

Lyrics – Seamus Kennedy Live!

Whiskey in the Jar *(Trad.)*

As I was goin' over the far-famed Kerry Mountains,
I met Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin',
I first produced my pistol, then produced my rapier,
Sayin', "Stand and deliver, I am a bold deceiver."

Chorus: Musha, ring-dum-a-doo-dum-a-dah,
Whack fol-the daddio,
Whack fol-the-daddio, there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket and I brought it back to Jenny;
She sighed and she swore she never would betray me,
But the devil take the women for they never can lie easy.

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

It was early in the mornin', before I rose to travel,
Up came a band of footmen, likewise Captain Farrell,
I first produced my pistol, she'd stolen away my rapier,
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

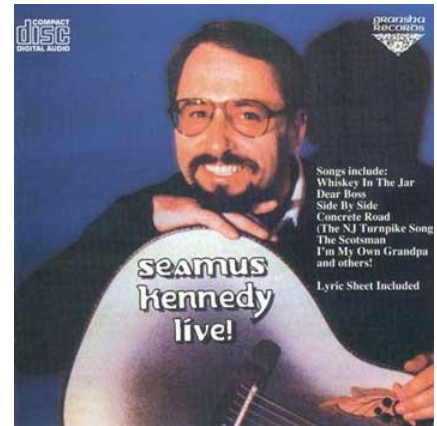
Chorus:

Now if anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney,
If he'll go with me, we'll go roamin' in Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darlin' sportin' Jenny.

Chorus:

Some take delight in the hurley and the bowlin',
Others take delight in the carriages a-rollin',
I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courtin' married women in the mornin' bright and early.

Chorus:



Dear Boss *(Pat Cooksey)*

Dear Boss, I write this note to you to tell you of my plight;
At the time of writing I am not a pretty sight;
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey,
So I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today.

While working on the 14th floor, some bricks I had to clear;
To throw them down from off the top seemed like a good idea;
But the foreman wasn't very pleased, he was an awkward sod,
And he said I had to cart them down a ladder in my hod.

Now, to clear away these bricks by hand to me seemed very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below;
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I had untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead;
Hanging tightly to the rope I started up instead;
I sped off like a rocket, and to dismay I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Now, the barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped,
When I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head;
I held on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half its load, 14 floors below.

Well, when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then outweighed the barrel, and it started up once more;
I held on tightly to the rope, as I flew towards the ground,
And I landed on the broken bricks that were scattered all around.

As I lay there moaning on the bricks, I thought I'd passed the worst,
But when the barrel reached the top was when the bottom burst;
A shower of bricks came down on me, I didn't have a hope,
And in all of the confusion, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel again being heavier, it started down once more,
And landed right on top of me as I lay there on the floor;
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say,
That I hope you understand why Paddy's not at work today.

Side By Side *(Gus Kahn/Harry Woods) (Parody by Anon.)*

I got married last Friday; everybody said it was my day;
When the folks had all gone, and we were alone, side by side.
We got ready for bed then; Oh God, I nearly dropped dead when
Her teeth and her hair, she left on the chair, side by side.
On the chair she put them, with her glass eyeball,
Her arms and legs unscrewed them, and left them by the bedroom wall;
I was most most downhearted, most of my wife had departed;
So I slept on the chair, there was more of her there,
Side by side.

Here I Am Amongst You *(Colm Sands)*

Well here I am amongst you, and we're here because we're here;
And I'm only 12 months older than I was this time last year-aye-ah,

Chorus:

With my toor-aye-ah, with my toor-aye-oor-aye-ey,
Ride-a-lum with my toor-aye-ah, with my toor-aye-oor-aye-ey.

The more a man has, the more a man wants, the same I don't think true;
I never met a man with one black eye, that wished that he had two-ri-ah.

Chorus:

It's early to bed, early to rise, the same I don't think true;
How the hell can you go to bed, when you have none to go to-ri-ah.

Chorus:

Never throw a brick to a drownin' man if you're close to a grocer's store.
Throw him a bar of Irish Spring, let him wash himself ashore-aye-ah.

Chorus:

Repeat 1st verse & chorus.

The Road to Dunmore *(R. O'Connell/Slievenamon Music)*

I was walking the road to Dunmore
One evening as often I'd done;
And my heart was heavy as stone,
I was thinking of times that are gone.
When we walked arm in arm on the shore,
And watched the waves roll on the sea,
Never thinking that there'd come a time,
They'd be rolling between you and me.

And it's many's the tide now has turned
Since I stood all alone on the quay;
And I watched as you waved your farewell,
And left the heart breaking in me.
But if I were a prince or a king,
And had money and treasure in store,
I'd travel the whole world around,
And not rest till I'd found you once more.

And it's many's the morning I'd wait
For the letters you promised you'd send;
And I'd count all the hours in each day,
Till we'd both be united again.
And they say that in time love grows cold,
And fades like the morning dew,
But time cannot alter my mind,
For I know that I can't forget you.

