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

```
     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
     G            G7          F    D7                    Corrib meets Galway Bay)
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.
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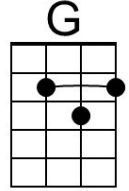
```
      C                      G
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
     G7                       C
The women in the meadow making hay,
C               C7         F    Cdim7
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,
     G              G7          C   G7
And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play.      (boys or lads)
```
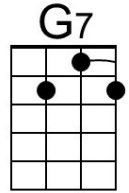
```
       C                           G
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland
     G7                        C
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
        C           C7          F      Cdim7
And the women in the uplands digging praties       (Irish potatoes)
        G             G7          C   G7
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.
```
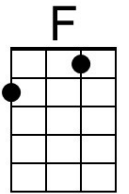
```
      C                     G
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways
         G7                        C
And they scorned us just for being what we are
         C           C7          F          Cdim7
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams
     G         G7          C   G7
Or light a penny candle from a star.    (A small, inexpensive candle)
```
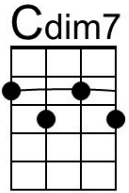
```
       C                       G       G7                         C
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,
       C                        F   Cdim7   G            G7             C
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven,     in that dear land across the Irish sea.
       C                        F   Cdim7   G            G7             C
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven,     in that dear land across the Irish sea.
```
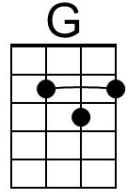
Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (G)

```
     G                      D           D7                        G
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,
     G              G7           C       Gdim7
You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,        (area where the River
    A            A7            D   A7                      Corrib meets Galway Bay)
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.


     G                        D
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
    D7                           G
The women in the meadow making hay,
G                 G7          C     Gdim7
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,
    D                D7              G   D7
And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play.        (boys or lads}


     G                              D
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland
    D7                             G
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
        G          G7           C     Gdim7
And the women in the uplands digging praties          (Irish potatoes)
        D                D7            G   D7
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.


     G                    D
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways
        D7                       G
And they scorned us just for being what we are
        G            G7          C          Gdim7
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams
     D           D7          G   D7
Or light a penny candle from a star.        (A small, inexpensive candle)


     G                      D         D7                        G
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,
       G                         C   Gdim7    D            D7          G
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven,    in that dear land across the Irish sea.
       G                         C   Gdim7    D            D7          G
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven,    in that dear land across the Irish sea.
```
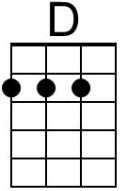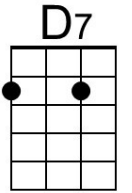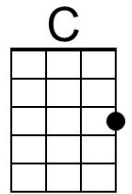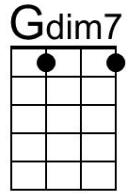
I'll Tell Me Ma (aka "Belle of Belfast City") (D)

Chorus

    D   A   A7   D
I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls alone.
    D   A   A7   D
They pull my hair, they stole my comb, but that's all right 'til I go home.
D   G   D   A7
She is handsome, she is pretty, she's the belle of Belfast City.
D   G   D   A A7 D
She is courtin', one, two, three. Please won't you tell me who is she?

    D   A   A7   D
Now Albert Mooney says he loves her, an' all the boys are fighting for her.
D   A
Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell,
    A7   D
Saying, "Oh my true love, are you well?"
D   G   D   A7
Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
D   G
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die,
D   A   A7   D
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye. **Chorus**
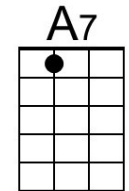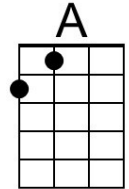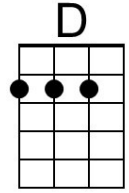
    D   A
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,
    A7   D
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.
D   A7   A   D
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!
    D   G   D   A7
An' when she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she comes home.
D   G   D A A7   D
Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)**
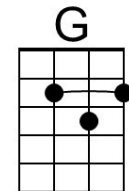
Bari

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

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**
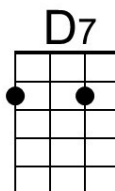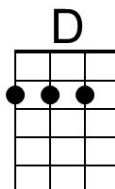
    G   D
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,
      D7   G
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.
G   D7   D   G
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!
    G   C   G   D7
An' when she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she comes home.
G   C   G   D   D7   G
Let them all come as they will, but it's Albert Mooney she loves still! **Chorus (2x)**
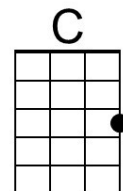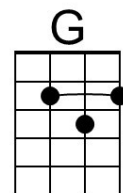
My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key C
<mark>Version 1</mark>

