



Highlands Songbook

Traditional Folk Songs of Ireland, Scotland & Wales
Together with a Few Contemporary Songs

Print Edition of 2023

March 11, 2023

44 Songs – 123 Pages

**The largest number of song sheets in this songbook
was the work of our friend and former leader, Keith Fukumitsu.**

Thanks Keith!

St. Patrick's Day Ukulele Zoom Limerick

by Deb Fitzloff (March 17, 2021)

There once was a musical group
Who played near and far on a uke.
But now from their rooms
Each of them zooms
Unless someone doesn't unmute!

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A Jug of Punch (Paddy Clancy / Tom Clancy / Liam Clancy / Tommy Makem)

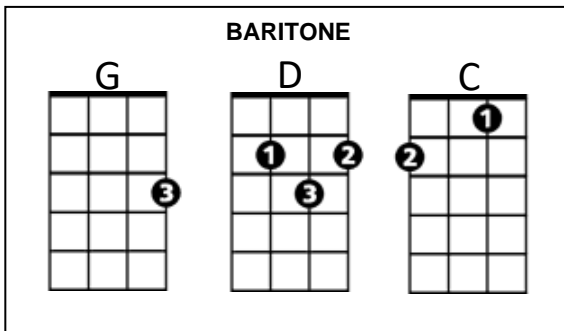
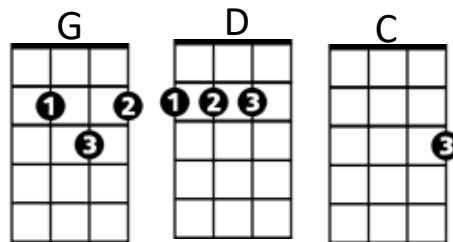
G
 One pleasant evening in the month of June
D **G**
 As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
C
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7 **G**
 And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G **D**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7 **G**
 And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

G
 What more diversion can a man desire?
D **G**
 Than to sit him down by snug turf fire
C
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7 **G**
 And on the table a jug of punch
G **D**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7 **G**
 And on the table a jug of punch

G
 Let the doctors come with all their art
D **G**
 They'll make no impression upon my heart
C
 Even a cripple forgets his hunch
D7 **G**
 When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
G **D**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
 Even a cripple forgets his hunch
D7 **G**
 When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

G
 And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own
D **G**
 And if they don't like me they can leave me alone
C
 I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7 **G**
 And I'll be welcome wherever I go
G **D**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
 I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7 **G**
 And I'll be welcome wherever I go

G
 And when I'm dead and in my grave
D **G**
 No costly tombstone will I have
G **C**
 Just lay me down in my native peat
D7 **G**
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet
G **D**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
G **C**
 Just lay me down in my native peat
D7 **G**
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet



A Jug of Punch (Paddy Clancy / Tom Clancy / Liam Clancy / Tommy Makem)

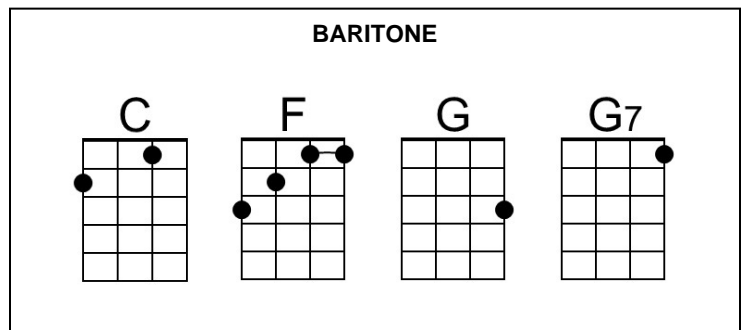
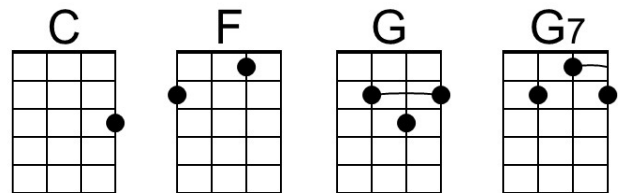
C
 One pleasant evening in the month of June
G C
 As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
F
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
 And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
C G
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
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 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
 And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"

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 What more diversion can a man desire?
G C
 Than to sit him down by snug turf fire
F
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
G7 C
 And on the table a jug of punch
C G
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
 Upon his knee a pretty wench
G7 C
 And on the table a jug of punch

C
 Let the doctors come with all their art
G C
 They'll make no impression upon my heart
F
 Even a cripple forgets his hunch
G7 C
 When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
C G
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
 Even a cripple forgets his hunch
G7 C
 When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

C
 And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own
G C
 And if they don't like me they can leave me alone
F
 I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
G7 C
 And I'll be welcome wherever I go
C G
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
 I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
G7 C
 And I'll be welcome wherever I go

C
 And when I'm dead and in my grave
G C
 No costly tombstone will I have
C F
 Just lay me down in my native peat
G7 C
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet
C G
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
 Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C F
 Just lay me down in my native peat
G7 C
 With a jug of punch at my head and feet



Black Velvet Band (Traditional) (C)

Arranged by Ronnie Drew, Luke Kelly Barney MacKenna, Claran Bourke, John Sheehan
Black Velvet Band by The Dubliners from "A Drop of the Hard Stuff"

Intro Last line of Chorus) F | G | C | C

C
 In a neat little town they call Belfast
F **G**
 Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound
C **Am**
 And many an hour of sweet happiness
F **G** **C**
 I've I spent in that neat little town
C
 But a sad misfortune's come over me
F **G**
 Which caused me to stray from the land
C **Am**
 Far a-way from me friends and com-panions
F **G** **C**
 Be-trayed by the black velvet band

Chorus

C
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds
F **G**
 I thought her the queen of the land
C **Am**
 And her hair hung over her shoulder
F **G** **C**
 Tied up with a black velvet band

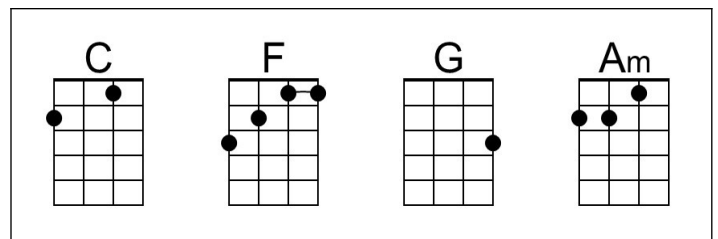
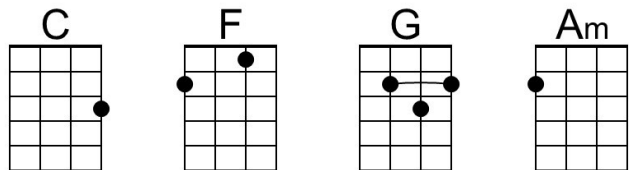
I took a stroll down Broadway
 Intending not long for to stay
 When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
 Come traipsing along the highway
 She was both fair and handsome
 Her neck it was white like a swan
 And her hair hung down from her shoulders
 Held up with a black velvet band. **Chorus**

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
 Met a gentleman as he passed by
 Sure, I knew she meant the doing of him
 By the look in her roguish black eye
 A gold watch she took from his pocket
 And placed it right into my hand
 And the very first thing that I said was
 "What's this?" to the black velvet band. **Chorus**

But before the Judge and the Jury
 Next morning I had to appear
 And the judge he says to me "Young man,
 Your case it is proven and clear
 I'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. **Chorus**

So come all you jolly young fellows
 A warning take from me
 And if you go out on the town, me boys,
 Beware of the pretty Colleens
 They'll feed you with strong drink, my lads,
 'Til you are unable to stand
 And the very first thing that you'll know is
 You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

C
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds
F **G**
 I thought she was queen of the land
C **Am**
 Now I'm far from my friends and com-panions
F **G** **C**
 Be-trayed by the black velvet band



Black Velvet Band (Traditional) (G)

Arranged by Ronnie Drew, Luke Kelly Barney MacKenna, Claran Bourke, John Sheehan
Black Velvet Band by The Dubliners from "A Drop of the Hard Stuff "

Intro (Last line of Chorus) C | D | G | G

G
 In a neat little town they call Belfast
C **D**
 Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound
G **Em**
 And many an hour of sweet happiness
C **D** **G**
 I've spent in that neat little town
G
 But a sad misfortune's come over me
C **D**
 Which caused me to stray from the land
G **Em**
 Far a-way from me friends and com-panions
C **D** **G**
 Be-trayed by the black velvet band

Chorus

G
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds
C **D**
 I thought her the queen of the land
G **Em**
 And her hair hung over her shoulder
C **D** **G**
 Tied up with a black velvet band

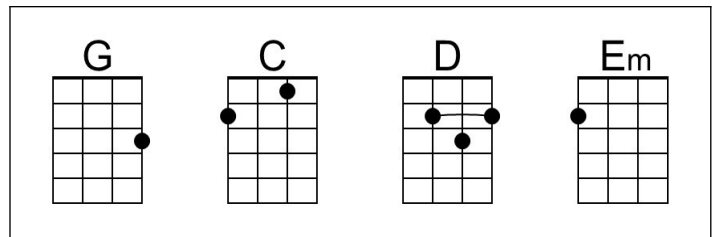
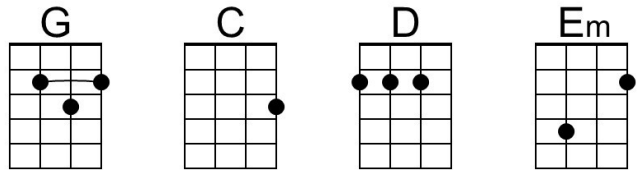
I took a stroll down Broadway
 Intending not long for to stay
 When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
 Come traipsing along the highway
 She was both fair and handsome
 Her neck it was white like a swan
 And her hair hung down from her shoulders
 Held up with a black velvet band. **Chorus**

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
 Met a gentleman as he passed by
 Sure, I knew she meant the doing of him
 By the look in her roguish black eye
 A gold watch she took from his pocket
 And placed it right into my hand
 And the very first thing that I said was
 "What's this?" to the black velvet band. **Chorus**

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 And the very first thing that you'll know is
 You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

G
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds
C **D**
 I thought she was queen of the land
G **Em**
 Now I'm far from my friends and companions
C **D** **G**
 Betrayed by the black velvet band



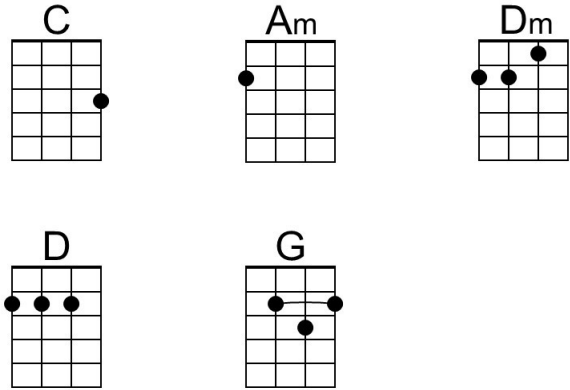
Black Velvet Band (Traditional, Adapted by Will Millar) (C)

Black Velvet Band by The Irish Rovers (45 rpm version, 1967) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

Intro (Last Two Lines of Chorus) C Am Dm G C

Chorus

C
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds.
C D G
You'd think she was Queen of the Land.
C Am
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Dm G C
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

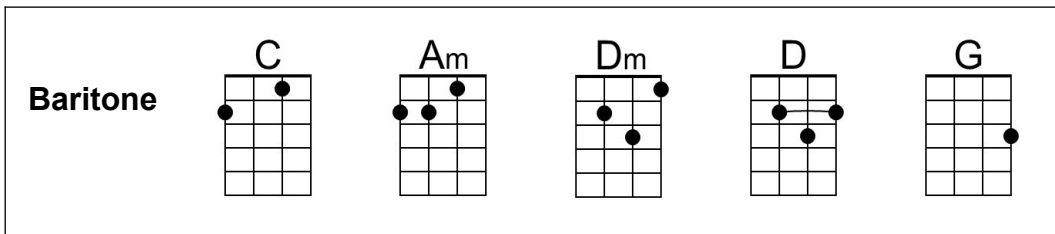


C
1. In a neat little town they call Belfast,
C Dm G
Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound.
C Am
And many's an hour sweet happiness,
Dm G C
I spent in that neat little town.
C
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
C Dm G
That caused me to stray from the land.
C Am
Far a-way from me friends and re-lations
Dm G C
To follow the Black Velvet Band. **Chorus**

C
3. Next mornin' before judge and jury,
C Dm G
Her trial I had to ap-pear.
C Am
And the judge he says, 'Me young fellow,
Dm G C
The case against you is quite clear.
C
And seven long years is your sentence,
C G
You're going to Van Diemen's Land.
C Am
Far a-way from your friends and re-lations
Dm G C
To follow the Black Velvet Band.' **Chorus**

C
2. Well, I was out strolling one evening,
C Dm G
Not meaning to go very far.
C Am
When I met with a frolicsome damsel
Dm G C
A-selling her trade in the bar.
C
When a watch she took from a customer,
C Dm G
And slipped it right into my hand.
C Am
Then the law came and put me in prison,
Dm G C
Bad luck to her Black Velvet Band. **Chorus**

C
4. So, come all ye jolly young fellows,
C Dm G
I'll have you take warnin' by me.
C Am
And when-ever you're into the liquor, me lads,
Dm G C
Be-ware of the pretty Colleen.
C
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter,
C Dm G
Til you are not able to stand.
C Am
And the very next thing that you know, me lads,
Dm G C
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land. **Chorus (2x)**



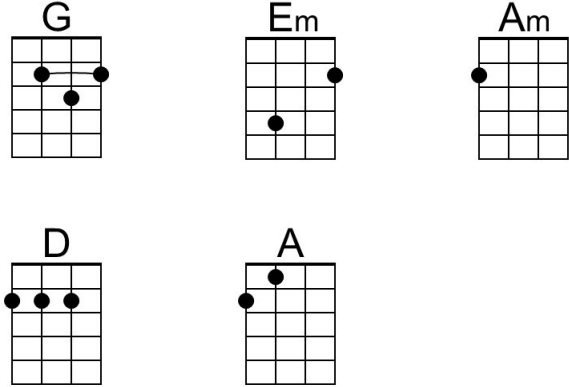
Black Velvet Band (Traditional, Adapted by Will Millar) (G)

Black Velvet Band by The Irish Rovers (45 rpm version, 1967) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

Intro (Last Two Lines of Chorus) G Em Am D G

Chorus

G
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds.
G A D
You'd think she was Queen of the Land.
G Em
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Am D G
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band.