I have money enough for one glass,
But I think that my credit will hold;
For in memories I'm rich as a king,

But they can't warm a heart when it's cold.
So I'll drink to the times that are past,
And the days when we walked on the shore,
And to you I will raise up my glass,
For I know I'll ne'er see you more.

The Bonny Lass Of Fife-O *(Scots trad.)*

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons,
Came marching down through Fife-O,
The Captain fell in love with a rare bonny lass,
Her name it was called Pretty Peggy-O.

Chorus:

And it's come down the stairs pretty Peggy, my dear,
Come down the stairs pretty Peggy-O,
Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair,
Bid a lang farewell to your Mammy-O.

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be,
I never will marry a soldier-O,
I never did intend to gang to a foreign land,
A soldier will never enjoy me, O.

Chorus:

There's many a bonny Jean in the town of Aberdeen,
There's many a bonny lass in the Garioch-O.
There's many a bonny lass in the Howe o' Auchterless
But the floo'er o' them all bides in Fife-O.

Chorus:

Now the Captain he cried "Mount! Mount, boys, mount!"
The Colonel he cried "Tarry, O!"
"We'll tarry for a while, for another day or twa,
To see if this bonny lass will marry, o!"

Chorus:

But lang ere we reached the Howe o' Auchterlass,
We had our Captain to carry, O,
And lang ere we reached the streets of Aberdeen,
We had our Captain to bury, O.

Chorus:

Now green grow the buds by bonny Ythanside,
And low lie the lowlands o'Fife-O,
The Captain's name was Ned, he died for the maid,
He died for the chambermaid of Fife-O.

Chorus:

Breathalyzed *(Fred Wedlock)*

Breathalyzed...crystals turning green before my eyes;
I turned yellow when I realized
That I have just been breathalyzed.

Suddenly...there's a policeman looking down at me.
I'd like to punch him but he's six-foot three
And I would like to stay alive.

I did something wrong and I know it was a beaut;
When he pulled me in and I parked upon his foot, so gently...

I got sick...when he brought me down the local nick,
I've never seen a sergeant move so quick;
But not as quick as I got sick.

They said, "We want your blood to test for alcohol."
"Go away," I said, "you'll get nothing, Dracula..."

Paralyzed...500 milligrams per hundred mil.,
Now they reckon I'm a mobile still,
And I will soon be penalized.

Yesterday all my troubles seemed so far away,
Now the judge says I must join A.A.,
And take the bus for sixty days.

Concrete Road *(J. Denver/Bill Danoff/Taffy Nivert) (Parody Lyrics: C. Goff/S. Kennedy)*

Almost fatal, north New Jersey,
Newark Airport, Pulaski skyway,
Pollution's old there, killed off all the trees,
Trash piled up in mountains, blowing in the breeze.

Chorus:

Concrete Road, take me home to the place I belong,
Jersey City, Bayonne Mama, take me home Concrete Road.

All the horseflies gather 'round her,
Refinery lady, stranger to clean water;
Dark and dirty, floating in the sky,
Disgusting smell of sewage, cinders in your eye.

Chorus:

I hear her voice from the cheap motel she calls me,
Sirens remind me that the cops aren't far away,
And drivin' down the road I get the feelin'
I ain't got the toll again today, again today...

Chorus:

Molly Pitcher, Richard Stockton, Vince Lombardi,
Admiral William Halsey, Clara Barton,
Woodrow Wilson, too. J. Fenimore Cooper, John Fenwick,
Joyce Kilmer I love you, and old Walt Whitman, too,

And Grover Cleveland, too, and Alexander Hamilton, too,
And Thomas A. Edison, too.

Chorus:

The Rambling Rover *(Andy M. Stewart/Strathmore Music)*

Chorus:

There are sober men and plenty,
And drunkards barely twenty;
There are men over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl,
But give me a rambling rover
From Orkney down to Dover,
We'll roam the country over
And together we'll face the world.

There are men who gain enjoyment from merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment from the minute they left the school,
They scrimp and save and ponder, while the rest go out and squander,
See the world and roam and wander, and they're happier as a rule.

Chorus:

I've been through all the nations, delight in all creations,
And enjoyed a wee sensation when the company did prove kind,
When parting was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure,
To the good friends that I'll treasure for they always are in my mind.

Chorus:

If you're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got colitis,
You've got galloping bollock-itis, and you're thinking it's time you died,
And you've been a man of action, and you're lying there in traction,
You can gain some satisfaction thinking "Jaysus, at least I tried."

Chorus:

The Scotsman *(Mike Cross)*

Oh a Scotsman dressed all in his kilt left a bar one evening fair,
You could tell by the way he walked that he'd drunk more than his share;
He staggered round until he could no longer keep his feet,
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Chorus: Ring-ding-diddle-iddle-I-dee-O,
Ring-di-diddley-I-O.
(Last line of the verse.)

