Lyrica For Song Examples

1. Media Vita   
Lyrics:   
Media vita in morte sumus quem qauaerimus adjutorem nisi te  Domine?   
Qui pro pecatis nostris justeira sceris Sancte Deus Sancte fortis Sancte misericors   
Salvator amarae morti ne tradasnos in tesperave runt patres  no stri speraverunt et liberastieos

Anuna., Anuna, Atlantic 827332 Track 1

*The earliest Irish song. Anuna has revived the ancient tradition giving it an upbeat*   
*flavor while preserving the monastic spirit.*   
 

2. Stor Mo Chroi

A Stor Mo Chroi, when you're far away   
From the house that you'll soon be leaving,   
Sure it's many a time by night and by day   
That your heart will be sorely grieving.   
For the stranger's land may be bright and fair,   
And rich in all treasures golden.   
You'll pine, I know, for the long, long ago   
And the heart that is never olden.

A Stor Mo Chroi, in the stranger's land   
There's plenty of wealth and wailing.   
Though gems adorn the rich and grand   
There are faces with hunger pailing.   
The road may be weary, and hard to tread   
And the lights of the city blind you.   
Oh turn, A Stor, to old Erin's shore   
And the ones you have left behind you.

A Stor Mo Chroi, when the evening's mist   
In the mountain and meadow is falling,   
Oh turn, A Stor, from the throng and list   
And maybe you'll hear me calling.   
For the sound of a voice that you seldom hear   
For somebody's speedy returning.   
Aroon, aroon, Oh, won't you come back soon   
To the one who really loves you.

Grand Airs of Connemara., Ossian,osscd28. Track 6   
(Treasure of my Heart)

*Through the English lyric you can appreciate the detailing of the Sean Nos (old music) tradition.*   
*A ballad it is in the flavor of the immigrant and of the lament. Note the abstract almost curvilinear style of*  *the music filled with improvisation.*   
 

3. The Bard of Armagh

Oh, list to the tale of a poor Irish harper   
And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand   
But remember these fingers could once move more sharper   
To waken the echoes of his dear native land

How I long for to muse on the days of my boyhood   
Though four score and three years have fled by since then   
Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young joy should   
That merry-hearted boys make the best of old men

At wake or at fair I would twirl my shillelagh   
And trip through the jigs with my brogues bound with straw   
And all the pretty maidens from the village, the valley   
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

And when sergeant Death's cold arms shall embrace me   
Oh lull me to sleep with sweet Erin Go Bragh   
By the side of my Kathleen, my own love, then place me   
And forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

*This song conveys the flavor of the contemplative lamment. Margaret Barry made her music going from pub to pub*   
*and is a proponent of a style of music which is gypsey like and quite ancient. Note however that as with the Sean Nos*   
*style abstraction and improvisation make the music full of twists and turns.*

4. Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms- Thomas Moore

                                                                Believe me if all those   
                                                                Endearing young charms   
                                                                Which I gaze on so fondly today   
                                                                Were to change by tomorrow   
                                                                And fleet in my arms,   
                                                                Like fairy gifts fading away   
                                                                Though would'st still be adored   
                                                                As this moment thou art   
                                                                Let thy loveliness fade as it will   
                                                                And around the dear ruin   
                                                                Each wish of my heart   
                                                                Would entwine itself   
                                                                Verdantly still.

                                                                It is not while beauty   
                                                                And youth are thine own   
                                                                And thy cheeks   
                                                                Unprofaned by a tear   
                                                                That the ferver and faith   
                                                                Of a soul can be known   
                                                                To which time will but   
                                                                Make thee more dear   
                                                                No the heart that has truly loved   
                                                                Never forgets   
                                                                But as truly loves   
                                                                On to the close   
                                                                As the sunflower turns   
                                                                On her god when he sets   
                                                                The same look which   
                                                                She'd turned when he rose.

