

HOW CAN WE KEEP FROM SINGING?

ST PATRICK'S SING-ALONG

WITH JIM NOVAK

“CLASSIC AND CONTEMPORARY IRISH SONGS”

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DANNY BOY

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 flowers dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and 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

'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy oh Danny boy I love you so.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS (W B Yeats)

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.

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.

THE DUTCHMAN (1971) MICHAEL PETER SMITH

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
To keep 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 morning
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.

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 love
That Margaret sewed in.
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.

He watches tug-boats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Captain.
Till 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.

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

**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.**

EASTER PARADE

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it,
you'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade.

On the avenue, Fifth Avenue, the photographers will snap us,
and you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.
Oh, I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet,
and of the girl I'm taking to the Easter parade.

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and of the girl I'm taking to the Easter parade

FIELDS OF ATHENRY

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
Michael they are taking you away
For you stole Trevelyans corn

So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lay waiting in the bay

Chorus:

**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 harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lives to hope and pray
For her love in Botany bay
It's so lonely around the fields of Athenry

Chorus:

Low lie the fields of Athenry...

GALWAY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of your day;
You will sit and watch the moonrise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I am sure there's going to be;
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish sea.

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of your day;
You will sit and watch the moonrise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCAMORA?

I hear a bird, Londonderry bird

It well may be he's bringing me a cheering word

I feel a breeze, a River Shannon breeze

It well may be it's followed me across the seas

Then tell me please:

How are things in GloccaMorra?

Is that little brook still leaping there?

Does it still run down to Donny cove?

Through Killybegs, Kilkerry and Kildare?

How are things in GloccaMorra?

Is that willow tree still weeping there?

Does that lassie with the twinklin' eye

Come smilin' by and does she walk away

Sad and dreamy there, not to see me there?

So I ask each weepin' willow

and each brook along the way

And each lass that comes a-whistlin' Too ra lay

How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

My life flows on in endless song

Above earth's lamentation.

I hear the real, though far off hymn

That hails the new creation

Above the tumult and the strife,

I hear the music ringing;

It sounds an echo in my soul

How can I keep from singing?

Repeat:

My life flows on in endless song

Above earth's lamentation.

I hear the real, though far off hymn

That hails the new creation

Above the tumult and the strife,

I hear the music ringing;

It sounds an echo in my soul

How can I keep from singing?

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary
it's a long was to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
to the sweetest gal I know
farewell to Piccadilly
so long Leister Square

It's a long way to Tipperary
but my heart lies there
It's a long way to Tipperary
it's a long was to go

It's a long way to Tipperary
to the sweetest gal I know
farewell to Piccadilly
so long Leister Square

It's a long way to Tipperary
but my heart lies there

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart. I'm in love with you

Let me hear you whisper that you love me too

Keep that love light glowing in your eyes so blue

Let me call you sweetheart I'm in love with you.

Repeat all.

LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Sure a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day
and it nestled in the ocean in a place so far away
and when the angels found it sure it looked so sweet and fair
they said suppose we leave it for it looks so peaceful there

So they sprinkled it with stardust just to make the shamrocks grow
it's the only place you'll find them no matter where you go
then they darted it with silver just to make the lakes look grand
and when they had it finished sure they called it Ireland

Repeat:

and when the angels found it sure it looked so sweet and fair
they said suppose we leave it for it looks so peaceful there

So they sprinkled it with stardust just to make the shamrocks grow
it's the only place you'll find them no matter where you go
then they darted it with silver just to make the lakes look grand
and when they had it finished sure they called it Ireland

MAC NAMARA'S BAND

Oh, me name is MacNamara, I'm the leader of the band
Although we're few in numbers, we're the finest in the land
We play at wakes and weddings and at every fancy ball
And when we play the funerals, we play the March from Saul

Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon while I the pipes do play
And Hennessee Tennessee tootles the flute and the music is somethin' grand
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band

Right now we are rehearsin' for a very swell affair
The annual celebration, all the gentry will be there
When General Grant to Ireland came he took me by the hand
Says he, "I never saw the likes of MacNamara's Band"

Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon while I the pipes do play
And Hennessee Tennessee tootles the flute and the music is somethin' grand
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A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band

MOLLY MALONE (COCKLES AND MUSSELS)

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
And sure, t'was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they wheeled their barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.

You may search everywhere, but none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,

And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish

Rose.

Repeat:

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.

You may search everywhere, but none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,

And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish

Rose.

