

The Mostly Celtic Songbook



Introduction

After sitting in on some of the Tuesday evening open jam sessions at C.B. Hannegan's in Los Gatos, and trying to sing along but not remembering the lyrics, it seemed like a good idea to compile a songbook that we could all share. After one or two pints and a few encouraging words from Tony Becker, the idea became a project. So, here it is.

It's not by any stretch of the imagination complete, but it does contain many of the Celtic traditional songs¹⁾ that are played, along with some popular country and folk songs. The songs included here are the ones played most frequently, and some I added on my own.

In some cases, I took the liberty of editing some of the traditional lyrics for readability, especially the lyrics I got from the Web, and adding or changing a few chords, since many of the songs exist in several different versions anyway.

Some of the song titles are listed without the leading "The" and "A" in the index, to make it easier to find them.

The chords are written in Nashville notation (well, sort of), so transposing is a piece of cake. For example, the root chord is represented as a 1, and the other chords are numbered according to their relationship to the root chord. So, in the key of C, a C chord is 1, an Am chord is 6m, an F chord is 4, a G7 is 5⁷, and so on. Chord numbering in relative minor keys is arbitrarily based on the root of the corresponding major key, so a Dm is 6m, where F is 1. I didn't include the melodies, since I assumed most of us are familiar with them. Besides, it would have taken too much time, and there are other issues involved as well...

Thanks to Tony and the Mostly Celtic singers who shared their favorite songs with me (unfortunately, not all of the songs could be included in this booklet). Thanks also to AON Celtic Art <<http://www.aon-celtic.com/>> for contributing some of the clip art used here.

A special thanks goes out to all the many songwriters, singers and groups who made the songs popular throughout the world, for making this worth the effort.

James Raymond
Los Gatos, January 2008
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¹⁾ Good sources:

- The Internet, including liveireland.com
- 100 Irish Ballads, Vol 1, Soodlum Music Co. Ltd., Dublin 1981, and Waltons Manufacturing Ltd., Dublin, 1985;
- 100 Irish Ballads, Vol 2, Waltons Manufacturing Ltd., Dublin, 1987;
- Songs of an Irish Ballad Singer, M. O'Flaherty, The Irish Record Shop, Dingle 1982
- The Harp Collection of Irish Ballads, Vols 1 & 2, Claire Allan Music, Cork 1982
- Folksongs and Ballads Popular in Ireland, Vols. 1 – 3, John Loesberg, Ossian Publications, Cork 1980
- Ballads from an Irish Fireside, edited by James N. Healy, The Mercier Press Ltd., Cork and Dublin 1986
- The Irish Songbook, The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Ossian Publications, Cork 1979

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A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right in to my hand
And the very first next thing that I knew was
I'd landed in Van Diemen's land

(Repeat Chorus)

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man
Your case it is proven clear."

"We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band."

(Repeat Chorus)

So, come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town me boys
Beware of them pretty colleens

For they'll feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah"
'Til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

(Repeat Chorus)

Arthur McBride

Collected by Patrick Joyce around 1840.
Suggested Key=C

1 6m 1
Oh, me and me cousin, one Arthur McBride
4 1 2m 4
We went a-walkin' down by the seaside
1 6m 1
We met Sergeant Harper and Corporal Pride
2m 4 5⁷
The day being Christmas mornin'
1 6m 4 1
"Good mornin', good mornin'," the Sergeant did cry
2m 4
"And the same to ye gentlemen," we did reply
1 3m
Intending no harm, we just meant to pass by
5 5⁷ 4 1
The day being pleasant and charming

Says he, "my young fellows if you will enlist
Ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fist
And a crown in the bargain, for to kick up the dust
And to drink the king's health in the morning
For a soldier, he leads a very fine life
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife
While other poor fellows have sorrow and strife
And sup on thin gruel in the mornin'."

Says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of yer clothes
for you only lend out them, now as I suppose
And dare not change them one night if ye dare
For you know you'd be flogged in the mornin'
And we have no desire to take yer advance
For all of the dangers, we'd not take the chance
And you'd have no scruples and send us to France
Where you know we'd be shot in the mornin'."

“Oh, no” says the Sergeant, “if I hear one more word
I quickly right now will draw out me sword
And into your bodies, as strength will afford
So now, me young devils, take warning.”
But Arthur and I, we counted the odds
And we gave them no chance for to draw out their blades
With our trusty shillelaghs, we bashed in their heads
And paid them right smart in the morning

And the rusty old rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
“Now take that, ye devils,” cried Arthur McBride
“And temper your steel in the morning.”
And the little wee drummer, we flattened his pouch
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow
Kicked it into the ocean for to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning

The next place they sent me was down to the sea
On board of a warship bound for the Crimea
Three sticks in the middle all rolled round with sheets
Faith, she walked on the water without any feet

(Repeat Chorus)

When at Balaclava we landed quite soon
Both cold, wet, and hungry, we lay on the ground
Next morning for action, the bugle did call
And we had a hot breakfast of powder and ball

(Repeat Chorus)

We fought at the Alma, likewise Inkermann
But the Russians, they whaled us at the Redan
In scaling the walls there meself lost an eye
And a big Russian bullet ran away with me thigh

(Repeat Chorus)

It was there I lay bleeding, stretched on the cold ground
Heads, legs, and arms, they were scattered all around
Say's I, if me ma or me cleaveens were nigh
They'd bury me decent and raise a loud cry

(Repeat Chorus)

They brought me the doctor, who soon staunched me blood
And he gave me an elegant leg made of wood
They gave me a medal and ten pence a day
Contented with Sheela, I'll live on half pay

(Repeat Chorus)

Mrs. McGrath

Traditional, popular leading up to the Easter rebellion in 1916.
Suggested Key=D

1 4 1 5
"Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said
1
"would you like to make a soldier
5
out of your son, Ted?
1 4 1 5
With a scarlet coat and a great cocked hat,
1 5 1
Now, Mrs. McGrath wouldn't you like that?"

(Chorus 2x)

4 1
With me too-rye-ah, fol the diddle ah
5 1
Me too rye, oo rye, oo rye ah

Now, Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more
When a great big ship sailed into the bay
"It's my son Ted, would ye clear the way?"

(Repeat Chorus)

"Oh, Captain dear, where have you been
Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen
And have you any news of my son Ted
Is the poor lad living or is he dead?"

(Repeat Chorus)

Then up comes Ted without any legs
And in their place are two wooden pegs
Well, she kissed him a dozen times or two
Saying "My son Ted is it really you?"

(Repeat Chorus)

“Oh, were ye drunk or were ye blind
That ye left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it while walking upon the sea
A fish took your legs from the knees away?”

(Repeat Chorus)

“No, I wasn’t drunk and I wasn’t blind
When I left me two fine legs behind.
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of May
Cut me two fine legs from the knees away.”

(Repeat Chorus)

“Oh Teddy, me boy,” the widow cried,
“Your two fine legs were your mammy’s pride.
The stumps of a tree won’t do at all,
Why didn’t you run from the big cannon ball?”

(Repeat Chorus)

“Well, all foreign wars, I do proclaim
Between Don Juan and the King of Spain
But by heavens I’ll make them rue the time
That they swept the legs from a child of mine.”

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

A Song for Ireland

Written by Phil Colclough © Misty River Music, Ltd.
Suggested Key=C

1 3m 5 1 4 1
Walking all the day, near tall towers
4 5⁷ 1 4 5
Where falcons build their nests
1 3m 5
Silver winged they fly
1 4 1 4 5 1
They know the call of freedom in their breasts
4 5⁷
Saw Black Head against the sky
1 6m 1 5⁷
Where twisted rocks, they run to the sea

(Chorus)

4 1 6m
Living on your western shore,
4maj7 1 4maj7 5
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
4 1 5
I stood by your Atlantic sea
4 6m 4 1
And sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day, with true friends
Who try to make you stay
Telling jokes and news
Singing songs to pass the night away
Watched the Galway salmon run
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun

(Repeat Chorus)

Drinking all the day in old pubs
Where fiddlers love to play
Someone touched the bow
He played a reel, it seemed so fine and gay
Stood on Dingle beach and cast,
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass

(Repeat Chorus)

Dreaming in the night, I saw a land
Where no man had to fight
Waking in your dawn
I saw you crying in the morning light
Lying where the falcons fly
They twist and turn all in your e'er blue sky

(Repeat Chorus)

There's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

(Repeat Chorus)

If anyone can aid me, 'tis me brother in the army
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roamin' in Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me only sporting Jenny

(Repeat Chorus)

Next mornin' early at the barracks in Killarny
My brother took his leave, but he did not tell the army
Our horses they were speedy, it's all over but the shoutin'
And now we wait for strangers up on Gilgarra mountain

(Repeat Chorus)

Red Haired Mary

Written by Sean McCarthy
Suggested Key=C

1 6m
As I was going to the fair in Dingle
1 4 6m
One fine morning last July
1 6m
Walking down the road before me
1 5 1
A red haired girl I chanced to spy

I went up to her, says I "Young lady
My donkey he can carry two."
She looked at me, her eyes a-twinkle
And her cheeks, they were a rosy hue

"Thank you kindly, sir," she answered
And then she tossed her bright red hair
"Seeing as how you have your donkey
I'll ride with you to the Dingle fair."

Now, when we reached the fair in Dingle
I took her hand to say goodbye
When a tinker man stepped up beside me
And he belted me in my left eye

(Chorus)

"Keep your hands off red haired Mary
Her and I will soon be wed
We'll see the priest this very morning
And tonight we'll lie in the marriage bed!"

Well, I was feeling kind of peevish
And my poor old eye felt sad and sore
So I tapped him gently with my hobnails
And he flew back through Tim Murphy's door

(Repeat Chorus)

Then he went off to find his brother
The biggest man I e'er did meet
And he gently tapped me with his knuckles
Now I was minus two front teeth

(Repeat Chorus)

Now, a policeman, he came round the corner⁾
And he told me I had broke the law
The donkey kicked him in the kneecap
And he fell down and broke his jaw

(Repeat Chorus)

The red haired girl, she kept on smiling
"Young man, I'll come with you," she said
"We'll forget the priest this very morning,
And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed."

