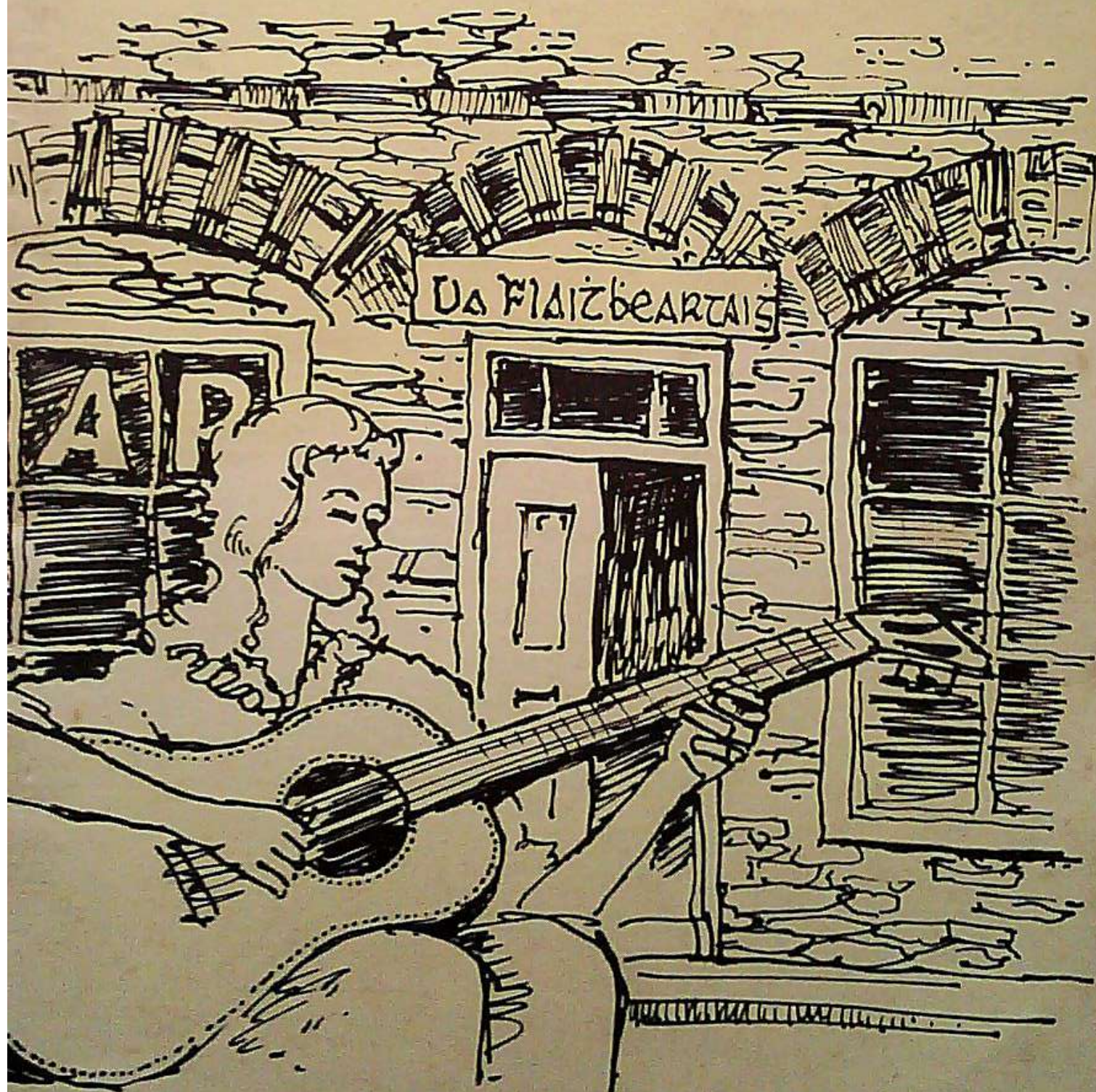


Songs of an Irish Ballad Singer Vol. 1

With Piano Music and Guitar Chords



Dear Friends,

Here are some songs which are very often heard sung in Ireland. They include piano music and some basic guitar chords. I hope you enjoy singing and playing them as much as I do. Let the rafters ring.

Mary Mazarello O'Flaherty (Benison)

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APPRECIATIONS

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BANNA STRAND

D C G D
Twas on Good Friday morning all in the month of May

C D D G G A
A German ship was signalling way out here in the Bay

A C D D G A
We've twenty thousand rifles all ready for to land

D C G D
But no answering signal did come from the lonely Banna Strand

"No answering signal from the shore" Sir Roger sadly said
No comrade here to welcome me, alas, they must be dead
But I must do my duty the way as best I can"
And in a small boat pulled ashore to the lonely Banna Strand.

The R.I.C. were searching for Sir Roger high and low
They found him at McKenna's Fort, they said "You are our foe"
He said "I am Roger Casement, my trial I will stand
For bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand"

They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London Town
And in the Tower they laid him, a traitor to the Crown
He said "I am no traitor", but his trial he had to stand
For bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand.

"Twas in an English prison they led him to his death
"I'm dying for my country" he said with his last breath
They buried him in English soil far from his native land
The wild waves sang his requiem at the lonely Banna Strand.

THE CLIFFS OF DONEEN

D G
You may travel far far from your

C D G
own native land Far away o'er the mountains

D G
far away o'er the foam But of all the fine

D G
places that I've ever been sure there's

C
none that can compare to the Cliffs

D
of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare
Oh, the towns of Kilrush and Killee can be seen
From the high rocky slopes round the Cliffs of Doneen.

It's a grand place to be on a fine summers day
Watching all the wild flowers that will never decay
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young round the Cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while
And to all the kind neighbours I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes round the Cliffs of Doneen.

FIDDLER'S GREEN

F
 As I walked by the dock-side one evening so
 D F Bb F
 fair To view the salt water and take the sea
 C Bb F
 air I heard an old fisherman singing
 C
 a song: Won't you take me home boys
 F C F
 my time isn't long Wrap me up in my
 C F Bb
 oil-skin and jumper No more on
 F C Bb
 the docks I'll be seen Just tell me old
 F
 ship-mates I'm taking a trip, mates, and
 C F
 I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
 Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
 Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
 And the cold coast of Greenland is far far away.

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
 There's pubs, there's clubs and there's lassies there too
 Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

Now, I don't want a Harp nor a Halo not me
 Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
 I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
 With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.



THERE'S WHISKEY in the JAR

C As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry mountain I met with Captain
 A^m Farrell and his money he was counting I first produced my pistol
 C and then produced my rapier saying stand and deliver for you are my bold
 F C deceiver oh
 G Ring de ma doodle dey whack fol de da-deo whack fol de da deo there's whiskey
 C in the jar.

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 into 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.

THE BLACK VELVET BAND

G Her eyes they shone like diamonds
 C You'd think she was queen of the
 D land With her hair thrown over her
 G-D-G shoulders Tied up with a black
 G velvet band.

As I was walking down Broadway
 Not intending to stay very long
 I met with a frolicsome damsel
 As she came trotting along.

A watch she pulled out of her pocket
 And placed it right into my hand
 The very first day that I met her
 Bad luck to her Black Velvet Band.

'Fare judge and jury next morning
 Both of us did appear
 A gentleman claimed his jewellery
 And the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation
 Right on down to Van Diemen's Land
 Far away from my friends and companions
 To follow the Black Velvet Band.

THE GRAVE of WOLFE TONE

In Bod—ens—town Church yard there lies
 a green grave And wildly a-round it the win—ter
 winds rave Small shel—ter I ween are the ruined walls
 there Where the storm cloud sweeps down on the plains
 of Kil—dare.



Once I lay on that sod - It lies over Wolfe Tone -
 And thought how he perished in prison alone,
 His friends unavenged and his country unfreed -
 "O, bitter," I said, "is the patriot's meed."

"For in him the heart of a woman combin'd
 With a heroic life and a governing mind -
 A martyr for Ireland - his grave has no stone -
 His name seldom nam'd and his virtues unknown."

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
 Of a band who came into the home of the dead:
 They carried no corpse and they carried no stone,
 And they stop'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
 And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
 And children who thought me hard-hearted, for they
 On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.

But the old man who saw I was mourning there, said,
 "We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
 And we're going to raise him a monument too -
 A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflowed and I clasped his old hand
 And I bless'd him, and bless'd every one of his band:
 Sweet, sweet 'tis to find that such faith can remain
 To the cause and the man so long vanquish'd and slain.

In Bodestown Churchyard there is a green grave,
 And freely around it let winter winds rave -
 Far better they suit him - the ruin and gloom
 Till Ireland a Nation can build him a tomb.

