



## **foggy dew**

As down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I,  
Their armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.

No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus' bells o'er the Liffey's wells  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town  
Hung they out a flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.

And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through;  
While Britannia's Huns with their long-range guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear,  
For those who died that Easter-tide  
In the springing of the year.

While the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

And back through the glen I rode again  
And my heart with grief was sore,  
For I parted then with valiant men  
Whom I never shall see more.

But to and fro in my dreams I go,  
And I kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled oh, glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.

## **Drill ye tarriers**

Early morning at seven o' clock,  
There were twenty tarriers drilling at the rock,  
And the boss comes along and he says: "Keep still,  
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill, and

Drill, ye tarriers drill; drill ye tarriers drill,  
And you work all day for the sugar in your tay,  
Down behind the railway,  
And drill ye tarriers drill, and blast and fire.

The boss was a fine man down to the ground,  
And he married a lady six feet round,  
She baked good bread, and she baked it well,  
But she baked it hard as the holes of hell.

Now our new foreman was Jim McCann,  
By golly, he was a blamed mean man.  
Last week a premature blast went off,  
And a mile in the air went Big Jim Goff.

Now when the next payday came around,  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found,  
When he asked the reason, came this reply,  
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

## **spanish lady**

Whack fol the tura lura laddie,  
Whack fol the tura lura lay.

As I went out through Dublin City  
At the hour of twelve in the night,  
Who should I see but the Spanish Lady,  
Washing her feet by candlelight.  
First she washed them then she dried them  
Over a fire of amber coals  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet about the soul.

As I came back through Dublin City  
At the time of half past eight  
Who should I see but the Spanish Lady  
Brushing her hair so trim and neat.  
First she teased it then she brushed it  
On her lap was a silver comb.  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so fair since I did roam.

As I went back through Dublin City  
When the sun began to set,  
Who should I see but the Spanish Lady  
Catching a moth in a golden net.  
When she spied me quick she fled me,  
Lifting her petticoats over her knee.  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so gay as the Spanish Lady.

I stopped to look but the watchman passed  
Says he "young fella now the night is late,  
Along with you now or I will wrestle you  
Straightway through the Bridewell Gate"  
I blew a kiss to the Spanish Lady,  
Hot a as a fire of angry coals.  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet about the soul.

As I went out through Dublin City  
As the hour of dawn was o'er,  
Who should I see but the Spanish Lady  
I was lonely and footsore.  
First she coaxed me then she chid me,  
Then she laughed at my sad plight.  
In all my life I ne'er did see  
A maid so sweet as on that night.

I've wandered north I've wandered south  
Through Stonebatter and Patrick's Close,  
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond  
Round by Napper Tandy's house.  
Old age had laid her hand on me,  
Cold as a fire of ashey coals.  
But where is the lovely Spanish Lady,  
Neat and sweet about the soul.

## little beggarman

Of all the trades a going, sure begging is the best.  
For when a man is tired, he can sit him down and  
rest. He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else  
to do, but to slip around the corner, with his old  
rigadoo.

I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been, for  
three score years in this little isle of green. I'm  
known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo,  
and everybody calls me by the name of Johnny  
Dhu.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn, a  
shocking wet night, but I slept until the dawn. Holes  
in the roof and the raindrops coming thru, and the  
rats and the cats were a playing peekaboo.

Who did I waken but the woman of the house, with  
her white spotted apron and her calico blouse. She  
began to frighten and I said boo, sure, don't be  
afraid at all, it's only Johnny Dhu.

I met a little girl she was walkin' out one day. Good  
mornin' little flaxen haired girl, I did say. Good  
mornin' little beggarman and how do you do, with  
your rags and your tags and your auld rigadoo.

I'll buy a pair of leggins and a collar and a tie, and  
a nice young lady I'll go courting by and by. I'll buy  
a pair of goggles and I'll color them with blue, and  
an old fashioned lady I will make her, too.

So all along the high road with my bag upon my  
back, over the fields with my bulging heavy sack,  
with holes in my shoes and my toes a peeping thru,  
singing, skin a ma rink a doodle with my auld riga-  
doo.

O I must be going to bed for it's getting late at  
night, the fire is all raked and now 'tis out of light.  
For now you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo,  
so good and God be with you, from auld Johnny  
Dhu.

## dainty davy

Leeze me on your curly brow,  
Dainty Davy, Dainty Davy,  
Leeze me on your curly pow,  
He was my Dainty Davy.

## newry market

For it happens here in Newry,  
And it happens twice a week,  
The likes of it you'll never find,  
No matter where you seek,  
On Thursdays and on Saturdays,  
The crowds come tumbling in,  
For Newry Market has it all,  
From an anchor to a pin.

