



# A Celtic Songbook

As of Feb. 23, 2023

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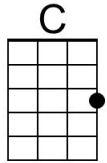
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# Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (C)

## Galway Bay by John McDermott from "Songs of the Isles" (2004)

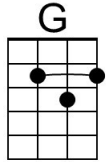
**Intro**

G G7 C G7  
*(light a penny candle from a star)*



C G G7 C  
 If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

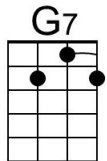
C C7 F Cdim7  
 You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh, *(area where the River Corrib meets Falway Day)*



G G7 C G7  
 And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

C G  
 Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,

G7 C  
 The women in the meadow making hay,  
 C C7 F Cdim7  
 Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

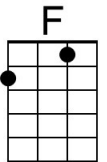


G G7 C G7  
 And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play. *(boys or lads)*

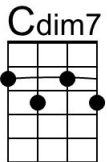
C G  
 For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

G7 C  
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

C C7 F Cdim7  
 And the women in the uplands digging praties *(Irish potatoes)*



G G7 C G7  
 Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



C G  
 Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

G7 C  
 And they scorned us just for being what we are

C C7 F Cdim7  
 But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

G G7 C G7  
 Or light a penny candle from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*

C G G7 C  
 And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

C F Cdim7 G G7 C  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

C F Cdim7 G G7 F - C  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

**Bari**

**G**

**G7**

**F**

**Cdim7**

# I'll Tell Me Ma (aka "Belle of Belfast City") (G)

[I'll Tell Me Ma / Belle of Belfast City](#) by The Irish Rovers

**Intro (4 measures)** G D D7 G

## Chorus

G D D7 G  
I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone.

G D D7 G  
They pull my hair, they stole my comb, but that's all right 'til I go home.

G C G D7  
She is handsome, she is pretty, she's the belle of Belfast City.

G C G D D7 G  
She is courtin', one, two, three. Please won't you tell me who is she?

G D D7 G  
Now Albert Mooney says he loves her, an' all the boys are fighting for her.

G D  
Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell,

D7 G  
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?"

G C G D7  
Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

G C  
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,

G D D7 G  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye. **Chorus**

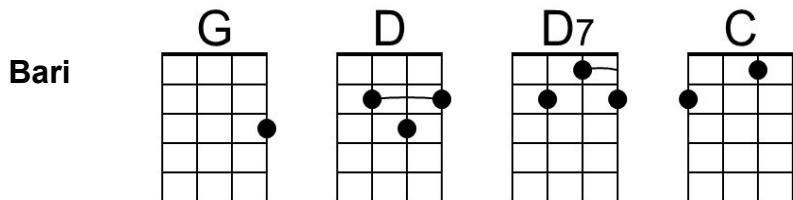
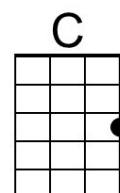
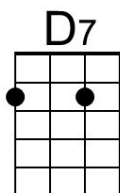
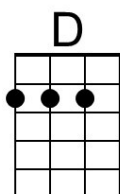
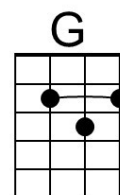
G D  
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

D7 G  
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.

G D7 D G  
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!

G C G D7  
An' when she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she comes home.

G C G D D7 G  
Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)**



# I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover (G)

Mort Dixon & Harry Woods, 1927

I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover by Nick Lucas (1927)

I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover by The Andrews Sisters (1948)

Start note G

## Intro

A7 D7 G D7

Last line: that I over-looked be-fore

G A7  
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

D7 Em  
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

A7 D7  
The third is the roses, that grow in the lane.

