

## monday morning

words and music Andy M. Stewart Green Linnet / ASCAP

Monday morning why do you haunt me  
with your bells and factory whistles all around  
Monday morning why do you taunt me  
and I so tired I could sleep here on the ground

Monday morning 6 AM the clock rings off the wall  
and I'm standing in my bare feet in the hall  
When I get down my trousers I can find no socks at all  
but I'm a coiled spring of industry responding to your call

Give me something different please I ask them at The Broo  
On the board of some big company where I'm no a thing to do  
Let me try insider trading I'll be equal to the task  
for I'm slowly being murdered by the piece bag and the flask

The bloke behind the counter says you must be off your head  
and he swore he'll call the police if I did not leave with speed  
It was then I saw the notice pinned behind him on the wall  
that said make 'em thank their lucky stars they've any job at all

So you can come up here to Scotland and you can pay us what you like  
for we're meek sir, very simple and we're no allowed to strike  
And we all wear wee cloth bonnets and we all say 'help me Bob'  
and we'll all bend down and kiss your doup and thank ye for the job

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## brenda stubbert's / fiddler's creek

Cape Breton fiddler Jerry Holland (ASCAP / SOCAN) wrote this reel for his friend,  
fiddler Brenda Stubbert. We follow it with one of our favorites, an original reel penned by Tom.  
Next time you see him, ask him where he wrote it.

## fair jeanie

words and music Sean Hennessy

Sailing from 1847 to 1858 carrying cargo and emigrants between  
Ireland and North America, the Jeanie Johnston has the distinction  
of never having lost a soul to illness or the sea.

Fair Jeanie took to sea that day  
two hundred on board as she set sail  
all leaving 'cause the crops had failed  
knowing that they'd see their home no more  
Bound across the northern swell  
through rain and gale and raging sea  
resigned to what their fate might be  
they'd watch and wait for Canada's eastern shore

For three pounds ten and the will to live  
they'd leave their families and their dreams  
to go someplace they'd never seen  
to start again and build their lives anew  
Oh they'd step on board down near old Tralee  
down there by the docks and rocky strand  
they'd place their lives into her hands  
and know she'd never lost a soul at sea

Every spring Jeanie sailed away  
bound for a place they called Grosse Isle  
with Captain Attridge at the wheel  
they'd slip past Brandon's Creek at the break of day  
When summer came she'd be back again  
with a full weight of cargo on her keel  
timber corn and yellow meal  
and news from those who left the years before

Now she stands again in Fenit Quay  
built by hand with love and pride  
she rides again upon the tide  
the Jeanie Johnston sails from port today  
Fair Jeanie took to sea today  
her three masts full sail to the breeze  
she slipped her moors with grace and ease  
she rides again in memory of darker days

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## sean ryan's jig / coppers and brass

Written by Tipperary fiddler Sean Ryan, this lovely jig is paired here  
with a traditional double jig known by many names, including 'By your leave, Larry Grogan'  
We just wonder who the heck was Larry Grogan and why do we need  
his permission for anything?

# uisge beatha

words and music Tom Gillespie

Scots Gaelic for whiskey, uisge beatha is literally translated as Water of Life  
We've woven two tunes into this one as well, Turlough O'Carolan's Farewell to Whiskey  
and the American old-time favorite Whiskey Before Breakfast catch the theme yet?

When the lads all go out to drink a bit o' stout  
and to get in a wee bit o' leisure  
I still go out for the craic and the sake of times gone back  
but I now seek different treasure  
As they toss back the ale and drink it by the pail  
and lose their wee bit o' decorum  
I sit at the bar have a sip and a cigar  
for I drink in a different forum

Though I like to drink a beer and to me the ale is dear  
and the stout is a mighty pleasure  
They make you feel full then they pass right through  
and you're left an empty measure  
Sometimes wine just sipped is fine  
but mixed drinks are a bit risky  
For all my salt you can't beat the single malt  
so make mine Scottish whiskey

When we go out for the day to watch a bit o' play  
we always bring a wee bit o' something  
For it's a sure bet it'll be cold and wet  
and a drink is mighty comforting  
But the lads are loaded down and they stumble on the ground  
with a whacking great load for their drinking  
But for me one wee flask is enough to do the task  
they're all daft that's what I'm thinking

At the weekly Sunday dinner you can't go and be a sinner  
there isn't any beer or any stout  
The lads all stand and talk with their mouths as dry as chalk  
the pubs are closed it's like a flipping drought  
But me I'm fine and glad the food is not so bad  
and the lasses are as bonny as can be  
Well what they all don't know because it doesn't show  
what's in my cup is not exactly tea

Now to give the stout its due I like to drink it too  
and it's great to have your friends to share a sip  
And the lads are learning too that it's a pleasant thing to do  
and they'll join me in a little nip  
So what it comes down to is that any drink will do  
they can all make you feel a wee bit frisky  
I can take which one I please and be just as much at ease  
but I still prefer a dram of Scottish whiskey

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# forever yours

words and music Sean Hennessy  
For Dorianne.

