

Irish Folk Songs and Ballads sung by Dick Cameron, accompanying himself on the guitar / Folkways Records FG 3516





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FOLKWAYS FG 3516

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET



# IRISH FOLK SONGS and BALLADS sung by Dick Cameron

ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF ON GUITAR



Photographs by Bord Failte Photo

## By way of Introduction.

Most of these songs come from the collection of Donagh MacDonagh of Dublin. He is the author of brilliant verse plays (Happy As Larry, Step-in-the-Hollow), co-editor of (and contributor to) The Oxford Book of Irish Verse, and a ballad enthusiast of considerable knowledge. Some time ago he ran a long series of broadcasts on Radio Eireann of Irish folksongs, and people sent him many hundreds of songs from all over the country. It is from this splendid collection that I have skimmed the cream of the cream. In brief, the songs are the genuine article. I have to thank Donagh MacDonagh too for the cheerful and informative notes and also Mrs. Maureen Ferriter of Dublin for singing me several of the tunes.

Two of the songs, Brian O Linn and The Maid That Sold Her Barley, are from Colm O Lochlainn's delightful Irish Street Ballads, now published in America, and I thank him for permission to use them.

I myself am from Concord, Mass., emigrated now to Ireland, where I have been greatly enjoying the country's marvellous store of traditional music. Many times I have come upon the Irish progenitor of an American song, always a delightful experience.

## IRISH FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS

**GALWAY CITY.** A satiric, anti-romantic song of an ugly lover with nothing to recommend him to a handsome damsel except gold and silver, which all ballad heroines despise. The song is cognate with the English "Twenty-Eighteen", "Madam, I am come to court you" etc. A romantic and popular version, "The Spanish Lady" was written by Joseph Campbell.

**THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.** This is found in English, Scottish and Irish collections and while the main storyline seldom changes the details can vary considerably. In some versions the "new-married man" is drowned, in some he is rescued by the narrator, and in at least one the bride's father reproaches her for grieving:

"Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and bide content  
There's other lads in Galway, you need not so lament."

"There's plenty of lads in Galway, but there's none of them for me,  
Since the Low, Lowlands of Holland have parted my love and me."

The Lowlands of Holland of the song are the Dutch East Indies.

**THE GROWLING OLD WOMAN.** A male revolution against the rule of the bona dea. The theme is universal but the song is unique to Ireland.

**OH LOVE IT IS A KILLING THING.** First collected in Munster over a hundred years ago this song is very similar to the old ballad which Burns remade as:

Oh, gin my love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa':  
And I mysel' a drap o' dew  
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !  
Oh, there beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,  
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fleyed awa by Phoebus' light.

**BOLD CAPTAIN FRENEY.** Captain Freney was a Waterford highwayman of the 18th century who was captured, pardoned and spent his declining years as a tide-waiter in New Ross, Co. Wexford.

**THE RAMBLING IRISHMAN.** The footloose journeyman, gambler or rover always appealed strongly and in all countries to the housebound balladmaker. The present version has a strong family resemblance to the English "The Roving Journeyman" and the American "The Roving Gambler". All have in common the conflict between mother and daughter, and almost identical couplets:

Oh daughter, Oh dear daughter, how  
could you treat me so,  
To leave your poor old mother and with  
a gambler go? (American)

and

No, hold your tongue dear daughter  
how can you say so?  
To fall in love with a country lad you  
never seen before. (English)

**JOHNNY FROM THE WEST.** Johnny of the song is a kind of Handy Andy who can do nothing right. His encounter with the crow recalls the tailor who:

...shot and missed his mark  
He hit the old sow slap through the  
heart.

**I WAS TOLD BY MY AUNT.** Versions of this song are found wherever English is spoken or sung, though this seems to be the only version in which the singer makes do with a "black chimney sweeper".

**SEVEN IRISH BOYS.** Having escaped from Ireland to avoid the Recruiting Sergeant and the Press Gang the Seven Irish Boys were shocked and horrified to find that in the New World the Old World tactics were still being used against them.

