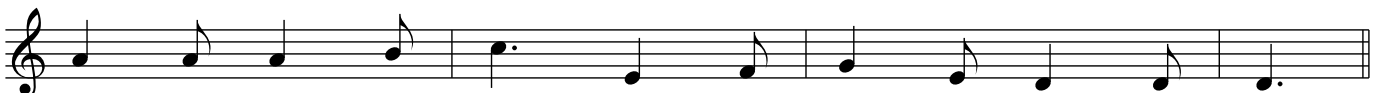
Come all you true born Ir - ish - men, where ev - er you may be I



hope you pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me I



am a bold shoe - mak - er, From Bel - fast Town I came And



to my great mis - for - - tune I lis - - ted in the train.

I had a fair young sweetheart Jane Wilson was her name
She said it grieved her to the heart to see me in the train.
She told me if I would desert to come and let her know
She would dress me up in her own clothes that I might go to and fro.

We marched to Chapelizod like heroes stout and bold.
I'd be no more a slave to them, my officer I told,
For to work upon a Sunday with me did not agree
That was the very time, brave boys, I took my liberty.

When encamped at Tipperary, we soon got his command
For me and for my comrade bold, one night on guard to stand.
The night it was both wet and cold and so we did agree
And on that very night, brave boys, I took my liberty.

The night that I deserted I had no place to stay,
I went into a meadow and lay down in the hay.
It was not long that I lay there until I rose again,
And looking all around me I espied six of the train.

We had a bloody battle but soon I beat them all
And, soon the dastard cowards for mercy loud did call.
Saying spare our lives brave Irewin and we will pray for thee,
By all that's fair we will declare for you and liberty.

As for George Clarke of Carrick, I own he's very mean,
For the sake of forty shillings he had me took again
'They locked me in a strong room my sorrows to deplore,
With four on every window and six on every door.

I being close confined then I soon looked all around
I leaped out of the window and knocked four of them down.
The light horse and the train, my boys, they soon did follow me
But I kept my road before them and preserved my liberty.

I next joined Father Murphy as you will quickly hear
And many a battle did I fight with his brave Shelmaliers.
With 400 of his croppy boys we beat great Lord Mountjoy
And at the battle of New Ross we made 8,000 fly.

I am a bold shoemaker and Irewin is my name
I could beat as many Orangemen as listed in a train;
I could beat as many Orangemen as could stand in a row
I would make them fly before me like an arrow from a bow.

26. Donnelly and Cooper

♩ = 180



Come all you true bred I - rish men I hope you will draw near And



like - wise pay at - ten - tion to those few I lines have here, It



is as true a sto - - ry as ev - er you did hear Of how



Don - nel - ly fought Coop - er on the Cur - ragh of Kil - dare.

It was on the third of June, brave boys, the challenge was sent o'er,
From Britannia to old Crania for to raise her son once more
To renew the satisfaction and the credit to record,
They are all in deep distraction since Daniel conquered all.

Old Grania read the challenge and received it with a smile,
"You'd better haste unto Kildare my well-beloved child,
It is there you'll reign victorious as you often did before;
And your deeds will shine most glorious around sweet Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted of, those heroes did prepare
To meet brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare,
Those Englishmen bet ten to one that day against poor Dan,
Such odds as this could ne'er dismay the blood of an Irishman.

When those two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
They were then full determined on each other's blood to spill,
From six to nine they parried that time till Donnelly knocked him down
Here Grania smiled, "Well done my child, that is 10,000 pounds."

The second round that Cooper fought he knocked down Donnelly
And Dan likewise being of true game, he rose most furiously,
Right active then was Cooper he knocked Donnelly down again,
Those Englishmen they gave three cheers saying "The battle is all in vain."

Long, life to brave Miss Kelly 'tis recorded on the plain,
She boldly stepped into the ring saying, "Dan, what do you mean?
Well done," says she, "brave Donnelly, my Irish boy," said she
"My whole estate I have laid out on you", brave Donnelly."

Then Donnelly rose up again and meeting with great might,
For to stagnate those nobles all, he continued on the fight.
Tho' Cooper stood in his own defence exertion proved in vain,
For he soon received a temple blow that hurled him o'er the rails.

You sons of proud Britannia, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper by Dan Donnelly has met his sad downfall,
In eleven rounds he got nine knock-downs likewise a broke jawbone,
"Shake' hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle is all our own."

27. Father Murphy

$\text{♩} = 120$



Come all you war-riors and re-nown-èd no- bles, give ear un-
to my war-like theme And I will
sing you how Fath-er Mur-phy late-ly a-
roused from his sleep-y dream Sure Ju-lius
Cae-sar and Al-ex-and-er Nor brave King
Ar-thur ev-er e-qualled him For arm-ies
for-mid-a-ble he did con-quer tho' with two
gun-men he did be-gin.

Camolin cavalry he did unhorse them,
Their first lieutenant he cut them down,
With shattered ranks, and with broken columns,
They soon returned to Camolin town,
On the hill of Otilart he displayed his valour,
Where a hundred Corkmen lay on the plain
At Enniscorthy his sword he wielded
And I hope to see him once more again,

When Enniscorthy became subject to him,
'Twas then to Wexford we marched our men,
And on the Three Rock took up our quarters,
Waiting for daylight the town to win.
The loyal townsmen gave their assistance
We'll die or conquer, they all did say
The yeomen cavalry made no resistance,
For on the pavement their corpses lay,

The issue of it was a close engagement,
While on the soldiers we played warlike pranks;
Thro' sheepwalks, hedgerows and shady thickets,
There were mangled bodies and broken ranks,
The shuddering cavalry I can't forget them;
We raised the brushes on their helmets straight-
They turned about, and they bid for Dublin,
As if they ran for a tenpound plate.

Some crossed Donnybrook and more through Blackrock
And some up Shankill without wound or flaw
And if Barry Lawless be not a liar
There's more went groaning up Luggelaw.
To the Windmill Hill of Enniscorthy,
The British Fencibles they fled like deers;
But our ranks were tattered, and sorely scattered,
By the loss of Kyan and the Shelmaalers.

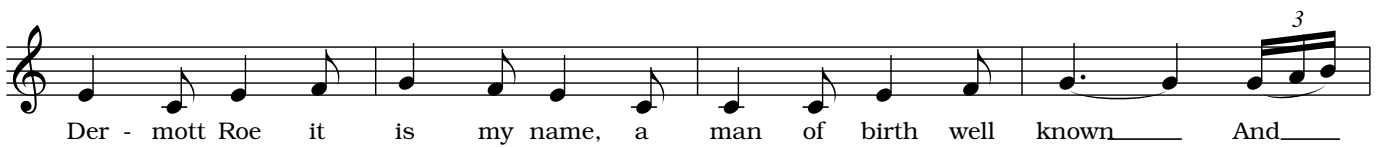
With drums abeating the town did echo,
And acclamations came from door to door;
On the Windmill Hill we pitched our tents,
And we drank like heroes, but paid no score.
On Carraig Rua for some time we waited,
And next to Gorey we did repair,
At Tubberneering we thought no harm,
The bloody army was waiting there,

The streets of England were left quite naked
Of all its army both foot and horse
The Highlands of Scotland were left unguarded
Likewise the Hessians the seas they crossed.
But if the Frenchmen had reinforced us,
And landed transports in Bagenbun,
Father John Murphy would be their seconder,
And sixteen thousand with him would come.

Success attend the sweet County Wexford
Threw off its yoke and to battle run;
Let them not think we gave up our arms
For every man has a pike and gun.

28. Bold McDermott Roe

♩ = 150



I headed the Defenders, as their captain 'tis the truth,
In the County of Roscommon I was called the undaunted youth
One thousand men at my command, no rent I'd let be paid,
For to face an army I was brought, and of them was not afraid.

Part of my men being taken, I swore I'd rescue them with speed,
Like Hector bold I ventured, but in it did not succeed,
I fought as brave as any, till half my face was shot away,
Nor did I turn a traitor, or from my brave boys run away.

So McDermott Roe was taken and laid in Roscommon gaol,
Although my friends were rich and great for me they'd take no bail,
Twice I was at assizes tried, and each time guilty found,
But yet they dare not hang me for fear of the country round.

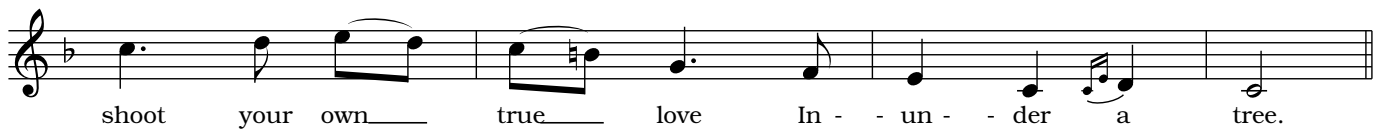
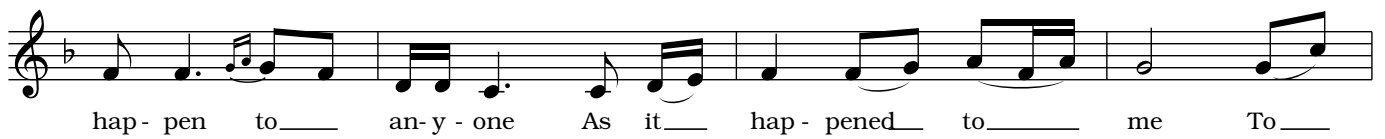
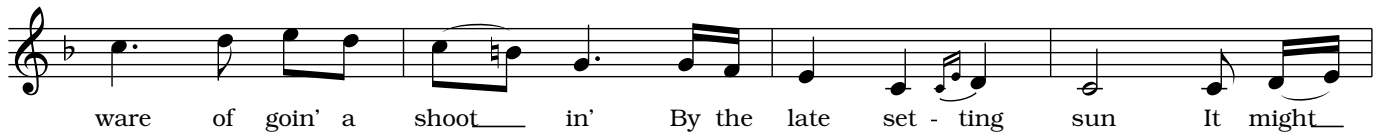
There are numbers in the country would shed salt tears for me,
Would venture life and limb to save me from the gallows tree
Farewell dear honoured father, you've thousands lost by me,
Your trouble grieves me more than going to face the gallows tree.

To Dublin I was brought to hang upon the gallows tree,
'Tis little thought I at the time of my nativity,
My father was a gentleman and my mother a lady gay,
One thousand was her fortune upon her wedding day.

There were estated gentlemen, that do belong to me,
And did I lead a sober life it's hanged I ne'er would be,
To back the poor against the rich with them did not agree,
And so McDermott Roe must die in shame and misery.

29. Young Molly Bán

♩ = 120



She was going to her uncle's, when the shower it came on
She went under a bush, the rain for to shun.
With her apron all around her, I took her for a swan
And I levelled my gun and I shot Molly Ban.

I ran to her uncle's in haste and great fear,
Saying Uncle, dear Uncle, I've shot Molly dear.
With her apron all around her I took her for a swan
But oh and alas! it was my Molly Ban.

I shot my own true love—alas I'm undone
While she was in the shade by the setting of the sun
If I thought she was there I'd caress her tenderly,
And soon I'd get married to my own dear Molly.

My curse on you, Toby, that lent me your gun
To go out ashooting by the late setting sun,
I rubbed her fair temples and found she was dead
A fountain of tears for my Molly I shed.

Up comes my father and his iocks they were grey,
Stay in your own country and don't run away,
Stay in your own country till your trial comes on
And I'll see you set free by the laws of the land.

Oh the maids of this country they will all be very glad
When they hear the sad news that my Molly is dead.
Take them all in their hundreds, set them all in a row,
Molly Ban she shone above them like a mountain of snow.

30. The Jolly Farmer

$\text{♩} = 120$

Come each jol - ly fel - low that loves to be mel - low At
tend un - - to me and sit ais - - - y, One
jo - - rum in qui - et my lads let us try it, Dull
think - ing will make a man cra - - - zy For
here I am king so I'll dance, drink and sing, Let
no man ap - - pear as a strang - - - er, But
show me the ass that re - - fus - es his glass And I'll
or - der him hay in a man - - ger.

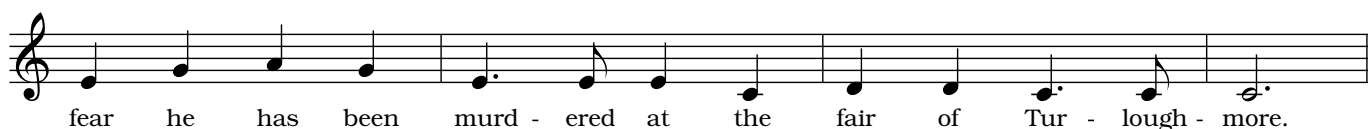
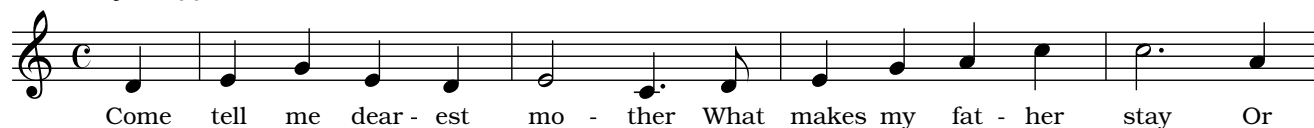
By ploughing and mowing, by reaping and sowing
Kind nature supplies me with plenty,
I've a cellar well stored and a plentiful board,
And a garden affords every dainty,
Were it not for my seeding you'd have but poor feeding,
You'd surely be starved without me,
I am always content when I pay up my rent,
I am happy when friends are about me.

Draw near to my table, my boys, when you're able,
Let me hear not one word of complaining,
For the jingling of glasses all music surpasses,
I love to see bottles a-draining,
Let the mighty and great roll in splendour and state
I envy them not, I declare it,
I eat my own ham, my own chicken and lamb,
I shear my own fleece, and I wear it.

I have all things in season both woodcock and pheasant,
I am here as a Justice of Quorum,
At my cabin fore-end I've a bed for a friend,
A clear fireside and a jorum;
I've a lawn and I've bowers, I've fruit and I've flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer,
So jolly boys now, that follow the plough,
Drink life and success to the Farmer.

31. The Sorrowful Lament for Callaghan, Greally and Mullen Killed at the Fair of Turloughmore

$\text{♩} = 100$



Come all you tender Christians I hope you will draw near
It's of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear;
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do deplore
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) they died at Turloughmore

'Twas on the first of August the truth I will declare
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair;
But little was their notion what evil was in store
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight 'twould grieve your heart I know
To see the comely women and the men all lying low;
God help their tender parents, they will never see them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turloughmore.

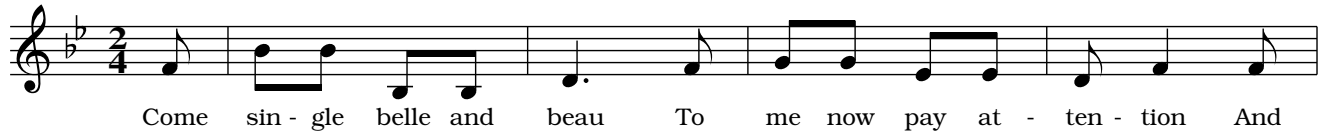
It's for that base bloodthirsty crew remark the word I say
The Lord He will reward them against the Judgment Day,
The blood they've taken innocent for it they'll suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at Turloughmore.

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
The words they spoke were feeling, the people round them flock,
I tell you, Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare
It was Brew that ordered us to fire, that evening at the fair."

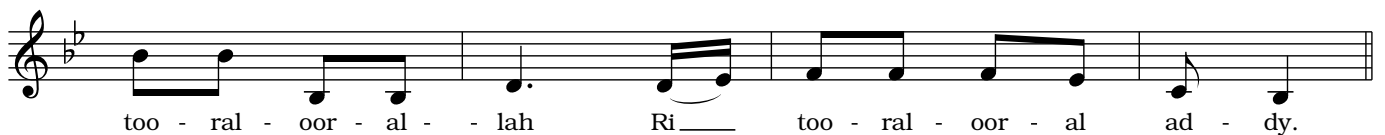
Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful lay,
I hope their souls are happy against the Judgment Day,
It was little time they got, we know, when they fell like new-mown hay,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the Judgment Day.

32. Coortin' in the Kitchen

♩ = 120



Chorus



At the age of seventeen I was tied unto a grocer,
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Bell for tea would go, sir.
Her manners were so free, she set my heart atwitching,
She invited me to tea, down in Captain Phibbs's kitchen.

Next Sunday being the day, we were to have the flareup.
I dressed myself quite gay, an' I frizz'd and oiled my hair up.
As the captain had no wife, he had gone out a-flshin',
So we kicked up high life, below-stairs in the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table;
She handed tea and cakes—I ate while I was able.
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea, till my side had got a stitch in,
And the hours flew quick away, while coortin' in the kitchen.

With my arms round her waist I kissed—she hinted marriage—
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Phibbs's carriage.
Her looks told me full well, that moment she was wishin'
That I'd get out to H—, or somewhere far from the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher,
And over head and heels, threw me slap into the fire.
My new Repealer's coat, that I bought from Mr. Stitchen
With a thirtyshilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds, all besmeared with smoke and ashes,
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashes.
As I lay on the floor still the water she kept pitchin',
Till the footman broke the door, and marched down into the kitchen.

When the captain came down stairs, though he seen my situation,
In spite of all my prayers I was marched off to the station.
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin',
But I had to tell the tale, of how I came into the kitchen.

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial,
For assault she did indict me, and I was sent for trial.
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screechin'.
So I six months went round the rack for courtin' in the kitchen.

33. A Ballad of Master McGrath

♩ = 100

Eight - een six - ty nine being the date of the year Those—
 Wa - - ter - loo sports - men and more did ap - - pear For to
 gain the great priz - es and bear them a - - way Nev - er
 count - ing on Ire - land and Ma - ster McG - rath.

On the 12th of December, that day of renown,
 McGrath and his keeper they left Lurgan town;
 A gale in the Channel, it soon drove them o'er,
 On the thirteenth they landed on fair England's shore.

And when they arrived there in big London Town,
 Those great English sportsmen they all gathered round—
 And some of the gentlemen gave a "Ha! Ha!"
 Saying: "Is that the great dog you call Master McGrath?"

And one of those gentlemen standing around
 Says: "I don't care a damn for your Irish greyhound";
 And another he laughs with a scornful "Ha! Ha!"
 We'll soon humble the pride of your Master McGrath."

Then Lord Lurgan came forward and said: "Gentlemen,
 If there's any amongst you has money to spend—
 For you nobles of England I don't care a straw—
 Hero's five thousand to one upon Master McGrath."

Then McGrath he looked up and 'he wagged his old tail.
 Informing his lordship, "I know what you mane,
 Don't fear, noble Brownlow, don't fear them, agra,
 For I'll tarnish their laurels," says Master McGrath.

And Rose stood uncovered, the great English pride,
 Her master and keeper were close by her side;
 They have let her away and the crowd cried: "Hurrah 1"
 For the pride of all England—and Master McGrath.

As Rose and the Master they both ran along.
 "Now I wonder," says Rose, "what took you from your home;
 You should have stopped there in your Irish demesne,
 And not come to gain laurels on Albion's plain."

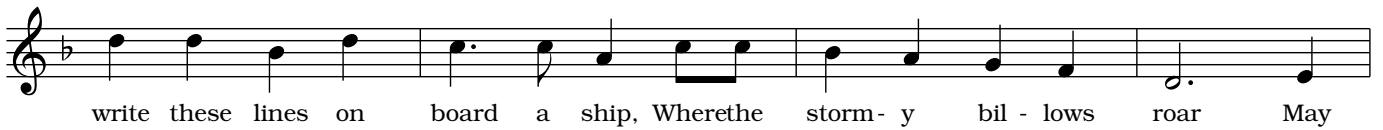
"Well, I know," says McGrath, "we have wild heather bogs
 But you'll find in old Ireland there's good men and dogs.
 Lead on, bold Britannia, give none of your jaw,
 Snuff that up your nostrils," says Master McGrath.

