

Irish Songs We Learned In School with John Spillane

Fingal Co. Council Offices
Saturday 16th of September 12-1pm

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Beidh Aonach Amárach (D) | 1ST CLASS |
| 2. Báidín Fheilimí (Bb) | 2ND CLASS |
| 3. Séamuisín (D) | 3RD CLASS |
| 4. An Maidrín Rua (D) | 4TH CLASS |
| 5. Peigín Leitir Móir (D) | 5TH CLASS |
| 6. Trasna na dTonnta (G) | 6TH CLASS |
| 7. An Poc Ar Buile (C) | ALL |
| 8. Téir Abhaile Riú (F#m) | 5TH & 6TH CLASS |
| 9. Óró Sé Do Bheatha Abhaile (Am) | ALL |
| 10. Bean Pháidín (C) | ALL |
| 11. Amhrán na bhFiann (Bb) | ALL |
| 12. I'll Tell Me Ma | ALL |
| 13. Rattlin Bog | ALL |

Beidh Aonach Amárach (gléas D) **1st Class**

[1] Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir Beidh aonach amárach i gContae an Chláir Cé mhaith dom é, ní bheidh mé ann?

[Curfá] A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé? A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé? A mháithrín, an ligfidh tú chun aonaigh mé? A mhuirnín ó ná héiligh é.

[2] Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós Níl tú a deich nó a haon déag fós Nuair a bheidh tú trí déag beidh tú mór.

[Curfá]

(3) Táimse i ngrá leis an ngréasaí bróg x3
Mura bhfaigh mé é ní bheidh mé beo

Curfá

[4] B'fhearr liom féin mo ghréasaí bróg X 3
Ná oifigeach airm faoi lásaí óir.

[Curfá] And repeat 1st verse.

Báidín Fheilimí (Bb) – 2nd Class

1. Báidín Fheilimí d'imigh go Gabhla,
Báidín Fheilimí is Feilimí ann.
Báidín Fheilimí d'imigh go Gabhla,
Báidín Fheilimí is Feilimí ann.

(Chorus)

Báidín bídeach, báidín beosach,
Báidín boidheach, báidín Fheilimí
Báidín díreach, báidín deontach
Báidín Fheilimí is Feilimí ann.

2. Báidín Fheilimí d'imigh go Toraí,
Báidín Fheilimí is Feilimí ann.
Báidín Fheilimí d'imigh go Toraí,
Báidín Fheilimí is Feilimí ann.

(Chorus)

3. Báidín Fheilimí briseadh i dToraí,
Iasc ar bord agus Feilimí ann.
Báidín Fheilimí briseadh i dToraí,
Iasc ar bord agus Feilimí ann.

(Chorus)

Séamuisín (D) – 3rd Class

1. An bhfaca tú mo Shéamaisín
Mo mhúirnín óg, mo bhuachaillín?
An bhfaca tú mo Shéamaisín
Is é dul síos an bóthar?

Chorus; Grá mo chroí mo Shéamaisín,
Mo mhúirnín is mo bhuachaillín,
Grá mo chroí mo Shéamaisín
Maidin 'gus tráthnóna

2. Níl bróg ar bith ar a dhá choisín
Ar a dhá choisín ar a dhá choisín
Níl bróg ar bith ar a dhá choisín
Níl caipín air ná clóca,

chorus

3. Tá leabhairín buí ina láimh aige,
Ina láimh aige, ina láimh aige,
Tá leabhairín buí ina láimh aige,
Ag dul ar scoil tráthnóna,

Chorus

4. Ar a dhroim tá málín beag,
Tá málín beag, tá málín beag,
Ar a dhroim tá málín beag,
Is a lóinín ann is dócha.

An MaidrínRua (D) – 4th Class

Ar mo ghabháil dom siar thar Shliabh Luachra,
'Gus mise 'cur tuairisc' mo ghéanna,
Ar mo chasadadh aduaidh sea fuair mé a dtuairisc,
Go raibh maidrín rua á n-aoireacht!

Cúrfá An maidrín rua,
rua, rua, rua, rua,
An maidrín rua atá dána,
An maidrín rua ina luí sa luachair,
Agus barr a dhá chluais in airde.

2. “Good Morrow, fox!” “Good Morrow, sir !”
“Pray what is that you’re ate-ing ?”
“A fine fat goose I stole from you,
And will you come and taste it ?”

