

The Góilin Broadsheet

This is the first of a series of Broadsheets on original and rare songs collected by the Góilin (Traditional Singers' Club). The Góilin meets every Friday night in the "Four Seasons", North King Street, Dublin, where all are welcome. Further enquiries: 718 Donnelly, Tel.26 56 84



Brendan Phealan

This Broadsheet is based on some of the fine songs written by Brendan Phealan from Dublin, who has been writing songs for many years. For the last few years he has been working for C.I.F. and as he wryly says himself, "I'm more famous as a bad bus-conductor than a bad song-writer"



PADDY'S WALK TO CHINA

Copyright: Brendan Phealan 1982 (Words & Music)

"In his excellent book, "The Making of The Green", Australian writer Valentin L'Amour relates many stories about the Irishmen and women who were transported to Australia during the Penal Times. Apparently, because the unfortunate men had no idea where Australia was, the screws put around the world that China was only a few days walk across the mountains. The convicts, being desperate and naturally eager to escape often attempted to walk across the hazardous terrain on the Friendly Chinese Empire. Luckily they were repatriated and many of them actually walked across the mountain and straight back to the labour camp and Colonel Johnson."

Musical notation for the song "Paddy's Walk to China". It includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat), a 4/4 time signature, and a melody line with lyrics written below it. The lyrics are: "ONE DAY I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA - I WAS AT LASTLY WITH MYSELF BE CAUGHT BY A FINE WINDY FRO-BY WALKED TO CHINA ONE DAY BY THE WAY I WAS THERE AND I COULDN'T START ME TO GO TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA ONE DAY I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA - I WAS AT LASTLY WITH MYSELF BE CAUGHT BY A FINE WINDY FRO-BY WALKED TO CHINA ONE DAY BY THE WAY I WAS THERE AND I COULDN'T START ME TO GO TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA"

AN CUPÁN TAE OR AN OLD MUG OF TEA

Copyright: Brendan Phealan 1982 (Words & Music)

"The following song, "An Cupán Tae" or "An Old Mug of Tea" is totally in praise of that Oriental beverage much favoured by the inhabitants of these islands and others. I wrote it in January 1969 during one of my "dry spells", far away from the gargle parlours of Bristol."

Musical notation for the song "An Cupán Tae or An Old Mug of Tea". It includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat), a 4/4 time signature, and a melody line with lyrics written below it. The lyrics are: "FOR THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY IS SWEET SO THEY SAY BUT IT CAN'T COMPARE WITH A STRONG CUPÁN TAE I'VE RASSED THE WORLD OVER SO TAKE IT FROM ME THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH LIKE AN OLD MUG OF TEA ONE DAY I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA - I WAS AT LASTLY WITH MYSELF BE CAUGHT BY A FINE WINDY FRO-BY WALKED TO CHINA ONE DAY BY THE WAY I WAS THERE AND I COULDN'T START ME TO GO TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA"

CHORUS

For the juice of the barley is sweet so they say
But it can't compare with a strong cupán tae
I've rasped the world over so take it from me
There's nothing on earth like an old mug of tea

- 1 Come all you tea drinkers and list while I sing
For the love of the teapot's a glorious thing
It boils and it brews with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the old teapot game
- 2 When I was a laddie I used to complain
By kidneys were weak and by bowels were the same
So I went to the Doctor and he said to me
"Take plenty of water and mix it with tea."
- 3 The Russians drink vodka and think it divine
The French are contented with frogs' legs and wine
They boast of sly whiskey in far Germany
Ah, but they lost the war 'cause the limeys drank tea
- 4 Now, the Irish by nature, large families achieve
Some blame it on Stout but that's very naive
The reason I'm sure is a mystery to me
But if you don't like children keep right off the tea
- 5 My Granny she died and how we all wept
We had her cremated, her ashes we kept
It was her last wish and she's there in the tin
But when we're short of tea we just mix Granny in
- 6 Ask any old Navy, he'll tell you I'm right
For there's the men who'll drink whiskey all night
But come the next morning, what settles the head?
"It's a strong cupán tae", well isn't that what I said!

1. Come all you lads and listen to
This tale of Asia Minor
At least that's where he thought he'd fare
When Paddy walked to China
For Paddy was a deportee
The convict's stamp he bore
But he didn't care for the life out there
On Australia's blistering shore
2. For crimes committed 'gainst the Crown
His life was Paddy serving
But "no" thought he, "for men like me
A better life's deserving"
They say that if a man heads south
He'd soon walk straight to China
"Sogob" says fat, "I'll stab at that
To walk there's no one finer"
3. So up was made his Connaught mind
No peril was he scared-a
Though other men had tried and then
Have never since been heard-a
But Paddy swore he'd reach his goal
And jogged off with a song
All students of Geography
Confirm that he was wrong
4. A few small points he'd overlooked
In traveller's joyful glow
The matter of two thousand miles
And most of that by sea
For three long weeks of toil he trudged
O'er hills and rugged rocks
Until at last he heard the crow
Of cheering "Chinese" oooks
5. "China forever, Erin go Bragh"
His voice raised to the sky
He wandered lonely as a cloud
Till a cabin he did spy
The friendly stranger beckoned him
But fat in awe did stare
His taller Colonel Johnson
By the door was standing there
6. "Good man yourself" our hero cried
"I see you made it too
The past is past, we're here at last
I bear no grudge toward you
But soon the Colonel's friendly face
Turned red then green then blue
"So you thought to fly to old Shanghai
Well I've got some news for you"
7. We missed you lad, we missed you bad
Since first we heard you scurpered
But a right-about-face, has been your case
You're back to where you started!
Now Paddy's back in locks and chains
In old Australay
He ponders long on what went wrong
Into this very day
8. Come all you lads who've listened to
This tale of Asia Minor
So run or fare to Doris or Clare
But don't go out to China
And let this song a warning be
To every roving chap
If you want to get to China
Take a compass and a map



