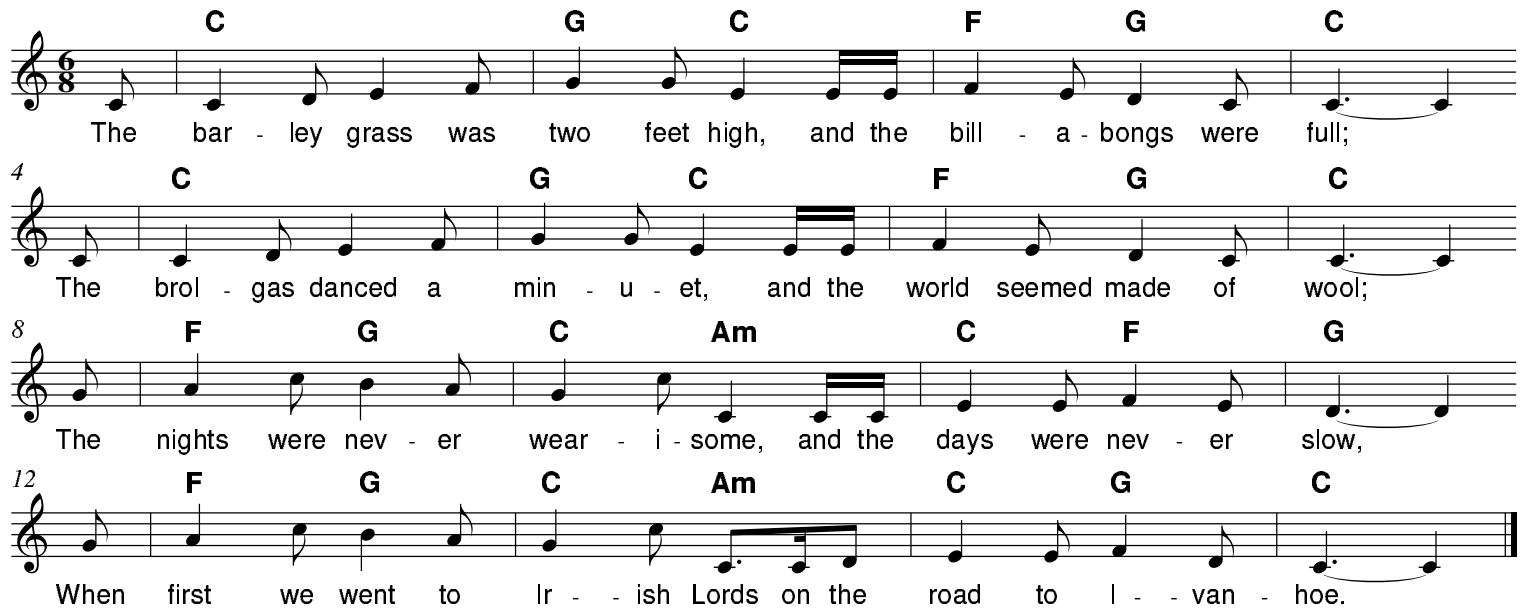


Irish Lords

Words by Charles H. Souter with a setting by Martyn Wyndham-Read. Martyn is an English folksinger with a strong interest in researching, arranging and singing Australian folk songs. He is a much-respected performer at Australian folk festivals.



The bar - ley grass was two feet high, and the bill - a - bongs were full;

The brot - gas danced a min - u - et, and the world seemed made of wool;

The nights were nev - er wear - i - some, and the days were nev - er slow,

When first we went to Ir - - ish Lords on the road to I - - van - hoe.

The rime was on the barley grass,
As we passed the homestead rails,
A Darling jackass piped us in,
With his trills and turns and scales,
And youth and health and carelessness,
Sat on the saddle-bow,
And Mary lived at Irish Lords,
On the road to Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness,
And the fates were fair and kind,
We drank the very wine of life,
And we never looked behind;
And Mary, Mary, everywhere,
Went flitting to and fro,
When first we went to Irish Lords
On the road to Ivanhoe.

The window of her dainty bower,
Where the golden banksia grew,
Stared like a dead man's glassy eye,
And the roof had fallen through.
No violets in her garden bed,
And her voice stilled long ago
When last we went to Irish Lords,
On the road to Ivanhoe.