

Lyrics – In Concert

The Liar *(Tommy Makem/Tin Whistle Music)*

Chorus:

Singin' whack fol toora lady toora lee,
There is no one who can tell a lie like me;
You may search until you tire,
You won't find a bigger liar,
I've been lyin' since the dawn of history.

I was born about ten thousand years ago,
In Belmullet in the county of Mayo;
It was me that chased the vermin,
While St. Patrick preached a sermon;
And I'll whup the man that says it isn't so.

Chorus:

I saw Eve go pickin' apples off a tree,
She came over and she offered one to me;
I said 'Now look here Madam,
Go and try your luck with Adam.'
And went home and had some fish & chips & tea.

Chorus:

I saw Delilah cuttin' Samson's hair,
She snipped away until his head was bae;
When he couldn't run away,
She married him next day,
And opened up a barber's shop in Clare.

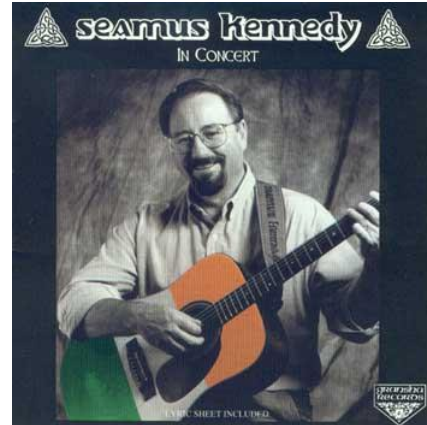
Chorus:

When Cromwell came to Ireland years ago,
He didn't shed a drop of Irish blood you know;
All the Irish started grievin'
When they heard that he was leavin';
If I knew a bigger lie I'd tell you so.

Chorus:

'Twas durin' World War II I met them all,
There was Roosevelt and Churchill and DeGaulle;
One day I nearly fainted,
I was havin' my house painted,
There was Hitler hangin' paper in the hall.

Chorus:



Down in the Coalmine *(Trad.)*

I am a jovial collier* lad, as blithe as blithe can be,
And let the times be good or bad, it's all the same to me;
It's little of the world I know, and care less for its ways,
For where the dog-star never glows, I wear away my days.

Chorus:

Down in the coalmine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found,
Digging up the dusky diamonds all the season round,
Deep down in the coalmine underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black from working in the vein,
And like the clothes upon my back, my speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say;
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong, it's the head that goes astray.

Chorus:

How little do the great ones care who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure,
The very fire they sit beside to cheer themselves and wives
Mayhap was kindled at the cost of jovial miners' lives.

Chorus:

Then cheer up lads and make the best of every joy you can,
And always keep your spirits high, as best befits a man,
For let the times be good or bad, we'll still be jovial souls,
For where would we all be without the lads who search for coal?

Chorus:

*Note: *Collier – coal-miner*

Hard Times *(Stephen C. Foster)*

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Chorus: 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and laughter light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks do say,
Oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave;
Oh, hard times come again no more.

Chorus:

The Drover's Dream *(Trad.)*

I was traveling with the sheep, and me mates were fast asleep,
No moon or stars were shining in the sky;
I was dozing I suppose, and me eyes had hardly closed
When a very strange procession passed me by.

First, there came a kangaroo, with his swag* of blankets blue,
He had with him a dingo for a mate;
They were traveling pretty fast, and they shouted as they passed:
“We’ve got to be jogging on , it’s getting late.”

Then three frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is damp,
Hopped out and sat down on the stones.
They undid their little swags and took from their ditty-bags*
A fiddle, a banjo, and two bones.

Then the little bandicoot played a tune upon his flute,
Three native bears came down and formed a ring;
And the pelican and the crane, they flew in from the plain,
And amused the audience with a highland fling.

Then the parrots in their joy sang ‘The Wild Colonial Boy’,
The frilly lizard ran round with a smile;
And from out the old she-oak, the kookaburra spoke,
And bless me happy days, they ran a mile.

Then the emu standing near with its claw up to his ear,
Sang ‘Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep’,
I was underneath the cart, the boss woke me with a start,
Saying, “Clancy, where the hell’s me flamin’ sheep?”

Notes: *Drover –Australian herder of sheep or cattle;
*Swag – bedroll; *ditty-bags – bags for personal belongings

The Writing Of 'Tipperary' *(Bill Caddick)* *(“Tipperary” fragment by Jack Judge)*

King Edward the 7th whom some called The Peacemaker,
died in 19 & 10;
He was buried at Windsor, and in the procession
were the finest and highest of men.
There were 9 crowned kings, 30 proud princes,
leaders of many a land,
And old Kaiser Bill stood next to King George
with his Field marshal’s baton in hand.
Crippen* was captured the very same year
that Halley’s flashed by;
The first of the Labour Exchanges* was opened
the year the old king died.