(Repeat Chorus)

Now, through the town we rode together
My black eye and her red hair
Smiling gaily at the tinkers
And by God, we were a handsome pair

(Repeat Chorus)

Roddy McCorley

Written by Ethna Carbury (1866 –1902)

Suggested Key=C

 1 4 1
Oh, see the host of fleet-foot men, who march with faces wan
 4 1 4 2m 5⁷
From farmstead and from fishers' cot, along the banks of Bann
 1 4 1 4 2m 5⁷
They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they
 1 4 1
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

Up the narrow street he stepped, so smiling, proud and young
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung
There's never a tear in his blue eyes, fearless and brave are they
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

When last this narrow street he trod, his shining pike in hand
Behind him marched, in grim array, an earnest stalwart band
To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the fray
But young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

There's never a one of all your dead more bravely died in fray
Than he who marches to his fate in Toomebridge town today
True to the last! True to the last, he treads the upwards way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

Sergeant William Bailey

Written by Peadar Kearney
Suggested Key=D

1
Sergeant William Bailey was a man of high renown
5⁷ 1
Toora loora, loora loora loo

1
In search of gallant young recruits, he used to scour the town
5⁷ 1
Toora loora, loora loora loo

5
His face was full and swarthy, of medals he had forty
5⁷ 6m
And ribbons on his chest, red, white, and blue

1 4 2m
It was he that looked the hero, as he made the people stare-Oh
1 5 1
As he stood on Murphy's corner, toora loo

But alas for human greatness, every dog he has his day
Toora loora, loora loora loo
And Sergeant William Bailey, he is getting old and grey
Toora loora, loora loora loo
No longer youths are willing to take his dirty shilling
And things for him are looking mighty blue
In spite of fife and drumming, no more recruits are coming
For Sergeant William Bailey, toora loo

Sergeant William Bailey, what a wretched sight to see
Toora loora, loora loora loo
His back that once was firm and straight is almost bent in three
Toora loora, loora loora loo
Some rebel youths with placards have called his army blackguards
And told the Irish youth just what to do
He has lost his occupation; let's sing in jubilation
For Sergeant William Bailey, tooral loo

The Fields of Athenry

Written by Pete St. John
Suggested Key=C

1
By the lonely prison wall
4 1 5
I heard a young girl calling
1 4 5
"Michael they are taking you away,
1 4
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
1 5
So the young might see the morn;
5⁷ 1
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

(Chorus)
4 1 6m
Low, lie the fields of Athenry
1 5
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
1 4
Our love was on the wing
1 5
We had dreams and songs to sing
5⁷ 1
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

By the lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.
Against the famine and the Crown,
I rebelled, they ran me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

(Repeat Chorus)

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

(Repeat Chorus)

Raglan Road

Written by Patrick Kavanagh
Suggested Key=C

1 4
On Raglan Road on an Autumn day
1 4 1
I saw her first and knew
4 1
That her dark hair would weave a snare
6m 5
That I might one day rue
4 1
I saw the danger yet I walked
6m 5
Along the enchanted way
1 4
And I said, "Let grief be a fallen leaf
1 4 1
At the dawning of the day."

On Grafton Street in November
We tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passion play
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay
Oh, I loved too much by such, and such
Is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind
I gave her the secret sign
That's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone
And her words and tint, without stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there and her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields in May

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now,
Away from me so hurriedly.
My reason must allow,
That I had loved, not as I should.
A creature made of clay.
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of the day.

The Green Fields of France

Written by Erik Bogel
Suggested Key=D

1 6m 4 2m
Well how do you do, young Willie McBride
5 5⁷ 4 1
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside
6m 4 2m
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun
5 5⁷ 4 1
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done
6m 5 2m
I see by your gravestone, you were only nineteen
5 4 6m 5⁷
When you joined the great fallen, in nineteen sixteen
1 6m 2m
I hope you died well, and I hope you died clean
5 5⁷ 4 1
Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene

(Chorus)
5 5⁷ 4 1
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly
5 5⁷ 4 5
Did they sound the death march, as they lowered you down
4 1 6m
Did the band play the Last Post in chorus
1 4 5 1
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen
Or are you a stranger, without even a name
Closed in forever, behind a glass pane
In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained
And faded to yellow, in a brown leather frame

(Repeat Chorus)

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies dance
The trenches have vanished long under the plow
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation, who were butchered and damned

(Repeat Chorus)

And I can't help but wonder, young Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died
And did they really believe when they answered the call
Did they really believe that this war would end wars
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the pain
The killing, the dying, were all done in vain
For Willie McBride, it all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again

(Repeat Chorus)

Irish Soldier Laddie

Written by Paddy McGuigan
Suggested Key=C

1
'Twas a morning in July
4 1
I was walking through Tipperary

When I heard a battle cry
6⁷ 2⁷ 5⁷
From the mountains over head

1
As I looked up in the sky
4 1
I saw an Irish soldier laddie
5⁷ 1
He looked at me right fearlessly and said

(Chorus)

5⁷ 1
"Will ye stand in the band like a true Irish man,
6m 2⁷ 5⁷
And go to fight the forces of the crown?
1 5⁷ 4
Will ye march with O'Neill to an Irish battle field?
1 5⁷ 1
For tonight we're going to free old Wexford town!"

Said I to that soldier lad
"Won't you take me to your captain?
T'would be my pride and joy,
For to march with you today.
My young brother fell at Cork,
And my son at Enniscorthy!"
Unto the noble captain I did say

(Repeat Chorus)

As we marched back from the field
In the shadow of the evening
With our banners flying low
To the memory of our dead
We returned unto our homes
But without my soldier laddie
Yet I never will forget those words he said

(Repeat Chorus)

Dirty Old Town

Written by Ewan MacColl
Suggested Key=C

1 4maj7 1
I met my love by the gasworks wall
 4 4maj7 1
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
4 6m 4maj7 1
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
 5 4maj7 6m
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
Will chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed a girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Dirty old town, dirty old town

A Nation Once Again

Written by Thomas Davis (1814 – 1845)
Suggested Key=G

1
When boyhood's fire was in my blood
4 5⁷ 1
I read of ancient freemen,
6m 1
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood
2m 5⁷
Three hundred men and three men
5
And then I prayed I yet might see
4 2⁷ 3⁷
Our fetters rent in twain
4 5
And Ireland, long a province, be
1 5 1
A Nation once again!

(Chorus)

1 4
A Nation once again
2m 5⁷
A Nation once again
1 6m 4 5
And Ireland, long a province, be
1 5 1
A Nation once again

And from that time, through wildest woe
That hope has shone a far light
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane
Its angel voice sang round my bed
A Nation once again

(Repeat Chorus)

It whispered too, that freedom's ark
And service high and holy
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a Godly train
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again

(Repeat Chorus)

So, as I grew from boy to man
I bent me to that bidding
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding
For, thus I hoped some day to aid
Oh, can such hope be vain
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again

(Repeat Chorus)

The Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional English Ballad
Suggested Key= C

1 4 1
Farewell to you, my own true love

6m 5⁷
I am sailing far away

1 4 1
I am bound for California

5 1
And I know that I'll return some day

(Chorus)

5 4 1
So fare thee well, my own true love

6m 5⁷
When I return, united we will be

1 4 1
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

5 1
But my darling, when I think of thee

Farewell to Princes' landing stage

River Mersey fare thee well

I am bound for California

A place I know right well

(Repeat Chorus)

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street,

Anson Terrace, and Park Lane

I am bound away for to leave you

I may never see you again

(Repeat Chorus)

I've signed on a Yankee clipper ship
"Davy Crockett" is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating shame

(Repeat Chorus)

I have sailed with Burgess once before,
I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along
If not, then he's sure in hell

(Repeat Chorus)

I am bound for California
By way of stormy Cape Horn
And I will write to thee a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

(Repeat Chorus)

The sun is setting on the harbor love
And I wish that I could remain
Because I know that it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

(Repeat Chorus)

The Orange and the Green

Written by A. Murphy (Tune: Rising of the Moon)
Suggested Key=C

1 5⁷
Me father was an Ulster man, proud protestant was he
4 1 5⁷ 1
Me mother was a Catholic girl, from County Cork was she
5⁷
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough
4 1 5⁷ 1
Until the day that I was born, then things got rather rough

(Chorus)

1 5⁷
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
4 1 5⁷ 1
Me father, he was Orange, and me mother, she was green

Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car
To be made a little Orangeman, me father's shining star
I was christened "David Anthony," but yet, in spite of that
To me father, I was William, to me mother I was Pat

(Repeat Chorus)

With mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll
Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save me soul
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
I'd play the flute or I'd play the harp, depending where I was

(Repeat Chorus)

Sometimes I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy
Me father would leap up and shout, "Look here William, me boy.
That's quite enough of that rot," he'd then toss me a coin
And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heroes of The Boyne

(Repeat Chorus)

One day, me mam's relations came 'round to visit me
By chance me father's kinfolk were just sitting down to tea
I tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight

(Repeat Chorus)

Me parents never could agree about me kind of School
Me learning was all done at home, no wonder I'm a fool
Well, they've both passed on, God rest 'em, but I am caught between
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, the Orange and the Green, oh, the Orange and the Green
Me father, he was Orange, and me mother, she was Green

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney
Our heroes vainly stood back to back
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy
And open Heaven to all your men
The cause that called you may call tomorrow
In another fight for the green again

The Irish Rover

Traditional, as sung by The Pogues and The Dubliners
Suggested Key=G

1 4
On the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six
1 5⁷
We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork
1 4
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
1 5⁷ 1
For the Grand City Hall in New York
5⁷
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
1 5⁷
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
1 4
She stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts
1 5⁷ 1
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horses' hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, and six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was ol' Mickey Coote, who played hard on his flute
And the ladies lined up for a set
He would tootle with skill for each sparkling quadrille
'Till the dancers were flooper'd and wet
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance, when he took up the stance
That he sailed on The Irish Rover

(Break)

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man, Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor 'tis always a bother in life
It's so lonesome by night and by day
That he longs for the shore, and a charming young whore
Who will melt all his troubles away
Oh, the noise and the rout, swillin' poiteen and stout
For him, soon, the torment's over
Of the love of a maid, he is never afraid
An old salt from the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost her way in the fog
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just meself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord! what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned (1,2, 3!)
I'm the last of The Irish Rover

(Break)

Maids When You're Young

Traditional
Suggested Key=D

1 5
An old man came courting me, hey dinga-doorum da
1 5
An old man came courting me, me being young
1 4 1 5
An old man came courting me, fain he would marry me
1 4 5⁷ 1
Maids, when you're young never wed an old man

(Chorus)

1 5⁷
Because he's got no faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
1 5⁷
He's got no faloorum, faliddle aye ay
1 4 1 5⁷
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
1 4 5⁷ 1
So, maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

When we went to church, hey dinga-doorum di
When we went to church, me being young
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

(Repeat Chorus)

When we went to bed, hey dinga-doorum da
When we went to bed, me being young
When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

(Repeat Chorus)

When he went to sleep, hey dinga-doorum da
When he went to sleep, me being young
When he went to sleep, out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man

And I found his faloorum, faliddle aye oorum
I found his faloorum, faliddle aye ay
I found his faloorum, he's got his ding-doorum
So maids when you're young, never wed an old man

Quare Bungle Rye

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1
Now, Jack was a sailor, who roved in the town
4 1 5⁷
And he met with a damsel who skipped up and down
1 4 1
Said the damsel to Jack, as she passed him by
4 1 4 1 5
“Would you care for to purchase some Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri?”

(Chorus)

5⁷ 1
Fol the diddle ay raddy rye raddy ri

Said Jack to himself, “Now, what can this be?
But the finest old whiskey from far Germany.
Smuggled up in a basket, and sold on the sly,
And the name that it goes by is Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri.”

(Repeat Chorus)

Jack gave her a pound, and he thought nothing strange
She said, “Hold on to me basket, while I run for your change.”
Jack looked in the basket, and a child he did spy
“Ah, be damned, then,” says Jack, “this is Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri.”

(Repeat Chorus)

Now, to get the child christened was Jack’s next intent
For to get the child christened, to the parson he went
Said the parson to Jack, “What will he go by?”
“Ah, be damned, then,” says Jack, “call him Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri.”