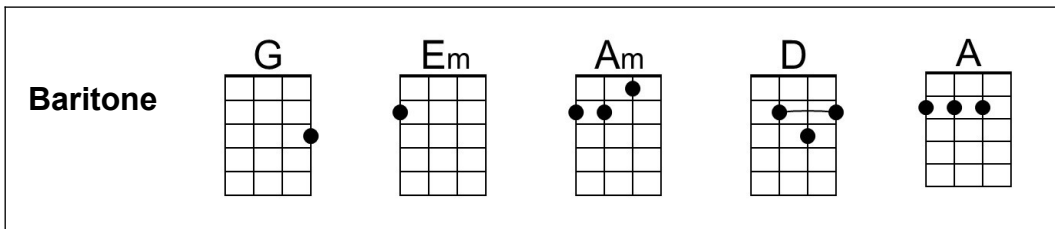


G
1. In a neat little town they call Belfast,
G Am D
Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound.
G Em
And many's an hour sweet happiness,
Am D G
I spent in that neat little town.
G
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
G Am D
That caused me to stray from the land.
G Em
Far a-way from me friends and re-lations
Am D G
To follow the Black Velvet Band. **Chorus**

G
3. Next mornin' before judge and jury,
G Am D
Her trial I had to ap-pear.
G Em
And the judge he says, 'Me young fellow,
Am D G
The case against you is quite clear.
G
And seven long years is your sentence,
G D
You're going to Van Diemen's Land.
G Em
Far a-way from your friends and re-lations
Am D G
To follow the Black Velvet Band.' **Chorus**

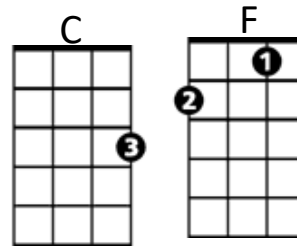
G
2. Well, I was out strolling one evening,
G Am D
Not meaning to go very far.
G Em
When I met with a frolicsome damsel
Am D G
A-selling her trade in the bar.
G
When a watch she took from a customer,
G Am D
And slipped it right into my hand.
G Em
Then the law came and put me in prison,
Am D G
Bad luck to her Black Velvet Band. **Chorus**

G
4. So, come all ye jolly young fellows,
G Am D
I'll have you take warnin' by me.
G Em
And when-ever you're into the liquor, me lads,
Am D G
Be-ware of the pretty Colleen.
G
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter,
G Am D
Til you are not able to stand.
G Em
And the very next thing that you know, me lads,
Am D G
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land. **Chorus (2x)**

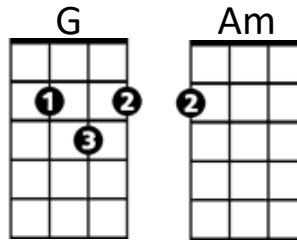


Dirty Old Town (Ewan MacColl, 1949) Key C

C
I met my love by the gas works wall
F **C**
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
C
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
G **Am**
Dirty old town, dirty old town



C
Clouds are drifting across the moon
F **C**
Cats are prowling on their beat
C
Springs a girl from the streets at night
G **Am**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

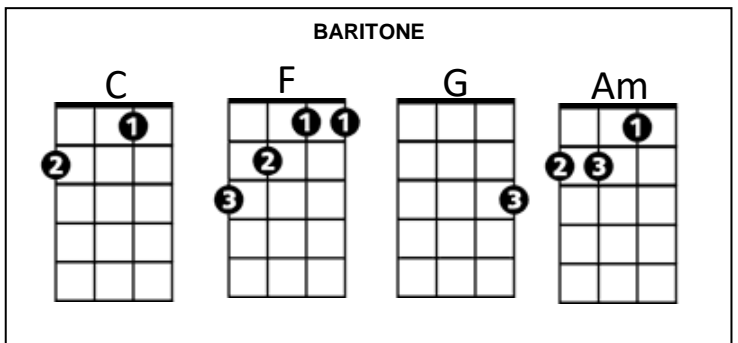


C
I heard a siren from the docks
F **C**
Saw a train set the night on fire
C
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
G **Am**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

C
I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
F **C**
Shining steel tempered in the fire
C
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
G **Am**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

(Repeat First Verse)

G **Am**
Dirty old town, dirty old town



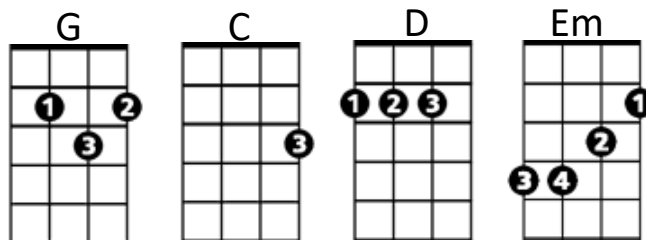
Dirty Old Town (Ewan MacColl, 1949) Key G

G
I met my love by the gas works wall

C **G**
Dreamed a dream by the old canal

G
I kissed my girl by the factory wall

D **Em**
Dirty old town, dirty old town



G
Clouds are drifting across the moon

C **G**
Cats are prowling on their beat

G
Springs a girl from the streets at night

D **Em**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

G
I heard a siren from the docks

C **G**
Saw a train set the night on fire

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I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

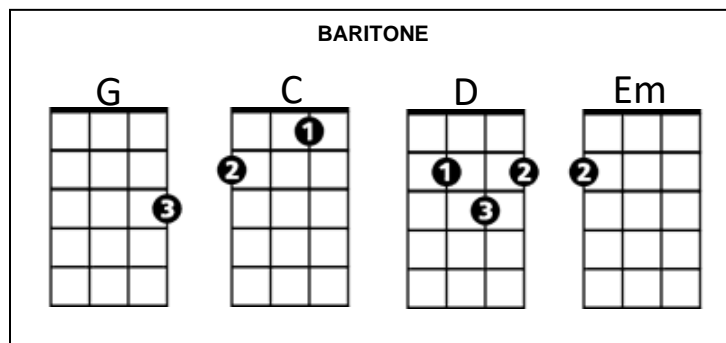
D **Em**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

G
I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe

C **G**
Shining steel tempered in the fire

G
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

D **Em**
Dirty old town, dirty old town



(Repeat First Verse)

D **Em**
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Drunken Sailor (Traditional, Adapted by G. Millar & W. McDonald)

Drunken Sailor by The Irish Rovers (2012) – Key of Am

Intro (2 measures) Am

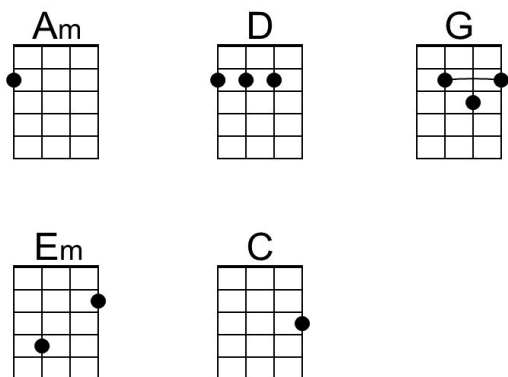
Am D
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G Em
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Am D
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning?

Chorus

Am D
Weigh, hey and up she rises
G Em
Weigh, hey and up she rises
Am D
Weigh, hey and up she rises
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning.

Am D
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
G Em
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Am D
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Am D
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
G Em
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
Am D
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**



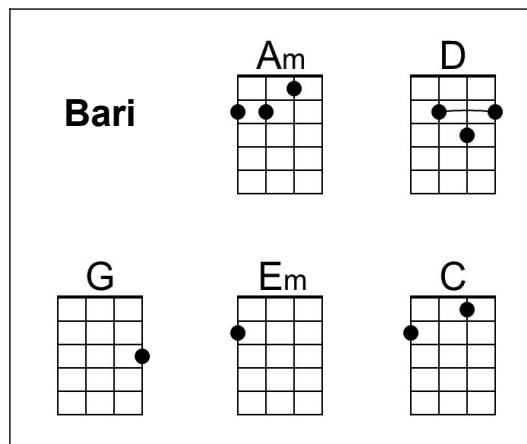
Instrumental Em D Em A D (2x)

Am D
Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
G Em
Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Am D
Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Am D
Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
G Em
Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
Am D
Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. Chorus

Am D
That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
G Em
That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
Am D
That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus (2x)**

Outro Em D Em A D (2x)



Drunken Sailor (Traditional, Adapted by G. Millar & W. McDonald)

Drunken Sailor by The Irish Rovers (2012) – Key of Em

Intro (2 measures) Em

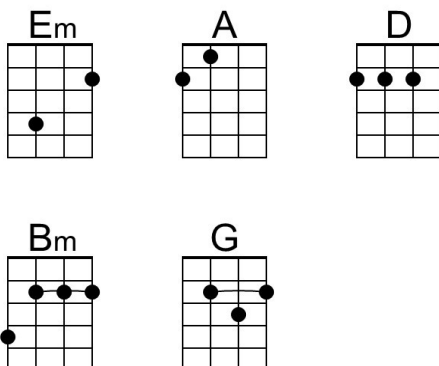
Em **A**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
D **Bm**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Em **A**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning?

Chorus

Em **A**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
D **Bm**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
Em **A**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning.

Em **A**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
D **Bm**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Em **A**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
Em **A**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**



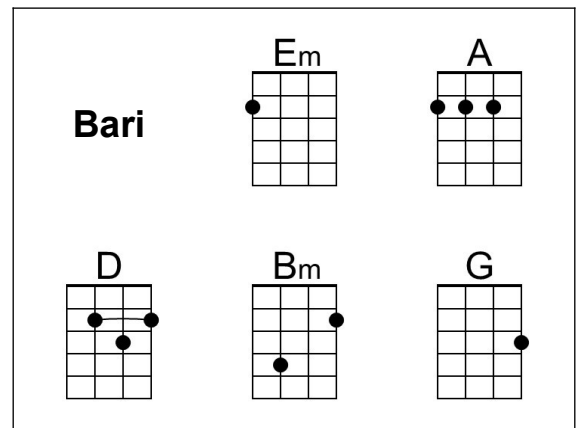
Instrumental Em D Em A D (2x)

Em **A**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Em **A**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
Em **A**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
D **Bm**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
Em **A**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus (2x)**

Outro Em D Em A D (2x)

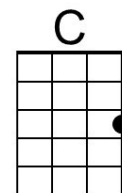


Flower Of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid 1960s) (C)

Flower Of Scotland by The Corries (in F#)

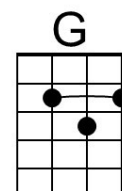
Intro (4 Measures) C

O flower of Scotland, when will we see your like again
 That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen.

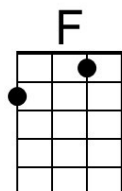


Chorus

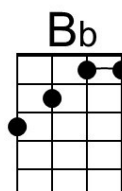
And stood a-gainst him, proud Edward's army.
 And sent him homeward, tae think a-gain.



The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still.
 O'er land that is lost now, which those so dearly held. **Chorus**



Those days are passed now, and in the past they must re-main.
 But we can still rise now, and be the nation a-gain. **Chorus**



Repeat 1st Verse

Bari

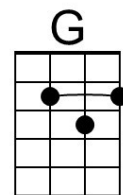
A box containing four guitar chord diagrams labeled C, G, F, and Bb. The C diagram has dots on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd strings at the first fret. The G diagram has dots on the 3rd, 2nd, and 1st strings at the second fret, and on the 4th and 5th strings at the third fret. The F diagram has dots on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd strings at the first fret, and on the 4th and 5th strings at the second fret. The Bb diagram has dots on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th strings at the second fret, and on the 1st and 5th strings at the third fret.

Flower Of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid 1960s) (G)

Flower Of Scotland by The Corries (in F#)

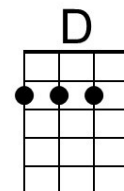
Intro (4 Measures) G

O flower of Scotland, when will we see your like again
 That fought and died for your wee bit hill and glen.

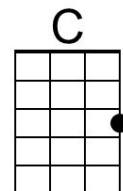


Chorus

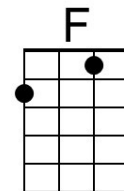
And stood a-gainst him, proud Edward's army.
 And sent him homeward, tae think a-gain.