The Sydney St. Siege* of 1911 saw anarchy die in the flames;
In London in June, King George and his queen
played their coronation game.
“Peace with a gun,” said the Kaiser in Hamburg,
as he watched his new battleships,
King George made India, Ireland and Wales
places for right royal trips.
Titanic was launched the day of the Derby,
and London’s last horse-bus was shelved;
Suffragettes* marched, demanding their rights
when in came 1912...

Jack Judge went down to West Bromwich town
to welcome the brand-new year.
He went to a pub, and he had a little sup,
for he liked his pint of beer.
When he had a few he began to sing,
and his voice he lifted high;
“My name is Jack Judge, and I’ll write you a song,
from old Bury town am I.
“My name is Jack Judge, and I’ll write you a song,
from old Bury town am I.”

Now a Birmingham man who was sitting close by
heard what Jack did say.
““A pound to a penny,” said he to Jack,
“you can’t write a song in a day.”
Well, Jack Judge laughed and sang another song,
and said “I’ll take you on;
I’ll write you a song this afternoon
that I’ll sing before day is done.
I’ll write you a song this afternoon
that I’ll sing before day is done.”

Well, Jack Judge laughed and he sang another song,
and he called for a pint of beer.
Then he caught the train to Staley bridge,
that night he was due to appear.
On the very first day of 1912 old Jack Judge won his bet;
And the song he made and sang that day, we never will forget.
And the song he made and sang that day, we never will forget.

March 1912, brave Scott* and his comrades
died as a snowstorm roared.
Later that year good General Booth*
finally laid down his sword.
There were riots in Ireland concerning Home Rule;
Mrs Pankhurst* imprisoned again;
Wilbur Wright died, the first of the fliers,
and the Royal Flying Corps was named.
Titanic went down in the spring of that year,
taking one thousand five hundred lives;
The Balkan states blazed from border to border,
and Death began sharpening his knives.

Of the 1910 monarchs who mourned for King Edward,
in 1913 few survived.

Though some of them lived to a peaceful old age,
assassins took most of their lives.

Death came calmly to Denmark and Sweden,
but elsewhere the murderer's hand
claimed the Pasha of Turkey, the King of the Greeks,
while Spain was suiting Death's plan;
And the armies of Europe paraded and postured;
the stockpile of weapons increased;
At the Hague, as if in grim desperation,
they opened a Palace of Peace.

1914 saw more Suffragettes' marches,
and the Archduke of Austria slain;
In less than 2 months, all of Europe was marching
and death was in business again.
And many's a lad from many's a family
willingly gave of his all;
They died in their millions for dubious victory,
answering Kitchener's* call.
As they went to the war in the trains and the troopships
they sang as they hurried along;
And the words echoed back from the graveyards of Flanders,
singing old Jack Judge's song...

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye Piccadilly, and it's farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long, way to Tipperary, but my heart liesthere.

Notes:

*Crippen – Doctor who murdered his wife apprehended at sea in one of the first uses of ship-to-shore radio;

*Labour Exchanges – unemployment bureaus;

*Sydney St. Siege – anarchist revolt suppressed by the authorities;

*Suffragettes – activists for women's voting rights;

*Scott – Antarctic explorer; *General Booth – founder of the Salvation Army;

*Mrs. Pankhurst – leader of the Suffragettes;

*Lord Kitchener – English field marshal.

Twa Recruiting Sergeants *(Trad.)*

Twa* recruiting sergeants cam frae* the Black Watch,
Tae* markets and fairs some recruits for tae catch.
But a** that they listed was fofrty and twa,
So list bonny laddie, and come awa**.

Chorus: And it's over the mountain and over the main,
Through Gibraltar tae France and Spain,
Get a feather tae your bonnet and a kilt abeen* your knee,
Enlist, bonny laddie, and come awa' wi** me.

O laddie, ye dinna ken* the danger that you're in,
 If your horses was tae flag, and your ousen* was tae rin*,
 This greedy auld fairmer* widna pay your fee,
 So list, bonny laddie, and come awa' wi' me.

Chorus:

For it's in by the barn, and oot* by the byre,
 That greedy auld fairmer thinks you'll never tire,
 It's a slavery job o' low degree,
 So list, bonny laddie, and come awa' wi' me.

Chorus:

Wi' your tattie poorins* and your meal and kale*,
 Your soor sowan soorins* and your ill-brewed ale,
 Wi' your buttermilk and whey* and your breid fired ra**,
 O list, bonny laddie, and come awa'.