ANIMAL FARM

Copyright: Brendan Phelan 1992 (Words & Music)

"This next song is called Animal Farm and is based on George Orwell's classic book of the same name"

Musical score for 'Animal Farm' with lyrics and notes. The score is written on ten staves. The lyrics are: "A bull went out to woo a cow / To woo a cow went he / And soon he came to Animal Farm / To see what he might see / No humans in the farmhouse / The farmer he had fled / And the sheep were mending the barricades / All in the farmyard shed / Up jumped the pig called Snowball / He swore the revolution / Would spread throughout the land / And that gallant horse called Boxer / He whinnied and he said / 'With a heeked-haw and the pig said / Four legs good and two legs bad / The humans tried to store the farms / 'Twas terrible the fray / At The Battle of the Cowshed / But the animals won the day / And to mark their gallant victory / They sang their anthems song / They called it 'Beasts of England' / Which they sang the whole night long"

CHORUS: And the only time I've ever longed
To see another man cry
Was when I saw the owl farmer
And the tears all in his eye
For the pigs they alone their trotters
On his hide and on his head
As they sang their song of freedom
"Four legs good and two legs bad
As bad as bad can be
And the pig they call Napoleon
These words he spoke to me
Four legs good and two legs bad
As bad as bad can be
And the pig they call Napoleon
These words he spoke to me"

THE COLLIN
BROWNSHEET



- 1 A bull went out to woo a cow
To woo a cow went he
And soon he came to Animal Farm
To see what he might see
No humans in the farmhouse
The farmer he had fled
And the sheep were mending the barricades
All in the farmyard shed
- 2 Up jumped the pig called Snowball
He swore the revolution
Would spread throughout the land
And that gallant horse called Boxer
He whinnied and he said
"With a heeked-haw and the pig said
Four legs good and two legs bad
- 3 The humans tried to store the farms
'Twas terrible the fray
At The Battle of the Cowshed
But the animals won the day
And to mark their gallant victory
They sang their anthems song
They called it "Beasts of England"
Which they sang the whole night long
- 4 So they organized the chickens
The sheep, the cows and hens
The pigs took all the apples
And stored them in their pens
The farmers schemed and plotted
While the cows were making hay
But the cocks let fly
And they peered their eyes
And sent them on their way
- 5 But soon the pigs got greedy
And started to distaste
They chased away poor Snowball
Out through the farmyard gate
They branded him a traitor
Stuck an isopick in his ear
Napoleon played poker
Smoked cigars and drank his beer
- 6 A bull went out to woo a cow
To woo a cow went he
'Till soon he came to Animal farm
To see what he might see
And there was Farmer Morris
With Napoleon his friend
And the Revolution of Animal Farm
Had reached it's bitter end

THE DAY I GOT DEPORTED

Copyright: Brendan Phelan 1992 (Words & Music)

"During the time of the Deportation Orders in Bristol, there was a lot of police activity among the Irish population because of the Birmingham bombings. At the time of my arrest, I was a member of the Official Republican Movement which is now the Worker's Party and because of this I was deported as were many other innocent people."

Musical score for 'The Day I Got Deported' with lyrics and notes. The score is written on five staves. The lyrics are: "Like lean and tasty bacon / I'm flying out today / They're glad to be exporting me / And in the opposite way / The day I got deported / Sure the reason I can't tell / They picked me up in Bristol / And they threw me in a cell / Say's Chief Inspector Clarke, says he / 'Forgive this dreadful haste' / Then he slapped the Anti-Terrorist Act / Right in my shaggin' face / Well, feeling sorta puzzled / I arranged for my appeal / They sent a man called Waterhouse / To give me all the 'gag' / He went to see Roy Jenkins / And my case to him he read / Next day I had my answer back / But this is what it said / Say's Jenkins, 'There's no hope for you / I'm sorry for you lad / But you're in the 'gag' / And that's vexy, vexy bad, / You Faddies were quite welcome / When slave labour was in vogue / But now I find you guilty / In possession of a 'brogue' / When first I left old Ireland / I was feeling rather grand / With an arsenic in my pocket / And a suitcase in my hand / Now after sixteen years away / From dear old Briss' I lally / I'm going back much poorer / But Benjamin I'll go in style"

CHORUS: Like lean and tasty bacon
I'm flying out today
They're glad to be exporting me
And in the opposite way

- 1 The day I got deported
Sure the reason I can't tell
They picked me up in Bristol
And they threw me in a cell
Say's Chief Inspector Clarke, says he
'Forgive this dreadful haste'
Then he slapped the Anti-Terrorist Act
Right in my shaggin' face
- 2 Well, feeling sorta puzzled
I arranged for my appeal
They sent a man called Waterhouse
To give me all the 'gag'
He went to see Roy Jenkins
And my case to him he read
Next day I had my answer back
But this is what it said
- 3 Say's Jenkins, 'There's no hope for you
I'm sorry for you lad
But you're in the 'gag'
And that's vexy, vexy bad,
You Faddies were quite welcome
When slave labour was in vogue
But now I find you guilty
In possession of a 'brogue'
- 4 When first I left old Ireland
I was feeling rather grand
With an arsenic in my pocket
And a suitcase in my hand
Now after sixteen years away
From dear old Briss' I lally
I'm going back much poorer
But Benjamin I'll go in style
- 5 Whilst up in Horfield prison
As arrangements were prepared
I met a poor old 'Jackson'
Who was feeling all depressed
They sentenced him to life
But sure it was a sin
He jumped the gun and shot his mat
Before this Act came in
- 6 The owl was hissed and boomed so
As they drove me through the town
Their Union Jacks were flying
There were 'feakers' all around
And when I got to Dublin
For my welcome at the plane
The rain came down like bullets
And the bullets came down like rain
- 7 Now some say think it funny
And some say think it sad
But me? I'm not too worried
Sure in fact I'm almost glad
Aer Lingus is expensive
And the boat was much too slow
I only wish they'd thought of this
Sixteen years ago
- 8 Farewell to all my comrades
The lads down in 'Shane's Croft'
They're in the 'Coronation'
Where they keep our flag aloft
Some day I will return
But if you'll excuse the slang
To use an old expression
I'll be back there 'With a Bang'