*It is important to recognize that it was from the parlors of the aristocracy and from the after dinner entertainment*  *that came the interest in Ireland and it's culture that enabled its eventual preservation. Moore's melodies were parlor*  *pieces exceedingly romantic. They are almost so romantic as to be of the misty isle mermaid flavor.*

5. Let Mr. Mcguire Sit Down

Oh my name is Mick McGuire and I'll quickly tell to you   
     of a young girl I admired, she was Katie Donohue;   
     She was fair and plump and courtly and believe me when I say   
     When ever I come to her door I could hear her mother say:

     chorus:   
     Johnny get up from the fire, get up   
     And give the man a seat.   
     Can't you see it's Mr. McGuire come to court your sister Kate.   
     You know very well he owns a farm a wee bit  out of the town   
     Get up for a' that ya impudent brat and let Mr. McGuire sit down

     Deedle-dee deedle-dee dow dee dow,   
     dee dow-dee dow-dee dow   
     deedle-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow   
     You know very well he owns a farm a wee bit  out of the town   
     Get up for a' that ya impudent brat and let Mr. McGuire sit down.

     Now the first tie that I met her was the dance at Taramacgee   
     And I  very kindly asked her if she would dance a step with me   
     I asked if I could see her home, if I'd be going her way   
     And whenever I come to the door I can hear the ould ones say:

     chorus

     Ah but now that we are married, sure   
     her mother's changed her mind   
     just because I spent the legacy me father left behind   
     She doesn't have the decency to give me time of day   
     And whenever I come to the door, I can hear the ould witch say:

     Johnnny come up to the fire, come up,you're sittin' in a draft   
     Can't ye see it's ould McGuire, sure, he nearly drives me daft   
     I don't know what gets in him, for he's always on the tear   
     Johnny just sit whar ye are, and don't ye dare, to give ould McGuire a chair.

     Last chorus:   
     Deedle-dee deedle-dee dow dee dow,   
     dee dow-dee dow-dee dow   
     deedle-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow-dee dow   
     I don't know what gets in him, for he's always on the tear   
     Johnny just sit whar ye are, and don't ye dare, to give ould McGuire a chair.   
 

     My name it 'tis McGuire, the truth I'll tell to you   
     of a pretty girl that I admire named Katie Donohue;   
     She is fair and fat and forty and believe me when I say   
     Every time I go to visit her you gan hear her mother say:

     chorus:   
     Johnny get up from the fire, get up   
     And give the man a seat.   
     You know very well it's Mr. McGuire and he's courtin' your sister Kate.   
     You know very well he owns a farm a little way out of the town   
     Will you get up out of there and be takin' the air and let Mr. McGuire sit down.

     The first time that I met her was at a Pattern in Tralee   
     And I asked her very kindly if she would dance a step with me   
     She asked me for to see her home and have with her some tay   
     And no sooner we got in the door than you could hear her mother say:

     chorus

     I asked her for to marry me and be my darling bride   
     and now we are going to tie the knot by the next Schrove-Tide   
     And when we are in our little love-nest, we will have currant cake and tay   
     we'll invite her mother to visit us, I imagine I'll hear her say:

From Galway to Dublin., Rounder CD 1087

*Once the power of the Irish strongmen was destroyed, despite the lammentations, musicians including dancers*  *had to find employment away from the court. The result was traveling dance masters and musicians playing in public.*   
*On market day the music hall or song hall had its day. People who had once made their own music for the most part,*  *now could become patrons of the professional music class. Eventually this path would take them to the record player*   
*and away from "personal" music played for its own sake as a part of everyday life.*

6. Rosin Dubh   
 Dark Rosaleen

                                               O MY Dark Rosaleen,

                                                 Do not sigh, do not weep!

                                               The priests are on the ocean green,

                                                 They march along the deep.

                                               There 's wine from the royal Pope,   
                                                                                    5   
                                                 Upon the ocean green;

                                               And Spanish ale shall give you hope,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                                 My own Rosaleen!

                                               Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,   
                                                                              10   
                                               Shall give you health, and help, and hope,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                               Over hills, and thro' dales,

                                                 Have I roam'd for your sake;

                                               All yesterday I sail'd with sails   
                                                                              15   
                                                 On river and on lake.

                                               The Erne, at its highest flood,

                                                 I dash'd across unseen,

                                               For there was lightning in my blood,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!   
                                                                              20   
                                                 My own Rosaleen!

                                               O, there was lightning in my blood,

                                               Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood.

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                               All day long, in unrest,   
                                                                              25   
                                                 To and fro, do I move.

                                               The very soul within my breast

                                                 Is wasted for you, love!

                                               The heart in my bosom faints

                                                 To think of you, my Queen,   
                                                                              30   
                                               My life of life, my saint of saints,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                                 My own Rosaleen!