Then the hare she went on just as swift as the wind
 He was sometimes before her and sometimes behind.
 Rose gave the first turn according to law;
 But the second was given by Master McGrath.

The hare she led on with a wonderful view,
 And swift as the wind o'er the green field she flew.
 But he jumped on her back and he held up his paw
 "Three cheers for old Ireland," says Master McGrath.

34. Rossa's Farewell to Erin

♩ = 120



I joined the Fenian Brotherhood
In the year of Sixty-four,
Resolved to save my native land
Or perish on the shore;
My friends and me we did agree
Our native land to save,
And to raise the flag of freedom
O'er the head of Emmet's grave.

My curse attend those traitors
Who did our cause betray;
I'd throw a rope around their necks,
And drown them in the Bay.
There was Nagle, Massey, Corydon,
And Talbot—he makes four;
Like demons for their thirst of gold,
They're punished evermore.

Let no man blame the turnkey
Nor any of the men;
There's no one knows but two of us
The man who served my friend.
I robbed no man, I spilt no blood,
Tho' they sent me to jail;
Because I was O'Donovan Rossa,
And a son of Granuaile.

35. The Old Grey Mare

♩ = 120



Good fel - lows all that's straight and tall, take coun - sel and be wise. At



ten - tion pay to what I say, my lec - ture don't de - spise. Let



pa - tience guide you on ev' - ry side of trait - ors now be - ware. There's



none but men would glo - ry win can ride my old Grey Mare.

In Erin's Isle in ancient times,
She was rode by Brian Boru,
Phelim O'Neill with sword of steel,
Owen Roe and Sarsfield, too,
Brave Michael Dwyer not long ago
Ranged Wicklow and Kildare
Tone, Tandy, Sheares, and other peers
Rode on my old grey mare.

Brave Bonaparte on her did start
He rode too fast, 'tis true.
She lost a shoe at Moscow fair
And fell lame at Waterloo.
When she comes o'er to Erin's shore,
She'll have good farriers' care
At the very next 'chase she'll win the race,
My sporting old grey mare.

Here's to the man that's six foot one,
And more then if you choose,
That stands up straight without deceit,
In Spanish leather shoes.
Likewise the youth that tells the truth
That he may have Liberty fair
And to every man in Ireland
That rides my old grey mare.

36. Lillibulero

♩ = 140

Ho bro-ther Teig, dost hear the de - cree Lil - li - bu - lè - - ro
 bul - len a la Dat we shall have a new De - bitt - ie
 Lil - li - bu - lè - - ro bul - len a la. Lè - - ro lè - - ro
 lè - - ro lè - - ro Lil - li - bu - lè - - ro bul - len a la
 Lil - li - bu - lè - - ro Lè - - ro lè - - ro Lil - li - bu - lè - - ro
 bul - len a la

Ho, by my Soul, it is a Talbot; Lillibuléro, etc.
 And he will cut all de English throat, Lillibuléro, etc.

Though, by my Soul, de English do prate, Lillibuléro, etc.
 De Law's on dere side and de divil knows what Lillibuléro, etc.

But if Dispence do come from the Pope, Lillibuléro, etc.
 We'll hang Magna Cart and demselves in a rope, Lillibuléro, etc.

And the good Talbot is now made a Lord, Lillibuléro, etc.
 And with his brave lads he's coming aboard, Lillibuléro, etc.

Who all in France have taken a swear, Lillibuléro, etc.
 Dat day will have no Protestant heir Lillibuléro, etc.

O but why does he stay behind? Lillibuléro, etc.
 Ho, by my Soul, 'tis a Protestant wind, Lillibuléro, etc.

Now that Tyrconnei is come a-shore, Lillibuléro, etc.
 And we shall have Commissions go leór, Lillibuléro, etc.

And he dat will not go to the Mass, Lillibuléro, etc.
 Shall be turned out and look like an ass. Lillibuléro, etc.

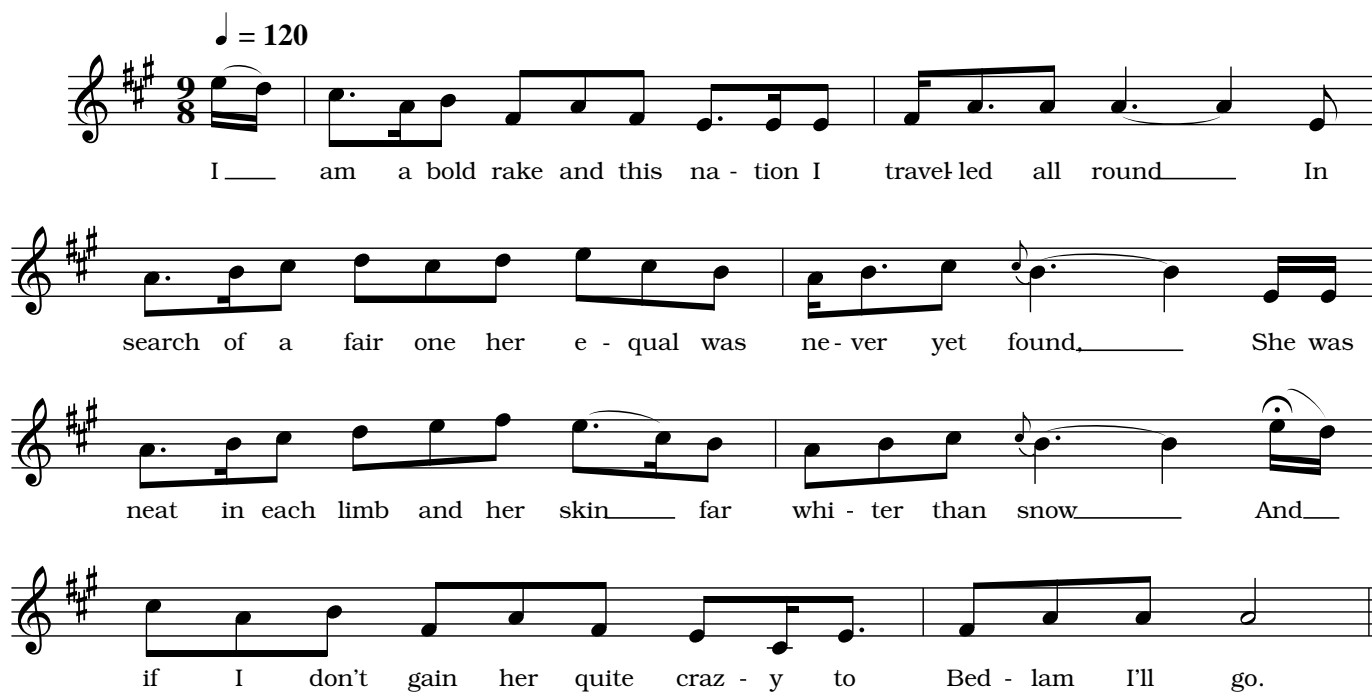
Now, now de hereticks all will go down, Lillibuléro, etc.
 By Christ and St. Patrick the nation's our own. Lillibuléro, etc.

Dere was an old prophecy found in a bog, Lillibuléro, etc.
 Dat our land would be ruled by an ass and a dog. Lillibuléro, etc.

So now dis old Prophecy's coming to pass, Lillibuléro etc.
 For James is de dog and Tyrconnel's de ass. Lillibuléro, etc.

37. The Bold Rake

$\text{♩} = 120$



I am a bold rake and this nation I traveled all round In
 search of a fair one her equal was never yet found, She was
 neat in each limb and her skin far whiter than snow And
 if I don't gain her quite crazy to Bedlam I'll go.

"Indeed if I said it I'm sure it was far from my heart,
 To wed lovely Sally and all other maids for to part,
 Let this be a warning to all other maids of your kind,
 To beware of a rake or a rambler will leave you behind.

I will go to my clergy and tell him the bad life I led,
 Hoping for pardon for never with you could I wed,
 And if he forgives me I'll lead a correct sober life,
 I'll go home to Longacre and live with my own lawful wife."

One fine summer's morning to Culgreañy chapel I strayed,
 Where I fell a courting this innocent harmless maid,
 She was so fair a creature, that I could her senses beguile,
 I took her in my arms saying, "Darling, don't leave me behind."

That very night up to the town of Roscrea we did stray
 And the night after that in the sweet town of Thurles we lay;
 When her money was out it was then she began to condole
 And I said, "My sweet fair maid, it's better to part and go home."

"O Johnny, if you leave me, that the great God may pity my moan,
 How could you deceive me and bring me so far from my home
 You promised to marry me and never to alter your mind,
 That you'd wed lovely Sally and leave other sweethearts behind."

38. Charming Mary Neill

♩ = 120



I am a bold un daunt ed youth my name is John Mc - Cann I'm a



na - tive of old Don - e - gal con - ve - nient to Stra - bane For the



steal - ing of an heir - ess I lie in Lif ford jail Her



fa - therswears he'll hang me for his daugh - ter Ma - ry Neill.

Whilst I lay in cold irons, my love she came to me:
"Don't fear my father's anger, for I will set you free."
Her father soon gave his consent to let me out on bail,
And I was to stand my trial for his daughter Mary Neill.

Her father kept her close confined, for fear I should her see,
And on my trial day, my prosecutor was to be;
But like a loyal lover, to appear she did not fail,
She freed me from all dangers; she's my charming Mary Neill.

With wrath and indignation, her father loud did call,
And when my trial was over, I approached the garden wall,
My well-known voice soon reached her ears, which echoed hill and dale,
"You're welcome here, my Johnny dear," says charming Mary Neill.

We both sat on a sunny bank, and there we talked awhile.
I says, "My dear, if you will comply, I'll free you from exile.
The Shamrock now is ready from Derry to set sail;
So come with me, off to Quebec, my charming Mary Neill."

She gave consent, and back she went, and stole the best of clothes,
Arid to nobody in the house her secret she made known;
Five hundred pounds of ready gold from her father she did steal,
And that was twice I did elope with charming Mary Neill.

Our coach it was got ready to Derry for to go,
And there we bribed the coachman for to let no one know;
He said he would keep secret, and never would reveal.
So off to Derry then I went with charming Mary Neill.

It was to Captain Nelson our passage money paid,
And in the town of Derry it was under cover laid.
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before we did set sail.
And her father's wrath, I value not—I love my Mary Neill.

It was o'er the proud and swelling seas our ship did, gently glide,
And on our passage to Quebec, six weeks a matchless tide;
Until we came to Whitehead Beach we had no cause to wail,
On Crossford Bay I thought that day I lost my Mary Neill.

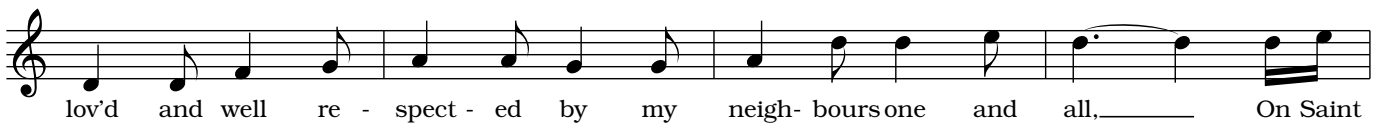
On the ninth of June, in the afternoon, a heavy fog came on;
The captain cries, "Look out, my boys! I fear we are all gone."
Our vessel on a sandy bank was driven by a gale,
And forty were washed overboard, along with Mary Neill.

With the help of boats an the ship's crew, five hundred they were saved,
And forty more of them also have met a watery grave.
I soon espied her yellow locks come floating down the waves:
I jumped into the boiling deep and saved my Mary Neill.

Her father wrote a letter as you may understand,
That if I would go back again he would give me all his land.
I wrote him back an answer, and said that without fail,
"I am the heir of your whole estate, by your daughter Mary Neill."

39. The Hackler from Grouse Hall

♩ = 180



When I was young I danced and sung and drank good whiskey, too,
Each shebeen shop that sold a drop of the real old mountain dew
With the poteen still on every bill the peelers had no call
Round sweet Stradone I am well known, round Lavey and Grouse Hall.

I rambled round from town to town for hackling was my trade
None can deny I think that I an honest living made
Where'ere I'd stay by night or day the youth would always call
To have some crack with Paddy Jack the Hackler from Grouse Hall.

I think it strange how times have changed so very much of late
Coercion now is all the row and Peelers on their bate
To take a glass is now alas the greatest crime of all
Since Baifour placed that hungry beast the Sergeant of Grouse Hall.

The busy tool of Castle rule he travels night and day
He'll seize a goat just by the throat for want of better prey
The nasty skunk he'll swear you're drunk tho' you took none at all
There is no peace about the place since he came to Grouse Hall.

'Twas on pretence of this offence he dragged me off to jail
Alone to dwell in a cold cell my fate for to bewail;
My hoary head on a plank bed such wrongs for vengeance call
He'll rue the day he dragged away the Hackler from Grouse, Hall.

He haunts the League, just like a plague, and shame for to relate
The Priest can't be on Sunday flee the Mass to celebrate;
It's there he'll kneel encased in steel prepared on duty's call
For to assail and drag to jail our clergy from Grouse Hall.

Down into hell he'd run pelmell to hunt for poteen there
And won't be loth to swear an oath 'twas found in Killinkere.
He'll search your bed from foot to head, sheets, blankets, tick and all
Your wife undressed must leave the nest for Jemmy of Grouse Hall.

He fixed a plan for that poor man who had a handsome wife
To take away without delay her liberty and life
He'd swear quite plain that he's insane and got no sense at all
As he has done of late with one convenient to Grouse Hall.

His raid on dogs I'm sure it flogs it's shocking to behold
How he'll pull up a six-month's pup and swear it's a two-year old;
Outside of hell a parallel can't be found for him at all
For that vile pimp and devil's imp the ruler of Grouse Hall.

Thank God the day isn't far away when Home Rule will be seen
And brave Parnell at home will dwell and shine in College Green;
Our Policemen will all be then our nation's choice and all
Old Balfour's pack will get the sack and banished from Grouse Hall.

Let old and young clear up their lungs and sing this little song
Come join with me and let him see you all resent the wrong;
And while I live I'll always give a prayer for his downfall
And when I die I don't deny I'll haunt him from Grouse Hall.

40. Dublin Jack of All Trades

♩ = 120



I am a roving sporting blade, they call me Jack of All Trades, I



always placed my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids, So



when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation I



always heard them say it was the pride of all the nations

Chorus



I'm roving Jack of All Trades of every trade of all trades, And



if you wish to know my name, they call me Jack of All Trades.

On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter,
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter
In Sackville Street a pastry cook—in James's Street a baker,
In Cook Street I did coffins make, in Eustace Street a preacher.

In Baggot Street I drove a cab and there was well requited,
In Francis Street had lodging beds to entertain all strangers.
For Dublin is of high renown or I am much mistaken,
In Kevin Street I do declare sold butter, eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes—in Meath Street was a grinder
In Barrack Street I lost my wife—I'm glad I ne'er could find her,
In Mary's Lane I've dyed old clothes of which I've often boasted
In that noted place Exchequer Street sold mutton ready roasted.

In Temple Bar I dressed old hats, in Thomas Street a sawyer,
In Pill Lane I sold the plate—in Green Street an honest lawyer.
In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes—in Bride's Alley a broker,
In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovel, tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was—and in Smithfield a drover,
In Britain Street a waiter and in George's Street a glover,
On Ormond Quay I sold old books—in King Street a nailer,
In Townsend Street a carpenter and in Ringsend a sailor.

In Cole's Lane a jobbing butcher—in Dame Street a tailor,
In Moore Street a chandler and on the Coombe a weaver.
In Church Street I sold old ropes—on Redmond's Hill a draper,
In Mary Street sold 'bacco pipes—in Bishop Street a Quaker.

In Peter Street I was a quack—in Greek Street a grainer,
On the harbour I did carry sacks, in Werburgh Street a glazier,
In Mud Island was a dairyboy where I became a scooper,
In Capel Street a barber's clerk—in Abbey Street a cooper.

In Liffy Street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it,
And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it.
In New Street I sold hay and straw and in Spitalfields made bacon,
In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basketmaking.

In Summerhill a coachmaker, in Denzille Street a gilder,
In Cork Street was a tanner—in Brunswick Street a builder,
In High Street I sold hosiery, in Patrick Street sold all blades,
So if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of all trades.

41. Down by the Tanyard Side

♩ = 120



I am a ram - blin' hay___ ro, and by love I___ am be - trayed, Near



to the town of___ Bait - in - glass, there___ dwells a love - ly___ maid, She's___



fair - er than Hy___ pa - tia bright, and she's free from ear - thly___ pride. She's___ a



dar - lin' maid, her dwell - in' place is___ down by the tan - yard side.

Her lovely hair in ringlets rare lies on her snow-white neck,
And the tender glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck
Her two red lips so smiling and her teeth so pearly white
Would make a man become her slave down by the Tanyard side.

I courteously saluted her and I viewed her o'er and o'er,
And I said, "Are you Aurora bright descending here below "
"Oh, no, kind sir, I'm a maiden poor," she modestly replied,
"And I daily labour for my bread down by the Tanyard side."

So for twelve long years I courted her till at length we did agree
For to acquaint her parents and married we should be.
But 'twas then her cruel father to me proved most unkind
Which makes me sail across the sea and leave my love behind.

Farewell, my aged parents, to you I bid adieu.
I'm crossing the main ocean all for the sake of you.
But whenever I return again I will make her my bride
And I'll roll her in my arms down by the Tanyard side.

42. The Limerick Rake

♩ = 120

I am a young fel - low that's ea - sy and bold, In
 Cas - tle - - town Con - ners I'm ve - - ry well known, In
 New - cas - - tle West I spent ma - - ny a note, With
 Kit - - ty and Ju - - dy and Ma - - - ry. My
 fa - ther re - - buked me for being such a rake, And
 spend - ing my time in such fro - lic - some ways, But I
 ne'er could for - - get the good na - ture of Jane, A - gus
 fá - gaim - id siúd mar a - - tá sé

My parents had rear'd me to shake and to mow,
 To' plough and to harrow to reap and to sow.
 But my heart being too airy to drop it so low
 I set out on a high speculation
 On paper and parchment they taught me to write
 In Euclid and Grammar they opened my eyes
 And in multiplication in truth I was bright.
 Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé

To quarrel for riches I ne'er was inclin'd
 For the greatest of misers must leave them behind
 I'll purchase a cow that will never run dry
 And I'll milk her by twisting her horn.
 John Darner of Shronel had plenty of gold
 And Devonshire's treasure is twenty times more
 But he's laid on his back among nettles and stones
 Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé

If I chance for to go to the market of Groom
 With a cock in my hat and my pipes in full tune
 I am welcome at once and brought up to a room
 Where Bacchus is sporting with Venus
 There's Peggy and Jane from the town of Bruree
 And Biddy from Bruff and we all on the spree
 Such a combing of locks as there was about me
 Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé

If I chance for to go to the town of Rathkeal
 The girls all round me do flock on the square
 Some give me a bottle and others sweet cakes
 To treat me unknown to their parents.
 There is one from Askeaton and one from the Pike
 Another from Arda my heart has beguiled
 Tho' being from the mountains her stockings are white
 Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé

This cow can be milked without clover or grass
For she's pamper'd with corn, good barley and hops
She's warm and stout, and she's free in her paps
And she'll milk without spancel or halter.
The man that will drink it will cock his caubeen
And if any one cough there'll be wigs on the green
And the feeble old hag will get supple and free
Agus fáigimid siúd mar atá sé

There's some says I'm foolish and more says I'm wise
But being fond of the women I think is no crime
For the son of King David had ten hundred wives
And his wisdom was highly recorded
I'll till a good garden and live at my ease
And each woman and child can partake of the same
If there's war in the cabin theirselves they may blame
Agus etc.

And now for the future I mean to be wise
And I'll send for the women that acted so kind,
And I'll marry them all on the morrow by and by
If the clergy agree to the bargain.
And when I'm on my back and my soul is at peace
These women will crowd for to cry at my wake
And their sons and their daughters will offer their prayer
To the Lord for the soul of their father.

