

Lyrics – A Smile and a Tear

Mairi's Wedding *The Lewis Bridal Song (Trad.)*

Chorus: Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheilings, through the town,
All for sake of Mairi.

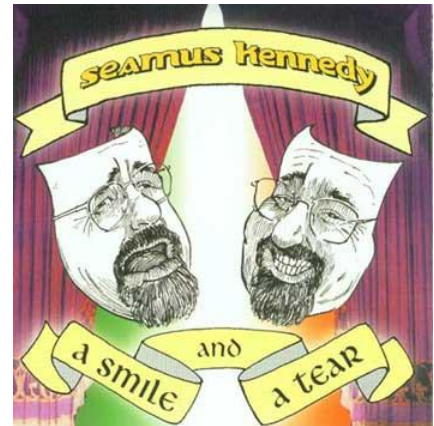
Chorus:

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mairi.

Chorus:

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest of them all by far,
Is our darlin' Mairi.

Chorus:



Preab San Ól (*Trust In Drink*)

(*Riocard Báiréad c. 1714-1819*)

Is iomaí slí sin do bhíos ag daoine
Ag cruinniú píosáí is ag déanamh stóir,
'S a laghad a smaoiníos ar ghiorra 'n tsaoil seo,
Go mbeidh siad sínte faoi leac go fóill.
Más tiarna tíre, diúc no rí thú,
Ní rachaidh pingin leat ag dul faoin bhfód,
Mar sin, 's dá bhrí sin, níl beart níos críonna
Ná bheith go síoraí ag cur preab san ól.

Why spend your leisure bereft of pleasure,
Amassing treasure, why scrape and save?
Why look so canny at every penny?
You'll take no money within the grave.
Landlords and gentry with all their plenty,
Must still go empty where'er they're bound.
So to my thinking, we'd best be drinking,
Our glasses clinking, and round on round.

Tá dream de dhaoine le ba 's le caorigh,
Ag dul chun aonaigh is 'fáil sochar mór.
A gcur chun cíbe 's as sin chun mínligh,
Sin pointí críonna feictear dhóibh.
Tógaim fianaise ar an mbuíon seo,
Go mbeidh siad sínte faoi leac go fóill,
Mar sin, 's dá bhrí sin, níl beart níos críonna
Ná bheith go síoraí ag cur preab san ól.

The huckster greedy, he blinds the needy,
Their strifes unheeding, he shouts, "Money Down!"
His special prices, his fancy vices,
For a florin's value, he'll charge a cro
With hump for trammel, the Scripture's camel,
Missed the needle's eye, and so came to ground.
Why pine for riches while still you've stitches
To hold your britches up, - another round!

Wilderness Letters

(Mike Campbell (c) 1999) [Gold-N-Moose Productions]

She was only sixteen when he asked her to marry
In Dublin's fair city in May.
Then at eighteen with two little sons in her arms,
They sailed off for Americay.
And they traveled across this wond'rous new land,
To a place on a far distant sea.
In Seattle town where the rumor went 'round
There was gold in a far north country.

So with too little gear, and a kiss and a tear,
He set off in search of his gold.
And he wrote them from Skagway, from Chilkoot, from Dawson,
In his letters his travels were told.
She would read them each night to her two little boys,
Sweet Patrick and handsome young John.
"Come sit down beside me, and listen," she'd say,
"And I'll read where your father has gone."

And he wrote of a wilderness covered with snow,
And of the rivers and mountains so grand.
He told them of the gold fields and all of the times
That great wealth had just slipped through his hands.

After nearly three years, she got a small package,
"Dear Madam," the letter began,
"My name is O'Brien, and I'm writing to tell you
"Of the death of your dear husband, Dan.
"He was working my claim, running sluice by the river,
"When the chute we were using fell down,
"He was trapped underneath by the beams and the braces,
"And before we could reach him, he drowned."

Many years have gone by now, and John he is married,
And he's moved off to far Baltimore.
And Patrick, her eldest, lies buried in Flanders,
Where he died near the end of the war.
Sometimes in the evenings, she'll sit on her front porch,
And remember the time long ago.
Then she'll open the box that contains all his letters,
And she'll carefully untie the bow.

And she'll read of his wilderness covered with snow,
And his rivers and mountains so grand.
Then she puts on her smile and remembers the times
When their dreams were still fresh in their hands.

