



17 april 2026

Lyrics from the album "I Am Not Irish" by Rose McCann

www.rosemcann.com

I Am Not Irish

written Oct. '20

I am not Irish, but I wish I were
I would talk without accent, have an Irish burr
I would drink to your health and the land where I'm from
I would love to be Irish – whatever may come

Oh, I am not Irish, but I wish to be
I would fly to my homeland over the grey Irish sea
I love my dear Ireland – I love this country
I'd love to be Irish – would love to feel free

But I am not Irish and I wish (that) I had
a home in the Gaeltacht with a lovely granddad
Then I would have studied the old language so long
that now I could learn just by ear a seannós song

But I am not Irish and I wish I could sing
like a native born Irish, who can sing anything
I would sing about Ireland, about trouble and pain
about love, about hope, about longing and rain

Welcome Back

written Feb. '21

Welcome back. Oh, where have you been?
It's a long time since you were here
when we raised our glasses and cups,
when we went out to bars and clubs

Glad, you are here. Come, sit down with me.
You look so great. It's so good to see.
Come let us talk about the days gone by
Gimme a hug and stay for a while

Welcome back. Oh, what did you do?
Much time has passed – so good to see you.
Are you alright; are you happy and well?
Please tell me more, just don't say farewell.

Welcome back. Whatever will be.
In this moment we're merry and free.
We hope for the best, take care of each other
Lets laugh and sing and play all together

Rumtriiberin

"The Wild Rover" (trad.), Swiss German lyrics written July '12

I be vieli Jahr gsii e Rumtriiberin
I han aus mis Gäud uusgäh für Wiski u Bier
Aber jetzt bin i zrug. I be riich wie no nie.
Oh, verbii sii die wiude Ziite, die sii gsii

Ja, verbii isch's, 's git's nie meh Niemaus meh, nüm, nie meh
d's Strünerläbe isch passé, läb i nie meh, nüm, nie meh

So bin i gange e d'Chnelle, wo n'i früecher ha bsuecht
Ha kes Portmonee debii gha, da het d'Chefin scho gfluecht
Ha no gfrögt, öb i chöi aaschriibe.

Si het glacht u gseid: «Nei!
Sönig Chunde, wie di git's viu z'viu, chum gang hei!»

Ha us mi're Täsche de zoge, es Gold-Vreneli
Ja, da hei d'Ouge vo'r Wirtin so gstrahled wie nie
Sie het gseit, sie heg Wiski u Wii – d's Bescht für mii
U was vorig sie gseit heg, sig gsii es Scherzli

Jetzt muen i hei zu mine Eltre, gestah, wa ni ha ta
Un' i hoff si verzeihed mer wieder emal
U we s'mer verzeihed, wie's scho oft isch gscheh
Isch's verbii d's Strünerläbe, de git's da nie meh

Miis letschte Glas

"The Parting Glas" (trad.)

Swiss German lyrics
written Dec. '22

Oh, all das Gäld,
wo ni ha ghaa
e guet'r Gsellschaft
han is gärn uusgä
Und all dä Säich,
wo ni ha ta,
ja, das han i mir
ganz eläi aata
All das wo ni ha ta,
gedankelos ha ta,
nu dra z'dänke
fallt mir o jetz no schwär
So chum u füll
miis letschte Glas
Guet Nacht,
u händ
all zäme
no viel Spass

Oh, chönt i no
e chlii Gäld uusgäh
I würd sitze bliibe
u aus gnüsse
Un i würdi träume
vo däm tolle Maa
wo mis Härz entfacht het
scho so früe am Tag
Er het glächlet
ganz verspielt
mit Haar, so rot u wild
Du, miis Härz,
es brucht ganz schnäll
en starche Schild
So chum u füll
miis letschte Glas
Guet Nacht,
u händ
all zäme
no viel Spass

Oh, all die Fründe,
wo ni ha gha
si si truurig,
wöll i mues wittergah
Und all die Liebschte
wo ni je ha gha
alli wünschte
i bliibt no en wiit're Tag
Doch d'Ziit, si isch da –
Au I mue jitz ga
I cha halt nüme
länger bliibe da
So chum u füll
miis letschte Glas
Guet Nacht,
u händ
all zäme
no viel Spass

Rainy Day

written Sept. '22

On this windy and cold rainy day
Off the shore of Galway bay
I can spot the isle of little Inisoirr
where my man has to work this year

He's my love, he's my dearest love
I long to be by his side
To be without my dearest love
is more than I can abide

On this windy and cold rainy day
I wish him back from far away
I watch a fisher boat slowly pass by
while a tear runs from my eye

On this windy and cold rainy night
I wait for the morning light
I am still alone in my cold bed
and long for the times we had

Ireland's Songs

written March '05 (reworked Oct. '20)

When springtime is coming,
I hope I can go
to the lovely homes of Donegal
and I'll go to the Raglan Road.

