



St Paddy's in the Park Song Book

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Sally McLennane

Well Jimmy played harmonica in the pub where I was born
 He played it from the night-time to the peaceful early morn
 He soothed souls of psychos and the men who had the horn
 and they all looked very happy in the morning

But Jimmy didn't like his place in this world of ours
 Where the elephant man broke strong men's necks when he'd had too many powers
 So sad to see the grieving of the people he was leaving
 And he took the road for god knows in the morning

Chorus

*We walked him to the station in the rain
 We kissed him as we put him on the train
 And we sang him a song of times long gone
 though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
 Sad to say I must be on my way
 so buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
 I'd like to think I'll be returning when I can
 to the greatest little boozer and to Sally McLennane*

The years passed by the times had changed I grew to be a man
 I learned to love the virtues of sweet Sally McLennane
 I took the jeers and drank the beers and I crawled back home at dawn
 And ended up a barman in the morning

I played the pump and took the hump and watered whiskey down
 I talked of whores and horses to the men who drank the brown
 I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away
 Some people left for heaven without warning

Chorus

When Jimmy came back home he was surprised that they were gone
 He asked me all the details of the train that they went on
 Some people they are scared to croak but Jimmy drank until he choked
 And took the road for heaven in the morning

Whiskey in the Jar (chorus after each verse)

As I was travelling over the Cork and Kerry mountains
 I came on Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
 I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier
 Saying stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

CHORUS

Mush a ring dum ah do dum ah da
Whack fol me daddy-o, whack fol me daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
 I put it in me pocket to take home to darling Jenny
 She sighed and swore she loved and never would deceive me
 But the devil take the women for the always lie so easy

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
 To dream of gold and girls and for sure it was no wonder
 Jenny took me pistol and she filled it up with water
 And called on Captain Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

Now early in the morning as I arose to travel
 I met a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
 I first produced me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier
 The water it went splash and a prisoner I was taken

They put me in the lockup for sentence in the morning
 For robbing Captain Farrell on the Cork and Kerry mountains
 But they didn't take me fists, so I knocked the jailer down
 And bid a fond farewell to this godforsaken town

There's some who delight in the fishing or the bowling
 Others take delight in the rockin' and a rollin'
 But me I take delight in the juice of the barley
 And chasing pretty women 'round this city of Killarney

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast, Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness, I spent in that sweet little town
Till sad misfortune came over me which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus

*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder Tied up with the Black Velvet Band*

As I went walking down Broadway, not meaning long for to stay
I met with a frolicsome damsel, as she came a tripping away.
A watch she pulled out of her pocket, and slipped it right into my hand.
On the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

Chorus

Before judge and jury next morning, both of us did appear
When a gentleman claimed his jewellery, the case against us was quite clear
Seven years transportation, right down to Van Diemens Land.
Far away from your friends and relations betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus

Come all you brave young Irish lads, a warning take from me.
Beware of the pretty young maidens, that knock about Tralee.
They'll treat you to whiskey and porter, until you're unable to stand.

Belfast Mill

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast Mill
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack
For the mill has shut down and is never coming back

Chorus

*And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As she blows through the town weave and spin, weave and spin*

The mill has shut down 'twas the only life I know
Tell me what will I do? tell me where will I go?
There's no children at all In the dark narrow streets
And the mill has shut down It's so quiet I can't sleep

Chorus

I'm too old to work And I'm too young to die
Tell me where will I go now My family and I
And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As she blows through the town weave and spin, weave and spin

Chorus

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast Mill
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack
For the mill has shut down and is never coming back

Back Home in Derry

In 1803 we put out to sea,
 Out from the sweet town of Derry.
 Australia bound, if we didn't all drown,
 And the marks of the fetters we carried.
 In our rusty iron chains we cried out in vain,
 For the good wives we left all in sorrow.
 As the main sails unfurled, our insults were hurled,
 On the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

Chorus

*Oh oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry.
 Oh oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry.*

We cursed them to hell as our ship fought the swell,
 It danced like a moth in the firelight.
 White horses rode high as the devil swept by,
 Taking souls to Hades by twilight.
 After five weeks at sea, we were just forty-three,
 We buried our comrades each morning.
 And in our own slime we lost track of time,
 As we waited for death without warning

Chorus

Just off the Cape we lost Captain and Mate,
 took down to Davy Jones Locker.
 Our shipsail was torn and the mast it was shorn,
 and all the rigging swept off her.
 We're were now down to five, the last left alive,
 and we knew that our days they were numbered.
 But with our last breath, we cursed to the death,
 All the English and their royal sovereigns.

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
 Michael, they have taken you away
 For you stole Trevelyan's corn so the young might see the morn'
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

Chorus

*Low lie the fields of Athenry
 where once we watched the small free birds fly
 Our love was on the wing
 We had dreams and songs to sing
 It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry*

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

Chorus

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling
 As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
 For she'd live in hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
 It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Chorus

500 miles

When I wake up yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you
When I go out yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

If I get drunk yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you
And if I haver yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's havering to you

Chorus

*But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walked 1,000 miles
To fall down at your door*

When I'm working yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you
And when the money comes in for the work I'll do
I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you
And if I grow old well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

Chorus

When I'm lonely yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you
When I'm dreaming well I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you.
When I go out, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
And when I come home, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

Donald, Where's Your Troosers

I just come down from the Isle of Skye
 I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
 The lassies shout as I go by,
 "Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"

Chorus

*Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
 Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
 All the lassies say, "Hello!
 Donald, where's your troosers?"*

A Lady took me to a ball
 And it was slippery in the hall
 I was feared that I wid fall
 'Cause I had nae on ma troosers

Chorus

I went down to London town
 To have a little fun in the underground
 All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
 "Donald, where are your trousers?"

Chorus

To wear the kilt is my delight.
 It is not wrong, I know it's right.
 The highlanders would get a fright
 If they saw me in my troosers.

Chorus

The lassies love me every one
 Just let them catch me if they can
 You canna put the breeks on a highland man,
 'Cause he does nae wear his troosers?"

Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Repeat first verse

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels,
A-live, A-live oh.

Chorus

*A-live, alive O, A-live, alive O,
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.*

She was a fishmonger, and sure twas no wonder,
For so were her Father and Mother before.
And they wheeled their barrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.

Chorus

She died of a fever, and sure no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.

I'll Tell Me Ma

Chorus

*I'll tell me ma when I get home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pulled me hair, they stole me comb,
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She's the Belle of Belfast city,
She is a courtin' a one two three,
Please won't you tell me who is she?*

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
all the boys are fightin' for her,
Knock at the door, ring at the bell, saying
"Oh, me true love, are you well?"
Out she comes, white as snow,
rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Old Johny Morrissey says she'll die,
if she doesn't get a fella with the roving eye.

Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
And the snow comes a travelin' through the sky,
She's as sweet as an apple pie,
She'll get her own lad by and by,
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will,
It's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus

Twice through