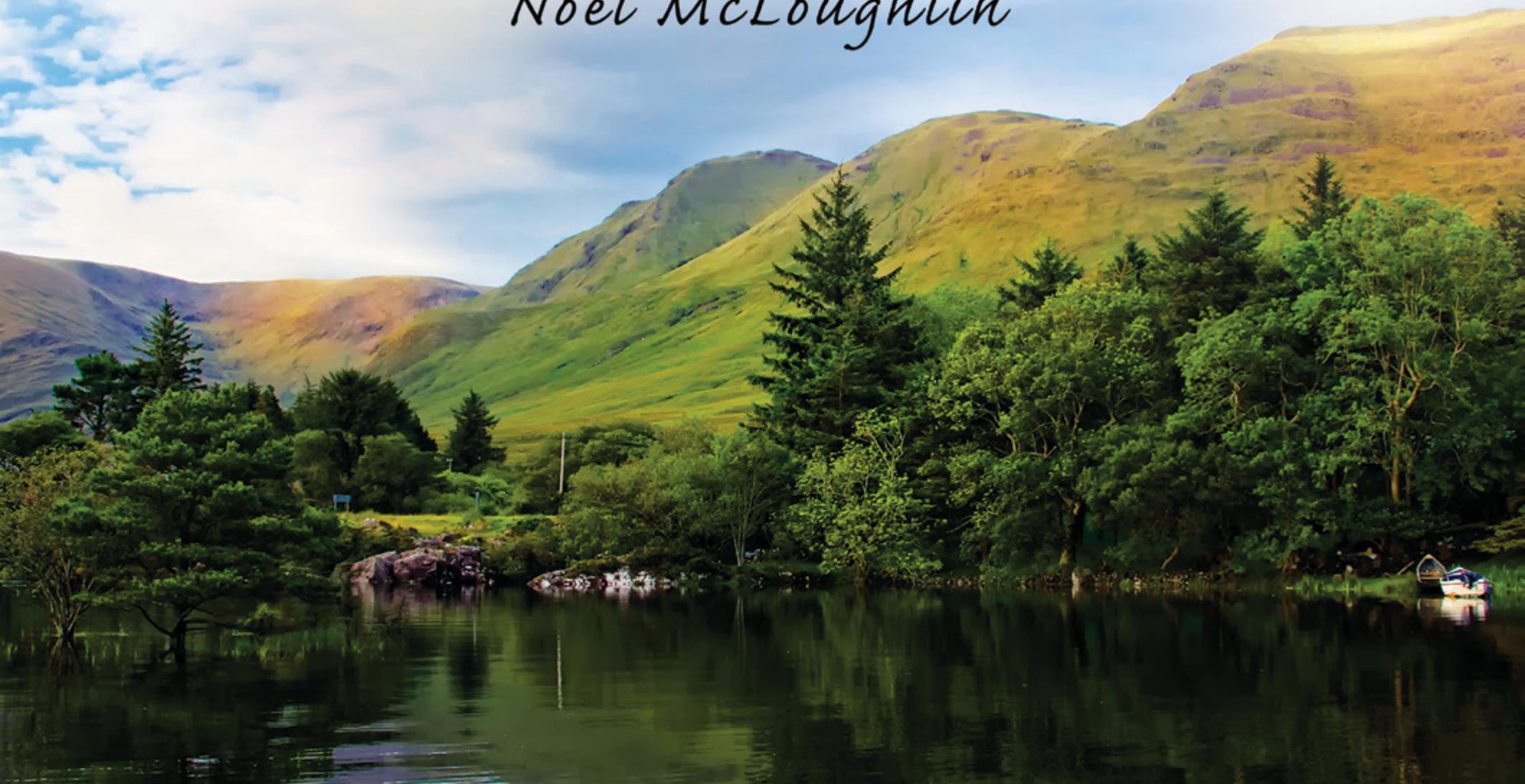




ARC  
2 CD

*Music & Ballads from*  
**IRELAND**

*Noel McLoughlin*



**Noel McLoughlin** was born in Limerick, Ireland. He began to play the guitar at the age of 15. In his singing he was influenced by *The Johnstons* (Irish group, popular in the late 60s, specialising in 3 and 4 part harmonies). Instrumentally, groups such as *Planxty*, *Sweeney's Men*, *De Dannan* and also, of course, *The Dubliners* and *The Furey Brothers* influenced his style. He spent his early years in Ireland playing traditional folk music with various groups in countless sessions, festivals, concerts etc. In the seventies he joined several Irish folk bands, among others *Cromlach* and *Celtic Tradition* with whom he recorded his first album in 1984. Noel McLoughlin toured all over Europe and the USA as a solo singer of Irish folk. In groups he plays *guitar, banjo, mandolin, bouzouki, tin whistle, bodhran* as well as *singing*. After 1984 he concentrated on performing mainly as a soloist, playing guitar and singing Irish and Scottish folk songs.

Since 1989 he has recorded numerous albums of the most popular Irish and Scottish songs and ballads. His album *20 Best of Ireland* was and still is especially successful (ARC Music, EUCD2354). After having done numerous tours and having made television and radio appearances in Ireland, England, Germany, Austria and America as a soloist, he now prefers to tour with a small group, although occasionally he still does solo performances.

The incredible success of his recordings is due to Noel's impressive but soft voice – especially appreciated by the audiences in his live concerts. Noel McLoughlin has therefore come to be one of the most acclaimed singers of Irish and Scottish folk.



**Noel McLoughlin** wurde in Limerick, Irland, geboren. Im Alter von 15 Jahren begann er, Gitarre zu spielen. Sein Gesang wurde von *The Johnstons* beeinflusst, einer in den späten 60er Jahren populären irischen Gruppe, die für ihren 3- und 4-stimmigen Gesang berühmt war.

Instrumental wurde er von Gruppen wie *Planxty*, *Sweeney's Men*, *De Dannan* und natürlich auch den *Dubliners* und den *Furey Brothers* beeinflusst. Seine frühen Jahre in Irland verbrachte er damit, mit verschiedenen Gruppen traditionelle irische Volksmusik zu spielen, u.a. mit *Cromlach* und *Celtic Tradition*, mit denen er 1984 sein erstes Album aufnahm.