**THE COMBER BALLAD.** A wee Northern song with a partly concealed seductive charm. It was set by Herbert Hughes as "The Next Market Day".

**BRIAN O LINN.** Whether as Tam Linn, Tam o' the Lynn or Brian O Linn this character has a long and chequered history which can be traced back to Danish times. He who was once a demon ravisher of fair maids has become in the last few centuries merely a figure of fun.

**THE MAID THAT SOLD HER BARLEY.** All growing products of the earth have in ballad imagery a sexual significance, so this song, like "The Comber Ballad" implies more than it says.



NOTHING TO DO. Mowing meadows and planting corn are also common imagery in the ballads. This song strongly resembles "Nothing Else to Do" which is to be found in the English collections.

THE KERRY MOONLIGHTER. In Ireland a Moonlighter was not a distiller of illicit liquor but a member of a secret, oath-bound organization allied to the Fenian Brotherhood which led an abortive Rising in 1867. In the 1880's several small splinter groups harried the land-agents and landlords so that even today any loud, 'unexpected noise may be greeted with the interjection; "Another landlord shot!"

JOHNNY THE DAISY-O. W. B. Yeats used part of this song in his first comedy "A Pot of Broth", and the theme may have suggested Synge's comedie noire "The Shadow of the Glen", in which a faithless wife goes on the road with a wandering man.

DOWN THE MOOR. This song from the Glens of Antrim has Scottish overtones but it would be difficult to say on which side of the sea it originated.

THE CRUISE OF THE CALABAR. The mere sight of a 19th century canal-berge was enough to send the balladmakers into spasms of uncontrolled laughter. In Ireland, in addition to this song, we have "On Board of the Bugaboo", "The 13th Lock", "The Mary Anne Mac Hugh" and dozens of other canal-boat odyseys.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA. If the sight of a canal-berge could reduce an audience to laughter the mere mention of an emigrant-ship could reduce it to tears. There are thousands of emigrant songs, many of which were sung at the American Wakes, farewell parties given for an exile who might as well be departing this life as parting for the mysteries of the New World.

1961 (c) Donagh MacDonagh

SIDE I, Band 1: GALWAY CITY

As I roved down through Galway City  
At the hour of twelve o'clock at  
night,  
What should I see but a handsome  
damsel  
Combing her hair with the candle  
light;  
"Lady, I came courting, courting,  
Your kind favors for to win,  
And if you do but smile upon me,  
Next Sunday night I'll call again."

CHORUS:

Raddie a the doodum doodum doodum  
Raddie a the doodum doodum day,  
Raddie a the doodum doodum doodum  
Raddie a the doodum doodum day.

"So you to me came courting courting,  
My kind favors for to win,  
But twould give me the greatest  
pleasure  
If you never did come here again;  
What would I do when I'd go walking,  
Walking out in the morning dew,  
What would I do when I'd go walking,  
Walking out with a lad like you?"

"Lady I have gold and silver,  
Lady I have houses and lands;  
Lady I have ships on the ocean,  
And they'll all be at your command."

"What do I care for your ships on  
the ocean,  
What do I care for your houses and  
lands,  
What do I care for your gold and  
silver?"

All I want is a handsome man!"

"Did you ever see the grass in the  
morning  
All bedecked with jewels rare?  
Did you ever see a handsome lady  
With diamond sparkling in her hair?  
Did you ever see a copper kettle,  
Mended up with an old tin can?  
Did you ever see a handsome lassie  
Married to an ugly man?"

SIDE I, Band 2: THE LOWLANDS OF  
HOLLAND

Last night I was a-married, and on my  
marriage bed;  
Up stepped a bold sea captain and  
stood at my bed-head:  
"Arise, arise, you married man, and  
come away with me,  
To the low, low lands of Holland, to  
fight your enemy".