Along with a wild rover,
oh, I will go to stay
on the rocky road to Dublin
or down at Bantry Bay.

And I'll travel around Ireland.
I will sing of auld lang syne.
I will go to the town I loved so well.
I will walk in the Irish rain.
And I will see the wind-shaked barley
I'll pluck some violets blue.
I'll raise my parting glass
and will sing through the foggy dew.

When summer is coming,
I hope I will find
in the hills of Connemara
all the wild mountain thyme.
I'll listen to the stories
about Tim Finnigan's Wake
and of Roddy McCorley
who hung by the neck

When autumn is coming,
I hope that I can
come to the Bower
for to find old Biddy Mulligan.
There near the Cross
of Spencil Hill I'll see
if I can catch a whispering tune
from the Fiddlers Green.

When Winter is coming,
I hope that I can gaze
upon Donegal Danny
at the foot of a bar's fireplace.
With my Nancy Whiskey
and my Galway shawl
I'll spend seven drunken nights
in the Glen of Aherlow.



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Ciara

written Oct. '20

Ciara smiles so dreamily. She swings in her rocking chair.
By open window in early autumn she taste the rainy air.
She dreams a dream of times gone by, when she was twenty-two
thinks back to a dearest by her side, who was only passing through.

Ciara in her rocking chair breaths the rainy air
she dreams a dream of times gone by
of a dearest by her side

When she was young, was brave and wild and quick and full of life.
She lived in a peaceful mountain dell in a cottage warm and bright.
On Sundays she loved the sessions where she stayed there for a while.
And sometimes she sung seannós songs – so heartfelt with a smile

It was in the early autumn on a rainy session night.
A small young stranger walked in soaked; looked round him all bright-eyed.
Friendly he asked for tea and then brought out his flute and soon
great music flowed from him all night as he played tune after tune.

From then she knew, that «fell in love» is more than just sweet words
and for true love we must be brave, because sometimes it hurts.
Brave young Ciara was full of hope as she sang of gentle love.
She won his heart with her very first note - since then they were in love.

So they walked together, hand in hand. They lived a life of joy,
And naturally they came to wed. A year later they had a boy.
Their fortune was not only bright, but their love endured each day
Side by side and hand in hand; until they are old and grey

Blacksmith

trad. edit 2021

A blacksmith courted me
Nine months and better
He fairly won my heart
Wrote me a letter
With his hammer in his hand
He looked so clever
And if I was with my love
I would live forever

But where is my love gone
With his cheeks like roses
And his good black Billycock on
Decked around with primroses
I fear the shining sun
May burn and scorch his beauty
And if I was with my love
I would do my duty

Strange news is come to town
Strange news is carried
Strange news flies up and down
That my love is married
I wish them both much joy
Although they can't hear me
May the future reward him well
For the slighting of me

Don't you remember when
You lay beside me
And you said you'd marry me
And not deny me
If I said I'd marry you
It was only for to try you
So bring your witness love
And I'll not deny you

Lifetime Flies By

written Oct. '20

verse lyrics "The Last Rose of Summer"
by Thomas Moore (trad.)

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

Lifetime flies by
Need to say goodbye
Enjoy all day the rest
With friends you love best

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

How calm could we rest
with friends we love best

Goodbye, My Child

written Feb. '21

My dear child, it's time to go
Your friends are waiting outside the door
You found your love so far away
will leave your homeland for to stay

Goodbye, my child, goodbye, goodbye
My heart will stay at your side
Bye, my child, goodbye, goodbye
Stay well, my dear, under a new blue sky

My dear child, it's time to go
You're well-prepared to leave your home
I know, that you will make your way
But I will miss you, day by day

My dear child, it's time to go
Your childhood's over; you closed that door
Far away a new family will be born
O when will you visit your native home

Thinking Back to My Dad

written July '21

When the trees in Spring are blooming
when the sun is shining mad
it's then my heart starts crying
when thinking back to my dad
He was a good, dear loved father
His eyes were wet when I said
that I'm bound to cross the water
to the land of my love, when we wed

But my heart stayed in my Ireland
far across the Irish sea
My heart stayed in my Ireland
where I'm longing for to be

When the autumn leaves are falling
when the rain is turning bad
it's then my heart starts crying
when thinking back to my dad
He died when winter was coming
when I was away from my isle
Now whenever my homeland is calling
I wish I was back for a while

Black Is the Colour of My Love's Hair

trad. edit 2021

Winter's past and the leaves are green
The time has passed where we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
When he and I shall be as one

Black is the colour of my love's hair
His lips are like some roses fair
The sweetest smile, the gentlest hands
I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
I wish the day it soon will come
When he and I will be as one

I'm going home for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can be
I'll write to him just a few short lines
And I'll suffer death a thousand times