PADDY ON THE SCREEVE

Copyright: Brendan Phelan 1992 (Words & Music)

"This song is about an old pavement artist who used to make pictures on the ground opposite Mobbersey's in Dublin along by the Liffeside. The word 'screeve', by the way, comes from the Irish (Scríobh) to write"

Musical score for 'Paddy on the Screeve' with lyrics and notes. The score is written on five staves. The lyrics are: "Oh, Paddy on the screeve
Your days are numbered
You'll be remembered
One of our own
But Paddy I believe
Each road you wandered
You turned to splendour
In Dublin Town
I make my pitch by the Liffeside
And it's there I linger and it's there I hide
Charcoal and chalk are the tools I need
Everybody knows me I'm Paddy on the Screeve
Some days are good and there's some bring strife
Still I paint my portraits of my wasted life
Every picture shows every dream I weave
I'm the old street artist I'm Paddy on the Screeve
Once I had a love, thought her love so strong
In those days of sunshine we were married young
'Till her roving eye had my heart deceived
Since the day I lost her I'm Paddy on the Screeve
Back through the past in my thoughts I fade
To the schools of Paris where I learned my trade
Could have made the grade, all my dreams achieve
Now the dreams are fading for Paddy on the Screeve
So come all you lads, hear the tale I tell
It's the tragic story of a man who fell
Now my tale must end for the Gods decreed
On the streets of Dublin died Paddy on the Screeve"

- CHORUS: Oh, Paddy on the screeve
Your days are numbered
You'll be remembered
One of our own
But Paddy I believe
Each road you wandered
You turned to splendour
In Dublin Town
- 1 I make my pitch by the Liffeside
And it's there I linger and it's there I hide
Charcoal and chalk are the tools I need
Everybody knows me I'm Paddy on the Screeve
 - 2 Some days are good and there's some bring strife
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 - 3 Once I had a love, thought her love so strong
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'Till her roving eye had my heart deceived
Since the day I lost her I'm Paddy on the Screeve
 - 4 Back through the past in my thoughts I fade
To the schools of Paris where I learned my trade
Could have made the grade, all my dreams achieve
Now the dreams are fading for Paddy on the Screeve
 - 5 So come all you lads, hear the tale I tell
It's the tragic story of a man who fell
Now my tale must end for the Gods decreed
On the streets of Dublin died Paddy on the Screeve

BROGGIN BRODSHEET

2

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BURKE & HARE

Words: Traditional / Music: Frank Spiers (Copyright 1993)

* The story of Burke and Hare is a remarkable one in that the direct cause of their involvement in their crimes was the great advancement in research in anatomy and medicine at the medical schools in Edinburgh in the 1820s.

William Burke was from Urray in Co. Tyrone and worked on the canal between Glasgow and Edinburgh. He met up with William Hare who is believed to have come from Lerwy, and who kept a lodging house at Tanner's Close at the West part in Edinburgh. Lodgings at that time were 3 pence or 4 pence a night but the price paid for a corpse at the medical schools was between 40 and 450. Grave-robbing took place until night-watchmen were put on guard round the cemeteries. Burke and Hare, however, were never grave-robers.

Their introduction to crime came about when an old man died, quite legitimately, at their lodging-house and they sold his body to Dr. Robert Knox, one of the leading teachers at the medical school. In the year of 1829 they committed 16 murders by suffocation, at the lodging-house, in a 9 month period. All the bodies were provided to Knox, who never questioned the circumstances of their deaths but was glad they were fresh. Knox at this time was a very popular and highly respected teacher having 600 pupils in the year.

Eventually Burke and Hare were arrested on suspicion but the case was not proved until Hare turned King's Evidence on Burke. Hare was let free and Burke was hung before 25,000 people at the lawmarket in Edinburgh on Jan. 29th 1829. Dr. Knox was initially supported by his pupils and the authorities as regards his innocence in the matter but latterly he was dismissed and ended up teaching in London. Ironically some of his best work had been done in the period of the Burke and Hare murders and he used much of his research in his later books.

Inspired by the events, characters and moral issues, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his famous book of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (Frank Spiers)



The Brodsheet this time round presents a range of material which has been performed at the club by some of the regulars.

Philip Rice from Dublin writes many of his own songs and presents here a humorous song called "The Monk".

Séan Fáberer also from Dublin specialises in the 'recitation' which he delivers superbly. A fine example of one of his is Robert Service's "Salvation Bell". Frank Spiers from Glasgow concentrates mainly on Scottish songs but also on songs of a Scottish - Irish interest. "Burke and Hare" is an example of one of these.

Seán Garvey is from Galway and sings in both Irish and English. "The Bogs of Shanabhever" is a powerful song from Connemara. Tim Donnelly is also from Galway and sings likewise in Irish and English. "Kilfinnegan's" is a popular 'local' song in the Gaeltacht of South Kerry.