She held her love all in her arms,  
still hoping he would stay,  
But the Captain gave another shout,  
"O you must come away;  
It's many a fine young married man  
this night must come with me,  
To the low, low lands of Holland, to  
fight the enemy."

O Holland is a pretty place, most  
wondrous to be seen,  
The wildflowers they grow plentiful  
and in it grows much green;  
The sugar cane grows plentiful and  
there's fruit on every tree,  
But the low, low lands of Holland lie  
between my love and me.

I'll have to mantle cross my back nor  
comb within my hair,  
And neither coal nor candle shine in  
my chamber fair,  
And I will ne'er get married until  
the day I die,  
Since the raging seas and stormy winds  
have parted my love and I.

My love lies on the salty sea and I  
am on the side,  
Enough to break a young girl's heart  
who lately was a bride;  
Who lately was a bonny bride with  
pleasure in her eye,  
But the low, low lands of Holland have  
parted my love and I.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE GROWLING OLD WOMAN

I have no one to help with the churning  
Or bake a slim cake without burning,  
Or get a bit ready for Nickeen and  
Neddy  
When hay in the meadow they're turning.

That pig never stops with her bawling,  
The bonhams\* go rooting and squalling,  
The ducks and the hens lay away in the  
glens,  
And the roof of the cow-house is falling.

CHORUS:

Oh, you growling old woman,  
Be easy the neighbors are coming,

Tobacco full ripe they will put in  
your pipe  
For to make your heart happy and  
human.

The cow gives her milk to the fairies,  
The calf's not as handsome as Mary's  
My bonnet and bow are a shame and a  
show,  
And my gown in the clauber\* contraries.

My man takes his time fair and easy,  
The boys are light-headed and lazy,  
The girls do be singing when washing  
or wringing,  
No wonder myself is half-crazy.

Old woman, I'm thinking you're joking,  
You sit by the fire always poking,  
To keep your tongue loose you give  
tons of abuse,  
And the devil won't beat you for  
smoking.

Your man works the hardest in Erin,  
Your boys are both brave and unfearing,  
Your girls are the sweetest, the fairest  
and neatest,  
Yourself is the pig by the mering!

1 young pigs  
2 mud, dirt  
3 boundary ball

SIDE I, Band 4: LOVE IT IS A KILLING  
THING

O love it is a killing thing as I  
hear people say,  
And for to love and not be loved has  
stole my heart away;  
There are some get sick in love 'tis  
said, but they get well again;  
O must I die a lover, alas 'tis all  
in vain.

The very first time I saw my love I  
thought she was divine,  
The second time I saw my love I  
thought her heart was mine.  
But now that she has altered and  
changed within her mind,  
Farewell to her for everymore, for  
indeed she'll ne'er be mine.

I wish my love was the red red rose  
that grows on yon castle wall,  
And I to be a drop of dew, among the  
leaves I'd fall;  
'Tis in her sacred bosom I'd rest and  
sport and play,  
And pass away the livelong night  
until the break of day.

I would go with my own true love from  
seaport town to town,  
I would go with my own true love and  
range this world around;  
I'd range this world all over as if  
it were my own,  
But now my love is gone from me and I  
am left alone.

SIDE I, Band 5: BOLD CAPTAIN FREENY

One morning as I being free from care  
I rode abroad to take the air;  
It was my fortune for to spy  
A jolly Quaker riding by,

CHORUS:

And it's Oh, bold Captain Freeny,  
Oh, bold Freeny, oh!

Said the Quaker "I am very glad  
That I have met with such a lad;



There is a robber on the way,  
Bold Captain Freeny, I hear them  
say".

Upon his pockets I laid hold,  
The first thing I met was a purse  
of gold;  
The next thing I found which did me  
surprise,  
Was a needle and a thimble and a  
chalk likewise.

"Your dirty trifle I disdain",  
With that I returned him his gold  
again;  
"I'll rob no tailor if I can,  
I'd ten times rather rob a man".

