

Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)

47

In Dublin's fair city, Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh—, Alive, alive, oh—

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder

For so were her father and the mother before

And they wheeled their barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh—, ...

She died of a fever, And no one could save her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

Now her ghost wheels her barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh—, ...

Alive, alive, oh—, ...

Down by the sally gardens
my love and I did meet;
She passed the sally gardens
With little snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish
With her did not agree.

In a field down by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow white hand.
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish
and now am full of tears.

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 Claddagh,
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 seas from Ireland,
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties,
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.
For the strangers came and tried to 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 will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

Thomas P. Westendorf

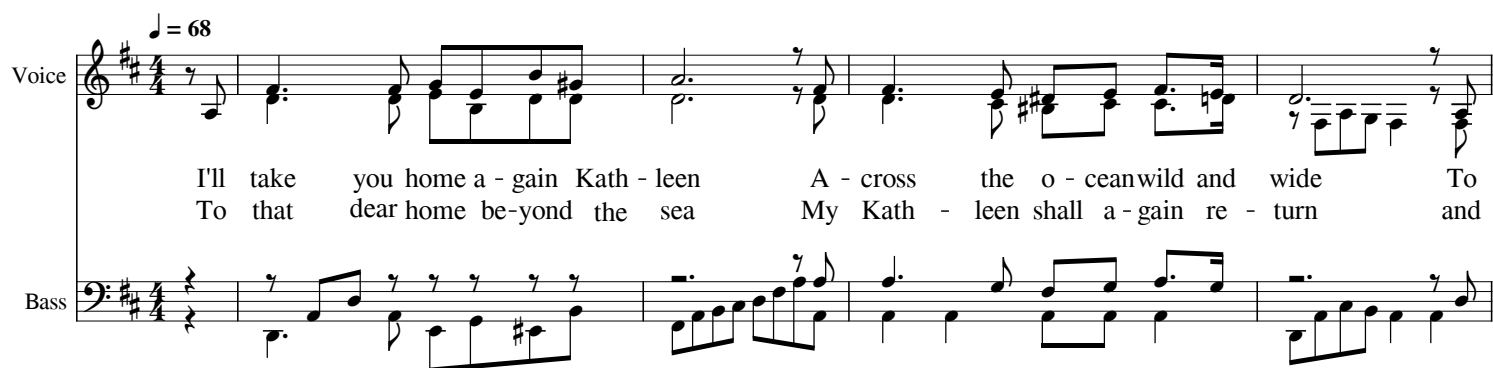
Thomas P. Westendorf

$\text{♩} = 68$

Voice

I'll take you home a - gain Kath - leen A - cross the o - cean wild and wide To
To that dear home be - yond the sea My Kath - leen shall a - gain re - turn and

Bass

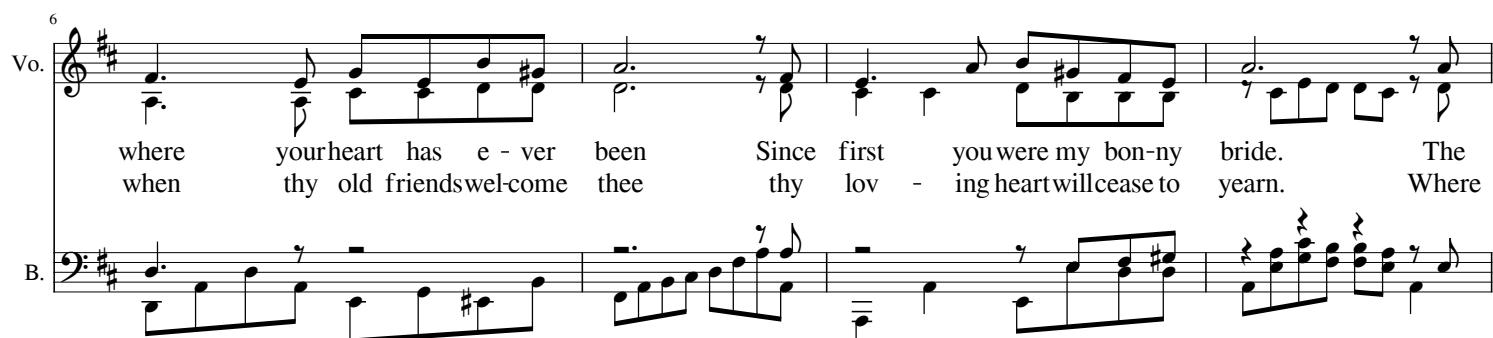


6

Vo.

where your heart has e - ver been Since first you were my bon - ny bride. The
when thy old friends wel - come thee thy lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where

B.



10

Vo.

ro - ses have all left your cheek I watched them fade a - way and die Your
laughs the lit - tle sil - ver stream be - side your mo - ther's hum - ble cot and

B.