There's ribbons for your lady's hair and stockings for  
her toes. Buy her a walkman from Japan and music  
wherever she goes. Fashions fresh from Pakistan  
and some a century old. If you miss the Newry  
market now don't say you weren't told.

Apples! Fresh bananas! would you like to buy a  
pear? There's grapes and spades and billhooks in  
the corner over there. Hammers, chisels, hacksaws,  
and home-made apple pie. And someone's just  
about to buy my great grand uncle's tie.

There's jewellery and cabbage plants and flowers  
there as well. And cherry trees in blossom, you can  
nearly see the smell. Of fish and chips for dinner,  
fresh herring from Ardglass. And fish net tights to fit  
most types of size or creed or class.  
You can buy a penny whistle, you can buy a bodh-  
ran too. And ice cream from the little van if you will  
join the queue. Gospel records by the score, though  
they may be scored I fear. For some of them are  
playing here for more than twenty years.

An old black coat whose owner died seven years  
ago, is changing hands as slapping palms strike out  
a bargain blow. As a gospel record plays a song of  
life beyond the grave, the oul' coat walks out  
through the gate and another soul is saved.

There's ancient books and furniture and clocks  
which sometimes chime, like people in the market  
they have stood the test of time. The list goes on  
and so must I, but first I will write down, that it's in  
the market you will find the heart of Newry town.

Beyond the town there lived a maid  
And she was the keeper of her trade,  
She fell in love with a lodger gay  
And his name was Dainty Davy.

"My love, my love, my love", cried he,  
"I have the longing for the sea,  
I'll go defend my country,  
Say farewell to Dainty Davy!"

Three days and seven years were gone  
When she saw this figure come striding on.  
She knew it was her own true one,  
"Come kiss me, Dainty Davy!"

## as i roved out

With me tooryay, fol de diddle day,  
Dire fol de diddle dairie oh.

And who are you me pretty fair maid,  
And who are you me honey.  
She answered me quite modestly  
I am me mothers darling.

And will you come to me mother's house,  
When the moon is shining clearly.  
I'll open the door and I'll let you in  
And divil a one would hear us  
So I went to her house in the middle of the night,  
When the moon was shining clearly.  
She opened the door and she let me in  
And divil the one did hear us.

She took me horse by the dridle and the bit,  
And she led him to the stable.  
Saying: "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,  
To eat it if he's able."

Then she took me by the lily-white hand,  
And she led me to the table.  
Saying: "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,  
To drink it if you're able."

Then I got up and made the bed,  
And I made it nice and aisy.  
Then I got up and laid her down,  
Saying: "Lassie, are you able?"  
And there we lay till the break of day,  
And divil a one did hear us.  
Then I arose and put on me clothes,  
Saying: "Lassie, I must leave you."

And when will you return again,  
And when will we get married.  
When broken shells make Christmas Bells,  
We might well get married.

## only our rivers

When apples still grow in November,  
When blossoms still bloom from each tree,  
When leaves are still green in December  
It's then that our land will be free.

I've wandered her hills and her valleys  
And still through my sorrow I see  
A land that has never known freedom  
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood  
Those men who'd rather have died  
Than to live in cold chains of bondage  
To bring back their rights were denied.

Oh where are you now when we need you  
What burns where the flame used to be  
Are ye gone like the snows of last winter  
And will only our rivers run free?

How sweet is the life, but we're crying  
How mellow the wine that we're dry  
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying  
How gentle the wind, but it sighs.

What good is in youth when it's ageing,  
What joy is in eyes that can't see,  
When there's sorrow  
In sunshine and flowers,  
And still only our rivers run free.

## the boys of tandragee

Good luck to you all now barring the cat, that sits  
in the corner a smelling the rat, ah whist you phil-  
andering girls and behave, and saving your presen-  
ce I'll chant you a stave, I come from a land where  
the praties grow big, and the girls neat and handy  
can dance a fine jig, and the boys they would  
charm your heart for to see, they're  
wonderful fellas round  
Tandragee.

The oul jaunting car is the elegant  
joul, and Derry's the place that is  
famed for the houl, among the  
green bushes that grow in Tyrone, and County  
Fermanagh for muscle and bone, for feasting and  
blarney and fun at the fair, there's none to compare  
with the Rakes of Kildare, green Erin my country's  
the gem of the see, but the gem of oul Ireland is  
Tandragee.

No doubt you have heard of Killarney I'm sure, and  
sweet Inishowen for the drop of the pure, Dublin's  
the place for the Strawberry Beds, and Donnybrook  
Fair for the cracking of heads, did you ere see an  
Irishman dancing poltog, how he faces his partner  
and turns up his brog, he shakes at the buckle and  
bends at the knee, wonderful  
dancers in Tandragee.