Chorus:

O laddie, if ye hae got a sweetheart and a bairn*,
 You'll easily be rid o' that ill-spun yairn*,
 Twa rattles o' the drum, and that'll dae* it a',
 So list, bonny laddie, and come awa'.

Chorus:

Notes:

*Twa – two;

*Frae – from;

*a' – all;

*awa' – away;

*abeen – hanging near;

*wi' – with;

*dinna ken – don't know;

*ousen – oxen;

*rin – run;

*auld fairmer – old farmer;

*widna – wouldn't;

*hae – have; *bairn – child;

*yairn – yarn; *dae – do.

*oot – out; *tattie poorins, etc. – really healthy, vitamin-filled and fiber-laden primitive rural Scottish victuals, e.g. potato skin, grits, cabbage, fermented oat-husk porridge, lite beer, yogurt-like stuff and incompletely baked bread, yum!;

The Widow & The Fairy/The King Of The Fairies *(Fred Wedlock)*

In a crumbling ruin all condemned for years,
 There lived a widow, such a kind old dear;
 For 40 years in a tenement flat,
 No friend had she but her old tom cat.

One Christmas Eve in the cold and gloom,
 A blinding flash lit up her lonely room,
 There stood a fairy saying, "Have no fear,
 To grant three wishes they have sent me here."

With trembling hands she held forth her purse,
 A widow's pension won't go far of course;
 The fairy waved her wand around,
 And on the floor lay ten thousand pounds.

“An hourglass figure and a face divine,
All my life have I wished were mine.”
“Hold tight, “said the fairy, “and I’ll have a go.”
And made her look just like Marilyn Monroe.

This gorgeous figure in the chair she sat,
When she chanced to spy her old tom cat;
“He’s my only friend, so if you can,
Make him my handsome young fancy man.”

Some magic dust from the fairy’s wand,
A puff of smoke and the cat was gone;
And in its place, right beside her chair,
Stood a tanned Adonis with long golden hair.

This handsome youth to the girl drew near,
And whispered softly in her ear,
“Oh, the night is young, but you’ll regret
The day you took me to see the vet!”

The Mouse in the Bar (P.D.)

Some Guinness was spilt on the bar room floor,
And the pub was shut for the night;
When out of his hole crept a wee brown mouse,
And he stood in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the Guinness from the bar room floor,
And back on his tail he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
“Bring on the goddamn cat!”

The Wearing of the Green (*D. Boucicault*) / **The Rising of the Moon** (*J. K. Casey*)

The Wearing of the Green

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that’s going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
St. Patrick’s Day no more we’ll keep, his colors can’t be seen,
For there’s a cruel law against the wearing of the green

Chorus: The wearing of the green, aye, the wearing of the green,
They’re hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
Saying, “How is dear old Ireland, and how does she stand?”
“She’s the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they’re hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Chorus:

The Rising of the Moon

O then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?
"Hush, a buachail*, hush and listen." And his cheeks were all aglow.
"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.

O then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be?
"At the old spot by the river, right well-known to you and me;
One word more, for signal token, whistle out the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, at the rising of the moon."

Chorus: At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon,
With your pike upon your shoulder, at the rising of the moon.

Out from many a mud-walled cabin, eyes were watching through the night,
Many a manly heart was beating for the coming morning light.
Murmurs rang along the valley, like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

Chorus: At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon,
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

There beside that singing river, that dark mass of men was seen,
Far above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor, forward, strike the marching tune;
And hurrah! My boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon."

Chorus: 'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon,
And hurrah! My boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon.

*Note: *buachail – boy*

Moses Ri-Tooral-I-Ay *(Brian O' Higgins/PD)*

The policeman stepped out, O so proud on his beat,
When a vision came to him of stripes on his sleeve;
"Promotion," he whispered, "I'm sure of today,
So come with me, Mr. Ri-toora-li-ay."

"Come tell me your name," says the limb of the law
To the little fat man selling wares on the straw.
"What's that sir? Me name sir? 'Tis there on display,
And it's Moses Ri-toora-li-oo-ra-li-ay."

Now the trial came on and it lasted a week,
One judge said 'twas German, another 'twas Greek.
"Prove you're Irish," said the policeman, "beyond it say nay,
And we'll sit on it Mr. Ri-toora-li-oo-ra-li-ay."

Now the prisoner stepped up there as stiff as a crutch.
“Are you Irish or English or German or Dutch?”
“I’m a Jew sir, I’m a Jew sir, that’s come over to stay,
And my name it is Moses Ri-toora-li-ay.”