Noel McLoughlin ging als Solosänger für irische Folklore durch ganz Europa und die USA auf Tourneen. In Gruppen spielte er *Gitarre, Banjo, Mandoline, Busuki, Tin Whistle, Bodhran* (handgehaltene Trommel) und sang. Nach 1984 konzentrierte er sich hauptsächlich auf Soloauftritte, bei denen er Gitarre spielte und Volkslieder aus Irland und Schottland sang. Seit 1989 hat er zahlreiche Alben mit den beliebtesten irischen und schottischen Liedern und Balladen aufgenommen. Besonders erfolgreich war und ist sein Album *20 Best of Ireland* (ARC Music, EUCD2354).

Nachdem er unzählige Tourneen und Fernseh- und Radioauftritte in Irland, England, Deutschland, Österreich und Amerika als Solist bestritten hat, geht er zur Zeit lieber mit kleinen Gruppen auf Konzertreisen, obwohl er immer noch gelegentlich als Solist auftritt. Der große Erfolg seiner Aufnahmen ist auf Noels beeindruckende aber weiche Stimme zurückzuführen, die besonders vom Publikum seiner Live-Konzerte geschätzt wird. Noel McLoughlin wurde damit einer der bekanntesten Sänger irischer und schottischer Folklore.



## CD I

### 1. **Rambling Irishman**

I am a Rambling Irishman, in Ulster I was born  
And many's the happy hours I spent, on the banks of sweet Long Erne.  
But to live poor I could not endure as others of my station  
To America I sailed away and left this Irish nation

Chorus:

Ri tan tin na na, tan tin na na, Ri tan tin na noramandi

The night before I went away, I spent it with my darling  
From three o'clock in the afternoon till the break of day the next morning  
But when that we were going to part, we linked in each other's arms.  
You may be sure and very sure, it wounded both our charms.

The very first night I slept on board, I dreamed about my Nancy.  
I dreamed I held her in my arms, and well she pleased my fancy  
But when I woke out of my dream, and found my bosom empty  
You may be sure and very sure, that I lay discontented.