43. The Lucky Elopement

$\text{♩} = 120$



I — am a young fel - low that ran out my land and means — In



un - ion with Bacch- us the bot - tles I of - ten drained, — I —



court- ed a dam - sel whose mo - ther did me de - grade — She



called me a drunk-ard a clown and a great cu - - dea —

When I was offended I bid the old dame goodbye
I winked at the daughter who gave me the same reply
I told her in private to meet me in Mohill fair
And she never drew back till we met about noon next day.

My love was so loyal and came with such noble speed,
The moment I met her I told her to mount the steed,
The day being advanc'd and we having time to spare
That she reach'd me a bottle and told me to have a drain.

When we finished the bottle to Carrick we made our way
We call'd to an inn where our dinner got no delay
A steak on the pan and we drank so much Congo tea
That our slumbers were restless until the first dawn of day.

Next day when we started by auction I sold my mare;
We took an excursion to Ballysodare by train.
In a second-class carriage my lover and I engaged
And the steam was so pushing I thought she could fly to Spain.

One night on my pillow I dreamt that we both were seized.
It was then I consulted my lover to cross the sea.
Our ship she weighed anchor from Sligo we both set sail
And we dreaded no storm whilst Neptune did rule the waves.

When we reached up to London we thought we were mighty safe,
When a pair of policemen on Peggy and I did gaze
They gave our description and the colour of both our hair,
For our warrant was issued by telegraph news that day.

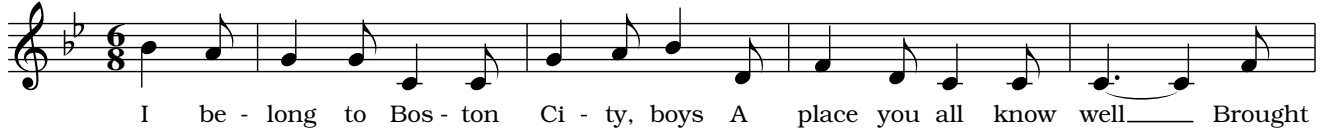
When we were detected they brought us before the mayor
He signed our committal and sent us to Carrick Jail
Her mother then swore that I was both a fool and knave
That I spoiled her young daughter and stole all her gold away.

The bench was consulting, her mother no more could say,
They called on the daughter to know what on me she'd swear
She said that I was a most loving genteel young swain
That's able and willing to work for her night and day.

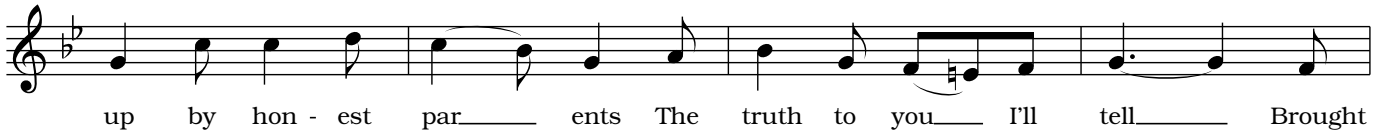
When I was acquitted my lover I did embrace
We went to the clergy who joined us in love and peace.
We gave him three guineas to join us in wedlock bands,
And we're living near Carrick as happy as days are long.

44. Boston City

♩ = 120



I be - long to Bos - ton Ci - ty, boys A place you all know well Brought



up by hon - est par - ents The truth to you I'll tell Brought



up by hon - est par - ents And reared most ten - der - ly Till



I be - came a sport - ing blade, at the age of twen - ty three.

My character it was taken,
And I was sent to jail,
My parents thought to bail me out,
But they found it all in vain;
The jury found me guilty,
And the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge he passed my sentence,
And I was sent to Charlestown

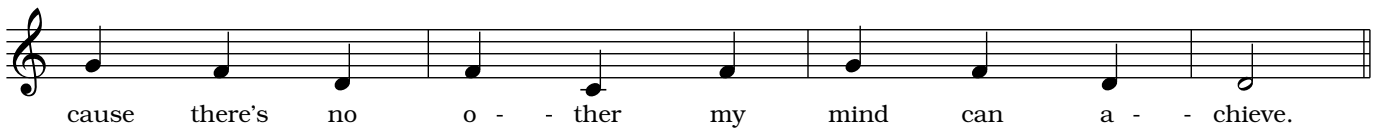
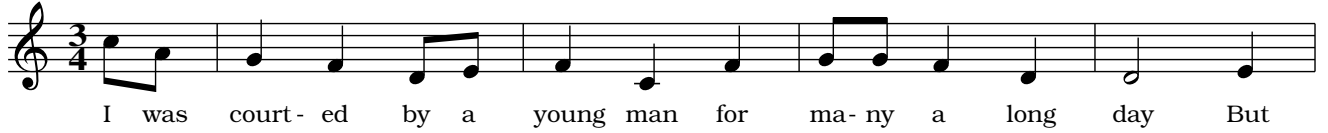
I see my aged Father,
And he standing by the Bar,
Likewise my aged Mother,
And she tearing of her hair,
The tearing of her old grey locks,
And the tears came mingled down,
Saying, "John my son, what have you done,
That you're bound for Charlestown."

There's a girl in Boston City, boys,
A place you all know well,
And if e'er I get my liberty,
It's with her I will dwell,
If e'er I get my liberty,
Bad company I will shun,
The robbing of the Munster Bank,
And the drinking of rum.

You lads that are at liberty
Should keep it while you can,
Don't roam the street by night or day,
Or break the laws of man.
For if you do you're sure to rue,
And become a lad like me,
Aserving up your twentyone years
In the Royal Artillery.

45. A New Song Called the Young Maid's Love

♩ = 180



O how came I to court him, ye powers let me know,
Like the great Alexander for my love's sake I'll go;
Like a pilgrim to wander in search of my dear
King Cupid direct me my love's course to steer.

His father being a rich merchant of wealth and renown,
He purchased ten hundred acres of land near the town,
But I a poor weaver of a low degree,
I courted his daughter and she did love me.

It was down in a room all alone as we sat,
Still thinking on love, 'tis not easy forgot;
For love is a root that's wellgrounded in my heart,
It's a pleasure to meet but great sorrow to part.

Some marry for riches but it often brings woe,
Others for beauty—for my love's sake I'll go,
But if I ever marry I'll marry for love,
And I'll be as true as the sweet turtle dove.

It's I got an order for to be transported,
And was straightway sent on board of a great manofwar,
To become a sailor and plough the raging main,
Farewell, dear Eliza, will we never meet again.

Now to conclude and to finish my song,
I hope to get married and that before long,
For I have a spirit above my degree,
I'd scorn to love any that would not love me.

46. If I Was a Blackbird

♩ = 150

The musical score is written on four staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 150. The lyrics are: 'If I was a black-bird, I'd whistle and sing And I'd fol - - low the ship that my true love sails in, And on the top rig - gings I'd there build my nest, And I'd pil - - low my head on his li - - ly white breast.'

I am a young maiden and my story is sad
For once I was courted by a brave sailor lad.
He courted me strongly by night and by day,
But now my dear sailor is gone far away.
(Chorus).
He promised to take me to Donnybrook fair
To buy me red ribbons to bind up my hair.
And when he'd return from the ocean so wide,
He'd take me and make me his own loving bride.
(Chorus).
His parents they slight me and will not agree
That I and my sailor boy married should be.
But when he comes home I will greet him, with joy
And I'll take to my bosom my dear sailor boy.
(Chorus).

47. The Sporting Youth

♩ = 120



I'm a stran-ger to this coun-try From A - mer - i - ca I _____ came, There is



few in it _____ knows me or _____ can tell my _____ name. It's _____



here in this _____ coun - try I will tar - ry a _____ while For my



true love I will wan - der a _____ ma - ny a long _____ mile.

"Some says I'm foolish and more says I'm wise
And more says I'm guilty fair maids to beguile.
But to make them all liars let 'you come along with me
To the shores of America, my true love," says he.

If I would leave my parents and go along with you
My friends would be afraid that you would not prove true;
I will leave all my sweethearts and comrades behind
And to sail to America it is my design.

That the moon it may darken and show no more light
The day I'd be false to my own heart's delight;
In the middle of the ocean may there grow a willow tree
The hour I prove false to the maid that loves me.

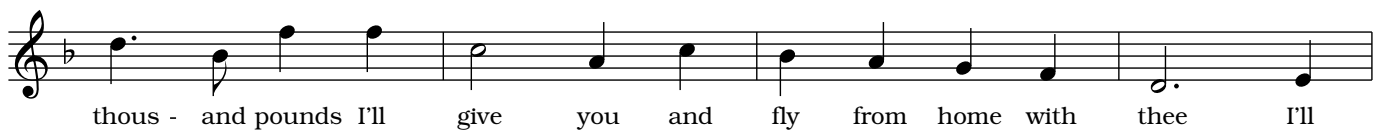
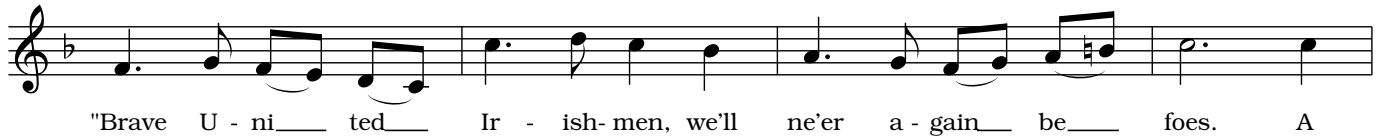
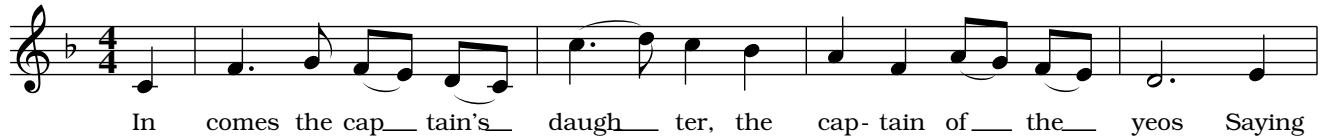
Bring my love to Susanna she's the girl I adore,
And my love to Sally although she is poor;
But I have got Mary, she's my joy and heart's delight
I would roll her in my arms on a cold winter's night.

The ships are on the ocean just ready for to sail
I wish her safe landed with a sweet and pleasant gale;
And when that we are landed we will sit down and sing
In that beautiful country where no dangers can bring.

So now we are landed and married we be-
We will live in contentment and sweet unity;
Here's a health to old Ireland, that runs in my mind,
And to all my true-lovers I have left behind.

48. The Boys of Wexford

♩ = 120



Chorus



We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross, and Wexford town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down,
We had no drink beside us
On Tubbermeering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
Chorus

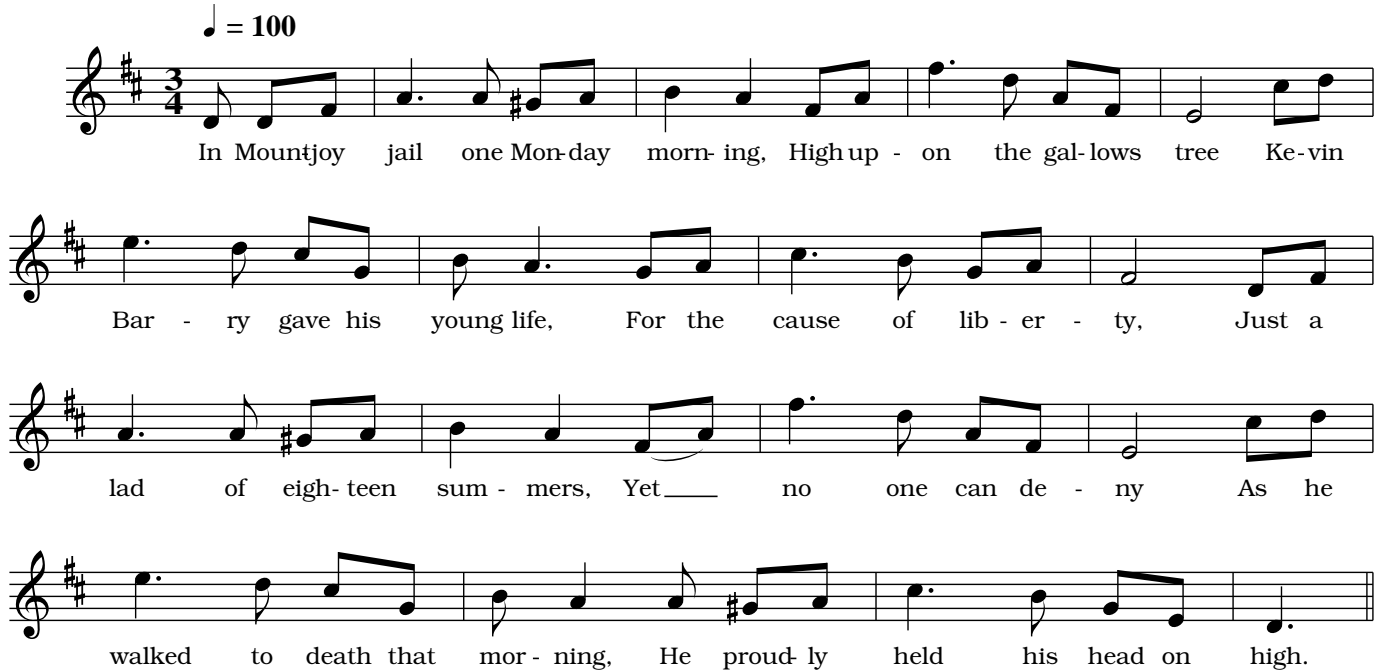
They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us—
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier!
Chorus

My curse upon all drinking!
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost evermore;
And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still.
Chorus

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbours
That were at Vinegar Hill
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—
A tyrant he laid low!
Chorus

49. Kevin Barry
Died for Ireland, 1st November, 1920

$\text{♩} = 100$



In Mountjoy jail one Mon-day morn-ing, High up - on the gal-lows tree Ke-vin
Bar - ry gave his young life, For the cause of lib - er - ty, Just a
lad of eigh-teen sum - mers, Yet___ no one can de - ny As he
walked to death that mor - ning, He proud-ly held his head on high.

Just before he faced the hangman, In his dreary prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry, Just because he would not tell
The names of his brave companions, And other things they wished to know,
Turn informer or we'll kill you," Kevin Barry answered "No."

Calmly standing to 'attention,' While he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother, Whose grief no one can tell.
For the cause he proudly cherished, This sad parting had to be;
Then to death walked softly smiling, That old Ireland might be free.

Another martyr for old Ireland, Another murder for the crown,
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish, But can't keep their spirit down.
Lads like Barry are no cowards, From the foe they will not fly,
Lads like Barry will free Ireland, For her sake they'll live and die.

50. The Old Orange Flute

♩ = 200

In the Coun - ty Ty - rone, in the town of Dun - gan - non Where
ma - - ny a ruc - tion my - - self had a han' - in. Bob
Will - iam - - son lived, _____ a weav - er by trade And _____
all of us thought him a stout Or - ange blade. On the
Twelfth of Ju - - ly as a - - round it would come Bob
played on the flute to the sound of the drum, You may
talk of your harp, your pi - - an - - o or lute But there's
no - - thing com - - pared with the ould Or - - ange flute.

But Bob the deceiver he took us all in,
For he married a Papish called Brigid McGinn,
Turned Papish himself, and forsook the old cause
That gave us our freedom, religion, and laws.
Now the boys of the place made some comment upon it,
And Bob had to fly to the Province of Connacht
He fled with his wife and his fixings to boot,
And along with the latter his old Orange flute.

At the chapel on Sundays, to atone for past deeds, -
He said Paters and Ayes and counted his beads,
Till a fer some time, at the priest's own desire,
He went with his old flute to play in the choir.
He went with his old flute to play for the Mass,
And the instrument shivered, and sighed: "Oh, alas!"
And blow as he would, though it made a great noise,
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys."

Bob jumped, and he started, and got in a flutter,
And threw his old flute in the blest Holy Water;
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound
When he blew it again, it played "Croppies lie down";
And for all he could whistle, and finger, and blow,
To play Papish music he found it no go;
"Kick the Pope," "The Boyne Water," it freely would sound,
But one Papish squeak in it couldn't be found.

At a council of priests that was held the next day,
They decided to banish the old flute away
For they couldn't knock heresy out of its head
And they bought Bob a new one to play in its stead.
So the old flute was doomed and its fate was pathetic,
'Twas fastened and burned at the stake as heretic,
While the flames roared around it they heard a strange noise -
'Twas the old flute still whistling 'The Protestant Boys.'

51. The Rocky Road to Dublin

♩ = 200



In the mer - ry month of May from my home I star - ted,



Left the girls of Tuam nearly bro - ken heart - ed Sa -



lut - ed fath - er dear, Kissed my dar - lin' mo - ther



Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smoth - er Then



off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born - I



cut a stout black - thorn to ban - ish ghost and gob - lin In a



Brand new pair of brogues I rat - tled o'er the bogs - And



frigh - tened all the dogs on the Rock - y Road to Dub - lin.

Chorus



One, two, three, four, five, Hunt the hare and turn - her



Down the rock - y road and all the ways to Dub - lin,



In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight next mornin' iight and airy,
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my heart from sinkin',
That's an Irishman's cure, when'er he's on for drinkin',
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'.
They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city.
Then I took a stroll all among the quality,
M bundle it was stole in a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon my stick a wobblin'.
Enquirin' for the rogue, they said my Connacht brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away, my spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailin';
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs; I played some funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
Poor ould Erin's isle they began abusin',
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, my shillelagh I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurray, they joined in the affray.
We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.

52. Lanigan's Ball

$\text{♩} = 150$

In the town of A - thy one Jer - e - my Lan - i - gan
 Bat - - tered a - - way till he had - n't a pound, His
 fa - - ther he died and made him a man a - - gain,
 Left him a farm and ten a - - cres of ground, He
 gave a grand par - ty to friends and re - - la - tions, Who
 did not for - - get him when come to the wall, And
 if you but lis - ten, I'll make your eyes glis - ten, At the
 rows and ruc - tions of Lan - i - - gan's Ball.

Myself to be sure got free invitations,
 For all the nice girls and boys I might ask,
 And just in a minute both friends and relations,
 Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask.
 Miss Judy O'Daly that nice little milliner,
 Tipped me the wink for to give her a call
 And soon I arrived with Peggy McGilligan,
 Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashings of punch and wine for the ladies
 Potatoes and cakes there was bacon and tea,
 There were the Nolans, Dolans, O'Gradys
 Courting the girls and dancing away
 The songs they went round as plenty as water,
 From the Harp that once sounded in Tara's old Hall,
 To sweet Nelly Gray and the Ratcatcher's daughter,
 All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

The boys were as merry the girls all hearty.
 Dancing away in couples and groups
 Till an accident happend young Terence MacCarthy,
 He put his right leg through Miss Finerty's hoops.
 The creature she fainted and cried "Meelia murther"
 Called for her brothers and gathered them all
 Carmody swore that he'd go no further
 Till he'd have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted
 Her cheeks at the same time as red as the rose,
 Some of the lads decreed she was painted,
 She took a small drop too much I suppose,
 Her sweetheart Ned Morgan so powerful and able
 When he saw his fair colleen stretched by the wall,
 He tore the left leg from under the table,
 And smashed all the chaneys at Lanigan's ball.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical polkas
All round the room in a whirligig,
But Julia and I soon banished their nonsense.
And tipped them a twist of a real Irish jig.
Och mavrone, how the girls they got mad on me
And danced till you'd think the ceilings 'would fall,
For I spent three weeks at Brooks's Academy,
Learning steps for Lanigan's ball.

Boys, oh boys, 'tis then there was ructions,
Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,
But soon I replied to his kind introduction,
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Ould Casey the piper was near being strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters and all,
The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

53. Dunlavin Green

♩ = 120



In the year of one thousand seven hundred and nine__ ty eight_____ A__



sor - row - ful tale the truth un - to you I'll re - late_____ Of__



thir - ty - six he - roes to the world__ were left to be seen,_____ By a



false inform - a - tion were shot on Dun - lav - - - in Green._____

Bad luck to you, Saunders, bad luck may you never shun!
That the widow's curse may melt you like snow in the sun.
The cries of the orphans whose murmurs you cannot screen,
For the murder of their dear fathers, on Dunlavin Green.

