

## “Pile High the Pennywall”

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### DARKER THAN THE MINE (M. Sisti)

I worked the mines alongside of dad from the day that I turned ten  
Dawn to dusk for a dollar a week turns young boys into men  
The cold and damp would chill your bones, the dust would fill your lungs  
Men never lived till they grew old, they died while they were young  
But the mine man didn't care at all, it was all just bottom line  
He had a heart as black as coal, it was darker than the mine

Darker than the mine, darker than the mine  
He had a heart as black as coal that was darker than the mine

Then one day the methane blew and crushed young Tim McBride  
Rocks blocked the only entrance trapping him inside  
But no exit tunnel had been built, no way he could get out.  
We could only stand there helpless as we listened to him shout  
He left a wife and three young boys below the age of nine  
With no food, no house and a future that was darker than the mine

Darker than the mine, darker than the mine  
With no food, no house and a future that was darker than the mine

We marched up to the owner's house, a wild angry crowd  
We swore we'd make him pay for what he'd done  
A shadow in the window, a wild shot rang loud  
It never reached the owner, but the bullet hit his son

They put us all on trial and the judge said "hang the lot"  
I didn't even tell them that I'd never fired a shot  
It didn't seem to matter if the shot was from my gun  
I was every bit as much a part of this as anyone  
He sentenced us to die, to hang there on a line  
And they put us in a concrete room, darker than the mine

I won't kick and scream when they take me to the tree  
I helped to kill that young boy, I'm as guilty as can be  
So I'll let them string me up, and hang me like a vine  
Then I'm going to a darker place, much darker than the mine

Darker than the mine, darker than the mine  
Then I'm going to a darker place, much darker than the mine  
Darker than the mine, darker than the mine  
I'm going to a darker place, much darker than the mine

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### PENNYWALL (A. Sisti, M. Sisti)

So cold, in the home that my father built, alongside his father  
I'm told that the land that we've labored on is gone with the stroke of a pen  
And with no food fit to place on my table,  
I don't think we'll see a new day  
Then the man called out to all who were able  
"Move the stones from this land,  
Build a wall long and grand,  
And we'll pay you a penny a day."

Pile high the Pennywall

Pennies a day keeps the hunger at bay, so I...

Pile high the Pennywall

So empty inside that I swallow my pride,  
And with Irish resolve I can say  
I will die where my father died, just as his father died... but not today.

It grows, so pointless and endless and soulless and friendless  
He knows, like the stones in the border, uprooted and ordered are we.  
Still we believe under all is a meaning  
So in sorrowful silence we pray  
Is it a blessing or is it demeaning?  
Show of heart, show of force,  
We have no other course  
And our prayers are ignored anyway.

Pile high the Pennywall

With hopes near as cold as the stones we unload, we all

Pile high the Pennywall

The pain never ends, but my lifeblood depends on it  
So with Irish resolve I can say  
I will go as my father went, the same as his father went... but not today.

I know that the wall where I stand sets apart my own land  
Although it's the landlord's belief that the men felt relief at this boon  
Yet there's no aim but to cruelly degrade them  
As the walls they created imply  
Nowhere as strong as the people who made them  
Decades on, decades gone  
They will ever be strong,  
And it's clear where the boundaries lie.

Pile high the Pennywall

Just a stone's throw from death, with my last dying breath, I know  
I'll die at the Pennywall

But in true Irish spirit, I won't show I fear it,  
And with steadfast resolve I can say  
I'll find peace as my father did, the same as his father did... but not today.

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THE APPARATUS (M. Sisti)

I married me a lovely girl as pretty as a rose  
She was young and I was turning grey  
When other men come around she doesn't know how to say no  
She invites them in as soon as I'm away

In a week she had the stableboy the gardener and the cook  
She says that she's not bad she's just impulsive  
It serves me right for marrying a woman with her looks  
I should have wed a girl who was repulsive

So I had an apparatus made to keep her chaste and pure  
I put it on my wife and quickly locked it.  
With a wife like that the only way a husband can be sure  
Is to keep the key forever in his pocket.

With the belt it seemed at first the solution had been found  
And we settled in to a normal married life  
And when I came home I could see no one else had been around  
Just a happy husband and his faithful wife

'Cause I had an apparatus made to keep her chaste and pure  
I put it on my wife and quickly locked it.  
With a wife like that it's the only way a husband can be sure  
And I kept the key forever in my pocket.