“We’re two of a kind,” says the judge to the Jew,
“You’re a cousin of Briscoe*, and I am one too,
This numskull has blundered, and for it will pay.”
“Ah sure that’s right,” says Moses Ri-toora-li-ay.

There’s a garbage collector who works down our street;
He once was a policeman, the pride of his beat;
Now he moans all the night, and he groans all the day,
Singing, “Moses Ri-toora-li-ooa-li-ay.”

Note: *Briscoe – Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin.
This song was written c. 1904, when the English prosecuted
displays of Irish Nationalism, which included the Gaelic language.

Take Her in Your Arms *(A. M. Stewart/Strathmore Music)*

Chorus: Take her in your arms and tell her that you love her;
Take her in your arms and hold that woman tight.
Why don’t you take her in your arms and tell her that you love her?
If you’re going to love a woman, be sure to do it right.

You can see him at the corner, sure his lip could reach the pavement,
He’s been hiding from his razor, is he not an awful sight?
In love, he was the purest, no he’s frightening all our tourists;
If he’d go and ask his father, I’m sure he’d set him right.

Chorus:

Well he met her at the disco in a dive in San Francisco’
And it might have all been different if he’d seen her in daylight.
She was painted, she was scented, but she drove the man demented;
If he’d go and ask his father, I’m sure he’d set him right.

Chorus:

There’s a pub that’s filled with laughter, and the landlord* buying bevvies*,
There’s a session* in the corner, and we’re having fun tonight.
But your man who’s lost his woman is sitting home lamenting,
If he’d only ask his father, I’m sure he’d set him right.

Chorus:

Now, depression’s not a million laughs, and suicide’s too dangerous,
Don’t go lepping* out of building’s in the middle of the night.
It’s not the falling but the landing that can alter social standing,
So go first and ask you father, he’ll be sure to set you right.

Chorus:

Here's a health to all true lovers, to their sisters and their brothers,
 To their uncles and their grannies, for this thing is black and white,
 If you're keen to start romancing with its lepping and its dancing,
 Go first and ask your father, he'll be sure to set you right.

Chorus:

Notes: *Landlord – innkeeper; *bevies – strong drink; *session – a musical soirée; *lepping – leaping.

The Greatest Love / A Bottle of the Best *(Anon.)*

The Greatest Love

The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
 The love of a staunch true man;
 The love of a baby unafraid;
 All have existed since time began.

But the greatest love – the love of all loves,
 Even greater than that of a mother,
 Is the tender, passionate, undying love
 Of one drunken slob for another.

A Bottle O' the Best *(JackFoley/ Grian Music)*

When your time o' work is done,
 And you've earned yourself some fun,
 In the pub you start to sup your drink,
 And clinkin' every cup;
 Through the pint-pots you're perusin',
 And you're boozin' till you're snoozin',
 And you're losin' all your senses to the drink.
 But when all these folks so prim,
 Are swiggin' swill up to the brim,
 Wi' nips* o' gin and numbered Pim's
 Wi' sugar rubbed around the brim,
 Let them drink it till they drop,
 For the sly besotted Scot,
 He'll be breakin' out a bottle o' the best.

Aye, to hell wi' all the rest,
 Gie me a bottle o' the best;
 The amber bead I'll down wi' speed,
 It's not bad taste or waste, just greed;
 And a whiskey-still I'll kill,
 I'll drink my fill and if I spill a gill,
 You know I will, I'll lick it off the floor.
 I'll not touch Teacher's*, Grant's*, or Haig*,
 Give me Bowmore* or Laphroaig*,
 Glen Farclas* in a glass, well you can throw the top away,
 For it's no use to pretend
 That you'll need the cork again,
 When you've broken out a bottle o' the best.

And the English like their ale
 Warm and flat straight out the pail,
 They aye slitter* wi' their bitter*
 That would slaughter Jack the Ripper;
 And they sip their cider rough,
 They sniff their snuff, and huff and puff,
 And as if that's not enough they start to sing.
 Of When Jones's Ale was New*,
 And John Barleycorn's Fine Brew*,
 Fathom The Bowl*, The Barley Mow*,
 Bring us a Barrel*, just a few;
 But their songs are far surpassed
 By the tinkle in the glass,
 When you've broken out a bottle o' the best.

And the Irish wi' their pride o' Erin,
 Think they can deride our golden water
 Wi' their patter when they're out on the batter*,
 Sixteen hundred pints o' stout,
 A drinkin' bout wi'out a doubt,
 And if they've not got the gout, they start to dance.
 To Father O'Flynn*, and Larry The Gaff*,
 Biddy The Bowl-Wife* for a laugh,
 The Young May Moon, the Garryowen*,
 The Blackbird* drives them daft;
 But their jigs have no appeal to the Scot who likes to reel
 When he's broken out a bottle o' the best.