G A7  
No need explaining, the one remaining, is somebody I adore

C Am7 Bm E7 A7 D7 G D7  
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked be-fore

G A7  
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

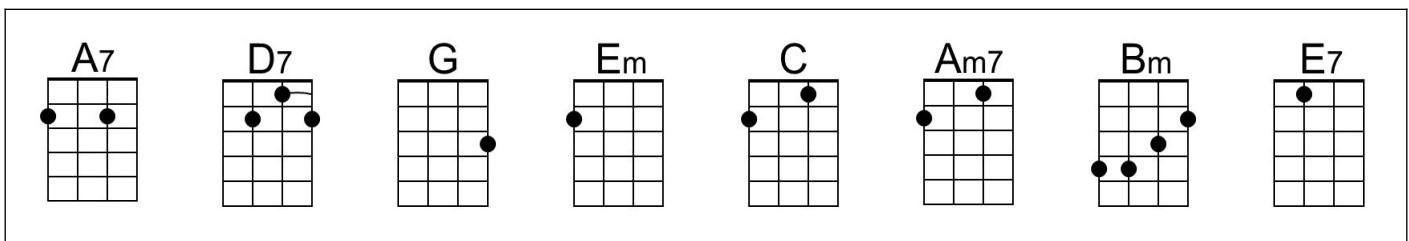
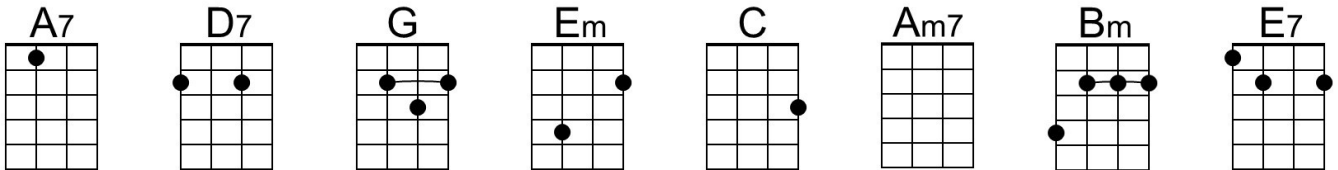
D7 Em  
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

A7 D7  
The third is the roses, that grow in the lane.

G A7  
No need explaining, the one remaining, is somebody I adore

C Am7 Bm E7 A7 D7  
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked,

A7 D7 A7 D7 G D7 G  
that I over-looked, that I over-looked be-fore.    ↑↓ ↓ (up down DOWN)

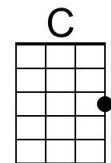
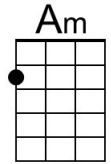
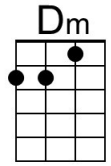


# The Leprechaun (P. W. Joyce, 1853) (Dm)

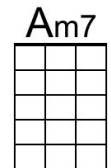
The Leprechaun by Mary O'Hara – The Leprechaun by Margaret Barry

**Intro** (Drone like - down strum) Dm ↓↓↓↓

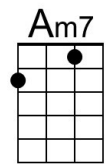
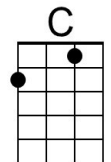
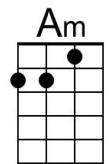
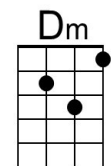
Dm Am Dm  
In a shady nook one moonlit night, a leprechaun I spied  
Am C Dm  
In a scarlet cap and coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side ( **croosh-kin** )  
C Dm  
'Twas tick, tack, tick, his hammer went, u-pon a weeny shoe,  
Dm C Dm Am  
Oh, I laughed to think of his purse of gold,  
Dm Am7 Dm  
But the fairy was laughing too!  
Dm Am Dm Am7 Dm  
The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laugh-in' too!



Dm Am Dm  
With tip-toe step and beating heart, quite softly I drew nigh  
Am C Dm  
There was mischief in his merry face, a twinkle in his eye;  
C Dm  
He hammered and sang with a tiny voice, and drank his mountain dew;  
Dm C Dm Am  
Oh, I laughed to think he was caught at last,  
Dm Am7 Dm  
But the fairy was laughing too!  
Dm Am Dm Am7 Dm  
The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laugh-in' too!



