

How Are Things . . . *(continued)*

How are things in Glocca Mora?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does that lassie with the twinklin' eye
Come smilin' by and does she walk away,
Sad and dreamy there not to see me there?

So I ask each weepin' willow and each
brook along the way,
And each lass that comes a-sighin' too ra lay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine
day?

MacNamara's Band

Oh, me name is MacNamara, I'm the leader
of the band
Although we're few in numbers, we're the
finest in the land
We play at wakes and weddings and at
every fancy ball
And when we play the funerals, we play the
March from Saul

(Chorus)
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals
clang and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon while I
the pipes do play
And Hennessee Tennessee tootles the flute
and the music is something grand
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band.

Right now we are rehearsing for a very swell
affair
The annual celebration, all the gentry will be
there
When General Grant to Ireland came, he took
me by the hand
Says he, I never saw the likes of MacNamara's
Band

(Chorus)
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals
clang and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon while I the
pipes do play
And Hennessee Tennessee tootles the flute
and the music is something grand
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band

Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain
side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are
dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the
meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with
snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.



An Irish Sing-a-Long
Sunday, March 17, 2019
Noon ~ Becker Hall
led by Broc Hite
at the Piano



Irish Blessing
May the road rise
up to meet you.
May the wind be always
at your back.
May the sun shine warm
upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon
your fields.
And, until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, sure 'tis like a
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.

Harrigan

Who is the man who will spend or will even
lend?
Harrigan, that's me!
Who is your friend when you find that you
need a friend?
Harrigan, that's me!
For I'm just as proud of my name, you see
As an emperor, czar or a king could be
Who is the man helps a man ev'ry time he can?
Harrigan, that's me!

(Chorus)
H, A, double-R, I, G, A, N spells Harrigan
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
Divvil a man can say a word agin me
H, A, double-R, I, G, A, N you see
Is a name that a shame never has been
connected with
Harrigan, that's me!

Who is the man never stood for a gadabout?
Harrigan, that's me!
Who is the man that the town's simply mad
about?

Harrigan that's me!
The ladies and babies are fond of me
I'm fond of them, too, in return, you see
Who is the gent that's deserving a monument?
Harrigan, that's me!

(Repeat Chorus)

My Wild Irish Rose

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere, but none can
compare with my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me
take the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came
An Irish man one day,
All the streets were paved with gold,
So everyone was gay!
Singing songs of Piccadilly,
Strand, and Leicester Square,
'Til Paddy got excited and
He shouted to them there:

(Chorus—sing twice)
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

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 wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
(Chorus)
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, t'was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they wheeled their barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
(Repeat Chorus)

She died of a fever
And sure, so one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
(Repeat Chorus Two Times)

How Are Things in Glocca Morra

How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that little brook still leaping there?
Does it still run down to Donny cove?
Through Killybegs, Kilkerry and Kildare?

(continued)