THE BOGS OF SHANABHEVER (Traditional)

* The place-name "Shanabhever" is an anglicism of "An Sean Aibhir" (The old granite stone), and is an area which lies between an Cliffran and an Smith Balach in Connemara. I got the words from John Finnegan of Corofin in 1979. (Seán Garvey)



- Oh my young life is past and it makes me feel dreary
Then in exile I'm cast on the wilds of a prairie
I've to watch for the red man, the painter and the beaver
While my thoughts wander back to the bogs of Shanabhever
- Oh Andy and Don in my absence make ready
By the light of the moon, go and call Master Freddie
And tell him to prepare and to be mighty clever
So we make o'er the hills to the bogs of Shanabhever
- From the shores of Loch Anna to the plains of Kiltirion
By the light of the moon my poor heart it was stricken
I'd have stayed in Kiltirion but the boys they would not favour
So we made o'er the hills to the bogs of Shanabhever
- Oh the course it was rough but Bruce was longwinded
And fierce every stride, sure the hunting it was splendid
For the two year old dogs they were lanky, keen and clever
But the next thing I saw was a death in Shanabhever
- Oh the victor died, my mourning days were over
And I lay down and cried like a broken-hearted lover
I laid Victor in his grave and I laid his down forever
Faid y pasage to New York from the bogs of Shanabhever
- Oh Ireland my love I will think of you forever
For there's no place on earth that I love with such fervour
And when the time is right I'll return once more to see her
Then I'll bid adieu forever to the bogs of Shanabhever



And it's down the close, up the stair
But and ten w' Burke and Hare
Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief
Knox is the man that buys the beef

- To help the folk at the Medical School
Word is spread around
A body was sent ten days old
Will bring in fourteen pounds
It may be true but and to stay
In this age of grace
A man's worth muckle when alive
But plenty when he's deid
- And in the dark of many's a night
When a' good folk are asleep
Soon by the dyke in the kirkyard
Ose two shadown creeps
And many's a man that's said right through
And awfully laid awy
He never thought it wasn't the last
He'd seen the light of day
- But no content w' howkin' deid
A play that aye gets harder
They started pickin' on healthy folk
Ane was countin' murder
And in the dark to the countryside
Creeps a fearsome pair
Oh be man or wife or wean
Te're no' at'e fae Burke and Hare
- But noo Auld Beakie can sleep at last
These twa will trade the sae
It's the gallow's tree for William Burke
The pumpin' grave for Hare



muckie a lot, almost entrance to tenment
but and best backwards and forwards
bowkin' digging up, wassu chit (pron. wain)
Auld Beakie's gallow's tree for Edinburgh
(Frank Spiers)

Drawn from life in the Lock-up House
on the day before his execution by
Eira Scowby



The Góilín Broadsheet

3

This is the third of a series of Broadsheets on original and rare songs collected by the Góilín (Traditional Singer's Club). The Góilín meets every Friday night in the "Four Seasons", North King Street, Dublin, where all are welcome.

Editing & Design: Frank Spiers
Music Transcribed: Gerry Ronan
Further Enquiries: Luke Cheevers, Tel: 354426.



Barry Gleeson

The Broadsheet on this occasion presents a series of original and most wondrous songs by Barry Gleeson from Artane in Dublin. These gems from Barry's fevered brain have been long awaited and are guaranteed to entertain, titillate and confuse with their verbal gymnastics. An Olympian feat altogether.

DON'T BE SILLY

Selfishness, possessiveness, unfaithfulness, jealousy, pride, separation, loneliness and misery are all features of this rather pleasant piece. I hope you like it.

J = 125^{op}

1. Now don't be silly, gather round and pay attentive gestures
Your expressions are as deadpan as a Tuesday night at home
Draw near unto my head and mouth consent for to invest your
Time and patience in my ditty, don't allow your minds to roam.
I'm not asking you to burst, I vow, what might be termed your bolshers
Which apparently from what I hear are much the worse for wear
So don't be over-critical disparagin' despisers

Chorus
For you know 'twill get us nowhere which is neither here nor there.
hardi gaa hardi hardi higlia doo hardi manda
hardi hi rih hardi looser lower doo hardi ra rinda

2. My stance is lookin' neutral, refreshin' with no whistle
The sharp splitin' of the he and she of we are joined as one
You will note that love turns bitter with a porcupintish bristle
In a flash, when its too tender or a little overdone
The ears of his beloved must be caked with wax that's matted
He's not had a written word from her for more than meets the eye
She force-fed him with plump compliments, just as a calf that's latted
To be twisted on the turning spit and feeling rather dry

Chorus
3. His sheets were somewhat ruffled from his agitated tossin'
He was thinkin' of her cardigan, her blouse and pleated skirt
Interspersed with specious pointin' out sure constant double-crossin'
He'd been lifted to the hill-top view then thrummed down to earth
Through a wakeful vigil listenin' that black phone is sayin' nothin'
Though reception would be dicy cold if he should chance to ring
He was a pressure piston pushin' as for punishment, a glutton
To her person he was clutchin' and did coarsely cling

4. She ben' stupefied by migraine the incessant repressation
Of some momentary lapses which was satire, nothin' more
He ben' on the ball for many a day, but debatin' an' discussion
Beyond his scope when groppin' for the essence of amor
Chorus
5. There's a martyr to those dizzy spells which have increased in frequency
Since she started her globe-trottin', to escape the dull routine
Weeks are wonderin' lackadaisical, all loose and out of sequence
God regrets beges a koggins' for the knot that might have been
Off the coast of Bengal West now in his sampan he is rowin'
All the Hinduistic gentlemen and ladies smile and wave
Unaware of his dilemma in the dark and never known'
They do slag him sayin' 'ger oua da, ye boe, get off the stage'.