The Boogie Woogie Piper *(Seamus Kennedy, Gransha Music)*

There was a young Scots laddie called Jock MacRae,
He lived over round bonnie Dundee way;
He was a champion piper with a local band,
All the drones and the chanter were at his command;
He played bagpipe music twenty-four hours a day.

Well, he'd mastered tunes like Caber Feidh,
And Amazing Grace and Scots Wha Hae,
Playin' reels and jigs and pibrochs too,
Strathspeys and hornpipes, old and new;
Everybody raved when he played Scotland The Brave.

Now, there wasn't much work in bonny Dundee,
And he heard there were more gigs across the sea;
So he bought a ticket for the USA,
Then he packed his pipes and he came to stay,
And he found himself in Nashville, Tennessee.

He went to the Opry and the clubs in town,
And he fell in love with that country sound,
Sittin' in with bands and doin' his thing,
Playing honky-tonk, bluegrass and western swing,
But his boogie-woogie bagpipes brought the whole house down.

He played boogie-woogie like old Hank Snow,
And folks flocked to hear him everywhere he'd go;
Pretty soon the word was going around
About the hot young Scot with the boogie sound
They just loved to see him grab his pipes and blow.

Well, the stars all started hanging round his door,
'Cause his pipin' really had them on the floor;
And they wanted the kid from bonny Dundee
To play his pipes on their CD,
'Cause the Boogie Woogie Bagpipes made folks holler for more.

When Jock started makin' his own CDs,
He became a star on QVC;
Pipin' on the late-night TV shows,
Now everybody shouts wherever he goes:
"There's the Boogie Woogie Piper from Nashville, Tennessee!"

Sweet Ellen Joyce (*Jed Marum*)

There is hope once again, carried on the wind,
And our land will be free from despair.
For there's brave men and true, marching off in blue,
Into battle, their song fills the air.

Chorus: And I'm leaving in the morning light
With those Massachusetts boys.
Fare-thee-well my old Acushnet River home,
Fare-thee-well my sweet Ellen Joyce.

I've had tears from my Ma, blessings from my Pa,
And I know I must bid you adieu;
Though it grieves me to part, the burnin' in my heart
Is the love that I'll carry for you.

Chorus:

When the battle is done, victory is won,
And my soldiering days are all through,
If the good Lord declared that I should be spared,
I'll return to New Bedford and you.

Chorus: (twice)

I See His Blood Upon the Rose (*Joseph M. Plunkett*)

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes.
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower,
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice - - carved by His power,
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the everbeating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

Grace *(Frank and Seán - O'Meara Bardismusic, USA)*

As we gather in the chapel here, in Old Kilmainham jail,
I think about these past few weeks; oh, will they say we've failed?
From our schooldays they have told us we must yearn for liberty,
Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me.

Chorus: O Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger;
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die.
With all my love I'll place this wedding ring upon your finger,
There won't be time to share our love, for we must say goodbye.

Now, I know it's hard for you my love to ever understand
The love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land.
But when Pádraig called me to his side down in the G.P.O.
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go.

Chorus:

Now as the dawn is breaking, my heart is breaking too;
On this May morn as I walk out, my thoughts will be of you.
And I'll write some words upon the wall, so everyone will know;
I loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose.

American Beer *(Randall P. Dighton)*

I was havin' a jar in Pat Flanagan's bar,
'Twas only last Saturday night.
When in walked a chap from a US coach tour,
The kind you can tell by sight.
He stepped up to Flanagan tendin' the bar
And pullin' some pints as he should,
As he slapped a rude hand on the counter, he yelled:
"Hey barkeep! Gimme a Bud!"

"Young fella, you're drinkin' in ould Ireland now,
And we have no American brew.
We've Guinness and Murphy's and Beamish and Harp,
And I might find a Smithwick's or two."
The tourist responded, and still much too loud:
"You ain't got a Bud? Well, up yours!
Guess I'll have to make do with the second-best then,
So barkeep, make it a Coors!"

Well, Flanagan's really a patient old man,
And quietly he explained,
Once again about porters and lagers and ales,
Although his composure was strained.
"I'm tellin' you lad, we've no Bud and no Coors,
No Miller or Red Dog or Schlitz."
The American sat there becoming enraged,
I thought he was goin' to have fits.

