



**TRADITIONAL IRISH SING ALONG SONGS**

<b>1</b>	<b>THERE IS AN ISLE</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>FIELDS OF ATHENRY</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>MOLLY MALONE</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>6</b>	<b>LES LACS DU CONNEMARA</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>7</b>	<b>DANNY BOY</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>9</b>	<b>THE IRISH ROVER</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>11</b>	<b>THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>13</b>	<b>THE GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE (NO MAN'S LAND)</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>15</b>	<b>I'LL TELL ME MA</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>16</b>	<b>SONG FOR IRELAND</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>18</b>	<b>ORÓ, SÉ DO BHEATHA 'BHAILE</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>19</b>	<b>AN POC AR BUILE</b>	<b>17</b>





## 1 There is an Isle

There is an Isle, a bonnie Isle  
Stands proudly from, stands proudly from the sea  
And dearer far than all this world  
Is that dear Isle, is that dear Isle to me  
It is not, that alone it stands  
Where all around is fresh and fair  
But because it is my native land  
And my home, my home is there  
But because it is my native land  
And my home, my home is there

Farewell, farewell, though lands may meet  
May meet my gaze, my gaze where e're I roam  
I shall not find a spot so fair  
As that dear Isle, as that dear Isle to me  
It is not that alone it stands  
Where all around is fresh and fair  
But because it is my native land  
And my home, my home is there  
But because it is my native land  
And my home, my home is there





## 2 It's a long way to Tipperary

Henry James "Harry" Williams & Jack Judge

Up to mighty London came  
An Irish man one day,  
All the streets were paved with gold,  
So everyone was gay!  
Singing songs of Piccadilly,  
Strand, and Leicester Square,  
'Til Paddy got excited and  
He shouted to them there:

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Tipperary  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square!  
It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter  
To his Irish Molly O',  
Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
Write and let me know!  
If I make mistakes in "spelling",  
Molly dear", said he,  
"Remember it's the pen, that's bad,  
Don't lay the blame on me".

Chorus

Molly wrote a neat reply  
To Irish Paddy O',  
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants  
To marry me, and so  
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly,  
Or you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly,  
Hoping you're the same!"



### 3 Fields of Athenry

*Pete St. John*

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,  
Its 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 brought me down  
Now its 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  
Sure she'll live in hope and pray  
For her love in Botney Bay  
Its so lonely round the Fields Of Athenry





#### 4 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 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"

She died of a fever  
And sure, so one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her 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"



## 6 Les lacs du Connemara

Michel Sardou

Terre brûlée au vent, des landes de pierre autour des lacs  
C'est pour les vivants, un peu d'enfer, le Connemara  
Des nuages noirs qui viennent du nord  
Colorent la terre les lacs, les rivières  
C'est le décor du Connemara.

Au printemps suivant le ciel Irlandais était en paix.  
Maureen a plongé nue dans un lac du Connemara.  
Sean Kelly s'est dit, "Je suis catholique, Maureen aussi"  
L'église en granit de Limerick, Maureen a dit "oui"

De Tipperrary, Bally-Connelly et de Galway,  
Ils sont arrivés dans le comté du Connemara .  
Y avait les Connor, les O'Connolly, les Flaherty  
Du Ring of Kerry, et de quoi boire trois jours et deux nuits

Là-bas, au Connemara, on sait tout le prix du silence  
Là-bas, au Connemara, on dit que la vie, c'est une folie  
Et que la folie ça se danse  
Terre brûlée au vent, des landes de pierre autour des lacs ,  
C'est pour les vivants, un peu d'enfer, le Connemara

Des nuages noirs qui viennent du nord colorent la terre, les lacs, les  
rivières  
C'est le décor du Connemara  
On y vit encore au temps des Gaels et de Cromwell  
Au rythme des pluies et du soleil au pas des chevaux

On y croit encore aux monstres des lacs  
Qu'on voit nager certains soirs d'été  
Et replonger pour l'éternité  
On y voit encore des hommes d'ailleurs  
Venus chercher le repos de l'âme, Et pour le cœur un goût de  
meilleur

L'on y croit encore que le jour viendra  
Il est tout près où les Irlandais feront la paix autour de la croix  
Là-bas, au Connemara, on sait tout le prix de la guerre  
Là-bas, au Connemara, on n'accepte pas la paix des Gallois  
Ni celle des rois d'Angleterre



## 7 **Danny Boy**

Frederick E. Weatherly

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 roses falling,  
It's you, it's 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,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,  
If 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 bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!





## 9 The Irish Rover

*J.M Crofts*

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six  
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand city hall in New York  
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft  
And oh, how the wild winds drove her  
She'd stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts  
And we called her the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stones  
We had three million sides of old blind horses' hides  
We had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs, had six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was old Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for his set  
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk  
And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance  
And he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover  
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and by day  
'Til he launch for the shore and this charming young whore  
Who will melt all his troubles away  
All the noise and the rout, swillin' poitín and stout







**Irish in France Saint Patrick's Day Resource Pack**  
[www.irishinfrance.org](http://www.irishinfrance.org)



For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid, he's never afraid  
An old sot from the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in a fog  
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two  
Just meself and the captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover





## 11 The Rocky Road To Dublin

D.K Gavan

While in the merry month of May, now from me home I started  
Left, the girls of Tuam were nearly broken-hearted  
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother  
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother  
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born  
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins  
A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs  
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

