

Lyrics – Let the Music Take You Home

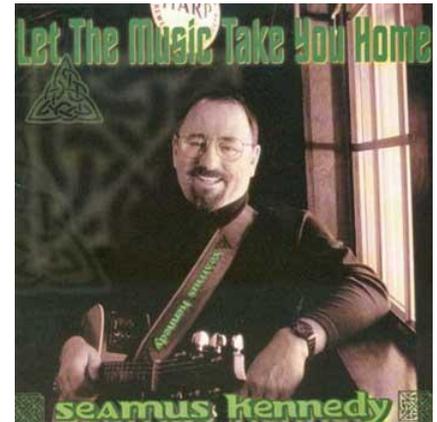
Dublin Fusiliers *(Anon.)*

Well, you've heard about the Indians with their tomahawks and spears,
And of the U.N. warriors, the heroes of recent years.
And also I might mention the British Grenadiers,
But none of them were in it with the Dublin Fusiliers.
You've heard about the Light Brigade and of the deeds they've done,
And of the other regiments that many victories won,
But the pride of all their armies, dragoons and carabinieri,
Is that noble band of warriors, the Dublin Fusiliers.

Chorus: With your left turn, right about face, this is the way we go,
Chargin' with fixed bayonets, the terror of every foe;
A glory to old Ireland, as proud as buccaneers,
And a terror to creation are the Dublin Fusiliers.

Now, you've heard about the wars between the Russians and the Brits;
The Czar one day was reading an old copy of Tit Bits.
And one of his generals came to him and threw himself down in tears,
Sayin' "You'd better get back like blazes here's the Dublin Fusiliers".
The Czar commenced to tremble and he bit his underlip,
"Begorra, boys," says he, "I think we'd better take the tip,
"Them devils come from Dublin, to judge from what I hears,
"They're demons of militia men, the Dublin Fusiliers." **Chorus:**

Well, the sergeant cried, "Get ready, lads, lay down your spears and guns,
"Take off your shoes and stockin's lads, and when I tell yez, run!"
They didn't stop but started and amid three ringing cheers
Came a shower of bricks and bullets from the Dublin Fusiliers.
The time that Julius Caesar tried to land down at Ringsend,
The Coastguard couldn't stop him, so for the Dublins they did send;
And just as they were landin' they heard three ringin' cheers,
"Get back to Rome like blazes, here's the Dublin Fusiliers. **Chorus:**



General Guinness (*Anon. Last verse: S. Kennedy*)

You've heard of General Wellington who won at Waterloo,
Well, there's a fine old Irishman I'll mention unto you;
He comes from dear old Dublin, he's a man we all applaud,
For he always finds a corkscrew far more handy than a sword.
He's good old General Guinness, he's a soldier strong and stout;
He's found on every bottle-front and can't be down without;
His noble name, his world-wide fame deserves three hearty cheers,
So hurrah for General Guinness of the Dublin Boozeliers!

This hale and hearty warrior is worshipped in the ranks,
He does his task inside the cask as well as in the tanks;
He bears the brunt on every front, north, south, east and west,
And he wears about ten thousand canteen medals on his chest.
He's good old General Guinness, he has earned the world's applause;
'Twas he who kept our spirits up in the midst of all our wars.
Who was the first to flirt with Mademoiselle from Armentieres?
Why, good old General Guinness of the Dublin Boozeliers.

All over bonny Scotland too, the General he is seen;
They've given him the freedom of the town of Aberdeen;
From Inverness to Galashiels he keeps them warm and bright,
And they love to gather round him och, on every moonlit night.
He's good old General Guinness, he's as good as Scottish broth,
'Twas he who turned the Firth of Forth into the Firth of Froth;
All Scotsmen dance the Highland Fling and shout when he appears,
"Hurrah for General Guinness of the Dublin Boozeliers!"

Through the length and breadth of Ireland the General he is known,
His convoy takes his liquid joy to Kerry and Tyrone.
From St. James's Gate he's never late on his appointed round,
And no matter what the weather, sure, he never lets us down.
He's good old General Guinness, he's as good as Irish stew;
We all recall his war-cry "Guinness is good for you!"
So Irishmen, all raise a glass and give three rousing cheers:
Hurrah for General Guinness of the Dublin Boozeliers!

