

IRISH CHILDREN'S SONGS

THE LEPRECHAUN SONG

In a shady nook, one moonlit night, a leprechaun I spied
With a scarlet cap and coat of green, a *cruiscín* by his side
'Twas "tic, tac tic" his hammer went, upon a tiny shoe
I laughed to think of a purse of gold, but the fairy was laughing too.

With tiptoe step and beating heart, softly I drew nigh
There was mischief in his merry face, a twinkle in his eye
He hammered and sang with his tiny voice, and drank his mountain dew
I laughed to think he was caught at last, but the fairy was laughing too.

As quick as thought I seized the elf, "Your fairy purse!" I cried
"The purse," he said, "is in the hand of the lady by your side"
I turned to look, the elf was gone, then what was I to do?
I laughed to think what a fool I'd been, but the fairy was laughing too.

THE HERRING SONG

There was an old man who came from Kinsale
Sing *abair linn*, sing *abair linn*
He had a herring, a herring for sale
Sing *abair linn*, sing *abair linn*

Sing man from Kinsale, sing herring for sale
Sing *abair linn*, sing *abair linn*
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
Sing *abair linn*, sing *abair linn*

What do you think we made of his back?
The finest fellow whose name it was Jack
Sing herring, sing back, sing back, sing Jack
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing.

What do you think we made of his belly?
A fine girl, whose name it was Nelly
Sing herring, sing belly, sing belly, sing Nelly
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing.

What do you think we made of his bones?
The finest chisel that ever cut stone
Sing herring, sing bone, sing bone, sing stone
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing.

What do you think we made of his tail?
The finest ship that ever set sail
Sing herring, sing tail, sing tail, sing sail
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing.

[*abair linn*=talk with us]

THE FOX AND THE HARE

As I came trotting over the hill, I spied a fox and he sleeping
A cute little fox and he hiding in the furze, and the top of his two ears peeping.

Chorus:

The fox and the hare and the badger and the bear
And the birds in the greenwood trees,
Oh the pretty little rabbits all engaging in their habits
And they're all having fun but me.

Good morrow fox, good morrow Sir, pray what is that you're eating
A fine fat goose I stole from you, and will you come and taste it.

Oh no indeed bold fox I said, how dare you boldly taunt me
I vow and I swear that you'll dearly pay for the fine fat goose you're eating.

Bad cess to you, you bold bad fox, that stole my geese and ate them
My great big drake, my fine fat hen and the nicest little ducks in Erin.

OLD RODGER RUM

Oh there was a rich man and he lived in Jeruselium
Glory hallelulium, Old Rodger Rum
And there was a poor man and his name was Methuselium
Glory hallelulium, Old Rodger Rum

Chorus:

Old Rodger Rum, Old Rodger Rum, Skidamawink madoorium
Glory hallelulium, glory hallelulium Old Rodger Rum.

Now the poor man to work sure he wasn't able-ium
So he ate the crumbs off the rich man's table-ium

Now the poor man died and he went straight to heaven-ium
He dined with the angels at half past eleven-ium

Now the rich man died and went down below-ium
And he called for ice cream to cool down his belly-um

ÓRÓ MO BHÁIDÍN (“Orow mo waujeen” or Hooray for my little boat)

Óró mó bháidín, amuigh ar an gcuan, óró mó bháidín
Orow mo wajeen, amah air unn goon, orow mo waujeen
[Roll along my little boat out on the bay, roll along my little boat]

Faighigí na maidí is téigh muid chun siúil, óró mó bháidín
Fa-ee-gee nuh majee iss tey mood khunn shool, orow mo waujeen
[Let's get the oars and get moving, roll along my little boat.]

Chorus:

Óró mó churacín ó, óró mó bháidín
Orow mo khurakeen o, orow mo waujeen
[Roll along my little currach, roll along my little boat.]

Is álainn an lá é amuigh ar an gcuan, óró mó bháidín
Iss awlinn unn law ey amah air unn goon, orow mo waujeen
[It's a beautiful day out on the bay, roll along my little boat.]

Ag tarraingt, ag tarraingt, ag tarraingt go buan, óró mó bháidín
Egg tarringt, egg tarringt, egg tarringt go boon, orow mo waujeen.
[Pulling away, pulling away, pulling away constantly, roll along my little boat.]

(chorus)

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

When I was young, I had no sense, I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence
The only tune that I could play was "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Chorus:

So early in the morning, so early in the morning,
So early in the morning, before the break of day.

As I grew up I got more sense, I bought hard shoes for twenty pence
And for to tap with all the rest, but I had no music for to dance.

So now I'm big I've lots of sense, I'll keep my money and all my pence
I'll find someone to play for me, I'll dance for my dinner and for my tea

I'll dance when I rise in the morning light, I'll dance all day and in the night
In the summer sun, on a winter's day, I'll dance forever if you will play.

I LOVE MY OWN FARM, TOO

I had a cow, a cow, the cow gave milk to me
I fed my little cow under an ivy tree
With my cow moo-ee, moo-ee, I love her good and true
Everyone loves his farm, I love my own farm, too.

I had a goat, a goat, the goat gave milk to me
I fed my little goat under an ivy tree
With my goat megully, megully,
My cow moo-ee, moo-ee, I love them good and true
Everyone loves his farm, I love my own farm, too.

hen (laid eggs for me) -- tucady, tucady
duck (laid eggs for me) -- quack-ee, quack-ee
sheep (gave wool to me) -- baa-ee, baa-ee
horse (gave rides to me) -- neigh-ee, neigh-ee

WALL FLOWERS

Wall flowers, wall flowers, growing up so high,
He had the measles, he'll never never die.
Come to [child's name's] house, she has no relations
She may tick and tack and turn her back and kiss the congregations.

THE RATTLIN' BOG

Chorus:

Oro, the rattlin' bog, and the bog down in the valley o [since this twice]

In that bog there was a tree, a rare tree and a rattlin' tree
A tree in the bog and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that tree there was a limb, a fair limb and a rattlin' limb
Limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that limb there was a branch, a fair branch and a rattlin' branch
Branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that branch there was a twig, a fair twig and a rattlin' twig
Twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that twig there was a nest, a fair nest and a rattlin' nest
Nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the
Limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

In that nest there was a bird, a fair bird and a rattlin' bird
Bird in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the
Limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that bird there was a wing, a fair wing and a rattlin' wing
Wing on the bird and the bird in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley o.

On that wing there was a feather, a fair feather and a rattlin' feather
Feather on the wing and the wing on the bird and the bird in the nest and the nest on the twig
and the twig on the branch
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the
valley o.

THE WEE FALORIE MAN

[Each child makes up a different gesture for the first line, then all the other kids follow that gesture for the second line. The first child gets to choose the next one. The song ends when the last child has his/her turn and speeds up the song to the end.]

I am the wee falorie man, a rambling roving Irishman
I can do all that ever you can, for I am the wee falorie man.