

# AIRS

# Danny Boy

*Traditionnel Irlandais*  
*Ballade*



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 flowers are dying  
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you 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.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

# The Foggy Dew

*Traditionnel Irlandais*  
*Chant Révolutionnaire*



'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
When Ireland's line of marching men  
In squadrons they passed me by.  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.  
And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through;  
While Brittania's sons with their long-  
range guns  
Sailed in from the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the fringe of the grey North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Gathal Bruga,  
Their graves we'd keep where the  
Fenians sleep  
'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the solemn bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze in deep amaze  
At those fearless men and true  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

# The Water is Wide

*Ballade*  
*Traditionnel Irlandais*



The water is wide, I cannot get oer  
Neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I  
A ship there is and she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not so deep as the love I'm in  
I know not if I sink or swim  
I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
So did my love prove false to me  
I reached my finger into some soft bush

Thinking the fairest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the fairest flower behind  
Oh love be handsome and love be kind  
Gay as a jewel when first it is new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the morning dew  
Must I go bound while you go free  
Must I love a man who doesn't love me  
Must I be born with so little art  
As to love a man who'll break my heart  
When cockle shells turn silver bells  
Then will my love come back to me  
When roses bloom in winter's gloom  
Then will my love return to me

# The Wild Rover

*Air*  
*Traditionnel Irlandais*  
*Couplet*



I've been a wild rover for many the year  
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I'll never will play the wild rover no more.

## **chorus**

And it's no, nay, never,  
No nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover  
No never no more.

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay  
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

## **chorus**

I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with  
delight.  
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best  
And the words that I spoke sure were only in  
jest."

## **chorus**

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've  
done  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they caress me as oftentimes before  
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

## **chorus**