Chorus
6. I gratefully acknowledge your vague interest in my ditty
Though the standard of description it was far from purple prose
In the final shake up they all say it was an awful pity
But the tears were shed, enough is said and that's the way it goes.
Chorus

SLEEVELESS CHARMS

It is a common practice with certain restaurants here in Dublin, to chop off and confiscate the limbs of patrons, who seem either unable or unwilling to cough up for services rendered.

This custom has spread in later times to other parts of the country. The execution has been perfected to such an extent that oftentimes, as in this case, the outcome is positively artistic.

J = 125^{op}

1. Whilst lunching with a paragon, the maid of Two-Mill-Borris
And chatting over candle-light in an atmosphere serene
She touched me most demurely, the truth I own as sure as
The trousers that encwrap your limbs could do with a dry-clean
The chemistry that dormant lay was actively ignited
As swiftly though with measured pace prophetic tides did flow
Nothing could have pleased me more, but yet I felt benighted
Begob, begor, you'd ponder and tis very hard to know.

CHORUS

Those tanned arms had sleeveless charms and bangles slidin' neatly
The delicate twist of her elegant wrist enraptured me completely.

2. The grizzle of the dumplings (pork) between me teeth embedded
I cautiously did pick and jab, then threw this halting line
Dear ... em, you're lookin' ... well, then sorry that I'd said it
Inquired if she'd be partial to another drop of wine.
You rogue and blade, what can I say? she gently poured the beverage
I told her tales of Yin and Yang or was it Yang and Yin?
Your powers of concentration, sweet, are high, above the average
You've studied every pore, my love, that's joinin' up me skin

Chorus

3. Our fingers tipped and palms did rub we hadn't gone much further
When on our table natively a bill appeared by hand
She begged my leave for to retire, the curry had her murdered
Her abdomen was crippled, so that you may understand,
I winced and grimaced wildly and rummaged through me pockets
To toss out paper money but just minor coins did spill
Then noted with acute alarm whilst scanning o'er the docket
A sharpened cleaver leanin' mean, convenient to the till.

Chorus

4. The aromatic fragrance of perfumery did eddy
The maiden drifted back to base, right fondly I did say
While masticating nervously, I had nay got the readies
And wondered if by any chance she might consent to pay
No lass with class would carry cash 'tis not aristocratic
And now I'm feeling poorly to depart I am inclined
She made a keap up from her seat, she'd switched to automatic
All followed by my steaming self, not half an inch behind.

Chorus

5. But as the desk we hastily passed that cleaver did its duty
The Taiwan waiter swung to base, right fondly I did see
He bent, retrieved and to the kitchen took them as his booty
"We'll call it quits", he snorted "don't forget to push the door".
Now my sweetheart is more statuesque than ought they found on
Melo
Bold rival suitors queue up to her beauty gaze upon
There's no need to convince me that there wasn't any real loss
I'd never go and leave her 'cause I know she'd leave me gone.

Chorus

Copyright: Barry Gleeson 1984 (Words & Music)



SHRIEKIN' ARTANER

From time to time we are approached in the public streets by unkerped individuals, shouting aggressively, suffering from paranoia and a host of other maladies. This is for them.

$\text{♩} = 125 \text{ bpm}$

THE START OF ME TALE 'TIS ABOUT TO BEGIN
THE ENDIN'S NOT TOO FAR BEHIND IT
BUT THE MIDDLE'S SO MADDLED, ME BRAIN BOX WILL SPIN
IF I LOSE IT, I'LL NEVER MORE FIND IT
I SEARCHED AND I PLUNDERED THROUGH BROOKFIELD ALL NIGHT
CURSIN' AN' BAWLIN' AN' SCREAMIN'
BUT THE LUNATIC FRINGE IT IMPEDED ME SIGHT
LIKE AN ANTIDILUVIAN DEMON

CHORUS
SKI DIL RU DIP AN SHRIEKIN' ARTANER
MANIAC MADMAN YOU'LL KIND NONE INSANER
ROODLE BE HUBBLIN' ME HEAD TIS IN BITS
I'M SHIVERS' AN' TREMBLIN' IN CONVULSIVE FITS.

I BELTED ME HEAD OFF THE CUL-DE-SAC WALL
WHICH MADE ME BECOME QUITE EXCLAIMANT
I THREATENED THE NEIGHBOURS WITH BILE AND WITH GALL
AS A GESTURE IN MUCOUS GREEN RAINMENT
THEY SCURRED, THEY SKIDDED, THEY SCUTTLED INDOORS
THE COWARDLY DOGS Huddled in bushes
I SHOUTED FOR HELP FROM THE RATS IN THE SHORES
THEY WERE FLATTERED, BUT SPARED ME THE BLUSHES

WITHOUT CONTEMPLATION THE BLOOD I DID SPILL
OF A GROUP OF REFORMED ACOLYTES
I OPENED THEIR VEINS AND ME HIN LUK DID FILL
WELL, MAYBE THAT'S BEIN' HYPERBOLIC

CHORUS
DON'T LOOK AT ME YOU AS I TELL ME TALE
I'D TAKE IT TO HEART IN A MINUTE
AS I STABBED ALL THE WIDOWS IN YON FLOWERY VALE
BE THE WARBLIN' NOTES OF THE LINGER
AND SOW THAT I COME TO THE CLOSE OF ME LAY
ME BALANCE WAS BALKED IN THE MIDDLE
'T WAS THE DAWN AND THE DUSK EXCLUDIN' THE DAY
OF THE SPHINX'S ENIGMATIC RIDDLE

CHORUS

CUPIDS VISITATION TO MICK DWYER

This song is the result of many influences. It's about first love.