*Chorus*

A-one, two, three, four, five  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the ways to Dublin, whack, follol de-dah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary  
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from shrinking  
That's the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for drinking  
To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'  
They asked me was I hired and wages I required to lay  
Was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

*Chorus*

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city  
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality  
Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality  
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'  
'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught brogue  
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

*Chorus*

From there I got away, me spirits never falling  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing  
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy  
Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs





**Irish in France Saint Patrick's Day Resource Pack**  
[www.irishinfrance.org](http://www.irishinfrance.org)



I played some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling  
When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead  
Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed  
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it  
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing  
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing  
"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly  
Galway boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'  
With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the affray  
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus





### 13 The Green Fields of France (No Man's Land)

*Eric Bogle*

Oh how do you do, young Willy McBride,  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,  
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.  
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916,  
Well I hope you died quick,  
And I hope you died clean,  
Oh Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene.

*Chorus*

Did they beat the drums slowly,  
Did the play the fife lowly,  
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down,  
Did the band play the last post and chorus,  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest.

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined,  
And though you died back in 1916,  
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen.  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,  
In an old photograph torn, tattered, and stained,  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

*Chorus*

The sun shining down on these green fields of France,  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,  
The trenches have vanished long under the plow,  
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing down.  
But here in this graveyard that's still no mans land,  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,  
Till' man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
And a whole generation were butchered and damned.

*Chorus*

And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride,  
Do all those who lie here know why they died,





**Irish in France Saint Patrick's Day Resource Pack**  
[www.irishinfrance.org](http://www.irishinfrance.org)



Did you really believe them when they told you the cause,  
Did you really believe that this war would end wars.  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,  
The killing and dying it was all done in vain,  
Oh Willy McBride it all happened again,  
And again, and again, and again, and again.

*Chorus*





## 15 I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me Ma when I go home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
Well that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome. She is pretty.  
She is the bell of Belfast City.  
She is courtin' one, two, three.  
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her.  
All the boy's are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door and ring at the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well" ?  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
Ole Jenny Murray says she'll die  
If you don't get the fella  
With the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high  
And the snow come tumbling from the sky,  
She's as nice as apple pie.  
She'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own,  
She won't tell her Ma when she gets home.  
Let them all come as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

I'll tell me Ma when I go home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
Well that's alright till I go home.  
She is handsome. She is pretty.  
She is the bell of Belfast City.  
She is courtin' one, two, three.  
Please won't you tell me, who is she?



## 16 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  
Soar Black Head against the sky  
Between the rocks that run down to the sea

Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic sea and sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day with true friends, who try to make you stay  
Telling jokes and news, singing songs to pass the night away  
Watched the Galway salmon run like silver dancing darting in the sun

Living on your western shore saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic sea and sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day in old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
Someone touched the bow, he played a reel, it seemed so fine and  
gay  
Stood on Dingle beach and cast, in wild foam we found Atlantic Bass

Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic sea and sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night, I saw a land where no man had to fight  
Waking in your dawn, I saw you crying in the morning light  
Lying where the Falcons fly, they twist and turn all in you e'er blue sky

Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic sea and I sang a song for Ireland



## 18 Oró, Sé Do Bheatha 'Bhaile

Óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

'Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar  
Do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn  
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh meirleach  
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

Óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile  
óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,  
Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaillná Spáinnigh  
'S cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.  
Óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile,  
Is Fianna Fáil 'na mbuidhin gharda,  
Gaeil féin 's ní Francaigh ná Spáinnigh,  
Is ruagairt ar na Gallaibh!

Óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
óró, sé do bheatha bhaile  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.





## 19 An Poc Ar Buile

Dónal Ó Mulláin & Seán Ó Riada

Ag gabháil dom sior chun Droichead Uí Mhóradha,  
Píce im dhóid 's mé ag dul i meithil,  
Cé casfaí orm i gcuma ceoidh,  
Ach pocán crón is é ar buile.

*Chorus*

Ailliliú, puilliliú, ailliliú tá an puc ar buile!  
Ailliliú, puilliliú,  
Ailliliú  
Tá an puc ar buile!

Do ritheamar trasna trí ruillógach,  
Is do ghluais an comhrac ar fud na muinge,  
Is treascairt do bhfuair sé sna turtóga,  
Chuas ina ainneoin ina dhrom le fuinneamh.

*Chorus*

Níor fhág sé carraig go raibh scót ann,  
Ná gur rith le fórsa chun mé a mhilleadh,  
S'Ansan sea do cháith sé an léim ba mhó,  
Le fána mhór na Faille Bríce.

*Chorus*

Bhí garda mór i mBaile an Róistigh,  
Is bhailigh fórsa chun sinn a chlipeadh,  
Do bhuail sé rop dá adhairc sa tóin ann,  
S'dá bhríste nua do dhein sé giobail.

*Chorus*

Tá an puc ar buile!  
I nDaingean Uí Chúis le haghaidh an tráthnóna,  
Bhí an sagart paróiste amach 'nár gcoinnibh,  
Is é dúirt gur bh é an diabhal ba Dhóigh leis,  
A ghaibh an treo ar phocán buile.

*Chorus*