                                               To hear your sweet and sad complaints,

                                               My life, my love, my saint of saints,   
                                                                              35   
                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                               Woe and pain, pain and woe,

                                                 Are my lot, night and noon,

                                               To see your bright face clouded so,

                                                 Like to the mournful moon.   
                                                                              40   
                                               But yet will I rear your throne

                                                 Again in golden sheen;

                                               'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                                 My own Rosaleen!   
                                                                              45   
                                               'Tis you shall have the golden throne,

                                               'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                               Over dews, over sands,

                                                 Will I fly, for your weal:   
                                                                              50   
                                               Your holy delicate white hands

                                                 Shall girdle me with steel.

                                               At home, in your emerald bowers,

                                                 From morning's dawn till e'en,

                                               You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,   
                                                                              55   
                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                                 My fond Rosaleen!

                                               You'll think of me through daylight hours,

                                               My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!   
                                                                              60

                                               I could scale the blue air,

                                                 I could plough the high hills,

                                               O, I could kneel all night in prayer,

                                                 To heal your many ills!

                                               And one beamy smile from you   
                                                                              65   
                                                 Would float like light between

                                               My toils and me, my own, my true,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                                 My fond Rosaleen!

                                               Would give me life and soul anew,   
                                                                              70   
                                               A second life, a soul anew,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!

                                               O, the Erne shall run red,

                                                 With redundance of blood,

                                               The earth shall rock beneath our tread,   
                                                                              75   
                                                 And flames wrap hill and wood,

                                               And gun-peal and slogan-cry

                                                 Wake many a glen serene,

                                               Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!   
                                                                              80   
                                                 My own Rosaleen!

                                               The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,

                                               Ere you can fade, ere you can die,

                                                 My Dark Rosaleen!- Mangan

-The Lark in the Morning.,Paddy Tunny, Track 9.,Tradition TCD 1001

*A fine example of the political ballad. Politics was always very important in Irish Music. The gentlemen who planned revolution in the coffee houses*  *commissioned many ballads which would assist the common man in the pubs to follow their political lead into battle. This song represents the nation* *and people of Ireland as a small black rose and was originally written in Gaelic.*   
 

7. ROCKIN` THE CRADLE

On a bright summer's evening I chanced to go roving   
Down by the clear river I rollicked along.   
I heard an old man making sad lamentation;   
He was rocking the cradle and the child not his own.

cho: Hi ho, hi ho, my laddie lie aisy   
For perhaps your own daddy might never be known.   
I'm sitting and sighing and rocking the cradle,   
And nursin' the baby that's none of my own.

When first that I married your inconstant mother   
I thought myself lucky to be blessed with a wife.   
But for my misfortune, sure I was mistaken   
She's proved both a curse and a plague on my life.

She goes out every night to a ball or a party   
And leaves me here rockin' he cradle alone.   
The innocent laddie he calls me his daddy   
But little he knows that he's none of my own.

Now come all ye young men that's inclined to get married   
Take my advice and let the women alone.   
For by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry   
They'll leave you with a baby that's none of your own.   
(or "and swear it's your own".)

*A warning song typical of household lyrics. Music as a part of life was very important in the early Irish tradition.*  *There was not the emphasis upon commissioned, patronized performers which we see today. Music was just like* *any other aspect of life- ever-present.*

 8. Poc ar Buile   
Ar mo ghabháil dom siar chun Droichead Uí Mhóra,   
Píc i m'dhóid's me dul i meitheal,   
Cé chasfaí 'rum i gcumar ceo,   
Ach pocán crón is é ar buile...

Aililiú, puililiú, aililiú tá 'n poc ar buile,   
Aililiú, puililiú, aililiú tá 'n poc ar buile!

Ritheamar trasna trí ruilleogach   
Is ghluais an comhrac ar fud na moinge,   
Is treascairt dá bhfuair sé sna tortóga,   
Is chuas 'n' ainneoin ar a dhroim le fuinneamh.

Aililiú, puililiú, aililiú tá 'n poc ar buile,   
Aililiú, puililiú, aililiú tá 'n poc ar buile!