Now about that time two young and lovely girls were passing by,
One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye,
"See yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built?"
"I wonder if it's true that he wears nothing 'neath his kilt?"

Chorus:

So they crept up on this sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be,
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see;
Lo and behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

Chorus:

They marveled for a minute, then they said, "We must be gone,
"Let's leave him a souvenir before we travel on."

As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
Around the bonny star the Scotsman's kilt did lift and show.

Chorus:

Now the Scotsman rose to nature's call and headed for the trees.
He lifted up his kilt and then he gawks at what he sees.
And in his drunken voice he says to what's before his eyes,
"Oh lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won First Prize!"

Chorus:

Our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued down the street,
He hadn't gone ten yards or more when a girl he chanced to meet;
She said, "I've heard what's under there, tell me, is it so?"
He said, "Just slip your hand up miss, if you'd really like to know!"

Chorus:

She put her hand right up his kilt and much to her surprise,
The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.
She cried, "Why sir, that's gruesome!" And then she heard him roar,
"If you put your hand up once again, you'll find it's grew some more!"

Chorus

Juanita Suarez *(Ed Dillon)*

In Mexico City where the girls are so pretty,
It's there that I first met Juanita Suarez;
As she led her burro thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Tacos and nachos for five pesos!"

Chorus:

For five pesos, for five pesos, crying
"Tacos and nachos for five pesos!"

She was a baker, an enchilada maker,
And so were her madre y padre before;
And they led their burros, etc.

Chorus:

She went to a fiesta, took a permanent siesta;
And that was finita Juanita Suarez;
Now her ghost leads her burro, etc.

Chorus:

Chihuahuas (Comedy) Little Gomez

(Eric Bogle/ Larrikin Music)

Well, I used to have a doggie and I called him Little Gomez,
'Cause you see he was a Mexican Chihuahua;
There wasn't much of him, but what there was all cojones,
He really was a randy little fella.
Big dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him,
The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn,
At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuck in,
Taking Gomez out for walkies was embarrassing!

I remember one day in the park, his tally rose by four,
And in the open square he was amassing
Two highly-strung French poodles and a golden Labrador,
And a raccoon that just happened to be passing.
I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite,
Kept him on the leash by day and locked him up at night,
I even put saltpeter in his doggie meaty bites,
But the only thing that might have worked was Kryptonite.

Then came the fatal day when he tried to consummate
A liaison with a St. Bernard called Brodwyn,
Even though he was quite clearly fighting well above his weight,
He didn't let that awful prospect daunt him;
He nearly pulled it off, oh, what an acrobat,
But Brodwyn got bored and down she sat.
They say that after making love you often feel quite flat,
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

So I buried Gomez in the park, his Happy Hunting Ground,
A sad but fitting finale;
I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and round,
'Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.
But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,
So I went into the pet shop to get another one,
I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling glum,
'Cause the man down at the pet shop loved corny puns.

And he said, "Yes, we have no chihuahuas,
We have no chihuahuas today.
We've Alsations, Dalmations, and the fruits of a flirtation,
'Tween a half-pint Pekingese and a Shar-pei,
But, yes, we have no chihuahuas, we have no chihuahuas today."

I'm My Own Grandpa *(Moe Jaffe/Dwight Latham)*

Many, many years ago, when I was 23,
I was married to a widow who was pretty as could be;
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red,
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life,
My daughter was my mother, since she was my father's wife;
Then, to complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.
This little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad,
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad,
For if he was my uncle, then he also was the brother
Of the widow's grown-up daughter, who of course was my stepmother.

Chorus:

Now I'm my own grandpa, I'm my own grandpa;
It sounds funny, I know, but really, it's so,
I'm my own grandpa.

My father's wife then had a son who kept him on the run;
Het thus became my grandchild, 'cause he was my daughter's son;
My wife is now my father's mother, and it makes me blue,
Although she is my wife, she is my grandmother, too.
Now, if my wife is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild;
Now I have become the strangest case you ever saw;
As husband of my grandmother I'm my own grandpa.

Chorus:

I Wish I Had Someone to Love Me *(Trad.)*

Chorus:

I wish I had someone to love me;
Someone to call me his own;
Someone to sleep with me nightly,
I'm weary of sleeping alone.

Meet me somewhere in the moonlight,
Meet me somewhere all alone;
I have a sad story to tell you
That I'll tell by the light of the moon.

Chorus:

Tonight is our last night together,
The nearest and dearest must part;
The love that has bound us together
Has cruelly been torn apart.

Chorus:

I wish I had ships on the ocean,
I'd line them with silver and gold;
I'd follow the ship that he sails in;
My boy of 19 years old.

Chorus:

If I had the wings of a swallow,
I'd fly out far over the sea;
I'd fly to the arms of my true love,
And bring him home safely to me.

Chorus:

Amazing Grace *(John Newton)*

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my soul to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Twas Grace that brought me safe thus far,
And Grace will lead me home.