

**GAIA'S ST PATRICK'S NIGHT
PROGRAMME
2021**



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EN : Song sheets are in alphabetical order. Lyrics provided may differ from those on the YouTube link!

NL : Liedjes staan in alfabetische volgorde. De teksten kunnen verschillen van die op de YouTube-link!

ZOOM INFO

Mercredi / Wednesday / Woensdag

17 Mars 2021 19:00 (Paris)

<https://zoom.us/j/95382665075>

Meeting ID: 953 8266 5075

Passcode : shamrock17

- Veuillez vous joindre à la réunion au moins 5 minutes à l'avance.
- Kom alstublieft minstens 5 minuten te vroeg naar de vergadering.
- Please join the waiting room by 18:55.

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YouTube Liens/Links, Paroles/ Lyrics/Teksten Pages

CHANT	Paroles	cliquez sur le titre vert de la chanson pour ouvrir youtube	
SONG	Lyrics	youtube	
LIEDJE	Teksten	Click the Green song title to open YouTube	
	PAGE #	klik op de groene songtitel om youtube te openen	
<u>Black Velvet Band</u>	4	4:00	https://youtu.be/ef4lPUtoNwE
<u>Dirty Old Town</u>	5	3:41	https://youtu.be/4-7HMiGdKqw?t=7
<u>Fields of Athenry</u>	6	4:08	https://youtu.be/w8GYnSt6uro
<u>Here's a Health</u>	7	4:20	https://youtu.be/6ENmmkar0QQ
<u>I'll Tell me Ma</u>	8	3:50	https://youtu.be/So1qiyLaypk
<u>Irish Blessing</u>	9	3:08	https://youtu.be/c-XNM--rwJM
<u>Jug of Punch</u>	10	4:00	https://youtu.be/OFYOPyPru0Y?t=43
<u>Molly Malone</u>	11	3:11	https://youtu.be/q9Deeh9n-VI
<u>When Irish Eyes</u>	12	3:40	https://youtu.be/TcGmLu27OII
<u>Whiskey in the Jar</u>	13	4:00	https://youtu.be/hlWTASnnft4
<u>Wild Colonial Boy</u>	14	3:43	https://youtu.be/KpkqJVGzQUQ
<u>Wild Mountain Thyme</u>	15	4:00	https://youtu.be/PHPKh-ZezRM
<u>Wild Rover</u>	16	4:00	https://youtu.be/_jgd07Ica5s

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Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to a trade I was bound
And many's an hour's sweet happiness
Have I spent in this neat little town.
A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Came a traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swans'
And her hair is hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And the gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye
A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing I said was
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear
And the judge he said to me 'Young man
Your case is proven clear'
We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

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Dirty Old Town

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

I kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beat

Spring's a girl from the streets at night

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks

Saw a train set the night on fire

I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a good sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

I kissed my girl by the factory wall

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GAIA : St Patricks Day

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The Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall,
I heard a young girl calling
Michael they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn
So the young might see the morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay
*Low lie, The Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the Fields of Athenry*

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
'Nothing matters Mary, when you're free'
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity
*Low lie, The Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the Fields of Athenry*

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lived in hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the Fields Of Athenry
*Low lie, The Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing,
It's so lonely round the Fields of Athenry*

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Here's a Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine

Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

So here's a health to the company and one to my lass

Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass

Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well

For style and for beauty there's none can excel

There's a smile on her countenance as she sits upon my knee

There is no man in this wide world as happy as me

So here's a health to the company and one to my lass

Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass

Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock

I wish her safe landing without any shock

And if ever I should meet you by land or by sea

I will always remember your kindness to me

So here's a health to the company and one to my lass

Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass

Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain

For we may or might never all meet here again

St. Patrick's Day

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I'll tell me Ma

I'll tell me Ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,
But that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty

She is the belle of Belfast city

She is courtin' one, two, three.

Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and ring at the bell
Saying "Oh, my true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Oul Jenny Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

She is handsome, she is pretty

She is the belle of Belfast city

She is courtin' one, two, three.

Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her Ma when she goes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

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Irish Blessing

*May the road rise to meet you
may the wind be at your back
may the sun shine warm upon your face
May the rain fall softly on your fields
and until we meet again
may you keep safe
in the gentle loving arms of God*

For everything there is a season
a time for meeting
a time to say goodbye
In all things
God is near
Always guiding your way

*May the road rise to meet you
may the wind be at your back
may the sun shine warm upon your face
May the rain fall softly on your fields
and until we meet again
may you keep safe
in the gentle loving arms of God*

For everything there is a season
a time for loving
a time for letting go
In all things
God is near
Always guiding your way

*May the road rise to meet you
may the wind be at your back
may the sun shine warm upon your face
May the rain fall softly on your fields
and until we meet again
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Jug of Punch

Being on the twenty-third of June
 Oh as I sat weaving all at my loom
 Being on the twenty-third of June
 Oh as I sat weaving all at my loom
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
 And the song she sang was "The Jug of Punch"
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

What more diversion can a man desire
 Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire?
 What more diversion can a man desire
 Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire?
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
 Aye, and on the table a jug of punch
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Upon his knee a pretty wench
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

And when I'm dead and in my grave
 No costly tombstone will I have (not this one, Paddy!)
 Just lay me down in my native peat
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

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Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through 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 mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through 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 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, oh!"
 Alive, alive, oh
 Alive, alive, oh
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
 Alive, alive, oh
 Alive, alive, oh
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

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When Irish Eyes are Smiling

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

*And when Irish eyes are smiling
 When Irish eyes are smiling
 Sure, 'tis like the 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*

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 and light
 Sure, they steal your heart away
 For the springtime of life
 Is the sweetest of all
 There is ne'er a real care or regret
 And while springtime is ours
 Throughout all of youth's hours
 Let us smile each chance we get

And when Irish eyes are smiling etc

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Whiskey in the Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" or the devil he may take you

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Wack for my daddy-o, wack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money yeah and I brought it home to Jenny
She swore that she'd love me, no never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman yeah for you know she tricked me easy

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Wack for my daddy-o, wack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' my money with me, but I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrels

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Wack for my daddy-o, wack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin'
And some men like ta hear, ta hear the cannon ball a roarin'
Me I like sleepin', specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da
Wack for my daddy-o, wack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

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Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name
He was born and raised in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along
A listening to the mockingbird a singing a cheerful song
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy

"Surrender now Jack Duggan for you see we're three to one
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son"
Jack pulled two pistols from his belt and he proudly waved them high
"I'll fight, but not surrender, " said the wild colonial boy

He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
And turning 'round to Davis, he received a fatal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy

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Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And all around the bower,
I'll pile flowers from the mountain.

Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?*

If my true love, she won't have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?*

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?*

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The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
 But now 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 alehouse 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

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

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 that you told me were only in jest'

And it's no, nay, never

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

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

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more

And it's no, nay, never

No, nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more