Some of our boys to the hills they are going away,
Some of them are shot, and some of them going to sea,
Micky Dwyer in the mountains to Saunders he owes a spleen,
For his loyal brothers, who were shot on Dunlavin Green.

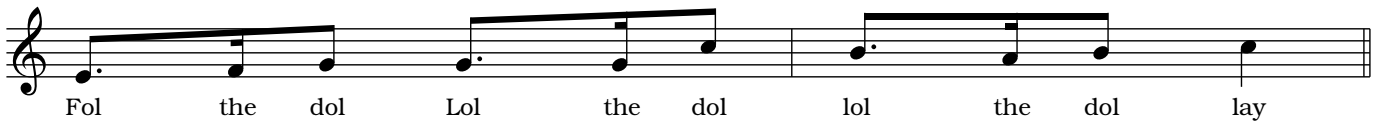
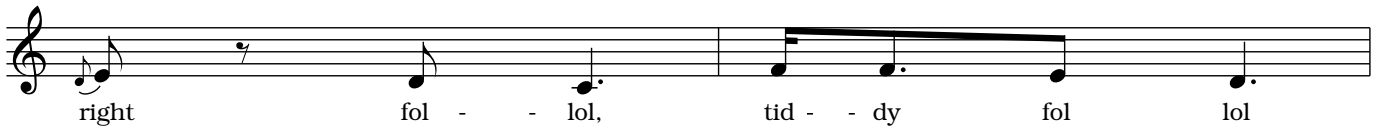
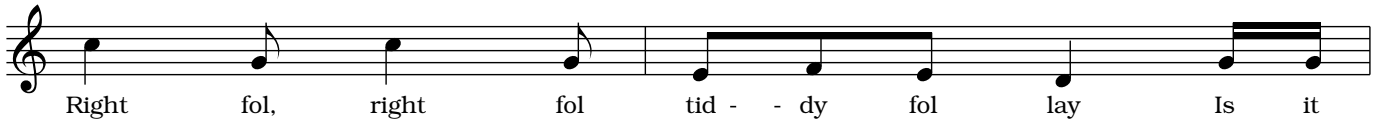
Bad luck to you, Saunders, for you did their lives betray;
You said a parade would be held on that very day,
Our drums they did rattle—our fifes they did sweetly play;
Surrounded we were and privately marched away.

Quite easy they led us as prisoners through the town,
To be slaughtered on the plain, we then were forced to kneel down,
Such grief and such sorrow were never before there seen,
When the blood ran in streams down the dykes of Dunlavin Green.

There is young Matty Farrell, has plenty of cause complain,
Also the two Duffys, who were shot down on the plain,
And young Andy Ryan, his mother distracted will run
For her own brave boy, her beloved eldest son.

54. The Women are Worse than the Men

♩ = 120



Now there was an old man lived at Kellyburn braes
And he had a wife was the plague of his days.

The devil he came to the man at the plough,
Saying, "One of your family I must take now."

Said he, "My good man, I've come for your wife,
For I hear she's the plague and torment of your life."

So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,
And landed at Hell's hall-door with a crack.

There were two little devils a playing with chains,
She upp'd with her stick, and knocked out their brains.

There were two other devils looked over the wall
They said, "Take her away or she'll murder us all."

So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,
And back to the old man hurried the pack.

They were seven years going and nine coming back,
Yet she asked for the scrapings she left in the pot.

Said he, "My good mad, here's your wife back again.
For she wouldn't be kept, not even in Hell

Now, I've been a devil the most of my life,
But I ne'er was in Hell till I met with your wife,"

So it's true that the women are worse than the men,
For they went down to Hell and were threw out again.

55. Lovely Willie

♩ = 80



Oh it hap- pened one__ ev'__ ning at the play - in' of ball That__



first I met Wi__ llie both__ pro - per and tall He was



neat fair and hand__ some and__ straight in each limb, There's a



heart in this__ bo__ som lies break - ing for him.

"Oh will you go with me a short piece of the road
To see my father's dwelling and place of abode "
He knew by her look and her languishing eye
That he was the young man she valued most high.

There's a place in my father's garden, lovely Willie," said she
"Where lords, dukes and cads they wait upon me,
But when they are sleeping in their long silent rest,
I'll go with you, lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best."

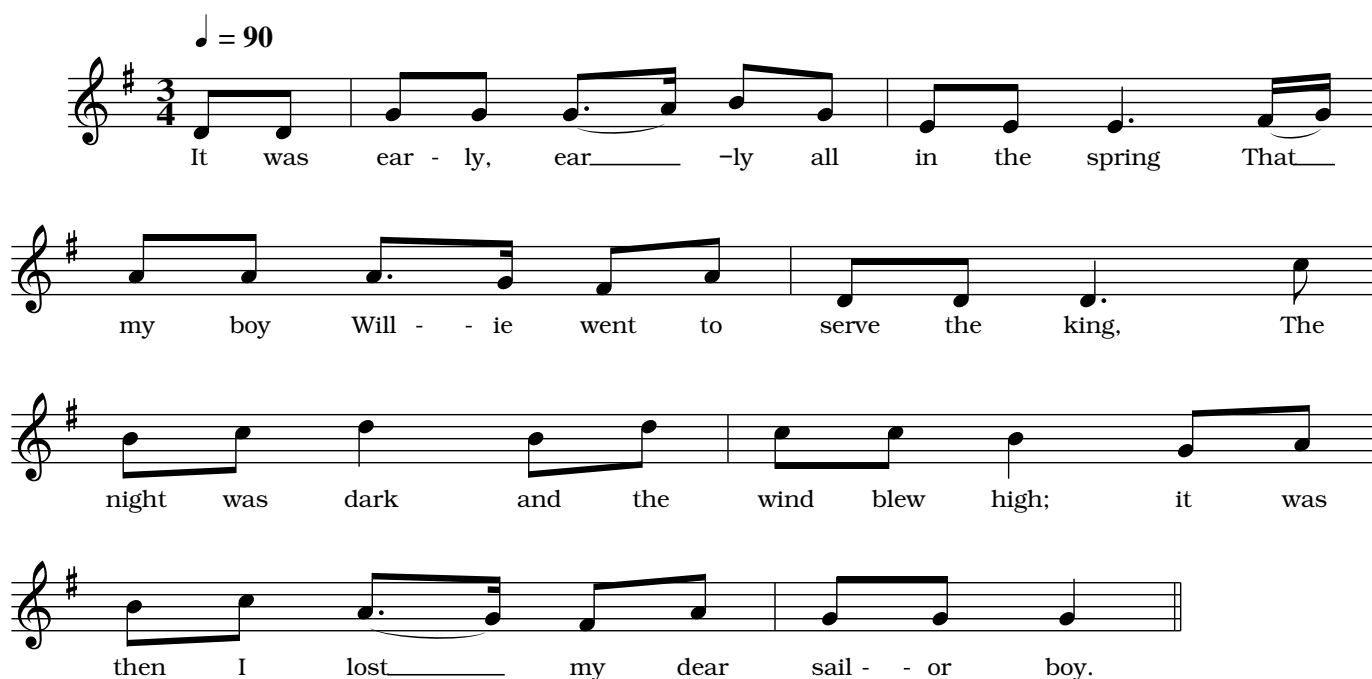
Her father being listening in ambush he lay,
To hear those fond words these young lovers did say,
Then with a sharp rapier he pierced her love through,
And the innocent blood of her darling he drew.

The grave was made ready, lovely Willie laid in,
The Mass it was chanted to cleanse his soul from sin.
And its "Oh, honoured father you may talk as you will
But the innocent blood of my love you did spill."

"And I shall go off to some far counterie,
Where I shall know no one and no one know me
And there I shall wander till I close my eyes in death
For you, lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best."

56. My Boy Willie

$\text{♩} = 90$



It was ear - ly, ear - ly all in the spring That
 my boy Will - - ie went to serve the king, The
 night was dark and the wind blew high; it was
 then I lost my dear sail - - or boy.

The night is long and I can find no rest,
 The thought of Willie runs in my breast,
 I'll search the green woods and village wide,
 Still hoping my true love to find

Oh, father, father, give me a boat
 Out on the ocean that I may float,
 To watch the big boats as they pass by,
 That I might enquire for my sailor boy."

She was not long out upon the deep,
 When a man'o'-war vessel she chanced to meet,
 Saying, "Captain, captain, now tell me true,
 If my boy Willie is on board with you."

"What sort of a boy is your Willie dear,
 Or what sort of a suit does your Willie wear?"
 "He wears a suit of the royal blue,
 And you'll easily know him for his heart is true."

"Oh, then your boy Willie, I am sorry to say,
 Has just been drowned the other day,
 On yon green island that we pass by,
 'Twas there we laid your poor sailor boy."

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
 And she sobbed and sighed in her despair,
 And with every sob she let fall a tear,
 And every sigh was for her Willie dear.

"O, father, make my grave both wide and deep,
 With a fine tombstone to my head and feet;
 And in the middle a turtle dove
 That the world may know that I died of love."

Come all you sailors who sail along
 And all you boatmen who follow on.
 from the cabin boy to the mainmast high
 Ye must mourn in black for my sailor boy.

57. Cailín Deas Crúite na mBó

♩ = 180

It was on a fine sum - mer's mor - ning When the
birds sweet - - ly tuned on each bow I
heard a fair maid sing most char - ming As she
sat a - milk - ing her cow Her
voice it was chant - ing mel - - o - - dious She
left me scarce a - - ble to go My
heart it is sooth - ed in sol - ace My
caíl - - in deas cruít - - e na mBó

With courtesy I did salute her,
"Good-morrow most amiable maid,
I'm your captive slave for the future."
"Kind sir, do not banter," she said,
"I'm not such a precious rare jewel,
That I should enamour you so,
I am but a plain country girl."
Says Cailín deas cruíte na mBó.

"The Indies afford no such jewels,
So precious and transparently fair,
Oh ! do not to my flame add fuel,
But consent for to love me my dear,
Take pity and grant my desire,
And leave me no longer in woe,
Oh ! love me pr else I'll expire,
Sweet Cailín deas cruíte na mBó.

"I beg you'll withdraw and don't tease me
I cannot consent unto thee,
I like to live single and airy,
Till more of the world I do see,
New cares they would me embarrass
Besides, sir, my fortune is low,
Until I get rich I'll not marry."
Says Cailín deas cruíte na mBó.

"An old maid is like an old almanack,
Quite useless when once out of date,
If her ware is not sold in the morning
At noon it must fall to low rate,
The fragrance of May is soon over,
The rose loses its beauty you know,
All roses is consumed in October,
Sweet Cailín deas cruíte na mBó.

"Or had I the wealth of great Darner,
Or all on the African shore,
Or had I great Devonshire treasure,
Or had I ten thousand times more,
Or had I the lamp of Alladin,
Or had I his genie also,
I'd rather live poor on a mountain,
With Caílin deas cruíte na mBó."

"A young maid is like a ship sailing,
There's no knowing how long she may steer,
For with every blast she's in danger,
Oh consent love and banish all care,
For riches I care not a farthing,
Your affection I want and no more
In comfort I'd wish to enjoy you,
My Caílin deas cruíte na mBó."

58. The Banks of Claudy

♩ = 120



"It is six long weeks or better since Johnny left this shore
A-crossing the main ocean, where thundering billows roar;
A-crossing the main ocean for honour and for fame,
But I am told the ship was wrecked nigh to the coast of Spain."

O, when she heard this dreadful news she flew in deep despair
A wringing of her hands and a tearing of her hair,
Saying: "If my Johnny's drowned no man alive I'll take,
Through lonesome shades and valleys I'll wander for his sake."

I stepped up unto her and gave her a surprise—
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise.
I says "My fairest creature, my joy and heart's delight,
How far do you mean to wander this dark and dreary night "

"It's to the banks of Claudy, if you'll be pleased to show;
Take pity on a fair maid who knows not where to go.
I'm searching for a young man, and Johnny is his name,
And on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain."

When he saw her loyalty no longer could he stand:
He flew into her arms, saying, "Betsey, I'm the man."
Saying "Betsey, I'm the young man, the cause of all your pain;
Now, since we've met on Claudy banks we'll never part again."

"These are the banks of Claudy, fair maid, whereon you stand;
But do not trust your Johnny, for he's a false young man,
But do not trust young Johnny, for he'll not meet you here,
But tarry with me in green woods, no danger need you fear."

"If Johnny was here this night he would keep me from all harm,
But he's in the field of battle, all in his uniform;
He's in the field of battle, and his foes he does defy,
Like the royal king of honour all on the walls of Troy."

59. The Flower of Magherally

♩ = 120



It was on a summer's morn ing When flow - ers were a - bloom - ing O When



mead - ows were a - dor - ning And small birdssweet - ly tun - ing, O I



met my love near Ban - bridge Town My charm - ing bloom - ing Sall - y, O And she



is the crown of Count - y Down, the Flow'r of Magh - er - all - y, O

With admiration I did gaze
Upon this blooming maiden, O;
Adam never was more struck
When he first saw Eve in Eden, O;
Her skin was like the lily white,
That grows in yonder valley, O;
And I think I'm blest when I am nigh
The Flower of Magherally, O.

Her yellow hair in ringlets fell,
Her shoes were Spanish leather, O,
Her bonnet with blue ribbons strung,
Her scarlet scarf and feather, O.
Like Venus bright she did appear,
My charming blooming Sally, O.
And she is the girl that I love dear,
The Flower of Magherally, O.

An Irish lad although I be,
With neither wealth nor treasure, O;
But yet I love my dearest dear,
I love her beyond measure, O.
If I'd all the wealth that is possessed
By the great Titharally, O;
I'd give it to her that I love best,
The Flower of Magherally, O.

But I hope the time will surely come,
When we'll join hands together, O;
It's then I'll take my darling home,
In spite of wind and weather, O.
And let them all say what they will,
And let them scowl and rally, O;
For I shall wed the girl I love,
The Flower of Magherally, O.

60. Henry Joy McCracken

♩ = 150



It was on the Bel- fast_ moun_ tains I_ heard a_ maid com - plain And she



vexed the sweet June_ ev_ 'ning with_ her heart bro_ ken_ strain Say- ing



"Woe is me, life's_ an_ guish Is_ more than_ I_ can_ dree Since_



Hen - ry Joy Mc_ Crack_ en died_ on the_ gal - lows tree.

"At Donegore he proudly rode and he wore a suit of green
And brave though vain at Antrim his sword flashed lightning keen
And when by spies surrounded his band to Slemish fled
Hecame unto the Cavehill for to rest a weary head.

"I watched for him each night long as in our cot he slept
At daybreak to the heather to MacArt's fort we crept
When news came from Greencastle of a good ship anchored nigh
And down by yon wee fountain we met to say good-bye.

"He says 'My love be cheerful for tears and feats are vain.'
He says 'My love be hopeful our land shall rise again.'
He kissed me ever fondly, he kissed me three times o'er
Saying 'Death shall never part us my love for evermore.'

"That night I climbed the Cavehill and watched till morning blazed
And when its fires had kindled across the loch I gazed
I saw an English tender at anchor off Garmoyle
But alas ! no good ship bore him away to France's soil.

"And twice that night a tramping came from the old shore road
'Twas Ellis and his yeomen, false Niblock with them strode
My father home returnihg the doleful story told
'Alas,' he says, 'young Harry Joy for fifty pounds is sold.'

"And is it true," I asked her, " yes it is true," she said.
"For to this heart that loved him I pressed his gory head,
And every night pale bleeding his ghost comes to my side,
My Harry, my dead Harry, comes for his promised bride."

Now on the Belfast mountains, this fair maid's voice is still
For in a grave they laid her on high Carnmoney bill
And the sad waves beneath her chant a requiem for the dead
The rebel wind shrieks freedom above her weary head.

61. The Maid That Sold Her Barley

♩ = 150



It's cold and raw the north winds blow Black in the mor__ ning earl - y When



all the hills were cover-ed with snow, Oh then it was win__ ter fair - ly, As



I was rid - ing o'er the moor, I met a far__ mer's daught - ter, Her



cher - ry cheeks and sloe black eyes, They caused my heart__ to fal - - ter.

I bowed my bonnet very low
To let her know my meaning.
She answered with a courteous smile,
Her looks they were engaging.

"Where are you bound my pretty maid,
It's now in the morning early,"
The answer that she made to me,
"Kind sir to sell my barley."

' Now twenty guineas I've in my purse,
And twenty more that's yearly,
You need not go to the market town,
For I'll buy all your barley.

If twenty guineas would gain the heart,
Of the maid that I love so dearly,
All for to tarry with me one night,
And go home in the morning early."

As I was riding o'er the moor,
The very evening after,
It was my fortune for to meet
The farmer's only daughter.

Although the weather being cold and raw
With her I thought to parley,
This answer then she made to me,
"Kind sir, I've sold my barley."

62. The Night of the Ragman's Ball

♩ = 150

Just pay at-ten-tion for a while my good friends one and all I'll
sing to you a verse or two a-bout a famous ball The
ball was giv-en by some friends who lived down in Ash Street In a
cert-ain house in the lib-er-ty Where the Rag-men were to meet

When the names were called at 7 o'clock, every man was on the spot;
And to show respect to the manager every ragman brought his mot;
I must say that I brought mine at twenty-five minutes to eight,
And the first to stand up was Kieran Grace to tell me I was too late.

Then up jumps Humpy Sodelum, and he says, "I think somehow,
By the way you are going on all the night, you're looking for a row;
But, look here, Grace, if you want your face, you'd better not shout or bawl,
There's a lot of hard chaws to be here tonight to respect the Ragman's Ball."

Then we all sat down to some fish and chips, and every man was there,
And as a post of honour Billy Boland took the chair;
He swiped the chair and sold it to an old one in Carmen Hall,
And danced on the face of poor Kieran Grace the night of the Ragman's Ball.

Says my one, "You're a quare one, and Billy, you're hard to beat,
When up jumps Liza Boland, and told her to hold her prate;
But my one made a clout at her, she missed her and struck the wall,
And the two of them went in the ambulance the night of the Ragman's Ball.

Just to make the thing a swell affair, we all brought friends a few,
We brought up blind Gort Whelan and big Dan Kenny too;
And the gallant Jack Tar smoked his cigar, and slipped coming through the hall,
He lost a new bag and all his swag the night of the Ragman's Ball.

To keep the house alive, my boys, we brought some music, too,
We brought up Tommy Reynolds and his old tin whistle, too;
He played that night with all his might till coming onto dawn,
But we couldn't find many to dance with Dan Kenny that night at the Ragman's Ball.

Well, for eating we had plenty, as much as we could hold,
We drank Brady's LoopLine porter till around the floor we rolled,
In the midst of the confusion someone shouted for a song,
When up jumped Dunlavin and sang, "Keep rolling your barrel along."

So we all sat down to some ham-parings when everything was quiet,
Well, I must say, for broken noses we had a lovely night;
Black eyes—they were in great demand, not to mention split heads at all,
So anyone wants to commit suicide let them come to the Rag man's Ball.

63. Grá mo Chroí, I'd Like to See Old Ireland Free Once More

♩ = 120



Last night I had a happy dream, Tho' rest - less where I be. I



thought a - gain brave I - rish - men, Had set old Ire - land free, And



how I got ex - cit - ed When the can - nons loud did roar It's



Grá mo chroí, I'd like to see old Ire - land free once more.

Old Ireland free once more.
Cold is the heart that does not love
Its own dear native land,
When her Sons are far beyond the sea
All on a foreign strand.
By land or sea where'er they be
They love their fertile shore,
It's Grá mo chroí I'd like to see
Old Ireland free once more.

