

Songbook

Lyrics and Chords

to accompany the CD



Guaranteed Irish

We Won't Come Home 'til Morning

Guaranteed Irish is:

Bruce Foley: acoustic guitar, low whistles, uilleann pipes, vocals

Paddy Folan: button accordion, harmonica, vocals

Jimmy Lamb: bass, piano, vocals

With:

Deke Kincade: percussion, harmony vocals

Al Snyder: keyboard

Emma Foley: tin whistle

Dave Hanner: electric guitar on Clare to Here, guitars & mandolin on Speed of Sound of Loneliness

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<http://guaranteedirish.info>

1. Clare to Here

Written by: Ralph McTell; key of C; 4/4 time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

There's four who share the room as we work hard for the *craic*
And getting up late on Sundays I never get to Mass

CHORUS:

It's a long, long way from Clare to here
It's a long, long way from Clare to here
It's a long, long way, it gets further day by day
It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday night comes around, Terry's only into fighting.

My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing.

(Chorus)

And the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking.

For it eases off the pain a bit and levels out my thinking.

(Chorus)

INSTR

It almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine.

I promised her I'd be coming back with my pockets full of green.

(Chorus)

I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean.

And I dream I hear a piper playing or maybe it's a notion.

(Chorus)

2. **Come Back Paddy Reilly**

Written by: Percy French; key of C; ¾ time

Lead Vocal: Jim Lamb

8 bars introduction

The Garden of Eden has vanished they say, but I know the lie of it still
Just turn to the left at the bridge of Finea and stop when halfway to Cootehill.
'Tis there I will find it, I know sure enough when fortune has come to my call,
Oh the grass it is green around Ballyjamesduff and the blue sky is over it all
And tones that are tender and tones that are gruff, are whispering over the sea,
Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff, come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

My mother once told me that when I was born the day that I first saw the light,
I looked down the street on that very first morn and gave a great crow of delight.
Now most newborn babies appear in a huff, and start with a sorrowful squall
But I knew I was born in Ballyjamesduff and that's why I smiled on them all.
The baby's a man, now he's toil-worn and tough, still, whispers come over the sea,
Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

INSTR

The night that we danced by the light of the moon, wid Phil to the fore wid his flute.
When Phil threw his lip over 'Come Again Soon,' he'd dance the foot out o' yer boot!
The day that I took long Magee by the scruff for slanderin' Rosie Kilrain,
Then, marchin' him straight out of Ballyjamesduff, assisted him into a drain.
Oh, sweet are the dreams, as the dudeen I puff, of whisperings over the sea,
Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

3. Gold and Silver Days

Written by: Phil Coulter; key of G; 4/4 time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

b-d- ga d- fg ec d- (use for intro and after each chorus)

|G |D |G | |G |D |G
I'm sitting by the fireside, and turning back the years.

|C |C |G |G |D
I can hear my mother singing in the morning

|G |D |G |G |D |G
As she scrubbed our shining faces and then sent us off to school.

|C |C |G |D |G
All too soon those days were over without warning.

CHORUS:

|G |G |C |G
So sing me the songs of our gold and silver days,

|G |Gsus |D7
Days filled with innocence and light.

|G sus |G |C |G
Not a penny to our name, we were happy just the same

|G |D |G
In our gold and silver days.

In the parlor on a Friday night, my dad would took the floor.

I can hear us join together in the chorus,

Singing "Just a Song at Twilight" and "The Moon Behind the Hill".

Now those voices all are silent, gone before us.

(Chorus)

INSTR

We gathered at the Daisy Field on Sundays after Mass,

And we danced to Johnny Quigley and the Royals.

Through the years we all were scattered, but those friends were good and true,

Always there when they were needed, always loyal.

(Chorus)

N.B. The Daisy Field was a dance club in Derry.

4. The Homes of Donegal

Written by: Sean MacBride; key of G; $\frac{3}{4}$ time

Lead Vocal: Jim Lamb

I've just stepped in to see you all, I'll only stay a while
I want to see how you're gettin' on, I want to see you smile.
I'm happy to be back again, I greet you big and small
For there's no place else on Earth just like the Homes of Donegal.

I long to see your smiling children standing by the door
The kettle swinging on the crook as I step up the floor.
And soon the tay-pot's fillin' up me cup that's far from small
For your hearts are like your mountains in the Homes of Donegal.

