

“Spirit Song Radio WSSR” # 8



“When Irish Eyes Are Smiling”

“When Irish Eyes Are Smiling”

There’s a tear in your eye
And I’m wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such power in your smile
Sure a stone you’d beguile
So there’s never a teardrop should fall

When your sweet lilting laughter’s
Like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
You should laugh all the while
And all other times smile
And now, smile a smile for me

**Refrain: 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**

For your smile is a part
Of the love in your heart,
And it makes even sunshine more bright
Like the linnet's sweet song,
Crooning all the day long,
Comes your laughter so tender and light.

For the springtime of life
Is the sweetest of all
There is ne'er a real care or regret;
And while springtime is ours
Throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile each chance we get. **(Refrain)**

"The Rattlin' Bog"

**(Refrain:) Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-O
A rare bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-O**

"I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover"

I'm looking over a four leaf clover
that I overlooked before
One is for sunshine
The second is rain
Third are the roses
That grow in the lane

No need explaining
The one remaining
Is somebody I adore
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

“How Are Things In Glocca Morra”

Instrumental: “Belfast Hornpipe”



“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 Hennessy 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)*

“The Parting Glass”

Of all the money that e’er I spent
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e’er I’ve done
Alas, it was to none to me

*And all I’ve done for want of wit, To memory now I can’t recall
So fill to me the parting glass, “Good night and joy be with you all”*

Oh all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay

*But since it fell into my lot, That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call, "Good night and joy be to you all"*

Of all the money that e'er I spent
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas, it was to none to me

*And all I've done for want of wit, To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass*

"Good night and joy be with you all"

"Good night and joy be with you all"

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" (an Irish lullaby)

Over in Killarney, many years ago
My mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low
Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me today

**Refrain: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now don't you cry
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish lullabye**

Of in dreams I wander, to that cot again,
I feel her arms a huggin' me, as when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a hummin' to me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep, outside the cabin door.

**Refrain: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now don't you cry
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish lullabye**

“My Wild Irish Rose”

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead,
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of it's mates,
Though each holds aloft it's proud head,
Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith I've known no repose.
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

(Refrain:)

**My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flow'r 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.**

“Danny Boy”

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone and all the roses falling.
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or all the valley's hushed and white with snow.
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.
O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so.

When winter's come and all the flow'rs are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And come and say an "Ave" there for me.
But I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave shall warmer, sweeter be.
And you shall bend and tell me that you love me;
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

“May The Road Rise to Meet You”

May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face.
May the rain fall softly on your fields and until we meet again,
May you keep safe in the gentle loving arms of God.