```
     C              F      C          C
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song   They may sing of their roses,
              D7          G            F      C
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,   Which by other names,
   C                  F     C                    D7        G
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,   Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
              G      C                C
Though each holds a-loft its proud head.   But I know that my Rose
     F              C                    F      C
T'was given to me by a girl that I know,   Would never con-sent
                                              G     C
Since we've met,                            To have that sweet name taken a-way.
        D7         G                    F              C
Faith I've known no re-pose.            Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
     C                                         D7      G
She is dearer by far                    The bower where my true love grows,
        F           C                       C
Than the world's brightest star,        And my one wish has been
              G      C                      F      C
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.      That some-day I may win
                                              G      C
                                        The heart of my wild Irish Rose. Chorus
```

<mark>Chorus</mark>
```
     C  G   C
My wild Irish Rose,
     F      G          C
The sweetest flower that grows.
        F           C
You may search every-where,
     F           C
But none can com-pare
        D   D7  G
With my wild Irish Rose.
     C  G   C
My wild Irish Rose,
     F      G          C
The dearest flower that grows,
        F        C
And some day for my sake,
     F        C
She may let me take
     D7            G        C
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.
```
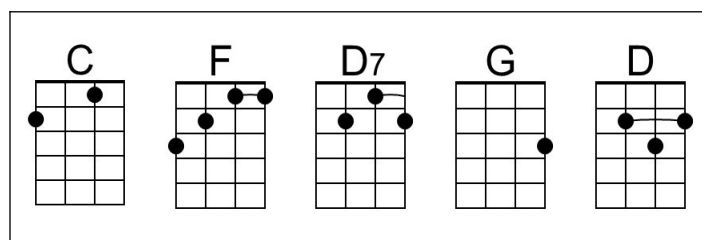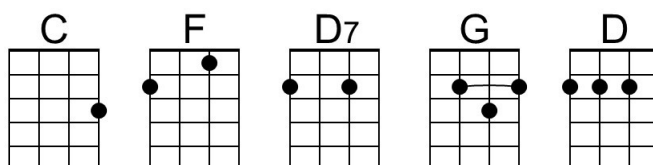
C	F	D7	G	D

C	F	D7	G	D

My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key G

```
    G                 C        G          G
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song   They may sing of their roses,
                 A7           D                        C      G
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,          Which by other names,
    G                       C      G                              A7          D
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,      Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
                    D          G                   G
Though each holds a-loft its proud head.          But I know that my Rose
        C                G                             C         G
T'was given to me by a girl that I know,          Would never con-sent
                                                                   D        G
Since we've met,                                  To have that sweet name taken a-way.
        A7            D                                C                   G
Faith, I've known no re-pose.                     Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
    G                                                            A7       D
She is dearer by far                              The bower where my true love grows,
        C                 G                              G
Than the world's brightest star,                  And my one wish has been
                D         G                                    C        G
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.                That some-day I may win
                                                              D           G
```

Chorus   The heart of my wild Irish Rose. **Chorus**