A stor mo chroi I give you all the love I have and more  
If I could wish to be forever anything  
I'd be forever yours

Some may wish for riches like a mountain made of gold  
or perhaps they long for wisdom strength or fame  
But when I see your brown eyes looking back at me I know  
I have more than a million wishful dreams

I think back on the days before your sun rose in my life  
and I wonder how I ever found my way  
Your smile your touch and your laughter have become for me  
my center in an ever-changing world

There are those who spend their whole lives waiting  
looking for the chance  
to love someone the way that we do  
So every day I thank the stars that I asked you to dance  
and that you were meant for me and me for you

## love and freedom

words and music Mary Brooksbank

As I came o'er Strathmartin brae  
what do you think I seen  
But a brisk young piper laddie  
comin' linkin' o'er yon green

Hey Donal ho Donal  
Dirrum a doo a day

He played a jig and he played a reel  
he played a sweet strathspey  
And he set my heart a beatin'  
to the tappin' of his tae

He says I've no gold to give to you  
I've gathered little gear  
But I'll give you love and freedom  
if you'll come with me my dear

Oh there's gold in the broom of the Sidlaw hills  
honey in the heather sweet  
There's a speckled trout in the highland tarn  
green carpets 'neath our feet

So he's ta'en out his chanter  
and such a tune he plays  
She's chosen love and freedom  
now she'll wander all her days

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## colligan spring

music Hennessy & Gillespie

The Colligan River starts up in the Commeragh Mountains of County Waterford  
and winds its way to the sea in Dungarvan. We wrote this aire as a group and  
the melody reminded me of lazy summer days fishing trout+near the Colligan Woods.

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## both sides the tweed

words Trad. music Dick Gaughan (ASCAP)

What's the spring-breathing jasmine and rose  
What's the summer with all its gay train  
Or the splendor of autumn to those  
Who've bartered their freedom for gain

Let the love of our land's sacred rights  
To the love of our people succeed  
Let friendship and honor unite  
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer  
Which corruption and bribery bind  
No brightness that gloom can e'er clear  
For honor's the sum of the mind

Let virtue distinguish the brave  
Place riches in lowest degree  
Think them poorest who can be a slave  
Them richest who dare to be free

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## winner of the games

words and music Tom Gillespie  
(with the original jig *Off Hadrian's Wall*)

He saw the lass and fell for her when he first came to the Fair  
Though a handsome and a hearty lad how could he meet her there  
There were many men among the crowd he was but one he knew  
and only one would win her heart what was that lad to do

He was not sae strong as other men his purse not as well padded  
For the lovely lass to look at him well something must be added  
Great feats were few about the fair for men to make great names  
The thought came then the thing to do was to join the Highland Games

For in the Highland Games you show what you can do  
You're one of the lads one of a very few  
who will stand out all alone and give your very best  
and the winners and the losers all stand proud above the rest

The first task was to toss the stane a great girthed chunk o' granite  
He hefted it and held his breath but he almost couldn't stand wigh it  
At first he swayed and then he spun to heave the stane away  
But the stane stayed still as he shot doon and skidded in the hay

And he went arse over kick wigh his kilt above his head  
He landed sae hard they all swore that he was dead  
But he stood and shook his loof as he staggered on the ground  
Well I gave it my best lads let's go another round

He fetched the fork the sheaf to toss he felt he couldn't fail  
The heavy haft his hand did heft as he bent to lift the bail  
He raised the rake readied his toss but the hay had made him itch  
The fork flew east the sheaf fell west and he fetched up on the pitch

The lovely lassie all alone was watching a' the while  
Her fair eyes followed him doon the field then she stunned him with a smile  
He stood up straight stroked his beard he looked a lissom lairde  
But the final feat was before him now and that luckless lad was scared

For the caber lay long on the land its length looked a league at least  
They stood it straight he stooped to it and stood back up with ease  
But the caber swayed the crowd backed off as he trotted doon the track  
He hopped and gave a hearty heave and hove right on his back

He lay there long just looking up She'd seen his sorry showing  
She must have left wigh another lad so he got up to get going  
She was standing there he shook his head what was she doing here  
She said you're sure a good sport Jock would you buy a lass a beer

You sure went arse over kick wigh your kilt above your head  
Ye landed sae hard that I swore that ye were dead  
And I stood and shook my head as you staggered to your feet  
And I thought lassie now there's a young lad that you should meet

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## the headlands march / macarthur's road

A Shetland march by Ronald Cooper matched up with a 20<sup>th</sup> century Scottish tune  
by Dave Richardson of *The Boys of the Lough*.

