



CABIN SONGS LYRICS

These Lyrics are under review and will be updated accordingly over time. If you have any suggestions, changes or corrections to make, please get in touch. Email graeme@mackaymusic.co.uk

Updated song sheets will be posted on social media pages such as facebook, please follow www.facebook.com/ceilidhcabin to stay up to date on news & events.

All the best folks, enjoy the tunes and the songs, see you soon

Graeme.

Track 1

I love A Lassie

I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as a lily in the dell,
She's sweet as the heather, the bonnie
bloomin' heather,
Mary, my Scots bluebell

Roamin' In the Gloamin'

Roamin' in the gloamin' by the bonnie banks o'
Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by ma
side,
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.
Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o'
Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by ma
side,
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

Donald Where's Yer Troosers?

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
Donald, where's your troosers?
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt, I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers

Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt, I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

Star o Rabbie Burns

There is a star whose beaming ray
Is shed on ev'ry clime.
It shines by night, it shines by day
And ne'er grows dim wi' time.
It rose upon the banks of Ayr,
It shone on Doon's clear stream -
A hundred years are gane and mair,
Yet brighter grows its beam.

Chorus

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa',
This world has mony turns
But brightly beams aboon them a'
The star o' Rabbie Burns.

Track 2

Oh My Jock Mackay

Oh my name is MacKay from the island of
Skye,
And just how I left there I'll never know why.
There were girls by the score whom I'd longed
to adore,

But the lassies back hame hae a gleam in their
eye.

Oh they call me Mackay when I stroll down
Broadway.

That's the price that I pay for my roaming.
But I'm going home to rest in the land I love
best,

And the welcome I'll hear when I'm homing

(It'll be) Oh my, Jock Mackay,
Tell me who is the girl that you'll marry?
Is it Molly or Clare from Maddison Square,
Or bonnie young Jean from Glengarry?

Gordon for me

I'm Georgie McKay
of the HLI,
I'm fond o' the lassies and a drappie forbye
One day when out walking I chanced to see,
A bonnie wee lass wi' a glint in her ee'.
Says I tae the lassie will you walk for a while,
I'll buy ye a bonnet and we'll do it in style,
My kilt is McKenzie o' the HLI,
She looked at me shyly and said wi' a sigh:

"A Gordon for me, a Gordon for me,
If you're no' a Gordon, you're nae use to me,
The Black Watch are braw, the Seaforths an'
a',
But the cocky wee Gordon's the pride o' them
a'

Track 3

Bonnie Wee Jeannie McColl

A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass, is bonnie
wee Jeannie McColl;

I gave her my mother's engagement ring and a
bonnie wee tartan shawl.

I met her at a waddin' in the Co-operative Hall
I wis the best man and she was the belle of the
ball.

The very first nicht I met her, she was awfy,
awfy shy,

The rain cam' pourin' doon, but she was happy,
so was I.

We ran like mad for shelter, an' we landed up a
stair,

The rain cam' poorin' oot o' ma breeks, but och
I didna care:

For she's a

A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass, is bonnie
wee Jeannie McColl;

I gave her my mother's engagement ring and a
bonnie wee tartan shawl.

I met her at a waddin' in the Co-operative Hall
I wis the best man and she was the belle of
the ball.

Soor milk cairt

Oh, I am a country chappie,
an Ah'm serving at Polnoon,
A wee bit fairm near Eaglesham,
that fine auld-fashioned toon,
Whaur in the mornin early, a little efter three
We tak the road richt merrily,
ma auld black horse and me.

Wi her cheeks red as roses
an her e'en sae bonnie blue,
Glancin, entrancin,
they pierced me through and through,
She fairly won ma fancy an she stole awa ma
hert,
Drivin intae Glesga in ma soor mulk cairt.

Lassie Come And Dance with Me

Oh lassie come and dance with me
the stars begin to shine,

Oh lassie come and dance with me
and say you will be mine.

Put our arms around each other as happy as can be
And as i love no'other lassie, come and dance with
me.

When the fiddler starts a tuning
and the band begins to play,
There's laughter in the music and
the laddy's heart was gay,

But a lassie alwa'ld fancy by his loving side would
play,
How'dya'do the music you'll hear the lassie say.

Oh lassie come and dance with me
the stars begin to shine,

Oh lassie come and dance with me
and say you will be mine.

Put our arms around each other as happy as can be,
And as i n'other lassie come and dance with me.

Aunty Mary...