The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still.
 O'er land that is lost now, which those so dearly held. **Chorus**



Those days are passed now, and in the past they must re-main.
 But we can still rise now, and be the nation a-gain. **Chorus**



Repeat 1st Verse

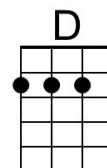
Bari

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

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

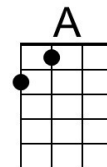
Intro

A A7 D A7
(light a penny candle from a star)



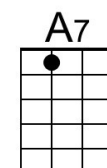
D A A7 D
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

D D7 G Ddim7
You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh, (area where the River Forrib meets Galway Eay)
A A7 D A7
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.



D A
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,

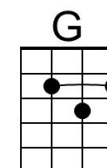
A7 D
The women in the meadow making hay,
D D7 G Ddim7
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,



A A7 D A7
And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play. (boys or lads)

D A
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

A7 D
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
D D7 G Ddim7
And the women in the uplands digging praties (Irish potatoes)



A A7 D A7
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



D A
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

A7 D
And they scorned us just for being what we are
D D7 G Ddim7
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

A A7 D A7
Or light a penny candle from a star. (A small, inexpensive candle)

D A A7 D
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

D G Ddim7 A A7 D
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

D G Ddim7 A A7 G - D
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

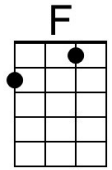
Baritone

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

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

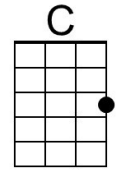
Intro

C C7 F C7
(light a penny candle from a star)



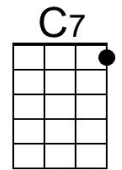
F C C7 F
 If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

F F7 Bb Fdim7
 You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*, *(area where the River*
C C7 F C7 *Aborrib meets Galway Gay)*



F C
 Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
C7 F

The women in the meadow making hay,
F F7 Bb Fdim7
 Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

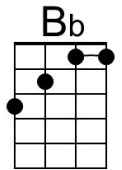


C C7 F C7
 And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*

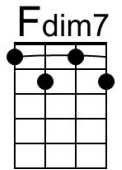
F C
 For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

C7 F
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

F F7 Bb Fdim7
 And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*



C C7 F C7
 Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



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

C7 F
 And they scorned us just for being what we are

F F7 Bb Fdim7
 But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

C C7 F C7
 Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*

F C C7 F
 And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

F Bb Fdim7 C C7 F
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

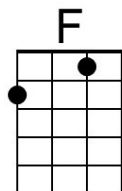
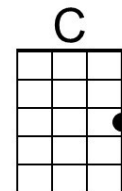
F Bb Fdim7 C C7 Bb - F
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

Baritone

Galway Girl (Steve Earle, 2000) (C)

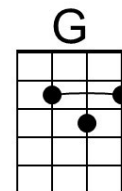
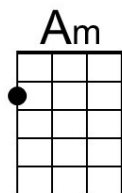
Galway Girl by Steve Earle

C **F**
 Well I took a stroll on the old long walk of a day-I-ay- ay
Am **G** **F** **C** **G** **C**
 I met a little girl and we stopped to talk on a fine, soft day-I-ay
C **F** **C** **F** **C**
 And I ask you friend what's a fellah to do
Am **G** **F** **C**
 Cause her hair was black her eyes were blue
C **F** **C** **F** **C**
 And I knew right then I'd taking a whirl
Am **G** **F** **C**
 Round the Salthill prom with the Galway girl



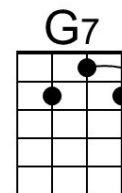
Instrumental **C F C Am G F C G G7 C**

C **F**
 We were half way there when the rain came down, of a day I ay I ay
Am **G** **F** **C** **G** **C**
 And she asked me up to her flat down-town, of a fine soft day I ay
C **F** **C** **F** **C**
 And I ask you friend what's a fellah to do
Am **G** **F** **C**
 Cause her hair was black, her eyes were blue
F **C** **F** **C**
 So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
Am **G** **F** **C**
 And I lost my heart to a Galway girl



Instrumental **C F C Am G F C G G7 C**

C **F**
 When I woke up I was all alone (**spoken**) - of a day I ay
Am **G** **F** **C** **G** **C**
 With a broken heart and a ticket home (**spoken**) - of a fine soft day I ay
F **C** **F** **C**
 And I ask you now tell me what would you do
Am **G** **F** **C**
 If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
F **C** **F** **C**
 I've travelled around I've been all over this world,
Am **G** **F** **C**
 Boys, I ain't never seen nothing like a Galway girl.

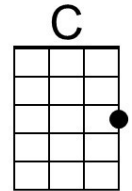
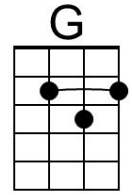


Bari

C	F	Am	G	G7

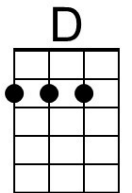
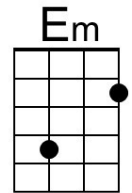
Galway Girl (Steve Earle, 2000) (G)

G Well I took a stroll on the old long walk of a day-l-ay- ay **C**
Em D C G D G
 I met a little girl and we stopped to talk on a fine, soft day-l-ay
G C G C G
 And I ask you friend what's a fellah to do
Em D C G
 Cause her hair was black her eyes were blue
G C G C G
 And I knew right then I'd taking a whirl
Em D C G
 Round the Salthill prom with the Galway girl



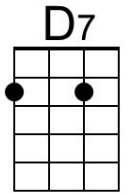
Instrumental G C G Em D C G D D7 G

G We were half way there when the rain came down, of a day I ay I ay **C**
Em D C G D G
 And she asked me up to her flat down-town, of a fine soft day I ay
G C G C G
 And I ask you friend what's a fellah to do
Em D C G
 Cause her hair was black, her eyes were blue
C G C G
 So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl
Em D C G
 And I lost my heart to a Galway girl



Instrumental G C G Em D C G D D7 G

G When I woke up I was all alone (**spoken**) - of a day I ay **C**
Em D C G D G
 With a broken heart and a ticket home (**spoken**) - of a fine soft day I ay
C G C G
 And I ask you now tell me what would you do
Em D C G
 If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
C G C G
 I've travelled around I've been all over this world,
Em D C G
 Boys, I ain't never seen nothing like a Galway girl.

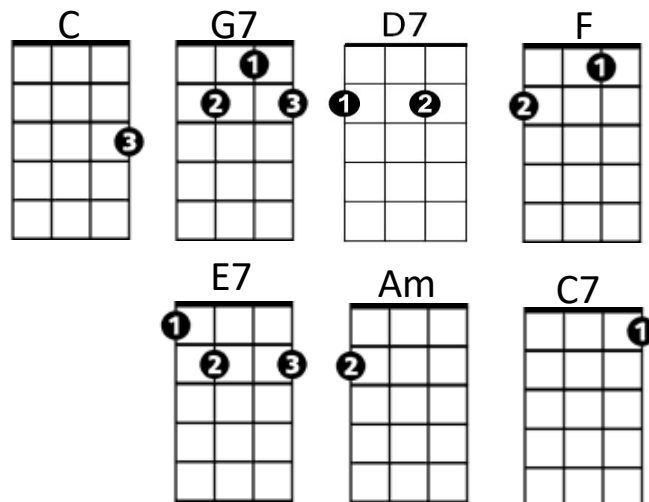


Bari

G	C	Em	D	D7

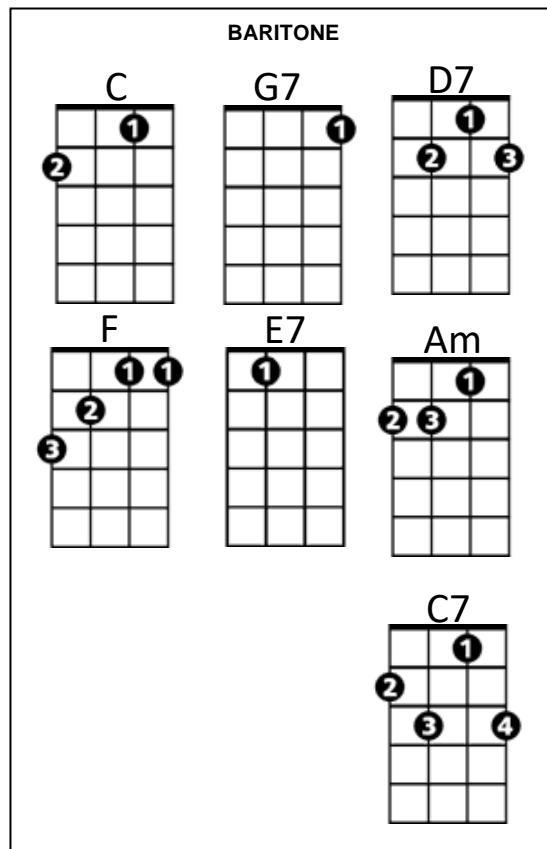
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf) Key C

C **G7** **C**
 I'll take you home again Kathleen
G7 **C**
 Across the ocean wild and wide
G7 **C**
 To where your heart has ever been
G7 **D7** **G7**
 Since first you were my bonnie bride



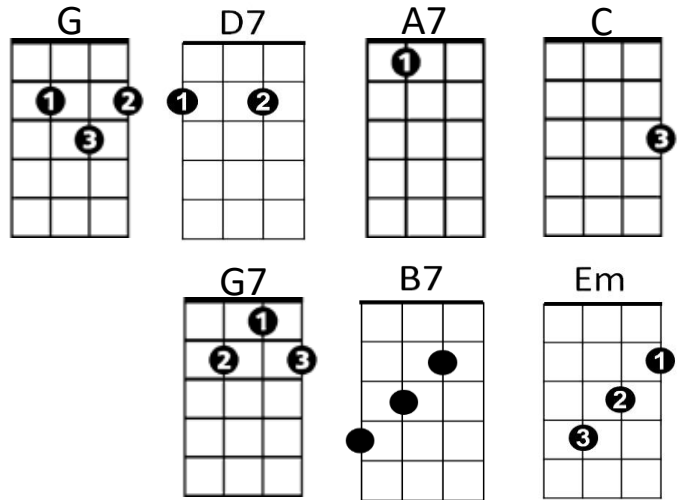
F **G7** **C**
 The roses all have left your cheek
G7 **C**
 I've watched them fade away and die
E7 **Am** **C**
 Your voice is sad when 'ere you speak
D7 **G7**
 And tears bedim your loving eyes

C **G7** **C**
 Oh, I will take you back Kathleen
G7 **C**
 To where your heart will feel no pain
C7 **F**
 And when the fields are fresh and green
C **G7** **C**
 I'll take you to your home Kathleen
C7 **F**
 And when the fields are fresh and green
C **G7** **C**
 I'll take you to your home Kathleen



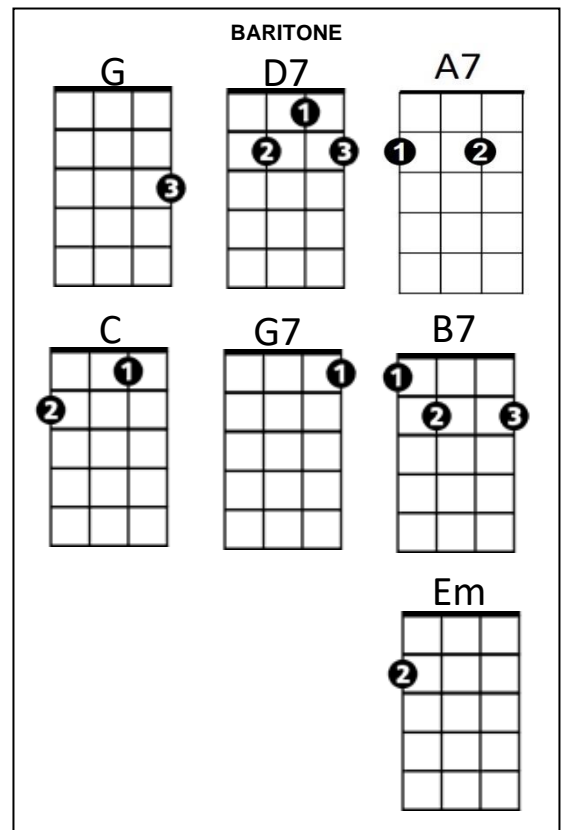
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf) Key G

G D7 G
 I'll take you home again Kathleen
D7 G
 Across the ocean wild and wide
D7 G
 To where your heart has ever been
D7 A7 D7
 Since first you were my bonnie bride



C D7 G
 The roses all have left your cheek
D7 G
 I've watched them fade away and die
B7 Em G
 Your voice is sad when 'ere you speak
A7 D7
 And tears bedim your loving eyes

G D7 G
 Oh, I will take you back Kathleen
D7 G
 To where your heart will feel no pain
G7 C
 And when the fields are fresh and green
G D7 G
 I'll take you to your home Kathleen
G7 C
 And when the fields are fresh and green
G D7 G
 I'll take you to your home Kathleen



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

Intro (4 measures) D A A7 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 **Chorus**
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

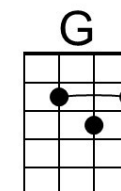
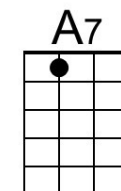
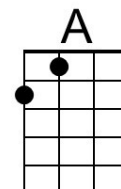
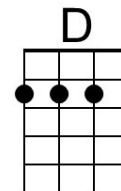
D A
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

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



Bari

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

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

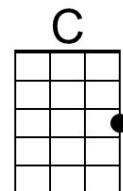
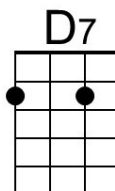
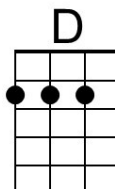
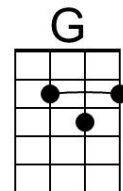
G D
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

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



Bari

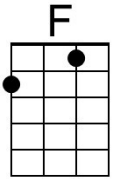
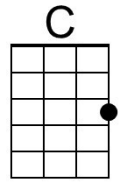


Loch Lomond (Traditional) (C)

Loch Lomond by Celtic Woman

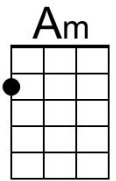
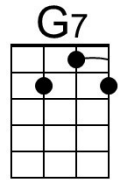
Intro (Last 2 lines of Chorus)

C F
 By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 G7 C F C
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond,
 Am Em Dm F
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 G7 C F C G7 C
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.