```
    G   D   G
My wild Irish Rose,
    C       D         G
The sweetest flower that grows.
            C          G
You may search every-where,
    C              G
But none can com-pare
        A    A7   D
With my wild Irish Rose.
    G   D   G
My wild Irish Rose,
        C    D        G
The dearest flower that grows,
             C      G
And some day for my sake,
        C        G
She may let me take
        A7          D        G
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.
```
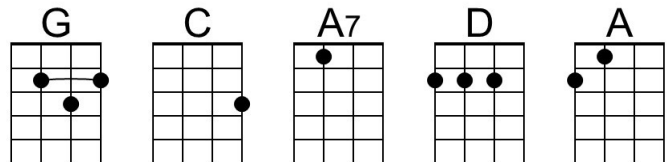
My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key C

Intro C Caug F C D7 G7 C G7

    C   Caug   F   C
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
            D7   G7
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead
    C   Caug   F   C
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates
          G7   C
Though each holds aloft its proud head
     F   C
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know
                D7   G7
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose
     C   Caug   F   C
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star
          G7   C   F C
And I call her my Wild Irish Rose

Chorus:
   C   G7 C   C7
My Wild Irish Rose,
    F   G7   C
The sweetest flower that grows
        G7   C
You may search everywhere,
   G7   C
But none can compare
      D   D7 G   G7
With my Wild Irish Rose
   C   G7 C   C7
My Wild Irish Rose,
    F   G7   C
The dearest flower that grows
        G7   C
And some day for my sake,
    G7   C
She may let me take
    D7   G7   C
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose

          C   Caug
They may sing of their roses,
     F   C
Which by other names
               D7   G7
Would smell just as sweetly, they say
     C   Caug   F   C
But I know that my Rose would never consent
              G7   C
To have that sweet name taken away
     F   C
Her glances are shy when-e'er I pass by
             D7   G7
The bower where my true love grows
     C   Caug
And my one wish has been
          F   C
That someday I may win
            G7   C   F C
The heart of my Wild Irish Rose. **Chorus**

Outro
    D7   G7   C
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose
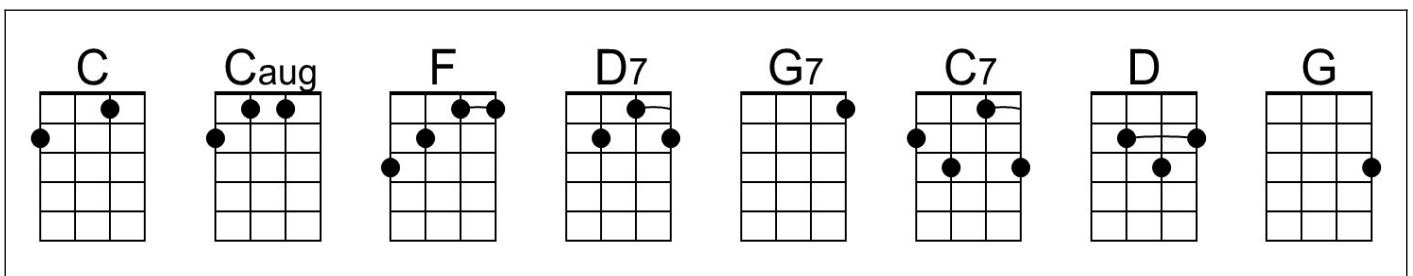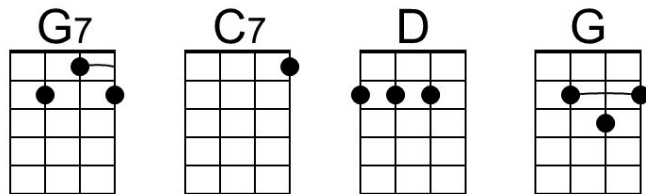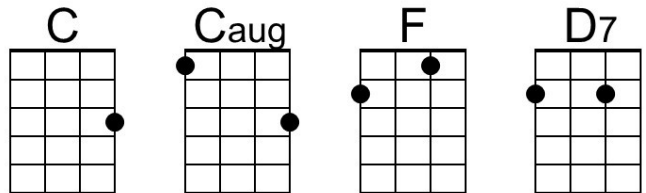