Aunty Mary Had a canary
Up the Leg of her Drawers
She pulled a string and made them ring
And down came Santa Claus

Track 4

Daisy daisy

Daisy, Daisy give me your heart to do
I'm half crazy, hopeful in love with you

It won't be a stylish marriage

I can't afford the carriage

But you look sweet upon the street

On a bicycle built for two

I belong to Glasgow

I belong to Glasgow

Dear old Glasgow town

Well what's the matter with Glasgow

For it's goin' 'roon and 'roon

I'm only a common old working chap

As anyone here can see

But when I get a couple of drinks on a

Saturday

Glasgow belongs to me

My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the sea

Well, my Bonnie lies over the ocean

Yeah, bring back my Bonnie to me

Yeah bring back, ah bring back

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me to me (to me)

Bring Back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

When Irish eyes are smiling

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure it's like a morning 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.

Loch Lomond

You'll take the high road and I'll take the low
road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore you.
Where me and my true love will never meet
again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Track 5

If you're Irish

come into the parlour
There's a welcome there for you
If your name is Timothy or Pat
So long as you come from Ireland
There's a welcome on the mat
If you come from the Mountains of Mourne
Or Killarney's lakes so blue
We'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss
Whoever you are you are one of us
If you're Irish, this is the place for you

With me shillelagh under me arm

With me shillelagh under me arm
And a twinkle in me eye
I'll be off to Tipperary in the morning.
With me shillelagh under me arm
And a toora loora lie
I'll be welcome in the home that I was born in.

Me mother's told the neighbors
I'm going to settle down,
Phil the fluter's coming out
To play me round the town.
With me shillelagh under me arm
And a toora loora lie
I'll be off to Tipperary in the morning.
Pat McCarthy's goin' to have
A party Friday night,
I'll be there, bejabers,
'Cause there's bound to be a fight.

Track 6

Black velvet band

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to a trade I was bound
And many's an hour's sweet happiness
Have I spent in this neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair
maid
Came a traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swans'
And her hair is hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.

Cockle's & Mussels

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!"

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
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!"

Tack 7

Rose of Allendale

The moon was bright, the night was clear
No breeze came over the sea
When Mary left her highland home
And wandered forth with me
The flowers be-decked the mountainside
And fragrance filled the vale

But by far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allendale

Oh the rose of Allendale
Sweet rose of Allendale

By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allendale

Where e'er I wandered east or west
Though fate began to lour
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
When tempests lashed our lonely barque
And rent her quivering sail
One maiden's form withstood the storm

'Twas the rose of Allendale

Oh sweet rose of Allendale
Sweet rose of Allendale
One maiden's form withstood the storm
'Twas the rose of Allendale

The Hiking Song

Oh' the wanderlust is on me
And tonight I strike the trail
And the morning sun will find me
In the lovely Lomond Vale
Then I'll hike it through Glen Falloch
Where the mountain breezes blow
And we'll darn up in the evening
In the valley of Glencoe

Then swing along to a hiking song
On the highway winding west
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens
To greet the Isles we love the best

Then I'll bivouac and slumber
Till the dawn gives place to day

And I'll wander by the river
That inspired old Ossian's Lay
Then I'll do some mountaineering
On the Bidean's snowy crest
Just to view the Hills o' Derry
And the islands o' the west

Then swing along to a hiking song
On the highway winding west
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens
To greet the Isles we love the best

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her 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!"

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and
beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay
Such a custom as yours I can have any day

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more

Track 8

Naver Bay

Where the Naver meets the sea
That's the place I long to be
Where the crofters tend their sheep
and make their hay
Workin' on a threshin' mill
Back in bonny Bettyhill
In a place that's known as Bonny Naver Bay.

You can go to Kirtomy
That's a place beside the sea
Or to Hope or Tongue a few miles further west
Ah but if I had my way
I would stay by Naver Bay
It is the place I dearly love the best.

Where the Naver meets the sea
That's the place I long to be
Where the crofters tend their sheep
and make their hay
Workin' on a threshin' mill
Back in bonny Bettyhill
In a place that's known as Bonny Naver Bay.

Waters of Kylesku

By Clebrig and Ben Loyal and the bonnie Kyle
of Tongue,
The roads we oft times travelled in the days
when we were young;
There's magic and there's beauty in those Hills
while passing through,
There's many a mile from Melness to the
Waters of Kylesku.

O'er all of Bonnie Scotland I dearly love the
west,
It's bens and glens in summer time they surely
are the best;
There's grandeur and there's beauty in those
Hills while passing through,
There's many a mile from Lairg to the Waters
of Kylesku.