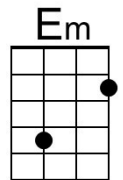
Chorus

C F
 O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
 C F C
 And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,
 Am Em Dm E7 F
 But me and my true love will never meet a-gain,
 G7 C F C G7 C
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

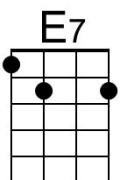
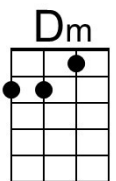


C F
 'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
 G7 C F C
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond,
 Am Em Dm F
 Where in soft purple hue, the highland hills we view,
 G7 C F C G7 C
 And the moon coming out in the gloam-ing. **Chorus**

gloaming = evening



C F
 The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
 G7 C F C
 And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing.
 Am Em Dm F
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring a-gain,
 G7 C F C G7 C
 Though the wae'ful may cease frae their griev-ing. **Chorus**



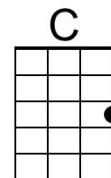
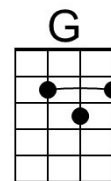
Bari

Loch Lomond (Traditional) (G)

Loch Lomond by Celtic Woman

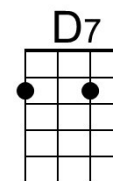
Intro (Last 2 lines of Chorus)

G C
 By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 D7 G C G
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond,
 Em Bm Am C
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 D7 G C G D7 G
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

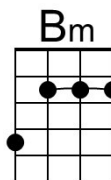
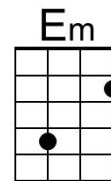


Chorus

G C
 O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
 G C G
 And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,
 Em Bm Am B7 C
 But me and my true love will never meet a-gain,
 D7 G C G D7 G
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

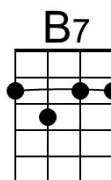
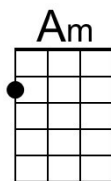


G C
 'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
 D7 G C G
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond,
 Em Bm Am C
 Where in soft purple hue, the highland hills we view,
 D7 G C G D7 G
 And the moon coming out in the gloam-ing. **Chorus**



gloaming = evening

G C
 The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
 D7 G C G
 And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing.
 Em Bm Am C
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring a-gain,
 D7 G C G D7 G
 Though the waeful may cease frae their griev-ing. **Chorus**



Bari

Maid of Fife-E-O (Traditional) (C)

Maid of Fife-E-O by The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem

Intro (2 Measures) C ↓ ↓ ↓ | C ↓ ↓ ↓

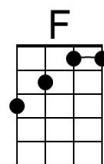
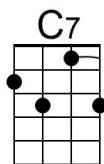
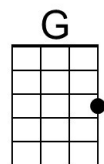
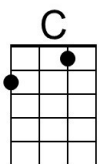
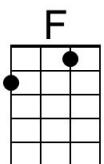
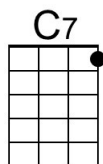
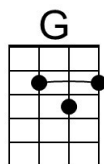
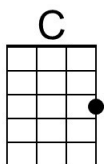
There once was a troop of Irish dragoons come march-ing down through Fife-e-O
 And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass, and her name it was called pretty Peg-gy-O.
 There's many a bonny lass in the town of Ackerglass,
 There's many a bonny lassie in the cheerie-O
 There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen, but the flower of them all is in Fife-e-O.

Chorus

Come down the stairs, pretty Peggy, my dear, come down the stairs, pretty Peggy-O
 Oh, come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair,
 Bid a long fare-well to your mam-my-O

"I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be, I never will marry a soldier-O
 I never did in-tend to go to a foreign land, and I never will marry a soldier-O"
 The colonel he cried: "Mount, mount, boys, mount", the captain he cried: "Tarry-O,
 Oh, tarry for a while, for another day or twa, 'til I see if this bonny lass will mar-ry-O". **Chorus**

Long ere we came to the town of Ackerglass, we had our captain to carry-O.
 And long ere we reached the streets of Aberdeen, we had our captain to bu-ry-O.
 Green grow the birks* on bonny Ethen-side, and low lie the lowlands of Fife-e-O
 Well, the captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid, *birks = birch trees*
 He died for the chambermaid of Fife-e-O. **Chorus**





Maid of Fife-E-O (Traditional) (G)

Maid of Fife-E-O by The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem

Intro (2 Measures) G ↓ ↓ ↓ | G ↓ ↓ ↓

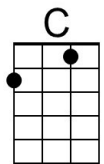
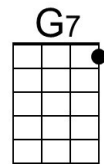
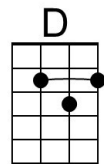
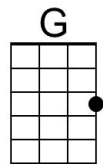
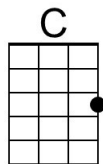
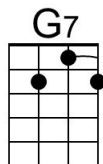
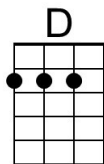
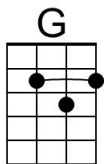
G D
 There once was a troop of Irish dragoons come march-ing down through Fife-e-O
 G G7 C G D G C G
 And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass, and her name it was called pretty Peg-gy-O.
 G
 There's many a bonny lass in the town of Ackerglass,
 D
 There's many a bonny lassie in the cheerie-O
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Chorus

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 Oh, come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair,
 G D G C G
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 G G7 C G D G C G
 I never did in-tend to go to a foreign land, and I never will marry a soldier-O"
 G D
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 G D
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 G G7 C
 Well, the captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid, *birks = birch trees*
 G D G C G
 He died for the chambermaid of Fife-e-O. **Chorus**





My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) (C)

My Wild Irish Rose by the Irish Tenors – **Version 2**

Intro C Caug F C D7 G7 C G7

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song

Of a flower that's now drooped and dead

Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates

Though each holds aloft its proud head

'Twas given to me by a girl that I know

Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose

She is dearer by far than the world's brightest

star

And I call her my Wild Irish Rose

Chorus

My Wild Irish Rose,

The sweetest flower that grows

You may search everywhere,

But none can compare

With my Wild Irish Rose

My Wild Irish Rose,

The dearest flower that grows

And some day for my sake,

She may let me take

The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose

They may sing of their roses,

Which by other names

Would smell just as sweetly, they say

But I know that my Rose would never consent

To have that sweet name taken away

Her glances are shy when-e'er I pass by

The bower where my true love grows

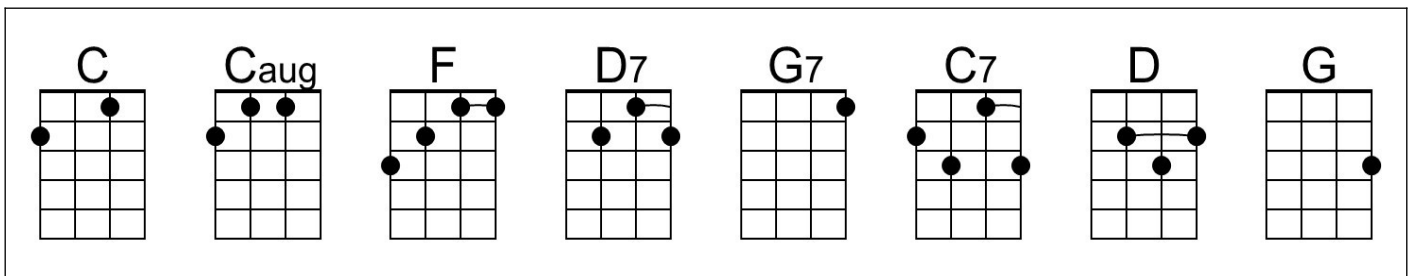
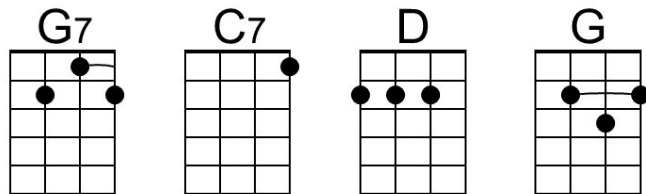
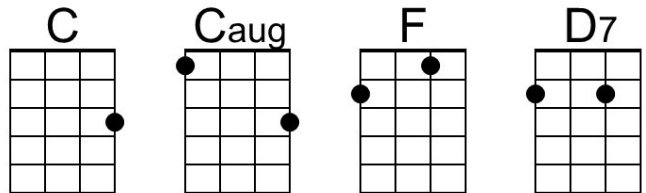
And my one wish has been

That someday I may win

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

Outro

The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose



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

My Wild Irish Rose by the Irish Tenors – **Version 2**

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

C G
Though each holds aloft its proud head

A7 D7
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know
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

D7 G
You may search everywhere,
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

D7 G
And some day for my sake,
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

C G
To have that sweet name taken away

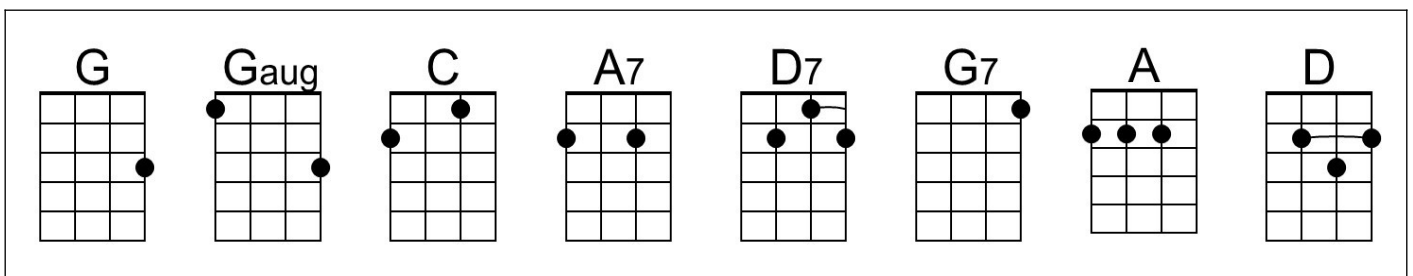
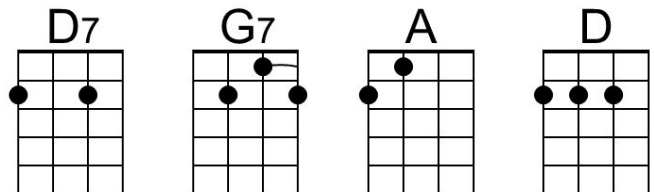
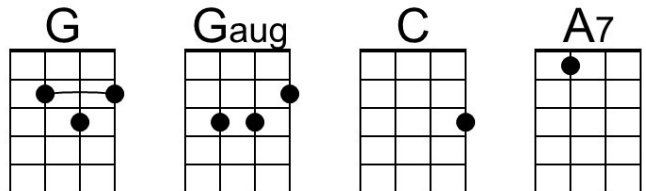
A7 D7
Her glances are shy when-e'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows

G 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



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

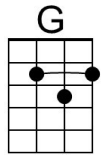
Am F G Am
From her snow white streak in her jet black hair, over sixty years I've been loving her
Am F C F G Am
Now we're sat by the fire in our old armchairs, you know Nancy I a-dore ya
Am F G Am
From a farm boy born near Belfast town, I never worried about the king and crown
Am F C F G Am
'Cause I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

Outro Interlude

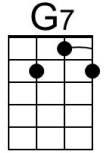
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) (G)

Pretty Irish Girl by Sean Connery & Janet Munro
 "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

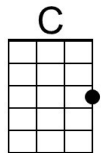


D7 G G7 C C7
 Have you ever seen the seagulls, a-flyin' o'er the heather?



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

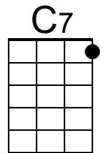
G G7 C C7
 Oh, the earth is filled with beauty, and it's gathered all to-gether



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

Chorus

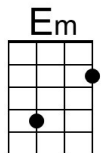
G D7 C G
 Oh, she's my dear, my darlin' one, her eyes so sparklin' full of fun



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

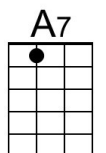
G D7 C G
 She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and be-guilin' one

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



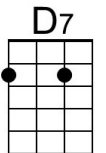
D7 G G7 C C7
 Have you ever seen the morning, in Kerry and Kil-larney?

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



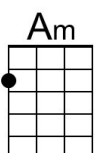
G G7 C C7
 When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic

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

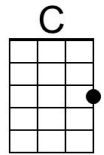
G Em A7 D7
 I think that I will marry me a pretty Irish girl!

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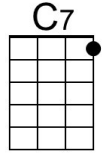
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) (C)

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Intro Dm F D7 C G7 C G7
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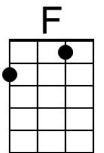


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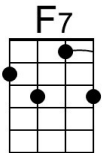
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C Am D7 G7
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Chorus

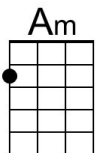
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F C D7 G7
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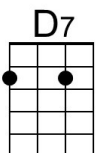
C G7 F C
 She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and be-guilin' one

Dm F D7 C (D7) G7 C G7
 I love the ground she walks upon - my pretty I - r i s h girl



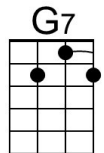
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C Am D7 G7
 When the dew is on the hayrick, and ev'ry drop a pearl ?