"Then gimme whatever's the closest you've got
To American beer," he rants.
So Flanagan cheerfully picked up a glass,
And sauntered right into the gents.
He pulled on the chain, dipped the glass in the bowl,
And came back, all done in plain sight.
"This is close as we get to American beer,
Be glad I flushed – now it's a light!"

The Scottish Song

(Adam McNaughtan) American Translation by Mike Agranoff & S. Kennedy

When the Scots had crushed the Norsemen at the outset of our story,
The generals Macbeth and Banquo walked it back to Forres.
And they met three dames that did a kind of fortune tellin' thing,
Who hailed Macbeth and told him he'd be Cawdor, Glamis and King.

Well, Macbeth was in a trance, but Banquo said, "Hold on, you three,
"You've a lot to say to him; have you got anything for me?"
The witches said, "The good news first, and then the bad we'll tell.
"You'll father lots of kings although you'll not be king yourself."

When King Duncan gave the order that made him Thane of Cawdor,
Macbeth got real excited and ambitious to get on.
But his jaw near hit the floor when the King said, "Furthermore,
"My son's the Prince of Cumberland and heir to the throne."

So ahead of all the rest Macbeth rushed homeward at full tilt,
To let his wife know she would need to air the king-size quilt.
She says, "You're mad to say it, or else Duncan's off his head,
"Cause if he sleeps here tonight, he's gonna waken up dead!"

Then Macbeth convinced himself that his motives were the best;
That he couldn't murder Duncan, his cousin, king and guest.
"You're a coward, you're a beast, and you don't love me." said his wife.
"And we'll blame it on the guards." Says he, "Just call me Mac the Knife!"

So Macbeth skewered Duncan, and his lady smeared the drunken
Guards with blood, and said, "Come on to bed, that was easy as snuff."
And Malcolm and Donalbaine fled for fear that they'd be blamed,
But Banquo wasn't fooled at all, and neither was Macduff.

Then Macbeth invited Banquo to a banquet in his honor,
After hiring three miscreants to make sure he was a goner.
And at the feast while smirking about Banquo not being there,
He found he had to stand, 'cause Banquo's ghost was in his chair.

But what made him lose his marbles was when one of the miscreants
Came and said they'd murdered Banquo, but they'd missed the fleein' Fleance.
"Avaunt!" he starts, but Lady Mac says "Folks, the party's closed.
"And you must excuse my husband, he's a wee bit indisposed."

Banquo's line upon the throne just so obsessed his whole subconscious,
That he ordered them to kill Macduff's wife, kids and pets - the lot.
Lady Mac says, "I must try out anything that I can buy -
Tide or Clorox, Wisk or Shout, to shift this bloody spot!"

So away off down to England to get Malcolm goes Macduff,
But the boy says, "It's no use, I don't think I'm man enough."
Cries Macduff, "My hope ends here!" Malcolm says, "I'm only kiddin',
"I'll take an army north and cut down trees to keep it hidden."

Macbeth meanwhile sought out the three old witches for a chat,
And he found them boiling soup with Tartar's lips and wool of bat,

They told him he could not be killed by man that's born of woman,
 And he didn't need to fear til he saw Birnam Wood was comin'.
 So Macbeth became quite callous, he had nothing left but malice.
 And he couldn't show emotions like compassion, joy or sorrow,
 When he heard his wife had died, he just said, "I would've cried
 "If it had been tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow."

Though all his pals had left him, he felt safe in Dunsinane;
 And he passed the time by putting armor on and off again.
 Till the news that Birnam Wood was on the march just made him roar,
 And he said, "We'll fight outside, I don't want blood all o'er my floor."

He was swashing, he was buckling, he talked Siward's son to death,
 But his confidence was shattered when Macduff shouts, "Hey, Macbeth!"
 "Against man of woman born, " he says, "I've got divine protection!"
 Quips Macduff, "I was delivered by Caesarian - or C - section!"

Macbeth shouts, "Lay on, Macduff!" who swings and cuts his head right off.
 Malcolm says, "You're now all earls for helping right this bloody wrong."
 So now the play is played, there's just one thing to be said:
 You won't need to buy the Cliff Notes if you memorize this song.

