**Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go?**

Oh the summertime is coming, And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather

*Will ye go lassie go, and we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go*I will build my love a tower, near yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile, all the flowers of the mountain

*Will ye go lassie go, and we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go*If my true love she were gone, I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme, grows around the blooming heather

*Will ye go lassie go, and we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go*

**Isle of Inisfree**

I've met some folks, who say that I'm a dreamer
And I've no doubt There's truth in what they say
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer
When all the things he loves are far away

And precious things, Are dreams unto an exile
They take him over, The land across the sea
Especially when it happens he's an exile
From that dear lovely Isle of Inisfree

*And when the moonlight
Peeps across the rooftops
Of this great city
Wondrous though it be
I scarcely feel it's wonder or it's laughter
I'm once again back home in Inisfree*

I wonder over green hills through dreamy valleys
And find a peace, no other land would know
I hear the birds make music fit for angels
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow

And then into a humble shack I wander
My dear old home and tenderly behold
The folks I love around the turf fire gathered
On bended knee the rosary is told

*But dreams don't last
Though dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality
But though they pave
The foot ways here with gold dust
I still would choose my Isle of Inisfree*

**I’ll Tell Me Ma**

***I’ll Tell me, ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
Well, that's alright, 'til I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast City
She is a-courting one, two, three
Please won't you tell me who is she?***

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
They knock at the door and they ring at the bell
Saying ‘Oh, my true love, are you well?’
Out she comes, as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Johnny Murray says, "She’ll die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye"

***I’ll tell me, ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
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She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast City
She is a-courting one, two, three
Please, won't you tell me who is she?***

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come travelling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad, by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she comes home
Let them all come, as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still (Chorus)