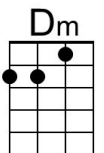
C C7 F F7
 When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic

C Am D7 G7
 And standing in the doorway is a pretty Irish Girl? **Chorus**



G7 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!

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The Ferryman (Pete St. John) Key C

C **F** **C**
Oh the little boats are gone from the breast of Anna Liffey

F **G**
The ferrymen are stranded on the *quay* (pronounced "key")

C **F** **C**
Sure the Dublin docks is dying and a way of life is gone

G **G7** **C**
And Molly it was part of you and me

Chorus:

G **F** **C**
Where the strawberry beds sweep down to the Liffey

F **G**
You kiss away the worries from my brow

C **F** **C**
I love you well today and I love you more tomorrow

G **G7** **C**
If you ever loved me Molly love me now

C **F** **C**
'Twas the only job I knew, it was hard but never lonely

F **G**
The Liffey ferry made a man of me

C **F** **C**
Now it's gone without a whisper and forgotten even now

G **G7** **C**
Sure it's over, Molly, over can't you see

(Chorus)

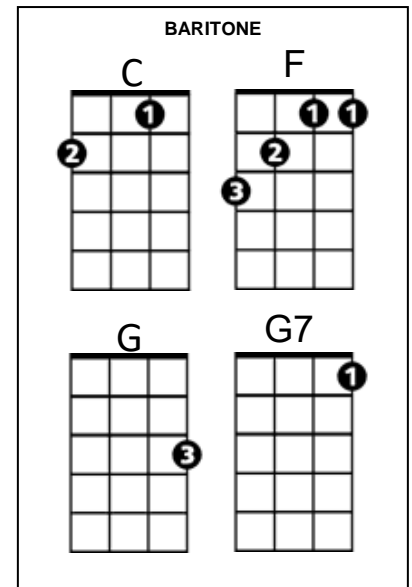
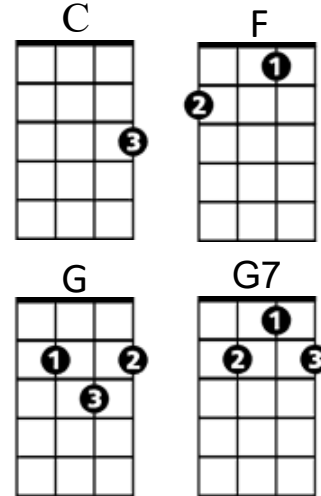
C **F** **C**
Now I'll tend the yard and spend my days in talkin'

F **G**
Hear them whisper Charlie's on the dole

C **F** **C**
But Molly we're still livin' and darling we're still young

G **G7** **C**
And the river never owned me heart and soul

(Chorus)



The Ferryman (Pete St. John) Key G

G **C** **G**
Oh the little boats are gone from the breast of Anna Liffey

C **D**
The ferrymen are stranded on the *quay* (pronounced "key")

G **C** **G**
Sure the Dublin docks is dying and a way of life is gone

D **D7** **G**
And Molly it was part of you and me

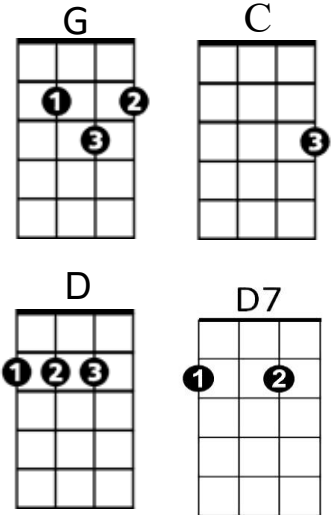
Chorus:

D **C** **G**
Where the strawberry beds sweep down to the Liffey

C **D**
You kiss away the worries from my brow

G **C** **G**
I love you well today and I love you more tomorrow

D **D7** **G**
If you ever loved me Molly love me now



G **C** **G**
'Twas the only job I knew, it was hard but never lonely

C **D**
The Liffey ferry made a man of me

G **C** **G**
Now it's gone without a whisper and forgotten even now

D **D7** **G**
Sure it's over, Molly, over can't you see

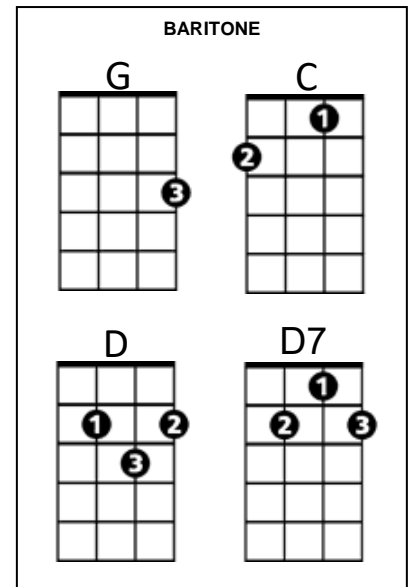
(Chorus)

G **C** **G**
Now I'll tend the yard and spend my days in talkin'

C **D**
Hear them whisper Charlie's on the dole

G **C** **G**
But Molly we're still livin' and darling we're still young

D **D7** **G**
And the river never owned me heart and soul



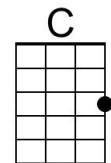
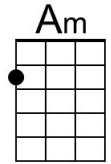
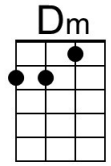
(Chorus)

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

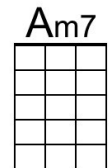
The Leprechaun by Mary O'Hara – The Leprechaun by Margaret Barry

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

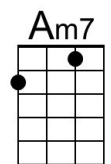
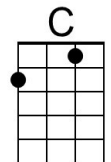
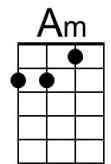
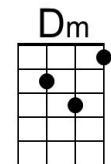
Dm Am Dm
 In a shady nook one moonlit night, a leprechaun I spied
 Am C Dm
 In a scarlet cap and coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side (**croosh-kin**)
 C Dm
 'Twas tick, tack, tick, his hammer went, u-pon a weeny shoe,
 Dm C Dm Am
 Oh, I laughed to think of his purse of gold,
 Dm Am7 Dm
 But the fairy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

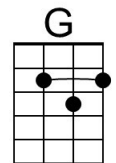
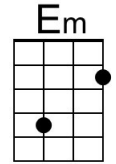
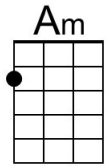
Robert Dwyer Joyce was the younger brother of Patrick Weston (P.W.) Joyce.

The Leprechaun (P. W. Joyce, 1853) (Am)

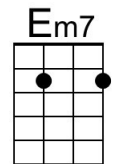
The Leprechaun by Mary O'Hara – The Leprechaun by Margaret Barry

Intro (Drone like - down strum) Am ↓↓↓↓

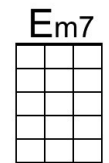
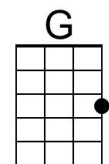
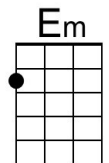
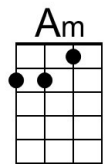
Am Em Am
In a shady nook one moonlit night, a leprechaun I spied
Em G Am
In a scarlet cap and coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side (**croosh-kin**)
G Am
'Twas tick, tack, tick, his hammer went, u-pon a weeny shoe,
Am G Am Em
Oh, I laughed to think of his purse of gold,
Am Em7 Am
But the fairy was laughing too!
Am Em Am Em7 Am
The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laugh-in' too!



Am Em Am
With tip-toe step and beating heart, quite softly I drew nigh
Em G Am
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G Am
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Oh! I laughed to think what a fool I'd been,
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But the fairy was laughing too!
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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.

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.

The Skye Boat Song (G)

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

G Em Am7 D7 G C G | G
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "Onward!" the sailors cry

Chorus

G Em Am7 D7 G C G | D7
 Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing "Onward!" the sailors cry
 G Em Am7 D7 G C G | G
 Carry the lad that's born to be King, over the sea to Skye.

Em Am Em C Em | Em
 Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thunderclaps rend the air.
 Em Am Em C Em | D7
 Baffled our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare. **Chorus**

Em Am Em C Em | Em
 Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a royal bed.
 Em Am Em C Em | D7
 Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head. **Chorus**

Em Am Em C Em | Em
 Many's the lad fought on that day; well the clay-more could wield.
 Em Am Em C Em | D7
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Em Am Em C Em | Em
 Burned are our homes, exile and death, scatter the loyal men.
 Em Am Em C Em | D7
 Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come a-gain. **Chorus**

Outro

G Em Am7 D7 G C G
 Carry the lad that's born to be King Over the sea to * Skye.

The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 3 (C)

The Spanish Lady by The Dubliners

C **Am**
As I came down thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
At the hour of twelve at night
C **Am**
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady,
Dm **G7**
Washing her feet by candlelight
C **Am**
First she washed them, then she dried them
C **G**
Over a fire of amber coals
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay
C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddy
Dm **G7 | G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

C **Am**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
At the hour of half past eight
C **Am**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Dm **G7**
Brushing her hair in broad daylight
C **Am**
First she tossed it, then she combed it,
C **G**
On her lap was a silver comb
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so fair since I did roam. **Chorus**

C **Am**
As I came back thru Dublin city
Dm **G7**
As the sun began to set
C **Am**
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Dm **G7**
Catching a moth in a golden net
C **Am**
When she saw me, then she fled me
C **G**
Lifting her petticoat over her knee
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. **Chorus**

C **Am**
I've wandered north and south through
Dm **G7**
Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
C **Am**
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Dm **G7**
And back by Napper Tandy's house
C **Am**
Old age has laid her hand on me
C **G**
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
C **Am**
In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady

Chorus (2x) End on C



The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 3 (G)

The Spanish Lady by The Dubliners

G **Em**
 As I came down thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
 At the hour of twelve at night
G **Em**
 Who should I see but a Spanish Lady,
Am **D7**
 Washing her feet by candlelight
G **Em**
 First she washed them, then she dried them
G **D**
 Over a fire of amber coals
G **Em**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
 A maid so sweet about the soul

Chorus

G **Em**
 Whack for the toora loora laddy
Am **D7**
 Whack for the toora loora lay
G **Em**
 Whack for the toora loora laddy
Am **D7 | D7**
 Whack for the toora loora lay

G **Em**
 As I came back thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
 At the hour of half past eight
G **Em**
 Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Am **D7**
 Brushing her hair in broad daylight
G **Em**
 First she tossed it, then she combed it,
G **D**
 On her lap was a silver comb
G **Em**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
 A maid so fair since I did roam. **Chorus**

G **Em**
 As I came back thru Dublin city
Am **D7**
 As the sun began to set
G **Em**
 Who should I see but the Spanish lady
Am **D7**
 Catching a moth in a golden net
G **Em**
 When she saw me, then she fled me
G **D**
 Lifting her petticoat over her knee
G **Em**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
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Am **D7**
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 Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond
Am **D7**
 And back by Napper Tandy's house
G **Em**
 Old age has laid her hand on me
G **D**
 Cold as a fire of ashy coals
G **Em**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
 A maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.

Chorus (2x) End on G



The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962) (C)

The Unicorn by Shel Silverstein (1962)

Intro Single Strum of C

C Dm
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
G C
There was 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
And the loveliest of all was the un - i - corn

C Dm
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Dm
But sure as you're born
C Dm G C
The loveliest of all was the un - i - corn

C Dm
The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
G C
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to 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 those...

C Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Dm
But sure as you're born
C Dm G C
Don't you forget my un - i - corns

C Dm
Old Noah was there to answer the call
G C
He finished up the ark just as the rain began to fall
C Dm
He marched in the animals two by two
C Dm G C
And he called out as they came through - Hey Lord,

C Dm
I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Dm
But Lord, I'm so forlorn
C Dm G C
I just can't find no un - i - corns"

C Dm
And Noah looked out through the driving rain
G C
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
C Dm
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
C Dm G C
Oh, them silly un - i - corns

C Dm
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C Dm
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is falling
C Dm G C
And we just can't wait for no un - i - corns"

C Dm
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
G C
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
C
And the waters came down
Dm
And sort of floated them away

Tacet
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

C Dm
You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Dm
But sure as you're born
C Dm G C
You're never gonna see no un - i - corns

(Repeat last Chorus)

Version 1

The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962) (G)

The Unicorn by Shel Silverstein (1962)**Intro** Single Strum of C

G **Am**
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
D **G**
There was 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**
And the loveliest of all was the un – i - corn

G **Am**
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
D **G**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
G
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Am
But sure as you're born
G **Am D G**
The loveliest of all was the un – i - corn

G **Am**
The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
D **G**
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to 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 those...