(Repeat Chorus)

Said the parson to Jack, "That's a very quare name."
"Ah, dammit," says Jack, "it's a queer way he came.
Smuggled up in a basket, and sold on the sly,
And the name that he'll go by is Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri."

(Repeat Chorus)

Now, all ye young sailors that roam through the town
Beware of them damsels, who skip up and down
Beware of them ladies, as you pass them by
Or else they might pawn on you Quare Bungle Rye Raddy Ri

(Repeat Chorus)

Molly Malone

Written by James Yorkston
Suggested Key=C

1 6m 4 5⁷
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
1 6m 4 5⁷
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
1 6m 5⁷
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow
1 6m 4 5⁷ 1
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

(Chorus)
1 5⁷
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live O
1 6m 2m 5⁷ 1
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

She was a fishmonger, and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
They both wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

(Repeat Chorus)

But I was a rover, and sailed the seas over
I bid my farewell to sweet Molly Malone
And as I was a-sailin', the wild winds were wailin'
Cryin' cockles and mussels alive, a-live, oh

(Repeat Chorus)

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, a-live, oh

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

The Rare Old Times

Written by Pete St. John
Suggested Key=C

(Chorus)

1 4 1 6m 4
Ring a ring a Rosie, as the light declines

1 4 5 1
I remember Dublin City in the rare old times

1 4 1 6m 4
Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown

1 4 1 5 5⁷
Are the passing tales and glories, that once was Dublin town

1 4 1 6m 4
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting children's rhymes

1 4 5⁷ 1
That once was Dublin City in the rare old times

(Repeat Chorus)

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory

(Repeat Chorus)

And I courted Peggy Dignan, as pretty as you please
A rogue and Child of Mary, from the rebel Liberties.
I lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul

(Repeat Chorus)

The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims my brain
'cause Dublin keeps on changing, and nothing seems the same
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down
As the great unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town

(Repeat Chorus)

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay
And watch the new glass cages, that spring up along the Quay
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new chimes
I'm part of what was Dublin, in the rare old times

(Repeat Chorus)

The Lord of the Dance

Written by Sydney Carter
Suggested Key=C

1
I danced in the morning when the world was young
5⁷
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun
1
I came down from heaven, and I danced on the earth
5⁷ 1
In Bethlehem I had my birth

(Chorus)

1
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
5⁷
I am the Lord of the dance, said He
1 6m
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
5⁷ 1
And I lead you all in the dance, said He

I danced for the scribes and the Pharisees
They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen James and John
They came with me, so the dance went on

(Repeat Chorus)

I danced on the Sabbath, and I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They ripped, they stripped, they hung me high
Left me there on the Cross to die

(Repeat Chorus)

I danced on a Friday when the world turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body, they thought I was gone
But I am the Dance, and the Dance goes on

(Repeat Chorus)

They cut me down, and I leapt up high
I am the life that will never, never die
I'll live in you, if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He

(Repeat Chorus)

Caledonia

Written by Dougie Maclean
Suggested Key=C

1 5
I don't know if you can see
6m 4
The changes that have come over me
1 5
In these last few days I've been afraid
6m 4
That I might drift away
1 5
I've been telling stories, singing songs
6m 4
That make me think about where I came from
1 5
That's the reason why I seem
6m 4
So far away today

(Chorus)

1 5
Oh, but let me tell you that I love you
6m 4
That I think about you all the time
1
Caledonia you're calling me
5 1
Now I'm going home
5
But if I should become a stranger
6m 4
You know that it would make me more than sad
1 5 1 (4maj7)
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

Now I have moved and kept on moving
Proved the points that I needed proving
Lost the friends that I needed losing
Found others on the way
Yes, I have tried and I've kept on trying
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
I have traveled hard with conscience flying
Somewhere with the wind

(Repeat Chorus and break)

Now I'm sitting here before the fire
The empty room, a forest choir
The flames have cooled, don't get any higher
They've withered now they've gone
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear
And I know what I will do tomorrow
When the hands have shaken, the kisses flowed
Then I will disappear

(Repeat Chorus)

From Clare to Here

Traditional
Suggested Key=G

4 5 1 5
There's four who share the room as we work hard for the crack
4 5 1 5 2m
And getting up late on Sunday I never get to Mass

(Chorus)

5⁷ 6m
It's a long, long way from Clare to here
2m 6m
It's a long, long way from Clare to here
4 5
Oh, it's a long, long way
1 2m
It get's further day by day
5 6m
It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around, we're only into fighting
My ma would like a letter home, but I'm too tired for writing

(Repeat Chorus)

The only time I feel alright, is when I'm into drinking
It can sort of ease the pain of it, and it levels out my thinking

(Repeat Chorus)

It almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green

(Repeat Chorus)

I sometimes hear the fiddles play, maybe it's just a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

The Rising of the Moon

Written by J. K. Casey (1846 – 1870)

Suggested Key=C

1 5⁷
And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so
4 1 5⁷ 1
Hush me buachaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow
1 5⁷
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon
4 1 5⁷ 1
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon
5⁷
At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
4 1 5⁷ 1
The pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me
One more word for signal token, whistle up the marching tune
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud-walled cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning's light
Murmurs passed along the valleys like the banshee's lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing at the rising of the moon
At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
A thousand pikes were flashing at the rising of the moon

All along that singing river, that dark mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune
And hoorah me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon
'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
And hoorah me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
And hoorah me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

Danny Boy

Written by Fred F. Weatherly (1848 – 1929)

Suggested Key=C

5⁷ 1 1⁷ 4
Oh Danny Boy the pipes, the pipes are calling
1 6m 2m 5⁷
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
1 1⁷ 4
The summer's gone and all the roses dying
1 2m 4 1
'Tis you 'tis you must go and I must bide

(Chorus)

1dim 5⁷ 1 3m 1
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
1 1dim 5⁷ 6m 4 3m 2m 5⁷
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
1⁷ 4 1 2⁷
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
5⁷ 1 2m 5⁷ 6b 1
Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy I love you so

And if ye come and all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

(Repeat Chorus)

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

(Repeat Chorus)

The Ballad of St. Anne's Reel

Sung by the Dubliners
Suggested Key=A

1
He was stranded in some tiny town
4 1
On fair Prince Edward Island
5⁷
Waitin' for a ship to come and find him
4 1
A one-horse place, a friendly face
4 1
Some coffee and a tiny trace
5⁷ 1
Of fiddlin' in the distance far behind him

A dime across the counter then
A shy hello, a brand new friend
A walk along the street in the wintry weather
A yellow light, an open door
And a "Welcome friend, there's room for more"
Soon they're standing there inside together

5⁷
He said I've heard that tune somewhere before
1
But I can't remember when
5⁷
Was it on some other friendly shore
1 6m
Or did I hear it on the wind
1
Was it written on the sky above
4 1
I think I heard it from someone I loved
4 5⁷ 1
But I never heard it sound so sweet since then

(Break: guitar, fiddle, mandolin)

Now his feet begin to tap
A little boy says, I'll take your hat
He's caught up in the magic of his smile
And leaped the heart - inside him
when off across the floor he sent
His clumsy body graceful as a child

He said there's magic in the fiddler's arm
There's magic in this town
There's magic in the dancers' feet
And the way they put them down
People smilin' everywhere
Boots and ribbons, locks of hair
Laughter and old blue suits and Easter gowns

(Break: guitar, fiddle, mandolin, banjo, bodhran)

Now the sailor's gone, the room is bare
The old piano's settin' there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
And empty chairs, the wooden floor
That feels the touch of shoes no more
A-waitin' for the dancers to come back

And the fiddle's in the closet
Of some daughter of the town
The strings are broke and the bow is gone
And the cover's buttoned down
But sometimes on December nights
When the air is cold and the wind is right
There's a melody that passes through this town

(Break: guitar, fiddle, mandolin, banjo, bodhran, whistle)

The Ferryman

Traditional
Suggested Key=G

1
All the little boats are gone
4 1
From the breast of Anna Liffey
4 5⁷
And the ferrymen are stranded on the quay
1
The Dublin docks are dying
5
And a way of life is gone
5⁷ 1
And Molly it was part of you and me

(Chorus)

5⁷
Where the strawberry beds
4 1
Sweep down to the Liffey
4 5⁷
You'll kiss away the worries from my brow
1
I love you well today
3m 4 1
And I'll love you more tomorrow
5⁷ 1
If you ever loved me Molly, love me now

'Twas the only job I knew
It was hard but never lonely
The Liffey Ferry made a man of me
Now it's gone without a whisper
Forgotten even now
Sure it's over Molly, over, can't you see

(Repeat Chorus)

Well now I spin my yarns
And spend my days in talking
I hear them whisper Charley's on the dole
But Molly we're still living
And Darling we're still young
And the river never ruled my heart or soul

(Repeat Chorus)

Kelly of Killane

Written by P. J. McCall
Suggested Key=G

1 4 1 6m
What's the news, what's the news oh me bold Shelmalier
1 5⁷ 1 4 1
With your long barreled guns from the sea
4 1 6m
Say what wind from the south brings your messenger here
1 5⁷ 1
With the hymn of the dawn for the free
4 1
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth
4 5⁷
Goodly news shall you hear Bargy man
1 4 1 6m
For the boys march at dawn from the South to the North
1 5⁷ 1
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killane

Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair
He who strides at the head of your band
Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare
He looks like a king in command
Ah, me boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers
'Among our greatest of heroes a man
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the boy from Killane

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won
Tomorrow the Barrow we'll cross
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateway to Ross
All the Forth men and Bargy men will march o'er the heath
With brave Harvey to lead in the van
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killane

(slowly, ad lib)

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross
And it set by the Slaney's red waves
And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on a cross
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves

(a tempo)

Glory-o, glory-o to the brave men who died
For the cause of long down-trodden man
Glory-o to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride
Dauntless Kelly, the boy from Killane

As I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst
When the barrel hit the pulley wheel and then the bottom burst
Well, a shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope
As I lay there moaning on the ground, I let go of the bloody rope

The barrel than being heavier, it started down once more
And landed right across me, as I lay upon the floor
Well, it broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today

The Minstrel Boy

Written by Thomas Moore (tune: The Moreen)
Suggested Key=G

5⁷ 1 4 1 6m
The minstrel boy to the war is gone
4 1 5⁷ 1
In the ranks of death you will find him
4 1 6m
His father's sword he hath girded on
4 1 5⁷ 1
And his wild harp slung behind him
5 2m 3m 1
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
4 1 4 5⁷ 1
"Tho' all the world betray thee,
4 3m 4
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
6m 1 5⁷ 1
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chains
Could not bring that proud soul under
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

You are My Sunshine

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1 1⁷
The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
4 1
I dreamed I held you in my arms
4 1
But when I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
5 1
So I hung my head and I cried.

