



Andy Irvine with Rens van der Zalm “Parachilna” Lyrics

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1. I wish I was in Belfast town (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

You Rambling Boys of Pleasure give ear unto these words I write
I own I am a rover in rambling I take great delight
I cast my mind on a handsome girl and oftentimes she does me slight
My mind is never easy except when my true love is in my sight

Down by yon flowery garden where me and my true love do meet
I took her in my arms and unto her gave kisses sweet
She bade me take love easy just as the leaves fall from the tree
But I being young and foolish with my own true love I did not agree

The second time I met my love I thought her heart was surely mine
But as the season changes my darling girl has changed her mind
Gold is the root of evil although it bears a glittering hue
Causes many's the lad and the lass to part though their hearts like mine be e'er
so true

And I wish I was in Belfast town and my true love along with me
And money in my pocket to keep us in good company
Liquor to be plenty a flowing glass on every side
Hard fortune would ne'er daunt me for I am young and the world is wide

2. Come to the Bower (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Will you come to the bower o'er the free boundless ocean
Where the stupendous waves roll in thunder and motion
Where the mermaid is seen and a fierce tempest gathers
To loved Erin the Green the dear land of our fathers

Will you come to the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell
Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone and the immortal Dan O'Connell
Where King Brian drove the Danes and St Patrick the vermin
And whose valleys remain still most beautiful and charming

You can visit Benburb and the storied Blackwater
Where Owen Roe met Munroe and his chieftains did slaughter
Where the lambs sport and play on the mossy all over
From these bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor

You can visit Dublin City and the fine groves of Blarney
The Bann, Boyne and Liffey and the Lakes of Killarney
You may ride on the tide o'er the broad majestic Shannon
Or sail around Lough Neagh and see storied Dungannon

You can visit New Ross, gallant Wexford and Gorey
Where the green was last seen by proud Saxon and Tory
Where the ground is sanctified by the blood of each freeman
Where they died satisfied their enemies they would not run from

Will you come and awake our lost land from its slumber
And together we will break, links that long have encumbered
And the air will resound with hosannas to meet you
On the shore will be found gallant Irishmen to greet you

3. Billy Far Out (Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

I'll sing you a song of Billy Far Out,
True story without a shadow of a doubt
He lived in Melbourne in Footscray
But he found himself up Sydney way

He had an old car it was tired and worn
It was built before Noah was born
But Billy and his mates on one fine day
They set out for Footscray without delay

By the time that they arrived in Yass
Fourth gear was a thing of the past
But Billy and his mates they were not bereft
They said we've still got three gears left

With Gundagai five miles away
They stopped for a beer and Billy did say
Whatever that dog did in the tucker box
It can't compare with the smell of me sox

O happy as Larry and sound as a bell
They were dreaming of the beer in the Retreat Hotel
When they came in sight of Albury
Third gear it was history

Says Billy we'll have to drive from here
All the way to Melbourne in second gear
Well second gear it wasn't the worst
Forty miles later they were down to first

They entered the city in the finest style
Leading a procession of seventeen miles
When they came to Brunswick the mates got out
See yez all later says Billy Far Out

When Billy got back in the driving seat
He found first gear was dead on it's feet
But Billy didn't swear and Billy didn't curse
He set out for Footscray in reverse

Come one come all from near and far
Come all who drive automatic cars
Like Billy Far Out your final abode
May be living in a banger on the side of the road
Living in an old banger on the side of the road

4. Sergeant Small (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

I went broke in western Queensland in Nineteen Thirty One
Nobody would employ me and my swag carrying days begun
I started out through Charleville and all the western towns
I was on me way to Roma destination Darling Downs

Me pants was getting ragged and me boots was a-getting thin
And as I came into Mitchell the goods train shunted in
I could hear her whistle blowing it was mighty plain to see
She was on her way to Roma or so it seemed to me

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

Now as I sat and watched her inspiration's seeds were sown
I remembered the Government slogan: 'Here's a railway that you own'
And as the sun was getting low and the night was coming nigh
I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly

And as we came into Roma I kept me head down low
Heard a voice say "Any room mate?" I answered "Plenty 'Bo"
"Come out of there me little man" 'twas the voice of Sergeant Small
"I have caught you very nicely - you've been riding for a fall"