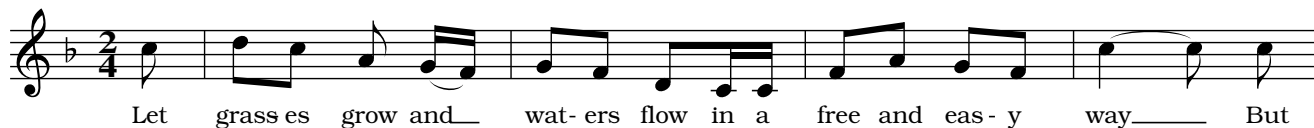
It's true we had brave Irishmen,
As everyone must own,
The Liberator, O'Connell, true,
Lord Edward and Wolfe Tone.
And also Robert Emmet, who
Till death did not give o'er,
It's Grá mo chroí I'd like to see
Old Ireland free once more.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien died
Their country to set free,
And see today brave Irishmen
Are struggling hard for thee.
Both day and night they'll always fight
Until death they'll ne'er give o'er,
It's Grá mo chroí I'd like to see
Old Ireland free once more.

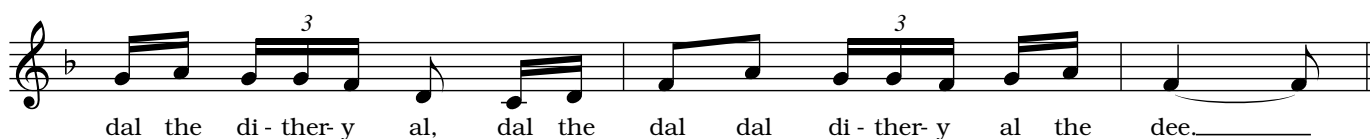
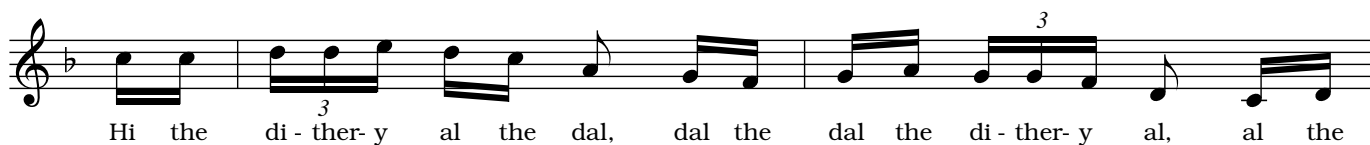
Now we can't forget the former years,
They're kept in memory still,
Or the Wexford men of ninety-eight,
Who fought on Vinegar Hill;
With Father Murphy at their side
And his green flag waving o'er,
It's Grá mo chroí I'd like to see
Old Ireland free once more.

64. The Real Old Mountain Dew

♩ = 100



Chorus



At the foot of the bill there's a neat little still
Where the smoke curls up to the sky;
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitín, boys, close by.

For it fills the air with a perfume rare
And betwixt both me and you,
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,
Or a bucketful of mountain dew.

Now, learned men who use the pen,
Have wrote the praises high
Of the sweet poitín from Ireland green
Distilled from wheat and rye.

Away with pills, it will cure all ills,
Of the Pagan, Christian or Jew;
So take off your coat and grease your throat
With the real old mountain' dew.

65. General Munroe

♩ = 120



My name is George Camp-bell at thee age of eight - een I



joined the U - - nit - ed Men to strive for the green, And



man - y a bat - - le I did un - - der go With that



he - - ro com - - mand - er, Brave Gen - er - al Mun - - roe.

And 'twas early one morning when the sun was still low,
They murdered our hero brave General Munroe,
And high o'er the Courthouse stuck his head on a spear,
For to make the United men tremble and fear.

Then up came Munroe's sister, she was all dressed in green,
With a sword by her side that was well-shaped and keen.
Giving three hearty cheers, away she did go
Saying, "I'll have revenge for my brother Munroe."

Have you heard of the Battle of Ballinahinch
Where the people oppressed rose up in defence
When Munroe left the mountains his men took the field,
And they fought for twelve hours and never did yield.

Munroe being tired and in want of a sleep,
Gave a woman ten guineas his secret to keep.
But when she got the money the devil tempted her so
That she sent for the soldiers and surrendered Munroe.

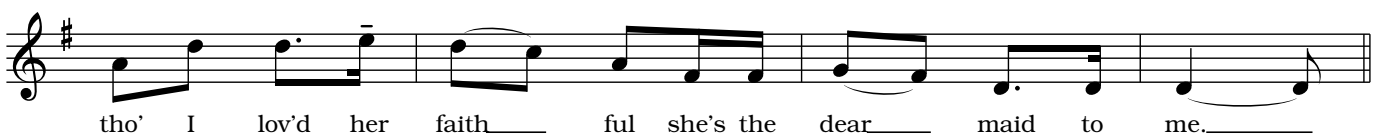
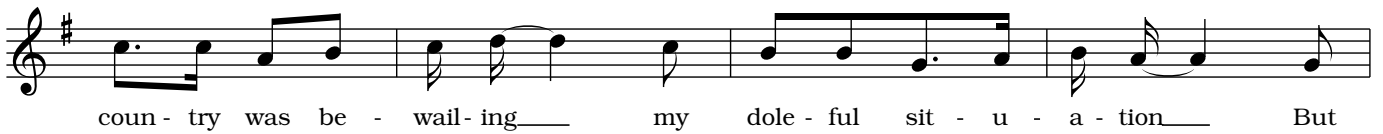
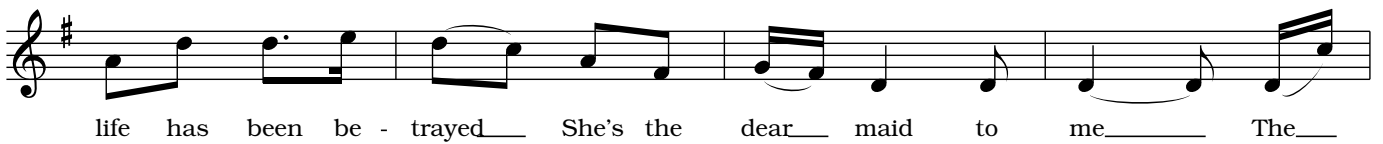
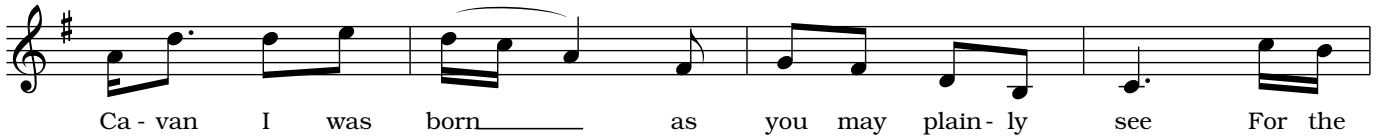
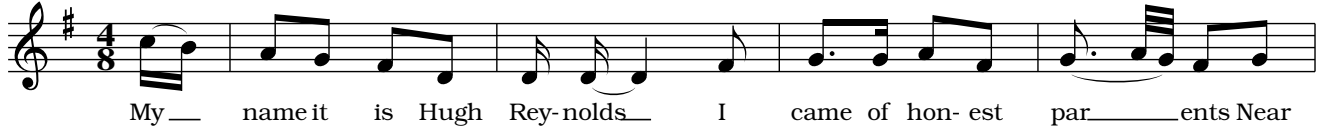
The army they came and surrounded the place,
And they took him to Lisburn and lodged him in jail.
And his father and mother in passing that way
Heard the very last words that their dear son did say

"Oh, I die for my country as I fought for her cause,
And I don't fear your soldiers nor yet heed your laws.
And let every true man who hates Ireland's foe
Fight bravely for freedom like Henry Munroe."

All ye good men who listen, just think of the fate
Of the brave men who died in the year Ninety Eight.
For poor old Ireland would be free long ago
If her sons were all rebels like Henry Munroe.

66. The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds

♩ = 120



Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she's the dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, my last hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she's the dear maid to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded; she's the dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board I must go,
There to take my last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into heaven with the blessed Trinity.

67. Nell Flaherty's Drake

♩ = 120

My name it is Nell, quite can - did I tell, and I
 lived near Coote - hill I will nev - er de - - ny, I
 had a large drake, the truth for to speak, that my
 grand - - moth - er left me and she goin' to die. He was
 whole - some and sound and he weighed twen - ty pound, And the
 u - - ni - verse round I wou'd rove for his sake, Bad
 wind to the rob - ber, both drunk - ard and so - - ber That
 mur - dered Nell Flah - er - - ty's beau - - ti - ful drake.

His neck it was green and most rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
 His body was white that would you delight,
 He was plump, fat, and heavy, and brisk as a bee,
 The dear little fellow his legs they were yellow,
 He'd fly like a swallow or dive like a hake;
 Btit some wicked savage to grease his white cabbage
 Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt may his cat never hunt,
 That a ghost may him haunt in the dead of the night,
 May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite,
 That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
 And a bitter north breeze make him tremble and shake
 May a four-year-old bug make a nest in the lug
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
 May each nit in his wig be as large as a snail,
 May his door have no latch, may his house have no thatch,
 May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his kale,
 May every old fairy from Cork to Dunleary,
 Dip him snug and airy in some pond or lake,
 Where the eel and the trout may dine on the snout,
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and growl with hunger and cold,
 May his wife always scold till his brain goes astray,
 May the curse of each hag who e'er carried a bag,
 Light on the wag till his beard turns grey;
 May monkeys still bite him and mad apes still fight him,
 And everyone slight him asleep and awake,
 May weasels still gnaw him and jackdaws still claw him,
 The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, and his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke may his kettle ne'er boil,
May he ne'er rest in bed till the hour he is dead
May he always be fed on lobsouse and fish oil,
May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
May he roar, bawl, and shout with a horrid toothache
May his temples wear horns and all his toes corns,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

The only good news that I have to diffuse,
Is that long Peter Hughes, and blind piper McPeak
That bignosed Bob Manson and buck-toothed Bob Hanson,
Each man has a grandson of my darling drake,
My bird he had dozens of nephews and cousins –
And one I must get or my poor heart would break,
To keep my mind easy or else I'll go crazy,
There ends the whole tale of Nell Flaherty's drake.

68. The Bold Deserter

♩ = 80



My — par - ents reared me — ten - der - ly — I — be - ing their — el - dest son, But



lit - tle thought it would be my fate to — fol - low the fife — and — drum. The



court - ing of a — pret - ty maid, un — til she won — my — heart. She —



first ad - vised me — for — to — list — and — af - ter — wards de - sert.

She being my mother's waiting maid, no fairer could be found,
Her cheeks they were all rosy red, her eyes a lovely brown,
Her skin it was a lily white, her teeth all in a row
It's for her sake I did enlist, that she with me might go.

My sword and sash, and scarlet coat, I now must lay aside,
And to some lonesome valley go, my fortunes to abide,
I bade adieu to the Light Bobs, where once I took delight
My journeys too I must pursue, and travel then by night.

'Tis beneath the shelter of a tree I am obliged to lie,
To shade me from my enemies, although my friends are nigh,
I am like the owl that hates the day, and dare not show my face,
With patience waiting for the night, to seek some distant place.

I have one brother, a sailor bold, he knows not I am here,
But all in vain I call to him, his small boats to draw near,
But alas ! the tide floats him away, his boats he can't pull to,
And here in pain I still remain, and know not what to do.

Oh, once I thought I ne'er would be in this dejected state,
A poor forlorn, effigy, exposed to hardships great,
The bird that flutters on each tree with terror strikes my heart,
Each star I see alarms me—Oh, why did I desert .

Oh, why did I desert, my boys, or from my colours fly,
No stint of pay or cowardice, those things I do deny.
It was cursed whiskey tempted me, and dread misfortune's stroke,
My life is in a state of woe, with grief my heart is broke.

Now to conclude and make an end to my deserting song,
I hope to shine in armour bright, and that before 'tis long,
For my serjeant and my officer have clothes for me in store,
And if they'd combine and pardon me, I would desert no more.

69. The Parting Glass

♩ = 120



O__ all the mon-ey__ e'er I had, I__ spent it in__ good__ com-pan-y And__



all the harm I've__ ev - er done A__ las! it was__ to__ none but me. And



all__ I've__ done for want__ of__ wit to mem'-ry now__ I__ can't re - call So__



fill to me the__ part- ing glass Good__ night and joy__ be__ with you all.

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts e'er I had,
They'd wish me one day more to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot,
That I should rise and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrail,
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.
If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.

70. The Orange Lily-o

♩ = 120



Oh did you go to see the show, Each rose an pink a dil - ly - o, To



feast your eyes up - on the prize, Won by the O range Li - ly, O. The



Vice roy there so de bon air, Just like a da fy dil - ly, O, And



La - dy Clarke, blithe as a lark, Ap - proached the O range Li - ly, O

Chorus



Then heigh ho the Li - ly, O, The roy - al loy al Li - ly, O Be



neath the sky what flow'r can vie, With Ire - land's O range Li - ly, O

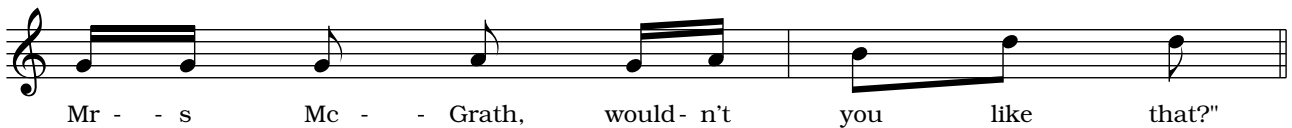
The elated muse, to hear the news,
Jumped like a Connacht filly-o,
As gossip fame did loud proclaim
The triumph of the Lily-o;

The lowland field may roses yield,
Gay heaths the highlands hilly-o,
But high or low, no flower can show,
Like the glorious Orange Lily-o.

Then heigh-ho the lily-o,
The royal, loyal lily-o,
There's not a flower in Erin's bower
Can match the Orange Lily-o.

71. Mrs. McGrath

♩ = 90



Chorus



So Mrs. McGrath lived on the sea-shore
For the space of seven long years or more
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay
"Here's my son Ted, wisha, clear the way."

"Oh, Captain dear, where have you been
Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen
Or have ye any tidings of my son Ted
Is the poor boy living or is he dead "

Then up comes Ted without any legs
And in their place he has two wooden pegs
She kissed him a dozen times or two
Saying "Holy Moses 'tishn't you."

"Oh then were ye drunk or were ye blind
That ye left yer two fine legs behind
Or was it walking upon the sea
Wore yet two fine legs from the knees away?"

"Oh I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
But I left my two fine legs behind
For a cannon ball on the fifth of May
Took my two fine legs from the knees away."

"Oh then Teddy me boy," the widow cried,
"Yer two fine legs were yer mammy's pride
Them stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all
Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?"

All foreign wars I do proclaim
Between Don John and the King of Spain -
And by herrins I'll make them rue the time
That they swept the legs from a child of mine.

Oh then, if I had you back again
I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain
For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be
Than the King of France and his whole Navee."

72. Limerick is Beautiful

♩ = 120



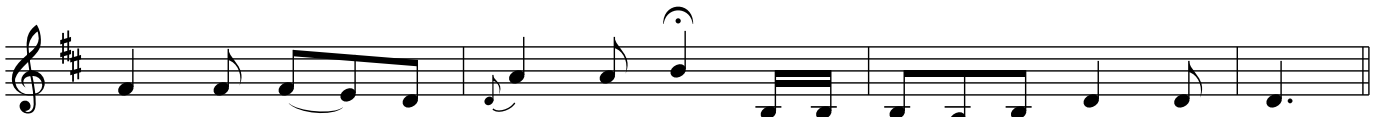
Oh, then, Lim - er - ick__ is beau- ti - ful as ev'__ ry bo - dy knows,__ The



Riv - er Shan__ non full of fish be - side that ci__ ty flows__ 'Tis



not the riv__ er nor the fish__ that preys up - on__ my mind Nor__



with the town__ of Lim - er - ick Have I an__ y fault to find.

Oh, the girl I love is beautiful and fairer than the dawn,
She lives in Garryowen and she's called the Colleen Bawn.
But proudly as the river flows beside that fair citie,
As proudly and without a word that colleen goes by me.

Oh then, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command
If I was Julius Caesar or Lord Lieutenant of the land.
I'd give my fleet, my golden store I'd give up my armie
The horse, the rifle and the foot and the Royal Artillerie.

I'd give my fleet of sailing ships that range the briny seas
I'd give the crown from oW my head, my people on their knees
A beggar I would go to bed and proudly rise at dawn
If by my side, all for a bride, I found the Colleen Bawn.

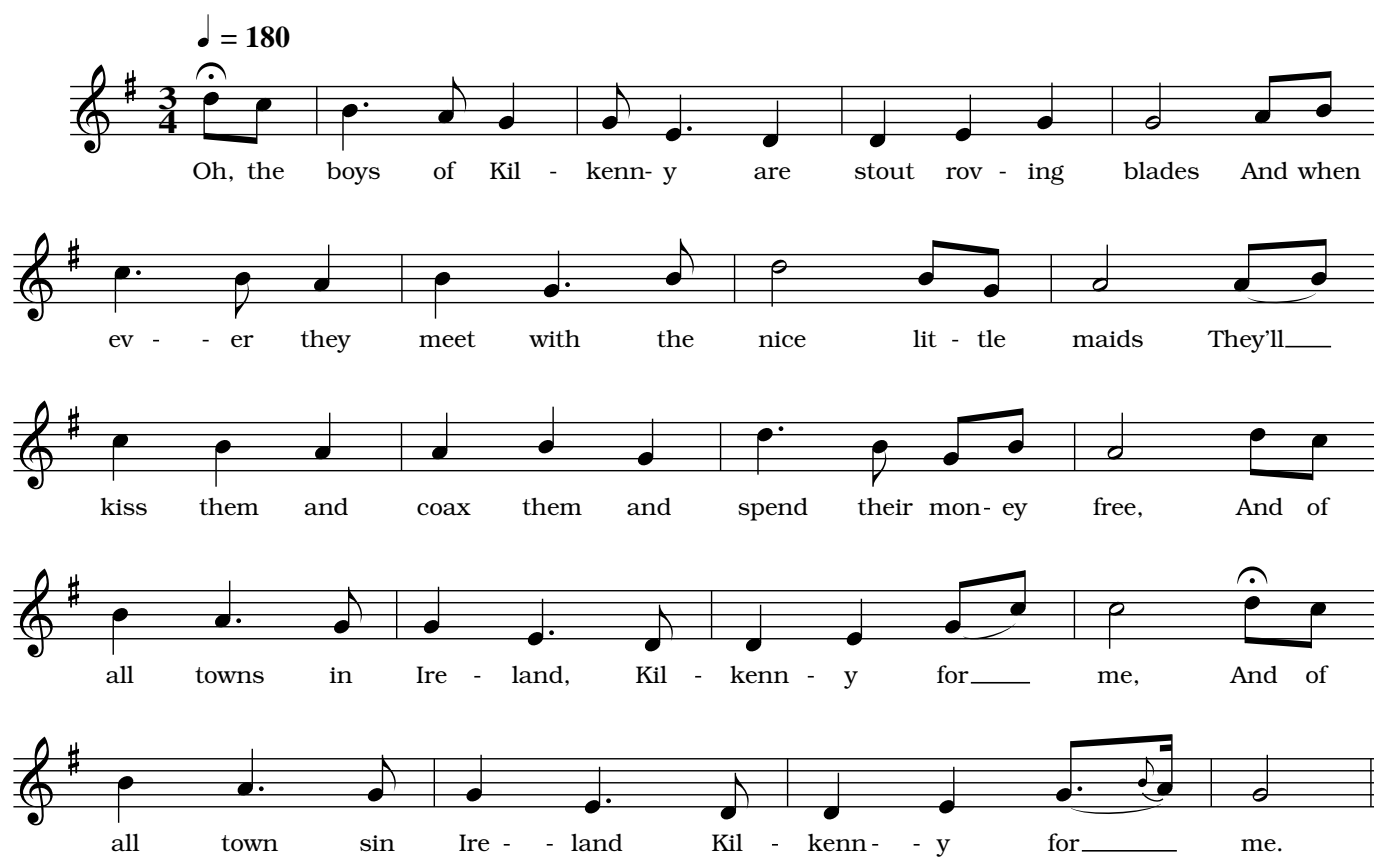
Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,
Her lips are like roses, and her cheeks much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a great hole.
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town, it shines where it stands
And the more I think of it, the more my heart warms.
And if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home
For 'tis there I'd have sweethearts but here I have none
For 'tis there I'd have sweethearts but here I have none.