(Chorus)

1⁷
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
4 1
You make me happy when skies are gray
4 1
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
5⁷ 1
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you will only say the same
But if you leave me and love another
You'll regret it all some day.
(Repeat Chorus)

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between
But now you've left me and love another
You have shattered all of my dreams.
(Repeat Chorus)

In all my dreams, dear, you seem to leave me
When I awake my poor heart pains
So when you come back and make me happy
I'll forgive you dear, I'll take all the blame.
(Repeat Chorus)

The Spanish Lady

Traditional
Suggested Key=D

1 6m
As I went down through Dublin City
4 5⁷
At the hour of twelve at night
1 6m
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady
4 1 4 5⁷
Washing her feet by candlelight
1 5⁷
First she washed them, then she dried them
6m 5⁷
Over a fire of amber coal
1 6m
In all my life I ne'er did see
4 1 2m 5⁷
A maid so sweet about the soles

(Chorus)

1
Whack fol the toora loora laddie
4 6m 5
Whack fol the toora loora lay
1
Whack fol the toora loora laddie
4 5⁷
Whack fol the toora loora lay

As I came back through Dublin City
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam

(Repeat Chorus)

As I went back through Dublin City
As the sun began to set
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net
When she saw me, then she fled me
Lifting her petticoat o'er her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so shy as the Spanish lady

(Repeat Chorus)

I've wandered North and I've wandered South
Through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandy's house
Old age has laid her hand on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
In all my life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as the Spanish lady

(Repeat Chorus)

Wild Mountain Thyme

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1 5 6m 4 5⁷ 1
O the summer time has come, and the trees are sweetly blooming
4 5 6m 4 2m 4
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather

(Chorus)

1 4 1
Will you go, lassie, go
4 6m 1
And we'll all go together
4 5⁷ 6m 4 2m 4
To pluck wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather
1 4 1
Will you go, lassie, go

I will build my love a bower by yon crystal flowing fountain
And on it I Shall pile all the flowers of the mountain

(Repeat Chorus)

If my true love will not go, then I'll surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather

(Repeat Chorus)

I will build my love a shelter by yon clear mountain stream
And my love shall be the fairest that the summer sun has seen

(Repeat Chorus)

Star of the County Down

Traditional

Suggested Key=Am (C)

6m 4 1 5
In Banbridge Town in the County Down
6m 4 5
One morning last July
6m 4 1 5
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen
6m 4 5 6m
And she smiled as she passed me by
1 5
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
6m 5
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
6m 4 1 5
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
6m 4 5 6m
To be sure I was really there

(Chorus)

1 5
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
6m 5
And from Galway to Dublin Town
6m 4 1 5
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen
6m 4 5 6m
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I gazed with a feelin' rare
And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair?"
He smiled at me and he say's, say's he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down."

(Repeat Chorus)

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
To win the heart of my nut brown rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough with rust turns brown
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

(Repeat Chorus)

The Waxies Dargle

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1 4 1
Says my oul wan to your oul wan, will you come to the Waxies Dargle^{*)}
 4 5 1
Says my oul wan to your oul wan, sure I haven't got a farthin'
 4 5⁷
I've just been down to Monto Town to see young Kill McArdle
1 4 5⁷ 1
But he wouldn't give me a half a crown to go to the Waxies Dargle

(Chorus)

1 4 5
What will you have? Will you have a pint? I'll have a pint with you, sir
1 4 5 1
And if one of you doesn't order soon, we'll be thrown out of the boozer

Says my aul one to your aul one will you come to the Galway Races
Says your aul one to my aul one with the price of my aul lad's braces
I went down to Capel Street to the Jew man money lenders
But they wouldn't give me a couple of bob on me oul lad's red suspenders

(Repeat Chorus)

Says my aul one to your aul one we have no beef or mutton
But if we go down to Monto Town we might get a drink for nothin'
Here's a nice piece of advice I got from an aul fishmonger
When food is scarce and you see the hearse you know you've died of hunger

(Repeat Chorus)

^{*)} Annual candle maker's outing in Bray, Co. Wicklow

Come by the Hills

Written by W. G. Smith
Suggested Key=D

1 4 3m 4 1
Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
 4 1 4maj7 5
Stand where the peaks meet the sky and the loughs meet the sea
 1 1⁷ 4 1 5
Where rivers run clear, the bracken is gold in the sun

(Chorus)

1 4 1 4 1
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait 'till this day is done

Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song
Stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all day long
Where the trees sway in time, even the wind sings in tune

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, come by the hills to the land where legend remains
The stories of old fill the heart, and may yet come again
Where the past has been lost, the future is still to be won

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
Stand where the peaks meet the sky, and the loughs meet the sea
Where the rivers run clear, the bracken is gold in the sun

(Repeat Chorus)

Red is the Rose

Traditional (tune: Loch Lomond)

Suggested Key=C

1 6m 2m 4
Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass
1 3m 4 5
Come over the hills to your darling
4 3m 4 2m 4
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
1 6m 4 5 1
And I'll be your true love forever

(Chorus)

1 6m 2m 4
Red is the rose by yonder garden grows
1 3m 4 5
And fair is the lily of the valley
4 3m 4 2m 4
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
1 6m 4 1 2m 5 1
But my love is fairer than any

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
And the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
And she swore she'd be my true love forever

(Repeat Chorus)

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
It's all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
Now my heart is broken forever

(Repeat Chorus)

Fiddler's Green

Written by W. Connolly
Suggested Key=C

1 6m
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
1 2m 2m⁷ 5⁷
To view the salt water and take the sea air
4 1 3m
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
2m 4 5⁷
Won't you take me away boys, me time is not long

(Chorus)

1 5 1
Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
4 1 5
No more on the docks I'll be seen
4 1 3m
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
2m 5⁷ 1
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

(Repeat Chorus)

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

(Repeat Chorus)

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin' to sing me a song

(Repeat Chorus)

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

(Repeat Chorus)

The Scotsman's Kilt

Written by Mike Cross
Suggested Key=D

1 4 5 1
A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair
 4 1 4 5
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share
4 1 4 5
He fumbled 'round until he could no longer keep his feet
1 4 5 1
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street

(Chorus)

4
Oh, Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
1 5
Ring di-diddlee-aye ay

1 4 5 1
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls just happened by
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
"See yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built?
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt."

(Repeat Chorus)

"I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt."

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold, for them to see, beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

(Repeat Chorus)

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment, then one said "We must be gone."
"Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show

(Repeat Chorus)

Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show

When the Scotsman woke to nature's call, he stumbled towards a tree
Behind a bush, he lifts his kilt, and gawks at what he sees
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes
"My friend, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize!"

(Repeat Chorus)

"My friend, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize!"

The Foggy Dew

Written by Father Canon Charles O'Neill
Suggested Key=G

2m 1
As down the glen one Easter morn
4 2m
Through a city fair rode I
1
There armed lines of marching men
4 2m
In squadrons did pass me by
4 1 4
No pipe did hum, no battle drum
2m
Did sound out its loud tattoo
1
But the Angelus' bell o'er the Liffey's swell
4 2m
Rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Brave men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns with their long-range guns
Sailed into the foggy dew

But the night fell black and the rifle's crack
Made perfidious Albion reel
Through that leaden hail seven tongues of flame
Did shine o'er the lines of steel
By each shining blade a prayer was said
That to Ireland her sons would be true
And when morning broke, still the green flag shook out
Its folds in the foggy dew

It was England bade our Wild Geese go
That small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
Or had fought along with brave Cathal Brugha
Their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell, and the requiem knell
Rang out mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springtime of the year
And the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men and few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew

As back through the glen I rode again
And my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with those gallant men
I ever will see no more
But to and fro in my dreams I go
And I'll kneel and I'll say a prayer for you
For slavery fled, oh you gallant dead
When you fell in the foggy dew

Weila Weila

Traditional
Suggested Key=D

1
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods
4 1
A weila weila waila

5
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods
5⁷ 1
Down by the River Saile

She had a baby three months old
A weila weila waila
She had a baby three months old
Down by the River Saile

She had a penknife long and sharp
A weila weila waila
She had a penknife long and sharp
Down by the River Saile

She stuck the penknife in the baby's head
A weila weila waila
The more she stabbed it, the more it bled
Down by the River Saile

Three loud knocks came knocking on the door
A weila weila waila
Two policemen and a man
Down by the River Saile

"Are you the woman who killed the child?"
A weila weila waila
"Are you the woman who killed the child?"
Down by the River Saile

“Yes, I’m the woman who killed the child”

A weila weila waila

“Yes, I’m the woman who killed the child”

Down by the River Saile

They took her away, and they hung her by the neck

A weila weila waila

They took her away, and they hung her by the neck

Down by the River Saile

And that was the end of the woman in the woods

A weila weila waila

That was the end of the baby too

Down by the River Saile

And the moral of the story is

A weila weila waila

Don’t stick knives in baby’s heads

Down by the River Saile

(Or anywhere else, for that matter)

The priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse
Instead of a blessing, he breathed a curse
T'was a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive
For one short hour is your time to live

Upon yon river three tenders float
The priest's on one, if he isn't shot
We hold this house for our lord and king
And amen say I, may all traitors swing

At Geneva barracks that young man died
And at Passage they have his body laid
Good people who live in peace and joy
Breathe a prayer, shed a tear, for the Croppy Boy

The Town I Loved So Well

Sung by the Dubliners

Suggested Key=F (capo 5th fret)

1 5 4 1
In my memory I will always see
4 1 5
The town that I have loved so well
1 5 4 1
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall
4 1 5 1
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell
4 5 1
Going home in the rain running up the dark lane
2m 4 5
Past the jail and down behind the fountain
1 5 4 1
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
4 1 5⁷ 1
In the town I have loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
Called women from Craigeen, the moor and the bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role
Fed the children, and then trimmed the dog
And when times got rough, there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
For the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we could all understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
As I played in a small pick up band
There I spent my youth, and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I'd learned 'bout life, and I'd found me a wife
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned, how my eyes have burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armored cars, and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by that old gas yard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
To the town that I loved so well

Now the music's gone, but they still carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget, for their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done, and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
In the town I loved so well

James Connolly / The Irish Rebel

Traditional
Suggested Key=G

1 1⁷ 4 1
A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmainham
4 1 2⁷ 5⁷
With their heads all uncovered, they knelt on the ground
1 1⁷ 4 1
For inside that grim prison lay a true Irish soldier
4 1 5⁷ 1
His life for his country about to lay down

He went to his death like a true son of Ireland
The firing party he bravely did face
Then the order rang out, "Present arms" and "Fire!"
James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel

The Four Courts of Dublin, the English bombarded
The spirit of freedom, they tried hard to quell
But above all the din, came a voice, "No Surrender!"
'Twas the voice of James Connolly, the Irish rebel

Many years have now passed since the Irish Rebellion
When the guns of Britannia, they loudly did speak
And the bold IRA stood shoulder to shoulder
And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street

Shame on you England, you cruel hearted monster
Your foul deeds would shame all the devils in hell
There are no flowers blooming, but the shamrock's still growing
On the grave of James Connolly, the Irish rebel

Whistling Gypsy Rover

Traditional
Suggested Key=E

1 5⁷ 1 5⁷
A gypsy rover came over the hill,
1 5⁷ 1 5⁷
Down through the valley so shady
1 5⁷ 1 1⁷ 4
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
1 4 1 4 1
And he won the heart of a lady

(Chorus)
1 5⁷ 1 5⁷
Ha dee do ha dee do da dae
1 5⁷ 1 5⁷
Ha dee do ha dee dae dee
1 5⁷ 1 1⁷ 4
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
1 4 1 4 1
And he won the heart of a lady

She left her father's castle gate
She left her own fond lover
She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy rover

(Repeat Chorus)

Her father saddled his fastest steed
Roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover

(Repeat Chorus)

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river so shady
And there was music, and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady

(Repeat Chorus)

He is no gypsy, my father, she said
But lord of these lands all over
And I will stay 'til my dyin' day
With my whistlin' gypsy rover.