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## the calypso ceili band

words and music Gillespie and Hennessy

Just sit right back and let me tell you a tale  
about a little known band from down near old Kinsale  
They played the locals on the Saturday night  
but no matter the tune it never sounded right  
Then they saw an ad in the local news  
seeking a band for a Caribbean cruise  
They looked at each other and said what to lose  
let's trade in our wellies for some flip-flop shoes

Down the pub Finn was feeling trapped  
working nights pulling the tap  
When the band was playing he came out on the bar  
and give it his best to be a fiddling star  
Well his pints were short and his reels too slow  
it wasn't a loss when he said hey go  
But down the islands he just seemed to know  
the way to play and make the music flow

It might have been the rum  
It could have been the breeze  
Or maybe all the women or the gentle flowing seas  
But every night the crowd came to its feet  
When they played the reels with a calypso beat

Whistling Joe was a simple man  
pushing chips from a worn out van  
Every Sunday when he knelt to pray  
he dreamt of playing with Christie at the point someday  
But every time that he took the stage  
his innards went into fits of rage  
But out on the cruise he earns his wage  
whistling at girls half his age

Now Seamus worked delivering the post  
it was the soft and cold days he hated most  
By Saturday noon he'd walked terribly far  
but later that night he'd be playing his guitar  
His tempo was off and he'd lose the beat  
he'd keep on strumming till his hands got weak  
But when he plays in the tropical heat  
the people listening have to tap their feet

Seamus Finn and Whistling Joe  
fell in love and the next thing you know  
they were back in Kinsale with three wives in tow  
And the Calypso Ceili is a regular show.

words and music Sean Hennessy

Standing there at Shannon in the early morning rain  
 the mist and the breeze in my face  
 An old familiar feeling is coming back again  
 from another time in this place  
 A time when we were young and we didn't have a care  
 When Mom and Dad would pack us up for a summer over there  
 We'd spend our days up on Croughan or on the strand down at Clonea  
 or up the old tree by the gate or in the acre full of hay  
 And even though I'm older and it's been years I've been away

I still know there's a welcome waiting and a space beside the fire  
 There'd be stories told and songs of old and laughter for a while  
 And I know no matter where I wander or where my spirit roams  
 I'll always find a welcome there in my Dungarvan home.

As we make our way through Limerick and head on east to Cahir  
 The empty streets await the start of day  
 The scent of peat smoke lingers in the Tipperary air  
 And in my mind the memories start to play  
 A Christmas Mass at Mellary and the wren boys with a song  
 A football match in McCarthyville when the summer days were long  
 A pint down at The Anchor with the session in full play  
 Where you can see the lights of Abbeyside or watch the moon dance on the bay  
 I pass a quiet country churchyard and think of those who've passed away.

By the time we get to old Clonmel, the days've picked up its pace  
 A schoolyard full of children hard at play  
 I see you asleep beside me and watch the sunlight on your face  
 And I think back to that warm September day  
 When we made this trip together as a new wed man and wife  
 And how I wanted you to love the place that had helped to shape my life  
 To walk the Commeragh mountains or sit by the Quay and watch the tide  
 Or hear a story and a song at my grandfather's side  
 Though the years have passed and our lives have changed I'm still glad that you've my bride

As we pass the Nire and Colligan we've just a few more miles  
 This journey of memories is nearly done  
 And in the rear-view mirror I catch a glimpse and have to smile  
 As I think about what awaits our little son  
 Picnics up at Mahon Falls and the boats off Helvic Head  
 Or a walk out to the faerie liss where the wee folk used to tread  
 See the lambs up on the mountain as they caper and they play  
 Or sit beside a roaring fire on a soft and windy day  
 Someday I'll come back here for good and you know I'll always say

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## reel beatrice / an caipin anairt

With its roots in an Italian polka called *Oggi Nevica* (today it snows), Reel Beatrice, also known as *Carnival* just cried out for a nice gypsy interpretation. Halfway between a reel and a gallop, it pairs nicely with An Caipin Anairt (The Linen Cap), a traditional reel catalogued by O'Neil in the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

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words Bill Caddick music Tchaikovsky

When midnight comes good people homeward tread  
 Seek now your blankets and your feathered bed  
 Home comes the rover his journey over  
 Yield up the nighttime to old John O'Dreams

Across the Hills the sun has gone away  
 Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away  
 The stars are flying your candles dying  
 Yield up the darkness to old John O'Dreams

Both man and master in the night are one  
 All things are equal when the day is done  
 The prince the plow man the slave the free man  
 All find their comfort in old John O'Dreams

When sleep it comes the dreams come running clear  
 The hawks of morning cannot reach you here  
 Sleep is a river flow on forever  
 And for your boatman choose old John O'Dreams

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