Dm Am Dm  
As quick as thought I seized the elf, "Your fairy purse," I cried,  
Am C Dm  
"The purse?" said he, "tis in her hand, that lady by your side."  
Am C Dm  
I turned to look, the elf was off, and what was I to do?  
Dm C Dm Am  
Oh! I laughed to think what a fool I'd been,  
Dm Am7 Dm  
But the fairy was laughing too!  
Dm Am Dm Am7 Dm  
The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laugh-in' too!



*From a recording by harpist Mary O'Hara. The words and music are in P. W.. Joyce, Ancient Irish Music (1873), pp. 100-101, and Herbert Hughes, Irish Country Songs., Vol. 3 (1935), pp. 1-4. The tune, taken down by Joyce from Joseph Martin, Limerick ballad singer, 1853, and later from Jane Murphy (no date).*

According to P. W. Joyce, a *cruiskeen* is a small jar; *mountain dew* is "potteen" or illicit whiskey.

Robert Dwyer Joyce was the younger brother of Patrick Weston (P.W.) Joyce.



# Molly Malone ("Cockles and Mussels") (Traditional) (C)

Molly Malone by The Dubliners – Molly Malone by The Irish Rovers

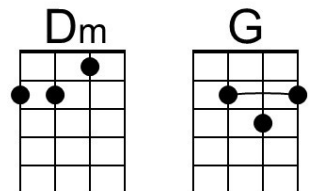
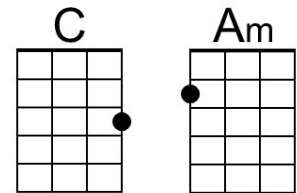
**C** **Am** **Dm** **G**  
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

**C** **Em** **Dm** **G**  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

**C** **Am**  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,

**Dm** **G**  
Through streets broad and narrow,

**C** **Em** **G** **C**  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



## Chorus

**C** **Am** **Dm** **G**  
"Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh",

**C** **Em** **G** **C**  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive, oh".

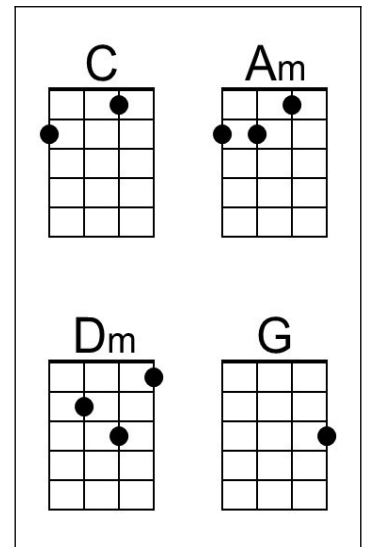
**C** **Am** **Dm** **G**  
She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,

**C** **Em** **Dm** **G**  
For so were her father and mother before,

**C** **Am**  
And they each wheeled their barrow,

**Dm** **G**  
Through streets broad and narrow,

**C** **Em** **G** **C**  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



**C** **Am** **Dm** **G**  
She died of a fever, and no one could save her,

**C** **Em** **Dm** **G**  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

**C** **Am**  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,

**Dm** **G**  
Through streets broad and narrow,

**C** **Em** **G** **C**  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

**C** **Em** **G** **C**  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

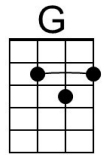
**Chorus**

**Chorus**

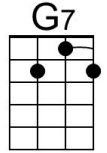
# Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) (G)

Pretty Irish Girl by Sean Connery & Janet Munro (G)  
 "Darby O'Gill And The Little People" (1959)

**Intro** Am C A7 G D7 G D7  
~~I love the ground she walks upon -- my pretty Irish girl~~

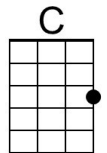


D7 G G7 C C7  
 Have you ever seen the seagulls, a-flyin' o'er the heather?