It's time for me to look about,  
There's a proclamation just gone  
out;  
There's fifty pounds bid on my head,  
To bring me in alive or dead!

SIDE I, Band 6: THE RAMBLING  
IRISHMAN

I am a rambling Irishman, I've travelled  
the country round,  
I formed a resolution to quit the  
Irish ground.  
With my bundle on my shoulder, my  
shillelagh in my hand,  
I set out for North America - a rambling  
Irishman.

When I landed in Philadelphia the girls  
all jumped with joy,  
Saying one unto another, "Here comes  
an Irish Boy."  
They brought me in to drink with them,  
they took me by the hand,  
And the very first toast they drank to  
was the health of the Irishman.

I travelled through Pennsylvania and  
just as I passed by,  
A farmer's comely daughter at me she  
winked her eye.  
She asked me in to have a drop, I took  
her by the hand,  
She ran home to tell her mother that  
she loved an Irishman.

Said the mother to the daughter then  
"What are you going to do,  
To marry a strange Irishman, a man you  
never knew?"  
"Ah, hold your tongue my mother dear,  
I'll do the best I can,  
There is friendship and good nature in  
the heart of the Irishman."

I mean to take a ramble and I mean to  
choose a wife,  
I mean to make her happy all the dear  
days of her life;  
I'll work for her and I'll toil for her  
and I'll do the best I can,  
And she'll never regret the day she met  
and loved her Irishman.

SIDE I, Band 7: JOHNNY FROM THE WEST

Johnny was a lad who came from the  
West  
With a yuka yuka daydo,  
And the Galway girls they loved him  
the best  
With a yuka yuka day.  
Each day they'd throw at him a sly  
little wink or smile,  
And they'd say "O Johnny are you  
coming now,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?"

O Johnny are you coming now,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while,  
a while?



O'Rourke's Round Tower,  
Clonmacnois.

Come along John with your big boots  
on  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?

Now Johnny went shooting with his  
father's gun  
With a yuka yuka daydo,  
And he shot at the rooks but he  
couldn't hit one  
With a yuka yuka day.  
Now there was a great big crow who  
sat on the edge of a stile  
And he said, "O Johnny will you shoot  
me now,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?"

O Johnny will you shoot me now,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while,  
a while,  
Come along John with your big boots  
on,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?

Now Johnny went fishing in a nice  
little brook  
With a yuka yuka daydo  
And the fish took the bait but they  
wouldn't take the hook,  
With a yuka yuka day.  
Now swimming down the stream came a  
monster crocodile,  
And he said "O Johnny will you catch  
me now  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?"

O Johnny will you catch me now,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while,  
a while,  
Come along John with your big boots  
on,  
Or Johnny will you wait for a while?

SIDE I, Band 8: I WAS TOLD BY MY  
AUNT

I was told by my aunt, I was told  
by my mother,  
That going to a wedding would soon  
bring on another,  
But if I thought that, sure I'd go  
without a bidding,  
For oh in my heart I am longing for  
a wedding.

Misha ring do a daddy o, ring do a  
day.

My sister Annie, she's younger than  
I am,  
She's got so many sweethearts she's  
going to deny them;  
But here's to myself, sure I haven't  
got so many,  
And oh from my heart I'd be thankful  
sure for any.

Now my sister Ellen, she's not yet  
forsaken,  
At the age of seventeen, a bride she  
was taken;  
At the age of nineteen, she had a son  
and daughter,  
But I'm sweet forty-five and I've  
never had an offer.

I would make a good wife, neither  
scold him nor be jealous,  
With money to my husband to spend  
all in the ale-house;  
And while he would be spending,  
sure I would be a-baking,  
Oh boys, look at that, don't you  
think I'm worth the taking?

Come mence men, come pence men,  
come tinkers, come bakers,  
Come fiddlers and fifers, come  
tailors and weavers,  
Come rag men and bag men, come  
foolish men and witty,  
Don't let me die an old maid, come  
marry me for pity.