(Repeat Chorus)

He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady

Salonika

Sung by the Dubliners
Suggested Key=C

1 5
Oh me husband's in Salonika and I wonder if he's dead
5⁷
And I wonder if he knows he has a kid with a foxy head
1 5⁷
So right away, so right away
1
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
When the war is over what will the slackers do
They'll be all around the soldiers for the loan of a bob or two
So right away, so right away
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
And when the war is over what will the soldiers do
They'll be walking around with a leg and a half
And the slackers they'll have two
So right away, so right away
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
And they taxed the pound of butter and they taxed the ha'penny bun
And still with all their taxin' they can't bate the bloody Huns
So right away, so right away
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
They taxed the Colosseum and they taxed St. Mary's Hall
Why don't they tax the Bobbies with their backs again' the wall
So right away, so right away
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
When the war is over what will the slackers do
For every kid in America, in Cork there will be two
So right away, so right away
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

They takes us out to Blarney and they lays us on the grass,
They puts us in the family way and they leaves us on our arse,
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy.

There's no lino in the parlour and in the kitchen too,
And there's a lovely glass back chiffonier we got from Dickie Drew,
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy.

Never marry a soldier, a sailor, or a marine,
But keep your eye on that Sinn Fein boy with his yellow, white and green,
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy.

Barbara Allen

Traditional
Suggested Key=E

1
In Scarlet town where I was born
5⁷ 1
There was a fair maid dwelling
5⁷
And every youth cried well a-day
5 1
Her name was Barbara Allen

Twas in the merry month of May
The green buds were a-swellin'
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen

He sent a servant unto her
To the place where she was dwelling
Saying "you must come to his deathbed now
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly she got up
Slowly, she came nigh him
And the only words to him she said
"Young man I think you're dying."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the death bell knellin'
And every stroke it seemed to say
"Hardhearted Barbara Allen!"

Oh mother, mother dig my grave
Make it long and make it narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow

They buried her in the old churchyard
Sweet William buried beside her
And from his grave grew a red, red rose
From her grave, a green briar

They grew and grew to the steeple top
Till they could grow no higher
And there they twined in a true love's knot
Red rose around green briar

Four Green Fields

Words and music by Tommy Makem
Suggested Key=D

1 5 1 4 1
What did I have, said the fine old woman
1 5 1 6m 4 5
What did I have, this proud old woman did say
1 5 6m 1 4 5
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
1 5 6m 4 5
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
1 5 6m 1 4 5
I had fine strong sons, they fought to save my jewels
4 1 (6m) 1 5 1
They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman
What have I now, this proud old woman did say
I have four green fields one of them's in bondage
In strangers' hands, that tried to take it from me
But my sons have sons, as brave as were there fathers
My fourth green field, will bloom once again, said she

Three Score and Ten

Sung by the Dubliners
Suggested Key=D

(Chorus)

1 6m 4 1
And it's three score and ten, boys and men were lost from Grimsby town
5 1 4 1 5⁷
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough many hundreds more were drowned
1 4 1 6m 4 1
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks, as well
5 4 5⁷
They long did fight that bitter night
1 5⁷ 1
The battle with the swell

Methinks I see a host of craft, spreading their sails alee
Down the Humber they do glide, all bound for the Northern Sea
Me thinks I see on each small craft, a crew with hearts so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread
Upon the restless wave

(Repeat Chorus)

Methinks I see them yet again, as they leave this land behind
Casting their nets into the sea, the herring shoals to find
Me thinks I see them yet again, they're all on board all right
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned off
And the side lights burning bright

(Repeat Chorus)

Methinks I've heard the captain say, me lads we'll shorten sail
With the sky to all appearances looks like an approaching gale
Me thinks I see them yet again, midnight hour is past
The little craft a-battling there
Against the icy blast

(Repeat Chorus)

October's night brought such a sight, 'twas never seen before
There were masts and yards and broken spars a-washing on the shore
There were many a heart in sorrow, many a heart so brave
There were many a fine and hearty lad
That met a watery grave

(Repeat Chorus)

Auld Lang Syne

Written by Robert Burns. Sung in this form by U2 in Dublin, 1982
Suggested Key=D

1 5⁷
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
1 4
And never brought to mind
1 5⁷
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
3⁷ 6m 2m 5⁷ 1
And days of auld lang syne
1 5⁷
For auld lang syne, my dear,
1 4
For auld lang syne,
1 5⁷
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
3⁷ 6m 2m 5⁷ 1
And days of auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
We've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear
Sin' auld lang syne
We've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne

We twa hae sported i' the burn
From morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear
Sin' auld lang syne
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne

And ther's a hand, my trusty friend
And gie's a hand o' thine
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

The last Thing on my Mind

By Tom Paxton
Suggested Key=G

1 4 1
It's a lesson too late for the learning
5 1
Made of sand, made of sand
4 1
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
5 1
In your hand, in your hand

(Chorus)

5 4 1
Are you going away with no word of farewell
3m 5
Will there be not a trace left behind
1 4 5 3m
Well, I could have loved you better, I didn't mean to be unkind
5 4 1
You know that was the last thing on my mind

You've got reasons a-plenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go

(Repeat Chorus)

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin'
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'
Underground, underground

(Repeat Chorus)

As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Every song in my breast dies a borning
Without you, without you

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

Jambalaya

By Hank Williams
Suggested Key=D

1 5
Goodbye Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh
1
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
5
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh
1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

(Chorus)

1 5
Jambalaya crawfish pie and a fillet gumbo
1
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my machez a mio
5
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay oh
1
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Instrumental verse (country fiddle solo)

The Thibodeaux, the Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

(Repeat Chorus)

Break (country fiddle solo)

(Repeat Chorus)

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

San Antonio Rose

By Bob Wills © 1940 Bourne Co, ASCAP
Suggested Key=C

1 1⁷ 4 5⁷
Deep within my heart lies a melody

 5⁺⁷ 1
A song of old San An - tone

 1⁷ 4 2⁷
Where in dreams I live with a memory

 5⁷ 1
Beneath the stars all alone

 1⁷ 4 2⁷
It was there I found beside the Alamo

5⁷ 1
Enchantment strange as the blue up above

 1⁷ 4 2⁷
A moonlit pass only she would know

5⁷ 1
Still hears my broken song of love

5 5dim 2⁷ 5⁷ 2 7m 2⁹
Moon in all your splendor, know on-ly my heart

2 7m 2⁹ 5
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone

5dim 5 2⁷ 5⁷ 2 2⁹
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart

2 7m 2⁹ 5 5⁷
Speak once a - gain of my love, my own

1 1⁷ 4 2⁷ 5⁷
Broken song, empty words I know

 5⁺⁷ 1
Still live in my heart all a - lone

 1⁷ 4 2⁷
For that moonlit pass by the Alamo

5⁷ 1
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone

Óró 'Sé Do Bheatha 'Bhaíle

Traditional

Suggested Key=Am(C)

(Chorus)

6m

Ó-ró sé do bhea-tha 'bhai-le

5

Ó-ró sé do bhea-tha 'bhai-le

6m

5

Ó-ró sé do bhea-tha 'bhail-e

3m

5

6m

A 'nois ar theacht an tsam-hraidh

6m

Sé do bhea-tha bhean ba léan-mhar

5

B'é ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéi-bhinn

6m

Do dhú-iche bhreá i seil-bh méir-leach

3m

5

6m

'S tú diol-ta leis na Ghallaibh

(Repeat Chorus)

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile

Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda

Gaeil iad féin 's ní Gaill ná Spáinnigh

'S cuirfid siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh

(Repeat Chorus)

A bhui le Ri na bhfeart go bhfeiceam

Muna mbeam beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain

Gráinne Mhaol agus mile gaiscioch;

Ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh

(Repeat Chorus)

The Old Triangle

Traditional, as sung by The Dubliners
Suggested Key=D

1
A hungry feeling
3m
came o'er me stealing
4 1
And the mice were squealing
2⁷ 4
In my prison cell

(Chorus)

1
And the old triangle
3m
Went jingle jangle
4 1
All along the banks
5⁷ 1
Of the Royal Canal

The lags were sleeping
Humpy Gussie was peepin'
As I lay there weepin'
For my gal Sal

(Repeat Chorus)

To begin the morning
The screw was bawling
"Get up, ye bozie
And clean up your cell!"

(Repeat Chorus)

Up in the female prison
There are seventy-five women
And among them
I wish I did dwell

Then the old triangle
Could go jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

Many years have passed since those brave men are gone
Those cold, icy waters, they're still and they're calm
Many years have passed and still I wonder why
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die

(Repeat Chorus)

Banks of the Ohio

Traditional
Suggested Key=A

1 5
I asked my love to take a walk
5⁷ 1
To take a walk, just a little way
1⁷ 4
And as we walked, and as we talked
1 5⁷ 1
About our golden wedding day

(Chorus)

1 5
Then only say that you'll be mine
5⁷ 1
In no other arms entwined
4
Down beside where the waters flow
1 5⁷ 1
Along the banks of the Ohio

I asked your mother for you my dear
And she said you were too young
Only say that you'll be mine
Happiness in my home you'll find

(Repeat Chorus)

I held a knife against her breast
As gently in my arms she pressed
Crying Willie, oh Willie, don't murder me
For I'm unprepared for eternity

(Repeat Chorus)

I took her by her lily white hand
Led her down where the waters stand
I picked her up and threw her in
Watched her as she floated down

(Repeat Chorus)

I started back home twixt twelve and one
Crying my God, what have I done
I've murdered the only woman I love
Because she would not be my bride

(Repeat Chorus)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
But 'tis Albert Mooney she loves still

(Repeat Chorus)

Kevin Barry

Traditional
Suggested Key=G

1
In Mountjoy Jail one Monday morning
High upon the gallows tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty
Just a lad of eighteen summers
Yet no one can deny
As he walked to death that morning
He proudly held his head on high
Just before he faced the hangman
In his dreary prison cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell.
The names of his brave companions
And other things they wished to know
"Turn informer, or we'll kill you."
Kevin Barry answered "No!"
Calmly standing to attention
As he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother
Whose sad grief no one can tell
For the cause he proudly cherished
This sad parting had to be
Then to death walked, softly smiling
That old Ireland might be free

Another martyr for old Ireland
Another murder for the Crown
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish
But can't keep their spirit down
Lads like Barry are no cowards
From the foe they will not fly
Lads like Barry will free Ireland
For her sake they'll live and die

Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Written by Ed and Patsy Bruce
Suggested Key=C

(Chorus)

1 4
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
5
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
1
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers 'n such
4
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
5
'Cause they'll never stay home, and they're always alone
1
Even with someone they love.