OVER THE ORD

(Chorus) NOW COME ALL YE PEOPLE, COME
OVER THE ORD
THERE'S A WELCOME AWAITING THAT YOU
CAN AFFORD
BE YE A PAUPER OR BE YE A LORD
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WELCOME
IN CAITHNESS

THERE ARE LOCHIES
AND BURNIES, BROCHANS AND BRAES
QUAINT LITTLE HAMLETS AND HAVENS AND
BAYS
ALL PLACES YOU'LL CHERISH THE REST OF
YOUR DAYS
WITH A WARM HEARTED WELCOME
IN CAITHNESS

FOR THE LAND THERE BELOW, THE PLACE OF
MY BIRTH
IS CARRESSED BY THE WAVES OF THE
WILD PENTLAND FIRTH
OF ALL THE FINE PLACES THAT I'VE EVER
SEEN
THERE IN NO FINER COUNTY
THAN CAITHNESS

Dancing In Kyle

When the sun has gone down on the dark
western islands
Our work is all done for a while.
Then we gather together whatever the
weather
And drive to the dancing in Kyle
Now there's Marie and Duncan and Morag and
Callum
Fiona and Kenna and Dawn
And were driving from Dornie Glenelg and
Killinen
And laughing as we race along.

2. Now Rory will sing of the beauties of Isley
And Seamus of Stornaway's isle
And the finest of dancers will show us the
lancers
When we go to the dancing in Kyle
Theres the swirl o the kilt and the skirl o the
pipes
And Ken Masons accordion band
And its ah for the eightsome and ah for the jig
And the dashing white seargent is grand.

3. Soon the dawn will be showing the great
mountains glowing
And we must drive many a mile
But we'll leave Inverinate and Ardelve and
Dornie
Next time that there's dancing in Kyle
And we'll laugh and we'll sing and we'll hueoch
and we'll swing
And we'll set to our partners in style
For there's nothing so grand in the whole of
the land
As to drive to the dancing in Kyle.

Track 9

Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling
Hear! hear the pipes are calling

Loudly and proudly calling

Down through the glen

There where the hills are sleeping

Now feel the blood a-leaping

High as the spirits

Of the old Highland men

Towering in gallant fame

Scotland my mountain hame

High may your proud standards, Gloriously
wave

Land of my high endeavour

Land of the shining rivers

Land of my heart for ever

Scotland the brave

The Thistle o' Scotland

O, the Thistle o' Scotland was famous of auld,
Wi' its toorie sae snod and its bristles sae
bald;

'Tis the badge o' my country – it's aye dear to
me;

And the thocht o' them baith brings the licht to
my e'e. Its strength and its beauty the storm
never harms;

It stan's on its guard like a warrior in arms;
Yet its down is saft as the gull's on the sea,
And its tassel as bricht as my Jeanie's blue
e'e.

O, The Thistle, etc.

We're No Awa tae Bide Awa

As I gaed doon by Wilsontoon

I met auld Johnnie Scobbie,

Says I to him will ye hae a hauf,

Says he, "Man! That's my hobby."

Chorus:

For we're no' awa' tae bide awa',

For we're no' awa' tae le'e ye,

For we're no' awa' tae bide awa',

We'll aye come back an' see ye.

Mairi's wedding

Step we gaily, on we go,

Heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row on row

All for Marie's wedding

Over hillways up and down

Myrtle green and bracken brown

Past the shielings through the town

All for sake of Marie

Step we gaily, on we go

Heel for heel and toe for toe

Arm in arm and row on row

All for Marie's wedding

Track 10

Dark Island

Away to the westward, I'm longing to be

Where the beauties of heaven

Unfold by the sea

Where the sweet purple heather blooms

Fragrant and free, On a hilltop high above

The Dark Island

So gentle the sea breeze, That ripples the bay

Where the stream joins the ocean

And young children play, On the strand of pure
silver

I'll welcome each day, And I'll roam for ever
more

The Dark Island

Skye Boat Song

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the
wing, Onward, the sailors cry!

Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves
roar, Thunderclaps rend the air.

Baffled our foes stand by the shore.
Follow they will not dare

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the
wing, Onward, the sailors cry!

Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Westering Home

Westering home and a song in the air
Light in the eye and its good by to care

Laughter o love and a welcoming there
Isle of my heart my own land

Tell me a tale of the Orient gay

Tell me of riches that come from Cathay

Ah but it's grand to be waken at day
And find oneself nearer to Islay

And it's westering home with a song in the air

Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care
Laughter and love are a welcoming there

Pride of my heart my own love

Track 11

40 Shades

Green, green, forty shades of green

I close my eyes and picture
The emerald of the sea
From the fishing boats at Dingle
To the shores of Donaghadee

I miss the river Shannon
And the folks at Skibbereen
The moorlands and the meddle
With their forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl
In Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her lips
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do
The things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
And there's forty shades of green
(Green, green, forty shades of green)

