**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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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?***

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)