$\text{♩} = 104 \text{ bpm}$

OH LET ME INTRODUCE YOU FRIENDS TO ONE WHO SHUNS PANACHE
MICK ALEXANDER CASAR ROSEY DWYER
THE RESIDENCE WHEREIN HE DWELLS IS PARTIALLY DETACHED
AND 'TIS SHELTERED BY THE ROSES AND THE BRIARS
NOW BARBRY ELLEN NEVER BOTHERED MICKY IN THE LEAST
THE WHERE OR WHEN OR WHAT HAD CAUSED HER DYING
HE'D NEVER HEARD OF VENUS (APHRODITE IF YOU'RE GREEK)
NOR HAD UNDERGONE THE PANGS OF LOVE SICK SIGHIN'
HE'D NEVER UNDERGONE THE PANGS OF LOVE SICK SIGHIN'

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT AS MICKY IRONED HIS POLKA DOTTED SHIRT
A KNOCK RESOUNDED ON HIS SEEMLY PORTAL
YOUNG CUPID WITH HIS HUNTERS GEAR WAS WIPIN' OFF THE DIRT
FROM HIS SITINGS, FOR HE WAS ONE OF THE IMMORTALS
WHAT IS IT YOU'RE COLLECTIN' FOR? OUR HERO DID INQUIRE
OR DID I SIGN ME NAME TO SOME SUBVERSION?
'T WAS THEN THAT HE DID NOTICE CUPID'S LACK OF MEET ATTIRE
WHICH WAS HARDLY GET UP FIT TO GAIN CONVERSION
IT WAS HARDLY GET UP FIT TO GAIN CONVERSION

STEP IN AT ONCE YOU AMADIN, WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBOURS THINK?
YOU'RE DOPPLIN' YOUR CONSIDERABLE VITALS
IF ME OTHER SOCKS AND UNDERPANTS WERE SOAKIN' IN THE SINK
YOU COULD SLIP THEM ON, REGARDLESS OF REGARD!
SO CUPID SWAGGERED THROUGH THE HALL, HIS MIEN AND GAIT UNCOMMON
AND IN THE LOUNGER PLOKED DOWN BESIDE THE FIRE
MICK AT FIRST WAS AT A LOSS WHEN CONFRONTED BY THIS YOUTH
BUT WAS CONSCIOUS OF A RISIN' INNER FIRE
HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF A RISIN' INNER FIRE.

COME OFF IT, MAN, I MEAN TO SAY, THE NECK! WHAT IS YOUR TACK
TAS HOW HE DID INITIATE PROCEEDING?
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME EVER (HE WAS FORCED TO TURN HIS BACK
AS HE COUGHED, HIS FURY HAMPERIN HIS BEZARIN')
'TIS NO WONDER BISHOPS FELT LIKE THROVIN' THEIR MITRES AT THE LOT
WITH THE LIKES OF YOU PARADIN' IN THEIR PELT
YOU WOULDN'T SIT THERE SMIRKIN', LIKE LOED MUCK UPON HIS POT
IF PARENTAL RECTITUDE IN CHILDHOOD FELT
IF PARENTAL RECTITUDE IN CHILDHOOD FELT

ON A FLOWERY PLATE ADJACENT WAS A SLICE OF RHUBARB TART
WHICH CUPID NIBBLED AS HE TOOK HIS REST
YOU'RE TEMPTIN' INDIGESTION AND THE BURMIN' OF THE HEART
FOR 'TIS ONLY HALF-BAKED, LIKE MY PRESENT GUEST.
YOU'RE AN EJECT AND A THICK GOMBEEN, A MELT, A SE'ER-DO-WELL
MICK WAS ONLY BEIN' CRUEL TO BE KIND
YOU'RE THE LOWEST FORM OF FILTHY LIFE, A SLUG, AN INFIDEL
I'D SAY WORSE THINGS IF THEY WOULD SPRING TO MIND.
HE'D SAY WORSE THINGS IF THEY WOULD SPRING TO MIND.

1. Oh let me introduce you friends to one who shuns panache
Mick Alexander Casar Rosey Dwyer
The residence wherein he dwells is partially detached
And 'tis sheltered by the roses and the briars

Now Barbry Ellen never bothered Micky in the least
The where or when or what had caused her dying
He'd never heard of Venus (Aphrodite if you're Greek)
Nor had undergone the pangs of love sick sighin'
He'd never undergone the pangs of love sick sighin'

2. One Friday night as Micky ironed his polka dotted shirt
A knock resounded on his seemly portal
Young Cupid with his hunters gear was wipin' off the dirt
From his sitings, for he was one of the immortals
What is it you're collectin' for? our hero did inquire
Or did I sign me name to some subversion?
'Twas then that he did notice Cupid's lack of meet attire
Which was hardly get up fit to gain conversion
It was hardly get up fit to gain conversion

3. Step in at once you amadin, what would the neighbours think?
You're dopplin' your considerable vitals
If me other socks and underpants were soakin' in the sink
You could slip them on, regardless of regard!
So Cupid swaggered through the hall, his mien and gait uncommo
And in the lounge plonked down beside the fire
Mick at first was at a loss when confronted by this youth
But was conscious of a risin' inner fire.
He was conscious of a risin' inner fire.

