

Waltzing for dreamers by Richard
Thompson

Play me a blues song turn out the lights
I'm sad as poor man can be sad to-night
Just let me dream on just let me sway
While the sweet violins and the saxophones
play
And Miss you don't know me but can't we
pretend
That we care for each other 'till the band
reach the end

One step for aching
Two steps from Breaking
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love
One step for sighing
Two steps from crying
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love

Well the say love's for gamblers, the
pendulum swings
I bet hard on love and I lost everything
Don't send me home now but a shot in my
arm
And we'll drink to old memories, we'll drink
'till the dawn
And Mister bandleader, won't you play one
more time
For I've good folding money in this pocket of
mine

The Coleraine Regatta

Now good folks I'll tell to you now my song
commences
In the year of '72 on the day of my adventures
The Derry Standard came to us it bore a
special motto
That on July the 21st comes off Coleraine
Regatta

Chorous
Right fol ol di da
Right fol ol di daddy
Right fol ol di da
Right toorin antin addy

The weather being fine as I prepared for
startin'
I was lead along the line my a man whose
name was Martin
On coming to the Junction, I hear the engine
whistle
The points were drawn together by a man
called Frank McCristal

The ladies shook their dress and stood their
with compunction
Until the guard expressed "take seats at
Newtown Junction"
Many's the rosie cheek was there and many's
the ugly bundle
Aye, and many's the lass received a kiss as
the train went through the tunnel

Then near Coleraine we drew, 'twas there my
journey ended
And sweet Portrush to view each lad and lass
intended
I stood there on the platform amid a vain
oration
But soon the din began to cease as the Port
train left the station

Crowd by crowd did strive, pushing one
another
Husbands lost their wives and daughters lost
their mothers
Lots of lumps of lads were there courting with
young ladies
John Harbison made me rejoice, drinkin' rum
and beer in Fadies

Now I have sung my song which I have sung
to please you
Although I've kept you long I did not mean to
tease you
But boys and girls beware and keep this as
your motto
Never drink the rum and beer that they sell at
the regatta

A Stór Mo Chroí

A stór mo chroí when you're far away
From the home that you'll soon be leaving
It's many's the time by night and by day
That your heart will be surely grieving
For the strangers land may be bright and fair
And rich in it's treasures golden
You'll pine I know for the long long ago
And the love that is never olden

A stór mo chroí in the strangers land
There is plenty of weeping and wailing
Though gems adorn the great and the grand
There are faces in hunger appearing
The road is dreary and hard to thread
And the lights of their cities blind you
Won't you turn stór, to Eireann's shore
And the love that you left behind you

A stór mo chroí when the evening sun
Over mountain and meadow is falling
Won't you turn away from the throng and list
And maybe you'll hear me calling
For the sound of a voice that is surely mine
For somebody speedy returning
A rún, mo rún, won't you come back soon
To the one that will always love you

The Peiste Glen

One evening as Phoebus was fanning
Each green shady bower so fair
By Carnanbane border I wandered
Where nature's bright scene was my care
My mind did imbibe meditation
Fond fancy did implore my pen
To write measured lines eulogising
The charms of the sweet Peiste Glen

As I rambled the verg of this water
That murmured beneath the Rockhead
There the green mounds of Strieve elevated
Where the lustre of nature was spread
Old Carnanbane lent its reflecton
O'er the Peiste its trees did extend
Where the eagle displayed its proud pinions
Aloft in the sweet Peiste Glen

Now the ship bells proclaim emigration
I must leave this bright valley behind
Old Carnanbane I abandon
From Strieve's verdant braes I decline
Farewell to this rural plantation
Likewise to my love and each friend
Adieu to those hours of enchantment
That I spent in the sweet Peiste Glen

The Flower of Magherally

One pleasant summer's morning
When all the flowers were springing
Nature was adorning
And the wee birds sweetly singing
I met my love near Banbridge Town
My charming blue eyed Sally-O
She's the star of the County Down
And the Flower of Magherally-O

Her golden hair in ringlets fell
Her shoes were Spanish leather
Her bonnet with blue ribbons hung
Her scarlet cap and feather
Her skin was like the lily white
That grows in yonder valley-O
She's my queen and my heart's delight
My Flower of Magherally-O

In admiration I did gaze
Upon this blue eyed maiden
Adam wasn't half so amazed
When he first saw Eve in Eden
Like Venus bright she did appear
My charming blue-eyed Sally-O
She's the girl that I love dear
My Flower of Magherally-O

And I home the it soon will come
When we join hands together
It's then I'll take my darling home
Come wind or stormy weather
And let them all say what the will
And let them reel and rally-O
For I shall wed the girl I love
My Flower of Magherally-O

The Homes of Donegal

I've just come in to see you all, I'll only stay
a while
I want to see how you're getting on I ant to
see you smile
I'm happy to be back again and I greet you
big and small
For there's no place else on earth just like the
homes of Donegal

I love to see your smiling children standing
by the door
The kettle boiling on the hob as I walk up the
floor
And then to feel your welcome free for
travellers one and all
For your hearts are like your mountains in the
homes of Donegal

I'd like to spend some time with you and
while away the night
The fairy lore and tales of yore beside the
turf-fire light
And then to see you lay for me a 'shake-
down' by the wall
A rest for weary wanderers in the homes of
Donegal

The time has come for me to go I bid you all
adieu
The open highway calls me back to do the
things I do
And when I'm travelling far away your
friendship I'll recall
And please God I'll soon return again to the
homes of Donegal

Adam in Paradise

When Adam was in Paradise at the first of
creation
Although he was in plentyness he murmured
at our station
Although he'd never seen the fair, but aye, the
notion it was there
With you my dear I'd part and share and hug
you in my bosom

Fill your glasses to the brim
Toast around the Jorumboo
That every lad may get the lass
That he loves in his bosom

When Adam he was all alone a slumber it
came over him
A rib was taken from his side to make up
what was wanting
And when this rib became a maid just like a
rose or blossom grown
Then Adam he began his trade to hug her in
his bosom

Lassie will you take a walk to see fair nature
in it's pride
And see the corn growing from the stalk and
so will I me dearie
To yonder bower the did repair in search of
pleasure and fresh air
And the lassie said she was content for to lie
in his bosom