

Lyrics – By Popular Demand

Finnegan's Wake

(Trad.)

Tim Finnegan lived in Watling St., a gentleman Irish mighty odd,
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world
he carried a hod.

Tim had a sort of a tippler's way, with a love for the liquor poor
Tim was born

To help him on his work each day, he'd a drop of the craytur
every morn.

Chorus:

Whack fol-de-da now, dance to your partners, welt the floor, yer
trotters shake,
Wasn't it the truth I told ye, lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake,
Fell off a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake,
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed,
With a barrel of whiskey at his feet and a bucket of porter at his head.

Chorus:

The guests assembled at the wake, when Mrs. Finnegan called for Lunch,
First she brought them tea and cake, pipes, tobacco, and brandy punch.
Then the Widow Malone began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
"Tim mavourneen, why did ye die?" "Hould yer gob." said Molly Magee.

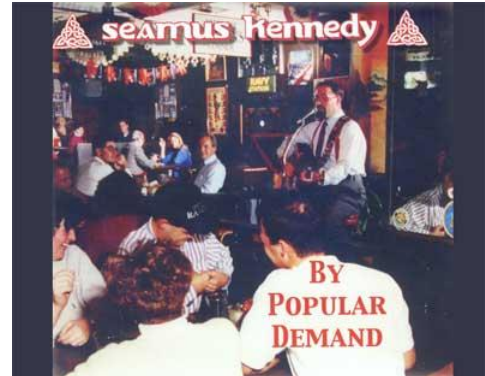
Chorus:

Then Molly Malone takes up the job; "Ah Biddy" says she, "you're wrong I'm sure."
Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob that left her sprawling on the floor.
Civil war did then engage, woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus:

Then Mickey Murphy ducked his head as a bottle of whiskey flew at him,
It missed, and landing on the bed, the liquor scattered over 'Tim.
Bedad, he revives, see how he rises; 'Timothy risin' in the bed,
Saying, "Whirl yer whiskey round like blazes,
Be the thunderin' Jaysus d'ye think I'm dead!"

Chorus:



The Whistling Gypsy *(Trad.)*

Chorus:

Ah dee do ah dee do da day, ah dee do ah dee day dee,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

The whistling gypsy came over the hill
Down through the valleys so shady,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

She left her father's castle gate,
Left her own true lover,
Left her servants and her estate,
To follow the gypsy rover.

Chorus:

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
He ranged the valley all over,
He searched for his daughter at great speed,
And her whistling gypsy rover.

Chorus:

At last he came to a mansion fine
Down by the river Clady,
There was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

Chorus:

"He is no gypsy my father," she said,
"But lord of these lands all over.
I'm going to stay till my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover."

Chorus:

Sarah-Sarah *(Trad.)*

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a shoeshine shop, Repeat;
All day long she sits and shines,
All day long she shines and sits,
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a shoeshine shop.

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a Chevrolet, Repeat;
All day long she sits and shifts,
All day long she shifts and sits,
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a Chevrolet.

Sarah, Sarah, sitting on a battleship, Repeat;
All day long she sits on ships,
All day long on ships she sits,
Sarah, Sarah, sitting on a battleship.

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a seafood shop, Repeat;

All day long she sits and shucks,
All day long she shucks and sits,
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a seafood shop.

Sarah, Sarah, working with a flock of ducks, Repeat;
All day long she flocks her ducks,
All day long her ducks she flocks,
Sarah, Sarah, working with a flock of ducks.

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a sewing shop, Repeat;
All day long she fits and tucks,
All day long she tucks and fits,
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a sewing shop.

Sarah, Sarah, sipping on a bottle of Schlitz, Repeat;
All day long she sips her Schlitz,
All day long her Schlitz she sips,
Sarah, Sarah, sipping on a bottle of Schlitz.

Monkey Farts

(M. Barrett, Cellardoor Music)

My father came here from Ireland,
He was quiet but they said that he was wise.
He and Mother did their best, gave us a home and all the rest,
But to talk to us he never had the time.
Sure, he'd say "Pass the butter." or, "Come here young man."
Or, "Keep quiet." or, "No you can't have a dime."
Until the day when I was leavin' when Dad finally found a reason
For sharing his philosophy of life...

