

Irish Music

"Reilly's Daughter / Dicey Riley / Whiskey In The"

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As I was sitting by the fire
Talking to old Reilly's daughter
Suddenly a thought came into my head
I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter

Giddy I Ay, Giddy I Ay, Giddy I Ay
For the one eyed Reilly
Giddy I Ay,
Try it on your own brass drum

O' Reilly played on the big brass drum
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaugther
Reilly had a great big glittering eye
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter

Giddy I Ay, Giddy I Ay, Giddy I Ay
For the one eyed Reilly
Giddy I Ay,
Try it on your own brass drum

She walks along Fitzgibbon Street
With an independent air
And then it's down to Summerhill
At her the people stare
She says "It's nearly half past one
So I'll nip in for another little one"
Ah the heart of the rowl is Dicey Riley

Ah poor old Dicey Riley she has taken to the sup
Poor old Dicey Riley she will never give it up
For it's off each morning to the hop
And then she's in for another little drop
Ah the heart of that rowl is Dicey Riley

She owns a little sweetshop
At the corner of the street
And every evening after school
I go to wash her feet
She leaves me there to mind the shop
And she nips in for another little drop
Ah the heart of the rowl is Dicey Riley

Ah poor old Dicey Riley she has taken to the sup
Poor old Dicey Riley she will never give it up
It's off each morning to the hop
And then she's in for another little drop
Ah the heart of that rowl is Dicey Riley

As I was going over the far flung Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell
And his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol
And then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver
For you are a bold deceiver"

With me ring dum a doole um dah
Whack fol the daddy o
Whack fol the daddy o
Theres whiskey in the jar

He counted out his money
And it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket
And I took it to my Jenny
She sighed and she swore
That she never would betray me
Ah the devil take the women
For they never can be easy

With me ring dum a doole um dah
Whack fol the daddy o
Whack fol the daddy o
Theres whiskey in the jar

Now the ship it sails in half an hour
Across the broad atlantic
My friends are standing on the quay
With grief and sorrow frantic
I'm just about to sail away
On the good ship Dan O'Leary
Ah the anchor's weighed and the gangway's up
I'm leaving Tipperary

Ah goodbye Mick, goodbye Pat
Goodbye Kate and Mary
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up
I'm leaving Tipperary
And now the stream is blowing off
I have no more to say
I'm bound for New York City boys
Three thousand miles away

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