4. Come off it, man, I mean to say, the neck! what is your tack
Tas how he did initiate proceeding?
This is the first time ever (he was forced to turn his back
as he coughed, his fury hamperin his bezarin')
'Tis no wonder Bishops felt like throwin' their mitres at the lot
With the likes of you paradin' in their pelt
You wouldn't sit there smirkin', like Loed Muck upon his pot
If parental rectitude in childhood felt
If parental rectitude in childhood felt

5. On a flowery plate adjacent was a slice of rhubarb tart
Which Cupid nibbled as he took his rest
You're temptin' indigestion and the burmin' of the heart
For 'tis only half-baked, like my present guest.
You're an eject and a thick gombeen, a melt, a se'er-do-well
Mick was only bein' cruel to be kind
You're the lowest form of filthy life, a slug, an infidel
I'd say worse things if they would spring to mind.
He'd say worse things if they would spring to mind.

1. The start of me tale 'tis about to begin
The endin's not too far behind it
But the middle's so maddled, me brain box will spin
If I lose it, I'll never more find it
I searched and I plundered through Brookfield all night
Cursin' an' bawlin' an' screamin'
But the lunatic fringe it impeded me sight
Like an antdiluvian demon

CHORUS

Ski dil ru dip an shriekin' Artaner
Maniac madman you'll kind none insaner
Roodle be hubblin' me head tis in bits
I'm shivers' an' tremblin' in convulsive fits.

2. I belted me head off the cul-de-sac wall
Which made me become quite exclaimant
I threatened the neighbours with bile and with gall
As a gesture in mucous green rainment
They scurred, they skidded, they scuttled indoors
The cowardly dogs huddled in bushes
I shouted for help from the rats in the shores
They were flattered, but spared me the blushes

3. Without contemplation the blood I did spill
Of a group of reformed acolytes
I opened their veins and me hin lusk did fill
Well, maybe that's bein' hyperbolic

CHORUS

Don't look at me you as I tell me tale
I'd take it to heart in a minute
As I stabbed all the widows in yon flowery vale
Be the warblin' notes of the linger
And sow that I come to the close of me lay
Me balance was balked in the middle
'Twas the dawn and the dusk excludin' the day
of the sphinx's enigmatic riddle

CHORUS

6. Now Cupid kept his cake-hole shut throughout this harsh baragoo
Though a yaw or two to stifle was compelled
As over him Mick Dwyer bawled and furore did bang
That blaze of wrath once kindled hard to quell
Just then a reddish trickle dripped from Mick's distinguished snout
'Twas an indication of internal bleedin'

It also did bear witness that one shouldn't rave and shout
If a sedentary life one has been leadin'
If a sedentary life one has been leadin'.

7. When Cupid saw the rosy hue he stood up unabashed
Far to exit from that scene his firm endeavour
If Mick had been observant he'd have spotted as he dashed
That an arrow shaft was missin' from his quiver
Me gorta is contractin' fast, says Mick unto the wall
In the absence of a confidential ear
Me ventricles both left and right is not themselves at all
An' me cerebral processes is unclear
Yea me cerebral processes is unclear

8. Where is that little gattessupee? for he's to blame I'm sure
Mick's reasons' was workin' a priori
His entrance was inopportune, his exit premature
And his disposition much too desultary
Like a punch drunk Postus Pilate then he went to wash his mits
'Twas his woot whenever bothered or befuddled
A ploy he had adopted when upset or in the pits
Or when nervous tension had his system added.
Or when nervous tension had his system added.

9. The ablation of his nostrils was included in his rite
To relate the ins and outs is not my function
But a clean up job he undertook to mitigate his plight
This extremity demanded some such suction
Now above the nest sink unit where erstwhile had soaked his whites
A mirror caught his mood of pained reflections
And images of women's legs in Pretty Polly rights
Was goose-steppin' in his general direction.
They were goose-steppin' in his general direction.

10. Those things were of a former age, the Cleopatra type
And in truth they did excite his other region
The feet in classic shape were cast, the buttocks soundly ripe
And the calves were moulded in a style Venetian.
Then Michael Dwyer espouse looked himself straight in the eye
It was plain to see his pupils had dilated
One pair of limbs he'd singled out as they was marchin' by
'Cause each movin' part was so co-ordinated
Yea each movin' part was so co-ordinated.

11. He thought, 'tis immaterial if the rest of her's a farce
Or her personality it isn't mighty
As long as I could have them shanks a danglin from her aise
Or protrudin' from the borders of her rightside.
So he wandered in relentless search for 3 years and a day
In an uphill soul-destroyin' quest for pleasure
His inescapable fortune meant hitches on the way
They were despatched until at length he gained his treasure
They were despatched until at length he gained his treasure

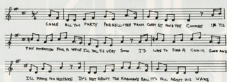
12. Having qualities beyond the call, she didn't disappoint
Mick's apostasy bein' now all but completed
To untonise what was before, through no one's fault, disjoint
Her hand and legs in marriage he entreated
Major nod, o' course I will, ye, defo, sure, not half
Her wild willingness sent Micky nigh ecstatic
He'd employed to supplement his pleas as prop. or courtin staff
Some quotations from a book up to his attic.
Some quotations from a book up to his attic.

13. So now you've heard the story tidings of one who shuns panache
Alexander Casar Rosey Dwyer, a man of wit and grace
Who used to walk in single file, alone, and unattached
Until Cupid put some strings upon his lyre
Until Cupid put some strings upon his lyre.