To see your homes at parting day of that I never tire
And hear the porridge bubblin' in a big pot on the fire.
The lamp a-light, the dresser bright, the big clock on the wall
O, a sight serene celestial scene in the Homes of Donegal.

I long to sit along with you and while away the night
With tales of yore and fairy lore beside your fires so bright.
And then to see prepared for me a shake-down by the wall
For there's rest for weary wanderers in the Homes of Donegal.

A tramp I am and a tramp I've been, a tramp I'll always be
Me father tramped, me mother tramped - sure trampin's bred in me.
If some there are my ways disdain and won't have me at all
Sure I'll always find a welcome in the Homes of Donegal.

INSTR

The time has come for me to go, I bid you all adieu
The open highway calls me forth to do the things I do.
And when I'm trampin' far away, I'll hear your voices call
And please God I will return again to The Homes of Donegal.

And please God I will return again to The Homes of Donegal.

5. When the Boys Come Rolling Home

Written by: Tommy Sands; key of C; 12/8 time (with 4/4 drum beat)
Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

ccg g ccg ef f edC d-- (intro and end of all but last choruses)

I remember very well the day we went away
Sailing out of Belfast in the morning
Our hopes were on tomorrow as we kissed the girls goodbye
But our dreams were on the day of our returning.

CHORUS:

There'll be dancing and romancing and
Never more we'll roam.
There'll be rolling in the hay, there'll be whiskey in the tay
When the Boys Come Rolling Home

We safely reached the other side to New York City fair
In spite of wind and rain and stormy weather
We all sat down to have a drink and wish each other well
And said that we would all go home together

(Chorus)

Paddy went to Boston and Bruce to Buffalo
And Jim he went as far as California
They used to write me letters then but that was long ago
And they always talked of Ireland and returning.

(Chorus)

INSTR (of verse)

I must be nearly ninety now, my grandson's by my bed
And here I'm in Chicago and still scheming.
He says he'll take me home again to rest my weary head
And I'll leave him a legacy of dreaming.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

6. On The Banks of the Old Pontchartrain

Written by: Hank Williams Sr. & Ramona Vincent; key of A; 3/4 time
Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

|A | |D |A
I traveled from Texas to old Louisanne
|A |F#m |E |
Thru valleys, o'er mountains and plains
|A | |D |A
Both footsore and weary I rested a while
|F#m |E |A |
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

The fairest young maiden that ever I saw
Passed by as it started to rain
We both took a shelter beneath the same tree
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Chords/Melody between every 2 verses (f & c are #):

D Bm A D A E
d-- dcb c-cbae e- e faf eca b--
A D F#m D E A
cb a-a bce efab c cba fa edb a

We hid from the shower an hour or so,
She asked how long I'd remain.
I told her I'd spend the rest of my days
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

I ventured a smile, but she thought I was bold.
I hastened to try and explain,
Somehow I knew I would linger a while
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Instrumental

As the hours flew past we fell deeper in love
A love that would just cause her pain
For I knew that I'd leave her standing alone
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

I just couldn't tell her that I ran away
From jail on a West Texas plain
I prayed in my heart I would never be found
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Instrumental

Then one day a man put his hand on my arm
And said I must go west again
I left her alone without saying goodbye
On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell
I know that she's waiting in vain
I'm hoping and praying someday to return
To the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.

Instrumental

7. Polkas: *We Won't Come Home 'til Morning/ Maggie in the Woods/Ryan's*

We Won't Come Home 'til Morning – key of D x 2
Maggie in the Woods – key of G x 2
John Ryan's – key of D x 3

8. Paradise

Written by: John Prine; key of D; 3/4 time

Lead Vocal: Jim Lamb

|D | |G |D
When I was a child my family would travel
|D | |A |D
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born
|D | |G |D
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered
|D | |A |D
So many times that my memories are worn.

Chorus:

|D | |G |D
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
|D | |A |D
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
|D | |G |D
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
|D | |A |D
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

(Chorus)

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

(Chorus)

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin'
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

(Chorus)

9. The Rose of Allendale

Charles Jeffreys/Simon Nelson; key of G; ¾ time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

|G | | |C |G |G | | |D |
The sky was clear, the morn was fair, no breath came over the sea,
|G | | |C |G |G |D |G |
When Mary left her highland home and wandered forth with me.
|G |C |D |G |G |Em |D |
Though flowers decked the mountainside and fragrance filled the vale,
|G | | |C |G |G |D |G |
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allendale.

|G | | |C | |Am |Am7 |D |D7 |
Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale,
|G | | |C |G |G |D |G |
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allendale.