He said: "A monkey fart should smell like a banana,
English farts should smell like cups of tea;
The farting of a fairy should be very light and airy,
When a father farts I hope you'll think of me.
An Irish fart should always lilt with laughter,
It should melt your heart and melt your shorts as well,
A lion's fart should roar with power, cuckoos should fart every hour,
A nun's fart should have meaning but no smell;
A strong man's fart should sound out like a trumpet,
A pretty girl's should barely even squeak,
But the person you can trust is the one who'd rather bust
Than ever let one rip right on the street..."

Well, from my old man this really was an earful,
I tried to understand just what he meant;
His words were primitive but strong so I wouldn't get them wrong,
He was saying to be careful as I went.
He was saying to be happy as I could be,
He was saying watch my step and as I pass,
To beware who I look up to, and whatever else I might do,
Know that most of what you get from folks is just escaping gas...

He said: "A monkey fart etc..."

Danny Boy *(Lyrics: Fred. E. Weatherly, Music: Irish Trad.)*

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 leaves are falling
'Tis you, 'tis you must go while I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

But should you come, when all the flowers are dying,
And 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 kneel and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

The Black Velvet Band *(Trad.)*

Chorus:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, you'd swear she was queen of the land;
And her hair hung over her shoulders, tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast, an apprentice to trade I was bound,
And many an hour's sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town.
'Till a sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations, to follow the Black Velvet Band.

Chorus:

As I was walkin' down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay,
Who should I meet but this pretty fair maid, came tripping along the highway.
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair hung over her shoulders, tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

Chorus:

On her bosom she wore a large notice, advertising the price of her tail,
And on her behind, for the good of the blind, was the same information in Braille.

Chorus:

Before a judge and a jury, for trial I had to appear;
The judge he said to me: "Young man, the case against you is clear.
I'll give you ten years' penal servitude, to be spent far away from the land."
Far away from my friends and relations, to follow the Black Velvet Band.

Chorus:

So come all you jolly young fellows, a warnin' take by me,
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens.
They'll feed you with whiskey and porter, till you're not able to stand,
And the very first thing you'll know is, you've landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Chorus:

The Harem of the Court of King Caractacus *(Trad.)*

Now the harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,
The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,
The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,
The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by.

Now, the ladies in the harem of the court of King Caractacus
Were just passing by,
Repeat 3 more times.

The faces of the ladies in the harem of the court etc.
Repeat 3 more times.

Now, the noses on the faces of the ladies in the harem of the court etc.
Repeat 3 more times.

Now, the boys who put the powder on the noses of the faces etc.
Repeat 3 more times.

Now, the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stitches in the
Britches of the boys who put the powder on the noses , etc.
Repeat 3 more times.

If you want to take a picture of the fascinating witches who put etc.
You're too late! 'Cause they've just passed by!

The Little Fly *(P.D.)*

Chorus:

There was a little fly and he flew into a store,
And he sh-- upon the ceiling and he sh-- upon the floor,
He sh-- upon the bacon and he sh-- upon the ham,
And he sh-- upon the head of the little grocery man.

Now the little grocery man got his little spray gun,
Said he would get the fly before the day was done,
But before he could count from one to ten,
The fly flew down and sh-- upon his baldy head again.

Chorus:

Now the little grocery man and his little grocery wife
Said they would get the fly even if it meant their life,
They bought themselves a hand-grenade and hid inside the store,
And they blew themselves to blazes as the fly flew out the door.

Chorus:

Now they both went up to heaven and angels they were made,
St. Peter said to them that they would be repaid,
They got their angels wings and they flew into the sky,
Then they both swooped down like bombers and they sh-- upon the fly!

Chorus:

Armed Services Tribute (& Drunken Sailor)

Tribute to the Armed Services (P.D.)

Marines:

From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli,
We will fight our country's battles in the air, on land and sea,
First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to bear the title of United States Marines.

Air Force Pukes:

Off we go into the wild blue Yonder, lost again, sonofabitch!

Airborne-Pilots:

The pilot tried to loop-the-loop at zero-zero feet, **(Repeat 3 times)**
He ain't gonna fly no more!

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die **(Repeat 3 times)**
He ain't gonna fly no more!