Version 2:

AN POC AR BUILE

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

Curfa   
  Ailluliú puilliliú, alilliliú tá an poc ar buile (x2)

Do ritheamar trasna trí ruilleogach   
Is do ghluais an cómhrac ar fuaid na muinge   
Is treasscairt dá bhfuair sé sna turtóga   
Chuas 'na ainneoin ina dhrom le fuinneamh

Níor fhág sé carraig go raibh scót ann   
Ná gur rith le fársa chun mé a mhuilleadh   
Ansan sea do chaith sé an léim ba mhó   
Le fána mór na Faille Brice

Bhí gárda mór i mBaile an Róistigh   
Is bhailigh fórsaí chun sinn a clipeadh   
Do bhuail sé rop dá adhairc sa tóin ann   
Is dá bhríste nua do dhein sé giobaíl

I nDaingean Uí Chúis le haghaidh an tráthnóna   
Bhí an sogart paróiste amach in ár gcoinne   
Is é dúirt gurbh é an diabhal ba dhóigh leis   
A ghaibh an treo ar phocán buile

The Mad Puck Goat - english translation of AN POC AR BUILE

      As I set out with me pike in hand   
      To old Dromore to join a meithil ( Work gang)   
      Who should I meet but a tan puck goat   
      And he roarin' mad, in ferocious mettle   
      Chorus   
      Aill-il-lu puill-il-iu - Aill-il-lu ta an poc ar buile   
      Aill-il-lu puill-il-iu - Aill-il-lu ta an poc ar buile

      He chased me over bush and weed   
      And through the bog the run proceeded   
      'Till he caught his horns in a clump of gorse   
      And on his back I jumped unheeded   
      Chorus

      There was ne'er a rock with no passage through   
      Which he didn't jump, and me like Eddie Macken\*   
      But when he leaped clean down Faill Breach   
      I felt like a load of old wet sacking   
      Chorus

      When the sergeant stood in Rochestown   
      With a force of guards to apprehend us   
      The goat he tore his trousers down   
      And made rags of his breeches and new suspenders   
      Chorus

      In Dingle the following afternoon   
      The Parish Priest came to call us to order   
      And he swore froom the pulpit each Sunday in June   
      Twas the devil on the back of his pold grandfather

      Chorus

      \* Eddie Macken was a famous Jockey

=Water from the Well., The Chieftains,BMC/RCA,09026636372 Track 7

*This important song well suited for drinking conveys the spirit of the pub. Drinking songs are also a very important part of the tradition.* *This song oft sung in Gaelic has only recently been popularly recorded.*

9. Tabhair Dom Do Lamh (Instrumental in the early version)   
O' Riada. Track 11.,Gael lin,cecd032.   
*This ancient song one of the oldest, was recorded by Bunting as having been performed at the Belfast Harpers Convention.*  *The style of performance is that of the first national music created by Sean O' Riada. O'Riada gathered solitary musicians*   
*of many types into one band which would convey the essence of the Irish music. As modern harpers no longer plucked their*  *harps with long finger nails as they did in the 18th century O'Riada included a harpsichord to bring this more tinny sound into*   
*his music.*

10. Galway Bay

*(Arthur Colahan)*

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

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,   
The women in the meadows making hay;   
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin   
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play.

For the breezes blowing o'er the sea to Ireland,   
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow;   
And the women in the uplands digging praties,   
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers tried top come and teach us their way   
They scorned us just for being what we are;   
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams   
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter,   
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,   
I shall 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 moon rise over Cladagh   
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Sung by Dennis Day   
*In the 20th century romantic music in an easy listening flavour became popular. Ballads selected*   
*were those which reminded the immigrants of their homeland. Popular topics were the countys and cities of*  *Ireland. Generally these are waltz tunes. Again it is via the sugar coated romantic song that interest in Ireland*  *was maintained and grew to what it is today.*

11. St. Patrick's Day Parade

*Bing Crosby is remembered for continuing the Tin Pan Alley genre of Irish music in America.* *It is the legacy of the music hall and is truly representative of that which Irish America became and*  *to a certain extent still is.*

12. LEAVING LIVERPOOL   
or FARE THEE WELL MY OWN TRUE LOVE

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage   
River Mersey, fare thee well   
I am bound for California   
A place I know right well

So fare thee well, my own true love   
When I return united we will be   
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that's grieving me   
But my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for California   
By the way of stormy Cape Horn   
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love   
When I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship   
Davy Crockett is her name   
And Burgess is the Captain of her   
And they say she's a floating Hell

I have shipped with Burgess once before   
And I think I know him well   
If a man's a seaman, he can get along   
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street   
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane   
For I think it will be a long, long time   
Before I see you again