Wherever I wandered, to the east or west, and fate began to lour,
Consoling still she was to me in sorrow's darkest hour.
When tempests wrecked our lonely boat, and rent her quiv'ring sail,
One maiden fond withstood the storm, 'twas the Rose of Allendale.

Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale,
One maiden fond withstood the storm, 'twas the Rose of Allendale.

INSTR

And when my fever'd lips were parched on Africa's burning sands,
She whispered hopes of happiness and tales of foreign lands.
My life has been a wilderness unblest by fortune's gale;
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, Sweet Rose of Allendale.

Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale,
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, Sweet Rose of Allendale.

Sweet Rose of Allendale, Sweet Rose of Allendale,
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, Sweet Rose of Allendale.

Chorus Harmony: B B G f# A A G G G A G F#

10. Sweet Sixteen

Written by: Jimmy Thornton; key of G; slow 2

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

4 bars intro

|G | | | |C |C/b |Am7 |
When first I saw the love light in your eyes
|D | | |D7 | |G |G |D7 |
I thought the world held naught but joy for me
|G | | | |C |C/b |Am7 |
and even though we drifted far apart
|Amaj | | |A7 | |D |D/c |D/b |D/a |
I never dreamed but what I dreamt of thee

CHORUS

|G | | | |C |C/b |Am7 |
I loved you as I've never loved before
|D | | |D7 | |G |G |D7 |
Since first I saw you on the village green,
|G | | | |C |C/b |Am7 |
Come to me now ere dreams of love are o'er
|Am | | |G | | | | |
I love you as I loved you
|G | |Bm | | | | | |
when you were sweet.....,
|Bm | |Am | |D |D7 |G | | | |
When you were sweet..... sixteen.

INSTR (of chorus)

Last night I dreamt I held your hand in mine
And once again you were my happy bride
I kissed you as I did in Auld Lang Syne
As to the church we wandered side by side

(Chorus)

11. Jigs: *Na Ceannabhain Bhana / Saddle the Pony*

Na Ceannabhain Bhana – key of G x 3

Saddle the Pony – key of G x 3

12. The Curlew (was calling)

Traditional; key of G; ¾ time

Lead Vocal: Jim Lamb

|G | |D7 |G |
I once had a sweetheart, and I loved her well.
|C |G |D |D7 |
And she told me that she loved me.
|G | |C | |
But her parents had money, and I hadn't any.
|G |D7 |G | |
She married another, not me.

CHORUS:

|D |D7 |G | |
I took my last view of the scenes that I knew.
|C |G |D |D7 |
The town and the Mountains afar
|G | |C |Am |
Oh the Curlew was calling, the autumn leaves falling
|G |D7 |G | |
The day that I left Castlebar

4 bars instr

Well I knew that another I never would find
To equal in beauty and grace
And I knew that to get her clean out of my mind
I'd go to a far distant place

(Chorus)

My father and mother, sad tears they did shed
And their sorrow was easy to see
And sad lamentations from friends and relations
That bade their last farewell to me

(Chorus)

4 bars instrumental (of verse)

Well I'm not the first, and I won't be the last
That's had to get sailing away
In London, Chicago, New York, Santiago
You'll find us wherever you stray

(Chorus)

Oh the Curlew was calling, the autumn leaves falling
The day that I left Castlebar

13. Steal Away

Written by: Phil Coulter; key of G; 3/4 time

Lead Vocal: Jim Lamb

CHORUS

|G |D |D7 |G
Steal away, let's steal away,
|C |Am |D7 |
No reason left to stay.
|G |D |D7 |G
For me and you, let's start anew,
|C |D7 |G |
And darlin' steal away.

|G |D |D7 |G
Let's steal away and chase our dream,
|C |Am |D7 |
And hope they'll never find us.
|G |D |D7 |G
The weary days, the empty nights,
|C |D7 |G |
We'll leave them all behind us.

