



Rencontres de danse irlandaise de Bretagne
Piriac-sur-Mer 23 et 24 mai 2015

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

**And it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.**

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom like yours I could have any day."

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest."

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

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

"Alive-a-live-oh,
Alive-a-live-oh",
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh".

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they both wheeled their barrows,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced me pistol and I then produced me rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for you are a bold deceiver

Mush-a ring durum do durum da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore
that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy
(Chorus)

I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges
and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter
(Chorus)

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

(Chorus)

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurley and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids
in the morning bright and early

(Chorus)

If anyone can aid me t' is me brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better
than me own me sporting Jenny

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (x3)
Early in the morning!

Chorus :

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Early in the morning

Put him in the long-boat till he's sober (x3)
Early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor (x3)
Early in the morning!

Give 'im a dose of salt and water (x3)
Early in the morning!

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter (x3)
Early in the morning!

*I'll tell my ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone,
They pulled my hair and they stole my comb,
But that's all right 'till I go home.*

***She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city,
She is courting, one two three
Please won't you tell me who is she?***

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
Knock on the door and they ring the bell
Oh my true love, are you well?
Here she comes, as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Old Johnny Murray he says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come a'tumb(e)ling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
She'll get her own boy, by and by
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma 'till she comes home,
Let the boys stay as they will,
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Mairi's wedding

*Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row and row
All for Mairi's wedding*

Over hill-way up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shieling through the town
All for Mairi's wedding

Plenty herring plenty meal
Plenty peat tae fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel
That's the toast for Mairi

Cheeks as bright as rowans are
Brighter far than any star
Fairest of them all by far
is my darling Mairi

Over hill-ways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town
All for the sake of Mairi

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town Dirty old town

Clouds are a'drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town Dirty old town

I Heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town Dirty old town

I'm gonna make a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town Dirty old town

**Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.**

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the Claymore did wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Chorus

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

O Susanna

Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
And I'm goin to Louisiana my true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry

**O Susanna, O don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee**

I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I dreamt I saw Susanna a-comin' down the hill
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye
I says, "I'm comin' from the South, Susanna don't you cry

I am goin to New Orleans, and there I'll look around
And if I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die
When I'm dead and buried, O Susanna don't you cry

The star of the County Down

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
 One morning in July,
 Down a breen green came a sweet colleen
 And she smiled as she passed me by.
 She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
 To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
 Such a coaxing elf, I touch he myself
 To be sure I was really there.

Chorus:

**From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and
 From Galway to Dublin Town,
 No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
 That I met in the County Down.**

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
 And I looked with a feeling' rare,
 And I says, says I, to a passer-by,
 "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"
 He smiled at me and he says, says he,
 "That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
 Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
 She's the star of the County Down."

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there
 And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
 With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
 For a smile from my nut brown rose.
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
 Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.
 Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
 Sits the star of the County Down.

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er.
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is and she sails the seas.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be;
But not as deep as the love I'm in
And I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinking he were a trusty tree
but first he bended and then he broke
Thus did my love prove false to me.

O love is handsome and love is kind
The sweetest flower when first it's new
but love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew.

Must I go bound while you go free
Must I love a man who doesn't love me
Must I be born with so little art
As to love a man who'll break my heart

When cockle shells turn silver bells
Then will my love come back to me
When roses bloom in winter's gloom
Then will my love return to me

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er.
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

Well my name is Jock Stewart,
I'm a canny gaun man
Though a roving young fellow I've been

Chorus:
So be easy and free,
When you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

I have acres of land and men at my command
And I've many's a shilling to spend

I'm a piper by trade, I've been a roving young blade
And it's many a tune I can play

And it's oft I've sat with both bottle and friend
Is there ae man could e'er ask for more?

Chorus

Let us catch well the hours and the minutes that fly
Let us share them sae weel while we may

Chorus

So come fill up your glass with whisky or wine
And whatever the price I will pay

Chorus

Well my name is Jock Stewart,
I'm a canny young man
Though a roving young fellow I've been

Chorus

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No pipe did hum nor battle drum did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they flung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our wild geese go, that "small nations might be free";
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

Oh the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the spring time of the year
While the world did gaze with deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few,
Who bore the fight that the freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew

*Heel yo ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round into the weather
Heel yo ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

What care we how white the minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
When we know that every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

Chorus

When the wind is wild and wailing
And the waves mount ever higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
To see us home, boys, to Mingulay

Chorus

Wives are waiting at the pier heads,
Looking seaward from o'er heather.
Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay!