I wish that I could spend an hour
At Dublin's churching surf
I'd love to watch the farmers
Drain the bogs and spade the turf

To see again the thatching
Of the straw the women glean
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see
The forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl
In Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her lips
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do
The things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
And there's forty shades of green

Pokarekare Ana

Pōkarekare ana, ngā wai o Waiapu
Whiti atu koe hine, marino ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

Tuhituhi taku reta, tuku atu taku rīngi
Kia kite tō iwi, raru raru ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

E kore te aroha, e maroke i te rā
Mākūkū tonu i aku roimata e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

Whati whati taku pene, kua pau aku pepa
Ko taku aroha, mau tonu ana e.

E hine e, hoki mai ra
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e

Track 12

Loch marie Islands

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch
Maree
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander
free

To climb the rocky mountains and to search
the glen below
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Oh, give to me a rifle and set me on the trail
High on the hillside, the early sunshine pale
Rising over Maiden and reflecting on Fraymore
High on the hillside, all the royal rivals roar

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch
Maree
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander
free

To climb the rocky mountains and to search
the glen below
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Kishorn Commandos

We're the Kishorn Commandos way up in
Wester Ross
We've never had a gaffer, we've never had
a boss
But we'll build the biggest oil-rig you've
ever come across
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos

Track 13

Road & Miles to Dundee

Cauld winter was howlin', o'er moor and o'er
mountain
And wild was the surge, on the dark rolling
sea.
When just about daybreak, I met a young
lassie,
Wha asked me the road, and the miles to
Dundee.

So here's to my lassie, I ne'er can for-get her
And il-ka young laddie, wha's list'ning to me,
O nev-er be a sweer, to convoy a young lassie
Though it's only to show her, the road to
Dundee

Bonnie Dundee

To the Lords o' convention 'twas Claverhouse
spoke
E'er the King's Crown go down, there are
crowns to be broke
So each cavalier who loves honor and me
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Come fill up my cup, come fill up can
Come saddle my horses and call out my men
Unhook the West Port, and let us gae free
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Every single morning we get wakened by a
shout
Get up, ye idle buggers, won't you get the
finger out
And what do we get for breakfast? Seven pints
of stout
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos

We're the Kishorn Commandos way up in
Wester Ross
We've never had a gaffer, we've never had
a boss
But we'll build the biggest oil-rig you've
ever come across
Remember we're the Kishorn Commandos

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch
Maree
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander
free
To climb the rocky mountains and to search
the glen below
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Show me Airigh 'n Eilean, below me Loch
Maree
Oh leave me to my solitude and let me wander
free
To climb the rocky mountains and to search
the glen below
For a fine ten pointer or a royal 'O'

Dundee, he is mounted, and rides up the street
The bells, they ring backwards, the drums,
they are beat
But the provost douce man says, "Just let it
be"
But the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

Come fill up my cup, come fill up can
Come saddle my horses and call out my men
Unhook the West Port, and let us gae free
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Dark Lochnagar

Away ye grey landscapes, ye gardens o' roses
In you let the minions of luxury rove
And restore me the rocks where the snowflake
reposes
If still they are sacred to freedom and love
Brave Caledonia, dear are thy mountains
Round their white summits though elements
war
Though cataracts roar 'stead of smooth-
flowing fountains
I sigh for the valley o' dark Lochnagar

Track 14

Lights of Lochindal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see
the lights of Lochindaal

T'was there on summers night boys, as
we strolled hand in hand, listening to the
sea waves whisper softly on the sand

T'was there she said she loved me, that
she would be my all,

Oh How the moonbeams danced that
night on lovely lochindaal.

I'm now a few years older

I've left dear Islay's shore, I'm living in the
city now among the smoky roar

But through the crowded bustle I still can
hear the call

Of cattle in the evening
By the shores of lochindaal

And soon I shall return again, to Islay's
gentle shore

And see across the tide waves wide

The bright lights of Bowmore

Or wander through Bruichladdich, as night
begins to fall

And see the moonlit beam
On lovely Lochindaal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see
the lights of Lochindaal

From Mull to the pentland Skerries, from
Skye to Colonsay

From Staffa to Iona and the sands of
Castle Bay.

Each Island has it's magic, which holds
men in it's thrall

But always in my dreams I'll see
the lights of Lochindaal

Track 15

Flower of Scotland

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again?

That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army

And sent him homeward tae think again

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still

O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army

And sent him homeward tae think again

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain

But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army

And sent him homeward tae think again

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still

O'er land that is lost now
That though so dearly held

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again?

That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army

And sent him homeward tae think again