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love   
And I wish I could remain   
For I know it will be a long, long time   
Till I see you again

*The Clancy brothers brought Irish music many interesting influences. Their association* *with Tommy Makem brought with it a connection to the solid tradition via his mother Sarah.* *The Clancys were however to a certain extent in and of themselves their own tradition. They* *were a product of the promotion of the Grenwitch Village Music scene and shared the neighborhood* *with other upcoming stars such as Bob Dylan. Their fisherman sweaters were an Idea of one of their* *producers. The Clancys wrote many lyrics which are now considered traditional today. This song* *of the sea is one in the immigrant flavour. Although the Clancys sang of the sea and of drinking*   
*they always seem a bit "soft" an a bit too smooth to be real. They were more suited to the Ed Sullivan* *show than to any real bar scene.*

13 St. Patrick's Day   
  
*The Wolfe Tones (Named after a famous Irish revolutionary...) capitalized on the mad dog Irish republicanism* *rampant in the Irish American community in the 1960's and 70's. Many of the their lyrics glorify the terrorist IRA* *-much more so than the music of any other group. The music however, never gets really gritty. It retains much*  *of the sweet sugar coating. They always seem a bit Hollywood rather than front line.*   
 

14. FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding o'er the old disgrace   
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern   
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;   
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Ch.: Curse and swear Lord Kildare   
Feagh will do what Feach will dare   
Now FitzWilliam, have a care   
Fallen is your star, low   
Up with halbert out with sword   
On we'll go for by the lord   
Feach MacHugh has given the word,   
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English Pale   
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners   
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock   
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore   
Och, great is Rory Oge O'More, sending the loons to Hades.   
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head   
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and the ladies.

-Planxty   
*Planxty (a name meaning a musical toast or salutation) bring a bit of rock flavour*   
*and modern configuration to their music. This historical ballad is full of energy -an*   
*energy which appears to come from the root of the tradition. It does not sooth*   
*but lashes out and storms around in a way that the Wolfe Tones and Clancys simply*   
*could not do.*

15. GILGARRY MOUNTAIN (There's whiskey in the jar)

As I was a going over Gillgarry Mountain,   
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.   
First I drew me pistol and then I drew me rapier,   
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver.

cho: Well shirigim duraham da   
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh   
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,   
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling' Jenny.   
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me   
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber   
To dream of gold and girls and of course it was no wonder.   
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water,   
Called on colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

Next morning early before I rose to travel,   
There came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.   
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,   
but a prisoner I was taken I couldn't shoot the water.

They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'   
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.   
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,   
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

I'd like to find me brother the one that's in the army,   
I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney.   
Together we'd go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney,   
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting Jenny.

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling,   
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.   
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,   
Courting pretty maids in the mourning oh so early.

-Pogues and the Dubliners   
*The Pogues And the Dubliners represent the true grit of Irish music.*   
*You can see these people living the verses that they have composed.*   
*The life is active in this historical ballad about the famous highwayman.*

16. THE BIG FELLAH   
                                                       Mo chara is mo lao thu!   
                                                         My friend and my calf   
                                                       Is aisling trí néallaibh   
                                                         A vision in dream   
                                                     Do deineadh ar&eacuteir dom   
                                                     Was revealed to me last night   
                                                       IgCorcaigh go déanach   
                                                        In Cork, a late hour,   
                                                         Ar leaba im aonar   
                                                         In my solitary bed

I remember you back in the GPO with Connolly and Clarke Laughin' with McDermott through the bullets and the sparks

Always with the smart remark, your eyes blazin' and blue But when we needed confidence we always turned to you

And when they shot our leaders up against Kilmainham wall You were there beside us in that awful Easter dawn

Hey, big fellah..........where the hell are you now When we need you the most Hey, big fellah..........c'mon Tabhair dom do lámh Give me your hand

Back on the streets of Dublin when we fought the black and tans

You were there beside us, a towerin' mighty man And God help the informer or the hated English spy

By Jaysus, Mick, you'd crucify them without the blinkin' of an eye

Still you had a heart as soft as the early mornin' dew

Every widow, whore and orphan could always turn to you

We beat them in the cities and we whipped them in the streets

And the world hailed Michael Collins, our commander and our chief

And they sent you off to London to negotiate a deal

And to gain us a republic, united, boys, and real

But the women and the drink, Mick, they must have got to you '