1 1⁷ 4
A cowboy ain't easy to love and he's harder to hold
5 1
And it means more to him to give you his song than silver or gold
1⁷
Budweiser buckles and soft faded Levis
4
And each night begins a new day
5
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
1
He'll probably just ride away

(Repeat Chorus)

A cowboy loves smoky old poolrooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him
And them that do sometimes don't know how to take him
He's ain't wrong, he's just different, but his pride won't let him
Do something to prove that he's right

(Repeat Chorus)

O'Connell's Steam Engine

Traditional, sung by the Dubliners
Suggested Key=A

1
Oh, people of heart, I pray you pay attention
4 1 5 2⁷
And listen to what I'm about to relate
1
Concerning a woman I overheard talking
4 1 5⁷ 1
As I was returning late home from a wake.
5⁷ 1
As I rode along, sure I saw an old woman
5⁷ 1
Who sat in the gap, she was milking her cow
4 1
She was jigging that tune called "Make Haste to the Wedding"
4 1 5⁷ 1
Or some other ditty, I can't tell you now.

Ah, the next came along, it was a bold tinker
Who happened by chance to be passing that way
The day being fine, they sat down together
"What news of that man?" the old woman did say
"There's no news at all ma'am," replied the bold tinker
"The people all wish that he never had been.
He's a damnable rogue of a Daniel O'Connell,
And he's now making babies in Dublin by steam."

"Are no children around," replied the old woman,
"Or has the quare fellow gone crazy at last?
Or is it a sign of a war or rebellion,
Or what is the reason he wants them so fast?"
"It's not that at all ma'am," replied the bold tinker
"The children of Ireland, they're getting too small.
It's O'Connell's petition to the new Lord Leftenant,
That he won't let us make them the old way at all."

“By this pipe in me mouth,” replied the old woman
“And that’s a strong oath on me soul for to say;
But I am an old woman, and if I was near him
I’d bet you me life that he’d rue the day.”
“For the people of Ireland, they’re very well known
They gave him their earnings while needing them bad.
And now he is recompensing them for it,
By taking the only diversion they had.”

“Alight to your coach ma’am,” replied the bold tinker
“Long may you live now with youth on your side.
If all the young girls in Ireland were like you,
O’Connell could throw his steam engine aside.”
“If I had the young men of Ireland around me,
And girls making babies as fast as they can,
And whenever her Majesty wanted an army
We’d be able to send her as many as Dan.”

Scarborough Fair

Traditional

Suggested Key=Am (C)

6m 5 6m
Are you going to Scarborough fair?

1 6m 1 5 6m
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

1 5
Remember me to one who lives there

6m 5 6m
For once she was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without any seam or fine needlework
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where water ne'er sprung, no drop of rain fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Oh, will you find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and the sea strand
Or never be a true love of mine

Oh, will you plough it with a lamb's horn
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Or never be a true love of mine

And when you have done and finished your work
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then come to me for your cambric shirt
And you shall be a true love of mine

The D-Day Dodgers

Hamish Henderson (tune: Lily Marlene)
Suggested Key=G

1 5⁷
We're the D-Day Dodgers, way off in Italy
1
Always on the vino, always on the spree
4 1 5⁷
Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks
5⁷ 1
We live in Rome, among the Yanks
5⁷ 1 5⁷ 1 (5dim)
We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy (2x)

We landed in Salerno, a holiday with pay
The Gerries brought the bands out, to greet us on the way
Showed us the sights and gave us tea
We all sang songs, the beer was free
To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy (2x)

Naples and Casino were taken in our stride
We didn't go to fight there, we went just for the ride
Anzio and Sangro were just names
We only went to look for dames
The artful D-Day Dodgers way out in Italy (2x)

Dear Lady Astor, you think you're mighty hot
Standing on the platform talking tommyrot
You're England's sweetheart and her pride
We think your mouth's too bleeding wide
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy (2x)

Look around the mountains in the mud and rain
You'll find the scattered crosses, the sum that have no name
Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone
The boys beneath them slumber on
They are the D-Day Dodgers, who stay in Italy (2x)

His friends assembled at the wake
And missus Finnegan called for lunch
First, they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch
Then Biddy O'Brien began to cry
"Such a lovely corpse did you ever see?
Arrah! Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"
"Arrah! Hold your gob" says Paddy McGee

(Repeat Chorus)

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"Oh, Biddy," says she, "You're wrong I'm sure."
But Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Each side in war did soon engage
'Twas woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

(Repeat Chorus)

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
The whiskey splattered over Tim
Tim revives! See how he rises
Tim Finnegan jumping from the bed
Said, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead?"

(Repeat Chorus)

Mountain Dew

Written by Samuel Lover
Suggested Key=C

1 4
Let the grasses grow and the waters flow
1 5⁷
In a free and easy way
1 4
But give me enough of that rare old stuff
1 5⁷ 1
That's made near Galway Bay

Policemen all from Donegal
6m
Sligo, and Leitrim too
1 4
We'll give 'em the slip, and we'll take a sip
1 5⁷ 1
Of that rare old mountain dew

(Chorus)

1 4
Skiddle-le Idle deedel dum, skiddle-le idle deedle dum
1 5⁷
Skiddle-le um-a-didel diddley-um day
1 4
Skiddle-le Idle deedel dum, skiddle-le idle deedel dum
1 5⁷ 1
Skiddle-le um-a-didle diddly-um day

There is a still at the foot of the hill
Where the smoke curls up to the sky
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitin boys close by
For it fills the air with a perfume rare
And betwixt both me and you
At home we roll, we can drink a bowl
Or a bucket full of mountain dew

(Repeat Chorus)

Now learned men as use the pen
Have writ the praises high
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green
Distilled from wheat and rye
Away with your pills, it'll cure all ills
Be ye Pagan, Christian, or Jew
So take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucket full of mountain dew

(Repeat Chorus)

Courting in the Kitchen

Traditional
Suggested Key=D

1 5⁷
Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention
1 4 5⁷
Don't ever fall in love, 'tis the devil's own invention
1
For once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitching
4 (6⁷ 2m) 2m (2⁷) 5⁷
Miss Henrietta Bell down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

(Chorus)

1 5⁷
With me toora loora la, with me toora loora laddie
1 5⁷ 1
Me toora loora la, and me toora loora laddie

At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green, where miss Henri used to go, sir
Her manners were so fine, she set my heart a-twitchin'
When she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

Sunday being the day we were to have the flare-up
I dressed myself quite gay, and I washed and oiled me hair up
The Captain had no wife, and he had gone a-fishin'
So we kicked up high life, down below stairs in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

Just as the clock struck six, we sat down to the table
She made me tay and cakes, and I ate what I was able
I had cakes with punch and tay, till me side had got a stich in
And the time passed quick away with our courtin' in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

With me arms around her waist, she slyly hinted marriage
When to the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage
Her looks told me full well – and they were not bewitchin'
That she wished I'd get to hell, or somewhere from the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher
And over head and heels threw me slap into the fire
My new Repealer's coat that I bought from Mr. Mitchel
With a thirty shilling note went to blazes in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

I grieved to see me duds all besmeared with smoke and ashes
When a tub of dirty suds right in me face she dashes
As I lay upon the floor, the water she kept pitchin'
'Till a footman broke the door, and came chargin' in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

When the Captain came downstairs tho' he seen me situation
In spite of all me prayers, I was marched off to the station
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin'
And I had to tell the tale of how I came into the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial
For assault they did indict me, and I was sent for trial
She swore I robbed the house, in spite of all her screechin'
And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen

(Repeat Chorus)

The Merry Ploughboy

Written by Brendan Behan
Suggested Key=A

1 5 5⁷ 1
Oh, I am a merry ploughboy, and I plough the fields all day
5 5⁷ 1
'Till a sudden thought came to me mind, that I should roam away
5 5⁷ 1
Well, I'm sick and tired of slavery, since the day that I was born
5 5⁷ 1
So, I'm off to join the I.R.A., and I'm off tomorrow morn

(Chorus)

5
Well, I'm off to Dublin in the green, in the green
5⁷ 1
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
5 5⁷
Where the bayonets clash, and the rifles crash
1
To the rattle of the Thompson gun

I'll leave aside me pick and spade, and I'll leave aside me plough
I'll leave aside me old gray mare, for no more I'll need them now
And I'll leave aside me Mary, She's the girl that I adore
Well, I wonder if she'll think of me, when she hears the cannons roar

(Repeat Chorus)

And when the war is over, and dear old Ireland's free
I'll take her to the church to wed, and a rebel's wife she'll be
Well, some men fight for silver, and some men fight for gold
But the I.R.A. are fighting for the land that the Saxons stole

(Repeat Chorus)

The Boys of the Old Brigade

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

(Chorus)

1 4 1 5⁷
Oh, father why are you so sad on this bright Easter morn
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
When Irish men are proud and glad of the land where they were born
5⁷ 1 5⁷
Oh, son, I see in memories few of far off distant days
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
When being just a lad like you, I joined the I.R.A.

(Chorus)

5⁷ 1 5⁷
Where are the lads who stood with me when history was made
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
Oh, Gra mo chroi, I long to see the boys of the old brigade

In hills and farms the call to arms was heard by one and all
And from the glens came brave young men to answer Ireland's call
'Twas long ago we faced the foe, the old brigade and me
And by my side they fought and died, that Ireland might be free

(Repeat Chorus)

And now, my boy, I've told you why on Easter morn I sigh
For I recall my comrades all, from old dark days gone by
I think of men who fought in glens with rifles and grenades
May Heaven keep the men who sleep from the ranks of the old brigade

(Repeat Chorus)

Bob jumped up and started and got in a flutter
And he put his old flute in the bless'd holy water
He thought that it might now make some other sound
When he played it again it played "Croppies, Lie Down"
Now, for all he could whistle, and finger, and blow
To play Papish music, he found it "no go"
"Kick the Pope," "The Boyne Water," and such like t'would sound
But one Papish squeak in it could not be found

At the council of priests that was held the next day
They decided to banish the old flute away
They couldn't knock heresy out of its head
So, they bought Bob a new one to play in its stead
Now, the old flute was doomed, and its fate was pathetic
T'was fastened and burned at the stake as heretic
As the flames soared around it, they heard a strange noise
T'was the old flute still whistling "The Protestant Boys."

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye

Music by Patrick Gilmore

Suggested Key=Em (G) or capo 2 Bm (D)

6m 1
While going the road to sweet Athy, a-roo, ha-roo
6m 1 3m⁷
While going the road to sweet Athy, a-roo, ha-roo
6m 5
While going the road to sweet Athy
4 3m⁷
A stick in me hand and a tear in me eye
6m 5 4 3m⁷
A doleful damsel I heard cry
6m 5 6m
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Chorus)

With your drums and guns and guns and drums, a-roo, ha-roo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums, a-roo, ha-roo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye
Me darlin' dear, you look so queer
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are your eyes that looked so mild, a-roo, ha-roo
Where are your eyes that looked so mild, a-roo, ha-roo
Where are your eyes that looked so mild
When me poor heart you first beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

Where are your legs that used to run, a-roo, ha-roo
Where are your legs that used run, a-roo, ha-roo
Where are your legs that used to run
When ye went to carry a gun
Indeed, your dancing days are done
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

It grieved me heart to see you sail, a-roo, ha-roo
It grieved me heart to see you sail, a-roo, ha-roo
It grieved me heart to see ye sail
Though from me heart ye took leg bail*)
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a leg, a-roo, ha-roo
Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a leg, a-roo, ha-roo
Ye haven't an arm and ye haven't a leg
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg
You'll have to be put with a bowl out to beg
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

I'm happy for to see ye home, a-roo, ha-roo
I'm happy for to see ye home, a-roo, ha-roo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Sulloon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

But sad it is to see ye so, a-roo, ha-roo
But sad it is to see ye so, a-roo, ha-roo
But sad it is to see ye so
And I think of ye now as an object of woe
Your Peggy'll still keep ye on as her beau
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

(Repeat Chorus)

*) leg bail: flight

The Rose of Allendale
Sweet Rose of Allendale
One maiden form withstood the storm
'Twas the Rose of Allendale

And when my fever'd lips were parched
On Afric's burning sands
She whispered hopes of happiness
And tales of distant lands
My life has been a wilderness
Unblessed by fortune's gale
Had fate not linked my lot to hers
The Rose of Allendale

The Rose of Allendale
The Rose of Allendale
Had fate not linked my lot to hers
The Rose of Allendale

Spancil Hill (Orig.)

