

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 streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!



Songs!

ROSE OF TRALEE



*The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea;
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,
That stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee.
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.*

*The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading
And Mary all smiling sat listening to me;
The moon through the valley her pale rays were shining
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.*

*On the far fields of India, mid war's bloody thunder,
Her voice was a solace and comfort to me,
But the cold hand of death has now torn us asunder
I'm lonely tonight for my Rose of Tralee.
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.*



RATTLIN' BOG



O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o
O-ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree
With the tree in the bog And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb
With the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin' branch
With the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

(Repeat, adding a line each time)

Now on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin' twig.....
Now on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest.....
Now in that nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg.....
Now in that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird.....
Now on that bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather ...
Now on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea ...

Oh 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 roses 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 there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so



I'M A LITTLE LEPRECHAUN

(Tune of I'm a Little Teapot)

Actions:

I'm a little leprechaun

(hands on hips)

Dressed in green,

(point to shirt)

The tiniest man

(hold thumb and index finger about an inch apart)

That you've ever seen.

(point to the other people)

If you ever catch me, so it's told,

(make a motion like you're grabbing at a leprechaun)

I'll give you my big pot of gold.

(make a motion like you're giving something away)



THE LEPRECHAUN SONG

(Tune of Mary Had a Little Lamb)

I'm a little leprechaun,
Leprechaun, leprechaun,
I'm a little leprechaun,
Who likes to hide my gold.
I dress in green from head to toe,
head to toe, head to toe,
I dress in green from head to toe,
I wear green all day long!
You'll never catch me or my gold,
not my gold, not my gold,
You'll never catch me or my gold,
I hide it much too well!

Amhrán na bhFiann - The Irish National Anthem

Sinne Fianna Fáil atá fé gheall ag Éirinn
shin-na fee-in-na fall, a-thaw fay yeol egg erin
Buion dár slua thar toinn do ráinig chugainn
bween dar slew, harr thin the raw ne goin
Fémhóid bheith saor. Seantír ár sinsir feasta
Fway vawid veh sair, shawn-tier awr shinshir fasta
Ní fhagfar fé'n tiorán ná fé'n tráil
nee-owg fur fay teer-awn naw feign trawl
Anocht a théam sa bhearna bhaoil,
an nocht a hame saw varna vvail
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil
lay gown owr gwale cunn boss no sale
Le guna screach fé lámhach na bpiléar,
le gunna sh-rake fay law buck naw bell air
Seo libh, canaídh Amhrán na bhFiann.
shull liv con-ig arawn naveen



Lámh, lámh eile

Nursery Rhyme

(Irish Gaelic)

Lámh, lámh eile, a haon, a dó,
Cos, cos eile, a haon, a dó.
Ceann, srón, béil, smig,
Agus fiacla bána i mo bhéal istigh.
Súil, súil eile, a haon, a dó,
Cluas, cluas eile, a haon, a dó,
Ceann, srón, béil, smig,
Agus fiacla bána i mo bhéal istigh.

Hand, Other Hand

Nursery Rhyme

(English)

Hand, other hand, one, two,
Leg, other leg, one, two,
Head, nose, mouth, chin,
With white teeth inside my mouth.
Eye, other eye, one, two,
Ear, other ear, one, two,
Head, nose, mouth, chin,
With white teeth inside my mouth.