Cúrfá

3. “Oh ! No indeed, ní áil liom í,
Ní bhlaísfead pioc di in aon chor,
But I vow and swear you’ll dearly pay,
For my fine fat goose you’re ate-ing !”

Cúrfá

4. Ní íosfad giob is ní bhlaísfead pioc,
Is ní rachaíd aon smut i mo bhéal de,
But I vow and I swear that you'll dearly pay,
For my fine fat goose you're ate-ing

Cúrfá

5. Greadadh croí cráite ort, a mhaidrín ghránnna,
A rug uaim m'ái breá géanna,
Mo choiligh mhóra bhreátha 's mo chearca 'bhí go
hálainn,
Is mo lachain bheaga ab fhearr a bhí in Éirinn !

Cúrfá

6. Tally ho ! lena bhonn ! Tally ho lena bhonn !
Tally ho ! lena bhonn, a choileáinín!
Tally ho ! lena bhonn ! Tally ho lena bhonn ! Agus barr
a dhá chluais in airde !

Peigín Leitir Móir (D) – 5th Class

Cúrfá; Ó gairim gairim í,
Agus gairim í, mo stór;
Míle grá le m'anam í
'Sí Peigín Leitir Móir!

1. Éirigh suas, a Pheigín
Agus seas ar bharr an an áird
Comhar do chuid bullán
Agus féach an bhfuil siad ann.

Curfá

2. Tá Bríd agam 's tá Cáit agam
'Sí Peig an bhean is fearr;
Pé'r bith fear a gheobhas í,
Nach air a bhéas an t-ádh.

Curfá

Chuir mé scéala siar chuici
Go gceannóin di bád móir;
'Sé'n scéala 'chuir sí anair chugham
go ndéanfadhl leathbhád seoil.

Curfá

Tá iascairí na Gaillimhe
Ag teacht anior le cóir
Le solas gealaí gile
Nó go bhfeicidís an tseoid.

Trasna na dTonnta (G) – 6th Class

Cúrfá; Trasna na dtonnta, dul siar, dul siar,
Slán leis an uaigneas ‘is slán leis an gcian,
Geal é mo chroí, agus geal í an ghrian,
Geal bheith ag filleadh go hÉirinn!

1. Chonaic mo dhóthain de Thíortha i gcéin,
Ór agus airgead, saibhreas an tsaoil,
Éiríonn an croí ionam le breacadh gach lae,
‘S mé druidim le dúthaigh mo mhuintir!

Cúrfá

2. Muintir an iarthair ‘siad cairde mo chroí,
Fáilte ‘is féile bheidh romham ar gach taobh.
Ar fhágaint an tsaoil seo, sé ghuím ar an Rí
Gur leosan a shínfear i gcill mé.

Cúrfá

An Poc Ar Buile (C) - ALL

1. Ar mo ghabháil dom siar chun Droichead Uí
Mhórdha

Píce im dhóid 's mé ag dul i meithil
Cé chasfaí orm i gcumar ceoidh
Ach pocán crón is é ar buile...

[curfá] Ailliliú, puilliliú, ailliliú tá an poc ar buile!
Ailliliú, puilliliú, ailliliú tá an poc ar buile!

2. Do ritheamar trasna trí ruilleogach,
Is do ghluais an comhrac ar fud na muinge,
Is treascairt do bhfuair sé sna turtóga
Chuas ina ainneoin ina dhroim le fuinneamh...

[curfá]

3. Níor fhág sé carraig go raibh scót ann
Ná gur rith le fórsa chun mé a mhilleadh,
S'Ansan sea do chaith sé an léim ba mhó
Le fána mhór na Faille Brice...

[curfá]

4. Bhí garda mór i mBaile an Róistigh
Is bhaileigh fórsaí chun sinn a chlipéadh
Do bhuaile sé rop dá adhairc sa tóin ann
S'dá bhríste nua do dhein sé giobail...

[curfá]

5. In Daingean Uí Chúis le haghaidh tráthnóna
Bhí an sagart paróiste amach 'nár gcoinnibh
Is é dúirt gurbh é an diabhal ba dhóigh leis
A ghaibh an treo ar phocán buile...

