



in search of a rose

reels and roses live lyrics

Follow Me Up To Carlow 4:23

Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding o'er the old disgrace
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne

Curse and swear Lord Kildare, Feach will do what Feach will dare
Now FitzWilliam, have a care, fallen is your star low
Up with halberd out with sword on we'll go for by the lord
Feach MacHugh has given the word, Follow me up to Carlow

See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English pale
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

Ref

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
Oh, great is Rory Oge O'More, at sending loons to Hades
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Liza and her ladies

The Emerald Gossip 2:59

They come from the dark and the underground
where nightwinds sigh and breakers roar
where ravens die ships struck the rocks
and souls can rest right under the docks
they're all whiskeyed up they're talking rot
they rove and ramble around and rock
they tell the tales of the old and dead
bless the music of the auld craic-heads

In the roots of the first and the hope for the last
their songs survived in the emerald bars
their dreams survived in harbour towns
their tunes are played on the radio
they're all whiskeyed up they talking rot
they rove and ramble around and rock
they tell the tales of the old and dead
bless the music of the auld craic-heads

Bless the boys in green from Keel to Skibbereen
the lasses on the street who dance and drum the beat

See the Blarney Stone and the Rose of Tralee
the story of the maid who sold her barley
meet Molly Malone Danny Boy
Finnegan's wake the Tipperary boy
they're all whiskeyed up they're talking rot
they rove and ramble around and rock
they tell the tales of the old and dead
bless the music of the auld craic-heads

They live their lives come rain or shine
near Shannon, Liffey, Thames or Rhine
on holy fields and sacred grounds
they reap the crop to which they are bound
they're all whiskeyed up they're talking rot

they rove and ramble around and rock
they tell the tales of the old and dead
bless the music of the auld craic-heads

Rebel Town I 3:24

Well in the distance of the city in my broken dreams at sleep
a thousand village people want to conquer what we keep
you're all that's left, to you I hold on to don't disappear today
my love has gone my friends have run, feel you vanishing away

Oh Rebel town you home of the brave don't vanish away like a drop in a lake
the years go past and we don't know the weakness of our undertow
Oh Rebel Town, you home of the brave

So I turned away to face the cold, enduring every pain
I turned away to dream of you, remembrance every day
the good old times are tight there in my my mind no one can drive them out
my heart recalls a stamped sweet age, I can hear my spirit shout

Ref

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a thousand village people want to conquer what we keep
you're all that's left, to you I hold on to don't disappear today
my love has gone my friends have run, feel you vanishing away

Farewell (Rebel Fitzpatrick)/Mug Of Brown Ale 5:19

Oh Fritz you were a man of courage and of fun
and in the battles on the ground you fought the odds and huns
'n your pub you drank a lot your heart wasn't too strong
but in our deepest memories you do - you still live on

Farewell, farewell,
Rebel Fitzpatrick goodbye
Farewell, farewell

You fought for peace and justice and you sheltered your cute sheep
but the British Army shot them down while you were still asleep
revenge was the answer so you shot back like a man
with your broad black brimmer heard the drums of the Battering Ram

Ref

Goodbye our fenian comrade - our man behind the bar
may you find your peace up in the sky between the shiny stars
deep down on earth your holy bones will turn to dust along
but in our hearts your love and spirit still, yeah still lives on

Misty Mountains 2:51

Far over the Misty Mountains old
where legends live and tales are told
we must walk our paths and ways
to find dwarves' long forgotten gold

The Queen of Peace in dangerous times
because dark lord's eyes are in disguise
the bells ring loud a changing age
under burning skies feel the heat inside

In the land of Mordor where the shadows lie
mortal men are doomed to die
so many rings but only one to serve
in the death of night dead voices cry

Now Orcs reel, scream and cast aside
sharp sword and spears they are in fight
the battle ends when Sauron dies
and the ring's destroyed there in mountain light

The Foggy Dew (feat. The Wakes) 3:44

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
there armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
no fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo
but the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the Foggy Dew

Right proudly high in Dublin Town they hoisted the flag of war
,twas better to die ,neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar
and from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
while Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the Foggy Dew

,Twas England's bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
but their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the great North Sea
oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha
their names we will keep where the fenians sleep ,neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew

Ah, back through the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore
for I parted then with galant men whom I never shall see more
but to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you,
for slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in the Foggy Dew.

Weak 4:11

In the deepest depth where I was drowned
late at night I was lost and found
with all my love and all my pain
all my sorrows stuck into my brain

Is there anybody out there who has suffered all my pain?
is there anybody out there, unanswered love again?