G Em A7 D7  
 Or the crimson sails on Galway Bay the fishermen un-furl?

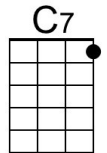
G G7 C C7  
 Oh, the earth is filled with beauty, and it's gathered all to-gether



G Em A7 D7  
 In the form and face and dainty grace of a pretty Irish girl

## Chorus

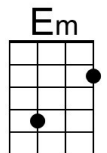
G D7 C G  
 Oh, she's my dear, my darlin' one, her eyes so sparklin' full of fun



C G A7 D7  
 No other, no other, can match the likes of her

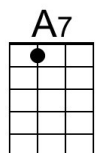
G D7 C G  
 She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and be-guilin' one

Am C A7 G (A7) D7 G D7  
 I love the ground she walks upon - my pretty I - r i s h girl



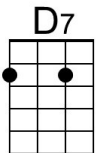
D7 G G7 C C7  
 Have you ever seen the morning, in Kerry and Kil-larney?

G Em A7 D7  
 When the dew is on the hayrick, and ev'ry drop a pearl ?



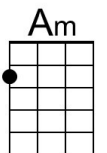
G G7 C C7  
 When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic

G Em A7 D7  
 And standing in the doorway is a pretty Irish Girl? **Chorus**



D7 G G7 C C7  
 When I'm parted from my darlin', my sighs would sail a schooner

G Em A7 D7  
 And when I cannot reach her, sure my tears would turn a mill



G G7 C C7  
 Since she cannot be un-kind, to any helpless creature

G Em A7 D7  
 I think that I will marry me a pretty Irish girl!

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# Nancy Mulligan (Ed Sheeran, 2017) (Am)

[Nancy Mulligan](#) by Ed Sheeran (Official Video)

[Nancy Mulligan](#) by Ed Sheeran (Music video of Irish Dancers)

[Video of Nancy Mulligan](#) hearing the song for the first time

**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
I was twenty-four years old when I met the woman I would call my own  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
Twenty-two grand kids now growing old in that house that your brother bought ya  
**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
On the summer day when I proposed, I made that wedding ring from dentist gold  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C** **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
And I asked her father but her daddy said no, you can't marry my daughter

## Chorus

**C**                      **F**                      **C** **G**                      **F** **C**  
She and I went on the run, don't care about reli – gion  
**C**                      **F**                      **C** **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
I'm gonna marry the woman I love, down by the Wexford border  
**C**                      **F** **C**                      **G**                      **F** **C**  
She was Nancy Mul-ligan, and I was William She-eran  
**C**                      **F**                      **C** **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
She took my name and then we were one, down by the Wexford border

**Am F G Am / Am F C F G Am**

**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
Well I met her at Guy's in the Second World War and she was working on a soldier's ward  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
Never had I seen such beauty before the moment that I saw her  
**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
Nancy was my yellow rose and we got married wearing borrowed clothes  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C** **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
We got eight children now growing old, five sons and three daughters. **Chorus**

## Interlude (2x)

**C**                      **F** **G**  
Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, da da  
**C**                      **F** **G**                      **C**  
Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di

**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
From her snow white streak in her jet black hair, over sixty years I've been loving her  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C**                      **F**                      **G** **Am**  
Now we're sat by the fire in our old armchairs, you know Nancy I a-dore ya  
**Am**                      **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
From a farm boy born near Belfast town, I never worried about the king and crown  
**Am**                      **F**                      **C** **F**                      **G**                      **Am**  
'Cause I found my heart upon the southern ground, there's no difference I assure ya. **Chorus**

**Outro** Interlude

# The Skye Boat Song (C)

Version 1 – Lyrics by Sir Harold Boulder (1884) to a traditional air collected by Anne Campbelle MacLeod (1870's)  
The Skye Boat Song by Celtic Dreams (¾ Time)

## Intro

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | C  
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "Onward!" the sailors cry

## Chorus

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | G7  
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing "Onward!" the sailors cry  
C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | C  
Carry the lad that's born to be King, over the sea to Skye.