Here's to the boys  
That are happy and gay,  
Singing and dancing and tearing away,  
Rollicksome frolicksome frisky and free,  
We're the rollicking boys  
Around Tandragee.

Now where is the man either  
Christian or Turk, to equal the  
bold Robert Emmet or Burke,  
where is the lawyer could speak  
up like Dan, there's devil another bad luck to the  
one, and where is the singer could sing like Tom  
Moore, whose melodies charm every care from  
your door, we'll beat them all yet boys and that you  
will see, sure we're rearing fine fellas round  
Tandragee.

## red is the rose

Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass,  
Come over the hills to your darling.  
You choose the rose love, and I'll make you vow,  
And I'll be your true love for ever.

Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows,  
And fair is the lilly of the valley,  
Clear is the water, that flows from the Boyne,  
But my love is fairer than any.

## rocky road to dublin

In the merry month of June from me home I started,  
left the girls of Tuam so sad and broken hearted,  
saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,  
drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,  
then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,  
out a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins;  
Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs  
and frightening all the dogs on the rocky road  
to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five, hunt the Hare, and turn  
her down the rocky road, and all the way to Dublin,  
Whack follol de rah!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,  
started by daylight next morning lithe and early,  
took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking;  
That's a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking.  
see the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
at me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bub-  
bling' asked me was I hired, wages I required,  
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it be a pity  
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.  
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;  
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.  
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,  
no bundle could I find  
upon me stick a wobbling' enquiring for the  
rogue, they said me Connaught brogue wasn't  
much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away, me spirits never falling,  
landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.  
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had  
he; When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for  
Paddy. Down among the pigs, played some hearty  
rigs, danced some hearty jigs, the water round me  
bubbling; When off Holyhead wished myself was  
dead, or better far instead on the rocky road to  
Dublin.

Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,  
called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it.  
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing; Poor old  
Erin's Isle they began abusing. "Hurrah me soul"  
says I, me Shillelagh I let fly. Some Galway boys  
were nigh and saw I was a hobble in, with a load  
"hurrah!" joined in the affray. We quietly cleared the  
way for the rocky road to Dublin.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we  
strayed, and the moon and the stars they were shi-  
ning. The moon shone its rays on her locks of gol-  
den hair, and she swore she'd be my love forever.

It's not for the parting that my sister pains,  
It's not for the grief of my mother.  
'Tis all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass,  
That my heart is breaking forever.

## jackson johnston

Sure as I went a walking one fine day, along with a  
couple of pals so gay, there was Jackson, Johnston,  
Jameson and me, and oh what a jolly old time had  
we. Now Jackson proposed we should go for a row,  
so out in a jolly boat we all did go, well we weren't  
long out 'til the boat upset, and there's no need to  
tell you that we all got wet.

But we wriggled and we giggled,  
And we laughed hee-hee.

Drowning in the river was the quare oul' spree,  
and the people on the banks sure they laughed 'til  
they cried, at Jackson, Johnston, Jameson and I.

Well they managed us ashore amidst great alarm,  
we were then conveyed to a country farm, where  
they rubbed us and scrubbed us to bring us to, and  
we drank hot whiskey 'til our ears turned blue. Well  
we sat down together and we hung up our clothes,  
in front of the fire for to dry I suppose, well they  
dried and they dried 'til they couldn't be no drier,  
and the fact of the matter is our clothes caught fire.

But we wriggled and we giggled,  
And we laughed hee-hee.

Our eight-shilling suits were ablaze you see,  
and wrapped up in blankets we cut a guy,  
Jackson, Johnston Jameson and I.

There was nothing but our hats and our boots to be  
found, the rest of our clothes they were burnt to the  
ground, so we made an application to farmer John,  
as we couldn't go around without our trousers on.  
Now the farmer's sons were middle-sized boys,  
and they wore knicky-buckers that were made of  
corduroys, when we got inside of them we did look  
flat, with our boots of patent leather and our tall silk  
hats!

But we wriggled and we giggled,  
And we laughed hee-hee.

We were a pretty sight, the world for to see,  
as we walked down the street, all the dogs did fly,  
at Jackson, Johnston, Jameson and I.

## **i know my love**

I know my love by his way of walking  
And I know my love by his way of talking  
And I know my love dressed in a suit of blue  
And if my love leaves me what will I do ...

And still she cried, "I love him the best,  
And a troubled mind,  
Sure can know no rest!"  
And still she cried, "Bonny boys are few,  
And if my love leaves me,  
What will I do?"

There is a dance house in Maradyke  
And there my true love goes every night  
He takes a strange girl upon his knee  
Well now don't you think that that vexes me?

