

Irish
Com-All-Ye's

*A Repository of Ancient Irish Songs and Ballads—Comprising
Patriotic, Descriptive, Historical and Humorous
Gems, Characteristic of The Irish Race,*

Compiled and Arranged by

Manus O' Connor

The Macs and The O's.

WHEN Ireland was founded by the Mac's and the O's,
I never could learn, for nobody knows ;
But history says they came over from Spain,
To visit old Granna, and there to remain.
Our fathers were heroes for wisdom and fame,
For multiplication, they practiced the same ;
St. Patrick came over to heal their complaints.
And very soon made them an island of saints.

The harp and the shamrock were carried before
Brave Roderick O'Connor and Roger O'Moore,
And the good and bad deeds of the Mac's and the O's.
And this is the tale that these verses disclose.
Hugh Neil of Tyrone, O'Donnell, O'Moore,
O'Brien, O'Kelly, O'Connell galore;
All houses so royal, so loyal and old,
One drop of their blood was worth ounces of gold.

McDonnell, McDougal, O'Curran, O'Keefe,
Sly Redmond O'Hanlon, the Rapperrea chief ;
O'Malley, McNally, O'Sullivan rare,
O'Failey, O'Daily, O'Burns of Kildare,
O'Dougherty, chief of the Isle Innishone,
McGuinness, the prince of the valleys of Down ;
The Collerns, Hollerans, every one knows.
The Raffertys, Flahertys—they were all O's.

One-eyed King McCormack and great Phil McCooole,
McCarty of Dermot and Tooley O'Toole ;
Hugh Neil, the grand and great Brian Boru,
Sir Tagon O'Regen and Con Donohue,
O'Hara, O'Marrah, O'Connor, O'Kane,
O'Carroll, O'Farrell, O'Brennen, O'Drane,
With Murtaugh McDermot, that wicked old Turk
Who had a crim. con. with the wife of O'Rourke.

McGra, McGrath, McGil, McKeon,
McCadden, McFadden, McCarron, McGlone :
McGarren, McFarren, McClarey, McCoy,
McHaley, McClinch, McElrath, McElroy.
McMillen, McClellan, McGillan, McFinn,
McCullagh, McCunn, McManus, McGyn ;
McGinley, McKinley, McCaffray, McKay,
McCarral, McFarrell, McCurchy, McRay.

O'Dillon, O'Dolan, O'Devlin, O'Doyle,
O'Mullen, O'Nolan, O'Bolan, O'Boyle ;
O'Murray, O'Rooney, O'Cooney, O'Kane,
O'Carey, O'Leary, O'Shea, and O'Shane.
O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Reiley, O'Neil ;
O'Hagan, O'Reagan, O'Fagan, O'Sheil ;
O'Dennis, O'Dwyer, O'Blaney, O'Flynn,
O'Grady, O'Shaughnessy, Brian O'Lynn.

The daughters of Erin are Ellen O'Roone,
And Norah McCushla, and Sheelah McClune ;
With Kathleen Mavourneen and Molly Asthore,
The beautiful charmers we love and adore.
There is Donah McCushla and Widow McChree,
There is Molly McGuire and Biddy McGee;
There is dear Norah Creina and Sheliah McGrath,
And the mother of all is—sweet Erin-go-bragh !

Rocky Road To Dublin.

In the merry month of June, when first from home I started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my tears and grief to smother ;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born.
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblin ;
With a pair of bran new brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs—
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin ;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin !

The steam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones.
But sure the luggage van was too much for my ha'pence.
For England I was bound, it would never do to balk it.
For every step of the road, bedad I says I, I'll walk it.
I did not sigh or moan until I saw Athlone.
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a-bubbling ;
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.

In Mullingar, that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, with spirits light and airy ;
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my spirits from sinking,
That's always an Irishman's cure, whenever he's troubled with
thinking.