Airborne- Paratroopers, Rangers, Green Berets:

There was blood upon the riser, there were brains upon his chute,
Intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper suit,
He was a mess, they picked him up and poured him from his boot,
And he ain't gonna jump no more!

Chorus: Gory, gory, etc, (3 times)
He ain't gonna jump no more!

Army:

Was it high, was it low, where the hell did that one go?
And the caissons go rolling along.

Coast Guard:

I'm Popeye the sailor man, (twice)
I fights to the finish 'cause I eats me spinach,
I'm Popeye the sailor man.

Navy:

Let's go get laid, my boys, let's go get laid...

The Drunken Sailor (Trad.)

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

Heave-ho and up she rises, heave-ho and up she rises,
Heave-ho and up she rises, early in the morning.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor, (Repeat 2 more times)
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

Put him in the bilge and make him drink it, **(Repeat 2 more times)**
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

We'll make him skipper of the Exxon Valdez, **(Twice more)**
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

We'll lock him in a room full of bagpipe music **(you know by now)**
Same thing here, too.

Chorus

The Wild Rover *(Trad.)*

No, nay, never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more.

I've been a wild rover for many's a year,
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus:

I went into an ale house I used to frequent
And told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me: "Nay."
Saying: "Custom like yours I can have any day."

Chorus:

I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said: "I have whiskey and wine of the best,
And the words that I told you were only in jest."

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

The Moonshiner *(Trad.)*

I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
Spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
I'll go to some hollow and set up my still,
I'll make you a gallon for a ten-shilling bill.

Chorus:

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home,
If you don't like me, leave me alone;
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
And if moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.

I'll go to some hollow in this country,
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree,
No woman to follow, the world is all mine,
And I love none so dear as I love the moonshine.

Chorus:

Ah moonshine, dear moonshine, how I love thee,
You killed my old father, dare you try me?
Bless all moonshiners, bless all moonshine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

Chorus:

The Barley Mow *(Trad.)*

Here's good luck to the pint-pot, good luck to the Barley Mow, (GOOD LUCK!)
Jolly good luck to the pint-pot, good luck to the Barley Mow.
Oh, the pint-pot, 'alf-a-pint, gill-pot, 'alf-a-gill, quarter gill,
Nippikin and the brown bowl,
Here's good luck, (GOOD LUCK!)
Good luck to the Barley Mow. (mow, mow, mow).

Here's good luck to the quart-pot, good luck to the Barley Mow, (GOOD LUCK!)
Jolly good luck to the quart-pot, good luck to the Barley Mow.
Oh, the quart-pot, the pint-pot, 'alf-a-pint, gill-pot, 'alf-a-gill, quarter gill,
Nippikin and the brown bowl,
Here's good luck, (GOOD LUCK!)
Good luck to the Barley Mow. (mow, mow, mow).

Here's good luck to the 'alf gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow, (GOOD LUCK!)
Jolly good luck to the 'half-gallon, good luck to the Barley Mow.
Oh, the 'alf-gallon, the quart-pot, the pint-pot, 'alf-a-pint, gill-pot,
'Alf-a-gill, quarter gill,
Nippikin and the brown bowl,
Here's good luck, (GOOD LUCK!)
Good luck to the Barley Mow. (mow, mow, mow).

And so on, adding: GALLON, 'ALF-BARREL, BARREL, LANDLORD, LANDLADY,
DAUGHTER, DRAYER, SLAVEY, BOOKIE, BREWER and COMPANY.

The Rattling Bog *(Trad.)*

Chorus:

Ho ro, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-O
Rare bog, and a rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley-O.

In that bog there was a hole, rare hole and a rattlin' hole,
And the hole in the bog , and the bog down in the valley-O.

Chorus:

And in that hole there was a tree, rare tree and a rattlin' tree,
And the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-O.

Chorus:

And on that tree there was a bough, rare bough and a rattlin' bough,
And the bough on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-O.

Chorus:

And on that bough there was a limb, rare limb and a rattlin' limb,
Limb on the bough and the bough on the tree, and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-O.

Chorus:

...and so on...adding: **BRANCH, TWIG, LEAF, NEST, BIRD, EGG,
YOLK, CHICK, WING, FEATHER, FLEA, EYE, SPECK, GERM,
AMOEBA, PARAMECIUM, VIRUS and SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLE.**