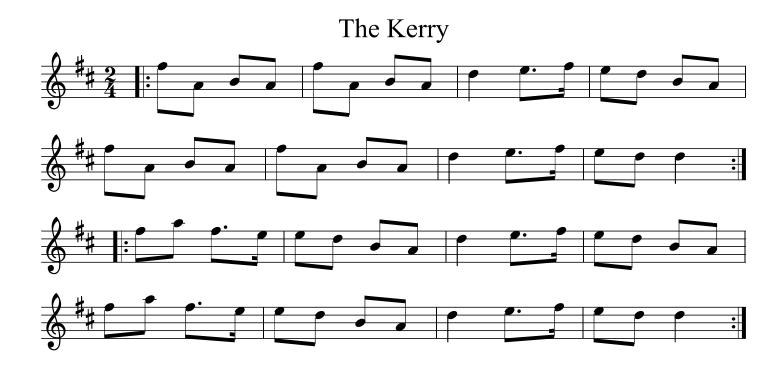
Melton Mowbray Folk Session Rev. 17

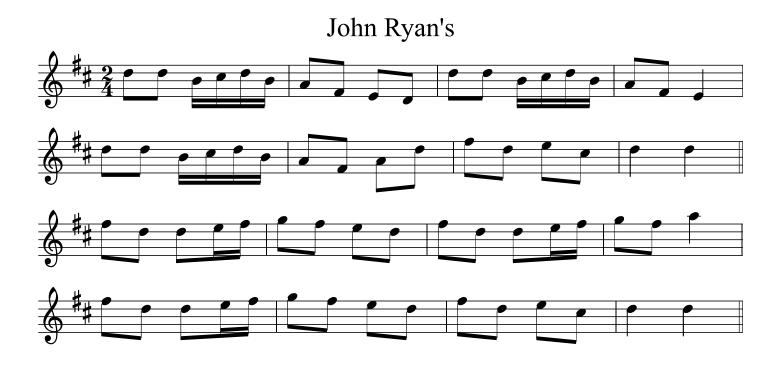
- Polkas: Egan's (Kerry Polka) / Sean Ryan's
- 2. Jigs: Swallowtail / Old Joe's / Lannigan's Ball
- Polkas: The Rose Tree / Rakes of Mallow / Rattling Bog
- 4. Song: Fields of Athenry
- 5. Slides: Bronsa / Dan O'Keefe's / Dennis Murphy's
- 6. Reels: Bottom of the Punch Bowl / John Brennan
- 7. Airs: Cill Chais
- 8. Song: Star of the County Down
- 9. Jigs: Father O'Flynn / My Darling Asleep / Morrison's
- 10. Polkas: Dennis Murphy / £42 Cheque / Sean Ryan's
- 11. Airs: Da Slockit Light
- 12. Reels: Merry Blacksmith / Molly Ban / Drowsy Maggie
- 13. Song: Black Velvet Band
- 14. Jigs: Scarce of Tatties / Tripping Up The Stairs / Haste to the Wedding
- 15. Hornpipes: The Clare / Portsmouth / Trumpet Hornpipe
- 16. Jigs: Tickle Her Leg With A Barley Straw / Jim Ward's / Blarney Pilgrim
- 17. The Wise Maid / Maid Behind the Bar
- 18. Song: The Galway Shawl
- 19. March: The Battle of Aughrim
- 20. Jigs: Lilting Banshee / The Mist Covered Mountain / The Cat in the Corner

- 21. Muñeira de Rengos
- 22. Polkas: The Maids of Ardagh / Breeches Full of Stitches / Ballydesmond #2
- 23. The Tar Road to Sligo / The Killavil / Smash The Windows
- 24. Song: Juice of the Barley
- 25. Slide/Jig: Road to Lisdoonvarna / Paitti O'Leary / Cliffs of Moher
- 26. Terry Tehan's / John Egans / John Walsh's
- 27. Winster Gallop / Jamie Allen / The Salmon Tails
- 28. Jigs: The Blackthorn Stick / Out on the Ocean / The Kesh

OPTIONAL

- Campbells Fairwell to Redcastle
- Mingulay Boat Song
- Hector the Hero

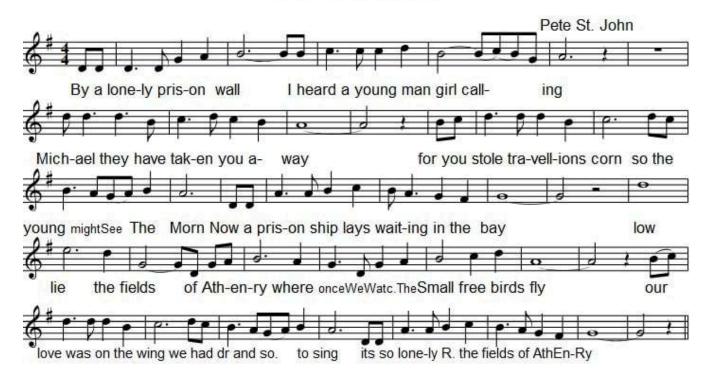








The Fields of Athenry



[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she'll live and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

[Chorus]

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



The Bottom Of The Punchbowl



John Brennan's



Cill Cais



Star Of The County Down



In Banbridge Town in the County Down One morning last July,

From a boreen green came a sweet colleen

And she smiled as she passed me by. She looked so sweet from her two bare feet

To the sheen of her nut brown hair. Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself For to see I was really there.