THE PARTING GLASS (Traditional Ballad)

Of all the money ere I had, I spent it in good company,
And all the harm I've ever done, alas was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall.
So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town who sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass – goodnight, and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts ere I had, wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot that I should go and you should not,
I'll gently rise and softly call, goodnight and joy be with you all.

RAGLAN ROAD

On Raglan Road, on an Autumn Day, I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I would one day rue.
I saw the danger, yet I walked, along the enchanted way
And I said, let grief, be a falling leaf, at the dawning of the day.

On Grafton Street in November, we tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passions pledged.
The Queen of Hearts still baking tarts, And I not making hay,
Well I loved too much; by such by such. is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind, I — gave her the secret sign
That's known to all the artists who have known true Gods of Sound
and Time.
With word and tint I did not stint. I gave her ~~reams of~~ poems to say
With her own dark hair and her own name there, Like clouds, over
fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now
Away from me, so hurriedly my reason must allow,
That I have wooed, not as I should, a creature made of clay.
When the angel woos, the clay he'll lose, his wings at dawn of day.

By Patrick Kavanaugh, 1946, 1964, to the traditional tune Dawning of the Day

STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Bainbridge town in the County Down

One morning in last July

Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen

And she smiled as she passed me by

Chorus: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay

From Galway to Dublin Town

No maid I've seen like the brown colleen

That I met in the County Down

She looked so sweet from her bare two feet

to the sheen of her nut brown hair

Such a winsome elf, that I pinched myself

for to see she was really there

Chorus: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay

As she onward sped sure I scratched my head

And I looked with a feeling rare

I said, says I, to a passer by

"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"

He smiled at me and he said, said he

"She's the gem of Ireland's crown.

Rosie McCann From the banks of the Bann

She's the Star of the County Down!"

Chorus: From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay....

TWICE AT END

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

That's an Irish Lullaby

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Too-ra-loo-ra-li

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Hush now, don't you cry

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Too-ra-loo-ra-li

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

That's an Irish lullaby

Over in Killarney, many years ago

My mother sang a song to me in tones so soft and low

Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way

And I'd give the world if I could hear that song of hers today

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Too-ra-loo-ra-li

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Hush now, don't you cry

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

Too-ra-loo-ra-li

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

That's an Irish lullaby

WATER IS WIDE

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

Oh love is gentle 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

There is a ship and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim

Repeat

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

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they steal your heart away.

Repeat:

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they steal your heart away.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill Maggie

To watch the scene below

The creek and the creaking old mill Maggie

Where we sat in the long long ago

The green grove is gone from the hill Maggie

Where first the daisies sprung

That old rusty mill is still, Maggie

Since you and I were young

They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,

As spray by the white breakers flung,

But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,

When you and I were young.

To me you're the same as you were, Maggie

When you and I were young

When you and I were young

WHISKEY IN THE JAR [Jerry Garcia version]

As I was a-goin' over Kilgarry mountain

I met Colonel Farrell and his money he was counting

I drew forth my pistol and I rattled my sabre

Saying "stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver"

Musha ringum duram da , Whack fol de daddy-o.

Whack fol de daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar

The shining yellow coins did sure look bright and jolly

I took the money home and I gave it to my Molly

She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me

But the devil's in the women for they never can be easy. **Musha...**

When I awoke next morn 'tween the hours of six and seven

Guards were standing 'round me in numbers odd and even

I flew to my pistols, but alas I was mistaken

I fired off my pistols and a prisoner I was taken. **Musha...**

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling

and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling

but I take delight in the juice of the barley

and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early **Musha...**

WIDOW WITH SHAWL (A Portrait)

Donovan · 1968

Dear wind that shakes the barley free
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Forsake her not in times of storm
Protect her oaken beams from harm, fill her sail
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Whether he be in Africa
Or deep asleep in India, fill his dreams
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Dear snow white gulls upon the wave
I, like you, am lamenting, for my love.
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

And in my chariot of sleep,
I ride the vast and dreamy deep deep sea.
I awake a-weary on the shore.

Seven years and seven days,
No man has seen my woman's ways, dear God.
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

Along the shingled beach I go
The wind about me as I make my way
To my weary dream upon my bed.

Dear Wind that shakes the barley free
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

WILD ROVER

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

Chorus

**And it's no nay never
no nay never no more**

**Will I play the wild rover,
no never no more**

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay
Such a custom as yours I can get any day

Chorus

TWICE

And it's no nay never

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh, the summertime is comin',
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Chorus

Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?
And we'll all go together to pick wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain
And around it I will place
All the flowers of the mountain.

Chorus

Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?
And we'll all go together to pick wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, will ye go?

Repeat Chorus