Cause you came back with a country divided up in two

We had to turn against you, Mick, there was nothin' we could do

'Cause we couldn't betray the republic like Arthur Griffith and you

We fought against each other, two brothers steeped in blood

But I never doubted that your heart was broken in the flood And though we had to shoot you down in golden Béal na Blath

I always knew that Ireland lost her greatest son of all

- Black 47  Black 47 Home of the Brave  Track 1,SBK EMI/724383073726   
*As with the Wolfe Tones Black 47 focuses considerably upon the celebration of the Terrorist IRA. Once you move beyond* *this unfortunate characteristic you can see a real summation of  many important aspects of the tradition combined in this* *forceful rock form. Note that the history and reflection is  there as well as reference to other Irish songs. The topic of the song is the*   
*tragic tale of  Michael Collins.*

17. Oro Se do Bhatha Bhaile   
(Several Versions)

Se do bheatha a bhean ba leanmhar!   
B'e ar gcreach tu bheith i ngeibhinn,   
Do dhuiche bhrea i seilbh meirleach   
'S tu diolta leis na Ghallaibh.

Chorus:   
Oro, se do bheatha 'bhaile!   
Oro, se do bheatha 'bhaile!   
Oro, se do bheatha 'bhaile!   
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Ta Grainne Mhaol ag teacht thar saile,   
Oglaigh armtha lei mar gharda;   
Gaeil iad fein 's ni Gaill na Spainnigh,   
'S cuirfid siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.   
Chorus

A bhui le Ri na bhfeart go bhfeiceam,   
Muna mbeam beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain,   
Grainne Mhaol agus mile gaiscioch   
Ag fogairt fain ar Ghallaibh.   
Chorus

Séarlas Óg   
                           (Jacobite version)

                           Curfá:

                           Óró! 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile   
                           Óró! 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile   
                           Óró! 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile   
                           Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

                           A Shéarlais Óig, a mhic Rí Shéamais   
                           'Sé mo mhór-chreach do thriall as Éirinn   
                           Gan tuinnte bróig' ort, stoca nó leinidh   
                           Ach do chascairt leis na Gallaibh

                           Curfá

                           'Sé mo léan géar nach bhfeicim   
                           Mur mbéinn beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain   
                           Séarlas Óg is míle gaiscidheach [gaiscioch]   
                           A' fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh

                           Curfá

                           Tá Séarlas Óg a' traill ar sáile   
                           Béidh siad leisean, Franncaigh 's Spáinnigh   
                           Óglaigh armtha leis mar gharda   
                           'S bainfidh siad rinnce as éiricigh!

                           Curfá

                           You Are Welcome Home

                           Chorus:

                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Now that summer is coming

                           O young Charles, King James' son   
                           Alas your distress of leaving Ireland   
                           You have left Ireland barefoot   
                           Routed by the foreigners

                           Chorus

                           Alas that I do not see   
                           Even if I were only to live a week thereafter   
                           Young Charles and a thousand heroes   
                           Routing the foreigners [the enemy]

                           Chorus

                           Charles is coming over the sea   
                           He will have a guard   
                           French and Spanish will be with him   
                           And they'll make the heretics dance!

                           Chorus

The Dord Feinne

Pádraic H. Pearse

*Óró! 'Sé do bheatha 'bhaile*   
                           (

 1]  *'Se do bheatha*, O woman that wast sorrowful,   
  2]  What grieved us was thy being in chains,   
  3]  Thy beautiful country in the possession of rogues,   
  4]  And thou sold to the Galls,   
  5]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
  6]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
  7]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
  8]  Now at summer's coming!

  9]  Thanks to the God of miracles that we see,   
10]  Altho' we live not a week thereafter,   
11]  Gráinne Mhaol and a thousand heroes   
12]  Proclaiming the scattering of the Galls !   
13]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
14]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
15]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
16]  Now at summer's coming!

17]  Gráinne Mhaol is coming from over the sea,   
18]  The Fenians of Fál as a guard about her,   
19]  Gaels they, and neither French nor Spaniard,   
20]  And a rout upon the Galls !   
21]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
22]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
23]  *Oró, 'se do bheatha a bhaile,*   
24]  Now at summer's coming!