THE SPINNING WHEEL

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
 close by the window young Eileen is spinning
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
 crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting
 Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring spins the wheel
 rings the wheel while the foot's stirring lightly and brightly and
 airily ringing sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing

"Eileen a chara, I hear someone tapping"
 "'Tis the Ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping"
 "Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing"
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer winds dying".

Chorus

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love
 And he whispers with face bent "I'm waiting for you, love
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly".

Chorus

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings
 Lower and lower and lower the reel rings
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

THE ROSE of MORAY

There once was a maiden so gentle and kind As sweet
 as the flowers of the dew And each night as we wandered the
 moon seemed to shine On me and my loved one so true And
 so proud was I when folks passed us by would gaze on my flower
 of the day For so sweet was her beauty her kindness her charm
 They called her the Rose of Moray

And then came the day I wandered away
 Away from my flower of the day
 For somebody told me that she was untrue
 That she loved another as well
 She vowed she was faithful but pleas were in vain
 For jealousy had its own way
 So I kissed her goodbye with a tear in my eye
 And I left my Rose of Maray.

Many years had gone by, I found it was a lie
 My loved one had always been true
 My heart for her yearned and once more I returned
 And planned sweet dreams for us two
 Once more home again I searched but in vain
 My sweet flower had faded away
 There's a little green grave where the sweet lillies wave
 And there lies my Rose of Maray.

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

What have I now said the fine old
 woman What have I now
 this proud old woman did say I have four
 green fields each of them a

jewel But strangers came and tried
 to take them from me. I have fine
 strong sons they fought to save my jewels
 They fought and they died and that
 was my grief said she.

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
 Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
 There was war and death, plundering and pillage
 My children starved by mountains, valleys and seas
 And their wailing cries, they reached the very Heaven
 And my four green fields ran red with their blood, said she.

What have I now, said the proud old woman
 What have I now, this proud old woman did say
 I have four green fields, one of them in Boundary
 Strangers came and tried to take them from me
 But my sons have sons as proud as were their fathers
 And my fourth green field will bloom once again, said she.

THE RISING of the MOON

"Oh then tell me Seán Ó Farrell tell me why you
 hurry so?" "Hush a bhuaichill hush and listen"
 and his cheeks were all a glow "I bear orders
 from the Captain get you ready quick and soon
 For the pikes must be together at the rising
 of the moon".
 Chorus
 At the rising of the moon at the rising
 of the moon For the pikes must be
 together at the rising of the moon.

"Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gatherin' is to be"
 "In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me
 One word more for signal taken, whistle up the marchin' tune
 With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon".

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching thro' the night
 Many a manly heart was throbbing for that blessed warning light
 Murmurs passed along the valley like the banshee's lonesome croon
 And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was seen
 High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
 "Death to every foe and traitor, forward, strike the marchin' tune
 And hurra, my boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon".



MY MARY of the CURLING HAIR

D G A
 My Mary of the curling hair The laughing
 D A G
 cheeks and bashful air A bridal morn is dawning
 A G A
 fair With blushes in the skies Síúl síúl
 D G A A
 síúl a rún Síúl go socair agus síúl go ciuin
 D G D
 My love my pearl my own dear girl My mountain
 A D
 maid arise.

For we were known from infancy
 Thy father's hearth was home to me
 No selfish love was mine for thee
 Unholy and unwise.

But soon my love shall be my bride
 And happy by our own fireside
 My veins shall feel the rosy tide
 Which lingering hope denies.

DINGLE BAY

D G D A
 The sun is sinking o'er the westward The fleet is leaving Dingle shore
 D G B G D
 I watch the men row in their currachs As they mark the fishing grounds
 A D G D D
 near Scellig Mor All thro' the night men toil until the daybreak while at home their
 A G D
 wives and sweethearts kneel and pray That God might guard them and protect them
 G D A D
 And bring them safely back to Dingle Bay.

I see the green Isle of Valencia
 I mind the days around Lough Lein
 The gannets swinging with abandon
 As they watch the silver store that comes their way
 I also see a ship on the horizon
 She is sailing to a country far away
 On board are exiles feeling lonely
 As they wave a fond farewell to Dingle Bay.