[curfá]

Téir Abhaile Riú (F#m) – 5th & 6th Class

Curfá;
Téir abhaile riú
Téir abhaile riú
Téir abhaile riú Mhary
Téir abhaile riú 's fan sa bhaile
Mar tá do mhargadh déanta.

Is cuma cé dhein é nó nár dhein
Is cuma cé dhein é Mhary
Is cuma cé dhein é nó nár dhein mar
Tá do mhargadh déanta.

Tá do mhargadh, Níl mo mhargadh,
Tá do mhargadh déanta,
Tá do mhargadh, Níl mo mhargadh,
Tá do mhargadh déanta.

Pós an píobaire
Pós an píobaire
Pós an píobaire Mhary
Pós an píobaire dtús na hoíche
Is beidh sé agat ar maidin.

Óró Sé Do Bheatha Abhaile (Am) -**ALL**

1. Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar
Do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhinn
Do dhúiche bhrefá i seilbh meirleach
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

Chorus:

Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile
Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile
Óró, sé do bheatha 'bhaile
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

2. Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin is ní Franc ná Spáinnigh
Agus cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.

Chorus

3. A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart má dhearcaim
Muna mbím beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch
Ag fógairet fáin ar Ghallaibh.

Chorus

Bean Pháidín (C) – ALL

Sé'n trua ghéar nach mise, nach mise
Sé'n trua ghéar nach mise bean Pháidín
Sé'n trua ghéar nach mise, nach mise
Is an bhean atá aige bheith caillte

Rachainn go Gaillimh go Gaillimh
Is rachainn go Gaillimh le Pháidín
Rachainn go Gaillimh go Gaillimh
Is thiocfainn abhaile sa mbád leis

'S é'n trua nach mise, nach mise
'S é'n trua nach mise bean Pháidín
'S é'n trua nach mise, nach mise
'S an bhean atá aige bheith caillte

Rachainn go haonach an Chlocháin
Is siar go Béal Á' na Báighe
Bhreathnóinn isteach tríd an bhfuinneog
A' súil is go bhfeicfinn bean Pháidín

'S é'n trua nach mise, nach mise
'S é'n trua nach mise bean Pháidín
'S é'n trua nach mise, nach mise
'S an bhean atá aige bheith caillte

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

Sé'n trua nach mise, nach mise

Sé'n trua nach mise bean Pháidín
Sé'n trua nach mise, nach mise
Is an bhean atá aige bheith caillte

Amhrán na bhFiann (Bb) – ALL

Sinne Fianna Fáil
A tá fé gheall ag Éirinn,
Buíon dár slua
Thar toinn do ráinig chughainn,
Fé mhóid bheith saor.
Sean tír ár sinsir feasta
Ní fhagfar fé'n tiorán ná fé'n tráil
Anocht a théam sa bhearna bhaoil,
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun básis nó saoil
Le gunnaí scréach fé lámhach na bpiléar
Seo libh canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.

I'll Tell Me Ma - ALL

I'll tell me Ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,
Well that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome. She is pretty.
She is the bell of Belfast City.
She is courtin' one, two, three.
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her.
All the boys are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well"?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Ole Jenny Murray says she'll die
If you don't get the fella
With the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high
And the snow come tumbling from the sky,
She's as nice as apple pie.
She'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her Ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

I'll tell me Ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,

Well that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome. She is pretty.
She is the bell of Belfast City.
She is courtin' one, two, three.
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Rathlin Bog - ALL

Chorus:

oh, row, the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.
The rare bog the rattlin' bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

Well in the bog there was a hole,
A rare hole a rattlin' hole,
And the hole in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

Well in that hole there was a tree
A rare tree and a rattlin' tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

On that tree there was a branch
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

On that branch there was a limb
A rare limb and a rattlin' limb

And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

Well on that limb there was a nest
A rare nest and a rattlin' nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

The bog down in the valley-o

Now in that nest there was a bird
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird
And the bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the hole
And the hole in the bog
Down in the valley-o

Chorus

In that bird there was an egg

A rare egg and a rattlin' egg
And the egg on the bird
And the bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the bog
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

In that egg there was a bird
A rare bird and a rattlin' bird
And the bird on the egg
And the egg on the bird
And the bird in the nest
And the nest on the limb
And the limb on the branch
And the branch on the tree
And the tree in the bog
And the hole in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

Chorus

Real bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o