Had roads to cross had to suffer my love
when all those lines tore myself apart
was it just a self-destruction command
or was it just a supply for demand?

Is there anyone who got that right?
I lost my self-control and mind

Go break my heart get me down to the ground
all my love got me down to the ground

Is there anybody out there who is sick of all the pain?
Is there anybody out there who is suffering?

I feel so weak I feel strong
I don't know where I belong
since you squeezed my heart and you teased my tears
my exploited blood rushed in, rushed in fears

London Days 3:00

Crossing the bridge and the Big Eye behind
facing Embankment with you on my mind
the streets of Soho in a cobblestone style
guiding me on now for a while
with an ale in one hand in the other another
I think about you how we shared this together
this place is so crowded I feel lost here without you
I think of my old friends and this song goes out to you

To the lads and the ladies to the ladies and the lads
To the fools of the night who are driving mad
To the lads and the ladies to the ladies and the lads
To the fools of the night, to the homeless and sad

On Wardour Street I can hear Big Ben's call
on St. Martins Lane some people are small
where have you been, missed my call?
will you come back to the Salisbury brawl
with an ale in one hand in the other another
I think about you how we shared this together
this place is so crowded I feel lost here without you
I think of my old friends and this song goes out to you

To the lads and the ladies to the ladies and the lads
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To the lads and the ladies to the ladies and the lads
To the fools of the night who are driving mad
To the lads and the ladies to the ladies and the lads
To the fools of the night, to the homeless and sad
To the tossers, to the buggers, to bollocks and the bad

Red Rose 2:10

Red Rose proud rose you are my rose today
will you come near me in your arms I melt away
we're sailing on the ocean's highest waves
and you know that I will keep all the promises you gave

I spin round when you shine it's never cold
it's your own sadness whereof your star grows old
we're dancing pretty funny on the sea
singing in our high and lonely melody

Ref

Tell me oh my Lord whatever is my fate
I find her between love and hate
I do poor foolish things all along the day
a neverending beauty crossed my way

I Danced With John Travolta 3:19

In New York City Studio 54, some disco dancers on the floor
I saw Andy Warhol and Mick Jagger fooling around in suits of leather
the discothèqueish shamrock style was the attitude for me that night
and then I danced with John Travolta to the Irish Beat and Polka

So I danced with John Travolta to the Irish beat and Polka

City of Angels in 92, got tasty burgers, boogaloo
a five-dollar shake and a heroin shock and Zed was dead at 12 o'clock
Willis and Wallace in a bloody fight while a father's watch didn't see a light
in Jack Rabbit's I danced with Travolta to the Irish Beat and Polka

So I danced with John Travolta to the Irish beat and Polka

It's a dirty job I had to do, with dancing shoes and smart black suit
I checked the world for inspiration, sights and arts and integration
and found myself in Islington at a Punk Karaoke with a bottle of Gin
and then I sang with John Travolta to the Irish Beat of Polka

So I danced with John Travolta to the Irish beat and Polka

I sing about, true apologies, a guy who is in Scientology
I think it's true and I am right that singing songs about lifestyle
makes people talk and hear about the problems in the real life
that's why I sing about John Travolta on the Irish Beat and Polka

Shamrockroll 2:50

Get into the sound and off the ground
Shamrockroll is the theme tune now
cross the limits burn the bridges down
O'Connor's gang is gonna hit your town
92 they were some rookies in folk
and they appeared like some funny weirdo blokes
they hit the stages when they were young
when they dreamed the dream of money, booze and fun

On and on and on they go Whiskey flavoured to the bone
On and on and on they go Shamrockroll Shamrockroll

The years went by and many things have changed
but not the way they rock you insane
now they have style and they've learned their lessons
from big Open Airs to smallest sessions
they had it all and they want it again
Shamrockroll will have an open end
honeypie get out and stop at this shop
maybe one day they're on "Top of the Pops"

On and on and on they go as they'll never walk alone
On and on and on they go Shamrockroll Shamrockroll

Conquering 1:46

Instrumental

Red & Blue 3:50

Such a wonderful day, scan the horizon
just one dreaming day, on seaside bay
it's like sitting in clouds, it's the whole day free
on red island's quay, boats are waving me
and I shake the bones of red white stones
stylistic, free, seems just like me

and all I gonna do is thinking of you
and all I gonna say means that one day
and in my mind it's staying alive
this red island never dies

This island is driven by its own way
million years living, seems just like this one day
sun laughs louder, nice to meet you on this day
a sound, a noise is climbing in my ear
and some waves they are tackling, kicking Anna's legs
till she falls, finish, till I'll be back

Melodeon Reels 4:34

Instrumental

Brendans Blessing 2:28

See the broad majestic Shannon
the rising of the moon so bright
all the past years full of troubles
Rake's at the gates of hell tonight
feel the roving heartbeat if you
feel the rambling blood within
until the wild cats of Kilkenny
want to meet with you again

Life and death are close friends as you know
may the angels be watching over you

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
for you but not for me.
Oh death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Or grave thy victory?