Now years have passed since I came homeward
 And time has left me old and grey
 I sit and muse about my childhood
 And the happy times I spent near Dingle Bay
 I see again the green Isle of Valencia
 And the Isle of Innismore seems faraway
 And I'm always dreaming about my childhood
 And the happy days I spent near Dingle Bay.

THE WILD ROVER

G
I've been a wild rover for many's

C G
the year And I spent all my

D G
money on whiskey and beer

But now I'm returning with gold in

C G D
great store And I never will play

G D
the wild rover no more And it's no nay

G C
never no nay never no more

G C G
Will I play the wild rover no never

D G
no more.

I went to an ale-house where I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
That a custom of yours I can have any day.

Chorus.

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they caress me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the Wild Rover no more.



HILLS of CONNEMARA

Cath-er up the pots and the old tin can The mash the
 corn the bar-ley and the bran Run like the devil from the
 ex-cise man Keep the smoke from ris-ing Bar - ney.

Keep your eyes well peeled today
 The tall, tall men are on their way
 Searching for the mountain tae
 In the Hills of Connemara.

Swing to the left and swing to the right
 The excise men will dance all night
 Drinking up the tae till the broad daylight
 In the Hills of Connemara.

A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom
 A bottle for poor old Father John
 To help the poor old dear along
 In the Hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, it is too late
 The excise men are at the gate
 Glory be to Paddy but they're drinking it nate
 In the Hills of Connemara.



OLD SKIBBEREEN

Oh, father dear I oft times hear you speak
 of Erin's Isle Her lofty scenes her valleys
 green her mountains wild and high
 They say it is a lovely land where-in
 a prince might dwell Oh, why did you abandon
 it The reason to me tell

Oh son I loved my native land with energy and pride
 Till a blight came o'er my crops - my sheep, my cattle died
 My rent and taxes were too high, I could not them redeem
 And that's the cruel reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Oh well do I remember the bleak December day
 The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away
 They set my roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
 And that's another reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground
 She fainted in her anguish seeing the desolation round
 She never rose but passed away from life to mortal dream
 And found a quiet grave my boy, in dear old Skibbereen.

And you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
 I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name
 I wrapt you in my cotamore at the dead of night unseen
 I heaved a sigh and bade good-bye to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh father dear, the day may come when in answer to the call
 Each Irishman with feeling stern will rally one and all
 I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag so green
 When loud and high we'll raise the cry - "Remember Skibbereen".

COME to the BOWER

Will you come to the bow'r o'er the free boundless ocean
 Where the stu-pendous waves roll in thund-er-in'
 motion Where the mermaids are seen And the
 fierce tempest gathers To lov'd Er-in the Green
 the dear land of our fathers Will you come
 will you will you will you come to the Bower?

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

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.

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.

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the Bower?

THE MAID of BUNCLODY

Oh, were I at the moss house where the birds do
 in-crease, At the foot of Mount Lein-ster, a sore
 sil-ent place, By the streams of Bun-clo-dy where
 all pleas-ures do meet and all I would
 ask is one kiss from you sweet.

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 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 my 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.



THE LAMBS on the GREEN HILLS

The lambs on the green hills they sport and they play and
 many straw-berries grow round the salt sea And
 many strawberries grow round the salt sea and
 many's the ship sails the ocean

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.

SLIABH na mBAN

Alone all alone by the wave
washed strand And alone in a
crowded hall The hall
It is gay and the waves they are grand
But my heart is not here at
all It flies far away by
night and by day To the time
and the joys that have gone
And I never will forget the sweet

maiden I met in the valley near
Sliabh na mBan.

In the festive hall, by the star washed shore
My restless spirit cries
My love, oh my love, will I n'er see you more
And my land will you ever uprise
By night and by day, I ever, ever pray,
Tho' lonely my life flows on
To see our flag unfurled and my true love to enfold
In the valley near Sliabh na mBan.

THE CURRAGH of KILDARE

The winter it is past and the summer's
come at last And the birds they are
singing in the trees Their little

SLIABH na mBAN

Alone all alone by the wave
 washed strand And alone in a
 crowded hall The hall
 It is gay and the waves they are grand
 But my heart is not here at
 all It flies far away by
 night and by day To the time
 and the joys that have gone
 And I never will forget the sweet

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 And my land will you ever uprise
 By night and by day, I ever, ever pray,
 Tho' lonely my life flows on
 To see our flag unfurled and my true love to enfold
 In the valley near Sliabh na mBan.

