

Lyrics of songs from MY IRISH HEART

(the lyrics are abridged because of space limitations)

- 1 **A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN** (1914)
(J. Kearns Brennan & Ernest R. Ball)

Shure a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;
And when the Angels found it, shure it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there;
So they sprinkled it with star dust just to make the shamrocks grow;
'Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go;
Then they dotted it with silver To make its lakes so grand,
And when they had it finished shure they called it Ireland.

- 2 **BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS** (1808)
(Thomas Moore – music anonymous)

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
which I gaze on so fondly today
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet from my arms like fairy gifts fading away
Thou wouldst 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.

- 3 **OH DANNY BOY** (1913)
(Fred E. Weatherly – music anonymous)

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, from down the mountainside,
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 flow'rs are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'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 will sleep in peace until you come to me.

- 4 **'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER** (1813)

(Thomas Moore –music anonymous)

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh.
To reflect back her blushes or give back her sigh.

So soon I may follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle, the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are flown,
Oh! Who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

5 **THE ROSE OF TRALEE** (ca 1845)
(C. Mordaunt Spencer – Charles W. Glover)

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I stray'd with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh, no! 't was the truth in her eye ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee!

6 **MY WILD IRISH ROSE** (1899)
(Chauncey Olcott)

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can compare
To my wild Irish Rose!
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flow'r that grows,
And someday for my sake, she may let me take,
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

7 **PEG O' MY HEART** (1913)
(Alfred Bryan – Fred Fischer)

Peg O' My Heart, I love you,
We'll never part, I love you,
Dear little girl; sweet little girl,
Sweeter than the rose of Erin,
Are your winning smiles endearin',
Peg O' My Heart, your glances
With Irish art entrance us,
Come, be my own,
Come make your home in my heart.

8 **I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN** (1876)
(Thomas P. Westendorf)

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I saw them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eyes.
Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

9 **SWEET MOLLY MALONE** (ca 1850?)
(anonymous)

In Dublin city where girls they are so pretty
T'was there I first met sweet Molly Malone;
She drove a wheelbarrow thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive all alive.
Alive, alive-o! Alive, alive-o!"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, all alive!"

She was a fish-monger and that was the wonder,
Her father and mother were fish mongers too,
They drove wheelbarrows thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockle and mussels, alive, all alive!
Alive, alive o! Alive, alive o!"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, all alive!"

She died of the fever, and nothing could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
But her ghost drives a barrow thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive all alive!"
Alive, alive-o! Alive, alive-o!
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive all alive!"

10 **MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME** (1906)
(George M. Cohan)

For it is Mary, Mary,
Plain as any name can be.
But with propriety, society
Will say Marie.
But it was Mary, Mary,
Long before the fashions came,

And there is something there
That sounds so square,
It's a grand old name.

- 11 **THINE ALONE** (1917)
(Henry Blossom - Victor Herbert)

In thine eyes enfold me, my beloved,
Let thine eyes look finally into mine.
For thy love bears a spell all too wondrous to tell,
'Tis a rapture that's all thine alone.

So within thy tender arms enfold me,
For thy loss the world could not atone!
Beloved, swear that you will e'er be true,
And forever mine alone.

- 12 **MOTHER MACHREE** (1910)
(Rida Johnson Young – Ernest Ball – Chauncey Olcott)

There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may own,
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known,
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will!

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed And wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me.
Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

- 13 **TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RAL** (1913)
(Rida Johnson Young – Ernest Ball – Chauncey Olcott)

Over in Killarney, Many years ago, Me mither sang a song to me
In tones so soft and low,
Just a simple little ditty, in her good auld Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing That song to me this way:

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish lullaby."

(Medley)

- 14 **PEGGY O'NEIL** (1921)
(Gilbert Dodge - Ed G. Nelson – Harry Pease)

If her eyes are blue as skies, that's Peggy O'Neil,

If she's smiling all the while, that's Peggy O'Neill.
If she walks like a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
That's Peggy O'Neil!