And now to conclude I'll give thanks  
to a neighbor,  
Who introduced me to a black  
chimney sweeper;  
He says that he loves me, and swears  
that he will keep me,  
Now I'm rolling in the arms of my  
black chimney sweeper.

SIDE I, Band 9: THE SEVEN IRISH BOYS

As seven of our Irish Boys walked  
down through George's Street,  
One of those damned Yankee dogs they  
happened for to meet;  
He promised them employment in a  
brickyard near the town,  
And then he did enduce them all their  
names for to give down.

He brought them to an alehouse, where  
they got drinks galore,  
And such an entertainment as they  
never had before,  
And when he thought he had them drunk,  
it's this to them said he:  
"You're 'listed now as soldiers to  
defend your counterie."

They looked at one another, and this  
to him did say:  
"It's not to 'list that we came here  
all to Amerikay,  
But to seek for bread and labor, as  
many did before,  
That's why we emigrated from the  
lovely Irish shore."

Twelve Yankees dressed in soldier  
suits came in without delay,  
They were well armed and well pre-  
pared for heroes' debt to pay,  
Saying, "This is one of our officers  
who 'listed you complete,  
You need not think for to resist, we  
will no longer wait."

Their Irish blood began to rise,  
which made the Yankees frown,  
As fast as they could strike a blow  
they knocked the Yankees down;  
With bloody head and broken bones  
they'll mind it evermore,  
And the sprig of sweet shillelagh  
that they brought from Erin's  
shore!



SIDE II, Band 1: THE COMBER BALLAD

Come all you good people and listen  
to me,  
I'll sing you the song of a strange  
history,  
And I hardly need tell you that the  
song I have made  
Is a bit of a discourse twixt a man  
and a maid.

Now this maid went to Comber her  
markets to learn  
And to sell for her mammy three  
hanks of fine yarn;  
She met with a young man all on the  
highway,  
Which caused this young damsel to  
dally and stray.

"O sit down beside me I'll do you  
no harm,  
Sit down beside me this new tune  
to learn;  
And I'll give you three guineas your  
mother to pay,  
And I'll teach you a tune called  
'The Next Market Day'."

Says she, "I have tunes and enough  
for to do,  
And my mother has warned me 'gainst  
strangers like you;  
My mother has warned me, and her I  
must heed,  
And besides, I've my markets to make  
with all speed."

"O your markets can wait and the  
day it is young,  
And the tune I will teach you is  
easily sung"  
"Tis you are the coaxer, one moment  
I'll stay,  
I'm longing to learn it, the 'Next  
Market Day'".

So they sat down together, the grass  
it was green,  
And the day was the fairest that  
ever was seen;  
"The look in your eye would lead  
angels astray,  
I could sit by your side till the  
next market day."

Now this young maid went home and  
the words that he said  
And the tune that he played her still  
rang in her head;  
When her mother asked questions, this  
is all she would say:  
"There was never a tune like 'The  
Next Market Day'."

SIDE II, Band 2: BRIAN O LINN

Brian O Linn had no breeches to wear,  
So he got an old sheepskin to make  
him a pair;  
With the fleshy side out and the  
wooly side in -  
"Ah, they're pleasant and cool",  
says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no shirt to his back,  
So he went to a neighbor's and  
borrowed a sack;  
Then he puckered that meal bag up  
under his chin -  
"Ah, they'll think I've got ruffles,"  
says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no hat to put on,  
So he got an old beaver to make  
him a one;  
There was none of the crown left, and  
less of the brim -  
"Sure, there's fine ventilation,"  
says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no brogues for his  
toes,  
So he hopped in two crab-shells to  
serve him for those;  
Then he split up two oysters that  
matched like a twin -  
"Ah, they'll shine out like buckles,"  
says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn had no watch to put on,  
So he scooped out a turnip to make  
him a one;  
Then he put a young cricket in under  
the skin -  
"Ah, that'll set it to ticking,"  
says Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn to his house had no  
door,  
He'd the sky for a roof and the bog  
for a floor;  
He'd a way to jump out and a way  
to swim in -  
"Ah, 'tis a fine habitation," says  
Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn went a-courting one night,  
He set both the mother and the daughter  
to fight;  
To fight for his hand they both  
stripped to the skin -  
"Sure, I'll marry you both!" says  
Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn and his wife and wife's  
mother,  
They all went over the bridge  
together;  
The bridge it broke down and they  
all tumbled in -  
"Sure, we'll go home by water," says  
Brian O Linn.

