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(VOL. 1)

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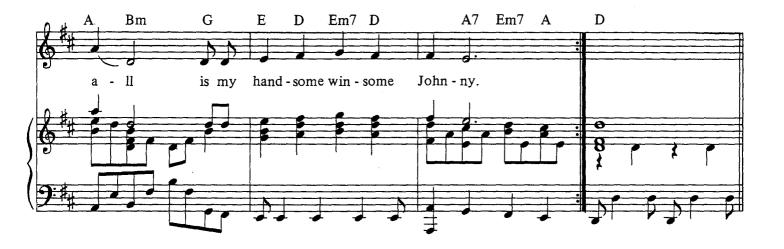
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I Know Where I'm Going





Some say he's dark; Some say he's bonny But the fairest of them all; Is my handsome, winsome Johnny.

I have stockings of silk; Shoes of fine green leather Combs to bind my hair; And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft; And painted rooms are bonny But I would leave them all; To go with my love, Johnny.

I know where I'm going; And I know who's going with me I know who I love; But the dear knows who I'll marry.



Main St. Lisdoonvarna.

The Rose of Tralee







The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me The moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee. Tho' lovely and fair as the rose of the summer Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me, Oh! no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.



Nelson St. Tralee, Co. Kerry.

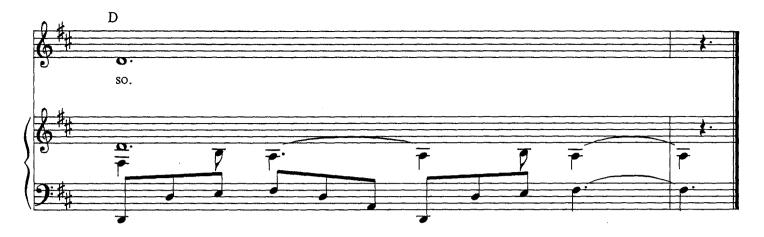
Danny Boy











And 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.

Repeat Chorus: -

And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me And all my grave will warmer sweeter be If you will bend and tell me that you love me Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

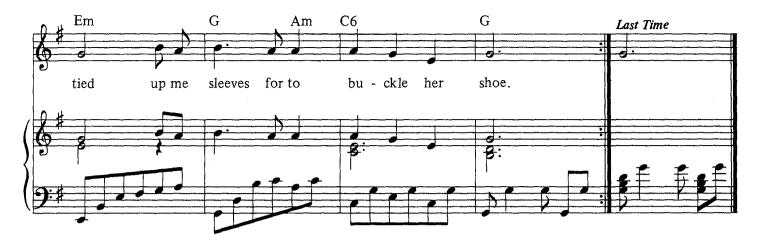


Derry, Nth. Ireland.

Easy and Slow







All along Thomas Street down to the Liffey The sunshine was gone and the evening grew dark Along by King's Bridge and begod in a jiffy Me arms were around her beyond in the Park.

From city or country, a girl's a jewel And well known for gripping the most of them are But any young fella is really a fool If he tries at the first time for to go a bit far.

And if ever you go to the town of Dungannon You can search till your eyeballs are empty or blind Be yeh lyin' or walkin' or sittin' or runnin' A girl like Annie, you never will find.



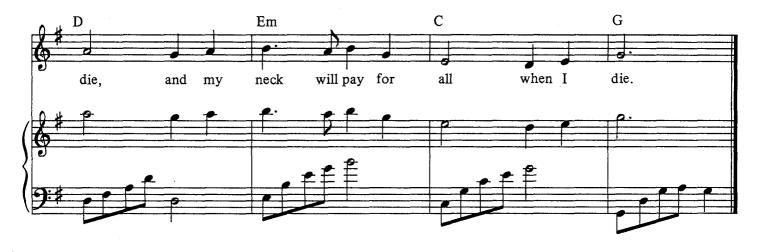
The Four Courts.



George's St. Dungannon.

Sam Hall





Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill and 'twas there I made my will
For the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I
For the best of friends must part, so must I.

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that' no joke Up the ladder I did grope, that' no joke Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled his rope And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down.

(Repeat first Verse)



Turf Bog.

Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore





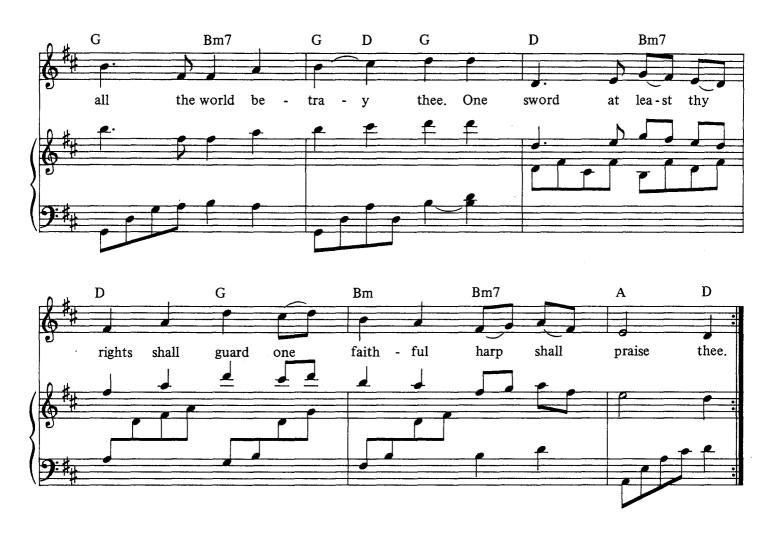
Our ship she lies at anchor, she's standing by the quay May fortune bright shine down each night, as we sail over the sea Many ships were lost, many lives it cost on the journey that lies before With a tear in my eye I'm bidding good-bye to Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

So fare thee well my own true love, I'll think of you night and day And a place in my mind you surely will find, although I am so far away Though I'll be alone far away from my home, I'll think of the good times once more Until the day, I can make my way back to Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

And now the ship is on the waves may heaven protect us all With the wind in the sail we surely can't fail on this voyage to Baltimore But my parents and friends did wait till the end, till I could see them no more I then took a chance for to glance at Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

The Minstrel Boy





The Minstrel fell! – but the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul under The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again For he tore its chords assunder And said, "No chains shall sully thee Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the pure and free They shall never sound in slavery"



The Snowy Breasted Pearl





Oh! thou blooming milk-white dove, to whom I've given true love Do not ever thus reprove my constancy
There are maidens, would be mind, with wealth in land or kine,
If my heart would but incline to turn from thee
But a kiss with welcome bland, and a touch of thy fair hand
Are all that I demand would's thou not spurn
For if not mine dear girl, oh! my snowy-breasted pearl
May I never from the fair with life return.

The Butcher Boy



I wish my baby it was born And smiling on its daddy's knee And my poor body to be dead and gone With the long green grass growing over me.

He went upstairs and the door he broke And found her hanging by a rope He took a knife and cut her down And in her pocket these words he found.

Oh make my grave large, wide and deep Put a marble stone at my head and feet And in the middle a turtle dove So the world may know I died for love.



The Cliffs 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 town of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do 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 people 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.

I'm A Rover



Though the night be as dark as dungeon; Not a star to be seen above I will be guided without a stumble; Into the arms of my own true love.

He stepped up to her bedroom window; Kneeling gently upon a stone He rapped at her bedroom window; "Darling dear, do you lie alone.

It's only me your own true lover; Open the door and let me in For I have come on a long journey; And I'm near drenched to the skin.

She opened the door with the greatest pleasure; She opened the door and she let him in They both shook hands and embraced each other; Until the morning they lay as one.

The cocks were crawing, the birds were whistling; The streams they ran free about the brae Remember lass I'm a ploughman laddie; And the farmer I must obey.

Now my love I must go and leave thee; And though the hills they are high above I will climb them with greater pleasure; Since I've been in the arms of my love.



Avondale



Where pride and ancient glory fade; So was the land where he was laid Like Christ, was thirty pieces paid; For Avondale's proud eagle.

Repeat Chorus: -

Long years that green and lovely vale; Has nursed Parnell, her grandest Gael, And curse the land that has betrayed; Fair Avondale's proud eagle.

Repeat Chorus:-



Irish Spinning Wheel.

Kelly of Killane





"Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair He who rides at the head of your band? Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare And he looks like a king in command!" "Ah, my lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers Among our greatest of heroes a man! Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers For John Kelly, the Boy from Killane

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won And the Barrow to-morrow we will cross On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun That will batter the gateway of Ross All the Forth men and Bargy men march o'er the heath With brave Harvey to lead on the van But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killane

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross And it set by the Slaney's red waves And poor Wexford, stript naked, hung high on a cross And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves! Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died For the cause of long down-trodden man! Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killane

I Know My Love



34





There is a dance house down in Mardyke, And there my true-love goes every night And he takes a strange one upon his knee; And don't you think now that vexes me?

