



Shamrock Hilton

Irish Sing Along

PEGGY O'NEILL

If her eyes are blue as skies,
That's Peggy O'Neill.
If she's smiling all the while,
That's Peggy O'Neill.
If she walks with a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
That's Peggy O'Neill.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

Sweet Rosie O'Grady
She's my little rose..
She's my little lady,
Most everyone knows.
Soon we will be married,
Then how happy we'll be!
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
and Rosie O'Grady loves me.

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 second is rain,
Third is the roses
That bloom in the lane.
No need explaining
The one remaining
Is somebody I adore!
I'm looking over
A four leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye Picadilly,
Farewell Leister Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

She's the sweetest little rosebud
That Texas ever knew.
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
They sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your Clementine
And sing of Rosalee.
But the Yellow Rose of Texas
Is the only girl for me.

GALWAY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.
And if there's goin' to be a life hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's goin' to be
I will ask My God to let me make my heaven
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.

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.

TOO-RA-LOORA-LOORA
(THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY)

Toora loora loora,
Toora loora li,
Toora loora loora,
Hush now, don't you cry.
Toora loora loora,
Toora loora li,
Toora loora loora,
That's an Irish lullaby.

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.

McNAMARA'S BAND

Oh, me name is McNamara,
I'm the leader of the band,
Although we're few in numbers
We're the finest in the land.
We play at wakes and weddings
And at every fancy ball
But when we play for funerals,
We play the March from Saul.
Oh the drums go bang
And the cymbals clang
And the horns they blaze away.
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon
While I the pipes do play.
Hennessy, Tennesseey toodles the flutes
The music is simply grand.
A credit to old Ireland
Is McNamara's Band.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz
With the strawberry blonde.
And the band played on.
He'd glide cross the floor
With the girl he adored
And the band played on.
His brain was so loaded
He nearly exploded
The poor girl would shake with alarm!
He married the girl
With the strawberry curls,
And the band played on.

DEAR OLD DONEGAL

It seems like only yesterday
I sailed from out of Cork.
A wanderer from Erin's Isle
I landed in New York.
There wasn't a soul
To greet me there
A stranger on your shore.
But Irish luck was with me here
And riches came galore.
Well, now I'm goin' back again
To dear old Erin's Isle.
My friends will meet me
At the pier
And greet me with a smile.
Their faces I have most forgot
I've been so long away.
But me mother will introduce them all
And here is what she'll say:

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike me boy,
And here is your sister Kate.
And there's the girl you used to swing
Down by the garden gate.
Shake hands with all of the neighbors,
And kiss the colleens all.
You're as welcome as the flow'rs in May
To dear old Donegal.