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and From Galway to Dublin Town, No maid I've seen like the brown colleen That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,

And I looked with a feelin' rare, And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by, "Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?

He smiled at me and he says's, say's he, "That's the gem of Ireland's crown. It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,

She's the star of the County Down".

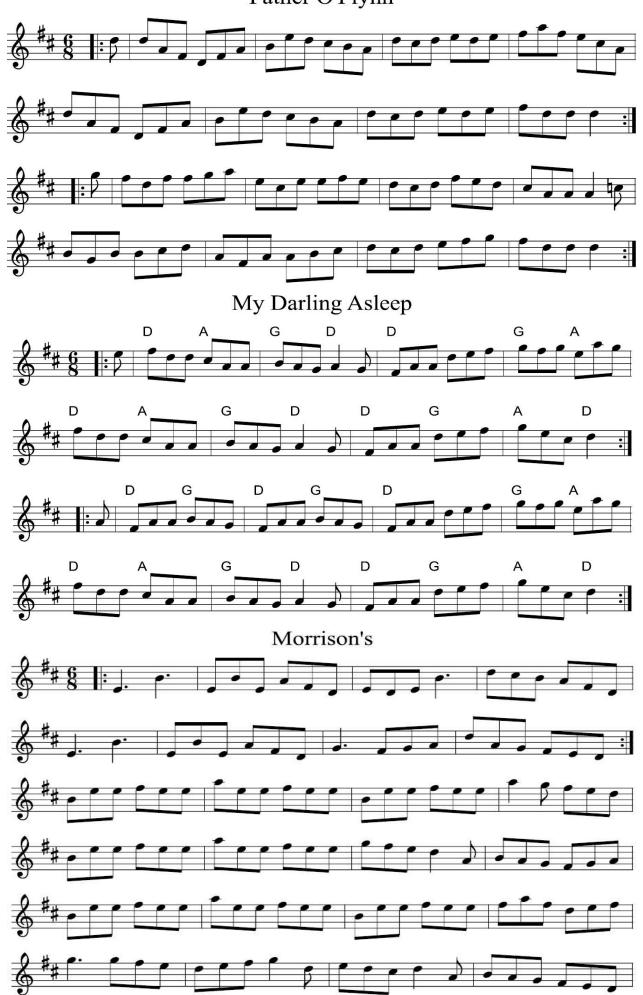
Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Ouay and From Galway to Dublin Town,
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down.

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes, With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked

Right for a smile from my nut brown rose. No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke Till my plough turns rust coloured brown. Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside Sits the star of the County Down.





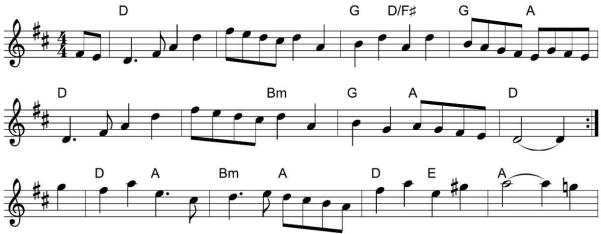
Denis Murphy's



Sí Bheag Sí Mhór



Da Slockit Light











The 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 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 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 yelvet 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.

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.

Scarce O' Tatties



The Clare Reel





The Wise Maid





Galway Shawl Tin Whistle Sheet Music



At Oranmore in the county Galway
One pleasant evening in the month's of May
I spied a damsel, she was young and
handsome

Her beauty fairly took my breath away

She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds No paint nor powder, no none at all But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking 'Till her fathers cottage came in to view Said she, 'Come in sir', and meet my father And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the hearthstone I could see her father he was six feet tall And soon her mother, had the kettle singing All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds No paint nor powder, no none at all But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'

'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew' She sang each note like an Irish linnet And tears weld in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early, all in the morning I hit the road for old Donegal Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me

But my heart remain with the Galway shawl

She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds No paint nor powder, no none at all But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