                           You Are Welcome Home

                           Chorus:

                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Óró! You are welcome home!   
                           Now that summer is coming

                           Welcome Oh woman who was so afflicted,   
                           It was our ruin that you were in bondage,   
                           Our fine land in the possesion of theives,   
                           And sold to the foreigners

                           Chorus

                           Grainne Mhaol is coming over the sea,   
                           Armed warriors along with her as guard,   
                           They are Irishmen, not English or Spanish,   
                           And they will rout the foreigners

                           Chorus

                           May it please the God of Miracles that we may see,   
                           Although we only live a week after it,   
                           Grainne Mhaol and a thousand warriors,   
                           Dispersing the foreigners

                           Chorus   
                           Information

                           The first  is the Jacobite version of this song, in which The Young Pretender or Bonny Prince Charle ) is:  "A Shéarlais óig, a mhic Rí    Shéamais" (see first line)   was welcomed home to claim his birthright in 1745. The lyrics of the next  were written by Pádraig Pearse, a  leader  of the Irish Rebellion of 1916, so as  to encourage all Irishmen to return home and join the revolution..

Ta an Workhouse Lain.,  John Beag, Clo Iar Chonnachta,clcd 093, track 3.

*John Beag is a singer, popular yet gaelic. He has continued to sing in the native language. The song at times considered* *to be a good national anthem reflect the strong feeling of the gaelic culture against the foreigner. Note also that the record*  *company Clo Iar Chonnachta is a good source for gaelic music.*   
    
 

18. Fiach    Peadar O' Riada  Is Instrumental only    Winds Gentle Whisper., Bar/None Records,ahaon 0682 Track 1.

*Son of the famous father of Irish Music Sean O'Riada Peadar stands at the forefront of the Irish music tradition today.* *He combines a strong interest and dedication to the Gaelic traditions with new arrangement styles which include ambient* *sound. This technique brings the recording  back in from being on stage and contrived to being personal and re-integrated* *with your own environment able to become a part of life as distinct as being part of an audience or stage.*

19. The Sash My Father Wore   
Sure l'm an Ulster Orangeman, from Erin's isle I came,   
To see my British brethren all of honour and of fame,   
And to tell them of my forefathers who fought in days of yore,   
That I might have the right to wear, the sash my father wore!

chorus:   
It is old but it is beautiful, and its colors they are fine   
It was worn at Derry, Aughrim, Enniskillen and the Boyne.   
My father wore it as a youth in bygone days of yore   
And on the Twelfth I love to wear the sash my father wore

For those brave men who crossed the Boyne have not fought or died in vain   
Our Unity, Religion, Laws, and Freedom to maintain,   
If the call should come we'll follow the drum, and cross that river once   
     more   
That tomorrow's Ulsterman may wear the sash my father wore!

And when some day, across the sea to Antrim's shore you come,   
We'll welcome you in royal style, to the sound of flute and drum   
And Ulster's hills shall echo still, from Rathlin to Dromore   
As we sing again the loyal strain of the sash my father wore!

-Battle of the Boyne 1690., Ulster Music, cdni 1692

*The Orange/Unionist/ Loyalist/ Protestant tradition of the Isle of Ireland is as extensive, worthy, and of interest* *as the other major tradition. This song here presented as instrumental is almost the anthem of Orangeism and Unionism.*   
*It is such a simple and non threatening piece.*

20. House of Pain Top of the Morning to Ya   
House of Pain Fine Malt Lyrics.,Tommy Boy, 1056, track 4.

*Ok I included this one to be a lighter note. I saw a bunch of rappers dancing around on mtv*   
*one day with shamrocks engraved into their crew cut hair. I just had to have the song which is*   
*filled with traditional Irish references.*

21. Triad: St. Patrick-Enya

Traditional, Irish Gaelic   
 Tabhair dom ghrása,   
 Fíormhac Dé.   
 Tabhair dom do neartsa,   
 An ghrian gheal glé.

 Repeat   
                   Give me your love,   
                   true Son of God.   
                   Give me strength,   
                   the clear bright sun.

                   Repeat

*The Brennan family and Enya via the group Clannad preserved an active conservative traditionalism.* *Situated in Donegal they represent the meeting of the modern  world a modern rock sense and* *the hidden folk world of the Gaelic. One moment it seems no one had ever heard of them and the* *next minute their music was being used to sell Volkswagens on television. This is truly the central* *epicenter of the mermaid flavour of Irish music.*   
    
    
    
 