Aye, a bottle o' the best,
 That's what it is, no idle jest;
 No Mickey Finn, no bathtub gin,
 No rotgut wine that tastes like Vim*,
 Have no fear, it's not like beer,
 Malt whiskey's strong and bright and clear,
 And it's also bloody dear, but what he hell!
 And it belts you in the belly
 Like a heavyweight Lochgelly*,
 A glow begins to grow,
 Six in a row turns you to jelly,
 Then you fall down in a heap,
 And you dream, perchance to sleep,
 For you've broken out a bottle o' the best!

Notes:

*nips –shots;

*Teacher's, Grant's, Haig – blended whiskies;

*bitter – heavy Englishbeer;

*batter – drinking spree;

*Vim – a bathroom cleanser;

*Lochgelly – a leather strap once used for corporal punishment in Scottish schools.

*aye slitter – always make a mess;

*Jones's Ale was New, etc. – English drinking songs;

*Father O'Flynn, etc – Irish dancetunes;

*Bowmore, Laphroaig, Glen Farclas – single malt whiskies;

Look At Maggie Now *(Sean McVicker)*

Servin' my apprenticeship, I met Maggie back in '52,
Ah, she was a lovely girl, and she was the first I ever knew;
I remember Maggie cryin' when I sailed away,
I was off to Canada, but she wanted me to stay;
Oh, look at Maggie now.

I wrote to Maggie once a week,
I told her that I loved her all the time;
I was workin' in a printer's shop,
I never took a drink to save a dime;
I was workin' in Toronto, and I made a tidy sum,
Then she wrote and told me she wasn't gonna come,
Oh, look at Maggie now.

A letter came the second year,
What she told me made me awful sad;
She said she was in trouble, and she needed money awful bad;
I sent her back my savings and I waited a reply;
I never heard a bloody thing, Maggie made me cry;
Oh, look at Maggie now.

Well, many years had come and gone,
And then one day I took myself back home;
I made a point to look her up,
I knocked the door and asked "Is Maggie home?"
Maggie looked the worse for wear, it's plain she runs around,
She said, "It's nice to see you, could you lend me 20 pounds?"
Oh, look at Maggie now.

I only stayed a minute,
I told her that I had to run away.
I knew the tears were comin'
And I said that I'd be back another day;
I nearly started cryin' as I slowly drove the car,
I parked down at the market and went into Mooney's bar,
And I thought "Oh look at Maggie now, look at Maggie now."

Sad case, it's an awful pity of her, God help her...

City By The Lagan Side *(Brian Connors)*

City by the Laganside,
Seems as if you've lost your pride;
Where there's life there's hope they say;
Hope will bring a better day.

Met my girl in Cromac Square,
Raindrops glistened in her hair;
Strolled around the City hall,
While the evening starlings call.

There's our house near Carrick Hill,
Plants upon the window sill,
Whitewash on the backyard wall,
Curtains bought from market stall.

Stuck it out through slump and gloom,
Sleeping in just one back room;
Saving for a bag of coal;
Long years waiting on the dole*.

Summers when they came around,
Spent them here in Belfast town;
Never thought of Spanish sun,
The bus to Bellevue* was our fun.

Children now are scattered wide,
One lives on the Bangor side,
Another got a Queen's* degree,
Said goodbye and crossed the sea.

Carrick Hill and Sandy Row,
Flats rise up and house go;
Streets where children laughed and played,
Now in rubble they are razed.

Notes: *dole – unemployment benefits;
*Bellevue – Belfast Zoo;
*Queen's – Queen's University.

Will Ye Go Lassie Go *(F. McPeake)*

O the summer time is coming;
And the trees are sweetly blooming.
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus: And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
Near yon pure crystal fountain;
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain;
Will ye go, lassie go?

Chorus:

If my true love she were gone,
I would surely find no other
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather;
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus:

The Parting Glass *(Trad.)*

O, all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company;
And all the harm that e'er I've done,
It was to none alas, but me.
And all I've done for want of wit,
To memory now I can't recall;
So fill to me a parting glass,
Goodnight, and joy be with you all.

O, if I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile;
There is a fair maid in this town
Who sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall;
So I'll fill to her a parting glass,
Goodnight, and joy be with you all.

O, all the comrades that e'er I had,
They are sorry for my going away;
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
Would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot,
That I should rise and you should not;
I'll gently rise and softly call,
"Goodnight, and joy be with you all."