Am Dm Am F Am | Am  
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thunderclaps rend the air.  
Am Dm Am F Am | G7  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am  
Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a royal bed.  
Am Dm Am F Am | G7  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am  
Many's the lad fought on that day; well the clay-more could wield.  
Am Dm Am F Am | G7  
When the night came, silently lay, dead on Culloden's field. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am  
Burned are our homes, exile and death, scatter the loyal men.  
Am Dm Am F Am | G7  
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come a-gain. **Chorus**

## Outro

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C  
Carry the lad that's born to be King Over the sea to Skye.

# Toora Looa Looal (That's An Irish Lullaby) (G)

James Royce Shannon, 1913

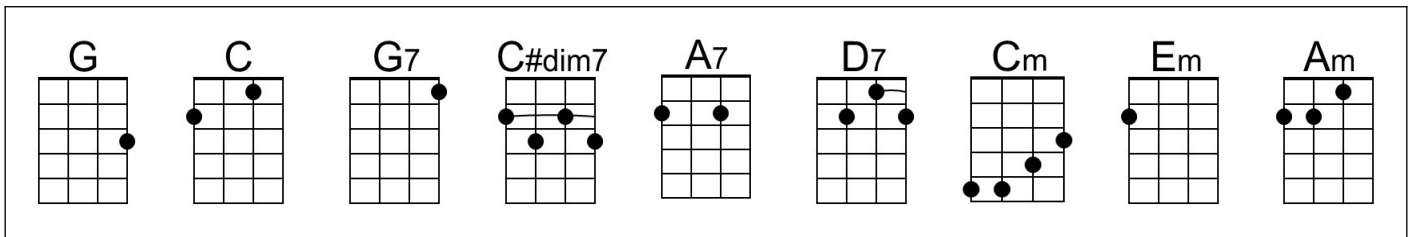
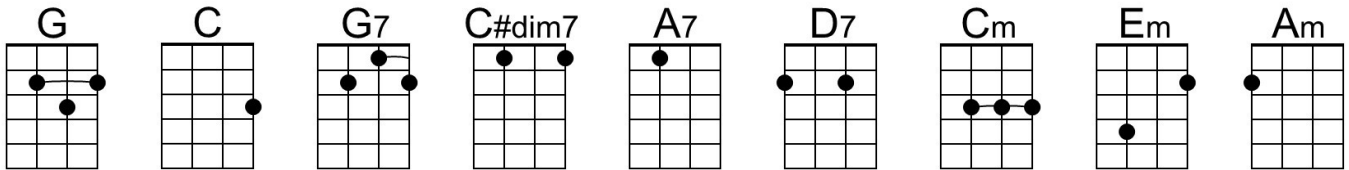
Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral by The Irish Tenors (1998) (  $\frac{3}{4}$  Time )

## Chorus

**G C G G7 C C#dim7**  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral Too ra loo ra ly  
**G C G A7 D - D7**  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral. Hush now don't you cry.  
**G C G G7 C C#dim7**  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral Too ra loo ra ly  
**G C G A7 Cm G**  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral. That's an Irish lul - la - by.

**G C G Em G D7**  
 Over in Killarney, many years a-go  
**G C G A7 Am D7**  
 My mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low  
**G C G Em G**  
 Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way  
**C G Em A7 Am D7**  
 And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me today . **Chorus**

**G C G Em G D7**  
 Off' in dreams I wander to that cot again  
**G C G A7 Am D7**  
 I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she did back then  
**G C G Em G**  
 I hear her softly hummin' to me as in days of yore  
**C G Em A7 Am D7**  
 When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side that cottage door. **Chorus**



# When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (C)

Lyrics by Chauncy Olcott & George Graff, Jr.; Music by Ernest R. Ball (1912)

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling by John McCormick (1917) (F) (¾ Time)

## Intro

F D7 C A7 D7 G7 C G7  
*And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart a-way.*

C G7  
 There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why,

C G  
 For it never should be there at all.