A Walk in the Irish Rain (*Steve Spurgin/Bum's Rush Music/ BMI*)

When the sun goes down o'er Dublin Town, and the colors last for hours Oh,
The lights come on, the night's a song, and the streets all turn to gold.
A gentle mist called Heaven's Kiss, like teardrops off an angel's wing,
Don't you know you'll cleanse your soul with a walk in the Irish rain?

Chorus: O Katherine take my hand, I've got three pounds and change,
I'll sing you songs of love again, and when I get too drunk to sing,
We'll walk in the Irish rain.

Forever more I'll step ashore, my sailing days are over-o,
Through time and tide, I'm by your side and together we'll grow old.
I threw my sea-bag in the bin, and I brought these pretty flowers home,
Kiss me, Kate, we'll celebrate before the bloom is gone. Chorus:

Let the Music Take You Home

A tinker, and a tailor and a drunken old sailor, they all get together and the start to play,
Time stands still while they drink their fill, and they'll sing till the break of day.
A sweet little lady with a glass of stout, sipping it down till the foam runs out,
She'll help her old man home again with a walk in the Irish rain. Chorus:

Oro! Se Do Bheatha Bhaile & the Rights of Man *(Patrick Pearse)*

(Written phonetically, with translation in Italics.)

Chorus:

Oh row shay duh vaha wallya! (3 times)

Welcome home!

Anish air hocht un towry.

Now that summer's here.

Shay duh vaha a van buh lane wer,
Hail, O grieving woman,
Bay are grach too vay ing evan,
It's our loss that you're in fetters,
Duh gooicka vra ih sheliv marelock
Your beautiful lands in raiders' hands,
Iss too deelta lesh na galliv,
And you in bondage to the English.

Chorus:

Taw Granya Wale egg chocht har soilya,
Grace O'Malley is coming by sea,
Ogley armha lay mar garda,
Armed volunteers as her guard,
Gale eed hane iss nee guile naw spawnyeec,
Irish men, not French or Spanish,
Iss curhey rooig air galliv.
And they shall rout the English.

Chorus:

A wee leh ree nuh vart guh veckin,
Please God I should live another week,
Munna mame byo nah yay ock shocktin,
To see this wondrous sight.
Granya Wale oggus meela gashkecock,
Grace O'Malley and 1000 warriors
Egg fogert fine air galliv.
Surrounding th English tyrants.

Shearin's No for You (Trad.)

Oh the shearin's no' for you, my bonny lassie-oh;
Oh the shearin's no' for you, my bonny lassie-oh;
Oh the shearin's no' for you, for your back it widna boo*
And your belly's rown fu'* , my bonny lassie-oh.

Dae ye mind* the banks o' Ayr, my bonny lassie-oh?
Dae ye mind the banks o' Ayr, my bonny lassie-oh?
Dae ye mind the banks o' Ayr, where my heart you didensnare,
And your love ye did declare, my bonny lassie-oh.

Tak' the ribbons frae* your hair, my bonny lassie-oh;
Tak' the ribbons frae your hair, my bonny lassie-oh;
Tak' the ribbons frae your hair, let doon your ringletsfair,
Now there's nocht* but doul and care, my bonny lassie-oh;

Tak' the buckles frae your shoon* , my bonny lassie-oh;
Tak' the buckles frae your shoon, my bonny lassie-oh;
Tak' the buckles frae your shoon, for you've wed an unco*loon,
And your dancin' days are done, my bonny lassie-oh.
Repeat first verse.

**widna boo*: won't bend; *roman fu'* fully swollen, pregnant;
mind: remember; *frae*: from; *nocht but doul and care*: nothing
but sorrow and hardship; *shoon*: shoes; *unco loon*: a wild and crazyguy.

When the Boys Come Rolling Home (Tommy Sands)

I always will remember well the day we went away;
Sailing out of Belfast in the morning;
Our hopes were on tomorrow as we kissed the girls goodbye,
And our dreams were on the day of our returning.