G **Am**
Green alligators and long-necked geese
D **G**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
G
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Am
But sure as you're born
G Am D G
Don't you forget my un – i - corns

G **Am**
Old Noah was there to answer the call
D **G**
He finished up the ark just as the rain began to fall
G **Am**
He marched in the animals two by two
G Am D G
And he called out as they came through - Hey Lord,

G **Am**
I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese
D **G**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
G
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Am
But Lord, I'm so forlorn
G Am D G
I just can't find no un – i - corns"

G **Am**
And Noah looked out through the driving rain
D **G**
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
G **Am**
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
G Am D G
Oh, them silly un – i - corns

G **Am**
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
D **G**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
G **Am**
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is falling
G Am D G
And we just can't wait for no un – i - corns"

G **Am**
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
D **G**
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
G
And the waters came down
Am
And sort of floated them away

Tacet
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

G **Am**
You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
D **G**
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
G
Some cats and rats and elephants,
Am
But sure as you're born
G Am D G
You're never gonna see no un – i - corns

(Repeat last Chorus)

Version 2

The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962) (C)

The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968)

Intro (last line of chorus) C Dm G C

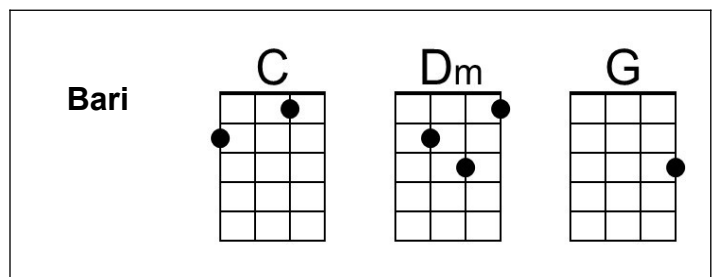
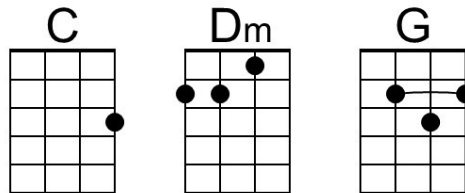
C Dm
A long time ago when the earth was green,
G C
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
C Dm
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
C Dm G C
But the loveliest of them all was the un - i - corn.
There was . . .
C Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
G C
Some humpty back camels and some chimpanzees.
C Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants but sure as you're
C Dm G C
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
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
He marched in the animals two by two fallin'.
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
You're never gonna see no un - i - corns."



Version 2

The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962) (G)

The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968)

Intro (last line of chorus) G Am D G

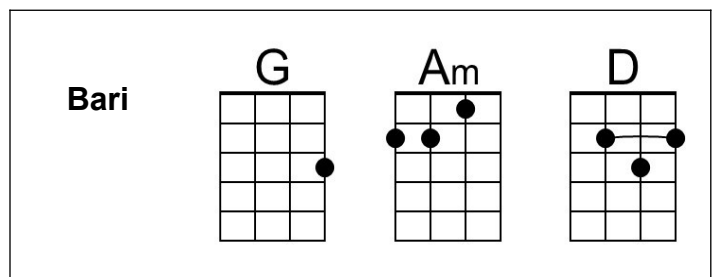
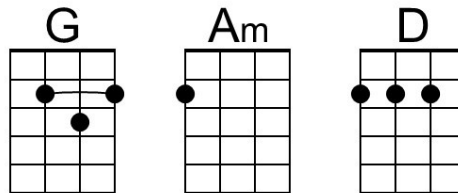
G Am
A long time ago when the earth was green,
D G
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
G Am
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
G Am D G
But the loveliest of them all was the un - i - corn.
There was . . .
G Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
D G
Some humpty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



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

Intro (last line of verse) F C G 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,

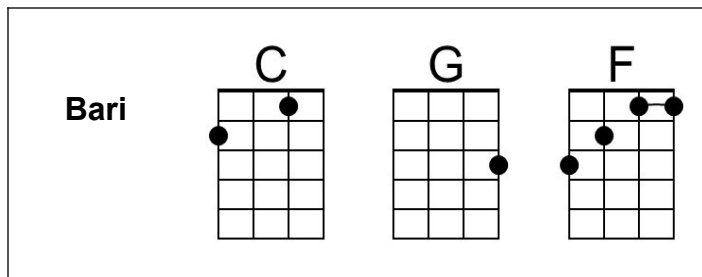
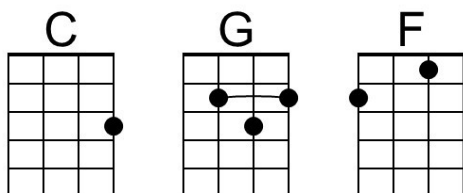
F **C** **G** **C**
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

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)

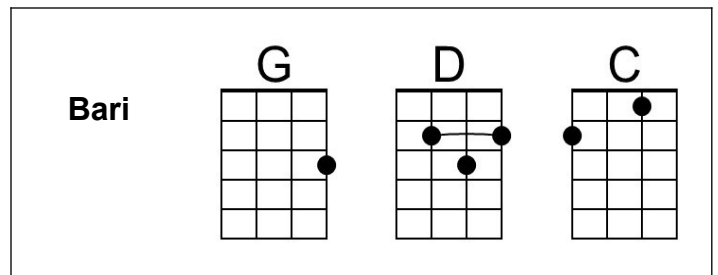
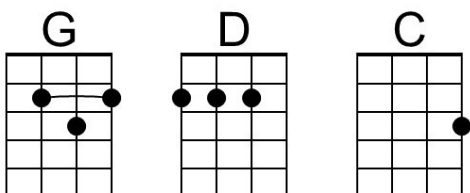
Intro (last line of verse) C G D G

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.



The Whistling Gypsy (Leo Maguire, 1951) (C)

Whistling Gypsy Rover by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem (F) (1984)

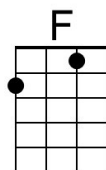
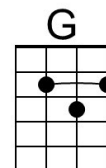
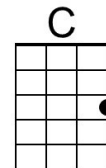
Whistling Gypsy by The Clancy Brothers (E)

Intro (Last line of first verse) C G C F C F

C G C G C G C G
A gypsy rover came over the hill, down through the valley so sha-dy.

C G C F
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

C G C F C F
And he won the heart of a l - a - dy.

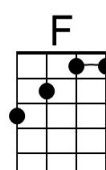
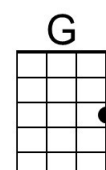
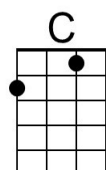


Chorus (Play after every verse)

C G C G C G C G
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day. Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee

C G C F
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang

C G C F C F
And he won the heart of a l - a - dy.



C G C G C G C G
She left her father's castle gate. She left her own fine lo - ver.

C G C F C G C F C F
She left her servants and her state to follow her gypsy ro - ver.

C G C G C G C G
She left behind her velvet gown and shoes of Spanish leath - er

C G C F
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang

C G C F C F
As they rode off to-ge - ther.

C G C G C G C G
Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed with silken sheets for co - ver

C G C F C G C F C F
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground, beside her gypsy lo - ver.

C G C G C G C G
Her father saddled up his fastest steed, and roamed the valley all o - ver.

C G C F C G C F C F
Sought his daughter at great speed, and the whistlin' gypsy ro - ver.

C G C G C G C G
 He came at last to a mansion fine down by the river Clay - dee.
 C G C F C G C F C F
 And there was music and there was wine for the gypsy and his la - dy.

Chorus (Play after every verse)

C G C G C G C G
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day. Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
 C G C F
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
 C G C F C F
 And he won the heart of a l -a-dy.

C G C G C G C G
 "Have you forsaken your house and home? Have you forsaken your ba - by?
 C G C F C G C F C F
 Have you forsaken your husband dear, for a whistling gypsy ro - ver?"

C G C G C G C G
 "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried, "but Lord of these lands all o - ver.
 C G C F C G C F C F
 And I shall stay 'til my dying day with my whistlin' gypsy ro - ver."

Notes

"The Raggle Taggle Gypsy" is a very old folk song with numerous names. Hundreds of versions of the song survived in the oral tradition well into the twentieth century.

There are also several related songs including "The Whistling Gypsy" written by Leo McGuire in 1951. According to McGuire, the song was written on a dare - that he could write a popular Irish song with a happy ending. In fact the song was well known with very few changes in the lyrics for many years before MaGuire claimed copyright on it. It was first recorded by Joe Lynch in 1952 as "[The Whistling Gypsy](#)." A notable early recording was [The Whistling Gypsy](#) by Rose Brennan in 1953.

This song also goes under several names, even by the same group. The Clancy Brothers recorded it both as *The Whistling Gypsy* and *The Whistling Gypsy Rover*.

- [The Raggle Taggle Gypsy](#), Wikipedia
- [The Whistling Gypsy](#), Wikipedia
- [Roud 1](#)
- [Child 200](#)

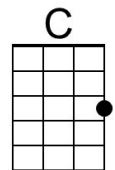
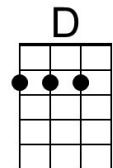
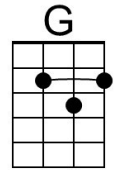
The Whistling Gypsy (Leo Maguire, 1951) (G)

Whistling Gypsy Rover by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem (F) (1984)

Whistling Gypsy by The Clancy Brothers (E)

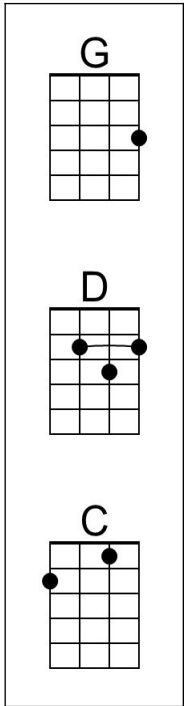
Intro (Last line of first verse) C G C F C F

G D G D G D G D
 A gypsy rover came over the hill, down through the valley so sha-dy.
 G D G C
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
 G D G C G C
 And he won the heart of a l -a-dy.



Chorus (Play after every verse)

G D G D G D G D
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day. Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
 G D G C
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
 G D G C G C
 And he won the heart of a l -a-dy.



G D G D G D G D
 She left her father's castle gate. She left her own fine lo - ver.
 G D G C G D G C G C
 She left her servants and her state to follow her gypsy ro - ver.

G D G D G D G D
 She left behind her velvet gown and shoes of Spanish leath - er
 G D G C
 They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang
 G D G C G C
 As they rode off to-ge - ther.

G D G D G D G D
 Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed with silken sheets for co - ver
 G D G C G D G C G C
 Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground, beside her gypsy lo - ver.

G D G D G D G D
 Her father saddled up his fastest steed, and roamed the valley all o - ver.
 G D G C G D G C G C
 Sought his daughter at great speed, and the whistlin' gypsy ro - ver.

G D G D G D G D
 He came at last to a mansion fine down by the river Clay - dee.
 G D G C G D G C G C
 And there was music and there was wine for the gypsy and his la - dy.

Chorus (Play after every verse)

G D G D G D G D
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day. Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
 G D G C
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
 G D G C G C
 And he won the heart of a l -a-dy.

G D G D G D G D
 "Have you forsaken your house and home? Have you forsaken your ba - by?
 G D G C G D G C G C
 Have you forsaken your husband dear, for a whistling gypsy ro - ver?"

G D G D G D G D
 "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried, "but Lord of these lands all o - ver.
 G D G C G D G C G C
 And I shall stay 'til my dying day with my whistlin' gypsy ro - ver."

Notes

"The Raggle Taggle Gypsy" is a very old folk song with numerous names. Hundreds of versions of the song survived in the oral tradition well into the twentieth century.

There are also several related songs including "The Whistling Gypsy" written by Leo McGuire in 1951. According to McGuire, the song was written on a dare - that he could write a popular Irish song with a happy ending. In fact the song was well known with very few changes in the lyrics for many years before Maguire claimed copyright on it. It was first recorded by Joe Lynch in 1952 as "[The Whistling Gypsy](#) ." A notable early recording was [The Whistling Gypsy](#) by Rose Brennan in 1953.

This song also goes under several names, even by the same group. The Clancy Brothers recorded it both as *The Whistling Gypsy* and *The Whistling Gypsy Rover*.

- [The Raggle Taggle Gypsy](#), Wikipedia
- [The Whistling Gypsy](#), Wikipedia
- [Roud 1](#)
- [Child 200](#)

The Whistling Gypsy (Leo Maguire, ca. 1952, Arr. By G. Millar & W. McDowell)

The Whistling Gypsy by The Irish Rovers – Key of C

Intro: Last 3 lines of verse

C G C G7
The gypsy rover came over the hill,
C F C G
And down through the valley so shad-y;
C G
He whistled and he sang,
Em Am
Till the green woods rang,
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la - a - dy.

Chorus

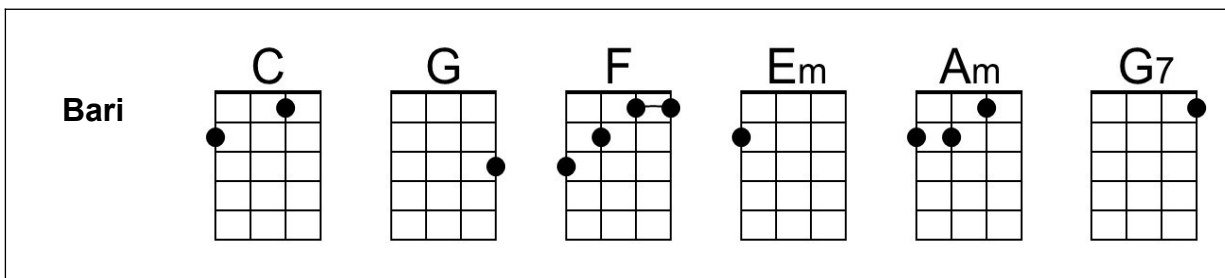
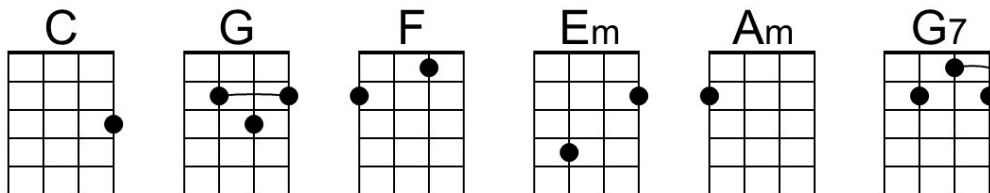
C G C G7
Ah di doo ah di doo dah day,
C F C G
Ah di doo ah de day-dee.
C G
He whistled and he sang,
Em Am
Till the green woods rang,
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la - a - dy.