F C A7  
 With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile,

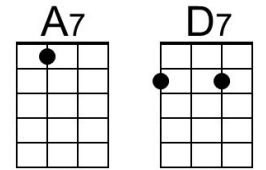
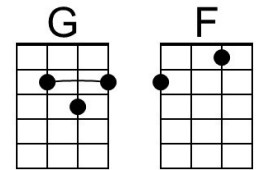
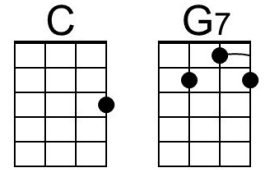
D7 G7  
 So there's never a teardrop should fall.

C G7  
 When your sweet liltin' laughter's like some fairy song,

C C7 F  
 And your eyes twinkle bright as can be;

D7 G G7  
 You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile,

D D7 G - G7  
 And now, smile a smile for me.



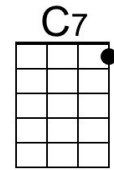
## Chorus

C C7 F C  
 When Irish eyes are smiling, sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring.

F C D7 G G7  
 In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.

C C7 F C  
 When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.

F D7 C A7 D7 G7 C  
 And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart a-way.



C G7  
 For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,

C G  
 And it makes even sunshine more bright.

F C A7  
 Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long,

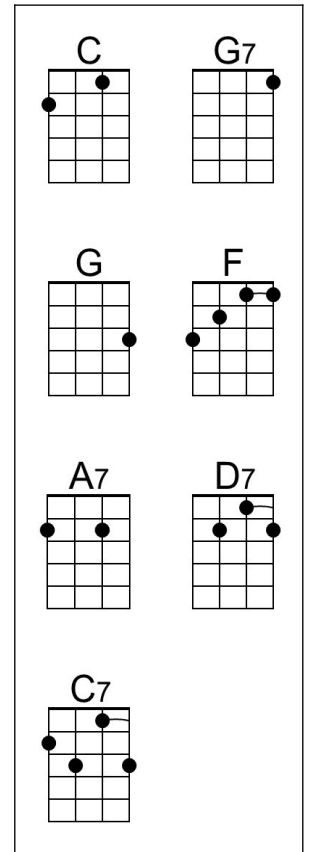
D7 G7  
 Comes your laughter so tender and light.

C G7  
 For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all

C C7 F  
 There is ne'er a real care or re-gret;

D7 G G7  
 And while springtime is ours, throughout all of youth's hours,

D D7 G - G7  
 Let us smile each chance we get. **Chorus**



# The Parting Glass (C)

Traditional Scots before 1605;

versions from Ireland and the United States have influenced contemporary variants

Tune: "The Peacock" from James Aird's *A Selection of Scots, English, Irish and Foreign Airs* (1782)

A version of [The Parting Glass](#) by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

(In Person at Carnegie Hall, 1963) (Eb)

[The Parting Glass](#) by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

from "Come Fill Your Glass With Us" (1959) (Eb)

**C Am C G7 C G7**  
O, all the money that e'er I spent, I spent it in good compa-ny.  
**C Am C G7 C F C G7 Am**  
And all the harm that e'er I've done, a-las, it was to none but me.  
**C F G7 Am G7**  
And all I've done for want of wit to mem'ry, now, I can't re-call.  
**C Am C G7 C F C G7 Am**  
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all.

**C Am C G7 C G7**  
O, all the comrades that e'er I had, They're sorry for my going a-way,  
**C Am C G7 C F C G7 Am**  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had, would wish me one more day to stay.  
**C F G7 Am G7**  
But since it falls unto my lot, that I should rise and you should not  
**C Am C G7 C F C G7 Am**  
I'll gently rise and softly call, Good night and joy be with you all.