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY (1889)
(Michael Nolan)

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie; I'm her Joe.
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (1896)
(Maude Nugent)

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little rose,
She's my steady lady, Most everyone knows,
And when we are married,
How happy we'll be;
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY (1918)
(Monty C. Bricem)

She's the daughter of Rosie O'Grady,
A regular old fashioned girl.
She isn't crazy for diamond rings,
Silkens and satins and fancy things.
She's just a sweet little lady,
And when you see her, you'll see
Why I'm glad I call her the daughter of Rosie O'Grady!

15 **HARRIGAN** (1907)
(George M. Cohan)

H - A - double R - I - G - A - N spells Harrigan,
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
Divil a man can say word agin me.
H - A - double R - I - G - A - N you see,
It's a name that a shame never has been connected with,
Harrigan, That's me!

- 16 **THE BAND PLAYED ON** (1895)
(John F. Palmer - Chas. B. Ward)

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the Band played on,
He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the Band played on.
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,
And the Band played on.

- 17 **WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING** (1912)
(Chauncey Olcott, George Graff, Jr. - Ernest R. Ball)

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

- 18 **WHO THREW THE OVERALLS IN MISTRESS MURPHY'S CHOWDER**
(1898) (George L. Geifer)

Who threw the overalls in Mistress Murphy's chowder?
Nobody answered, so he shouted all the louder,
It's an Irish trick that's true, I can lick the mick that threw
The overalls in Mistress Murphy's Chowder.

(Medley)

- 19 **THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN** (Irish jig)(traditional)
(I learned these "partial" lyrics somewhere; I don't remember where...PK)

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty,
Where money is scarce, and liquor is plenty,
A two-legged stool, and a table to match,
And a girl in the corner, scratching potats'.

RAKES OF MALLOW (also known as **THE GALWAY PIPER**
(different lyrics) (circa 1740) (Irish drinking song)

Beaning, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking
Ever raking, never thinking,,
Live the Rakes of Mallow;

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus' true begotten sons,
Live the Rakes of Mallow

MACNAMARA'S BAND (1917)

(John J. Stanford - Shamus O'Connor)
(original lyrics)

My name is Macnamara, I'm the leader of the Band,
And tho' we're small in number we're the best in all the land,
O! I am the Conductor, and we often have to play
With all the best musicianers you hear about today.
When the drums go bang, the cymbals clang, the horns will blaze away.
MacCarthy puffs the ould bassoon while Doyle the pipes will play;
Oh! Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute, my word 'tis something grand,
Oh! A credit to Ould Ireland, boys, is Macnamara's Band!

(tra-la-la-la, etc.)

20 **THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN (1845)**

(Dion Bocciault – anonymous)

Oh! Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground:
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, His color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin' the Wearin' o' the Green;
I met with Napper Tandy and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said "how's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country, that ever you have seen,
They're hangin' men and women there for "Wearin' o' the Green."

21 **THE MINSTREL BOY (1813)**

(Thomas Moore – anonymous)

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on, and his wild harp hung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the Warrior Bard "Tho, all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy Right shall guard, one faithful harp shall praise thee."

(*Medley*)

22 **THE KERRY DANCE (1875)**

(J.L. Molloy – traditional)

Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness
Gone, alas, like youth, too soon!

When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a summer's night
And the Kerry piper's tuning
Made us long with wild delight!
Oh, to think of it
Oh, to dream of it
Fills my heart with tears!

GARRY OWEN (1788)

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No men for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(not available)

COME BACK TO ERIN (1883)

(Charlotte Alington Barnard)

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen:
Come back, Aroon, to the land of my birth;
Come with the shamrocks and Spring-time, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure when we lent ye to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the long winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the star shine
Over the mountains, the bluffs and the brays!
Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of my birth...
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
(And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth....music fades...)