Chorus: There'll be dancing, romancing,
And never more we'll roam,
There'll be rolling in the hay, there'll be whiskey in the tay,
When the boys come rolling / home.

We safely reached the other side in New York City fair,
In spite of wind and rain and stormy weather.
We all sat down and drank a glass and wished each other well,
And we said that we'd be going back together. **Chorus:**

Now Joe he went to Boston and Sam to Buffalo,
And Pat went out as far as California,
I used to get some letters then, but that was long ago,
And we always spoke of Ireland and returning. **Chorus:**

I must be over ninety now, my grandson's by the bed,
And here I'm in Chicago and still scheming,
He says he'll bring me back again to rest my weary head.
And I'll leave him a legacy of free men. **Chorus:**

Kitty Bawn O'Brien *(AlastairMcGillivray/ Cabot Trail Music/SOCAN)*

Soft blow the winds both warm and sweet
From the peaks called Knockmealdown.
The songbird pipes its cheery note
Above Blackwater Sound.
But from my heart no joys depart,
No beauty can enthrall;
My Kitty Bawn O'Brien's gone
To far-off Montréal.

I met her at the Mallow fair
Where lovers sport and play.
I watched her feet move lightly
While the piper droned away.
She sang a song so lilting there,
Her hands beneath her shawl;
Now Kitty Bawn O'Brien's gone
To far-off Montréal.

I followed her to Waterford
The day the ship set sail;
Her mother let the tear drops fall,
Her father's face was pale.
I kissed her ere I lost her there,
And sorely I recall,
My Kitty Bawn O'Brien's gone
To far-off Montréal.

And far across the ocean wide,
A world from Knockmealdown,
My Kitty shines like silver
In some gold Canadian town.
She'll charm some young French soldier there,
To blame him I've no call,
My Kitty Bawn O'Brien's gone
To far-off Montréal.

The Old Dun Cow (*Trad.*)

Some friends and I in a public house were playing dominoes one night.
When into the room the barman came, his face all chalky white.
“What’s up?” says Brown. “Have seen a ghost? Have you see your Aunt Maria?”
“Oh, me Aunt Maria be bugged,” says he, “the bloody pub’s on fire!”
“On fire?” says Brown, “What a bit of luck! Everybody follow me!
Down to the cellar, if the fire’s not there, we’ll have a rare old spree.”
So we all went down after good old Brown, and booze we could not miss,
And we weren’t there five minutes or more till we were all half-pissed.

Chorus: And there was Brown, upside down, licking up the whiskey off the floor.
“Booze, Booze!” the firemen cried, as they came knocking at the door.
“Don’t let them in till it’s all mopped up, somebody!” shouted McIn tyre.
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk when the Old Dun Cow / caught fire.

Then Smith went over to the port-wine tub and gave it a few hard knocks;
And started taking off his pantaloons, likewise his shoes and socks.
“Hold on,” says Brown, “we can’t have that, you can’t do that in here.
“Don’t go washing your trotters in the port-wine tub, when we’ve got all this Lite beer.”

Chorus:

Well, then there came an awful crash, half the bloody roof gave way.
We were drowned in the firemen’s hose, still we were going to stay.
So we got some tacks and our old wet slacks, and we nailed ourselves inside,
And we sat there swallyin’ pints of stout till we were bleary eyed.

Chorus:

Ae Fond Kiss (*Robert Burns*)

Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fond kiss, and then forever
Deep in heart-wrung tears I’ll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I’ll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, no cheerfu’ twinkle light me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I’ll ne’er blame my partial fancy;
Nothing could resist my Nancy,
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel thou first and fairest,
Fare thee weel thou best and dearest,
Thine be every joy and treasure.
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever.
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

Old McDonald's Deformed Farm *(Jake Thorne/SeamusKennedy)*

Old McDonald had a deformed farm, E, I, E, I, O.
And on that farm he had a lisping snake, E, I, E, I, O.
With a hith, hith here, and a hith, hith there,
Here a hith, there a hith, everywhere a hith, hith.
Old McDonald had a deformed farm, E, I, E, I, O.