To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At my comical style, set my heart a-bubbling,
They axed if I was hired, the wages I required,
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city ;
'Twas then I took a stroll, all among the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality,
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind.
No bundle could I find upon my stick a-wobbling.
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue.
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

A coachman raised his hand as if myself was wanting,
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting ;
" Step up, my boy !" says he ; " Ah, ah I that I will with -pleasure,"
" And to the strawberry beds, I'll drive you at your leisure."
" A strawberry bed ?" says I, " faith, that would be too high !
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling ;
He drove me out as far, upon an outside car.
Faith ! such jolting never wor on the rocky road to Dublin.

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
The captain at me roared, swore that no room had he,
But when I leaped on board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs I played such rummy rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, with water round me bubbling,
But when off Holyhead, I wished that I was dead,
Or safely put in bed, on the rocky road to Dublin.

The boys in Liverpool, when on the dock I landed.
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
My blood beean to boil, my temper I was losing.
And poor old Erin's Isle, they all began abusing.
" Hurrah ! my boys," says I, my shillelah I let fly.
Some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobble in ;
Then with a loud hurrah I they joined me in the fray.
Faugh-a-ballagh ! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

Erin's Lovely Home.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty-one,
I acted as a servant unto a gentleman ;
I served him true and honest, and very well, it's known,
But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

For what he did banish me I mean to let you hear :
I own I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear.
She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home.

'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
We were viewing of those flowers all in their youthful bloom ;
She said : " My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home.

I gave consent that very night along with her to roam
From her father's dwelling—it proved my overthrow ;
The night was bright ; by the moonlight we both, set off alone,
Thinking to get safe away from Erin's lovely home.

When we came to Belfast, by the break of day.
My love, she then got ready our passage for to pay ;
Five thousand pounds she counted down, saying: " This shall be
your own.
But do not mourn for those we've left in Erin's lovely home."

'Tis of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear,
'Twas in a few hours after, her father did appear.
He marched me back to Homer jail in the county of Tyrone,
And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

When I heard my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
But parting from my true love it grieved me ten times more.
I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence, before I sailed away.
My love, she came into the jail, and thus to me did say;
" Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you disown,
Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home."

The Irish Stranger.

Oh, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger
That's wandered thus far from his home ;
I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,
But know not which way for to roam,
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's bowers.
For bigotry hath trampled her sweetest of flowers,
That gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours.
They are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gazed on yon proud, lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose from its lord,
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding
Its choicest of fruits for its board.
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I did spend many a long happy day ?
Alas ! has his lordship contrived it away ?
Yes, it's gone and I'll ne'er see it more.

When nature was seen on the sole bush and bramble,
Sit smiling in beautiful bio
O'er the fields without danger I used to ramble,
And lavish amidst her perfume,
Or range thro' the woods where the gay-feather'd throng
Did joyfully sing their loud-echoing song,
The days then of summer passed swiftly along
Now they are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes.
I've gathered them oft without harm,
And gone to the fields where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm.
Or I've sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends telling tales of delight.
Those tales gave me pleasure, I could them invite,
Now they are gone, shall I ne'er see them more ?

But, Erin, sad Erin, it grieves me to ponder
On the wrongs of thy injured isle ;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring, to wander
On shores far away in exile.
But give me the power to cross o'er the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain,
I'm only lamenting whilst here I remain
For the joys that I'll never see more.

Farewell then to Erin and those I left weeping
Upon her disconsolate shore,
Farewell to the grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I still dearly adore.

Farewell to each pleasure, I once had at home,
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam ;
Oh, give me my past joys, or give me a tomb,
Yes, in pity I ask for no more.

Good-By, Mike, Good-By, Pat.

The ship will sail in half an hour, to cross the broad Atlantic,
My friends were standing on the pier with grief and sorrow frantic ;
My trunks were stowed down below in the great ship, “ Dan O’Leary ;”
The anchor’s weighed and the gangway is up, I’m leaving Tipperary.

Chorus.