Brian O Linn and his wife and wife's  
mother,  
They all got into the same bed  
together,  
For the weather was cold and the  
blankets were thin -  
"Ah, I'll sleep in the middle," says  
Brian O Linn.

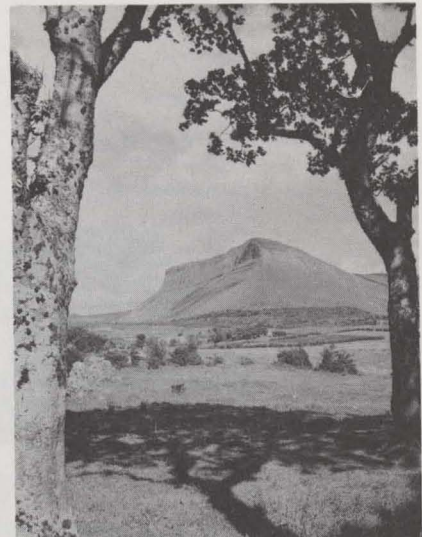
SIDE II, Band 3: THE MAID THAT SOLD  
HER BARLEY

It's cold and raw, the north winds  
blow, black in the morning  
early,  
And all the hills were covered with  
snow, o then it was winter  
fairly.  
As I was riding over the moor I met  
the farmer's daughter,  
Her cherry cheeks and sloe-black  
eyes caused my heart to  
falter.

I bowed my bonnet very low to let  
her know my meaning,  
She answered with a courteous smile,  
her looks they were engaging.  
"Where are you going my pretty maid,  
it's now in the morning early."  
This answer then she made to me:  
"Kind sir, to sell my barley."

"Now twenty guineas I've in my purse,  
and twenty more that's yearly,  
You need not go to the market town,  
for I'll buy all your barley;  
If twenty guineas would gain the  
heart of the maid I love so  
dearly,  
All for to tarry with me one night  
and go home in the morning  
early."

As I was riding over the moor the  
very evening after,  
It was my fortune for to meet the



Benbulbin, Co. Sligo.

farmer's only daughter.  
Although the weather being cold and  
raw, with her I thought to  
parley;  
This answer then she made to me:  
"Kind sir, I've sold my  
barley."

SIDE II, Band 4: NOTHING TO DO

O summer was over my flocks were  
all shorn,  
I mowed all my meadows and planted  
my corn;  
O young Maureen's cottage with  
intent I did view,  
And a-courting I went when I'd  
nothing to do.

Young Maureen she came and she sat  
in my lap,  
Many hours we did spend in quite  
innocent chat,  
And I told her I loved her and told  
her 'twas true,  
And I kissed her red lips when I'd  
nothing to do.

Pretty Maureen she rose and with  
blushes replied,  
"I love you tis true, but first  
make me your bride."  
And without hesitation I made a  
low bow,  
And I promised to marry when I'd  
nothing to do.

Young Maureen and I we were both  
of mind  
So we set out next morning the  
priest for to find;  
And I paid him his fee to make one  
out of two,  
And he married us both when he'd  
nothing to do.

O now we are married, no need to  
repent,  
In a cottage in Mayo we're very  
content;  
And we love one another as a  
couple ought do,  
And we kiss and we hug when we've  
nothing to do.

