



## St. Patrick's Day Sing-along \* 2026 edition

### 1. Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra, James Royce Shannon

#### *Verse 1*

Over in Killarney, many years ago  
Me mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low,  
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way,  
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day.

#### ***Refrain***

**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.**

#### *Verse 2*

Oft, in dreams I wander to that cot again,  
I feel her arms a huggin' me as when she held me then.  
And I hear her voice a hummin' to me as in days of yore,  
When she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.

#### ***Refrain***

## 2. Rare Mountain Dew, Edward Hartigan and David Braham

### *Verse 1*

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way  
But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near Galway Bay  
And policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too  
Oh, we'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the rare old Mountain Dew

### *Refrain*

**Hi diddly-idle-dum, diddly-doodle-idle-dum, diddly-doo-i-diddly-i-day**  
**Hi diddly-idle-dum, diddly-doodle-idle-dum, diddly-doo-i-diddly-i-day**

### *Verse 2*

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still where the smoke curls up to the sky  
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell that there's poitín\* brewin' nearby  
For it fills the air with an aura rare and betwixt both me and you  
As home you troll, you can take a bowl or a bucket of Mountain Dew

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 3*

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote your praises high  
Of the rare poitín\* from Ireland green distilled from wheat and rye  
Throw away your pills, it'll cure all ills of pagan, Christian or Jew  
So take off your coat and grease your throat with the rare old Mountain Dew

### *Refrain*

\*Poitín is pronounced potch-EEN.

### **3. Molly Malone, unknown**

#### *Verse 1*

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

#### ***Refrain***

**Alive, alive, oh**

**Alive, alive, oh**

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

#### *Verse 2*

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!"

#### ***Refrain***

#### *Verse 3*

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!"

#### ***Refrain***

#### **4. Mairi's Wedding, John Roderick Bannerman and Sir Hugh Robertson**

***Refrain (2x)***

**Step we gaily, on we go  
Heel for heel and toe for toe  
Arm in arm and row on row  
All for Mairi's wedding**

***Verse 1***

Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings, through the town, all for sake of Mairí

***Refrain (2x)***

***Verse 2***

Red her cheeks as rowans are, bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairí

***Refrain (2x)***

***Verse 3***

Oh plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel  
Plenty bonny bairns as well, that's the toast for Mairí

***Refrain (2x)***

## 5. Finnegan's Wake, unknown

### *Verse 1*

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd  
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he carried a hod  
You see he'd sort of a tipplers way, with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born  
To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

### ***Refrain***

**Whack fol the dah now dance to your partner**

**'Round the floor your trotters shake**

**Wasn't it the truth I told you?**

**Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake**

### *Verse 2*

One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake  
Fell from a ladder and broke his skull, and they carried him home, his corpse to wake  
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed  
A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head

### ***Refrain***

### *Verse 3*

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch  
First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?"  
Tim, avourneen, why did you die?" "Will ye hold your gob?" said Paddy McGee

### ***Refrain***

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job. "Biddy," says she "You're wrong, I'm sure."  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor  
Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

### ***Refrain***

Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim  
Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed  
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'under and lighting, do ye think I'm dead?"

### ***Refrain***

## 6. Rattlin' Bog, unknown

### *Refrain*

**Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog**  
**The bog down in the valley-o**  
**Ho, ro, the rattlin' bog**  
**The bog down in the valley-o**

V2: Well in that hole there was a **tree**  
A rare tree and a rattlin' tree  
A the tree in the hole...

### *Refrain*

V3: On that tree there was a **limb**  
A rare limb and a rattlin' limb  
The limb on the tree...

### *Refrain*

V4: On that limb there was a **branch**  
A rare branch and a rattlin' branch  
The branch on the limb...

### *Refrain*

V5: On that branch there was a **twig**  
A rare twig and a rattlin' twig  
The twig on the branch...

### *Refrain*

V6: On that twig there was a **nest**  
A rare nest and a rattlin' nest  
The nest on the twig...

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 1*

Well in the bog there was a **hole**  
A rare hole and a rattlin' hole  
Hole in the bog  
And the bog down in the valley-o

### *Refrain*

V7: In that nest there was an **egg**  
A rare egg, a rattlin' egg  
With the egg in the nest...

### *Refrain*

V8: On that egg there was a **bird**  
A rare bird, a rattlin' bird  
And the bird on the egg...

### *Refrain*

V9: On that bird there was a **wing**  
A rare wing, a rattlin' wing  
And the wing on the bird...

### *Refrain*

V10: On that wing there was a **feather**  
A rare feather, a rattlin' feather  
And the feather on the wing...

### *Refrain*

V11: On that feather there was a **flea**  
A rare flea, a rattlin' flea  
And the flea on the feather...

### *Refrain (2x)*

## 7. Mountain Dew, The Stanley Brothers

### *Verse 1*

There's a big holler tree down the road here from me  
where you lay down a dollar or two  
Well, you go 'round the bend and when you come back again  
There's a jug full o' good ole mountain dew

### *Refrain*

**Oh they call it that good ole mountain dew  
And them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug  
With some good ole mountain dew**

### *Verse 2*

Now my uncle Snort, he's sawed off and short  
He measures about four feet two  
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 3*

Well my ol' aunt Jill bought some brand new perfume  
It had such a sweet smellin' pew  
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed  
It was nothin' but good ole mountain dew

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 4*

Well my uncle Bill's got a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
Now the buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
From smellin' the good ole mountain dew

## 8. Slán Leat, Blath na hÓige

### *Refrain*

Go n'éirí do bhóthar leat  
Go n'éirí do bhóthar leat  
Go n'éirí do bhóthar leat  
Slán agus beannacht leat

### *Pronunciation*

Go n-AY-ree do VOU-her lat  
Go n-AY-ree do VOU-her lat  
Go n-AY-ree do VOU-her lat  
Slahn agus BA-nucht lat

### *Translation*

Good luck on your way  
Health and blessings to you

### *Verse 1*

Scaoilim m'ansacht romhat  
Gach orlach dod' shaol  
Péarlaí mo chroí beir leat  
Sa chóngar 's an imigéin

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 2*

Suáilceacht do bháidín seoil  
A' luascadh ar a' dtonn  
Séan súil siar ar bhrón  
Is leoithne an mhisnigh led dhrom

### *Refrain*

### *Verse 3*

Lár do leasa gach coiscéim  
Dá dtógair ar do thrialll  
Fuinneamh id ghéag go brách  
Is fuinneamh id' anam lem' ghrá