If my love knew I can wash and wring  
If my love knew I can sew and spin  
I'd make a coat of the finest kind  
But the want of money sure leaves me behind.

I know my love is an arrant rover  
I know he'll wander the wild world over  
In dear old Ireland he'll no longer tarry  
An American girl he's sure to marry.

## **carrickfergus**

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,  
Only for nights in Ballygrant.  
I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
Only for nights in Ballygrant.  
But the sea is wide and I can't swim over  
Nor have I the wings to fly  
If I could find me a handsome boatman  
To ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy days so long ago.  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on like the melting snow.  
So I'll spend my days in endless roving,  
Soft is the grass and my bed is free.  
Oh to be home now in Carrickfergus,  
On the long road down to the salty sea.

Now in Kilkenny, it is reported,  
They've marble stones as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would transport her,  
But I'll sing no more now  
Till I get a drink.  
(So) I'm drunk today, but then I'm seldom sober,  
A handsome rover from town to town,  
Ah, but I'm sick now, and my days are over,  
Come all ye young lads and lay me down.

## **ride on**

True you ride the finest horse  
I've ever seen.  
Standing 16 1" or 2" with eyes wild and green.  
And you ride the horse so well,  
hands light to the touch.  
I could never go with you  
no matter how I wanted to.

Ride on, see you,  
I could never go with you,  
No matter how I wanted to.

When you ride into the night  
without a trace behind,  
Run your claw along my gut one last time;  
I turn to face an empty space  
where once you used to lie;  
and look for a smile to light the night  
through a teardrop in my eye.

## **Dirty old town**

I found my love by the gasworks cry,  
Dreamed a dream, by the old canal,  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall,  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren from the dock  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
smelled the spring in the smoky wind  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Clouds are swifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Spring's a girl in the streets at night  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel, tempered in the fire  
We'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

## the raggle taggle gypsy

Ah there were three ould gypsies  
Came to our hall door.  
They came brave and boldly-o.  
And there's one sang high and the other sang low.  
And the lady sang  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

It was upstairs downstairs the lady went,  
Put on her suit of leather-o.  
And it was the cry all around her door,  
'She's away with  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

It was late that night though the lord came in  
Enquiring for his lady-o,  
And the servant girl's reply to him was,  
'She's away with  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

'Oh then saddle for me, me milk white steed,  
Me big horse is not speedy-o,  
And I will ride and I'll seek me bride.  
She's away with  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

Oh then he rode east and he rode west  
He rode north and south also,  
But when he rode to the wide open field  
It was there  
That he spied his lady-o.

'Ara, why do you leave your house and your lands?  
Why do you leave your money-o?  
Why do you leave your only wedded lord  
All for  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o?

'Yerra, what do I care for me house and me land?  
What do I care for money-o?  
Yerra what do I care for me only wedded lord?  
I'm away with  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

'It was there last night you'd a goose feather bed,  
Blankets drawn so cornely-o,  
But tonight you lie in a wide open field  
In the arms of  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

'Yerra what do I care for me goose feather bed?  
Yerra what do I care for blankets-o?  
What do I care for me only wedded lord?  
I'm away with  
The raggle taggle gypsy-o.

'Oh for you rode east when I rode west,  
You rode high and I rode low.  
I'd rather have a kiss of the yellow gypsy's lips  
Than all  
The cash and money-o.

## song for ireland

Living on your western shore,  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more,  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,  
And sang a song for Ireland.

Walking all the day  
Near tall towers where falcons build their nests  
Silver winged they fly,  
They know the call for freedom in their breasts,  
Saw Black Head against the sky  
Where twisted rocks they run down to the sea.

Drinking all the day,  
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
Saw one touch the bow,  
He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay,  
I stood on Dingle beach and cast,  
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

Talking all the day,  
With true friends who try to make you stay,  
Telling jokes and news,  
Singing songs to pass the night away,  
Watched the Galway salmon run,  
Like silver dancing, dashing in the sun.

Dreaming in the night,  
I saw a land where no-one has to fight,  
Waking in your dawn,  
I saw you crying in the morning light,  
Lying where the falcons fly,  
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky.



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**Hanna Schenck**

Gesang, Harfe, Bass

**Gerd Kraemer**

Akkordeon, Cajon

**Klaus Paulus**

Gesang, Gitarre, Bodhrán

**Silke Schenck**

Gesang, Mandoline, Mandola,  
Gitarre, Bodhrán, Waschbrett, Ei

**Yvonne Wallach**

Mandoline

**Susanne Kraemer**

Gesang, Flöte, Tin Whistles,  
Banjo, Gitarre, Bass, Cajon

**Bianca Koehring**

Geige

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**Greenfields**  
Butter aus Irland