My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Key G

Intro G Gaug C G A7 D7 G D7

          G   Gaug   C   G
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
                    A7   D7
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead
     G   Gaug   C   G
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates
                    D7   G
Though each holds aloft its proud head
          C   G
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know
                           A7   D7
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose
          G   Gaug   C   G
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest
star
                   D7   G   C G
And I call her my Wild Irish Rose

          Chorus
          G   D7 G   G7
My Wild Irish Rose,
          C   D7   G
The sweetest flower that grows
              D7   G
You may search everywhere,
     D7   G
But none can compare
                  A   A7   D   D7
With my Wild Irish Rose
     G   D7 G   G7
My Wild Irish Rose,
          C   D7   G
The dearest flower that grows
                  D7   G
And some day for my sake,
          D7   G
She may let me take
          A7   D7   G
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose

          G   Gaug
They may sing of their roses,
          C   G
Which by other names
                         A7   D7
Would smell just as sweetly, they say
          G   Gaug   C   G
But I know that my Rose would never consent
                         D7   G
To have that sweet name taken away
          C   G
Her glances are shy when-e'er I pass by
                    A7   D7
The bower where my true love grows
          G   Gaug
And my one wish has been
                   C   G
That someday I may win
                   D7   G   C G
The heart of my Wild Irish Rose **Chorus**

Outro
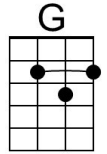   A7   D7   G
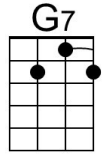The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose
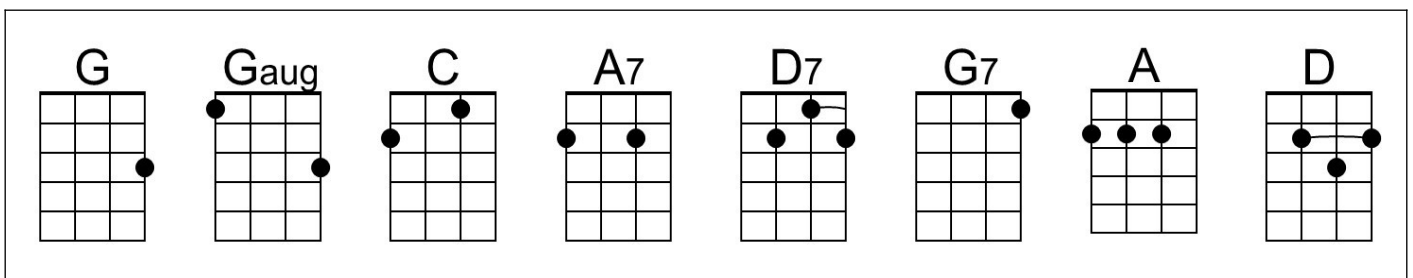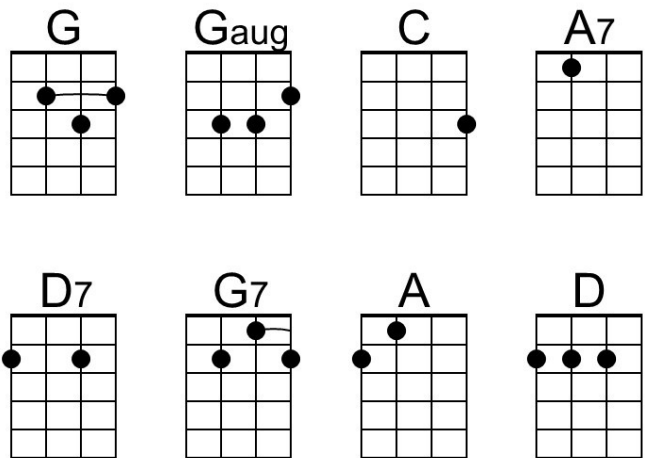
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) - Key G

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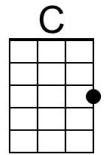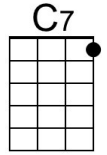
Chorus