Michael Considine (around 1870) Original version
Suggested Key=Am(C)

6m 5 6m 5 6m
Last night as I lay dreaming of the pleasant days gone by
My mind being bent on rambling and to Erin's Isle I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and sailed out with a will
Till I gladly came to anchor at the Cross of Spancil Hill

Enchanted by the novelty, delighted with the scenes
Where in my early childhood, I often times have been
I thought I heard a murmur, I think I hear it still
'Tis that little stream of water at the Cross of Spancil Hill

And to amuse my fancy, I lay upon the ground
where all my school companions, in crowds assembled 'round
Some have grown to manhood, while more their graves did fill
Oh, I thought we were all young again, at the Cross of Spancil Hill

It being on a Sabbath morning, I thought I heard a bell
O'er hills and valleys sounded, in notes that seemed to tell
That Father Dan was coming, his duty to fulfill
At the parish church of Clooney, just one mile from Spancil hill

And when our duty did commence, we all knelt down in prayer
In hopes for to be ready, to climb the Golden Stair
And when back home returning, we danced with right good will
To Martin Moilens music, at the Cross of Spancil Hill

It being on the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair
Sure, Erin's sons and daughters, they all assembled there
The young and the old, the stout and the bold, they came to sport and kill
What a curious combination, at the Fair of Spancil Hill

I went into my old home, as every stone can tell
The old breen was just the same, and the apple tree over the well
I miss my sister Ellen, my brothers Pat and Bill
Sure I only met strange faces at my home in Spencil Hill

I went to see my neighbors to hear what they might say
The old were getting feeble, and the young ones turning grey
I met with tailor Quigley, he's as brave as ever still
Sure he always made my breeches when I lived in Spencil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love
She's as pure as any lily and as gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me saying "Mike, I love you still"
She's Mack the Ranger's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill

I thought I stooped to kiss her, as I did in days of yore,
Says she, "Mike you're only joking, as you often were before"
The cock crew on the roost again, he crew both loud and shrill
And I awoke in California, far far from Spencil Hill

But when my vision faded, the tears came in my eyes
In hope to see that dear old spot, some day before I die
May the Joyous King of Angels, His Choicest Blessings spill
On that Glorious spot of Nature, the Cross of Spencil Hill

The Wild Rover

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1 4
I've been a wild rover for many a year
1 5⁷ 1
And I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
4
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
1 5⁷ 1
And I never will play the wild rover no more

(Chorus)

5⁷ 1 4
And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more

I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
Such a custom as yours I can have any day

(Repeat Chorus)

I took out of me pocket, ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest"

(Repeat Chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've caressed me as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

The Old Dun Cow

Traditional

Suggested Key=Am(C)

6m

Some friends and I in a public house

5

6m

Were playin' a game of chance one night

5

4

3

When into the pub a fireman strode

4

3

His face all chalky white.

6m

"What's up," says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,

5

6m

Or have you seen me Aunt Mariah?"

5

4

3

"Your Aunt Mariah be bugged!" says he,

4

3

"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

"Fire," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.

Everybody follow me.

We'll go down to the cellar, if the fire's not there

Then we'll have a drinking spree."

So we went on down after good old Brown

For booze we could not miss

And we hadn't been there five minutes before

We were all quite pissed

(Chorus)

And there was Brown upside down

Lappin' up the whiskey from the floor.

"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried

As they came knockin' at the door

Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up

Somebody shouted MacIntyre! MACINTYRE!

And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk

When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
Started takin' off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on," says Brown, "that ain't allowed
Ye canna do that in here.
Don't go washin' trotters in the port wine tub
When we got some low carb beer.

(Repeat Chorus)

And then there came to the old back door
The Vicar of our local church
And when he had seen our drunken ways
He began to scream and curse
"You drunken sods, you heathen clods
You've taken to a drunken spree
And you drank up all that Benedictine Brandy
And didn't save a drop for me!"

(Repeat Chorus)

And then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof gave way
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose
But we were gonna stay
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat there drinkin' their finest rum
Until we was bleary-eyed

(Repeat Chorus)

Later that night when the fire was out
We came up from the cellar below
Our pub was burned, our booze was drunk
And our heads were a-hangin' low
"Oh look," says Brown, with a look quite queer
It seemed something caught his ire
"We've gotta get down to Murphy's pub
It closes on the hour!"

Nora

Traditional
Suggested Key=C

1 1⁷ 4
The violets were scenting the woods, Nora
1 2⁷ 2m 5⁷
Displaying their charms to the bees
1 1⁷ 4 2⁷
When I first said I loved only you, Nora
1 5 1 1⁷
And you said you loved only me

(Chorus)

4 1
The chestnuts bloom - gleamed through the glade, Nora
5 2⁷ 5 5⁷
A Robin sang loud from every tree
1 1⁷ 4 2⁷
When I first said I loved only you, Nora
1 5 1
And you said you loved only me

The golden-dewed Daffodils shone, Nora
And danced on the breeze on the lea
When I first said I loved only you, Nora
And you said you loved only me

(Repeat Chorus)

The trees, birds, and bees sang a song, Nora
Of happier transports to be
When I first said I loved only you, Nora
And you said you loved only me

(Repeat Chorus)

And as I went home on a Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed, where my old boots should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots beneath the bed, where my old boots should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you can not see
They're two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But laces in Geranium pots I never saw before

And as I went home on a Friday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you can not see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

And as I went home on a Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two hands upon her ... where my old hands should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them hands upon your ... where my old hands should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you can not see
That's a lovely nightgown that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But fingers in a nightgown, sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a ..., where my ... should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that ..., where my ... should be

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you can not see
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But hair on a tin whistle sure I never saw before

Mormond Braes

Scottish traditional
Suggested Key=G slowly

1 5⁷ 1 4 5⁷
As I went doon by Strichen toon, I heard a fair maid mourning
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
She was making sair complaint for her true love ne'er returning

(Chorus)

1 5⁷ 1 4 5⁷
Fare thee well, ye Mormond Braes, where oft times I've been cheery
1 4 1 5⁷ 1
Fare thee well, ye Mormond Braes, for it's there I've lost my dearie

(Break)

There's many a horse has snappert an' fa'en, and rise again fu' rarely
Many a lass has lost her lad, and gotten another right early

(Repeat Chorus. Break)

There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were taken
I'll cast me net and try again, for I'm only ainst forsaken

(Repeat Chorus. Break)

So, I'll put on me gown of green, it's a forsaken token
And that will let the young lads know that the bonds of love are broken

(Repeat Chorus. Break)

So, I'll gang back to Strichen toon, where I was bred and born in
And I will get another young lad, to marry me in the morning

(Chorus, Repeat 2nd line of Chorus)

doon: down
toon: town
sair: sorrowful
snappert an' fa'en: stumbled and fallen
fu' : full
ainst: once

Whiskey You're the Devil

Traditional, adapted with new words by The Clancy brothers and Tommy Makem
Suggested Key=C

(Chorus)
1 1⁷ 4 1
Whiskey, you're the devil, you're leadin' me astray
4 1 2⁷ 5⁷
Over hills and mountains and to Americae
1 1⁷ 4
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tae
1 5⁷ 1
Oh, whiskey, you're my darlin' drunk or sober

1 5⁷
Oh, now, brave boys, we're on the march and off to Portugal and Spain
4 1 2⁷ 5⁷
The drums are beating, banners flying, the devil a-home will come tonight
1 5⁷ 1
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
5⁷ 4 1
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie, oh
5⁷ 1
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

(Repeat Chorus)

The French are fighting boldly, men dying hot and coldly
Gives ev'ry man his flask of powder, his farlock on his shoulder
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie, oh
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

(Repeat Chorus)

Said the mother: "Do not wrong me, don't take my daughter from me.
For if you do, I will torment you, and after death a ghost will haunt you."
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie, oh
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

(Repeat Chorus)

Bantry Girls Lament

Traditional
Suggested Key=G

(Chorus)

1 5
Oh, who will plough the fields now, and who will sell the corn
1 5 1
And who will watch the sheep now, and keep them neatly shorn
4 1 5
And the stack that's in the haggard, unthreshed it will remain
1 5 1
Since Johnny went a-thrashing, all in the wars of Spain

And the girls from the bawnogue in sorrow may retire
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, he's sailing o'er the main
Along with other patriots, to fight the King of Spain

And the boys will surely miss him when Moneymore comes 'round
And they'll grieve that their brave captain is nowhere to be found
And the peelers^{*)} must stand idle, against their will and main
For the gallant boy who gave them work now peels the King of Spain

(Break)

At wakes and hurling matches, your likes we'll seldom see
Till you come home again to us, a stor gra geal mo chroi
And won't you trounce the buckeens who show us great disdain
Because our eyes are not as bright as those you'll meet in Spain

And if cruel fate does not permit our Johnny to return
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and pain
Since Johnny died for freedom's sake in the foreign land of Spain

*) peelers: policemen

Blue Moon of Kentucky

Written by Bill Monroe

Suggested Key=C (capo 5th fret)

(Intro)

1 4 1 5⁷ 1
Blue moon, blue moon, blue moon, keep shining bright

1⁷
Blue moon, keep on shining bright

4 6m7⁻⁵
You're gonna bring me back my baby tonight

1 5⁷ 1
Blue moon, keep shining bright

4
I said blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining

1 5⁷
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

1 4
I said blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining

1 5⁷ 1
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

4 1
Well, it was on one moonlight night, stars shining bright

4 1 5⁷
Whispered on high love said good-bye

1 4
Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining

1 5⁷ 1
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue

(Break)

(Repeat song, except for first line of the intro)

When Irish Eyes are Smiling

Written by Chauncey Olcott & George Graff, Jr., music by Ernest Ball
Suggested Key=G

1
There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
5⁷ 1 5⁷
For it never should be there at all
1 6⁷
With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd bequile
2⁷ 5 5⁷
So there's never a teardrop should fall

When your sweet liltin' laughter's like some fairy song
1 1⁷ 4
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
2⁷ 5
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile
2⁷ 5 5⁷
And now smile a smile for me

(Chorus)

1 5 1 4 1
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring
4 1 6⁷ 2⁷ 5 5⁷
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing
1 5 1 1⁷ 4 1
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay
4 1 6⁷ 2⁷ 5⁷ 1
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart
And it makes even sunshine more bright
Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long
Comes your laughter so tender and light
For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all
There is ne'er a real care or regret
And while springtime is ours throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile each chance we get

(Repeat Chorus)

It was early one fine summer's morning
A little before it was day
I dipped her three times in the river
And carelessly bid her "Good day!"