14

Vo.

voice is sad when - e'er you speak and tears be - dim your lo - ving eyes Oh
bright - est rays of sun - shine gleam there all your grief will be for - got

B.

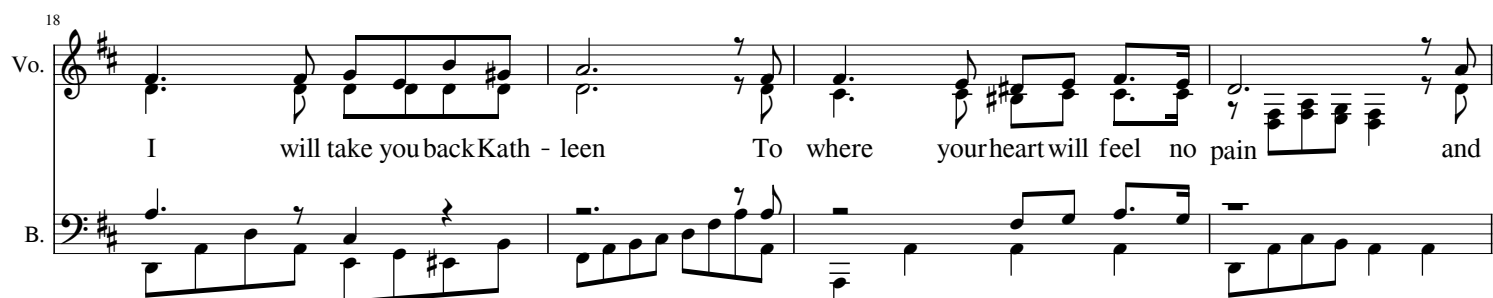


18

Vo.

I will take you back Kath - leen To where your heart will feel no pain and

B.



22

Vo.

when the fields are fresh and green I'll take you to your home Kath - leen

B.



I'm looking over a four leaf clover

That I overlooked before;

One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

Third is the roses that grow in the lane,

No need explaining, the one remaining

Is somebody I adore.

I'm looking over a four leaf clover

That I overlooked before.

(repeat)

It's a great day – for the Irish

It's a great day – for fair

The sidewalks of New York are thick with blarney

For sure you'd think New York was old Kilarney

It's a great day – for the shamrock

For the flags in full array

We're feeling so inspirish because for all the Irish

It's a great, great day!

It's a great day – for the Irish

It's a great day – for fair

Be gosh there's not a cop to stop the raiding

Begorrah all the cops are out parading!

It's a great day – for the shamrock

For the flags in full array

And as we go a swinging ev'ry Irish heart is singing

It's a great, great day!

Oh, me name is MacNamara, I'm the leader of the band
Although we're few in numbers, we're the finest in the land
We play at wakes and weddings and at every fancy ball
And when we play the funerals, we play the March from Saul
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang
and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon
while I the pipes do play
And Hennesse Tennessee tootles the flute
And the music is something grand
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band

Right now we are rehearsing for a very swell affair
The annual celebration, all the gentry will be there
When General Grant to Ireland came he took me by the hand
He said "I never saw the likes of MacNamara's band"
Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang...

Whenever an election's on, we play on either side
The way we play our fine old airs fills Irish hearts with pride
Oh! If poor Tom Moore was living now, he'd make yez understand
That none could do him justice like old MacNamara's band.
Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang... (repeat)

My Wild Irish Rose

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of it's mates
Though each holds aloft it's proud head.
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we met, faith, I've known no repose;
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star
And I call her my Wild Irish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose—, the sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'ry where but none can compare
With my Wild Irish Rose —
My Wild Irish Rose—, the dearest flow'r that grows
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses which by other names
Would smell just as sweetly they say,
But I know that my Ro—se would neer consent
To have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy— whene'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows;
And my one wish has been that some day I may win
the heart of my Wild Irish Rose.

Over in Kilarney, many years ago,
My mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low
Just a simple little ditty, in her good old Irish way
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me
this day...

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Too-ra-loo-ra-lie
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Hush now don't you cry,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
Too-ra-loo-ra-lie
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
That's an Irish lullaby

Oft in dreams I wander, to that cot again
I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then
And I hear her voice a-hummin' to me as in days of yore
When she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin
door...

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why,
For it never should be there at all.
With such pow'r in your smile sure a stone you'd beguile
So there's never a teardrop should fall.
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song,
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be;
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile and
Now smile— a smile— for me.

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 smi—ling,
sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part — of the love in your heart
And it makes even sunshine more bright
Like the linnet's sweet song crooning all the day long
Comes your laughter so tender and light
For the spring-time of life is the sweetest of all,
There is ne'er a real care or regret,
And while spring-time is ours throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile— each chance we get.

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all me mone on whiskey and beer
But not I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

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 alrehouse 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

And it's no, nay, never - - - -

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 tha you told me were only in jest"

And it's no, nay, never - - - -

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

And it's no, nay, never - - - - (repeat)