Good-by, Mike, good-by, Pat, good-by, Kate and Mary,
For the anchor is weighed, the gangway is up, I’m leaving Tipperary ;
See, there’s the steamer blazing up, I can no longer stay,
For I am bound for New York City, boys, three thousand miles away.

My portmanteau I have got packed with potatoes, greens and bacon,
If you don’t think I’ll look after that, in troth you are mistaken.
If the ship pitch and toss, for a half a dozen farthings,
I’ll take my trunk upon my back and walk to Castle Garden.

Give my respects to Mr. Mack, and likewise to Mrs. Hagan,
And I’ll come back to the christening, when she marries Patsy Fagan ;
I’m deep in love with Mollie Burke, as a jackass is in clover,
When I am settled, if she will come, I’ll pay her passage over.

Adieu, My Own Dear Erin.

Adieu, my own dear Erin,
Receive my fond, my last adieu ;
I go, but with me bearing
A heart still fondly turn’d to you.

The charms that nature gave thee
With lavish hand, shall cease to smile,
And the soul of friendship leave thee,
E’er I forget my own green isle.

Ye fields where heroes bounded
To meet the foes of liberty ;
Ye hills that oft resounded
The joyful shouts of victory.

Obscured is all your glory,
Forgotten all your former fame,
And the minstrel’s mournful story
Now calls a tear at Erin’s name.

But still the day may brighten
When those tears shall cease to flow,
And the shout of freedom lighten
Spirits now so drooping low.

Then should the glad breeze blowing
Convey the echo o'er the sea,
My heart with transport glowing,
Shall bless the land that made thee free.

Erin, My Country.

Oh, Erin, my country! although thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,
Or sound a lone dirge to the Son of Fingal;
The trophies of warfare may hang there neglected,
For dead are the warriors to whom they were known ;
But the harp of old Erin will still be respected,
While there lives but one Bard to enliven its tone.
Oh, Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers,
No music's to me like the murmuring rills
Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And naught is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills ;
Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
And the ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart !

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armor,
And glory when she her old wooden walls views :
Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,
And pride in her philabeg, kilt, and her hose :
But where is the nation to rival old Erin ?
Or where is the country such heroes can boast ?
In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion.
And bold as the eagle that flies round our coast !

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale ;
In safety it rests, while the stormy winds whistle,
And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of the vale ;
Then, hail ! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean !
Thou land of Saint Patrick, my parent *agra* !
Cold—cold must the heart be, and void of emotion
That love not the music of “ Erin-go- Bragh !”

Paddy's Curiosity Shop.

Did you hear tell of Paddy's museum,
It's ancient and modern antiquities ;
If not, when ye hear, ye'll see 'em,
Of their fame all old Ireland speaks.
I was always considered a lover
Of antiquities, sure, from my birth,
And did somehow or other discover
What nobody else could on earth.

CHORUS.

So don't talk about Barnum's museum,
If in passin' my house you will stop,
There's things you'll be struck for to see 'em,
In Paddy's curiosity shop.

I've been twinty-nine times 'round the globe,
And niver took sleep night or day ;
I've had double the patience uv Job,
To bring all these relics away.
With great kindness I have been treated,
I've bin twice kilt and shot into, too,
You'll belave it all whin I've related
My list of curiosities through.—CHORUS.

The relic I take the most pride on
Is ould Mother Shipton's birch broom,
The one the ould girl would fly stride on
When she din'd wid the man in the moon.
And I've got the mattock and spade
With which Adam the ground cultivated;
And an ould lurrin' coin that was made
Before the world was created.—CHORUS.

I've a walking-stick not very pliant,
Don' fancy I'm pitchin' it strong;
It belong'd to the Irish giant,
An' it's just two-and-thirty feet long ;
I've his boots, too, and they are like towers,
A coach you might inside them drive ;
If you'd fall in one, och ! by the powers,
Ye'd niver be got out alive.—CHORUS.