73. The Boys of Kilkenny

$\text{♩} = 180$



Oh, the boys of Kil - kenn - y are stout rov - ing blades And when
ev - - er they meet with the nice lit - tle maids They'll
kiss them and coax them and spend their mon - ey free, And of
all towns in Ire - land, Kil - kenn - y for me, And of
all town sin Ire - - land Kil - kenn - - y for me.

74. The Peeler and the Goat

♩ = 180



Oh, the Ban- sha Peel-ers went out one night on du - ty and pa - trol- ling, O — They



met a goat — up - on the road and took him for be - ing a - stroll- ing, O, With



bay' - nets fix'd they sal - lied forth and caught him by tthe wiz - en, O, — And



then swore out — a might - y oath, they'd send him off — to pris - on, O.

Oh, mercy, sir! "the goat replied, —
'And let me tell my story O
I am no Rogue, no Ribbonman,
No Croppy, Whig, or a Tory O;
I'm guilty not of any crime
Of petty or high treason O,
And our tribe is wanted at this time,
For this is the ranting season O."

"It is in vain for to complain
Or give your tongue such bridle O,
You're absent from your dwellingplace,
Disorderly and idle O.
Your hoary locks will not prevail,
Nor your sublime oration O,
For Peeler's Act will you transport,
On your own information O."

"No penal laws I did transgress
By deeds or combination O,
I have no certain place of rest, —
No home or habitation O.
But Bansha is my dwelling place,
Where I was bred and born O,
I'm descended from an honest race,
That's all the trade I've learned O."

"I will chastise your insolence
And violent behaviour O;
Well bound to Cashel you'll be sent,
Where you will gain no favour O.
The magistrates will all consent
To sign your condemnation O; —
From there to Cork you will be sent
For speedy transportation O."

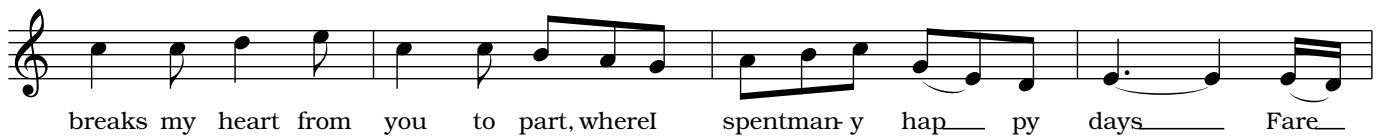
"This parish an' this neighbourhood
Are peaceable and tranquil O;
There's no disturbance here, — thank God
And long may it continue so.
I don't regard your oath a pin,
Or sign for my committal O,
My jury will be gentlemen
And grant me my acquittal O."

"The consequence be what it will,
A peeler's power I'll let you know,
I'll handcuff you, at all events,
And march you off to Bridewell O.
And sure, you rogue, you can't deny
Before the judge or jury O,
Intimidation with your horns,
And threatening me with fury O."

"I make no doubt but you are drunk,
With whiskey, rum, or brandy O,
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk
To be so bold or manly O.
You readily would let me pass
If I had money handy O,
To treat you to a poteen glass—
Tis then I'd be the dandy O."

75. Mary From Dungloe

♩ = 150



Oh, my love is tall and handsome and her age is scarce eighteen
She far exceeds all other fair maids when she trips over the green
Her lovely neck and shoulders are fairer than the snow
Till the day I die I'll ne'er deny my Mary from Dungloe.

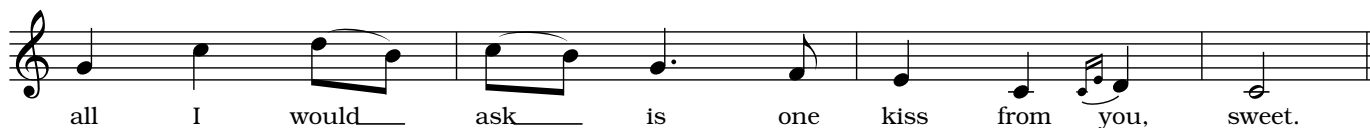
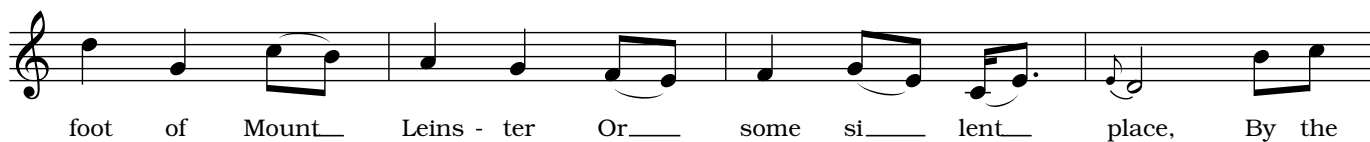
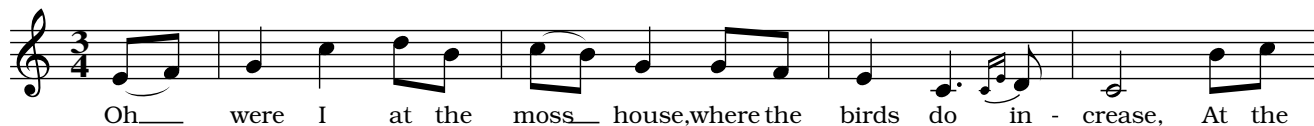
If I was at home in Sweet Dungloe a letter I would write
Kind thoughts would fill my bosom for Mary my delight
'Tis in her father's garden, the fairest violets grow
And 'twas there I came to court the maid, my Mary from Dungloe.

Ah then, Mary you're my heart's delight my pride and only care
It was your cruel father, would not let me stray there.
But absence makes the heart grow fond and when I'm o'er the main
May the Lord protect my darling girl till I return again.

And I wished I was in Sweet Dungloe and seated on the grass
And by my side a bottle of wine and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor of the best and I'd pay before I would go
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms in the town of Sweet Dungloe.

76. The Maid of Bunclody, and the Lad She Loves So Dear

♩ = 120



Oh the streams of Bunclody they flow down so free,
By the streams of Bunclody I'm longing to be,
A-drinking strong liquor in the height of my cheer,
Here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, it sings as it flies,
It brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies,
It sucks the young birds' eggs to make its voice clear
And the more it cries cuckoo the summer draws near.

If I was a clerk and could write a good hand,
I would write to my true-love that she might understand,
For I am a young fellow who is wounded in love
Once I lived in Bunclody, but now must remove.

If I was a lark and had wings I could fly
I would go to yon arbour where my love she does lie,
I'd proceed to yon arbour where my true love does lie,
And on her fond bosom contented I would die.

'Tis why my love 'slights me, as you may understand,
That she has a freehold and I have no land,
She has great store of riches, and 'a large sum of gold,
And everything fitting a house to uphold.

So fare you well father' and 'ny mother, adieu
My sister. and brother farewell unto you, -
I am bound for America my fortune to try,
When I think on Bunclody I'm ready to die.

77. The Bantry Girls' Lament

♩ = 120



Oh who will plough the field now, or who will sell the corn? Oh



who will wash the sheep now and have them nicely shorn? The



stack that's in the haggard, un-thrashed it may remain Since



John-ny went a thrashing the dirty King of Spain.

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn,
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and pain,
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign land of Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge in sorrow may retire,
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire;
At wakes or hurling-matches your like we'll never see,
Till you come back to us again, a-stóirIn óg mo chrol,

And won't you trounce the buckeens that show us much disdain,
Because our eyes are not so bright as those you'll meet in Spain
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailing o'er the main,
Along with other patriarchs, to fight the King of Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him when Moneymore comes round,
And grieve that their bold captain is nowhere to be found
The peelers must stand idle against their will and grain,
For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels the King of Spain.

78. The Grazier Tribe

♩ = 150



Oh, ye toil - ers of this na - tion I hope you will draw near - A -



new and true nar - ra - tion I mean to let you hear - 'Tis -



for your in - for - ma - tion my pen I take in - hand - To -



try de - scribe a graz - ier tribe, that now in - fests this land.

This grazier clan has overran
Your country so fair,
Enough to make the angels weep
Or drive you to despair;
There's not a town from Cork to Down,
Or Dublin to Tralee.
But has a den of grazier men
To keep you in poverty.

Oh, ye men in name have you no shame
To see this beautiful land,
Turned into one vast wilderness
By a cursed grazier band;
This land so kind was ne'er designed
By providence on high,
To keep John Bull with mutton full
While the natives starve and die.

Oh, ye men of honest labour,
If ever you'd be free,
Now take your stand upon the land
And strike for liberty;
Commit no crime, now is the time,
To burst your galling chains,
And drive this band clean off the land,
As Brian drove the Danes.

Oh, this land of ours, of sunny showers,
How fair 'twould be to see,
Across the plain the golden grain
All waving like a sea;
And men so fine instead of kine
You'd see on every hand,
To give a cheer for freedom dear
And Faith and Fatherland.

So ye valiant sons of labour
Wherever you are found,
To seek a home you need not roam
But quietly look around;
There may be seen fine meadows green,
And bullocks sleek and grand,
Just get your pole and take a stroll
And clear them off the land.

And if Bob be there Co fume and swear
And threaten you with jail,
And for your good behaviour
You surely must find bail;
But still you'll find true friends behind
To cheer you in your woe,
Then you'll be so grand with house and land
That yourself you will not know.

79. Sweet County Wexford

♩ = 120



On Mo-ni-seed of a summer's morn-ing, Our boysthey halt-ed a restto take, Whenthe



an-cient Brit - ons, in their un - i - form___ Up - on Sliav Beag, A great showdid make. The



Gor-ey cav - al - ry that day did join them,they were on blood - y___ murder bent, But



soon our boys___ they did en - gage them,They lit - tle thoughtthattheir glasswas spent.

It's there we had a great engagement,
Such other pikemen you never knew.
'Twas early, early on the next morning,
To Ballarahan we took our way,
To meet with Cowan and his cursed yeomen,
To them it was a woeful day.

Cowardly Cowan when he saw us coming,
Turned round and away from us did run,
Like a hunted fox he crossed over the rocks,
When he saw the flash of a croppy's gun,
We then shot Chamny and Captain Dixon,
And General Walpole got no time to run,
And long Smyth, the slater—the bloody traitor,
He fell that day by a croppy's gun.

When this engagement was all over,
And our brave boys had no more to do,
We crossed Brideswell going to Camolin,
And camped that night at Carrigrua.
Had we the wisdom to follow after,
And not have tarried in Corey town,
We'd have saved the lives of many a martyr,
That died in Arklow—God rest their souls.

Success attend the sweet County Wexford,
They are the boys that were ne'er afraid
Of Ancient Britons nor bragging yeomen,
But on such cowards great slaughter made.
As they from Corey set out that morning,
You'd pity the groans and the women's tears;
But on that day we made them pay,
When they came in view of our Shelmaliers.
'Twas from the watch-house into Ballyellis
To Pavy's height going towards Carnew,

80. The Banks of the Roses

♩ = 120

On the Banks of the Ros - es, my love and I sat down, And
I took out my vio - - lin to play my love a tune, In the
mid - dle of the tune, Oh she sighed and she said "O - ro
John - ny, love - ly John - ny, would you leave me."

The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 120. The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Oh, when I was a young man I heard my father say,
That he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay,
Sooner than be married to any runaway,
By the lovely sweet Banks of the Roses.

Oh, then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know,
I can take a good glass or can leave it alone;
And the man that doesn't like me he can keep his daughter at home
And young Johnny will go roving with another.

And if ever I get married 'twill be in the month of May,
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay;
And I and my true love can sit and sport and play
On the lovely sweet Banks of the Roses.

81. Seán a Duír a' Ghleanna

♩ = 100

One morn-ing as I started From the arms of Mor-pheus The
hounds and trum-pets rat-tled Which caused the earth to quake, The
green bird and the badg-er Stood a ro-al bat-tle And
Rey-nard in the for-est, so sport-ing-ly did play The
hunts men in dis-trac-tion Viewing the plan of ac-tion
by the game a-dapt-ed To each sport-ing train But 'tis
home we'll sterr in an-guish For roy-al-ty is ban-ished,
Sean a Duir a'-Ghleanna, You're worst-ed in the game.

When first I saw dear Anna, she filled my heart with rapture,
In a dewy meadow in the merry month of May,
Awhile I stood astonished, to view this charming goddess,
Her golden locks lay hanging, down to her lovely waist.

By the glances of this object, the greatest style demolished,
She spoke to me as follows, saying, "Lay aside all care
So relent and take compassion, on lovely young dear Anna,"
I would think myself quite happy, if she called me her slave.

The blackbirds and the thrushes, warbling on the bushes,
The nightingale, and linnet, sing sweetly in the grove.
The woodcock in the forest, the lark along the valley,
And lovely young dear Anna joined them in a choir.

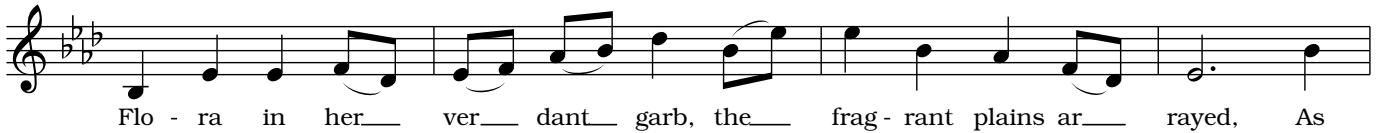
How elegant do the fishes swim along the river,
The wild duck and the pigeon so merrily do rove,
But all rejoiced full hearty for none but lovely Anna,
I took her for a goddess shaded by the rose.

As I walked forth in sorrow, down by yonder valley,
I saw my lovely Anna sitting by a stream,
My eyes began to dazzle, condemned with thoughts relapsing,
I then took off my beaver and accosted this fair dame.

My joys were greatly shortened when smilingly she asked me,
"Young man, you seem a stranger, pray from whence you came,"
"I'm a Galway man by extraction, bred in Connamara,
And Sean a Duir a' Ghleanna they call me by name."

82. Dobbin's Flowery Vale

♩ = 120



As I sat down them to behold,
Beneath a spreading tree
The limpid streams that gently rolled
Conveyed these words to me;
Farewell sweet maid, the youth he said
For now I must set sail,
I'll bid adieu to Armagh, you,
And Dobbin's Flowery Vale!

Forbear those thoughts and cruel words
That wound a bleeding heart
For is it true that we're met here
Alas I so soon to part
Must I alone here sigh and moan,
To none my grief reveal
But here lament my cause to vent,
In Dobbin's Flowery Vale?

There's many a youth has left his home
To steer for freedom's shore
Been laid beneath the silent tomb,
Where the foaming billows roar;
Take my advice, do not forsake
Or leave me to bewail,
But still remain with your fond dame,
In Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

Unwilling I am to part with you,
No longer can I stay,
For love and freedom cries "pursue"
Those words I must obey;
In foreign Isles where freedom smiles
Or by the earth concealed,
I will come home no more to roam,
From Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

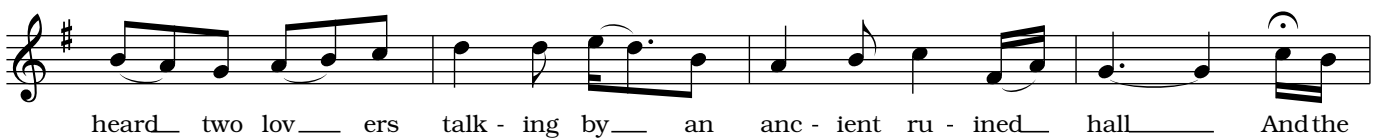
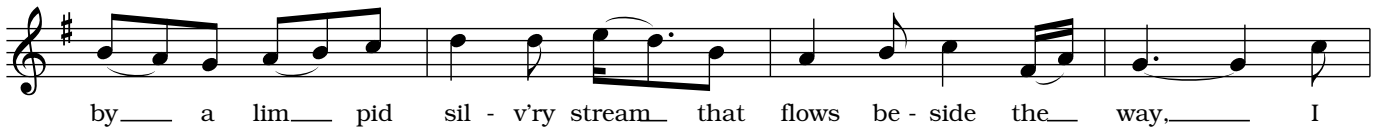
It's when you reach Columbia's shore
Some pretty maids you'll see,
You'll ne'er think on the loving vow;
That you have made to me;
May hope content life's ending pain!
My thoughts would oft prevail,
Of seeing no more the youth I adore
In Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

Do not reflect that you're alone,
Nor yet am I untrue,
If e'er I chance now for to roam
My thoughts will be on you;
There's not a flower in shady bower,
On verdant hill or dale,
But will remind me of the maid behind
In Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

It's mutual love together drew
Both with a' kind embrace,
While tears like rosy drops of dew,
Did trickle down her face;
She strove in vain him to detain,
But while she did bewail,
He bade adieu, and I withdrew
From Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

83. The Star of Donegal

♩ = 130



"My lovely maid" the youth he said "I'm going across the foam
Unto the land of stars and stripes where peace and plenty flows
I want your faithful promise that you'll wed with none at all
Until I do return to you and the lands of Donegal"

She blushed and sighed and then replied "It grieves my heart full sore
To think you are compelled to go and leave the Shamrock shore
Here is my faithful promise that I'll wed with none at all
But stay at home and do not roam from the lands of Donegal"

"My sweet fair maid" the youth then said, "at home I can't not stay
To California's gold fields I'm bound to cross the sea
To accumulate a fortune great, to build a splendid hall
To decorate and cultivate the lands of Donegal."

She raised her lilywhite hands and said "Yon castle in its day
With all its plains and large demesnes from Lifford to the sea
Belonged to our ancestors with many a splendid hail
And if my father had his rights, I'd be heir of Donegal."

"My darling maid" the youth then said, "the day is drawing near
When Irishmen will return again from all their long career
Our holy land by God's command the fairest land of all
And Heaven will see old Ireland free, Bright Star of Donegal."

She blushed and sighed and then replied, "Heaven grant that we may see
St. Patrick's isle of Saints to shine great glorious and free.
If that be so there's none will-go to New York or Montreal
But will stay at home and will not roam from the lands of Donegal."

He clasped her in his arms and said "My darling well you know
I love you very dearly and loth I am to go
Let us get wed without fear or dread, that puts an end to all
And then I will have my darling girl the Star of Donegal."

She gave consent and off they went to meet with Father Hugh
Who joined their hands in wedlock bands without any more ado
From Derry quay they sailed away and bade farewell to all
And now they're in America far away from Donegal.

84. Doran's Ass

♩ = 120



One Pad-dy Doyle lived near Kil-lar-ney, And loved a maid called— Bet-ty Toole, His



tongue, I own, was tipped with blar-ney, Which seem'd to him a— gold-en rule, From



day to day he watched his col-leen, And of-ten to him-self would say, What—



need I care sure here's my drol- een, ad- vanc- ing to met me— on the way



Tow-ri-ah, the dood-le ad-dy Tow-ri-ah-di-the dood-le-ay.

One heavenly night in last November,
The moon shone gently from above,
What night it was I don't remember,
But Paddy went to meet his love.

That day Paddy took some liquor,
Which made his spirits light and gay,
Says he, "What use my walking quicker
Sure I know she'll meet me on the way."

So he tuned his pipes and fell ahumming,
As slowly onwards he did creep,
But fatigue and whiskey overcome him,
So down he lay and fell asleep.

But he wasn't long without a comrade
And one that gave him out the pay,
For a big jackass smelled out poor Pat,
And lay down beside him on the way.

He stretche4 his arms out on the grass,
A thinking on his little dear,
He dreamt of comforts without number
Coming on the ensuing year.