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

The old judge was very nice to me he gave me thirty days
Saying "Maybe that will help to cure your rattler-jumping ways"
So if you're down and out in the outback boys I'll tell yez what I think
Steer clear of the Queensland railway it's a short cut to the clink

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

5. The Dandenong (Trad. arr. Kate Burke/Andy Irvine CC)

Wild and furious blew the blast
And the sky with anger frowned
When the Dandenong from Melbourne sailed
To Newcastle port was bound
She had eighty-three poor souls on board
Through the storm she cleaved her way
And it's sad to relate the terrible fate
'Twas just off Jervis Bay

And I long for you, I long for sleep
I dream of being warm
But through the night I have to sail
To brave this raging storm

While steaming through those angry seas
Her propelling shaft gave way
And the waters they came rushing in
Which filled them with dismay
All hands on board did all they could
Till at length all hope was gone
And they hoisted a signal of distress
On board of the Dandenong

It was not long until a barque
With a brisk and a lively crew
Came bearing down and the Captain cried
"We'll see what we can do!"
Came bearing down with might and main
In spite of wind and wave
They did all they could as sailors would
Those precious lives to save

And I long for you, I long for sleep
I dream of being warm
I pray the sea will let me be
To brave another dawn

Well some in boats they tried to reach
That kind and friendly barque
And numbers of their lives were saved
But the night came on pitch dark
What more could mortal man do then
When the storm increased so strong
And the rest now sleep in the briny deep
Along with the Dandenong

And I long for you, I long for sleep
I dream of coming home
Tonight the sea it buries me
Beneath this raging foam

6. Braes of Moneymore (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Farewell to you old Ireland since I must go away
I now shake hands and bid goodbye and can no longer stay
Our big ship lies in deep Lough Foyle bound for the New York shore
And I must go from all I know and lovely Moneymore

That little town encircled round with many's the grove and hill
Where lads and lassies they do meet for pleasure there's the rule
Through Springhill Braes and flowery fields where oft I've wandered o'er
And by my side was the girl I loved the rose of Moneymore

How lonely is the pigeon's coo and sad the blackbirds lay
And loud and high the thrushes cry on a long bright summer's day
And as I sat down to cry me fill sure the tears come trickling down
For in the morning I must leave you my own dear native town

Kind friends I'll bid you all adieu I can no longer stay
Our big ship sails tomorrow and its time I was away
So fill your glasses to the brim and toast with one loud roar
And we'll sing in praise of Springhill Braes and lovely Moneymore

7. Outlaw Frank Gardiner (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Well Frank Gardiner he is caught at last he lies in Sydney gaol
For wounding Sergeant Middleton and robbing the Mudgee Mail
For plundering of the gold escort the Carcoar Mail also
And it was for gold he made so bold and not so long ago

His daring deeds surprised them all throughout the Sydney land
And on his friends he paid a call and he quickly raised a band
And fortune's always favoured him until that time of late
Until Ben Hall and Gilbert met with their dreadful fate

Young Vane he has surrendered Ben Hall's got his death wound
And as for Johnny Gilbert near Binalong was found
He was there with Dunn they were on the run when the troopers came in sight
Dunn wounded ran but the other man got slaughtered in the fight

Farewell, adieu to outlaw Frank, he was the poor man's friend
The government has secured him for it's laws he did offend
He boldly stood his trial and he answered with a breath
Do what you will you can but kill, and I have no fear of death

Day after day they remanded him, escorted from the bar
Fresh charges brought against him from neighbours near and far
And now it is all over and the sentence they have passed
All sought to find a verdict and 'guilty' was at last

When lives you take a warning boys no woman ever trust
She will turn round I will be bound, Queen's evidence the first
He's doing two and thirty years, he's doomed to serve the crown
And well may he say, he rues the day he met with Kitty Brown

8. He Fades Away (Alistair Hulett - AMCOS/MCPS)

There's a man in my bed I used to love him
His kisses used to take my breath away
There's a man in my bed I hardly know him
As I wipe his face and hold his hand
And watch him as he slowly fades away

