



## Andy Irvine with Rens van der Zalm “Parachilna” Lyrics

1. I wish I was in Belfast Town
2. Come to the Bower
3. Billy Far Out
4. Sergeant Small
5. The Dandenong
6. Braes of Moneymore
7. Outlaw Frank Gardiner
8. He Fades Away
9. Farewell to Kellswater
10. Douglas Mawson

### 1. I wish I was in Belfast town (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

You Rambling Boys of Pleasure give ear unto these words I write  
I own I am a rover in rambling I take great delight  
I cast my mind on a handsome girl and oftentimes she does me slight  
My mind is never easy except when my true love is in my sight

Down by yon flowery garden where me and my true love do meet  
I took her in my arms and unto her gave kisses sweet  
She bade me take love easy just as the leaves fall from the tree  
But I being young and foolish with my own true love I did not agree

The second time I met my love I thought her heart was surely mine  
But as the season changes my darling girl has changed her mind  
Gold is the root of evil although it bears a glittering hue  
Causes many's the lad and the lass to part though their hearts like mine be e'er  
so true

And I wish I was in Belfast town and my true love along with me  
And money in my pocket to keep us in good company  
Liquor to be plenty a flowing glass on every side  
Hard fortune would ne'er daunt me for I am young and the world is wide

### 2. Come to the Bower (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Will you come to the bower o'er the free boundless ocean  
Where the stupendous waves roll in thunder and motion  
Where the mermaid is seen and a fierce tempest gathers  
To loved Erin the Green the dear land of our fathers

Will you come to the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell  
Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone and the immortal Dan O'Connell  
Where King Brian drove the Danes and St Patrick the vermin  
And whose valleys remain still most beautiful and charming

You can visit Benburb and the storied Blackwater  
Where Owen Roe met Munroe and his chieftains did slaughter  
Where the lambs sport and play on the mossy all over  
From these bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor

You can visit Dublin City and the fine groves of Blarney  
The Bann, Boyne and Liffey and the Lakes of Killarney  
You may ride on the tide o'er the broad majestic Shannon  
Or sail around Lough Neagh and see storied Dungannon

You can visit New Ross, gallant Wexford and Gorey  
Where the green was last seen by proud Saxon and Tory  
Where the ground is sanctified by the blood of each freeman  
Where they died satisfied their enemies they would not run from

Will you come and awake our lost land from its slumber  
And together we will break, links that long have encumbered  
And the air will resound with hosannas to meet you  
On the shore will be found gallant Irishmen to greet you

### 3. Billy Far Out (Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

I'll sing you a song of Billy Far Out,  
True story without a shadow of a doubt  
He lived in Melbourne in Footscray  
But he found himself up Sydney way

He had an old car it was tired and worn  
It was built before Noah was born  
But Billy and his mates on one fine day  
They set out for Footscray without delay

By the time that they arrived in Yass  
Fourth gear was a thing of the past  
But Billy and his mates they were not bereft  
They said we've still got three gears left

With Gundagai five miles away  
They stopped for a beer and Billy did say  
Whatever that dog did in the tucker box  
It can't compare with the smell of me sox

O happy as Larry and sound as a bell  
They were dreaming of the beer in the Retreat Hotel  
When they came in sight of Albury  
Third gear it was history

Says Billy we'll have to drive from here  
All the way to Melbourne in second gear  
Well second gear it wasn't the worst  
Forty miles later they were down to first

They entered the city in the finest style  
Leading a procession of seventeen miles  
When they came to Brunswick the mates got out  
See yez all later says Billy Far Out

When Billy got back in the driving seat  
He found first gear was dead on it's feet  
But Billy didn't swear and Billy didn't curse  
He set out for Footscray in reverse

Come one come all from near and far  
Come all who drive automatic cars  
Like Billy Far Out your final abode  
May be living in a banger on the side of the road  
Living in an old banger on the side of the road

### 4. Sergeant Small (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

I went broke in western Queensland in Nineteen Thirty One  
Nobody would employ me and my swag carrying days begun  
I started out through Charleville and all the western towns  
I was on me way to Roma destination Darling Downs

Me pants was getting ragged and me boots was a-getting thin  
And as I came into Mitchell the goods train shunted in  
I could hear her whistle blowing it was mighty plain to see  
She was on her way to Roma or so it seemed to me

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall  
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

Now as I sat and watched her inspiration's seeds were sown  
I remembered the Government slogan: 'Here's a railway that you own'  
And as the sun was getting low and the night was coming nigh  
I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly

And as we came into Roma I kept me head down low  
Heard a voice say "Any room mate?" I answered "Plenty 'Bo"  
"Come out of there me little man" 'twas the voice of Sergeant Small  
"I have caught you very nicely - you've been riding for a fall"

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall  
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

The old judge was very nice to me he gave me thirty days  
Saying "Maybe that will help to cure your rattler-jumping ways"  
So if you're down and out in the outback boys I'll tell yez what I think  
Steer clear of the Queensland railway it's a short cut to the clink

Chorus:

I wish I was about twenty stone and only seven feet tall  
I'd go back to western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small

## 5. The Dandenong (Trad. arr. Kate Burke/Andy Irvine CC)

Wild and furious blew the blast  
And the sky with anger frowned  
When the Dandenong from Melbourne sailed  
To Newcastle port was bound  
She had eighty-three poor souls on board  
Through the storm she cleaved her way  
And it's sad to relate the terrible fate  
'Twas just off Jervis Bay

And I long for you, I long for sleep  
I dream of being warm  
But through the night I have to sail  
To brave this raging storm

While steaming through those angry seas  
Her propelling shaft gave way  
And the waters they came rushing in  
Which filled them with dismay  
All hands on board did all they could  
Till at length all hope was gone  
And they hoisted a signal of distress  
On board of the Dandenong

It was not long until a barque  
With a brisk and a lively crew  
Came bearing down and the Captain cried  
"We'll see what we can do!"  
Came bearing down with might and main  
In spite of wind and wave  
They did all they could as sailors would  
Those precious lives to save

And I long for you, I long for sleep  
I dream of being warm  
I pray the sea will let me be  
To brave another dawn

Well some in boats they tried to reach  
That kind and friendly barque  
And numbers of their lives were saved  
But the night came on pitch dark  
What more could mortal man do then  
When the storm increased so strong  
And the rest now sleep in the briny deep  
Along with the Dandenong

And I long for you, I long for sleep  
I dream of coming home  
Tonight the sea it buries me  
Beneath this raging foam

## 6. Braes of Moneymore (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Farewell to you old Ireland since I must go away  
I now shake hands and bid goodbye and can no longer stay  
Our big ship lies in deep Lough Foyle bound for the New York shore  
And I must go from all I know and lovely Moneymore

That little town encircled round with many's the grove and hill  
Where lads and lassies they do meet for pleasure there's the rule  
Through Springhill Braes and flowery fields where oft I've wandered o'er  
And by my side was the girl I loved the rose of Moneymore

How lonely is the pigeon's coo and sad the blackbirds lay  
And loud and high the thrushes cry on a long bright summer's day  
And as I sat down to cry me fill sure the tears come trickling down  
For in the morning I must leave you my own dear native town

Kind friends I'll bid you all adieu I can no longer stay  
Our big ship sails tomorrow and its time I was away  
So fill your glasses to the brim and toast with one loud roar  
And we'll sing in praise of Springhill Braes and lovely Moneymore

## 7. Outlaw Frank Gardiner (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Well Frank Gardiner he is caught at last he lies in Sydney gaol  
For wounding Sergeant Middleton and robbing the Mudgee Mail  
For plundering of the gold escort the Carcoar Mail also  
And it was for gold he made so bold and not so long ago

His daring deeds surprised them all throughout the Sydney land  
And on his friends he paid a call and he quickly raised a band  
And fortune's always favoured him until that time of late  
Until Ben Hall and Gilbert met with their dreadful fate

Young Vane he has surrendered Ben Hall's got his death wound  
And as for Johnny Gilbert near Binalong was found  
He was there with Dunn they were on the run when the troopers came in sight  
Dunn wounded ran but the other man got slaughtered in the fight

Farewell, adieu to outlaw Frank, he was the poor man's friend  
The government has secured him for it's laws he did offend  
He boldly stood his trial and he answered with a breath  
Do what you will you can but kill, and I have no fear of death

Day after day they remanded him, escorted from the bar  
Fresh charges brought against him from neighbours near and far  
And now it is all over and the sentence they have passed  
All sought to find a verdict and 'guilty' was at last

When lives you take a warning boys no woman ever trust  
She will turn round I will be bound, Queen's evidence the first  
He's doing two and thirty years, he's doomed to serve the crown  
And well may he say, he rues the day he met with Kitty Brown

## 8. He Fades Away (Alistair Hulett - AMCOS/MCPS)

There's a man in my bed I used to love him  
His kisses used to take my breath away  
There's a man in my bed I hardly know him  
As I wipe his face and hold his hand  
And watch him as he slowly fades away