```
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 beguilin' one
   Am              C      A7        G   (A7)  D7   G
I love the ground she walks upon  - my pretty   I – r i s h girl
```
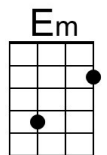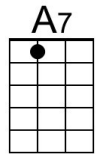
```
      G            G7        C                - C7
Have you ever seen the morning, in Kerry and Killarney?
      G            Em          A7        D7
When the dew is on the hayrick, and ev'ry drop a pearl ?
      G            G7          C                - C7
When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic
     G          Em          A7        D7
And standing in the doorway is a pretty Irish Girl? **Chorus**
```

```
      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!
```
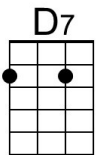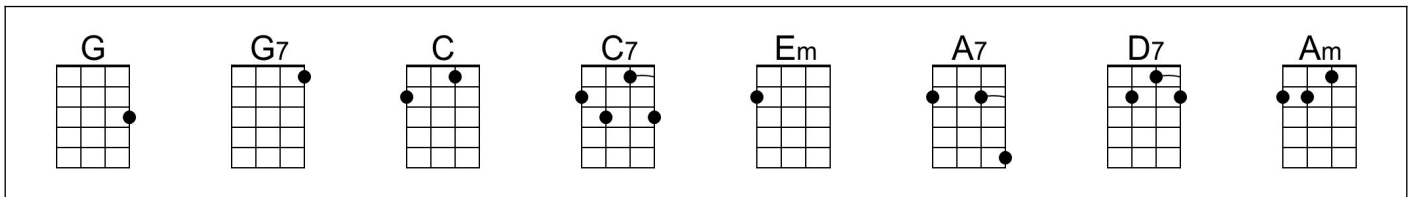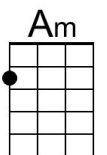
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) - Key C

```
        C               C7          F               - F7
Have you ever seen the seagulls, a-flyin' o'er the heather?
        C           Am              D7          G7
Or the crimson sails on Galway Bay the fishermen un-furl?
        C               C7          F               - F7
Oh, the earth is filled with beauty, and it's gathered all together
        C           Am              D7          G7
In the form and face and dainty grace of a pretty Irish girl.
```

Chorus

