

Reminiscence with Rebekah

Sing Along

St. Patrick's Day

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Roll Out the Barrel

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run
Zing boom tararrel, ring out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all
here

I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over a four leaf clover

That I overlooked before

One leaf is sunshine, the other is rain

Third are the roses that bloom in the lane

And now there's no need explaining

The one remaining is somebody that I adore

I'm looking over a four leaf clover

That I overlooked before

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city
where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

"Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh"

Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

"Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh"

Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Toora Loora Loora (Irish Lullaby)

Over in Killarney, many years ago
My mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low
T'was a simple little ditty, in her good old Irish way
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, that's an Irish lullaby.

When Irish Eyes are Smiling

When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, it's like a morn in Spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, they steal your heart away

My Wild Irish Rose

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

I'll Tell My Ma

I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
Pulled me hair, stole me comb
But that's alright, till I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is a-courting one, two, three
Pray, want you tell me who is she?

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was goin' over

The Cork and Kerry Mountains

I saw Captain Farrell

And his money, he was countin'

I first produced my pistol

And then produced my rapier

I said, "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver"

Musha ring dum a doo, dum a da

Whack for my daddy, oh

Whack for my daddy, oh

There's whiskey in the jar

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Early in the morning!

Put him in a long boat till he is sober

Put him in a long boat till he is sober

Put him in a long boat till he is sober

Early in the morning!

Wasn't That a Party?

Could've been the whiskey

Might've been the gin

Could've been the three or four six-packs

I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in

My head is like a football

I think I'm going to die

Tell me, me oh, me oh my

Wasn't that a party?

Someone took a grapefruit

Wore it like a hat

I saw someone under my kitchen table

Talking to my old tom cat

They were talking about hockey

The cat was talking back

Long about then every-thing went black... Wasn't that a party?

Show Me the Way to Go Home

Show me the way to go

I'm tired and I wanna go to bed

I had a little drink

About an hour ago

And it's gone straight

To my head

Where ever I may roam

On land or sea or form

You can always hear me

Singing a song

Show me the way to your home