(Repeat Chorus)

The Rocks of Bawn

Traditional, adapted by the Clancy brothers and Tommy Makem
Suggested Key=C

1 4 1 4 1
Come, all you loyal heroes, wherever you may be
4 1 4 1 6m
And don't hire with any master 'til you know what your work will be
4 1 4 1 4 5
For you must rise up early from the clear daylight of dawn
1 4 1 4 1
And I know that you'll never be able to plow the rocks of Bawn

And it's rise up, lovely Sweeney, and give your horse some hay
And give him a good feed of oats before you ride away
Don't feed him on soft turnips, put him out on your green lawn
And I know that he'll never be able to plow the rocks of Bawn

My curse attend you Sweeney, for you have me nearly robbed
A-sittin' by the fireside with your doudeen in your gob
A-sittin' by the fireside from the clear daylight 'till dawn
And I know that you'll never be able to plow the rocks of Bawn.

My shoes they are well worn out, my stockings they are thin
And my heart is always trembling, for fear they'll let in
And my heart is always trembling, from the clear daylight of dawn
Afraid I'll never be able to plow the rocks of Bawn

I wish the Queen of England would write to me in time
And place me in some regiment, in all my youth and prime
I'd fight for Ireland's glory from the clear daylight of dawn
And I never would return again to plow the rocks of Bawn

I Once Loved a Lass

Traditional, arranged by the Clancy brothers and Tommy Makem
Suggested Key=C

1 4
I once loved a lass, and I loved her so well
1 7 5
That I hated all others that spoke of her ill
1 4 1
But now she's rewarded me well for my love
7 1
She's gone to be wed to another

When I saw my love go through the church door
With bride and bride maidens, they made a fine show
And I follow the man with my heart full of woe
For now she is wed to another

When I saw my love a-sit down to dine
I sat down beside her and I poured out the wine
And I drank to the lass that should have been mine
But now she is wed to another

The men of yon forest, they ask it of me
How many strawberries grow in the salt sea
And I ask of them back with a tear in my eye
How many ships sail in the forest

So dig me a grave and dig it so deep
And cover it over with flowers so sweet
And I'll turn in for to take a long sleep
And maybe in time I'll forget her

So they dug him a grave and they dug it so deep
They covered it over with flowers so sweet
And he's turned in for to take a long sleep
And maybe by now he's forgotten

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse
If it be a boy child, he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do

(Repeat Chorus)

Come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one, he beguiled me
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee

(Repeat Chorus 2x)

For years Mick eluded their soldiers and spies
For he was the master of clever disguise
With the Custom House blazing, she found t'was no use
And soon Mother England had asked for a truce
Oh, when will the young men a sad lesson learn
That brother on brother they never should turn
Alas that a split in our ranks 'ere we saw
Mick Collins stretched lifeless in lone Beal na Bla

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, long will old Ireland be seeking in vain
Ere we find a new leader to match the man slain
A true son of Grainne, his name long will shine
Oh, gallant Mike Collins, cut off in his prime

(Repeat Chorus)

Joe McDonnell

Written by Brian Warfield (The Wolfe Tones)
Suggested Key=G

1 4 1
Oh me name is Joe McDonnell, from Belfast town I came
4 1 5
That city I will never see again
1 4 1
For in the town of Belfast, I spent many happy days
4 1 5
I loved that town in oh, so many ways
4 1 4 5 4
For it's there I spent my childhood and found for me a wife
1 5
I then set out to make for her a life
1 4 1
But all my young ambition met with bitterness and hate
4 1 5
I soon found myself inside a prison gate

(Chorus)

4 1 5 1
And you dare to call me a terrorist while you look down your gun
4 1 5
When I think of all the deeds that you have done -
1
You have plundered many nations, divided many lands
4 5
You have terrorized their people, ruled with an iron hand
1 5 5⁷
And you brought this reign of terror to my land

Through those many months internment in the Maidstone and the Maze
I thought about my land throughout those days
Why my country was divided, why I was now in jail
Imprisoned without crime or without trial
And though I love my country, I am not a bitter man
I've seen cruelty and injustice at first hand
So then one fateful morning, I shook bold freedom's hand
For right or wrong I tried to free my land

(Repeat Chorus)

Then one cold October's morning, trapped in the lion's den
I found myself in prison once again
I was committed to the H-Blocks for fourteen years or more
On the "blanket" the conditions they were poor
Then a hunger strike we did commence for the dignity of man
But it seemed to me that no one gave a damn
But now I am a saddened man, I've watched my comrades die
If only people cared or wondered why

(Repeat Chorus)

May God shine on you, Bobby Sands
For the courage you have shown
May your glory and your fame be widely known
And Francis Hughes and Ray McCreesh
Who died unselfishly
And Patsy O'Hara, and the next in line is me
And those who lie behind me
May your courage be the same
And I pray to God my life was not in vain

Ah but sad and bitter was the year of 1981
Everything I've lost, and nothing's won

Scotland the Brave

Scottish traditional
Suggested Key=A

1
Hark when the night is falling, hear, hear the pipes are calling
4 1 5
Loudly and proudly calling down thro' the glen

1
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping
4 1 5 1
High as the spirits of the old highland men

(Chorus)

5 1
Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame
6m 5 2⁷ 5
Long may your proud standards gloriously wave

1
Land of my high endeavor, land of the shining river
4 1 5 1
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the brave

High in the misty highlands, out by the purple islands
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens eyes

(Repeat Chorus)

Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain
Where tropic skies are beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again

(Repeat Chorus)

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course
Well now he is here at the head of the Force.
I met him today, I was crossing the strand
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand
And there we stood talking of days that are gone
While the whole population of London looked on;
But for all these great powers, he's wishful, like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here — Oh, never you mind —
With beautiful shapes nature never designed.
And lovely complexions all roses and cream,
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same
That if at those roses you venture to sip
The colors might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Last of the Great Whales

Written by Andy Barnes
Suggested Key=G

1 4 1 4 5⁷ 1
My soul has been torn from me and I am bleeding
 4 1 4 5⁷ 1
 My heart it has been rent and I am crying
 4 1 5 2⁷ 5
All the beauty around me fades and I am screaming
 1 4 1 4 5⁷ 1
I am the last of the great whales and I am dying

Last night I heard the cry of my last companion
The roar of the harpoon gun and then I was alone
I thought of the days gone by when we were thousands
But I know that I soon must die - the last leviathan

This morning the sun did rise crimson in the north sky
The ice was the color of blood and the winds they did sigh
I rose for to take a breath it was my last one
From a gun came the roar of death and now I am done

Oh now that we are all gone there's no more hunting
The big fellow is no more it's no use lamenting
What race will be next in line? All for the slaughter
The elephant or the seal or your sons and daughters

My soul has been torn from me and I am bleeding
My heart it has been rent and I am crying
All the beauty around me fades and I am screaming
I am the last of the great whales and I am dying

And so since time began we have been hunted
Through oceans that were our home we have been haunted
From Eskimos in canoes to mighty whalers
Still you ignored our plea, none came to save us

The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Written by Eric Bogle

Suggested Key=A (capo 2nd fret)

1 4 1 6m
When I was a young man I carried me pack
1 5⁷ 1
And I lived the free life of the rover
4 1 6m
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback
5⁷ 1
I waltzed my Matilda all over
5 4 1
Then in 1915 my country said: Son,
5 4 1
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done
4 1 6m
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
1 5⁷ 1
And they sent me away to the war
1 4 1
And the band played Waltzing Matilda
1 4 1
When the ship pulled away from the quay
4 1 6m
And amid all the tears, flag waving and cheers
1 5⁷ 1
We sailed off for Gallipoli

Well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell they call Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk, he was ready, he primed himself well
He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shell
And in five minutes flat, we were all blown to hell
He nearly blew us back home to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
When we stopped to bury our slain
Well we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again

Oh those that were living just tried to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
While around me the corpses piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I awoke in me hospital bed
And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead
I never knew there was worse things than dying

Oh no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and near
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind and the insane
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
And when the ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the Band played Waltzing Matilda
When they carried us down the gangway
Oh nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
Then they turned all their faces away

Now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Renewing their dreams of past glories
I see the old men all tired, stiff and worn
Those weary old heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call
But year after year, their numbers get fewer
Someday, no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the billabong
So who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?

For What Died the Sons Of Róisín?

Written by Luke Kelly
Suggested Key=Any (spoken)

For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it fame?
For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it fame?
For what flowed Irelands blood in rivers,
That began when Brian chased the Dane,
And did not cease nor has not ceased,
With the brave sons of '16,
For what died the sons of Róisín, was it fame?

For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it greed?
For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it greed?
Was it greed that drove Wolfe Tone to a paupers death in a cell of cold wet
stone?
Will German, French or Dutch inscribe the epitaph of Emmet?
When we have sold enough of Ireland to be but strangers in it.
For What Died the Sons of Róisín, was it greed?

To whom do we owe our allegiance today?
To whom do we owe our allegiance today?
To those brave men who fought and died that Róisín live again with pride?
Her sons at home to work and sing,
Her youth to dance and make her valleys ring,
Or the faceless men who for Mark and Dollar,
Betray her to the highest bidder,
To whom do we owe our allegiance today?

For what suffer our patriots today?
For what suffer our patriots today?
They have a language problem, so they say,
How to write "No Trespass" must grieve their heart full sore,
We got rid of one strange language now we are faced with many, many more,
For what suffer our patriots today?

Net Hauling Song

Written by Ewan MacColl
Suggested Key=G

1 5
It's busk ye, me boys, get you up on the deck
4
And take up your stations for hauling the nets
1 5 4
And mind you pull together lads all through the night
1 5
And sweat in your oilskins until it's daylight
1 4 5
With a heaving and a hauling and shaking of nets

It's when we're at hauling we're living on hope
The boy in the locker, the lads on the ropes
The fellows in the hold, to our hauling the nets
And shaking the herring out on to the deck
With a heave and a haul and the shaking of nets

It's net after net we pull up from the sea
With a haul and a shake and a one, two and three
The herring are a-piling around our sea boots
And slithering and sliding down into the chutes
With a heaving and a hauling and shaking of nets

It's hour after hour we are hauling away
All through the long night till the dawn of the day
The captain's in the wheelhouse he's on the R T
And the cook's in the galley a-brewing the tea
And we're heaving and hauling and shaking the nets

Now the season is over so be on your way
And head for the home port to sign for your pay
Your missus will be waiting to welcome you home
It's so hard for a wife to be so much alone
And you're finished with heaving and hauling of nets

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
As you're following the shoals of herring

Oh, I earned me keep and I paid me way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring

You're net boatman now always on the move
And you're learning all about seafaring
That's your education - lots of navigation
As you hunt the bonnie shoals of herring

(Dramatic, like the intro)
Night and day the seas were daring
Come wind or calm or winter gale
Sweating our cold, growing up, growing old - or dying
As you hunt the bonnie shoals of herring