Harelipped Dog: (Marf, marf)
Stuttering Cow: (M-m-moo, m-m-moo)
Dyslexic Sheep: (Aaab, aaab)
Narcoleptic Pig: (Snoring Noise)
Tourette's Syndrome Chicken: (Buck, buck cuss words)
Perverted Frog: (Rubbit, rubbit)
Drug-dealing Duck: (Crack, crack)

Fishin For Chickens *(Hobo Jim Varsos/JeffCrossan)*

Well, my grandpa gave me his old fishin' pole,
But we didn't have a fishin' hole;
But that didn't matter,
Didn't bother either of us.
We'd sit out there on the old front porch
With a rusty can full of kernel corn,
We'd bait our hooks and cast out in the dust.

Chorus: Fishin'for chickens
Tryin' to catch a big 'un;
White ones, black ones,
Yellow ones, red ones,
Don't matter just as long as I get one.
If Mama finds out,
I'm gonna catch another lickin'.
Mama don't like nobody fishin' for chickens.

I remember the time when I got in
On a feedin'frenzy in a school of hens,
I was reelin' one in
Just as Mama came flyin' through the door;
She said Cut that loose,boy, before you kill it!
I said It's swallowed the hook, Mama,
Grease up the skillet!

Let the Music Take You Home

Just about then I knew she's
Gonna wring my neck for sure. Chorus:

Even though it wasn't right,
Me and Grandpa side by side,
Out in the early mornin' light,
Tryin' to get a rooster to bite...

I was sittin' on the top step, dreamin' a bit,
When from out of nowhere that Leghorn hit;
Grandpa yelled, Boy that's the biggest one of them all!
If you land him kid, well sure enough,
We'll take him to town and have him stuffed,
We'll put him on a plaque
And we'll mount that sucker on the wall. **Chorus:**

Emigrant Eyes

(Guy Clark/Robert Murrain) (SBK April Music, Inc)

Old Ellis Island was swarming,
Like a scene from a costume ball;
Decked out in the colors of Europe,
On fire with the hope of it all.
They were standing in line just like cattle;
They were pushed and sorted and shoved;
Some were one desk away from sweet freedom,
Some were torn from someone they loved.

To this sprawling tower of Babel
Came a young man confused and alone;
Determined and bound for America,
Carrying everything that he owned.
My father's own father stood huddled
With the tired, and the hungry and scared,
A turn of the century pilgrim,
In love with the dream that they shared.

Chorus: Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's eyes,
I see that day reflected; I can't hold my feelings inside.
I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life.
So don't take it for granted, say Grandfather's emigrant eyes.

Now he rocks and he stares out the window,
But his eyes are still just as clear
As the day he sailed into the harbor
To land on the island of tears.
My grandfather's days are numbered,
But I won't let his memory die,
For he gave me the gift of this country,
And the look in his emigrant eyes. **Chorus:**

Now I gaze with pride at my children,
And I marvel how quickly they've grown;
Born and raised in America,

It's the only home they've ever known.
They never knew their great-granddad,
Or that he was determined and wise,
But I hope that I've passed on his spirit
And the look in his emigrant eyes. **Chorus:**

William Bloat *(Raymond Calvert)*

In a mean abode on the Shankill Road,
Lived a man named William Bloat;
He had a wife, the bane of his life,
Who always got his goat;
So one day at dawn with her nightdress on,
He slit her bloody throat.

With a razor gash, he settled her hash,
Oh, never was crime so quick;
But the steady drip on the pillowslip
Of her life's blood made him sick;
And the pool of gore on the bedroom floor
Grew clotted and cold and thick.

Oh, but he was glad that he'd done what he had
As she lay there stiff and still;
Till suddenly awe of the angry law
Filled his soul with an awful chill,
And to finish the fun so well begun,
He decided himself to kill.

So he took the sheet from his wife's cold feet
And he twisted it into a rope.
And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf,
'Twas an easy end, let's hope;
With his dying breath and him facing death,
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

But the strangest turn of the whole concern
Is only just beginnin',
He went to hell but his wife got well,
And she's still alive and sinnin',
For the razor-blade was English made,
But the rope was Belfast linen.