Chorus:  
He fades away  
Not like leaves that fall in Autumn  
Turning gold against the grey  
He fades away  
Like the blood stains on the pillow case  
That I wash every day  
He fades away

There's a man in my bed he's on a pension  
Although he's only fifty years of age  
And the lawyers say we might get compensation  
In the course of due procedure  
But they wouldn't say for certain at this stage

Chorus  
He's not the only one  
Who made the trip so many years ago  
To work the Wittenoom mine  
So many young men old before their time  
And dying slow they fade away  
Wheezing bags of bones  
With lungs half clogged and filled with clay,  
They fade away

There's a man in my bed nobody told him  
The cost of bringing home his weekly pay  
And when the courts decide how much they owe him  
How will he spend his money  
As he lies in bed and coughs his life away

Chorus  
There's a man in my bed I used to love him  
His kisses used to take my breath away  
There's a man in my bed I hardly know him  
As I wipe his face and hold his hand  
And watch him as he slowly fades away

## 9. Farewell to Kellswater (Trad. arr. Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Here's a health to you bonny Kellswater, where you'll get all the pleasures of life  
Where you'll get all the fishing and fouling and a bonny wee lass for your wife  
O it's down where yon waters run muddy I'm afraid they will never run clear  
And it's when I begin for to study my mind is on them that's not here

For there's this one and that one may court him but if anyone gets him but me  
It's early and late I will curse them that parted lovely Willie from me  
O a father he calls on his daughter two choices I'll give unto thee  
Would you rather see Willie's ship a-sailing or see him hung like a dog from yon tree

O father dear father I love him I can no longer hide it from thee  
Through an acre of fire I would travel along with lovely Willie to be  
O hard was the heart that confined her and took from her her hearts delight  
May the chains of old Ireland bind around them and soft be their pillows at night

O Yonder's a ship on the ocean and she does not know which way to steer  
From the east to the west she's a-blowing she reminds me of the charms of my dear  
O Yonder my Willie will be coming he said he'd be here in the spring  
And it's down by yon green shades I'll meet him and among yon green bushes we'll sing

For a gold ring he placed on my finger saying love bear this in your mind  
If ever I sail from old Ireland you'll mind I'll not leave you behind  
Here's a health to you bonny Kellswater where you'll get all the pleasures of life  
Where you'll get all the fishing and fouling and a bonny wee lass for your wife

## 10. Douglas Mawson (Andy Irvine - IMRO/MCPS)

Once more the cruel Antarctic calls me back  
To set my foot where no man yet did go  
O memories of nineteen eight of taking chances tempting fate  
And the happy days we spent in McMurdo

So we dropped our anchor off Adélie Land  
And we built a hut to stand the winter gale  
And when the sun returned again the air rang out with sounds of men  
And Greenland huskies eager for the trail

From Aladdin's cave we started on our way  
Our friends they bid goodbye and turned for home  
Xavier Mertz was there with me and Cherub Ninnis just we three  
Were left to carry on our fate unknown

The black crevasse claimed Ninnis and his dogs  
It claimed our food our fuel it claimed our tent  
I never heard one single sound, just by chance I turned around  
As Ninnis to his death in silence went

Defeat and death now stared us in the face  
We had one lightweight tent and that was all  
Just to stay alive we knew we'd have to kill the dogs for food  
How were we to know that they'd be our downfall

A leaden glare now spread across the land  
And neither shape nor feature reached our eyes  
And nothing left to eat only deadly poison meat  
For my brave friend death has no disguise

He wears the mask of illness on his face  
He wears the cloak of silence at the trace  
One night he bit his finger through and spat it out in the snow  
His cries of madness caused my blood to freeze

When I awoke next morning he was dead  
The wreckage of his body stiff and cold  
I have to try and reach firm ground at least my diary must be found  
That someday this sad story may be told

The soles of my feet became detached  
Teeth, nails, muscles all are gone  
Down icy pits I fell through space till brought up by my harness trace  
Give up give up there's no point in going on

Three weeks I staggered on across the ice  
Then a cairn of snow by sheer chance I struck  
A letter there told the tale of searching men that very day  
Even now I can't believe my luck

My pulse was racing as I saw the men  
My journey at an end no more to do  
My skeleton was easily raised and gently on the sledge was laid  
My God they cried which one of them are you?

And later tears were wet upon their cheeks  
And my own eyes fill with the telling of the tale  
And on that bleak and distant shore the blizzard blows for evermore  
For those in icy tombs out on the trail