He stretched his arms out on the grass,
His spirits felt so light and gay,
But instead of Bet, he gripped the ass,
And he roared—"I have her any way."

He hugged and smugged his hairy messer,
And flung his old hat at woe and care,
Says Pat, "She's mine, the heavens bless her,
But pon my soul, she's mighty quare,

But I think," said Pat, "it's time to rise,"
With that the ass began to bray.
Pat jumped up and opened his eyes,
Saying "Who served me in such a way "

Like blazes then away he cut
At railway speed, or as fast I'm sure,
But he never stopped a leg or foot
Until he came to Betty's door.

By this time now 'twas dawning morning,
So down on his knees he fell to pray,
Saying, "Let me in, och, Betty darling,
For I'm kilt—I'm murdered on the way."

So he up and told her, all quite civil,
While she prepared a brimming glass,
About how he hugged and smugged the devil
Says she, "Sure that was Doran's ass."

And "So I believe it was," says Pat,
So they got wed on the very next day,
But she never got the new straw hat
That the jackass ate upon the way.

85. Moorlug Mary

♩ = 100



The first I saw of my Moor-lug Ma-ry Was on the fair day of sweet Stra- bane, Her smiling



face it was so en - gag - ing, All o - ther fair maidsshe did tre - pan, Her kil-ling



eyes sure they have me blind- ed, No rest I find eith- er night or day, From qui- et



slum - ber I rise in won - der say- ing "Moor-lug Ma - ry, will you come a - way?"

From Moorlug banks I will never wander,
Where heifers graze on yon pleasant hill;
Where lambkins sporting, fair maids resorting,
The timorous hare and blue heather bell.

I'll press my cheese, and my wool I'll tease,
And my ewes I'll milk by the eve of day;
The hurling moor-cock and lark allures me;
From bonnie Moorlug I'll never stray.

I'll go down yon woodland to my situation,
Where recreation is all in view,
On the river Mourne where the salmon sporting,
And echoes sounding bring something new.

The thrush and goldfinch will join in chorus
With notes melodious on Liskea Brae,
To the sweet Loch shore then I would restore you,
Saying, " Moorlug Mary, will you come away "

Were I a man of great education,
And Ireland's nation at my command,
I'd lay my head on her snowy shoulder,
In wedlock's portion I'd take her hand,

I'd entertain her both eve and morning;
With robes I'd deck her both rich and gay;
With kisses fragrant I would embrace her,
Saying, "- Moorlug Mary, will you come away "

86. The Lambs on the Green Hills

♩ = 100



The lambs on the green hills they sport and they play, and



man - y straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea, And



man - y straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea and



man - y's the ship sails the o - - cean,

The bride and bride's party to church they did go,
The bride she rode foremost, she bears the best show,
But I followed after with my heart full of woe,
To see my love wed to another.

The first place I saw her 'twas in the church stand,
Gold rings on her finger and her love by the hand,
Says I, "My wee lassie, I will be the man
Although you are wed to another."

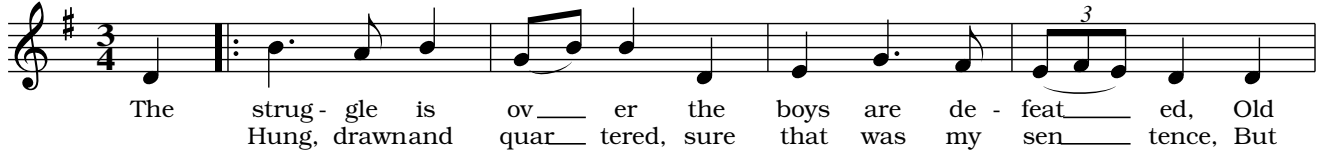
The next place I seen her was on the way home,
I ran on before her, not knowing where to roam,
Says I, "My wee lassie, I'll be by your side
Although you are wed to another."

"Stop, stop," said the groomsman, "'till I speak a word,
Will you venture your life on the point of my sword?
For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid,
So begone, for you'll never enjoy her."

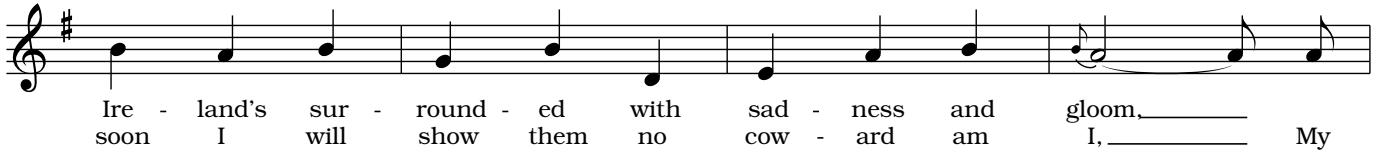
Oh, make now my grave both large, wide and deep,
And sprinkle it over with flowers so sweet,
And lay me down in it to take my last sleep,
For that's the best way to forget her.

87. Bold Robert Emmet

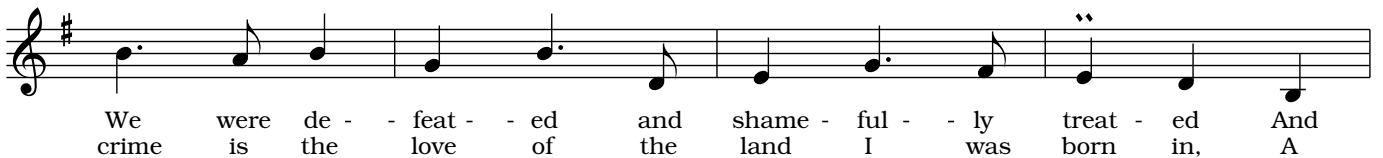
♩ = 100



The strug- gle is ov__ er the boys are de - feat__ ed, Old
Hung, draw and quar__ tered, sure that was my sen__ tence, But



Ire - land's sur - round - ed with sad - ness and gloom, I
soon I will show them no cow - ard am I, My

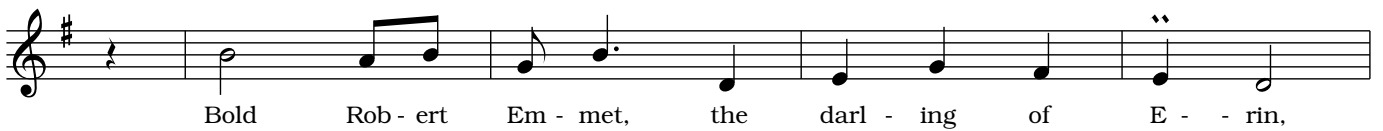


We were de - - feat - - ed of and shame - ful - - ly treat - ed in, And
crime is the love of the land I was born in, A

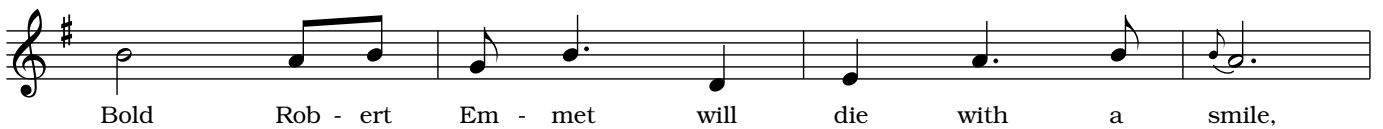


I Ro - - bert Em__ met and a - - wait - - ing my doom.
he - - ro I lived__ and a he - - ro I'll die.

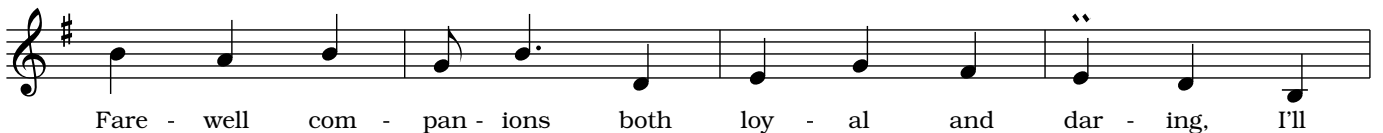
Chorus



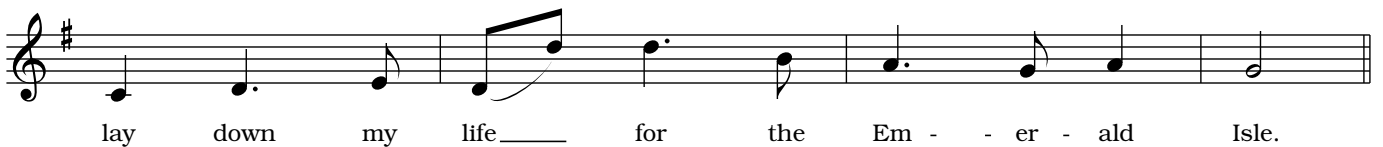
Bold Rob - ert Em - met, the darl - ing of E - - rin,



Bold Rob - ert Em - met will die with a smile,



Fare - well com - pan - ions both loy - al and dar - ing, I'll



lay down my life__ for the Em - - er - ald Isle.

The barque lay at anchor awaiting to bring me
Over the billows to the land of the free;
But I must see my sweetheart for I know she will cheer me,
And with her I will sail far over the sea.

But I was arrested and cast into prison,
Tried as a traitor, a rebel, a spy;
But no one can call me a knave or a coward,
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Hark ! the bell's tolling, I well know its meaning,
My poor heart tells me it is my death knell;
In come the clergy, the warder is leading,
I have no friends here to bid me farewell.

Good-bye, old Ireland, my parents and sweetheart,
Companions in arms to forget you must try;
I am proud of the honour, it was only my duty
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

88. Johnny Harte

♩ = 120



There_ was a rich far - mer's daugh_ ter lived near to the town of Ross.____ She



court ed a High_ land sold - ier, His name was John_ ny Harte.____ For



six long months_ they court - ed, Her par - ents they knew not.____ He_



was_ her dar - ling sold - ier boy dress'd up in his High - land plaid.____

Says the mother unto the daughter, "I'll go distracted mad,
If you marry, that Highland soldier dressed up in his Highland plaid
To marry a private soldier for ever you're undone
You know your fortune is too great, so wed a farmer's son."

"Dear mother, do not despise my love, and do not run him down,
For there's many a private soldier was raised to a high renown.
And many a farmer's daughter has followed the fif and drum,
I would not part my soldier boy for any squire's son."

Next morning then her mother to the barracks did repair,
And to the colonel's quarters she straight was sent across,
And there she met the colonel, and to him a courtesy dropt,
"I want your honour in private, I have a broken heart."

The colonel being a nobleman he then began to smile,
So kindly he consented with her to step aside,
"Be quick my decent woman, to hear you I'm inclined,
If I consider your claim is fair, I'll see you justified."

"I have one only daughter, she is a foolish lass,
She is courted by one of your soldiers, his name is Johnny Harte,
To marry a private soldier is below my child's degree,
If your honour will send him out of Ross my blessing on you'll be."

The bugle sounded for parade, young Harte he did appear,
"The Colonel he stepped up to him all in the barrack square,
"If you court this woman's daughter, and that I find it out,
I'll send you on detachment till the regiment gets the route."

"Tis hard enough," young Harte replied, "for courting an Irish lass,
To send me on detachment, and leave my dear in Ross,
I love this woman's daughter and for me she's inclined
And I'd court your honour's daughter if I could gain her mind."

"Well done my gallant soldier, I like your courage well,
And you shall be promoted for those words you boldly tell
I'll put epaulets on your shoulders, and then you'll be a match
For the foremost farmer's daughter coming into the town of Ross."

To have this couple married the Colonel gave consent,
Her parents paid her portion down, it's now they are content,
Young Harte became an officer, his dear a captain's bride,
He has joined the richest family down by the Barrow side.

89. The Barley Corn

♩ = 130



There_ was threefarm- ers in theNorth, as they were pas- sing by_ They



swore an oath_ a might- y oath_ that Bar- ley corn should die,_____



One of them_ said drown him and_ the o- ther said hang him high,_____ For who



ever will stick to the bar- ley grain_ a- beg- ging he will die,_____ With me



fal- la- la- the- dee, Toor- a- lay,_____ a- beg- ging he will die._____

They put poor barley into a sack of a cold and rainy day,
And brought him oft' to culm fields and burned him in the clay.
Frost and snow began to melt and the dew began to fall,
When barley grain put up his head and soon surprised them all.

Being in the summer season and the harvest coining on
It's the time he stands up in the field with a beard like any man.
The reaper then came with his hook and used me barbarously,
He caught me by the middle so small and cut me above the knee.

The next came was the binder and look'd on me with a frown
But in the middle there was a thistle that pulled his courage down.
The farmer came with his pitchfork and pierced me to the heart
Like a thief, a rogue or highwayman they tied me to the cart.

The thrasher came with his big flail and soon he broke my bones,
'Twould grieve the heart of any man to hear my sighs and groans,
The next thing that they done to me they steep'd me in a well
They left me there for a day and a night until I began to swell.

The next thing that they done to me they dried me in a kiln
They used me ten times worse than that, they ground me in a mill
They used me in the kitchen, they used 'me in the hail
They used me in the parlour among the ladies all.

The barley grain is a comical grain it makes men sigh and moan,
For when they take a glass or two they forget their wife and home
The drunkard is a dirty man he used me worse than all
He drank me up in his dirty maw and tumbled against the wall.

90. Pat of Mullingar

♩ = 120



They may talk of fly - ing Chil - ders and the speed of Hark - a - way, Till the



fan - cy it be - wild - ers, as you list to what they say, But for



real — bone and beau - ty, Tho' you trav - el near and far, — The



fair - est mare you'll find be - longs to Pat of Mul - lin - gar.

Chorus



She can trot a - long, jog a - long, Drag a jaunt - ing car, — No



day's too long when sent a - long by Pat of Mul - lin - gar.

She was bred in Connamara,
And brought up at Castlemaine.
She won cups at the Curragh,
And a charger was in Spain.
All countries and conveyances
She has been buckled to;
She lost an eye at Limerick
And at Aughrim lost a shoe.

If a friend you wish to find, sir,
I'll go where'er you want;
I'll drive you out o' your mind, sir,
Or a little way beyant.
Like an arrow through the air,
If you'll step upon the car,
You'll ride behind the little mare
Of Pat of Mullingar.

If Baldoyle or Killiney,
Is the place you wish to see,
Or I'll drive you to the Strawberry Beds
It's all the same to me;
To Donnybrook, whose ancient fair
Was famed for love and war,
Or if you have the time to spare,
We'll go to Mullingar.

When on the road we're going,
The other carmen try,
Without the darling knowin',
To pass her on the sly;
Her one ear points up to the sky,
She tucks her haunches in,
Then shows the lads how she can fly,
As I sit still and grin.

Then should you want a car, sirs,
I hope you'll not forget
Poor Pat' of Mullingar, sirs,
And his darling little pet;
She's as gentle as the dove,
And her speed you can't deny,
And there's no blind side about her,
Tho' she only has one eye.

91. Finnegan's Wake

♩ = 120



Chorus



One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from the laddet and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake,
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake,
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
'Such a neat clean corpse, did you ever see,
Arrah, Tim avourneen, why did you die '
'Ah, hould your gab,' said Paddy McGee.

Then Biddy O'Connor took up the job,
'Biddy,' says she, 'you're wrong, I'm sure,'
But Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor;
Oh, then the war did soon enrage;
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law did all engage,
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Then Micky Maloney raised his head,
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim;
Bedad he revives, see how he rises,
And Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, 'Whirl your liquor round like blazes,
Thanam o'n dhoul, do ye think I'm dead '

92. "I Thank You Ma'am," Says Dan

♩ = 120



"What brought you in - to my room, to my room, to my ___ room? What



brought you in - to my ___ room?" says the mis - tress un - to Dan. "I came



her to court your daugh - ter ma'am, I thought it no great harm ___ ma'am." "Oh



Dan, me dear, you're wel - come here." "I thank you ma'am," says Dan. _____

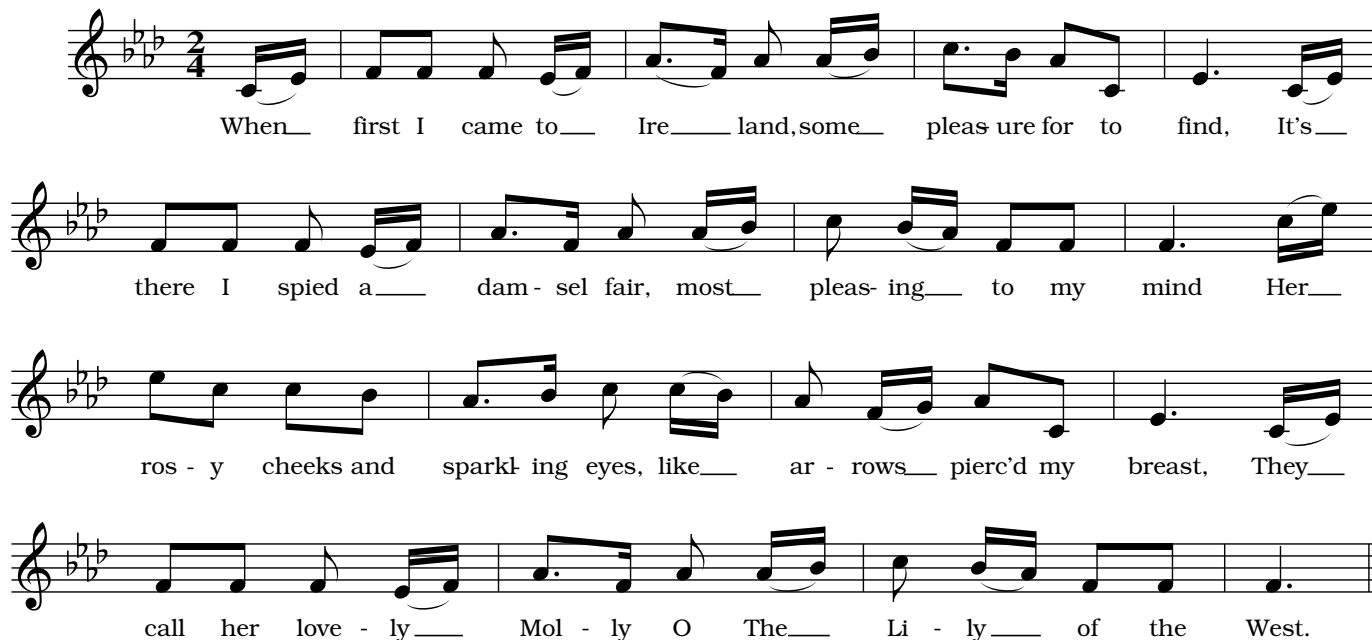
"How come you to know my daughter, my daughter, my daughter
How came you to know my daughter " says the mistress unto Dan.
Goin' to the well for water, ma'am,
To raise the can I taught her, ma'am."
"Oh, Dan, my dear, you're welcome here."
"I thank you ma'am," says Dan.

This couple they got married, got married, got married.
This couple they got married, Miss Elizabeth and Dan.
And now he keeps her mother and her father and his charmer, O
And they're known throughout the country
By the name of " Thank ye, Ma'am."

"Oh then, you can have my daughter, my daughter, my daughter,
I'll let you take my daughter," says the mistress unto Dan.
"And when you take my daughter, Dan,
Of course you'll take me also, Dan.
Oh, Dan, my dear, you're welcome here,"
"I thank you, ma'am," says Dan.

93. The Lily of the West

♩ = 90



When first I came to Ire land, some pleas ure for to find, It's
 there I spied a dam - sel fair, most pleas - ing to my mind Her
 ros - y cheeks and sparkl ing eyes, like ar - rows pierc'd my breast, They
 call her love - ly Mol - ly O The Li - ly of the West.

Her golden hair in ringlets hung, her dress was spangled o'er,
 She had rings upon her fingers brought from a foreign shore;
 She'd entice both kings and princes, so costly was she dressed,
 She far exceeds Diana bright—she's the Lily of the West.

One day as I was walking down by a shady grove,
 I espied a lord of high degree conversing with my love,
 She sang a song delightful while I was sore oppressed,
 Saying "I bid adieu to Molly O, the Lily of the West."