C G C G7
She left her father's castle gate;
C F C G
She left her own fond lo - ver,
C G Em Am
She left her servants and her es - tate,
C F C F C G7
To follow the gypsy ro - o - er. **Chorus**

C G C G7
Her father saddled up his fastest steed,
C F C G
And he roamed the valleys all o - ver,
C G Em Am
He sought his daughter at great speed,
C F C F C G7
And the whistling gypsy ro - o - er. **Chorus**

C G C G7
He came at last to a mansion fine,
C F C G
Down by the River Cla - de,
C G Em Am
And there was music, and there was wine,
C F C F C G7
For the gypsy and his la - a - dy. **Chorus**

C G C G7
Well he's no gypsy my father she said,
C F C G
But lord of these lands all o - ver,
C G Em Am
And I will stay till me dying day,
C F C F C G7
With my whistling gypsy ro - o - er. **Chorus (2x) End on C**



The Whistling Gypsy (Leo Maguire, ca. 1952, Arr. By G. Millar & W. McDowell)

The Whistling Gypsy by The Irish Rovers – Key of G

Intro: Last 3 lines of verse

G D G D
The gypsy rover came over the hill,
G C G D7
And down through the valley so shad-y;
G D
He whistled and he sang,
Bm Em
Till the green woods rang,
G C G C G D7
And he won the heart of a la – a – dy.

Chorus

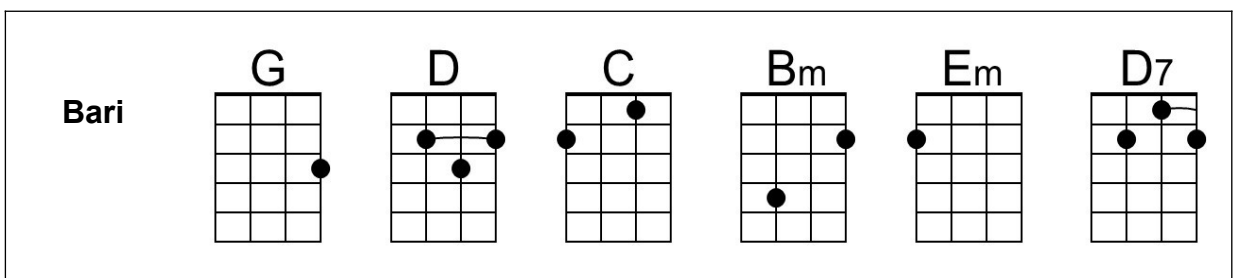
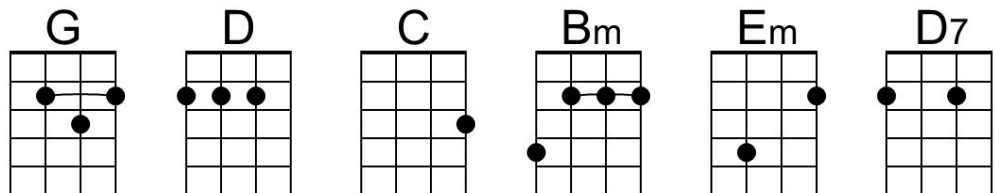
G D G D7
Ah di doo ah di doo dah day,
G C G D
Ah di doo ah de day-dee.
G D
He whistled and he sang,
Bm Em
Till the green woods rang,
G C G C G D7
And he won the heart of a la – a – dy.

G D G D7
She left her father's castle gate;
G C G D
She left her own fond lo – ver,
G D Bm Em
She left her servants and her es - tate,
G C G C G D7
To follow the gypsy ro – o – er. **Chorus**

G D G D7
Her father saddled up his fastest steed,
G C G D
And he roamed the valleys all o - ver,
G D Bm Em
He sought his daughter at great speed,
G C G C G D7
And the whistling gypsy ro – o – er. **Chorus**

G D G D7
He came at last to a mansion fine,
G C G D
Down by the River Cla – de,
G D Bm Em
And there was music, and there was wine,
G C G C G D7
For the gypsy and his la – a – dy. **Chorus**

G D G D7
Well he's no gypsy my father she said,
G C G D
But lord of these lands all o – ver,
G D Bm Em
And I will stay till me dying day,
G C G C G D7
With my whistling gypsy ro – o – er.
Chorus (2x) End on G



The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional) (C)

The Wild Colonial Boy by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem from "Reunion" (D @ 120)
(¾ Time)

C F G7 C
There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name.

G7 C
He was born and raised in Ireland, In a place called Castle-maine.

G7 C
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy.

F G7 C
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

C F G7 C
At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home

G7 C
And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam.

G7 C F
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy

F G7 C
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

C F G7 C
One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode a-long,

G7 C
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song.

G7 C
Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitz-roy.

F G7 C
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

C F G7 C
Sur-render now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one.

G7 C
Surrender in the Queen's high name, you are a plundering son.

F G7 C
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high.

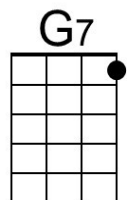
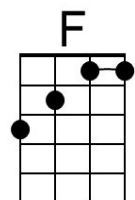
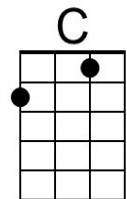
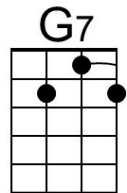
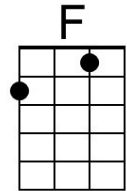
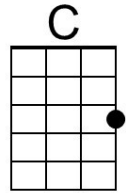
F G7 C
"I'll fight, but not sur-render," said the wild colonial boy

C F G7 C
He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground.

G7 C
And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound.

F G7 C
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitz-roy.

F G7 C
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.



The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional) (G)

The Wild Colonial Boy by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem from "Reunion" (D @ 120)
(³/₄ Time)

G C D7 G
There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name.

D7 G
He was born and raised in Ireland, In a place called Castle-maine.

D7 G
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy.

C D7 G
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

G C D7 G
At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home

D7 G
And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam.

D7 G C
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy

C D7 G
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

G C D7 G
One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode a-long

D7 G
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song

D7 G
Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitz-roy.

C D7 G
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

G C D7 G
Sur-render now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one.

D7 G
Surrender in the Queen's high name, you are a plundering son.

C D7 G
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high.

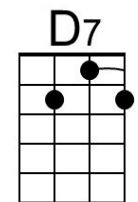
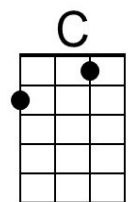
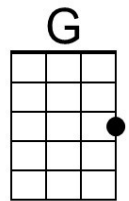
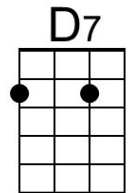
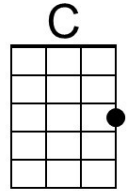
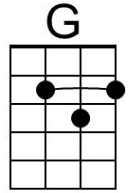
C D7 G
"I'll fight, but not sur-render," said the wild colonial boy

G C D7 G
He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground

D7 G
And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound

C D7 G
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitz-roy

C D7 G
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.



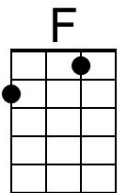
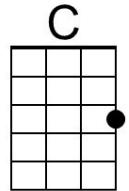
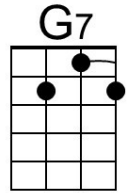
The Wild Rover (Traditional) (C)

The Wild Rover (No Nay Never) by The Dubliners (G) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

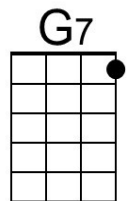
Intro (Four Measures) C

Chorus

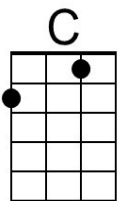
G7
 And it's no, nay, never, (**Four Claps**)
 C F | F
 _ No nay never no more, (**Two Claps**)
 C F
 Will I play the wild rover (**One Claps**)
 C G7 C
 No never no more.



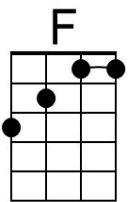
C F | F
 I've been a wild rover for many a year,
 C G7 C
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.
 C F
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
 C G7 C
 And I never will play the wild rover no more. **Chorus**



C F | F
 I went to an ale-house I used to fre-quent,
 C G7 C
 And I told the land lady my money was spent.
 C F
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay
 C G7 C
 Such a custom as yours I could have every day." **Chorus**



C F | F
 I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
 C G7 C
 And the land lady's eyes opened wide with de-light.
 C F
 She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
 C G7 C
 And the words that you told me were only in jest." **Chorus**



C F | F
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
 C G7 C
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
 C F
 And when they've caressed me, as oft times be-fore,
 C G7 C
 I never will play the wild rover no more. **Chorus (2x)**

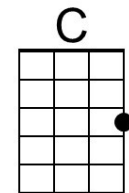
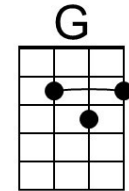
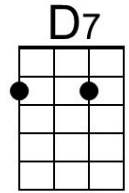
The Wild Rover (Traditional) (G)

The Wild Rover (No Nay Never), The Dubliners (G) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

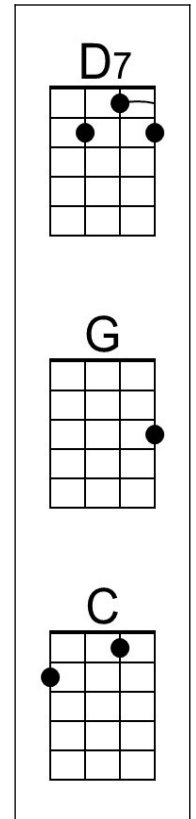
Intro (Four Measures) G

Chorus

D7
 And it's no, nay, never, (**Four Claps**)
 G C | C
 _ No nay never no more, (**Two Claps**)
 G C
 Will I play the wild rover (**One Claps**)
 G D7 G
 No never no more.



G C | C
 I've been a wild rover for many a year,
 G D7 G
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.
 G C
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
 G D7 G
 And I never will play the wild rover no more. **Chorus**



G C | C
 I went to an ale-house I used to fre-quent
 G D7 G
 And I told the land lady my money was spent.
 G C
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay
 G D7 G
 Such a custom as yours I could have every day." **Chorus**

G C | C
 I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
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 And the land lady's eyes opened wide with de-light.
 G C
 She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
 G D7 G
 And the words that you told me were only in jest." **Chorus**

G C | C
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
 G D7 G
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
 G C
 And when they've caressed me, as oft times be-fore,
 G D7 G
 I never will play the wild rover no more. **Chorus (2x)**

There's No One As Irish As Barack O'Bama (D)

(Ger, Brian and Donnacha Corrigan, Feb. 2008)

There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama by The Corrigan Brothers (E)

There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama by Shay Black (E) (Alt. with extra verses)

There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama by Na Fianna (D @ 140)

Intro (Chords of Chorus)

Chorus 1

D G D
O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara
A D
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

D A D
You don't believe me, I hear you say

A
But Barack's as Irish, as was JFK
D G D
His granddaddy's daddy came from Money-gall
A D
A small Irish village, well known to you all

Chorus 2

D G D
Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama
A D
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

D A D
He's as Irish as bacon and cabbage and stew
A
He's Hawaiian, he's Kenyan, American too
D G D
He's in the white house, he took his chance
A D
Now let's see Barack do River-dance. **Chorus 2**

D A D
From Kerry and cork to old Done-gal
A
Let's hear it for Barack from old Moneygall
D G D
From the lakes of Killarney to old Conne-mara
A D
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

Chorus 1

Chorus 3

D G D
From the old blarney stone to the great hill of Tara
A D
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

D A D
Two thousand and eight the White House is green,
A
They're cheering in Mayo and in Skibereen.
D G D
The Irish in Kenya, and in Yoka-hama,
A D
Are cheering for President Barack O'Bama.

Chorus 1

D A D
The Hockey Moms gone, and so is McCain
A
They're cheering in Texas and Borrisokane,
D G D
In Moneygall town, the greatest of drama,
A D
For our famous president Barack O'Bama.

Chorus 2

D A D
The great Stephen Neill, a great man of God,
A
He proved that Barack was from the Auld Sod
D G D
They came by bus and they came by car,
A D
To celebrate Barack in *Ollie Hayes's Bar*.

Chorus 1. Change of Key

Chorus (2x)

E A E
O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara
G E
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

Chorus (2x)

E A E
Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama
G E
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

First recorded by Hardy Drew and the Nancy Boys who later changing their name to The Corrigan Brothers. Added verses by Shay Black. For more information, see [There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama](#), Wikipedia.