```
        C               G7          F           C
Oh, she's my dear, my darlin' one, her eyes so sparklin' full of fun
        F       C   D7                  G7
No other, no other, can match the likes of her
        C               G7          F           C
She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and beguilin' one
        Dm              F       D7      C   (D7) G7  C
I love the ground she walks upon  -  my pretty   I – r i s h girl
```
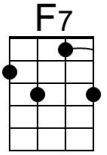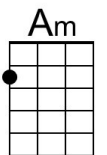
```
        C               C7          F               - F7
Have you ever seen the morning in Kerry and Killarney?
        C           Am              D7          G7
When the dew is on the hayrick, and ev'ry drop a pearl?
        C               C7          F               - F7
When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic
        C           Am          D7          G7
And standing in the doorway is a pretty Irish Girl.  Chorus
```
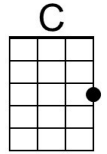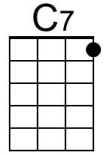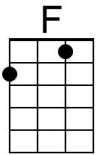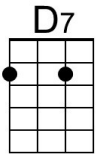
```
        C               C7          F                   - F7
When I'm parted from my darlin', my sighs would sail a schooner
        C           Am              D7              G7
And when I cannot reach her, sure my tears would turn a mill
            C           C7      F               - F7
Since she cannot be un-kind, to any helpless creature
    C               Am          D7          G7
I think that I will marry me a pretty Irish girl!  Chorus
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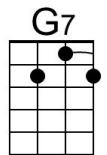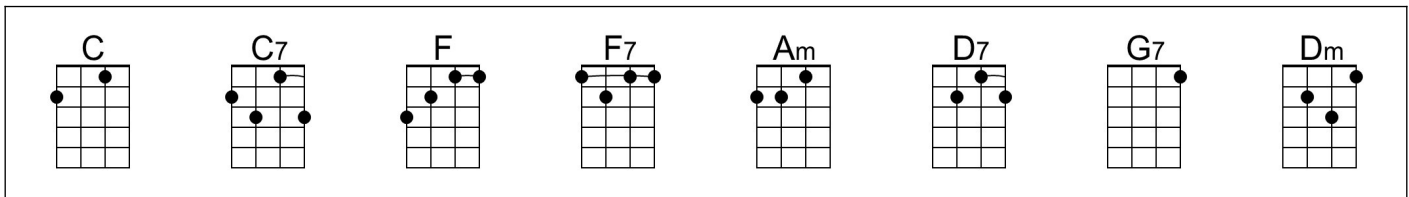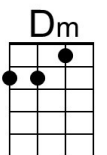
The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962)
The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968) – Key of C

```
     C                        Dm
A long time ago when the earth was green,
        G                        C
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
        C                        Dm
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
        C                   Dm G  C
But the loveliest of them all was the un  - i -  corn.
There was . . .
C                        Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
      G                        C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
        C                        Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're
       C              Dm G  C                    born,
The loveliest of all was the un  - i -  corn.
```

```
      C                        Dm
Now God seen some sinnin' and it gave him pain
          G                        C
And he says "Stand back - I'm gonna make it rain!"
          C                   Dm
He says "Hey brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do,
C         Dm  G  C
Build me a float - ing zoo . . .and take some of them"
C                        Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
      G                        C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
        C                        Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're
C              Dm G  C                    born,
Don't you forget my un  - i -  corns.
```

```
      C                        Dm
Old Noah was there to answer the call
        G                        C
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started
        C                   Dm              fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two
        C              Dm G    C
And he called out as they went through . . .
"Hey Lord I've got your"
C                        Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
      G                        C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
        C                        Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord I'm so forlorn
C              Dm G  C
I just can't see no un  - i -  corns."
```

```
     C                        Dm
Then Noah looked out through the driving rain,
        G                        C
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games,
C                        Dm
Kicking and spashing while the rain was pouring
C          Dm G    C
Oh them silly un  - i -  corns.  There was …
C                        Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
       G                        C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
          C                        Dm
Noah cried "Close the door cause the rain is pourin'
C                        Dm G  C
And we just can't wait for those un  - i -  corns."
```

```
     C                        Dm
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide,
        G                        C
Them unicorns looked up from the rock and they cried,
          C                        Dm
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away,
[Spoken]
          And that's why you've never seen a unicorn
          to this very day . . . You'll see"
C                        Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
      G                        C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
        C                        Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're
C              Dm G  C                    born
You're never gonna see no un  - i -  corns."
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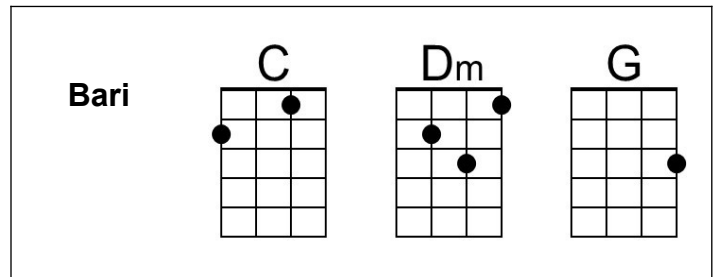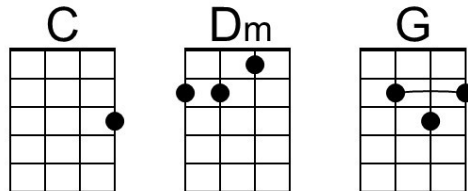
The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962)
The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968) – Key of G

```
      G                        Am
A long time ago when the earth was green,
          D                        G
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
      G                        Am
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
      G                    Am  D  G
But the loveliest of them all was the un - i - corn.
There was . . .
G                        Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
        D                        G
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
      G                        Am
Some cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're
      G                Am  D  G                      born,
The loveliest of all was the un - i - corn.


      G                        Am
Now God seen some sinnin' and it gave him pain
            D                        G
And he says "Stand back - I'm gonna make it rain!"
        G                    Am
He says "Hey brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do,
G            Am   D  G
Build me a float - ing zoo . . .and take some of them"
G                        Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
        D                        G
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
      G                        Am
Some cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're
G                Am  D  G                      born,
 Don't you forget my un - i - corns.