Summer is over, my flocks are all  
shorn,  
I've mowed all my meadows, I've  
planted my corn;  
And now in the house there are  
children twice two,  
And we'll soon have another when  
we've nothing to do.





Ross Castle, Killarney.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE KERRY  
MOONLIGHTERS

O boys of the Shamrock come listen  
to me,  
I'll sing a few verses both cheerful  
and free;  
I am a moonlighter and Fenian as  
well,  
I was always undaunted, the truth I  
will tell,

Rally fall the dall diddle, ray fall  
the dall dee.

On the second of March in the year  
eighty-two,  
The moonlighters went rambling, the  
rent books to view;  
Determined and loyal without fear  
or dread,  
With their arms and their rifles  
well mounted with lead.

They entered the house of John  
Leslie we hear,  
And fired a few volleys which  
shook him with fear;

And he had to promise before the  
boys went,  
Till the suspects be free he would  
pay no more rent.

Policemen were searching the  
country around,  
Our arms to discover but none  
could be found;  
But very soon after, us innocent  
men  
Were arrested at midnight by  
Murray and Quinn.

The station house bell rang for  
us to prepare,  
They tied every two of us like  
goats at Puck Fair;  
All eyes were fixed on us before  
we went in,  
Saying these are sharpshooters from  
old Brennan's Glen.

At the station house office we had  
to remain,  
Ten minutes or longer to wait for  
the train;

The engine she's puffing right cheer-  
ful and free,  
Just ready to start for the jail of  
Tralee.

SIDE II, Band 6: JOHNNY THE DAISY-O

I wish I had Johnny the daisy o,  
I wish I had Johnny the daisy o,  
We'd tramp it all day and be happy  
and gay  
And me life would be idle and easy o.

I'll make tea for you old man,  
And I'll make coffee for me old  
man;  
Tea for you and coffee for me  
And Whisky for Johnny the  
Journeyman.

CHORUS:  
O here's to Johnny the daisy o  
Polished his boots so neatly o,  
With his three-cocked hat and his  
double bow-knot  
And his fiddle for coaxing the  
ladies o.



I wish you were dead in your grave  
old man,  
I wish you were dead in your grave,  
old man;  
I wish you were dead and a stone  
at your head,  
The way I could marry the journeyman.

There's soup in the pot for me, old  
man,  
There's soup in the pot for you, old  
man;  
The soup for me and the bones for  
you,  
And a chicken for Johnny the  
journeyman.

(CHORUS)

I wish I was single and free again,  
And man would never get me again;  
Bad cess to the day and bad cess  
to the way  
That I jilted poor Johnny the  
journeyman.

I wish that I never was wed, old  
man,  
To yourself and your old featherbed,  
old man;  
With a drop in your eye and a tear  
and a sigh  
You keep me away from the  
journeyman.

(CHORUS)

I wish that you were in jail, old  
man,  
I wish that you were in jail, old  
man;  
I'f you were in jail I'd give you  
no bail,  
And that would suit Johnny the  
journeyman.

I wish I had Johnny the daisy o  
I wish I had Johnny the daisy o;  
With his weekly pay we'd be happy  
and gay,  
And me life would be happy and  
easy o.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 7: DOWN THE MOOR

As I roved out on a new May morn,  
Calm and sultry was the weather,  
I chanced to roam some miles from  
home,  
Among the bonnie blooming heather,  
down the moor.

As I roved along with my sporting  
gun,  
My heart as light as any feather,  
Twas there I spied a bonnie bonnie  
lass  
As she came trippin' o'er the heather,  
down the moor.

How neat she was and neatly dressed,  
Her hair wanted neither cap nor  
feather;  
Her plaid hung neatly round her  
waist  
As she came trippin' o'er the heather,  
down the moor.

Says I, "My lass, where are you  
going?  
Hill or dale, come tell me whither."  
"I'm going to the banks of the  
bonnie burn braes  
For the feeding of my lambs together,  
down the moor."

