

orla

her love is the thresher
her love is the plough
turns my heart over
right over somehow
it's firmly planted
so deep and so pure
orlaith my my lady my fancy

by the heat of the sun
by the light of the moon
together we bask
we're flowers in bloom
wind it may blow
rain it might lash
but nothing can topple our loving

it's floating i am
on the air i dare say
up here in the loft
where together we lay
upon her bare shoulders
my kisses they land
it's heaven on earth
in the morning

there is a bright glimmer
perhaps maybe more
that orlaith one day
will see fit to be sure
to wear on her finger
a circle of gold
so lovelingly placed
by my own hand

her love is the wind
i'm carried somehow
away from this earth
straight up to the clouds
to fly like the bird
on careless flight
i no longer know
the days hour

but what do i care
if it's day or it's night
what do i care if its wrong
or it's right
for when i'm with orlaith
my world's in a skid
so gladly i roll

and i tumble
i see in the future
a life o so grand
we'll dander on down
to the surf and the strand
or wander the boreen
to be quite alone
or stop for a chin wag
at ruari's

after a time
our dote will be born
the pram will come out
wheels they will turn
he will have dimples
she will have curls
and the cradle will rock
on the ocean

lyrics mary murphy music trad/adapted by paul k

an cuach

an cuach is ean alainn i
canaionn si mar a eitliann si
ach ni go deo glaonn si 'cuach'
go dti an ceathru la de luil

polly oh polly
ta fonn orm tu a bheith liom
ni olfaidh tu uisce go deo
olanonn tu i gconai m'fhian

ta-gfaidh me teach dom
sna sleibhte is airde
go bhfeicfidh me an cuach
's i ag eitilt ar aghaidh

sean de diamant sean de diamont
nach bhfuil aithne agam duit de sheon
tog tu o mo phoca bocht
de airgead agus ore

an cuach is ean alainn i
canaionn si mar a eitliann si
is faigheann muid smocinte maith
is ni insionn muid aon breag

trad - irish language version of 'the cuckoo' by aideen shields

three hand reel

mother's in the kitchen making tea and bisquits
tarts cool in the pan
i sit in the parlour waiting for my donal
and the neighbors to arrive at ten
friday night fiddles and accordians will sure be out
the ceili it is close at hand
it's sure to be a grand affair especially with donal there
who dances best of any man

3 hand reel

it's thrilled i'll feel
when donal's hands round my waist so lightly land

hound is barking i can hear sound of hooves drawing near
on this night so still
the callaghans, whelans arrive with wee ones
the murphy's who live up the hill
john and mary dogherty who live behind the water mill
are layden down with jugs of ale
right behind is the prize 'tis himself what a sight
donal looking splendid still

3 hand reel

my heart does wheel
as donals hands round my waist so lightly land

thunder roar feet upon the floor
swing me round just like ye did before
hold on tight don't let the music end
i believe i can go around again

3 hand reel

toes and heels
brilliant hours shining as the stars

thunder roar feet upon the floor
swing me round just like ye did before
hold on tight don't let the music end
i believe i can go around again

lyrics mary murphy music paul keim and trent freeman

ready for the storm

o the waves crash in and the tide pulls out
it's an angry sea but there is no doubt

that the lighthouse will keep shining
out to warn the lonely sailor
and the lightning strikes and the wind cuts cold
through a sailor's bones thru a sailor's soul
till there's nothing left that he can hold
except the rolling ocean

but i am ready fo the storm
yes sir ready i am ready for the storm
i'm ready for the storm

give me mercy for my dream
for every confrontation seems
to tell me what it really means to be this lonely sailor
and when the sky begins to clear
the sun it melts away my fear
i'll cry a silent weary tear for those that need to love me

distance it is no real friend
and time will take its time
and you will find that in the end
it brings you near the loenly sailor
and when you take me by the hand
you love me warm you love me
and i should have realized
there is no reason to be frightened