      G                    Am
Old Noah was there to answer the call
      D                            G
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started
        G                    Am                      fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two
          G            Am  D   G
And he called out as they went through . . .
"Hey Lord I've got your"
G                        Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
        D                        G
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
      G                        Am
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord I'm so forlorn
G                    Am  D  G
I just can't see no un - i - corns."
```

```
      G                        Am
Then Noah looked out through the driving rain,
          D                        G
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games,
G                        Am
Kicking and spashing while the rain was pouring
G            Am  D    G
Oh them silly un - i - corns.  There was
G                        Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
          D                            G
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
              G                        Am
Noah cried "Close the door cause the rain is pourin'
G                            Am  D  G
And we just can't wait for those un - i - corns."


      G                        Am
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide,
          D                            G
Them unicorns looked up from the rock and they cried,
          G                        Am
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away,
[Spoken]
              And that's why you've never seen a unicorn
          to this very day . . . You'll see"
G                        Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
        D                            G
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
      G                            Am
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're
G                            Am  D  G                      born
You're never gonna see no un - i - corns."
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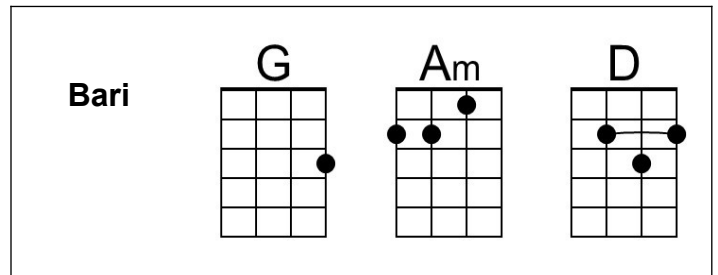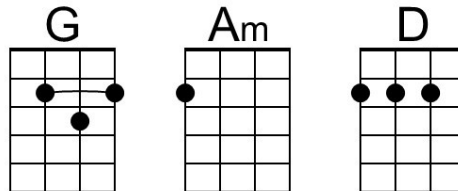
G   Am   D

Bari   G   Am   D

The Wearing Of The Green (Dion Boucicault, 1864; anonymous ballad, 1841) (C)

    C   G
O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
    F   C   G   C
The shamrock is for-bid by law to grow on Irish ground!
     C   G
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
    F   C   G   C
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' of the green."

   C   G
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
       F   C   G   C
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
        C   G
"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
      F   C   G   C
For they're hanging men and women there, for the wearin' of the green."

    C   G
"Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
    F   C   G   C
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget, the blood that they have shed,
    C   G
Sure take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
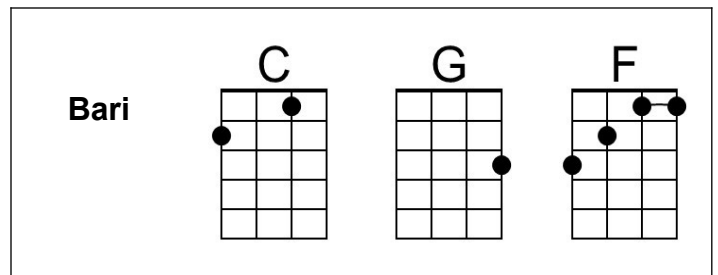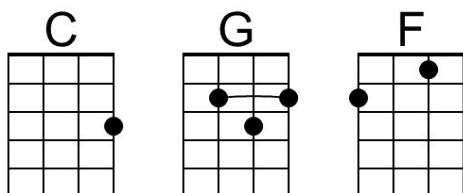   F   C   G   C
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

     C   G
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
   F   C   G   C
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not shun.
    C   G
Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen,
    F   C   G   C
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearin' o' the green.

The Wearing Of The Green (Dion Boucicault, 1864; anonymous ballad, 1841) (G)

```
  G                                   D
O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
    C           G         D         G
The shamrock is for-bid by law to grow on Irish ground!
     G                              D
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
    C           G         D         G
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' of the green."


  G                               D
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
          C                 G         D           G
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
            G                         D
"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
          C             G                 D           G
For they're hanging men and women there, for the wearin' of the green."


     G                               D
"Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
    C             G             D             G
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget, the blood that they have shed,
     G                                  D
Sure take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
    C           G             D           G
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,


     G                                 D
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
    C             G             D               G
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not shun.
     G                          D
Then I will change the color  I wear in my corbeen,
    C               G             D           G
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearin' o' the green.
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