**West Point Alumni Glee Club**

**Official Unofficial**

**Songbook (Lyrics Only)**

**“Slainte”**



**“May you live to be a hundred years, with one extra year to repent!”**

**“No fun without singing; no singing without fun!”**

**West Point Alumni Glee Club St. Patrick’s Day Songbook**

1. **THE UNICORN**

A long time ago, when the Earth was green,  
there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.  
And they'd run around free while the Earth was being born.   
The loveliest of all was the unicorn.

**Green alligators and long-necked geese,  
some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees;  
some cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born -   
the loveliest of all was the unicorn.**

But the Lord seen some sinning, and it caused Him pain.  
He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain.  
So, hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do.  
Go and build me a floating zoo.”  
  
**Green alligators and long-necked geese,  
some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees;  
some cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born   
‘Noah, don't you forget my unicorns.”**  
  
Well, Noah was there to answer the call.  
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started to fall.  
He marched the animals two by two  
and he called out as they came through:  
“Hey Lord,  
  
**Green alligators and long-necked geese,  
some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees;  
some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn   
I just can't find no unicorns".**  
  
And Noah looked out through the driving rain.  
But the unicorns were hiding, playing silly games.  
They were kickin’ and a-splashin’ while the rain was pourin’ -  
oh, them foolish unicorns.

**Green alligators and long-necked geese,  
some humpty-back camels and some chimpanzees;  
some cats and rats and elephants, as sure as you're born  
and we just can't wait for no unicorns.".**  
  
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide.  
And the unicorns looked up from the rocks and cried.  
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away.  
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day.

**You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese,   
You’ll see hump-back camels and chimpanzees.  
Cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born,   
you're never gonna see no unicorn.**

1. **WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING**

**When Irish eyes are smiling, sure, ‘tis like a morn in spring.  
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.  
And when Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they'll steal your heart away.**

**And when Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they'll steal your heart away.**

1. **CHARLEY ON THE MTA**

Let me tell you the story of a man named Charley  
on this tragic and fateful day.  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family, went to ride on the MTA.

**CHORUS:  
Did he ever return, no he never returned  
and his fate is still unlearned.  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston,  
He's the man who never returned.**  
  
Charley handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station, and he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
When he got there, the conductor told him, "One more nickel." Charley could not get off that train.

**CHORUS**

Now all night long Charley rides through the tunnels  
saying, "What will become of me?  
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea  
or my cousin in Roxbury?"

**CHORUS**  
  
Charley's wife goes down to the Scollay Square station   
every day at quarter past two,  
and through the open window she hands Charley a sandwich as the train comes rumblin' through.

**CHORUS**  
  
Now did you ever wonder why she never puts a nickle  
in his sandwich of cheese and ham?  
Well, the woman has a secret, she wants Charlie on that subway 'cause the woman has another man!

**CHORUS**  
  
Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal that the people have to pay and pay.  
Vote for George O'Brien and fight the fare increase;  
get poor Charley off the MTA.

**CHORUS**

1. **DANNY BOY**

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes…the pipes are calling,  
from glen to glen and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the leaves is dying.  
Tis you, tis you must go, and I must bide.  
  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.  
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.  
  
But if you come, and all the roses dying,  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be.  
Here come and find the place where I am lying,  
and kneel and say an Ave there for me.  
  
And I shall hear, though soft, your tread above me,  
and there my grave will richer she’ll be.  
Oh if you will bend and tell me that you love me  
and I shall rest in peace until you come to me.

1. **GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME**

The old home town looks the same  
as I step down from the train,  
and there to meet me is my mama and papa.  
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary,  
hair of gold and lips like cherries.  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.  
Yes, they'll all come to meet me,

arms reaching, smiling sweetly;  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.  
  
The old house is still standing  
tho' the paint is cracked and dry,  
and there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.  
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,  
hair of gold and lips like cherries.  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me  
at four grey walls that surround me,  
and I realize that I was only dreaming.  
For there's a guard, and there's a sad old padre,  
arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.  
Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.  
  
Yes, they'll all come to see me  
in the shade of that old oak tree  
as they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

1. **IRISH LULLABY**

Over in Killarney, many years ago,  
my mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low.  
Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way,  
and I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me today.

**CHORUS:  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,  
too-ra-loo-ra-lie,  
too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,  
Hush now, don't you cry.  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,  
too-ra-loo-ra-lie,  
too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,  
That's an Irish lullaby.**

Oft' in dreams I wander to that cot again.  
I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she held me then.   
And I hear her voice a-hummin' to me as in days of yore,  
when she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.

**CHORUS**

1. **WILD ROVER**

I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
and I spent all my money on whiskey and beer.  
Now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
and I never will play the wild rover no more.

**CHORUS:  
And it's no nay never, (4 claps)  
no nay never no more, (2 claps)  
will I play the wild rover, (1 clap)  
no never, no more. (2 claps)**  
  
I went into an ale house I used to frequent,  
and I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit; she answered me “Nay,  
such a custom as yours I can get any day.”

**CHORUS**  
  
I took from me pockets ten sovereigns bright,  
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said, "I have whiskey and wines of the best!   
And the words that I said were only in jest.”

**CHORUS**

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And then they’ll caress my as oft times before,  
sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

**CHORUS**

At West Point I’ve known a wild rover or two,

We’d sneak out to Snuffy’s and have us a brew.

When the Tac wrote me quill, with demerits galore,

Sure I knew I would play the wild rover no more!

**CHORUS**

1. **MOLLY MALONE**

In Dublin's fair city  
where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.  
As she wheeled her wheel barrow  
through the streets broad and narrow,  
crying cockles and mussels – alive, alive oh.

**CHORUS:  
Alive, alive oh; alive, alive oh,  
singing cockles and mussels, - alive, alive oh.**  
  
She was a fishmonger,  
and sure ‘twas no wonder,  
for so were her mother and father before.  
And they both wheeled their barrows  
through streets broad and narrow,  
crying cockles and mussels – alive, alive oh.

**CHORUS**  
She died of a fever  
and no one could save her.  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
But her ghost wheels her barrow  
through the streets broad and narrow  
crying cockles and mussels – alive, alive oh.

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

1. **PARTING GLASS**

Oh, of all the money that e're I spent,  
I spent it in good company.  
And of the harm that e're I’ve done,  
alas it was to none but me.  
And all I've done for want of wit  
to mem'ry now I can't recall;  
so fill to me the parting glass,  
good night and joy be with you all.  
  
Oh, of all the comrades that e're I've had,  
are sorry for my going away.  
And all the sweethearts that e're I've had,  
would wish me one more day to stay.  
But since it falls unto my lot  
that I should rise and you should not,  
I'll gently rise and I’ll softly call,  
good night and joy be with you all.

Good night and joy be with you all!

1. **My Wild Irish Rose**

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song  
Of a flower that's now dropped and dead,  
Yet dearer to me, than all of its mates,  
Though each holds aloft its proud head.  
Twas given to me by a girl that I know,  
Since we've met, faith I've known no repose.  
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,  
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

**CHORUS:**

**My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.  
You may search everywhere, but none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.  
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,  
And some day for my sake, she may let me take**

**the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.**

Twas given to me by a girl that I know,

Since we met, they are known to propose

She is dearer by far, than the world’s brightest star

And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

**CHORUS**