THE CURRAGH of KILDARE

The winter it is past and the summer's
 come at last And the birds they are
 singing in the trees Their little

hearts are glad, oh, but mine is very sad
 For my true love is far away from
 me Ay and straight I will go there to the
 Curragh of Kildare For its there I'll find
 hidings of my dear.

A long fine dress I'll wear
 And I'll comb back my hair
 And in velvet so green I will appear.

Chorus.

All you who are in love
 Ay, and cannot it return
 I pity the pain you endure
 For experience let me know
 That your hearts are full of woe
 Its a pain that no mortal can endure.

Chorus.

WHERE MY EILEEN is WAITING

I am always light hearted and easy not a care in the
 world have I For I know I am loved by a caillín
 whom I could not forget if I tried
 She lives far away o'er the mountain where the little birds
 sing on the trees In a cottage all covered with ivy
 There my Eileen is waiting for me
 Its over its over the mountain where the little birds
 sing on the trees In a cottage all covered with ivy
 There my Eileen is waiting for me

The time I bade goodbye to Eileen
 Its a time I will never forget
 For the tears bubbled up from their slumber
 I fancy I see them yet.

They looked like the pearls in the ocean
 As she wept her tale of love
 And she said my dear boy don't forget me
 Till we meet here again or above.

Repeat chorus.

PEGGY GORDAN

Musical score for 'Peggy Gordon' in 4/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling. Come sit you down upon my knee. Come tell to me the very reason on why I am slighted so by thee.

I'm so in love and I can't deny it
 My heart lies smothered in my breast
 Its not for you to let the world know it
 A troubled mind can know no rest.

I put my head to a case of brandy
 It was my fancy I do declare
 For when I'm drinking I'm always thinking
 And wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

I wish I was in some lonesome valley
 Where one and kind cannot be found
 Where the pretty birds can change their voices
 And every moment a different sound.

MANY YOUNG MEN of TWENTY

Musical score for 'Many Young Men of Twenty' in 4/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: Many young men of twenty said good-bye on that long day from break of dawn un-til the sun was high many young men of twenty said good-bye, They left the fact'ries and the farms rallied at the call of arms All the lassies turned their heads to cry Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

Last night I held my darling in my arms
 Farewell, my love it breaks my heart to see you cry
 Farewell, my love maybe I will die.

I wish that I was back again
 Beside my darling in the glen
 No more we'll watch the small birds as they fly
 Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

MARY from DUNGLOE

Oh then fare ye well sweet Don - e - gal the Ross-es
 and Gwee - dare I'm crossing the main o - cean where the
 foaming billows roar - It breaks my heart from you to
 part where I spent ma - ny hap - py days
 Fare - well to kind re - la - tions for I'm
 bound for A - me - ri - kay.

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.

CARRICKFERGUS

I wish I was in Carrick - fer - gus on - ly
 for nights in Bal - ly - grant I would swim
 over the deepest o - cean on - ly for
 nights in Bal - ly - grant But the sea is

rough and I cannot swim over and neither
 have I the wings to fly If I could meet
 now a handsome boat-man To ferry me over
 to my love and die.

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



SPANCEL HILL

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
 My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
 I stepped on board a vision and followed with the wind
 'Till next I came to anchor at the foot of Spancel Hill.

It was on the 21st of June the day before the fair
 When Ireland's sons and daughters and crowds assembled there
 The young, the old, the brave and the bold came their duty to fulfil
 At the parish Church near Clooney a mile from Spancel Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what they might say
 The old ones were all dead and gone the young ones going grey
 I met with the tailor Quigley he's as bold as ever still
 Sure he used make my britches when I lived in Spancel Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
 She's as bright as any lily as gentle as a dove
 She threw her arms around me saying Johnny I love you still
 She's Ned the farmers daughter and the pride of Spancel Hill.

I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of old
 Oh Johnny you're only jaking as many the time before
 The cock crew in the morning it crew both loud and shrill
 And I wake in California many miles from Spancel Hill.

SHE MOVED thro' the FAIR

Musical notation for the song "She Moved Thro' the Fair". It consists of five staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes, with chord symbols (G, F, F-C, G, F, F-G, C, G, F, D, F, G, F, G, F, C, G) placed above the corresponding notes.

My young love said to me; my mother
 won't mind, And my father won't chide you for your
 lack of kind, Then she stepped away from me,
 and this she did say It will not be long love
 till our wedding day

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

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

