



Corrigan's

TRADITIONAL IRISH PUB



Corr

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The Session Songbook

(Vol 1)

(There's more to come !)



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Open Session every Sunday evening
Come along and join in!



Corrigans Traditional Irish Pub La Rochelle

Contents

	page
Blarney Stone	3
Dirty Old Town	4
I'll Tell Me Ma	5
The Wild Rover	6
Whiskey in the Jar	7
Ramblin' Rover	8
Ye Jacobites by Name	9
South Australia	10
What 'll We do with a drunken sailor	11
Sloop John B	12
John Kanaka	13
Irish Rover	14

Blarney Stone

It was on the road to Banyon one morning last July
I met a pretty colleen and she smiled as she passed by
Says I, 'I am a stranger in Ireland, all alone
And would you kindly tell me where I'll find the Blarney Stone'

*There's a Blarney Stone in Kerry, there's a Blarney Stone in Clare
There's a Blarney Stone in Wicklow and there's plenty in Kildare
There's a Blarney Stone in Sligo, and another in Mayo
There's divil a town in Ireland but you'll find the Blarney Stone*

I know that you're a Geordie, I can tell it by your brogue
There never was a Geordie, ah, that was an awfle rogue
But since you are a stranger where the River Shannon flows
Well the nearest Blarney Stone I know is underneath your nose

Her Irish smile was brawn, she winked her roguish eye
She set me heart a-thumping till I thought I'd surely die
When I took her in me arms she never made a moan
And I kissed away the roses on the Banyon Blarney Stone

Dirty Old Town

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

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Clouds a drifting across the moon
Cats a prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl in the street at night
Heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
Will chop you down like an old dead tree

I 'll Tell Me Ma

*I'll tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the bell of Belfast city
She is counting 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
They knock at the door and they 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
Old John Murray says she'll die
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

I'll tell me ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the bell of Belfast city
She is counting one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she.

Let the wind and rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' 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 goes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the 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 to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay
such a custom as yours I can have any day

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright,
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
she said: "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
and the words that you told me 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 when they've caressed me, as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced me pistol and I've then produced me rapier
saying stand and deliver for you are a bold deciever

Chorus:

***musha ring dooram doo dooram da,
whack fol my daddy o
whack fol my daddy o
there's whiskey in the jar***

I counted out my money it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and took it home to Jenny
she sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
but the devil take the woman for they never can be easy

I went into my chamber for all to take a slumber
I dreamt of golden jewels for sure it was no wonder
but Jenny drew me charges and filled them up with water
then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

It was early in the morning just before I rose to travel
up comes a band with footmen adn likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier
but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

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

If anyone can aid me it's me brother in army
if I can can find his station in Cork or in Killaney
and if he'll go with me we'll go roaming in Kilkenny
and I'll sure he'll treat me better than my own disporting Jenny

Ramblin' Rover

Oh, there're sober men and plenty,
And drunkards barely twenty,
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl.
But give me a ramblin' rover,
Frae Orkney down to Dover.
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world.

There's many that feign enjoyment
From merciless employment,
Their ambition was this deployment
From the minute they left the school.
And they save and scrape and ponder
While the rest go out and squander,
See the world and rove and wander
And are happier as a rule.

I've roamed through all the nations
In delight of all creations,
And enjoyed a wee sensation
Where the company, it was kind.
And when partin' was no pleasure,
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that were treasure
For they always around were mine.

If you're bent wi' arthiritis,
Your bowels have got Colitis,
You're gallopin' with balacitis
And you're thinkin' it's time you died,
If you been a man o' action,
Though you're lying there in traction,
You will get some satisfaction
Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

Ye Jacobites by name

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear!

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear,

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your faults I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear, you shall hear!

Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrong, by the law, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrong, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrong?

A short sword and a long,

A weak arm and a strong, for to draw, for to draw!

A weak arm and a strong, for to draw!

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?

What makes heroic strife famed afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war, wi bluidy war!

Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State!

Then let your schemes alone, in the State!

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man alone, to his fate, to his fate!

And leave a man alone, to his fate!

South Australia

In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

Heave away, you rolling king
Heave away, haul away
Heave away, oh hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
Heave away, haul away
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind
We're bound for South Australia

Oh when I sailed across the sea
Heave away, haul away
My girl said she'd be true to me
We're bound for South Australia

I rung her all night I rung her all day
Heave away, haul away
I rung her before we sailed away
We're bound for South Australia

And now I'm on some foreign strand
Heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand
We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop around Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You wish to God you'd never been born
We're bound for South Australia

What'Il we do with a drunken sailor

What'Il we do with a drunken sailor,
What'Il we do with a drunken sailor,
What'Il we do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-aye in the morning?

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Earl-aye in the morning

1. Sling him in the long boat till he's sober,
2. Keep him there and make 'im bale'er.
3. Take 'im and shake 'im, try an'wake 'im.
4. Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.
5. Give 'im a taste of the bosun' srope-end.
6. Give 'im a dose of salt and water.
7. Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
8. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
9. Put him in bed with the captain's daughter.
10. That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.

Sloop John B

*So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home
Well I feel so broke up
I wanna go home*

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

John Kanaka

*Tu-lie-ay, oh tu-lie-ay,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay*

I thought I heard the old man say,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay.
Today, today is a holiday,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay.

Oh we'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay.
Oh we'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay.

*Tu-lie-ay, oh tu-lie-ay,
John Kanaka-naka tu-lie-ay.*

Oh we're outward bound, for 'Frisco bay,
Oh we're outward bound at the break of day.

So we'll haul, we'll haul, we'll haul away,
And make our port and take our pay.

It's just one thing that grieves my mind,
To leave my wife and child behind.

They'll wave farewell down on the key,
They'll wait and fear and weep for me.

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
Where you'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.

The bosun said before I'm through,
You'll curse your mother for havin' you.

It's one more pull, and that'll do,
And we're the bullies for to pull her through.

The Irish Rover

On the Fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet cob 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 stood several blasts she had twenty seven masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

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

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan, from County Tyrone

There was Johnny McQuirk, who was scared stiff of work

And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost her sight in the fog
And that quare of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a shock
The boat it was turned right over
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover