

7 IRISH SONGS - ST PATRICK'S DAY

An Old Irish Blessing -

May the road rise up to meet you.

May the wind always be at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face,

and rains fall soft upon your fields.

And until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

IF YOU'RE IRISH COME INTO THE PARLOUR

If you're I-rish come into the par-lour,

there's a wel-come there for you;

if your name is Tim-o-thy or Pat,

so long as you come from Ire-land,

there's a wel-come on the mat.

If you come from the moun-tains of Mou-r-ne,

or Kil-lar-ney's lakes so blue,

we'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss,

who-ev-er you are you're one of us,

if you're I-rish, this is the place for you.

[repeat]

IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH

It's a great day for the I-rish,

it's a great day for fair

the side-walks of New York are thick with Blar-ney,
for shure you'd think New York was old Kil-lar-ney!

It's a great day for the sham-rock,
for the flags in full ar-ray.

We're feel-ing so in-spir-ish
shure be-cause for all the I-rish,

it's a Great, Great DAY!

[repeat]

IF YOU EVER GO TO IRELAND

If you ev-er go to Ire-land,
will you take this mes-sage for me,
to a sweet old I-rish la-dy,
sure she's sweet as an an-gel can be.

You'll find a white house
where the green sham-rock grows,
where the moun-tains sweep down to the sea.

If you ev-er go to Ire-land,
will you kiss my old moth-er for me.

[repeat]

PEG OF MY HEART

Peg O' My Heart, I love you,
don't let us part, I love you.
I always knew, it would be you,
since I heard your lilt-ing laugh-ter,

it's your I-rish heart I'm af-ter.
Peg O' My Heart, your glances
make my heart say, how's chan-ces,
come be my own,
come make your home in my heart.
[repeat]

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

Sweet Ro-sie O'Gra-dy,
my dear lit-tle Rose,
she's my stead-y la-dy,
most ev-'ry-one knows.
And when we are mar-ried,
how - hap-py we'll be,
I love Sweet Ro-sie O'Gra-dy
and Ro-sie O'Gra-dy loves me.
[repeat]

ROSE OF TRALEE

The pale moon was ris-ing
a-bove the green moun-tain,
the sun was de-clining
be-neath the blue sea.
When I strayed with my love
to the pure crys-tal foun-tain
that stands in the beau-ti-ful

vale of Tralee.

She was love-ly and fair
as the rose of the sum-mer,
yet 'twas not her beau-ty
a-lone that won me.

Oh, no 'twas the truth in her
eye ev-er dawn-ing,
that made me love Ma-ry,
the Rose of Tra-lee.

The cool shades of eve-ning
their man-tle were spread-ing,
and Ma-ry all smil-ing
was list-'ning to me.

The moon thro' the val-ley
her pale rays were shed-ding,
when I won the heart
of the Rose of Tra-lee.

Though love-ly and fair
as the rose of the sum-mer,
yet 'twas not her beau-ty
a-lone that won me.

Oh, no 'twas the truth in her
eye ev-er dawn-ing,

that made me love Ma-ry,
the Rose of Tra-lee.

MOLLY MALONE

(COCKLES AND MUSSELS)

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone:

as she wheels her wheel-barrow

through streets broad and narrow -

crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!

Crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

She was a fishmonger but sure 'twas no wonder

for so were her father and mother before:

and they both wheeled their barrow

through streets broad and narrow -

crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!

Crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

She died of a fever and no one could save her

and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone:

but her ghost wheels her barrow

through streets broad and narrow -

crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!

Crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!'

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When I-rish eyes are smil-ing,

sure its like a morn' in Spring.

In the lilt of I-rish laugh-ter,

you can hear the an-gels sing.

When I-rish hearts are hap-py,

all the world seems bright and gay;

and when I-rish eyes are smil-ing,

sure they ste-al your heart a-way.

[repeat]