When we arrived at the other side, we were both stout and healthy  
We dropped our anchor in the bay, going down to Philadelphia.  
So let every lass link with her lad, blue jacket and white trousers,  
And let every lad link with his lass, blue petticoats and white flounces.

### 2. **Tipping it up to Nancy**

There being a woman in our town, a woman you all know well.  
She loved her old man dearly but another one twice as well.

Chorus:

With me right finigan ay ri o, me tip fin go on, with me  
right finigan ay ri o were tipping it up to Nancy.

She went into the chemist shop, some remedies for to buy  
Have you anything in your chemist shop to make an old man blind.

Feed him eggs and marrowbones and make him suck them all  
Before he has the last one sucked he won't see you at all.  
If in this world I cannot see, here I cannot stay.

I'd rather go and drown myself, come on says she and I'll show you the way.

She led him to the river, she led him to the brim  
Sly enough for Martin it was him that pushed her in.

She swam through the river, she swam to the brim,  
Martin dear oh Martin oh don't leave me here to drown.  
Will you shut up outa that you silly old fool you know poor Martin is blind.

I've nine in my family and none of them is my own.  
I wish that each and every man would come and claim his own.

#### 4. **As I Roved Out**

Chorus:

Who are you, me pretty fair maid, and who are you me honey,  
Who are you, me pretty fair maid, and who are you me honey,  
She answered me right modestly, oh I am me mother's darling  
With me toori-a-fol-de diddle-da, diry-fol-de-diddle-day-re-o!

And will you come to me mothers house, when the moon is shining clearly,  
Oh, and will you come to me mothers house, when the moon is shining clearly,  
I'll open the door and I'll let you in, and devil the one will hear us.

[Chorus]

So I went to her house in the middle of the night, when the moon was shining clearly.  
Oh 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 devil the one did hear us.

[Chorus]

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit and she led him to the stable,  
Oh, she took me horse by the bridle and the bit and she led him to the stable,  
Saying there's plenty of oats for a soldiers horse to eat them if he is able.

[Chorus]

She took me by the lily-white hand and led me to the table,  
Oh, she took me by the lily white hand and led me to the table  
Saying there's plenty of wine for a soldier boy so drink it if you're able.

[Chorus]

Well I got up and I made the bed, and I made it nice and easy.  
Oh, well I got up and I made the bed, and I made it nice and easy.  
Then I got up and I laid her down, saying lassie are you able.

[Chorus]

There we lay till the break of the day, and devil the one did hear us.  
Oh and there we lay till the break of the day, and devil the one did hear us.  
Then I arose and put on me clothes, saying lassie I must leave you.

[Chorus]

When will you return again, and when will we get married  
Oh and when will you return again and when will we get married.  
When broken shells make Christmas bells, we might well get married.

[Chorus]

### 5. **Men of Worth**

Leave the land behind laddies, better days to find.  
The companies have the money and they'll soon teach you the skills.  
Green fields far away laddies, the forties in the brae.  
Be a mudman or a roustabout, you'll soon learn how to drill.  
But who will tend my sleep when I'm far o'er the deep.  
On the Neptune or the Seaquest when the snow comes to the hills.

Leave the fishing trade laddie, there's money to be made,  
The handline and the shetland yawl are from a by-gone day.

Come to Aberdeen laddie, sights you've never seen.  
Be a welder on a pipeline or a fitter at McBane  
But when the job is o'er and my boat rots on the shore,  
How will I feed my family when the company moves away.  
There's harbours to be built laddie, rigs to tow and tilt,  
To rest upon the ocean beds like pylons in the sea.  
Pipelines to be made and a hundred different trades.  
That would pay a decent living wage to the likes of you and me.  
I know you're men of worth, you're the best that's in the North,

Not men of greed but men who need the work that comes your way  
From Flauter to Kishorn a new industry is born,  
Now Peterhead and Cromarty will never be the same.

## 7. **Bean Pháidín**

Luinneog:

'S, an trua gh,ar nach mise, nach mise,  
'S, an trua gh,ar nach mise bean Pháidín  
'S, an trua gh,ar nach mise, nach mise,  
'S an bhean at aige bheith caillte.

Rachad go Gaillimh, go Gaillimh,  
Is rachadh go Gaillimh, le Pháidín;  
Rachad go Gaillimh, go Gaillimh,  
Is tiocfad abhaile sa mbád leis.