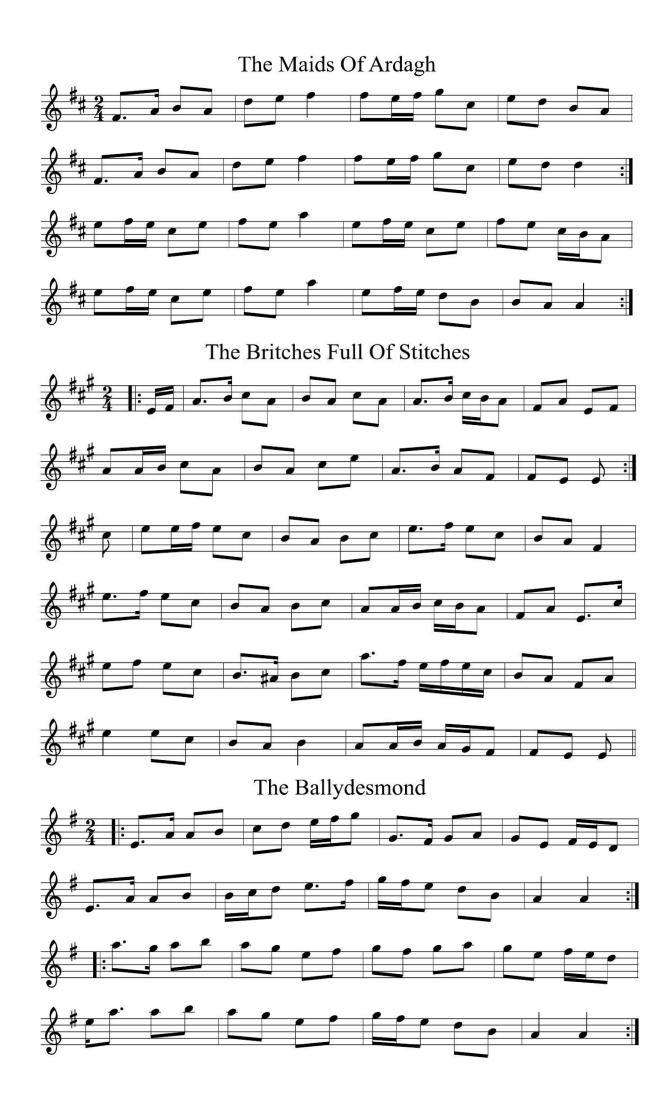
After The Battle Of Aughrim



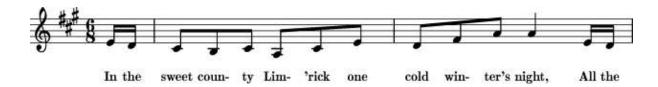


Muñeira De Rengos











turf fires were bur- ning when I first saw the light; And a drun- ken old mid- wife went



tip- sy with joy, As she danced round the floor with her slip of a boy, Sin- ging



In the sweet country Lim'rick, one cold winter's night

All the turf fires were burning when I first saw the light;

And a drunken old midwife went tipsy with iov

As she danced round the floor with her slip of a boy,

chor: Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me.

Well when I was a gossoon of eight years old or so

With me turf and me primer to school I did ao.

To a dusty old school house without any door.

Where lay the school master blind drunk on the floor.

At the learning I wasn't such a genius I'm thinking,

But I soon bet the master entirely at drinking,

Not a wake or a wedding for five miles around,

But meself in the corner was sure to be found.

One Sunday the priest read me out from the altar

Saying you'll end up your days with your neck in a halter;

And you'll dance a fine jig between heaven and hell

And his words they did frighten me the truth for to tell.

So the very next morning as the dawn it did break

I went down to the vestry the pledge for to take,

And there in that room sat the priests in a bunch

Round a big roaring fire drinking tumblers of punch,

Well from that day to this I have wandered alone

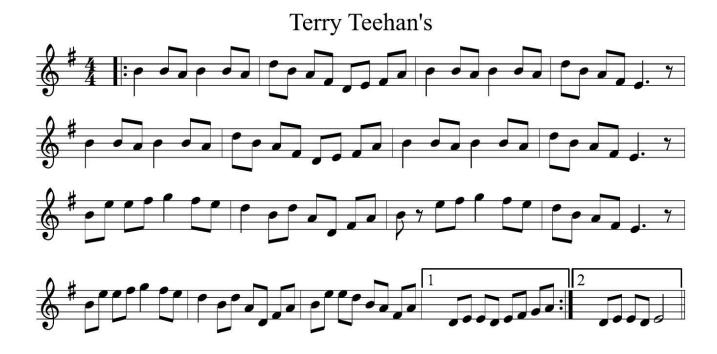
I'm a jack of all trades and a master of none.

With the sky for me roof and the earth for me floor,

And I'll dance out my days drinking whiskey galore,

The Road To Lisdoonvarna





John Egan's Polka



John Walsh's