Finnegan has found a smart way
playing pool in Miami Beach
a foreigner in Florida
knows how to win without a breach
feel the roving heartbeat if you
feel the rambling blood within
until the wild cats of Kilkenny
want to meet with you again

Life and death are close friends as you know
may the angels be watching over you

Free Polka Jamboree 3:48

We lived our life in a small town but there was an easy way out:
we formed a band and bought a van, played irish music loud
we never really fancied all the shite that's on TV
but to be in a show that should exist called the "free polka jamboree"

We're just a bunch of Saints and Sinners
gatecrash parties having stout for dinner
we're just a bunch of Saints and Sinners
we were the northside German crazy folkling Freak-Dubliners

Hey Paddy dude, are you up for the flute, it's an honour and that's for sure
like a lurch we had so long ago with mighty Christy Moore
we can play like the old and the bold in the cold at the English time for tea
so let's get up and produce our show called the "free polka jamboree"

Sugarpath 2:25

When all the raging years stood still
a long cold winter disappears
on a sugarpath I'd like to say
walk with me, take me away

From day to day through desert sands
I dream to touch your holy hands
a fascinating strong wind blows
fly with me eternal rose

Wherever I go be by my side
then we will stand the turning tide
on a universal train we'll know
time will turn on our way home

When Will We Be Married 3:02

When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
when will we be bedded in the same bed
when will we be married Molly when will we be wed
when will we be bedded in the same bed

You have your eye on Jimmy, long Jimmy Lee
you have your eye on Jimmy and a fine man he
you have your eye on Jimmy but you'd better let him be
because when you go, Molly-o you'll be gone with me

Ref

You have your eye on Johnny, thin Johnny Fee
you have your eye on Johnny, and a fine man he
you have your eye on Johnny but you'd better let him be
because when you go, Molly-o you'll be gone with me

Ref

I made a black bow for your pretty head
when will we be married Molly when will we be wed
I made a black bow for your bonny head

Shenanigans 4:03

A one and a two and a three and a four and a five and a six and a seven
a eight and a nine and a fuckin' a twelve the twelve is goin' to heaven
the glasses in masses the piddling pints the table is mournin' I guess you know why
our pockets are living in emptiness so take it away from me boys

A one and a two and a three and a four and a five and a six and a seven
a eight and a nine and a fuckin' a twelve the twelve is goin' to heaven
so give me the Whiskey and give me the beer and give me the whiskey and folk
I need that stuff don't take it away, don't take it away from me boys

Stay away, stay away, stay away, stay away - Shenanigans catch you anyway
Stay away, stay away, stay away, stay away - Shenanigans catch you anyway

Hundred Starving Rats/Star Of Munster 5:49

Across the dark and dusty ways no birds had sung for many days
distant stars gleamed in the night and the fog it covered all
a cold wind blew and then I stopped couldn't believe what I saw
around my feet crawled first one rat but in a second more ahead
hundred rats on a vanished ground last thing I knew my horse I found
rode far away on a dirty path, hundred staring rats

And an empty church no pain within but millions of unspoken sins
a bitter place for homeless men, a station for a prayer again
swallowed fear sun rose the sky thank Christ my Lord, the darkness died
eastern light and warm fresh rain restrained a nightmare once again

Bonustrack: P is for Pauli 3:13

P is for Pauli as you know
B for the Boys in Brown
M is for the mighty Millerntor
footie kings without a crown
the football kings without a crown
the boys in white and brown
no one wins at the Millerntor
against the boys in brown

As I walked down on a bright morning along the Reeperbahn
I sat down by an old stone wall and heard to youngs lads talk
they talked about the love they share they talked about the team
Hamburgs Rebel football Club called FC St. Pauli

Ref

Dude, sit down beside one said a beer can taste so well.
I saw that you have a ticket for the match and there's still some time to dwell!
my heart belongs to St. Pauli each night and every day
I'm a true supporter – the rebel choice is FC St. Pauli

Ref

Win or lose I will not chose and never let you down
one of a kind- St. Pauli you'll never walk alone