[Luinneog]

Rachainn go hAonach an Chloch in,  
Is siar go Béal a na Báighe,  
Bhreachnóinn isteach tríd an bhfuinneog  
Le súil is go bhfeicfinn bean Pháidín.

[Luinneog]

Go mbristear do chosa do chosa,  
Go mbristear do chosa, 'bhean Pháidín;  
Go mbristear do chosa, do chosa,  
Go mbristear do chosa 's do chnámha.

[Luinneog]

*Translation into English:*

Oh, 'tis pity that I am not, that I am not,  
that I am not the woman of Pháidín.

Oh, I went down by the shingles  
and round by Béal Ath na Bóige.  
Looking in through people's windows,  
to search out the woman of Pháidín.

And I went down Tóin a'Roisín,  
and back by Barr a't Sáilin,  
And called in to Matthew O'Casey's,  
to search out the woman of Pháidín.

Oh, I'd go to Galway, to Galway,  
to Galway I'd travel with Pháidín.  
O, I'd go to Galway, to Galway,  
to be in his boat with him returning.

I wish that your legs they were broken,  
a curse on you, woman of Pháidín.  
I wish that your legs they were broken,  
your legs and your bones to be broken.

### 8. **A Ballynure Ballad**

As I was goin' to Ballynure, the day I well remember,  
For to view the lads and lasses on the fifth day of November.  
With a maring-do-a-day,  
With a ma-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh.

As I was goin' along the road when homeward I was walking,  
I heard a wee lad behind a ditch-a to his wee lass was talking  
With a ma-ring-a doo-a-day.  
With a ma-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh.

Said the wee lad to the wee lass, "It's will you let me kiss ye,  
For it's I have got the cordial eye that far exceeds the whiskey,"  
With a ma-ring-a doo-a-day,  
With a ma-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh.

This cordial that ye talk about there's very few o' them gets it,  
For there's nothing now but crooked combs and muslin gowns can catch it,"  
With a ma-ring-a doo-a-day,  
With a ma-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh.

### 10. **Sally Brown**

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner.  
Way, hey, roll and go, and we rolled all night and  
We rolled till day, going to spend my money along with  
Sally Brown

Sally Brown is a nice young lady, etc..

Her mother doesn't like a tarry sailor.

She wants her to marry a one-legged captain.

### 11. **Nancy Spain**

Of all the stars that ever shone, not one does twinkle like your pale blue eyes.  
Like golden corn at harvest time your hair  
Sailing in my boat, the wind gently blows and fills my sail.  
Your sweet scented breath is everywhere.

Daylight peeping through the curtain of the passing night-time is your smile  
The sun in the sky is like your laugh.  
Come back to me my Nancy, linger for just a little while.  
Since you left these shores I've known no peace nor joy.

No matter where I wander I'm still haunted by your name.  
The portrait of your beauty stays the same.  
Standing by the ocean wondering where you've gone,  
If you'll return again.  
Where is the ring I gave to Nancy Spain.

On the day in spring when snow starts to melt and streams to flow  
It's with the birds I'll sing a song.  
In the while I'll wander, down by blue bell groves where wild flowers grow  
And hope that lovely Nancy will return.

### 13. **Come Back Again to Me, Mavourneen**

The home is sad and lonely now, Mavourneen,  
I miss your step and dear face at the door,  
I never hear your sweet voice to me calling,  
Or list to songs you sang in days of yore,

For all around the place is so forsaken,  
There's only just a mem'ry left of thee,  
And every day that comes makes me grow fonder  
Of you and your blue eyes, Peg Machree.

Chorus:

Come back again to me, Mavourneen  
I'm so lonely since the day you sailed away.  
The home is so forsaken, that's why my heart is aching  
And I long to see you back in Bantry Bay.

I wander thro' the valley and the wild wood,  
Thro' the meadows where we often used to stray.  
To the ivy-covered church around the corner,  
Where we used to gather blossoms sweet in May,  
The tales of love I told you in the twilight.  
Are only now a mem'ry ever dear,  
And the tender kiss of love you always gave me.  
Still lingers on my lips tho' you're not near.