The Town of Ballybay *(Tommy Makem/Tin Whistle Music)*

In the town of Ballybay there was a lassie dwellin',
I knew her very well and her story's worth the tellin'.
Her father kept a still and he was a good distiller,
But when she took to the drink, sure the devil wouldn't fill her.

Chorus: With a ring-a-ding-a-dong, a-ring-a-ding-a-daddio,
A-ring-a-ding-a-dong, whack fol the daddio.

She had a wooden leg, it was hollow down the middle;
She used to tie a string on it and play it like a fiddle.
She fiddled in the hall, she fiddled in the alleyway;
She didn't give a damn, she had to fiddle anyway. **Chorus:**

She had lovers by the score, every Tom and Dick and Harry,
She was courted night and day, but still she wouldn't marry.
Then she fell in love with a fella with a stammer,
When he tried to run away, she hit him with a hammer. **Chorus:**

She had children in the barn, she had children in the byre,
And another ten or twelve sittin' roarin' by the fire.
She fed them on potatoes and soup she made with nettles,
And lumps of hairy bacon that she boiled up in the kettle. **Chorus:**

She lived a sheltered life eatin' porridge and black puddin',
She terrorized her man until he died right sudden.
When the husband died, she was feelin' very sorry,
So she rolled him in a bag and threw him in the quarry. **Chorus:**

The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

(Eric Bogle/Larrikin Music)

Now when I was a young man, I carried my pack,
And I lived the free life of the rover;
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty out back,
I waltzed my Matilda all over.
Then in 1916 my country said "Son,
"It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done."
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun,
And they sent me away to the war.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As the ship pulled away from the quay,
And amid all the cheers, flag-waving and tears,
We sailed off for Gallipoli.

It's well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water;
And how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay,
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
Johnny Turk he was ready, oh he primed himself well;
He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shell,

Let the Music Take You Home

And in five minutes flat we were all blown to hell;
Nearly blew us back home to Australia.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain;
And we buried ours, while the Turks buried theirs,
Then it started all over again.

Now, those who were living just tried to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire,
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
While around me the corpses piled higher;
Till a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
And when I awoke in my hospital bed
And saw what it had done, then I wished I were dead;
Never knew there were worse things than dying.

For no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far or near;
For to hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs;
No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

They collected the crippled, the wounded, the maimed,
And they shipped us back home to Australia.
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane;
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.
And when the ship pulled into Circular Quay,
I looked at the stumps where my legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was no one there waiting for me,
To grieve and to mourn and to pity.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway,
And nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared,
And they turned all their faces away.

So now every April, I sit on my porch,
And I watch the parades pass before me.
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,
Renewing their dreams of past glory.
I see the old men there, all tired stiff and sore,
The weary old heroes of a forgotten war;
And the young people ask 'What are they marching for?'
And I ask myself the same question.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call.
And year after year, their numbers grow fewer,
Someday no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Let the Music Take You Home *(Chuck Barr)*

Many years ago my folks left Ireland;
They were sad that they ever had to roam;
Though they never made it back to their dear sireland,
They always let the music take them home.

Chorus: Let the music take you home;
Let the music take you home.
Sit back and have a few, while I sing a song or two,
And let the music take you home.

Just listen to that fiddle sweetly singing,
The penny-whistle and the melodion man;
The mandolin and banjo will be ringing,
And you can keep the rhythm with your hands. **Chorus**

I'll sing you the songs of dear old Ireland,
Songs from Scotland and from Wales;
I'll sing about the women and the whiskey
And the fighting sons of the fearless Granuaile. **Chorus**

I'll sing you back to the good old county Kerry,
To Donegal and Mayo and Kildare;
Then to Antrim, Armagh and Down and Derry;
Just close your eyes and picture yourself there. **Chorus**

I see you sitting down the back there
With the map of Ireland written on your face;
With your smiling eyes and gentle, kind demeanor,
You're a fine example of the Irish race. **Chorus**

Now, the bartender's loudly calling "Time lads!"
The craic was good, we really had a ball.
I thank you for your kind participation;
So God bless, and safe home to you all. **Chorus**