And then one night when I returned home early from a trip  
Just as she and lover were laying down  
Immediately I realized just where I'd made my slip  
She'd taken with the locksmith from the town

Now we've come to an agreement, when I'm gone he can stay  
And like it or not that's how it's going to be  
Cause the locksmith made it very clear if he doesn't get his way  
Every man in town will get a key but me

And I had an apparatus made to keep her chaste and pure  
And I know it helps me keep my marital status.  
Cause the only ones who hold the key to keep the belt secure  
Are me and the man who built the apparatus.

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STOLEN CHILD (M. Sisti)

The nursery window opens wide  
And silent shadows slowly slip inside  
Come away, human child  
To the forest green and wild  
To a world that's pure, a world that's undefiled.

Forget this life you live, forget your home  
There is no magic in this world you know  
Come take hold of my hand,  
Leave this broken tortured land  
This world holds more tears than you can understand

For in this world you will grow old and grey  
As your childhood slips away  
And your innocence and your dreams you'll see  
Become nothing but the dust of life's debris

They sit beside the empty bed  
No longer counting countless tears they've shed  
With each day more resigned  
But in a world that's so unkind  
Are they sadder still that they've been left behind.

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SHARE THE WEALTH (S. Hawley)

Instrumental

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THE BALLAD OF ANGUS KERRY (M. Sisti, A. Sisti, G. Voce)

I grew up on a dairy farm with cowbells always ringing night and day  
So when I took to music, there was never a doubt what instrument I'd play  
And difficult as it was soon I learned to play every Irish song  
And all throughout the house I'd bang loudly on the cowbell all day long

My father was so moved by my playing he'd have to cover both his ears.  
He says, your cowbell talent is far too great to be confined to here.  
He said, you have to play somewhere else, with a gift like that you owe it  
to the world  
He said, Dublin is the place for you, so I went to the city and gave it all a  
whirl.

And I'd play...

So on Grafton Street I played for the tourists and I waited for their yells  
And they were so impressed they all came close and tried to grab my bell  
They said, we don't deserve this, your skill is wasted on the likes of us  
Get your bell fast up to Belfast and they all chipped in and put me on a bus

And I played...

He ended up at the Cliffs of Moher banging on his bell  
And they gathered 'round to listen to his show  
We don't know if they pushed him or if he slipped and fell  
But they found his body on the rocks below...

They found the man but even though they searched and  
searched the bell was never found  
But tourists who venture to the edge all swear they can hear  
a ghostly sound  
And when the wind blows wildly legends say you can hear it  
loud and strong  
And everyone who hears it tries to drown it out as they all  
sing along.

The people swear it's true but others will believe whatever  
they will  
Of the tale of Angus Kerry and the fever that even death  
can't still.  
So if you are a skeptic and need to test the stories that they  
tell  
Just take a trip and listen for yourself to the Cliffs of Moher  
cowbell.

To the Cliffs... of Moher...Cowbell  
Cliffs of Moher Cowbell...

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I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER TONIGHT (D. Sisti, M. Sisti)

I'm sitting at the corner of the bar all by myself  
Rosie's pouring drinks from every bottle on the shelf  
It happened fast, a lovely lassie sat down next to me  
She was the sweetest thing I'd ever seen.

We danced a little while and then we had a bite to eat  
As I began to sober up, our eyes chanced to meet.  
She looked at me and I could see as I came out of my fog,  
That lovely lassie was a real dog.

Chorus:

Let's have another double shot down here  
I need to stop myself from seeing clear and thinking right  
'Cause she's getting homelier as I'm getting soberer  
And I don't want to see her tonight.

We must've stayed 'til closing time, I can't recall a thing  
I don't remember buying her a Zircon wedding ring  
Now every day when I awake her face comes into view  
And I run right down to Rosie's for a few.

Chorus

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THE RIVER OF QUESTIONS AND TIME (M. Sisti)

Vanishing forgotten dreams  
Vague and indistinct like mirrors blurred with clouds of steam  
Letters carved into an oaken door  
Familiar although never seen before  
Verses from an ancient rime of the river of questions and time.

There's no way out, you stand and stare  
Creatures turn to solid form from vapors in the air  
Shadow figures dancing round a fire  
Whispered voices sing of deep desires  
Far away a church bell chimes  
O'er the river of questions and time.

The raven goddess Morrigan perched upon the warrior's head  
Gives heart to his enemies showing them that he is really dead  
Or maybe protecting him; no one knows, no one's ever said.

Echoes from behind the wall  
Telling you to stand in line and answer when you're called.  
Mesmerized by some exotic chant  
You try to wake but realize you can't  
Through the ripples something starts to climb  
From the river of questions and time

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## MAMA KNOWS BEST (A. Sisti)

I'm seeing a local farm girl, says she wants to be my wife  
She's one of only thirteen in this town.  
At 40 years of age, I'm quite contented with my life,  
But Mama says it's time to settle down.

But Mama, she's no beauty, and she's rather overweight,  
In truth she's just as plain as plain can be.  
I want a girl who's pretty to become my future mate.  
But Mama shook her head and said to me:

"More's the Irish pity, if she's pretty  
She'll be always in demand.  
So go back to your plain girl,  
'Cause you're not a pretty man."

But Mama, she's just a town girl that I've known for all my life.  
Sophisticated bliss I can't foresee.  
A city girl's the kind of girl I want to be my wife...  
But Mama rolled her eyes and said to me:

"More's the Irish pity, in the city  
You'll have none to hold your hand.  
So go back to your town girl,  
'Cause you're not a city man."

But Mama, she's a simple girl, with nothing much inside,  
What kind of conversations could there be?  
A witty girl is what I want to be my blushing bride...  
But Mama slapped her head and said to me:

"More's the Irish pity, if she's witty,  
You will never understand.  
So go back to your dull girl,  
'Cause you're not a witty man."

Now run back to your town girl  
Better wed her while you can.

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## LOVE LOST (M. Sisti)

Instrumental

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## THE CLARION CALL (A. Sisti, M. Sisti)

A call to arms strikes fear, and then  
Turns fear to strength and boys to men.  
And though we won't come home again,  
May our conscience lead the way.  
Like brothers in arms, we will make our stand,  
We will hold our ground, we will hold our land  
We are Ireland; rise or fall,  
We will answer the clarion call.

Though heavy falls a pall at night  
As we all await the coming fight,  
And sleepless still at morning's light,  
We will rise to take the day.  
And all will know when we take the field,  
We will not back down, we will never yield  
We are Ireland, brave and tall.  
And we all heed the clarion call.

We fight for causes fair and great  
And ramrod straight we'll face our fate,  
While wives and mothers bravely wait,  
We will march into the fray.  
When the battle's through, when the fighting's done,  
We have all stood true, we have stood as one.  
We are Ireland, comrades all  
When they've sounded the clarion call.

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TAKE IT FROM ME (D. Sisti)

You've been wandering up and down, covering all the back streets  
I've been stomping around, tripping over my feet  
You been looking for something, always seem to just miss  
I've got something to give; I just don't know what it is.

Why don't you take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.  
Why not just take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.

You've been looking for your answers, chasing shadows through  
the night  
I've been wasting all my chances with no choice that seems quite  
right.  
You're looking confused, don't know which way to turn  
All my words go unused, you've still got a lot to learn.

Why don't you take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.  
Why don't you take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.

You're still covering some ground, running through those back  
streets  
I'm still thumping around trying to get back on my feet  
You're still looking for something, don't know what it is  
I've got something to give, this time you can't miss

Why don't you take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.  
Why don't you take it? (Take it from me)  
Come on and take it from me.

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EVERYONE LOVES YOU WHEN YOU'RE DEAD (M. Sisti)

Everyone loves you when you're dead  
Guys who used to punch you in your head  
Women who used to slap your face now swear they shared your bed  
Everyone loves you when you're dead

Everyone wants to be a corpse's friend  
Everyone wants to say I knew him when  
I was the last one to see him alive I was there at the end  
Everyone wants to be a corpse's friend

Everybody walks by, says don't he look great  
Don't he look just like him  
Yeah he was like a brother to me  
That guy Joe, I mean John, I mean Jim

Every girl wanted you once you die  
Every cadaver has 40 would-be wives  
But all you ladies who love me so, where were you when I was alive.  
Every girl wanted you once you die

Every dead guy becomes a saint somehow  
Every sin and fault is disavowed  
But alive I was a weasel and I'm still a weasel now

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