[Chorus]

#### 14. **The Beggarman**

The night being wet and it being cold  
A woman's taken pity on a poor old soul.  
She's taken pity on a poor old soul and she bade him to sit down.

Chorus:

With his too roo roo ran tin ee,  
Ri tin oo ran fol di do a dee  
Ri tin oo ran fol di do a dee  
With your too rin oo rin i doo

He sat himself in a chimney nook,  
With all his bags behind a crook  
With all his bags behind a crook right merrily he did sing.

All the doors being locked quite tight  
The old woman rose in the middle of the night

The old woman rose in the middle of the night  
To find the old lad gone.

She ran to the cupboard, likewise to the kist  
All things there and nothing missed  
Clapping her hands saying the lord be blessed  
Wasn't he an honest old man.

When the breakfast was ready and the table laid  
The old woman went to waken the maid,  
The bed was there but the maid was gone  
She's away with the lame poor man.

Seven years they passed on, and this old beggar came back again,  
Seeking for a charity, would she lodge a lame poor man.  
A beggar I'll may lodge again, for I had a daughter and one of my ain,  
And she ga'ed awa' with a lame poor man so I'll have you to tae be gone.

If your daughter you want to see  
She has twa babies on her knee  
She has twa babies on her knee  
And another one coming round.

For yonder she sits and yonder she stands  
The fairest lady in all the land.  
With servants there at her command  
So I'll have you to be gone.

#### 16. **The Next Market Day**

A maid went to Comber her markets to learn  
To sell for her mammy three hanks of fine yarn,  
She met a young man on the King's own highway,  
Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

Chorus:

Come sit down beside me I mean you no harm,  
Come sit down beside me this new tune to learn,  
Here are three new guineas, your mammy to pay.  
So lay by your yarn till next market day.

She sat down beside him, the grass was so green.  
The day was the fairest that ever was seen.  
The look in your eye beats a morning in May,  
I could sit by your side till the next market day.

[Chorus]

Now as she went homeward, the words he had said,  
And the tune that he sung her still ring in her head,  
I'll search for that lad be it land or by sea,  
Till he learns me the tune to 'The Next Market Day'.

### 17. **Galway Bay**

'Tis far away I am today from scenes I roamed a boy,  
And long ago the hour I know I first saw Illinois;  
Not time nor tide nor waters wide can wean my heart away,  
For ever true it flies to you, my dear old Galway Bay.

Had I youth's blood, and hopeful mood, and heart of fire once more,  
For all the gold that Earth might hold, I'd never quit your shore;  
I'd live content, whate'er God sent, with neighbours old and grey,  
And lay my bones, 'neath churchyard stones, beside you, Galway Bay.

A prouder man, I'd walk the land, in health and peace of mind,  
If I might toil and strive and moil, nor cast one thought behind;  
But what would be the world to me, its wealth and rich array,  
If memory I lost of thee, my poor old Galway Bay?

Oh grey and bleak, by shore and creek, the rugged rocks abound,  
But sweeter green the grass between that grows on Irish ground;  
So friendship fond, all else beyond, and love that lives always,  
Bless each dear home, beside your foam, my dear old Galway Bay.

The blessing of a poor old man be with you night and day,  
The blessing of a lonely man whose heart will soon be clay:  
'Tis all the heaven I ask of God, upon my dying day,  
My soul to soul for ever more above you, Galway Bay.

## CD II

### 1. **Here's a Health to your 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 and might never all meet here again.

Chorus:

So here's a health to your company, and one for my lass,  
Let us drink and be merry, all out of one glass,  
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain,  
For we may and might never all meet here again.

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well.  
Her style and her beauty, there's none can excel,  
There's a smile on her pretty face when she sits on my knee,  
There's not a man in this whole world as happy as me.

[Chorus]

There's a ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock,  
And I wish her safe landing without any shock.  
And if e'er I should meet you, by land or by sea,  
I will never, oh never, forget your kindness to me.

[Chorus]

### 2. **School Days Over**

School days over, come on then John,  
Time to be getting your pit-boots on.  
On with your sack and mole-skin trousers, it's time you were on your way,  
Time you were learning the pit-man's job, and earning the pit-man's pay.