Repeat Chorus:-

If my love knew I could wash and wring; And if my love knew I could weave and spin I'd make for him a suit of the finest kind; But the want of money leaves me behind.

James Connolly



He went to his death like a true son of Ireland The firing party he bravely did face Then the order rang out: 'Present arms, Fire!' James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave.

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well, There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Many years have rolled by since the Irish Rebellion When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak And the bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street.

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded The spirit of freedom they tried hard to quell But above all the din came the cry: 'No Surrender!' 'Twas the voice of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.



Sackville St, now O'Connell St, Dublin.

The Waxies Dargle





Says my aul' one to your aul' one; Will you come to the Galway Races Says your aul' one to my aul' one; With the price of my aul' lad's braces I went down to Capel Street, To the Jew man money lenders But they wouldn't give me a couple of bob On my oul' lad's red suspenders.

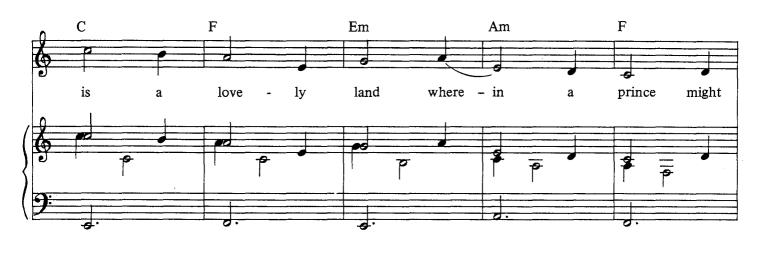
Repeat Chorus:

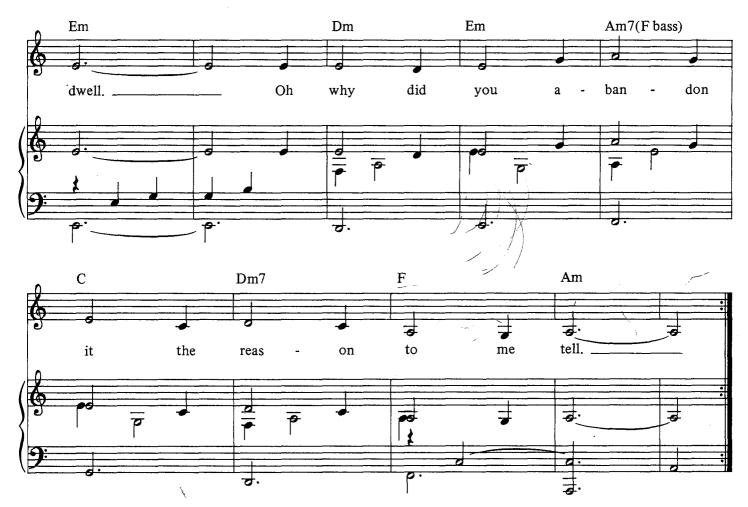
Says my aul' one to your aul' one;
We have no beef or mutton
But if we go to Monto Town;
We might get a drink for nuttin'
Here's a piece of advice I got
From an aul' fishmonger
When food is scarce, and you see the hearse
You'll know you have died of hunger.

Repeat Chorus:

Skibbereen







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.

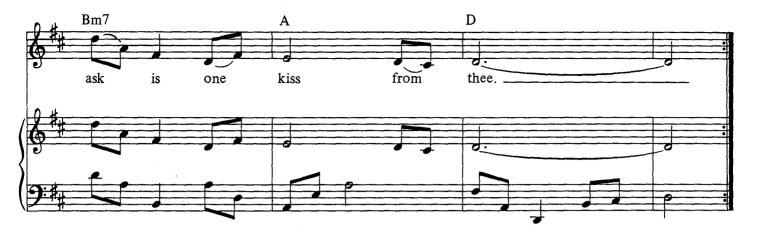
Oh, well do I remember the bleak December day The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away They set my roof on fire with cursed English spleen And that's another reason that I left old Skibbereen.

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 of green When loud and high we'll raise the cry—"Remember Skibbereen".

Bunclody





Oh, 'tis why my love slights me as you might understand For she has a freehold and I have no land She has fine stores of riches, of silver and gold And everything fitting a house to uphold.

Oh, were I a clerk and could write a fine hand I would write my love a letter that she might understand For I am a young fellow that was wounded in love Once I lived in Bunclody, but now I must remove.