I stepped up with my rapier and my dagger in my hand,
 And dragged him from my false love and boldly bid him stand,
 But being mad with desperation, I swore I'd pierce his breast,
 I was then deceived by Molly O, the Lily of the West.

I then did stand my trial, and boldly I did plead,
 A flaw was in my indictment found and that soon had me freed,
 That beauty bright I did adore, the judge did her address,
 "Now go, you faithless Molly O, the Lily of the West."

Now that I've gained my liberty, a-roving I will go,
 I'll ramble through old Iieland, and travel Scotland o'er;
 Tho' she thought to swear my life away, she still disturbs my rest,
 I still must style her Molly O, the Lily of the West.

94. O Reilly from the Co. Leitrim, or The Phoenix of Erin's Green Isle

♩ = 90



When first I came in - to this coun-ter-ie It was to view the sweet flow-ers



gay, I then fell court-ing a pret-ty fair maid, She ap-peared to



me like the Queen of May. I asked her kind - ly would she



mar-ry Or would she choose to be a sail-or's wife, Oh, no, kind



sir, I would rath-er tar-ry And I would choose a sweet sin-gle life.

I wish I had you in Phoenix Island,
One hundred miles from your native home,
- Or in some valley where none could find you,
You might incline then to be my own;
For there I would caress my jewel,
If along with me you'd consent to go,
I'll sail you over to Pennsylvania,
And bid adieu to Reilly for evermore.

You have not me in Phoenix -Island,
One hundred miles from my native home,
Or in a valley where none can find me,
So I'll not incline then to be your own,
Therefore don't tease me nor yet dispraise me
But along with you I'm not inclined to go,
So do sail over o where you came from,
For I'll wait for Reilly for evermore.

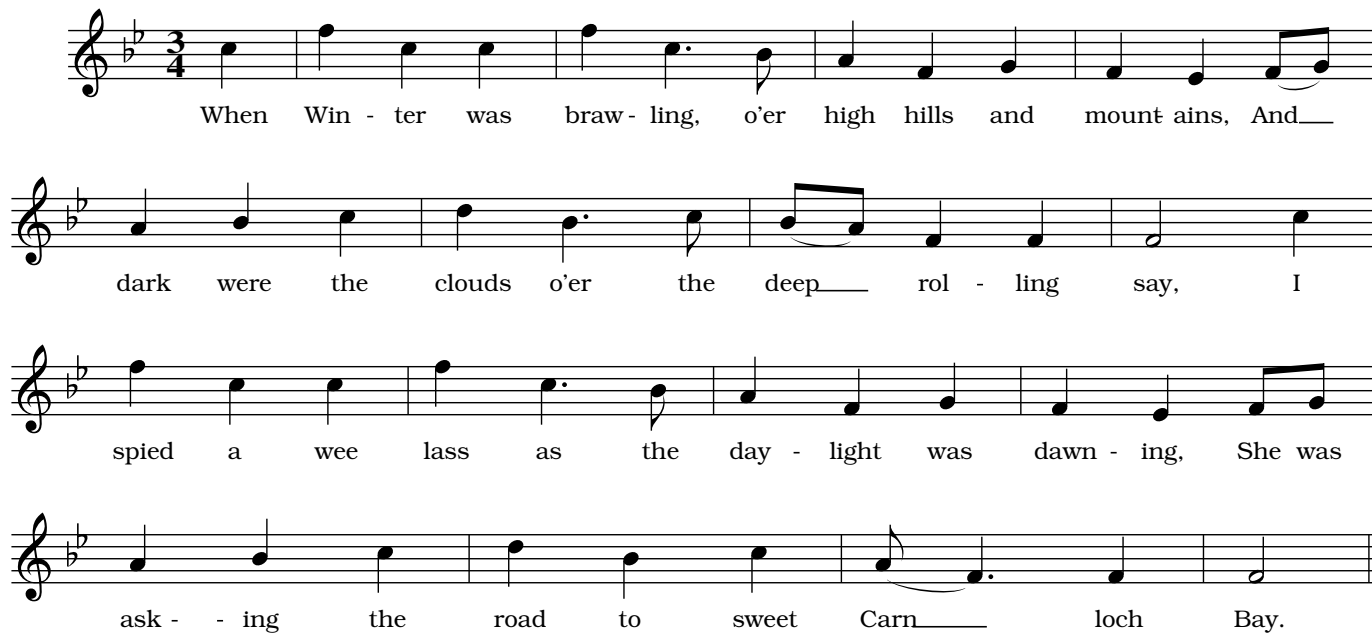
Oh fairest creature, the pride of nature
Why do you differ from all female kind,
For you are youthful and fair and handsome,
For to marry you I am much inclined.
Now kind sir since I must tell you,
I am promised these five years and more,
To one O Reilly from the County Leitrim,
Which often grieves my poor heart full sore.

You are like the swan that sails on the ocean
And making motions with both its wings,
Your snowy breast would be a potion,
For any Lord or an Irish King,
For you are youthful, fair and handsome
You are fitting to be a queen,
I wish I was in battle wounded,
Before your beautiful face I'd seen.

in the morning when I cannot see you,
My heart lies bleeding for you all day,
For in the evening I can't come near you
For them that's bound they must obey.
Yodth and folly makes young men marry
And here no longer can I stay,
What can't be cured must be endured,
So farewell darling I must away.

95. Sweet Carnloch Bay

♩ = 120



When Win - ter was brow - ling, o'er high hills and mount ains, And
dark were the clouds o'er the deep rol - ling say, I
spied a wee lass as the day - light was dawn - ing, She was
ask - - ing the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

I said my wee lassie I canna weel tell ye
The number of miles or how far it might be
But if you'll consent I'll convoy you a wee bit,
And I'll show you the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

You turn to the right and pass down by the churchyard
Cross over the river and down by the sea;
We'll call in Pat Hamill's and have a wee drop there
Just to help us along to sweet Carnloch Bay.

Here's a health to Pat Hamill likewise the wee lassie
And to every laddie that's listening to me.
And ne'er turn your back on a bonny wee lassie
When she's asking the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

96. Come to the Bower

♩ = 120



Will you come to the bow'r o'er the free boundless o-ccean Where the stupendous waves roll in



thun- der-in' mot-ion Where the mer- maids are seen And the fierce tem-pest gathers. To lov'd



Er - in the Green the dear land of our fath-ers, Will you come, will you, will you, will you



come to the Bow-er?

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

You can visit Benburb and the storied Black Water,
Where Owen Roe met Munroe and his chieftains did slaughter
Where the lambs skip and play on the mossey all over,
From those bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor.

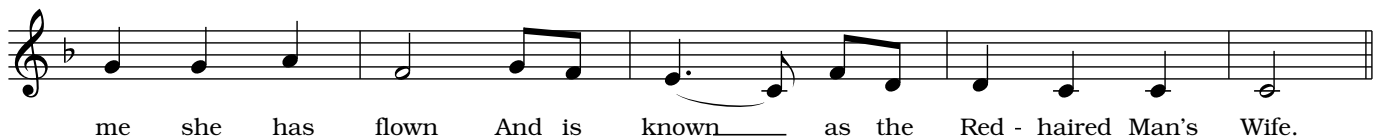
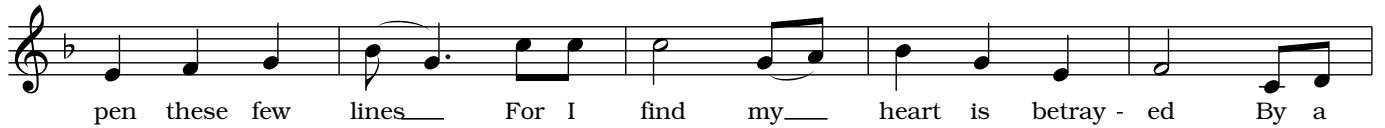
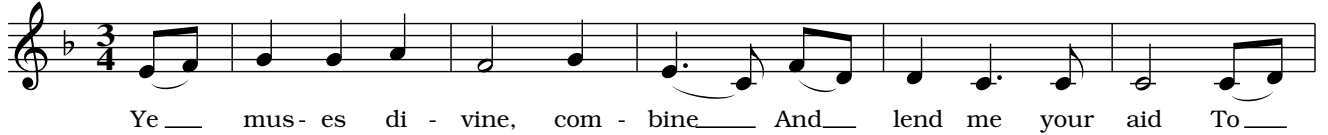
You can see Dublin City and the fine groves of Blarney,
The Bann, Boyne, the Liffey and the Lakes of Killarney;
You may ride on the tide o'er the broad majestic Shannon,
You may sail round Loch Neagh and see storied Dungannon.

You can visit New Ross, gallant Wexford and Corey,
Where the green was last seen by proud Saxon and Tory,
Where the soil is sanctified by the blood of each true man
Where they died satisfied their enemies they would not run from.

Will you come and awake our lost land from its slumber
And her fetters we will break, links that long are encumbered,
And the air will resound with Hosanna to greet you
On the shore will be found gallant Irishmen to meet you.

97. The Red-Haired Man's Wife

♩ = 150



A letter I'll send by a friend down to the sea-shore,
To let her understand I'm the man that does her adore,
And if she would but leave that slave I'd forfeit my life,
She'd live like a lady and ne'er be the red-haired man's wife.

Ah! remember the day that I gave to you my true heart,
'When you solemnly swore that no more we ever would part
But your mind's like the ocean, each notion has taken her flight
And left me bewailing the tale of the red-haired man's wife.

Your absence my dear, I fear, is the cause of my woe,
But to see you again I mean in a short time to go;
And when I come near you I really would venture my life
That with me you would steer and ne'er be the red-haired man's wife.

I straight took my way next day through a shady green grove,
And crossed purling streams, where sweet birds mostly do rove
Thence I was conveyed to where nature boasts of her pride
Where I stood all amazed—and gazed on the red-haired man's wife.

I offered a favour and sealed it with my own hand,
She thus answered, and said—would you lead me to break the command
Therefore take it easy—since nature has caused so much strif I was given away
and will stay as the red-haired man's wife.

My darling sweet Phoenix if now you will be my own,
For the Patriarch David had a number of wives 'tis well known
So yield to my embraces and straight put an end to all strife
If not I'll run crazy, or gain the red-haired man's wife.

98. John McGoldrick and the Quaker's Daughter

♩ = 120



You mus-es nine with me com-bine, as - sist me with your aid Whilst



here I am en-deav - our-ing to praise a love - ly maid, Her



heart and mine were bound in love as you may un-der-stand, It



was our whole in-ten - tion for to join in wed - lock bands.

I hope you'll pay attention, and the truth to you I'll tell;
She was a Quaker's daughter, a maid I loved right well.
We being not of one persuasion, her father made a plan,
He done his whole endeavour to hang me in the wrong.

My name is John McGoldrick, the same I'll ne'er deny
They swore I was a radical; condemned I was to die.
As soon as my dead letter came, my sorrows did renew,
Saying, "For to die I do deny—Brave boys, what shall I do "

At length my dearest jewel became servant in the jail;
She found her opportunity and did it not conceal.
She says, "Young John McGoldrick, I hope to be your wife;
I will do my best endeavour to save your precious life."

That night the god of Bacchus to the jailer did appear,
All with a club of gentlemen inviting him to beer.
They had the strongest liquor and the very best of wine
The jailer and the turnkey to sleep they did incline.

You reader, now excuse me, I did refine my quill,
The praises of a lovely maid these papers for to fill.
For I have become her husband, and she my loving wife
In spite of her old father, she saved my precious life.

She says, "Young John McGoldrick, I hope you will agree.
And bind yourself upon your oath, and come along with me;
For I have stole the jailer's keys, and I could do no more,"
That very night I took my flight out of the prison door.

It was early the next morning the hurry it begun,
The 66th pursued us without either fife or drum.
The jailer and the turnkey they quickly ran us down,
And brought us back as prisoners once more to Cavan town.

And there we lay bewailing, all in a prison bound,
With heavy bolts of iron secured unto the ground.
All for a second trial they brought us to the jail;
Their intention was to hang me, and send her to New South Wales.

But I may thank Lord Corry, and his father, Lord Belmore
'Long may they live in splendour around Loch Erne shore!
They sent me a grand character, as plainly you may see,
Which caused the judge and jury that day to set us free.

99. Lovely Katie of Liskehaun

♩ = 100



You_gentle Mus es, I prayex - ccuseme, Your kindin - fus - ion nowgrantonce more, Till I praisea



maid - en sweet and en - gag - ing She's love - ly Ve - nus I do a - dore Un__ lessyou'll



aid me, my__ art will fail__ me, A sketchmost pleas - ing I must__ have drawn And__ still I'm



ea - ger from heart to please her, Sweet love - ly Ka - tie of Lis - ke - haun.

In the evening early when home returning
Alone by a hayrick I did her see.
As if quite conscious her aspect fearful
That lovely fair one would shrink from me,
I would rayther than the flocks of Darner
Or the cattle grazing on O'Donnel's lawn,
That on the hay bench I could be seated,
With lovely Katie of Liskehaun.

Altho' young Katie is a rich young lady,
And, far superior in wealth for me,
Yet while acquainted she is kind and faithful,
By long experience I this can see.
In the fruit season when the road seems weary
And I going early back to Drishawn,
All my consolation was seeing young Katie,
That lovely maiden of Liskehaun.

If you seen young Katie dressed out so gaily,
ror pleasure facing along the street,
She appeared the sweetest most modest creature,
And was admired by all who did her meet,
Her golden fair locks in curls waving
Down on her waist her fine ringlets shone,
And in every feature the pride of nature
Was lovely Katie of Liskehaun.

If Jason famous had known young Katie,
With her he'd sail to the Persian shore,
And bold Ulysses for to release her,
The briney regions he would search o'er
And you know Paris the Trojan hero,
'Who brought Queen Helen to King Priam
He would venture greater - his bride to make
Sweet lovely Katie of Liskehaun.

One frosty morning while passing northways,
By Limerick suburbs I chanced to meet,
My darling phoenix I mean young Katie.
And she coming early up William Street,
Her blue eyes beaming their dart prevailing,
Her conversation was mild and warm
My heart was breaking for to be leaving,
Sweet lovely Katie of Liskehaun.

Farewell, dear Katie, I now must leave you,
The train from Limerick is passing by,
It checks me freely and bids me stay with
The lovely maiden of Bunratty,
But summer season and times are changing
Once more I'll stray back from fair Drishawn,
And make application to my sweet young Katie
That lovely fair one of Liskehaun.

100. Bachelor's Walk: Mournful Lines on the Military Outrage in Dublin

$\text{♩} = 120$

You true bornsons of Er - in's Isle___ come lis - ten to my song,___ My
 tale is one___ of sor - row, but___ I won't de - tain you long,___ Con -
 -cerning the murder - ous out - rage that___ took place in Dub - lin Town, When a
 cow - ard - ly reg - i - ment was set loose___ to shoot our peo - ple down,___

On the 26th day of July, the truth I'll tell to you,
 The Irish Volunteers all swore their enemies to subdue,
 They marched straight out to Howth and soon the people were alarmed,
 When they heard the glorious news "Our Irish Volunteers are armed."

The crowds they all kept cheering on as our brave defenders passed
 But their cheers were stopped by an outrage which for some time did last.
 Our gallant men, the Volunteers, were met in front and rear,
 By the King's Own Scottish cowards who are doomed for everywhere.

God save our gallant Captain Judge, the hero of the band,
 Who nearly gave his precious life for the just cause of his land
 In spite of terrible injuries and weak from loss of blood,
 He fondly hugged his rifle grand the prize of his brotherhood.

Next in the list of heroes is the scout so well renowned,
 With the butt end of his rifle felled a Borderer to the ground,
 He disarmed him of his weapons and soon made his escape,
 By climbing a wall in Fairview, for his young life was -at stake.

The Dublin Police were ordered the Volunteers for to subdue,
 But O'Neill and Gleeson boldly replied: "Such a thing we decline to do.
 For to fight against our countrymen would on us put a stain,
 For we wish to see our native land a Nation Once Again."

On Bachelor's Walk a scene took place, which I'm sure had just been planned,
 For the cowardly Scottish Borderers turned and fired without command.
 With bayonets fixed they charged the crowd and left them in their gore,
 But their deeds will be remembered in Irish hearts for evermore.

God rest the souls of those who sleep apart from earthly sin,
 Including Mrs. Duffy, James Brennan, and Patrick Quinn;
 But we will yet avenge them and the time will surely come,
 That we'll make the Scottish Borderers pay for the cowardly deeds they done.

101. The Boys of Old Erin the Green

♩ = 120



You true heart ed sons of Hi - ber - nia I hope you'll at - tend for a while, — To a



song I am go - ing to sing you In praise of old Er - in's green isle; Con-



-cern - ing that ter - ri - ble bat - tle, Where blood - shed and bat - ter - y was seen, With the



beef - eat - ing bul - lies of Eng - land And the boys of old Er - in the Green

Chorus



Hur - rah for the sons of the Sham rock, Who al - ways vic - tor - ious have been, — And



where is the na - tion can e - qual The boys of old Er - in the Green.

To cut down the English harvest
Some hearty gay fellows did go
From the Counties of Glare, Louth
Roscommon, Kildare and Mayo,
From Counties Tyrone, Cork and
The boys of Tipperary were seen;
Each man had a twig of shillelagh,
That grew in old Erin the Green.

Being dry they went into an ale house,
They joined to drink whiskey and beer;
Each man drank a favourite toast,
To his wife or sweetheart so dear.
And they sang of the land of their fathers,
Where oppression and suffering were seen,
Which caused many hundreds to wander
Away from Old Erin the Green.

At length they all emptied their glasses,
For that being the hiring day,
To look out for work at high wages.
To the marketplace they took their way.
The English assembled in hundreds,
Where all sorts of weapons were seen,
Determined they were for to slaughter
The boys of Old Erin the Green.

The town it was took and retaken,
Three times in the course of that day;
"I'm afraid, boys, we're going to be beaten,"
Barney Murphy to them he did say.
"Never," cried Barney McCloskey,
McBrety, McQuail, and O'Neill,
"Shall the English say that they conquered
The boys of Old Erin the Green."

They gave a cheer for old Ireland,
And forward once more they did go,
The town it was quickly retaken,
And quickly they banished their foe.
The beefeating cowardly English,
From that day quite submissive have been',
For fear of another encounter with
The boys of Old Erin the Green.

102. Erin's Lovely Home

♩ = 120

Young men that have your liberty, I pray you now draw near, A
 sad and dismal story I mean to let you hear, While
 in a foreign country I now must sigh and moan When I
 think upon the days I spent in Erin's lovely home.

When I was young and in my prime, my age was twenty'one,
 I then became a servant to a noble gentleman,
 I served him, too, in honesty, and very well tis known,
 Till with cruelty he bashed me from Erin's lovely home.

The reason that he banished me I mean to let you know—
 'Tis true I loved his daughter, and she loved me also;
 She had a princely fortune, of riches I had none,
 So that is why he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

'Twas in her father's garden, ill in the month of June,
 When everything was pleasant, and flowers all in bloom,
 She said "My dearest Willie, if along with me you'll roam,
 You need not fret for those, you left in Erin's lovely home."

That very day I gave consent, that proved my overthrow,
 Far from her father's dwelling along with her did go;
 The night was bright with the moonlight as we set out alone,
 We thought we had got safe away from Erin's lovely home.

When we arrived at Belfast town all by the break of day,
 She said "Prepare, my jewel, our passage for to pay";
 Five hundred pounds she counted down, saying "that will be your own
 So never fret for those you left in Erin's lovely home."

Now to my great misfortune, I mean to let you hear,
 It was in three days after that her father did appear,
 He brought me back to Omagh Jail, in the County of Tyrone,
 From that I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

When I received my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
 The parting from my own true love it grieved me ten times more,
 There are seven links upon my chain, and every link a year,
 Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

When the coach it came to the jailyard to take us all away,
 My true love she came up to me, and thus to me did say,
 "Cheer up my dearest Willie, for you I'll not disown,
 Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home."