I've the bustle of Jupiter's mother,
An' Vanus, the goddess', stays ;
An' I've got the steel pen an' no other,
Wid which Shakespeare wrote all his plays.
I've got Dr. Dodd's kitchen table,
I've the brains of the famed larned pig ;

I've the roof off the tower o' Bable.
An' an Irish Ambassador's wig.—CHORUS.

I've got a froze flame from Mount Etna,
That was caught by a man passing by ;
I've a sly cupid's dart, forged at Gretna,
An' the lash of Pope Gregory's eye;
I've the toe-nail of ugly Mohamet,
I've the whiskers of Whittington's cat ;
I've got Miss Queen Elizabeth's bonnet,
An' ould Mother Hubbard's cock'd hat.—CHORUS.

I've got all sorts of relics and stones,
I've got patched coats widout any stitches ;
I've a portion of Gulliver's bones.
An' a pair uv King David's old breeches.
I'll conclude now, because my physician
Says singing too much turns the brain ;
But I'll give you the second edition
Some night when you drop in again.—CHORUS.

Kerry Dance.

Oh ! the days of the Kerry dancing, oh ! the ring of the piper's tune,
Oh! for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas ! like youth, too soon !
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.

Chorus.

Oh ! to think of it, oh ! to dream of it, fills my heart with tears :
Oh ! the days of Kerry dancing, oh ! the ring of the piper's tune ;
Oh ! for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas ! like youth, too soon.

Refrain.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled ;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen.
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again.

Only dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear
Loving voices of old companions, stealing out of the past once more—
And the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days of yore,
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily More ?
Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor ?
“ Lads and lasses to your places, up the middle, down again,”
Ah! the merry-hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills and o'er the moor that's sedgy ;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled, since I have parted with Peggy.
Whene'er I turn to view the place, the tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well, when next to see doth move me :
The burning flames my heart doth tell, since first she owned she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay, several doth remind me ;
I know my darling loves me well, though I left her far behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store, and the dove become a ranger ;
The fallen water cease to roar, before I'll ever change her.
Each mutual promise faithfully made by her whom tears doth blind me,
And bless the hour I pass away with the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains, whether asleep or waking ;
I hope to see my jewel again, for her my heart is breaking.
But if ever I chance to go that way, and that she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay with the girl I left behind me.

O'Reilly The Fisherman.

As I roved out one evening fair, down by the river side,
I heard a lovely maiden complain, the tears fell from her eyes ;
This is a cold and stormy night, those words she then did say,
My love is on the raging sea, bound for America.

My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen.
He was as nice a young man as ever yet was seen ;
My father he had riches great, and Riley he was poor,
Because I loved this fisherman they could not him endure.

John O'Riley was my true love's name, reared near the town of
Bray,
My mother took me by the hand and these words to me did say :
If you be fond of Riley, let him quit this country,
Your father says he'll take his life, so shun his company.

Oh, mother, dear, don't be severe, where will you send my love ?
My very heart lies in his breast as constant as a dove.
Oh, daughter, dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pound,
So send Riley to America to purchase there some ground.

When Ellen got the money to Riley she did run,
Saying : This very night, to take your life, my father charged a gun.
Here is one thousand pound in gold, my mother sent to you,
So sail away to America and I will follow you.

When Riley got the money, next day he sailed away.
And when he put his foot on board those words she then did say

Here is a token of true love, and we'll break it now in two,
You'll have my heart and half my ring until I find out you.

It was three months after, as he was waiting by the shore,
When Riley he came back again to take his love away ;
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore.
And found Riley in her arms, and they drowned upon the shore.

He found a letter on her breast, and it was wrote with blood,
Saying: Cruel was my father that thought to shoot my love !
So let this now be a warning to all fair maids so gay,
To never let the lads they love go to America.

Irish come-all-ye's ; a repository of ancient Irish songs and ballads—comprising patriotic, descriptive, historical and humorous gems, characteristic of the Irish race (1901)

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