Fáinne Geal An Lae (Trad) (The Dawning Of The Day) (English Verses by Edward Walsh)

Ar maidín mhoch do gabhas amach ar bhruach Locha Léin,
 Bhí an samhradh ag teacht sa chraoibh le m-ais, 's lonnradh te ón ghriain,
 Ar mo thaisteal dom trí bhailte purt, 's a bhainte míne ré;
 Cé ón le m-ais, ach an cailín deas, le fáinne geal an lae.

At early morn I once had been where Lene's blue waters flow,
 When summer bid the trees be green, the lamp of light to glow,
 As on by bower and town and tower, and widespread fields I stray
 I met a maid in the greenwood shade by the dawning of the day..

Ní raibh bhróg ná stocai, cáip ná clóca ar mo stóirín óg on spéir;
 Ach a foilt fionn óir síar síos go treig, ag fás go barr on fhéir;
 Bhí galún crúite aice ina chlaic, is a bhruach ba bhreátha sciamh.
 Do rug bhean gean ó Venus deas, le fáinne geal an lae.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare, no mantle fair she wore,
 But down her waist fell golden hair that swept the tall grass o'er,
 With milking pail she sought the vale, and bright her charms display,
 Outshining far, the morning star at the dawning of the day.

Do thuig ón bhrídeach síos le m-ais, ar bhínsín glas ón fhéir,
 Ag magadh léi da bhrí go preas, dar mhní nach scarfainn léi;
 'Sé dúirt sí liom "Ó imigh uaim, 's scaoil me síos a ré,
 Sin iad ina dheas na soilse ag teacht, le fáinne geal an lae.

Beside me sat that maid divine, where grassy banks outspread.
 Oh, let me call you ever mine, dear maid," I sportive said,
 "False man , for shame, why bring me blame?" she cried, and burst away.
 The sun's first beam pursued my dream at the dawning of the day.

My thanks to Pat McManus and Lorraine McCaffrey of Belfast for the Irish words to this lovely song, in which a young man meets a pretty milkmaid on the shore of Lough Leane (one of the Lakes of Killarney). He tries to woo her with sweet words, but she's having none of it, and runs off, leaving him with his wounded pride. I'm grateful to Bob Christy of Baltimore for delving into his extensive collection to get the English translation for me.

The Chemists Drinking Song

(John A. Carroll) (Tune: The Irish Washerwoman)

Para-dimethyl- amino- benzaldehyde,
Sodium citrate, ammonium cyanide,
Mix 'em together, toss in some benzene,
And top it all off with some tri-chloro-eth'lene.

Got loaded last night on some fufuryl alcohol,
Followed it up with a gallon of propanol,
Tanked up on hydrazine all afternoon,
Then I spat on the floor and blew up the saloon.

Para-dimethyl- amino- benzaldehyde,
Powdered aluminum, nitrogen iodide,
Chlorates, permanganates, nitrates galore,
Just swallow one drink and you'll never need more.

Oh, whiskey, tequila and rum are too tame,
The stuff that I drink must explode into flame,
When I breathe I dissolve all the paint in the room,
And rattle the walls with a ground-shaking BOOM.

Para-dimethyl- amino- benzaldehyde,
Go soak your head in a good strong insecticide,
Slosh it around and impregnate your brain,
With dichloro-diphenal, trichloro-ethane.

To Morrow

(Bob Gibson)

I started on a journey about a year ago,
To a little town called Morrow in the county of Mayo,
Now, I've never been much of a traveler, so I really didn't know
That Morrow was the hardest place I'd ever tried to go.

So I went down to the station and laid my money down
For a locomotive ticket to that quiet little town.
I said, "My friend, I'd like to go to Morrow and return
No later than tomorrow, for I haven't time to burn."

Says he to me, "Now let me see if I have heard you right;
You'd like to go to Morrow and return tomorrow night?
Well, you should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back today,
For the train today to Morrow is a mile upon its way."

"If you had gone to Morrow yesterday, now don't you see,
You could have gone to Morrow and returned today at three.
For the train today to Morrow, if the timetable's right,
Leaves today to Morrow and returns tomorrow night."

Says I, "My friend, you're kidding me, you're talking thro' your hat.
There is a town called Morrow on the line, now grant me that."
"There is," says he, "but take from me a quiet little tip...
To go from here to Morrow is a 14-hour trip!"