lyrics and music dougie maclean

far side of the field

misha bhuioch duit
an taobh elle den gort

i give thanks
the far side of the field

lyrics mary murphy music paul keim

siúil a rún

siúil, siúil, siúil a rún
siúil go sochair agus siúil go ciúin
siúil go doras agus éalaigh liom
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

i wish i was on yonder hill

'tis there i'd sit and cry my fill
'til every tear would turn a mill
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

i'll sell my rod, i'll sell my reel
i'll sell my only spinning wheel
to buy my love a sword of steel
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

i'll dye my petticoats, i'll dye them red
and 'round the world i'll beg my bread
until my parents shall wish me dead
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

i wish i wish i wish in vain
i wish i had my heart again
and vainly think i'd not complain
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

but now my love has gone to france
to try his fortune to advance
if he e'er come back, tis but a chance
iss guthea thu lum slawn mastore

trad

ho ro

ho ro harra barra ho ro harra barra ho ro harra barra hangdee
hangden

dance to yer shadow when it's good to be livin' lad
dance to yer shadow when there's nothing better near you

hen hen harra barra hen hen harra barra hen hen harra barra hen
harra barra ho

there are pools in the river otter pools in the river water pools
in the river and the river calls him

trad

rattlin road

oh the lands i've known
twould chill the heart of anyone
left a boy bare 16
returned a man of 21

out across the gleaming moor
early morning to the shore
stole aboard a sailing ship
gave the constable the slip
swiftly o're western waves
far beyond oban bay
stinging of atlantic spray
heaving water under me

rattin road rattlin road
rattlin down these cobblestones
rattin road rattlin road
rattlin down these cobblestones
six years i have been gone
rattling road back home

i blasted mines dug the gold
worked the rails in blinding snow
searching for a paradise
finding only dust and ice
amerikay was no jewel
greenland unduely cruel
in iceland beauty does abound
but nere a days work could be found

in slumber did my spirit steal
back to the hearth back to the reel
in slumber i did come to know
island ties won't let me go
when your dreams drifted to mine
over the miles on blackened skies
i could hear you beckon strong
now i am home where i belong

oh the lands i've known
twould chill the heart of anyone
oh rattlin road
rattlin road back home
rattlin road back home
rattlin road rr rr bh

lyrics/music mary murphy

summer fly

in another younger day i could dream the time away
in the universe inside my room
and the world was really mine from june to september
and if it wasn't really so i was lucky not to know

and i was lucky not to wonder why
because summertime is all that i remember

a summer fly was buzzin' every night
when i was young
in the gentle world my childlike senses knew
and the world was just my cousin
and the wind was just the tongue
in the voice my lonely moments listened to

and i look at me today all the dreams are far away
and i'm where i never thought i'd be
seein' things i never thought i'd see happen to me
and i lie awake at night till the darkness goes to light
hearin' voices callin' out my name
dronin' over and again the same message to me

cryin' who's your partner, who's your darlin', who's your baby
now?
who wakes up at night to pull you in
but it don't matter, you'll just make her lonely anyhow
i don't know why you even try to win

lyrics /music cheryl wheeler

nil na la

nil `na la, ta `na la
nil `na la, ta ar maidin
nil `na la, ta `na la
is bean a ra, is i ar fhaga

ta na caoirigh ag ithe an gheamhair
ta na gamhna ag ol an bhainne
prarai sios gan diolachan
's duine gan mheabhair na raghfa abhaile

is deas an bhean i siobhan og
guna nua uirthi anios on siopa
is breathnaim ar mo ghini ior
's i a'rinne ar an mbord leis an phoc ar buile

you have got a smile so bright
could it be do you think you might
lock the doors turn off the lights
we'll steal away into the night

don't send me out into the dark
the night is cold and i'll be perished
come to bed with me awhile

we'll have a roll around the blankets

buailim suas, buailim sios
buailim cleamhan ar bhean a leanna
cuirim gini oir ar an mbord
is bim ag ol anseo go maidin

ta mo bhroga i dtigh an oil
ta mo stocai i dtigh a' leanna
ta na coiligh go leir ag glaoch
's b'eigean domsa 'dhul abhaile

trad - extra verse mary murphy
