



# 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  
To the fools of the night who are driving mad  
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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  
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