(Chorus)

We'll leave behind the empty streets,
The gloom and desolation,
The rain and cold
Just growing old
God knows it's a hard ol' station

(Chorus)

INSTR

We'll leave with just a memory,
And make anew beginning.
We have to choose,
To win or lose,
And it's time we started winning.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

14. Speed of the Sound of Loneliness

Written by: John Prine; key of C; 4/4 time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

|C | | | |C |F |2 |3 |4
You come home late and you come home early.
|G | | | |C |2 |3 |4
You come on big when you're feeling small.
|C | | | |C |F |2 |3 |4
You come home straight and you come home curly.
|G | | | |C |2 |3 (chorus)
Sometimes you don't come home at all.

CHORUS:

|4 |C | | | |F | |3 |4
What in the world's come over you?
|G | | | |C |2 |3 |4
What in heaven's name have you done?
|C | | | |F | |3 |4
You've broken the speed of the sound of loneliness.
|G | | | |C |2 |3 |4
You're out there running just to be on the run.

I've got a heart that's filled with a fever.
I've got a jealous and a worried mind.
How can a love that'll last forever
Get left so far behind?

(Chorus)

INSTR

It's many a mean and a troubled sorrow
That crossed the evil line today.
How can you ask about tomorrow?
We ain't got one word to say.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

You're out there running just to be on the run.
You're out there running just to be on the run.

15. The Boys of Barr na Sráide

Written by: Sigerson Clifford; key of C; ¾ time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

Oh the town it climbs the mountain and looks upon the sea
At sleeping time or walking time it's there I'd like to be
To walk again those kindly streets the place my life began
With those boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren

With cudgels stout we roamed about to hunt for the dreoilín
We searched for birds in every furze form Leitir to Dooneen
We danced for joy beneath the sky life held no print nor plan
When the boys of Barr na Sráide went hunting for the wren

When the fields were bleeding and the rifles were aflame
To the rebel homes of Kerry the Saxon strangers came
But the boys who beat the Auxies and fought the Black and Tans
Were the boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren

But now they toil on foreign soil where they have made their way
Deep in the heart of London town or over in Broadway
And I am left to sing their deeds and praise them while I can
Those boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren

INSTR

And here's a health to them tonight, those lads who laughed with me
By the groves of Carham river or the slopes of Bi na Ti
John Dalaigh and Batt Andy and the Sheehans, Con and Dan
Those boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren

When the wheel of life runs out and peace comes over me
Just take me back to that old town between the hills and sea
I'll take my rest in those green fields, the place my life began
With those boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren

16. Donegal Danny

Written by: Phil Coulter; key of D; fast 4/4 time

Lead Vocal: Bruce Foley

I remember the night when he came in... from the wintry cold and the damp
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and a bundle which told he was a tramp
He stood at the bar and called a pint and turned and gazed at the fire
On a night like this to be safe and dry, is my one and only desire

Chorus:

So here's to those that are dead and gone The friends that I loved dear
And here's to you then I'll bid you adieu Saying Donegal Danny's been here me boys
Donegal Danny's been here

Then in a voice that was hushed and low, he said listen I'll tell you a tale
How a man of the sea became a man of the road and never more will set sail
I've fished out of Howth and Killybegs, Ardglass and Baltimore
But the cruel sea has beaten me and I'll end my days on the shore
(Chorus)

One fateful night in the wind and the rain we set sail from Killybegs town,
There were five of us from sweet Donegal and one from County Down,
We were fishermen who worked the sea and never counted the cost
But I never thought 'ere that night was done that my true friends would all be lost
(Chorus)

Then the storm it broke and drove the boat to the rocks about ten miles from shore,
As we fought the tide we hoped inside to see our homes once more
Then we struck a rock and holed the boat and all of us knew that she'd go down
So we jumped right into the icy sea and prayed to God we wouldn't drown
(Chorus)

Ever since that night I've been on the road, traveling and trying to forget
That awful night I lost all my friends, I see their faces yet
And often at night when the sea is high and the rain is tearing at my skin
I hear the cries of drowning men floating over on the wind
(Chorus)
(Chorus)

17. Reels: Sally Gardens / Kerry Reel / Miss McLeod's

Sally Gardens	– key of G	x 2
Kerry Reel	– key of Em	x 2
Miss McLeod's	– key of G	x 3