Come on then Jim, it's time to go.  
Time to be working down below,  
Time to be handling a pick and shovel, you start at the pits today.  
Time to be learning the collier's job and earning the collier's pay.

Come on then Di, it's almost light,  
Time to be off to the anthracite,  
The morning mist is on the valley, it's time you were on your way,  
Time to be learning the miner's job and earning the miner's pay.

[Repeat verse 1]

#### 4. **Cot in the Corner**

A Mhuire aroon\*, how sad is our lot  
Since the landlord turned us out of our cot,  
And to us in this wide world the happiest spot  
On the hillside alone on the corner.  
It was covered all over with bright yellow straw,  
And the walls were as white as the snowflakes ghrá.  
Sure 't would make a fine picture for painters to draw  
From the boren outside on the corner.

(\*Mhuire arroon = "Mary dear" in Irish!)

It was handsome outside, it was pretty within,  
The shelf shone like silver, the plates made of tin  
Last a handsome reflection when the sunbeams shone in,  
Through the window above in the corner.  
Each night by the fireside my mother would knit,  
And close by her side my father would sit,  
And the stories he'd tell when his dudeen was lit,  
And he smoking away in the corner.

When supper was over the neighbours came in,  
Each sat by the turf fire and roasted his shin,  
And the boys and the girls they thought it no sin,  
To laugh and to chat in the corner.  
When Jimmy the piper stepped in on the floor  
The boys and the girls all rushed to the door,  
And it's out to the barn they brought him I'm sure  
And touched him right up in the corner.

Those days have now gone, these times have passed by,  
From morning till night I have many a sigh,  
And my thoughts back again to old Erin do fly  
And the dear little cot in the corner.  
O Father and Mother, I'll ne'er see you more  
For between you and me the Atlantic does roar,  
And we'll all meet again in heaven I'm sure,  
Farewell to the cot in the corner.

### 5. **Unicorns**

We were travelling north to sing and play  
For friends that we had never met,  
Been working hard and didn't speak,  
The sky was grey and threatened wet.  
Then I dreamed that I saw unicorns,  
Dreamed I saw them wild and white.  
Their sudden beauty lit the world like a star will light a winter's night.  
Pure as love with manes of milk they danced and pranced and cried aloud.  
Bright no rainbows 'round a star, their eyes were soft and sad and proud.

Then I wept for the wild and wicked world, to which this beauty now was lost.  
And I cursed the hungry minds of men, that feed the future at such cost.  
My head was bowed, my eyes were closed, and in my ear their voices rang.  
And these few words lodged deep inside, and in my very soul they sang.

Chorus:

We never went away, you always knew that we were near,  
Remember how to look for us.  
You'll see we were always here.

I raised my eyes to seek them out, the world was empty all around,  
Rain came tumbling from the skies, and drowned all dreams upon the ground.  
And when they asked me why I looked like one who for his dead love mourns,  
The only answer I could give, I dreamed that there were unicorns.

[Chorus x2]

## 7. **Summer of My Dreams**

In the shade of this old tree, in the summer of my dreams,  
By the tall grass, by the wild rose, where the trees dance and the wind blows,  
As the days go oh so slowly, as the sun shines oh so holy,  
On the good and gracious green, in the summer of my dreams.

By the banks of this old stream, in the summer of my dreams,  
By the deep pool where the fish wait, for the old fool with the wrong bait,  
There's a field of purple clover, there's a small cloud passing over.  
And then the rain comes washing clean, in the summer of my dreams.

See the raindrops on the grass now,  
Just like diamonds lying there.  
By the old road where I pass now,  
There's a twilight in the air.  
And as the sun sets down before me  
I see my true love waiting for me,  
Standing by the backdoor screen  
In the summer of my dreams.

[Repeat first verse]

## 8. **Generations of Change**

My father was a baillie from a wee farm at Caiplie.  
He worked on the land all the days of his life.  
By the time he made second he aye said he reckoned,  
He'd ploughed near on half of the East Meuk o' Fife.  
He worked on at Randerston, Crawhill and Clephinton,  
Canbo and Carnbee and big Rennie Hill.  
At Kingsbarn he married, at Boarshill he's buried,  
But man, had he lived, he'd be ploughing on still.

For those days were his days, those ways were his ways,  
To follow the plough while his back was still strong,  
But those days have passed and the time came at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

I was not for ploughing, to the sea I was going  
To follow the fish and the fisherman's ways.  
In rain, hail and sunshine I've watched the long run line,  
No man more contented, his whole working day.  
I've long-lined the Fladden Ground, the Dutch and the Dogger Bank,  
Pulled the big fish from the big Devil's Hole,  
I've side-trawled off Shetland, the Faroes and Iceland  
In weather much worse than a body could thole.

For that day was my day - that way was my way,  
To follow the fish while my back was still strong.  
But that day is past and the time came at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

My sons they have grown and away they have gone  
To search for black oil in the far northern sea.  
Like oilmen they walk and like Yankees they talk,  
There's not much in common between my sons and me.  
They've rough-rigged on Josephine, Forties and Minian,  
Claymore and Dunlin, Fisher and Awk.  
They've made fortunes for sure, for in one run ashore,  
They spent more than I earned in a whole season's work.

For this day is their day, this way is their way  
To ride the rough rigs while their backs are still strong.  
But this day will pass and the time come at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young.

My grandsons are growing, to the school they're soon going,  
But the long weeks of summer they spend here with me.  
We walk through the warm days, talk of the old ways,  
The cornfields and codfish, the land and the sea.  
We walk through the fields that my father once tilled,  
Talk with the old men that once sailed with me.  
Man it's been awfully good, I've shown them all I could  
Of the past and the present, what their future might be.

For the morn' will be their day, what will be their way?  
What will they make of their land, sea and sky?  
Man, I've seen awful change, but it still seems so strange,  
To look at my world through a young laddie's eye.

#### 10. **The Galway Rover**

I've a face for the stranger, with the smile of the rover.  
I take a glass at ould Kinvara and a jug at Oughterard.  
Down the grey donkey roads, to the hills of Connemara.  
To my dark Spanish lady love in fair Galway town.

Chorus:

Where Jenny is me love, she's me pride and she's me darling.  
Jenny leaves me wander to the ends of the world.  
Oh Jenny brings me love, gives me hope and sets me dreaming.  
And when the leaves are turning, is her arms I'll settle down - in Galway town.

Spring brings the swallow, fresh lands the rover.  
Where the blushing summer roses shed their petals through the glen.  
And the long breathless evenings, when the loneliness is heaven,  
Makes the dreaming come so easy on the road to Galway town.

[Chorus]

The curlew is calling, her shy falls prancing.  
The ferns and the hedges hide a thousand gentle eyes.  
All the creatures of Erin sing their own sweet songs of pleasure  
As the rover goes a-whistling down the road to Galway town.

[Chorus x2]

#### 11. **The Verdant Braes of Skreen**

As I roved out one evening fair,  
By the verdant braes of Skreen,  
I set my back to a hawthorn tree  
To view the sun in the west country  
The dew on the forest green.

A lad I spied by our burn-side,  
And a maiden by his knee,  
And he was dark as the berry brown red,  
And she all wae and worn to see,  
All wae and worn was she.

“O! Sit ye down on the grass”, he said,  
“On the dewy grass so green,  
For the wee birds all have come and gone  
Since I my true love have seen”, he said,  
“Since I’ve my true love seen.”

“O! Then, I’ll not sit on the grass”, she said,  
“Nor be a love of thine,  
For I hear you love a Connacht maid,  
And your heart is no longer mine”, she said,  
“And your heart is no longer mine.”

“O! I’ll not heed what an old man says,  
For his days are well-nigh done,  
And I’ll not heed what a young man says,  
For he’s fair for many a one”, she says,  
“For he’s fair for many a one.”

“But I will climb a high, high tree,  
And rob a wild bird’s nest,  
And back I’ll bring whatever I do find  
To the arms that I love best”, she said,  
“To the arms that I love best.”

### 13. **Hard Times**

Let us pause in life’s pleasures and count its many tears,  
For we all sup sorrow with the poor.  
There’s a song that will linger forever in our ears.  
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Chorus:

There’s a song, a sigh of the weary,  
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.  
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Though we seek mirth and beauty and music bright and gay,  
There are frail forms fading at the door.  
Though their voices be silent, their pleading looks will say,  
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

[Chorus]

'Tis a song that is wafted upon the ocean wave,  
'Tis a sigh that is heard upon the shore,  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured beside the lonely grave,  
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

[Chorus]

#### 14. **No Come Again**

The first place that I saw my love, it was at a ball,  
I looked at her, I gazed at her, far above them all.  
But aye she looked on me with scorn and disdain,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again.

The next place that I saw my love, it was at a wake,  
I looked at her, I gazed at her, I thought my heart would break.  
But aye she looked on me with scorn and disdain,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again, was to no come again,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again.

It being six months after, a little or above,  
When cupid shot his arrow and he's wounded my true love.  
He wounded her severely, which caused her to complain,  
And she wrote to me a letter saying you might come again,  
Saying you might come again,  
And she wrote to me a letter saying you might come again.  
Well I wrote her back an answer, for to let her know,  
While life is in my body, 'tis there I would nay go,  
While life is in my body and while it does remain,

I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again,  
I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.

So come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me.  
Never slight a young man whoever he may be,  
For if you do you'll sure to rue and cause you to complain,  
And you'll aye rue the day you said don't come again, you said don't come again,  
And you'll aye rue the day you said don't come again.

[Repeat first verse]

### 16. **Sliav Gallion Braes**

As I went a-walking one morning in May,  
To view you fair valleys and mountains so gay,  
I was thinking on those flowers, all doomed to decay,  
That bloom around ye, bonny, bonny Sliav Gallion braes.

How oft in the morning with my dog and my gun,  
I roamed through the glens for joy and for fun,  
But those days are now all over and I must go away,  
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny Sliav Gallion braes.

How oft of an evening and the sun in the West,  
I roved hand in hand with the one I loved best:  
But the hopes of youth are vanished and now I'm far away,  
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny Sliav Gallion braes.  
O! It was not the want of employment at home,  
That caused us poor exiles in sorrow to roam,  
But those tyrannising landlords, they would not let us stay,  
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny Sliav Gallion braes.

### 17. **The Spring of the Year**

Farewell lovely Mary for now I must leave you  
To the burning West Indies my course for to steer.  
I know very well that the parting will grieve thee,  
But my love I'll return in the spring of the year.

Oh! Don't talk of leaving me, my dearest jewel,  
Ah, don't talk of leaving me here on the shore,

For it is your sweet company that I do desire, love,  
I will sigh till I die, if I ne'er see you more.

Don't let my long voyage be a trouble unto you,  
Don't let my long absence run sore in your mind.  
Although we are parted, I'll still be true-hearted,  
And we will be married when I do return.

In sailor's apparel I'll dress and go with you,  
In the midst of all danger I will be your friend,  
And when that the cold stormy winds are a-blowing,  
And my bride you will be in the spring of the year.

Your lily-white hands cannot handle a cable,  
Not your neat little feet to the topmast can't go,  
Your delicate form the gales can't endure, love,  
Take advice, love, and stay till the spring of the year.

As she stood a-wailing, the ship set a-sailing,  
Tears down her fair cheeks in torrents did flow,  
And her lily-white hands in sorrow she was wringing,  
Crying, "Oh! My dearest jewel, will I ne'er see you more."

Oh cease, lovely Mary, I'm not going to leave you.  
I'll not leave you, dear Mary, in sorrow and fear.  
I have gold in my pocket, I have lands and great houses.  
And my bride you will be in the spring of the year.

### 19. **Twa Bonnie Maidens**

There were twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens,  
Cam' owre the Minch, and cam' owre the main,  
Wi' the wind for their way and the corry for their hame,  
And they're dearly welcome to Skye again.

Chorus:

Come alang, come alang, wi' your boatie and your song,  
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids!  
For the nicht, it is dark, and the redcoat is gane,  
And ye are dearly welcome to Skye again.

There is Flora, my honey, sae dear and sae bonnie,  
And ane that's sae tall, and handsome withal.  
Put the ane for my king and the other for my queen  
And they're dearly welcome to Skye again.

[Chorus]

Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,  
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,  
The sea moullit's nest I will watch o'er the main,  
And ye are bravely welcome to Skye again.

[Chorus]

There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,  
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids!  
Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock,  
And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.

[Chorus x2]

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