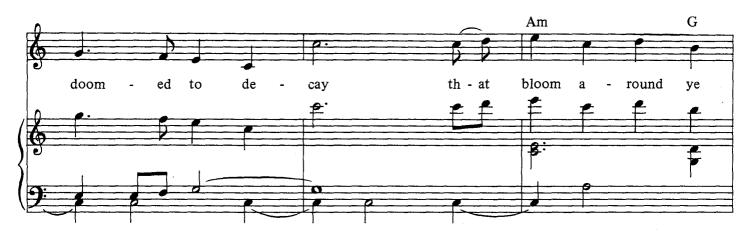
So fare thee well, father — my mother, adieu My sisters and brothers, farewell unto you I am bound for Amerikay, my fortune to try When I think of Bunclody, I am ready to die.

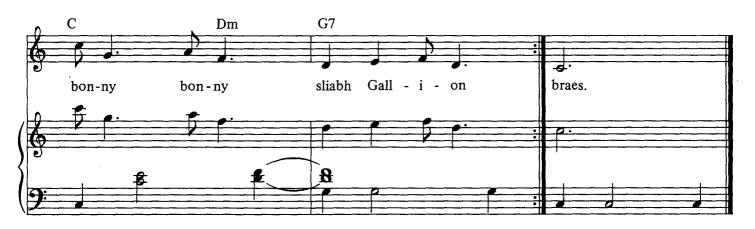


Turf Bog.

Sliabh Gallion Brae



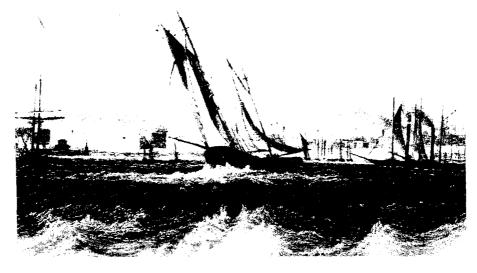




How oft in the morning with my dog and my gun I roam through the glens for joy and for fun But those days are now all over and I must go away So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.

How oft of an evening and the sun in the West I roved hand in hand with the one I loved best But the hopes of youth are vanished and now I'm far away So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.

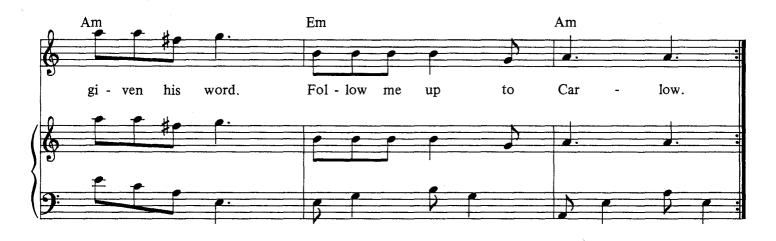
Oh! it was not the want of employment at home That caused us poor exiles in sorrow to roam But those tyrannising landlords, they would not let us stay So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.



Follow Me Up To Carlow







See the swords of Glen Imaal, a flashing o'er the English pale See all the children of the Gael beneath O'Byrne's banner Rooster of a fighting stock would yet let a saxon cock Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

Repeat Chorus:-

Now from Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore And great is Rory Og O'More at sending loons to hades White is sick and Grey has fled, now for Black Fitzwilliam's head We'll send it over dripping red, to Liza and her ladies.

Repeat Chorus: -

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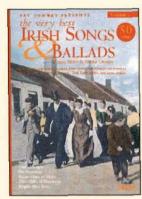
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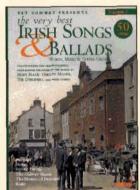
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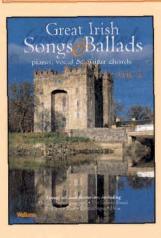
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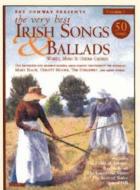
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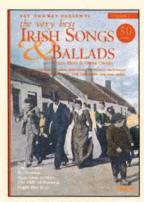
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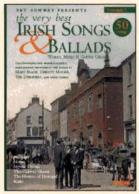
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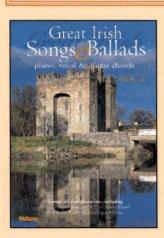
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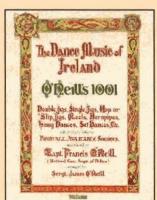
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