“The train today to Morrow leaves today at 8:05,
At 10:05 tomorrow is the time it should arrive.
So if from here to Morrow takes you 14 hours one-way,
You can't go today to Morrow, and then come back here today!”

I was so disappointed, I was mad enough to swear,
I felt like saying naughty words, and pulling out my hair.
He said, “My friend, there's just one final thing I'd like to say –
You took so long, the train is gone, in town you'll have to stay!”

Song For Ireland *(Phil Colclough)*

Walking all the day, near tall towers where falcons build their nests,
Silver-winged they fly, they know the call of freedom in their breasts.
Saw black head against the sky, with twisted rocks they run down to the sea,
Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets asked for more,
Stood by your Atlantic sea, and sang a song for Ireland.

Talking all the day, with true friends who try and make you stay;
Telling jokes and news, and singing songs to pass the time away.
Watched the Galway salmon run, like silver, dancing, darting in the sun;
Living on your western shore, etc.

Drinking all the day, in old pubs where fiddlers love to play.
Someone touched a bow, and played a reel that seemed so grand and gay.
Stood by Dingle Beach and cast in wild foam. I found Atlantic Bass.
Living on your western shore etc.

Dreaming all the night, I see a land where no one has to fight.
Waking in the dawn, I see you crying in the morning light.
Lying where the falcons fly, they twist and turn there, in the rare blue sky,
Living on your western shore, etc..

The Tumbler *(Original: Don Schlitz, Tree Publishing, BMI) (Parody: Greg Trafidlo and Neal Phillips)*

On lukewarm summer's evenin', in a laundromat in Cleveland,
I met up with a stranger, we were both there doin' sheets.
So we took turns a-starin' while the washers started churnin'
'Til boredom swirled around us, and he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life outta readin' people's laundry.
Learnin' their life's story from the way they pour their Tide,
And if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're agitated;
For a cup of fabric softener, I'll give you some advice."

Chorus: You've gotta know how to load 'em, know how to fold 'em,
Know how to separate, so the colors never run.
You always count your money when you're standin' at the changer,
'Cause there ain't no chance for refunds when the cleanin's done.

So I handed him my Downy, and he used up my last capful,
Then he bummed a static sheet, and an extra hanger too.
And his face turned white as white, and his eyes looked unattended;
Sayin', "When it comes to socks and love, boy, the magic number's two.

And when he finished speakin', the dryer started squeakin',
He read a people magazine, and he tumbled off to snooze,
But before his load were finished, his pilot light extinguished,
But his final words of Cheer gave me All that I could use.

Chorus:

The Dutchman *(Michael Smith)*

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in..
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows.
When Amsterdam is golden in the summer,
Margaret brings him breakfast, she believes him.
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow..
He's mad as he can be but Margaret only sees that sometimes ..
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes.

Chorus: Let us go to the banks of the ocean,
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.
Long ago, I used to be a young man,
And dear Margaret remembers that for me

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed there.
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.
He watches the tug boats on canals,
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Captain;
'Til Margaret comes to take him home again,
Through unforgiving streets
That trip him though she holds his arm;
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and calls her name.

Chorus:

The winters whirl the windmills 'round
She winds his muffler tighter,
They sit in the kitchen ..
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.
He sees her for a moment, calls her name,
She makes the bed up humming some old love song;
A song Margaret learned when the it was very new.
He hums a line or two, they sing together in the dark,
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.

Chorus:

Barretts Privateers *(Stan Rogers, Fogarty's Cove Music, Inc.)*

Oh, the year was seventeen seventy eight,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
When a letter of marque came from the King
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

Chorus:

God Damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold;
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears,
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew.

Chorus:

Now, the Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.
She'd a list to port and her sails in rags,
And a cook in the scuppers with staggers and jags.

Chorus:

On the King's birthday we put to sea.
We were ninety-one days to Montego bay,
Pumping like madmen all the way.

Chorus:

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again.
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight;
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight.

Chorus:

The Yankee lay low down with gold.
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days.

Chorus:

At length we lay two cables away.
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

Chorus:

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,
And the maintruck carried off both me legs.

Chorus:

So here I lay in my twenty-third year.
It's been six years since we sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday.

Chorus: