

# Another Pint's April Newsletter

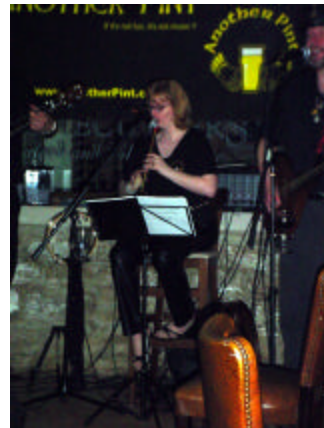
April was another great month for Another Pint. We began our erst-while booking of our U.S. Tour and recording our second CD, Gossipers and Liars. We also played at two new venues for us, Muldoon's in Wheaton, IL and the Carriag Pub at Gaelic Park in Oak Forrest, IL. We also added the "Song of the Month" to our newsletter on page 3.

## April 2003

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4 Muldoon's in Wheaton	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19 Stonecutter's
20	21	22	23	24	25	26 Carriag Pub
27	28	29	30			

# Another Pint's April Pictures

Here are some photos from our April Schedule. We thank the photographers who graciously took the photos for us.



# DONEGAL DANNY

**G** **C** **G** **C** **G**  
I remember the night when he came in from the wintry cold and damp  
**Em** **Am** **D**  
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and a bundle which showed he was a tramp  
**G** **C** **G** **C** **G**  
He stood at the bar and called for a pint and turned to gaze into the fire  
**Em** **Am** **D**  
On a night like this to be safe and warm Is my one and only desire

Chorus:

**G** **C** **G** **D**  
So here's to those that are dead and gone The friends that I left here  
**G** **C** **G**  
And here's to you then I'll bid you adieu  
**D** **G** **Em** **G** **D** **G**  
Since Donegal Danny's been here me boys, Donegal Danny's been here

Then in a voice that was hushed and low he said: listen I'll tell  
You a tale how a man of the sea became a man of the road  
And never more will get sail  
I've fished out of Howth and Killybegs, Ardglass and Baltimore  
But the cruel sea has beaten me and I'll end me days on the shore

One fateful night in the wind and the rain we set sail from  
Killybeys town, there were five of us from sweet Donegal  
And one from County Down, we were fishermen who worked  
The sea and never counted the cost but I never thought'ere  
That night was done that my fine friends would all be lost

Then the storm it broke and drove the boat to the rocks about  
Ten miles from shore, as we fought the tide we hoped inside to  
See our homes once more  
Than we struck a rock and holed the bow and all of us knew that  
She'd go down so we jumped right into the icy sea and prayed  
To God we wouldn't drown

But the raging sea was rising still as we struck out for the land  
And she fought with all her cruelty to claim that brilliant band  
By St John's point in the early dawn I dragged myself to the shore  
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done and vowed to sail her never more

Ever since that night I've been on the road travelling and trying  
To forget that awful night I lost all my friends  
I see their faces yet and often at night  
When the sea is high and the the rain is nigh  
Fearing at me skin I hear the cries of drowning men floating on the wind