'Twas there we sat from morn to e'en,  
The longest day in all the summer;  
We sat till the beams of the red  
setting sun  
Came sparkling out among the heather,  
down the moor.

Says she, "Young man, I must away,  
My flock has strayed from one another;  
But I'm as loth to part with you  
As these fond lambs to part their  
mother, down the moor.

Up she got and away she ran,  
Hill or dale, I ne'er can find her;  
But if I were king, I'd make her  
queen,  
This lass I met among the heather,  
down the moor.

SIDE II, Band 8: THE CRUISE OF THE  
CALABAR

Come all you dry-land sailor men and  
listen to my song,  
Tis only a thousand verses and it  
won't detain you long;  
It's all about the adventures of an  
airy young Irish tar,  
That sailed as man before the mast  
on the good ship Calabar.

The Calabar was a clinker-built ship,  
copper-bottomed fore and aft,  
Her rudder stuck out a long way behind,  
her mast was a donkey-car shaft;  
With a favoring gale and a spreading  
sail she'd make two knots an  
hour,  
She's the fastest craft on the river  
Lee, and she's only one horse  
power.

She was lying at the New Wall Pier,  
we'd close-reefed all the sail,  
The crew looked blue and the Captain  
too for the glass foretold a  
gale;  
Going through the straits in the North  
Gate Bridge she was knocked  
about in the surf;  
We was bound to the coast of Blarney  
with a cargo of Irish Turf.

The Captain he was a stalwart lad, he  
stood about two foot two,  
His eyes was green, his nose was red,  
his cheeks of a purple hue,  
He wore a cast-iron medal that he  
stole in the Zulu war;  
And his wife was passenger, pilot and  
cook on board of the Calabar.

We sailed away with the tide next day,  
and the weather it was sublime,  
Till rounding the Cape at St. Vincent's  
bridge where two boats can't  
pass at a time;  
We struck against one of the pillars  
there which caused us a  
grievous check,  
And stove in out starboard paddle box  
and destroyed our hurricane deck.

Then all became confusion as the stormy  
winds did blow;  
The bosun slipped on an orange peel  
and fell in the hold below;  
"Put on more steam" the Captain cried,  
"for we are sorely pressed",  
But the Engineer from the path replied,  
"The horse is doing his best!"

Now the gale it blew me overboard and  
loudly I did roar,  
But I grabbed a hold of an old cow's  
tail and pulled meself to  
shore;  
I got back safe but never again will  
I rove the raging main;  
And if ever I go to Blarney again,  
bejasus it'll be by train!

SIDE II, Band 9: THE GREEN FIELDS OF  
AMERICA

Our ship is now waiting, her anchor  
she's weighing,  
Farewell to the land that I'm going  
to leave;  
My Betsy has parted with father and  
mother,  
With me for to cross o'er the wide  
western wave.

So hasten dear Betsy, my dear blue-  
eyed lassie,  
Bid farewell to your mother and come  
along with me;  
I'll do my endeavor to make your  
heart cheery,  
Till we reach the green fields of  
Americay.

There's brandy in Quebec at just ten-  
pence a quart, boys,  
There's gin in New Brunswick at a  
penny a glass,  
There's rum in the town that they  
call Montreal,  
And we will drink hearty each one  
as we pass!  
So cheer up your hearts all you lads  
and young lasses,  
There's gold here among us and lots of  
it too;  
Success to the hearts that have  
courage to venture,  
Misfortune to him or to her that would  
rue.

Farewell to the groves of the sweet  
County Wicklow,  
Likewise to the girls of old Erin  
around;  
May their hearts be as merry as ever I  
wish them,  
Although far away on the ocean I'm  
bound.  
And if ever it happens in some foreign  
climate  
That a poor friendless Irishman should  
come in my way,  
With the best I can give him I'll make  
him right welcome,  
In my own habitation in Americay.