Chorus:
He fades away
Not like leaves that fall in Autumn
Turning gold against the grey
He fades away
Like the blood stains on the pillow case
That I wash every day
He fades away

There's a man in my bed he's on a pension
Although he's only fifty years of age
And the lawyers say we might get compensation
In the course of due procedure
But they wouldn't say for certain at this stage

Chorus

He's not the only one
Who made the trip so many years ago
To work the Wittenoom mine
So many young men old before their time
And dying slow they fade away
Wheezing bags of bones
With lungs half clogged and filled with clay,
They fade away

There's a man in my bed nobody told him
The cost of bringing home his weekly pay
And when the courts decide how much they owe him
How will he spend his money
As he lies in bed and coughs his life away

Chorus

There's a man in my bed I used to love him
His kisses used to take my breath away
There's a man in my bed I hardly know him
As I wipe his face and hold his hand
And watch him as he slowly fades away

9. Farewell to Kellswater (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Here's a health to you bonny Kellswater, where you'll get all the pleasures of life
Where you'll get all the fishing and fouling and a bonny wee lass for your wife
O it's down where yon waters run muddy I'm afraid they will never run clear
And it's when I begin for to study my mind is on them that's not here

For there's this one and that one may court him but if anyone gets him but me
It's early and late I will curse them that parted lovely Willie from me
O a father he calls on his daughter two choices I'll give unto thee
Would you rather see Willie's ship a-sailing or see him hung like a dog from yon tree

O father dear father I love him I can no longer hide it from thee
Through an acre of fire I would travel along with lovely Willie to be
O hard was the heart that confined her and took from her her hearts delight
May the chains of old Ireland bind around them and soft be their pillows at night

O Yonder's a ship on the ocean and she does not know which way to steer
From the east to the west she's a-blowing she reminds me of the charms of my dear
O Yonder my Willie will be coming he said he'd be here in the spring
And it's down by yon green shades I'll meet him and among yon green bushes we'll sing

For a gold ring he placed on my finger saying love bear this in your mind
If ever I sail from old Ireland you'll mind I'll not leave you behind
Here's a health to you bonny Kellswater where you'll get all the pleasures of life
Where you'll get all the fishing and fouling and a bonny wee lass for your wife

10. Douglas Mawson (Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Once more the cruel Antarctic calls me back
To set my foot where no man yet did go
O memories of nineteen eight of taking chances tempting fate
And the happy days we spent in McMurdo

So we dropped our anchor off Adélie Land
And we built a hut to stand the winter gale
And when the sun returned again the air rang out with sounds of men
And Greenland huskies eager for the trail

From Aladdin's cave we started on our way
Our friends they bid goodbye and turned for home
Xavier Mertz was there with me and Cherub Ninnis just we three
Were left to carry on our fate unknown

The black crevasse claimed Ninnis and his dogs
It claimed our food our fuel it claimed our tent
I never heard one single sound, just by chance I turned around
As Ninnis to his death in silence went

Defeat and death now stared us in the face
We had one lightweight tent and that was all
Just to stay alive we knew we'd have to kill the dogs for food
How were we to know that they'd be our downfall

A leaden glare now spread across the land
And neither shape nor feature reached our eyes
And nothing left to eat only deadly poison meat
For my brave friend death has no disguise

He wears the mask of illness on his face
He wears the cloak of silence at the trace
One night he bit his finger through and spat it out in the snow
His cries of madness caused my blood to freeze

When I awoke next morning he was dead
The wreckage of his body stiff and cold
I have to try and reach firm ground at least my diary must be found
That someday this sad story may be told

The soles of my feet became detached
Teeth, nails, muscles all are gone
Down icy pits I fell through space till brought up by my harness trace
Give up give up there's no point in going on

Three weeks I staggered on across the ice
Then a cairn of snow by sheer chance I struck
A letter there told the tale of searching men that very day
Even now I can't believe my luck

My pulse was racing as I saw the men
My journey at an end no more to do
My skeleton was easily raised and gently on the sledge was laid
My God they cried which one of them are you?

And later tears were wet upon their cheeks
And my own eyes fill with the telling of the tale
And on that bleak and distant shore the blizzard blows for evermore
For those in icy tombs out on the trail