Chorus

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' their bairns a'cryin'
"They'll return yet e're the sun sets,
They'll return back to Mingulay!"

It was down by the Salley Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Salley Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

Mull of kintyre
Paul McCartney and Denny Laine

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Mull of kintyre
Oh mist rolling in from the sea,
My desire is always to be here
Oh mull of kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green.
Past painted deserts the sunset's on fire
As he carries me home to the mull of kintyre.

Chorus

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen
Carry me back to the days I knew then.
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
Of the life and the time of the mull of kintyre.

Chorus

Smiles in the sunshine And tears in the rain
Still take me back to where my memories remain
Flickering embers growing higher and higher
As they carry me back to the mull of kintyre

Chorus

Oh, 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 you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
Near yon clear crystal fountain
And it's there I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone,
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

Now the autumn-time is coming
And the leaves will soon be falling,
And the blossoms of the summer
will soon wither on the mountain
Will ye go, lassie, go?

written by Francis McPeake, from Belfast, Ireland, and of
Scottish origin

*You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away*

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamt I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head, and I cried

Chorus

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me to love another
You'll regret it all someday

Chorus

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between.
But now you've left me and love another,
You have shattered all my dreams.

Chorus

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
Michael, they have taken you away
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

**Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry**

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters, Mary when you're free
Against the famine and the Crown
I rebelled, they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity

By a lonely harbor wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And the many's the hours sweet happiness
I've spent in that neat little town

but a sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band**

I took a stroll down Broadway
Intending not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was white like a swan
And her hair, hung down from her shoulders
Held up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
Met a gentleman as he passed by
sure , I knew she meant the doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye

A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing that I said was
"What's this?" to the black velvet band

But before the Judge and the Jury
Next morning I had to appear
And the judge he says to me
"Young man, your case it is proven and clear

I'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and companions"
Betrayed by the black velvet band

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take from me
and if you go out on the town, me boys,
Beware of the pretty Colleens

They'll feed you with strong drink,my lads,
'Til you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land

I went to church on Sunday
My love she passed me by
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye
 By the roving of her eye
 By the roving of her eye
I knew her mind was changing
 By the roving of her eye

My love she's fair and proper
Her waist is neat and small
And she's quite good-looking
And that's the best of all
 And that's the best of all
 And that's the best of all
And she's quite good-looking
 And that's the best of all

Oh Hannah, loving Hannah
Come give to me your hand
You said if you would marry
That I would be the one
 That I would be the one
 That I would be the one
You said if you would marry
 That I would be the one

I will go down to the river
When everyone's asleep
And think of loving Hannah
And then sit down and weep
 And then sit down and weep
 And then sit down and weep
And think of loving Hannah
 And then sit down and weep

Heading down south to the land of the pines
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline
Staring up the road and pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a southbound train
Hey mama rock me

Running from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, north country winters keep a getting me now
Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town
But I ain't a turning back to living that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
But he's a heading west from the Cumberland Gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby calling my name
and I know that she's the only one
And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

Ride On

True you ride the finest horse I've ever seen
Standing 16' one or two, with eyes wide and green
You ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

Ride on, see you
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to
x2

When you ride into the night, without a trace behind
Run your claw along my gut, one last time
I turn to face an empty space, where once you used to lie
I look for the spark that lights the night, through a teardrop in my eye

Ride on, see you
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to
x2

I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

Lakes of Pontchartrain

T'was on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu
 And I took the road to Jackson town, me fortune to renew
 I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain
 Which filled me heart with a longin' for the Lakes of Pontchartain.

I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the morning sun
 And I rode the roads 'til evening and I laid me down again
 All strangers there, no friends to me 'til a dark girl towards me came
 And I fell in love with a Creole girl by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said "me pretty Creole girl, me money here's no good
 If it weren't for the alligators I'd sleep out there in the wood"
 "You're welcome here kind stranger, our house is very plain
 But we never turn a stranger out at by Lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me to her mummy's house and treated me right well
 The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell
 To try and paint her beauty I'm sure t'would be in vain
 So handsome was me Creole girl by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that never could be
 For she had got a lover and he was far at sea
 She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain
 'Til he'd return to his Creole girl by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

So "fair thee well me Creole girl I'll never see you more
 I'll ne'er forget your kindness and the cottage by the shore"
 And at each social gathering a flowin' glass will I raise
 And I'll drink a health to me Creole girl by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.