The COILIN
BROADSHEET
received
12 SEP 1990



The Ragman's Wake

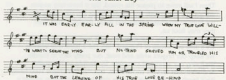


This was written by a Liberties man named Tommy Winters, who was also author of the very popular song 'The Ragman's Ball', and seems to have been completely overshadowed by it. I hope that this printing of it helps in some small way to redress the balance. As a point of interest, one day in 1915, Tommy left his Corporation Cleansing Department cart outside a recruiting office and joined up; he was never to return home as he was killed in action in France in 1916. (Lilac Cheevers)

1. Come all you Party Parades from Cork Street and The Coombe
 I'd like to sing a comic song and I'll make no mistake
 It's not about the Ragman's Ball, it's all about his wake.
2. Now you've all heard tell of the Ragman's Ball, it was a funny sight
 When was fella he got stretched out, through interlamin' in a fight
 So we went around collectin' a subscription for to make
 And we brought him a second hand coffin boys, just to respect his wake.
3. So we sent out invitations to the neighbours near and far
 We sent for big John Kelly, blind Gort Whalan and Jack Tar
 We sent for Moscow Corroy and her friend to bake a cake
 For the boys they'd all feel hungry, on the night of the Ragman's Wake.
4. Now, for estates we had plenty, we'd ham parins and pigs feet
 We had spare ribs and knuckle bones, pigs cheeks from Townsend Street
 But John Kelly he got hungry so he started on the cake
 And got struck on the nose with a pigs cheek bone
 On the night of the Ragman's Wake.
5. There was lachins of loquintie poster, it came from a well known spot
 And Fair Lannigan was the disher out, assisted by his mot
 Now, some tried to come the 'double-event' cause it hadnt 'cost' a make
 For everthin' was got on the slate, for the night of the Ragman's Wake.
6. Now Soodum started to sing a song, that night in stately room
 And against the rules he started a song, called 'Sailing in my Balloon'
 Well he hadn't got the first verse sung, when 'Carigan' the well known rake
 Sent him sailin' through the window, on the night of the Ragman's Wake.
7. Then up stood Paul O'Feeney, he considered himself a brick
 He wanted a loan of an umbrella, to play the three card trick
 Then some-wan shouted that man is mad, throw him out, or his neck
 I'll break
 Does he think he's at the Baldiole race course, instead of a poor man's wake.
8. Now the boys lay down to have a snooze, they slept with their clothes on
 And when they awoke the followin' morn, they found the corpse had gone
 Sure he'd went through all their pockets, and the contents of them did take
 And he advertised for a few more hardchaws, to go to a Ragman's Ball.



The Tailor Boy



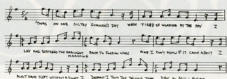
This is a version of 'The Tailor Boy' collected by Mr. John Calley from his mother Mary Calley, sometime in the 1920's. She lived in a townland called Storin in the County of Cavan. (Phl Calley)

1. It was early, early all in the spring,
 When my true love Willie went to serve a King,
 But nothing grieved him or troubled his mind,
 But the leaving of his true love behind,
 Voices, voices I think I hear,
 And every voice cries out Willie dear,
 If I'm prevented from bairnng your wife,
 With a sword and pistol I will end my life.
2. Father, father build me a boat,
 For on yonder ocean I mean to float,
 To the tall ships as they pass by,
 And to search each one for my sailor boy,
 She had not sailed but a week or two,
 When a full French fleet, sailed into view,
 Come tell to me you jovial crew,
 Does my love Willie sail on board with you?
3. What was the colour of your Willie's hair?
 What kind of clothes did your Willie wear?
 A short green jacket, this maid replied,
 And his golden locks hung down by his side,
 Oh maiden maiden I gressfully fear,
 Your Willie's lost for he is not here,
 On yon green islands we passed by,
 We lost four more and your sailor boy.
4. She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
 Much like a maid in deep despair,
 Against the rocks her small boat was tossed,
 Saying, how could I live now my Willie's lost,
 Go did my grave long, large, wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
 And in the centre a turtle dove,
 So the world might know that I died for love.



The COILIN BROADSHEET

The Mullingar Recruit



"I heard a version of this song from Matt Boyhan, Milltown Pass, Co. Westmeath, the version here comes from the singing of Tom Murnely. Being a native of the 'Fair City' I can only applaud the wisdom of the last line." (Róisín Gaffney)

1. 'Twas on one sunny summer's day
 When tired of workin' at the hay
 I lay and watched a regiment
 Marchin' by to foreign wars
 And I don't know how it came about
 I must have slept without a doubt
 I dreamt I took the shillin'
 That day in Mullingar.
2. Oh! Sergeant A-Gra-Mo-Cree
 Won't you swop back again with me
 For my old coat and overcoat
 They were warmer by far
 And besides me heart will surely break
 If friends and neighbours I forsake
 And wear the highland petticoat
 Going into Mullingar.
3. But the Sergeant he spoke to me
 You might as well contendt be
 You've gone and took the shillin'
 Down in Mary Anne Egan's bar
 And as for those you leave behind
 You might as well make up your mind
 You've gone and put your foot in it
 This day in Mullingar.
4. 'Twas then I wept with grief and pain
 But all me protests were in vain
 We marched through Monasterevin
 With the general in the car
 And when he came to Woodford town
 Straight to the transport we went down
 And sailed away for India
 Farewell to Mullingar.
5. The heat was heavy overhead
 We fought 'til nearly all were dead
 From Sutton Lake to 'Tilbor' 'til
 We came to Tanzabar
 And those Indians are a savage lot
 They gave it to us hard and hot
 And I lost my legs by cannon shot
 And I mourned for Mullingar.
6. As on the bloody ground I lay
 In deep despair I could not pray
 I cursed the day I listed
 And my joy in life did mar
 'Til someone nearby gave a shout
 I sat right up and looked about
 Thank God I was only dreamin'
 I was back in Mullingar.
7. I gazed around and with delight
 I felt me two fine legs alight
 I kissed the sod I lay upon
 And I thanked me lucky stars
 And I swore no soldier might me bribe
 Unless for Ireland's cause to die
 King George can stuff his shillin' up
 I'm content in Mullingar.