There's No One As Irish As Barack O'Bama (G)

(Ger, Brian and Donnacha Corrigan, Feb. 2008)

[There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama](#) by The Corrigan Brothers (E)

[There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama](#) by Shay Black (E) (Alt. with extra verses)

[There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama](#) by Na Fianna (D @ 140)

Intro (Chords of Chorus)

Chorus 1

G C G
O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara
D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

G D G
You don't believe me, I hear you say

D
But Barack's as Irish, as was JFK

G C G
His granddaddy's daddy came from Money-gall

D G
A small Irish village, well known to you all

Chorus 2

G C G
Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama
D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

G D G
He's as Irish as bacon and cabbage and stew

D
He's Hawaiian, he's Kenyan, American too

G C G
He's in the white house, he took his chance

D G
Now let's see Barack do River-dance. **Chorus 2**

G D G
From Kerry and cork to old Done-gal

D
Let's hear it for Barack from old Moneygall

G C G
From the lakes of Killarney to old Conne-mara

D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama. **Chorus 1**

Chorus 3

G C G
From the old blarney stone to the great hill of Tara
D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

G D G
Two thousand and eight the White House is green,

D
They're cheering in Mayo and in Skibereen.

G C G
The Irish in Kenya, and in Yoka-hama,

D G
Are cheering for President Barack O'Bama. **Chorus 1**

G D G
The Hockey Moms gone, and so is McCain

D
They're cheering in Texas and Borrisokane,

G C G
In Moneygall town, the greatest of drama,

A D
For our famous president Barack O'Bama. **Chorus 2**

G D G
The great Stephen Neill, a great man of God,

D
He proved that Barack was from the Auld Sod

G C G
They came by bus and they came by car,

D G
To celebrate Barack in *Ollie Hayes's Bar*.

Chorus 1. Change of Key

Chorus (2x)

A D A
O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara
C A
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

Chorus (2x)

A D A
Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama
C A
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

First recorded by Hardy Drew and the Nancy Boys who later changing their name to The Corrigan Brothers. Added verses by Shay Black. For more information, see [There's No One As Irish as Barack O'Bama](#), Wikipedia.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (C)

Words: Chauncy Olcott & George Graff, Jr.; Music by Ernest R. Ball (1912) (3/4 Time)
When Irish Eyes are Smiling by The Irish Tenors (2011) (D @ 119)

Intro (7 Measures with a 2 note pickup – Last line of Chorus)

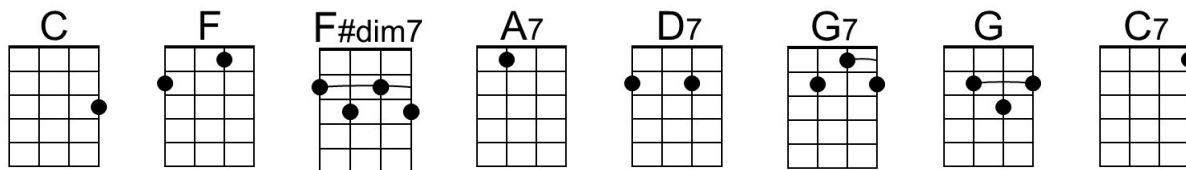
C ↓ ↓ | F | F#dim7 | C | A7 | D7 | G7 | C

C G7 C
 There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why, for it never should be there at all.
 G7 C A7
 With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile,
 D7 G - G7
 So there's never a teardrop should fall.
 C G7 C C7 F
 When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song, and your eyes twinkle bright as can be;
 D7 G D7 G - G7
 You should laugh all the while and all other times, smile, and now smile a smile for me.

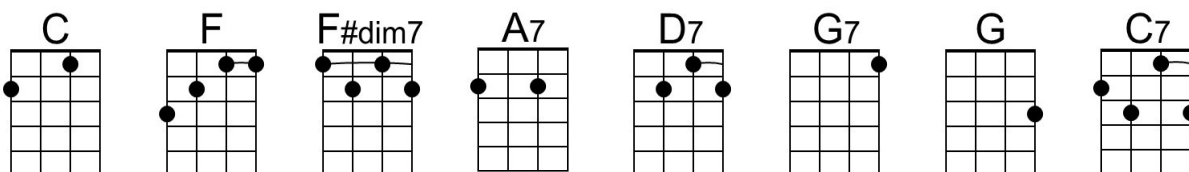
Chorus

C - C7 F C
 When Irish eyes are smiling, sure, it's like the morn in Spring.
 F C A7 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 F#dim7 C A7 D7 G7 C
 And when Irish eyes are smi-ling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

C G7 C
 For your smile is a part of the love in your heart, and it makes even sunshine more bright.
 G7 C A7 D7 G - G7
 Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long, comes your laughter and light.
 C G7 C C7 F
 For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all, there is ne'er a real care or re-gret;
 D7 G
 And while springtime is ours, throughout all of youth's hours,
 D7 G - G7
 Let us smile each chance we get. **Chorus**



Baritone



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (G)

Words: Chauncy Olcott & George Graff, Jr.; Music by Ernest R. Ball (1912) (3/4 Time)
When Irish Eyes are Smiling by The Irish Tenors (2011) (D @ 119)

Intro (7 Measures with a 2 note pickup – Last line of Chorus)

G ↓ ↓ | C | C#dim7 | G | E7 | A7 | D7 | G

G D7 G
 There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why, for it never should be there at all.

D7 G E7
 With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile,

A7 D - D7
 So there's never a teardrop should fall.

G D7 G G7 C
 When your sweet liltin' laughter's like some fairy song, and your eyes twinkle bright as can be;

A7 D A7 D - D7
 You should laugh all the while and all other times, smile, and now smile a smile for me.

Chorus

G - G7 C G
 When Irish eyes are smiling, sure, it's like the morn in Spring.

C G E7 A7 D - D7
 In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.

G - G7 C G
 When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay.

C C#dim7 G E7 A7 D7 G
 And when Irish eyes are smi-ling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

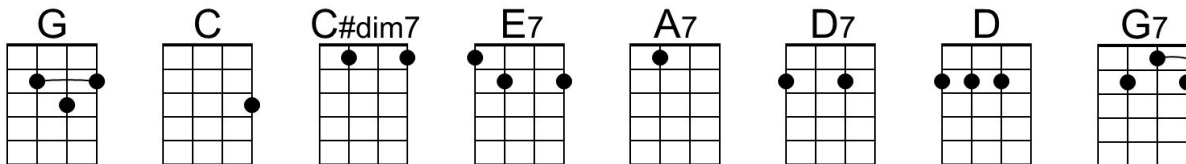
G D7 G
 For your smile is a part of the love in your heart, and it makes even sunshine more bright.

D7 G E7 A7 D - D7
 Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long, comes your laughter and light.

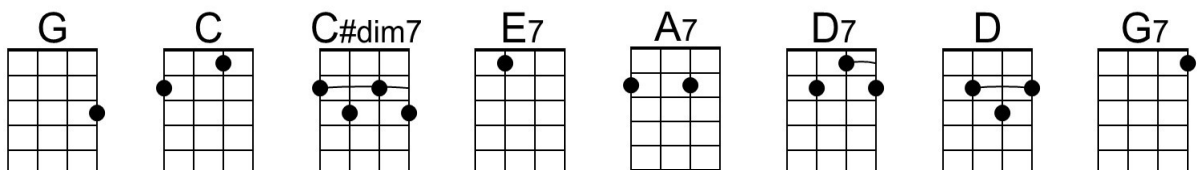
G D7 G G7 C
 For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all, there is ne'er a real care or re-gret;

A7 D
 And while springtime is ours, throughout all of youth's hours,

A7 D - D7
 Let us smile each chance we get. **Chorus**



Baritone



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (F)

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

Bb G7 F D7 G7 C7 F C7

And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart a-way.

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

For it never should be there at all.

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

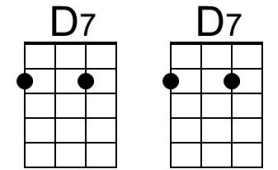
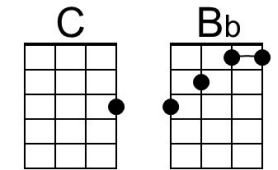
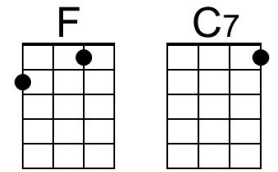
So there's never a teardrop should fall.

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

And your eyes twinkle bright as can be;

You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile,

And now, smile a smile for me.



Chorus

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

In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.

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

And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart a-way.

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,

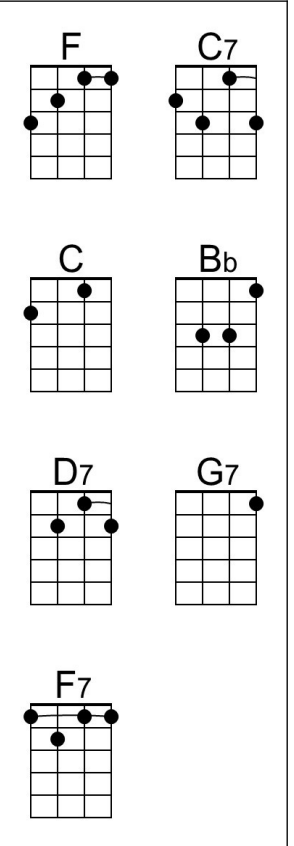
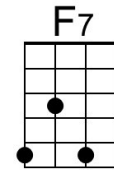
Comes your laughter so tender and light.

For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all

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

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

Let us smile each chance we get. **Chorus**



Melody to verse in F

A-0-1-3-8--5-3-|0-1-3-8--5-3-|0-----0-0-----3|--0-1-0—1-|0-1-3-1-3-|2-0--0-2-2-7---3
E-----|-----|---3-1-3---3-1--|3-----3---|-----|-----3-----3--

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,

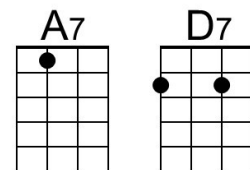
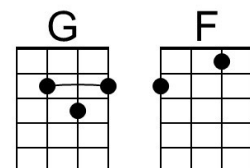
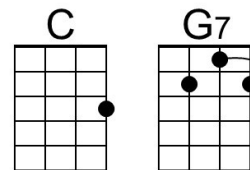
D7 G7
So there's never a teardrop should fall.

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.



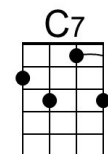
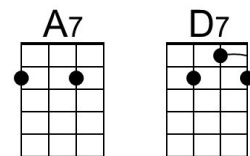
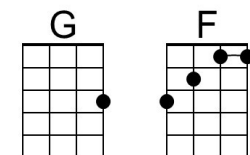
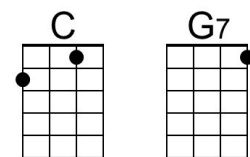
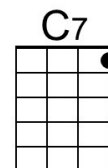
Chorus

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**

Melody to verse in key of C

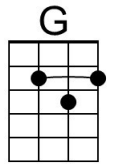
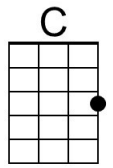
A-----3--0--|-----3--0--|-----|-----|-----|-----2--
E-0-1-3-----3|-0-1-3-----3|-0-----0-0-----3|---0-1-0--1-|-0-1-3-1--0-3|-2-0--0-2-2---3
C-----|-----|---2-0-2---2-0--|2-----2--|-----|-----2-----2-

Whiskey in the Jar (Traditional) (C)

Whiskey in the Jar by The Dubliners (C) (1964)

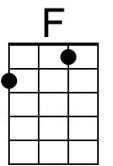
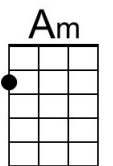
Intro C G | C | C

C Am
As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry Mountains,
F C Am
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.
C Am
I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier,
F C Am
Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for he were the bold de-ceiver!"

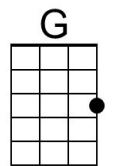
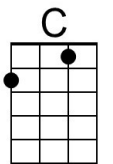


Chorus

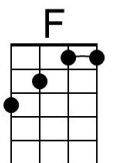
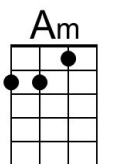
G
Musha ring ruma du ruma da. (**Four Claps**)
C
— Whack fol the daddy O, (**Two Claps**)
Am F
— Whack fol the daddy O, (**One Clap**)
C G C | C
There's whiskey in the jar.



C Am
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
F C Am
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
C Am
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
F C Am
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy. **Chorus**



C Am
I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber
F C Am
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
C Am
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
F C Am
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter. **Chorus**



C Am
 'twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
 F C Am
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
 C Am
 I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
 F C Am
 I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken. **Chorus**

C Am
 Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling
 F C Am
 And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
 C Am
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley
 F C Am
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early. **Chorus**

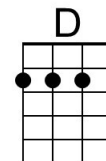
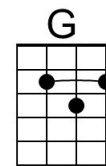
C Am
 If anyone can aid me 't'is me brother in the army
 F C Am
 If I can find his station in Cork or in Kil-larney
 C Am
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
 F C Am
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own a-sporting Jenny. **Chorus (2x)**

Whiskey in the Jar (Traditional) (G)

Whiskey in the Jar by The Dubliners (C) (1964)

Intro G D | G | G

G **Em**
 As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry Mountains,
C **G** **Em**
 I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.
G **Em**
 I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier,
C **G** **Em**
 Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for he were the bold de-ceiver!"



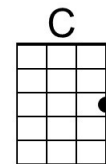
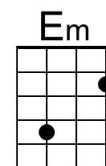
Chorus

D
 Musha ring ruma du ruma da. (**Four Claps**)

G
 ___ Whack fol the daddy O, (**Two Claps**)

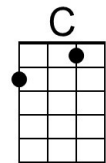
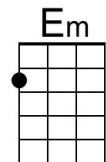
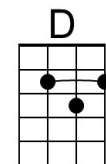
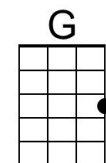
Em **C**
 ___ Whack fol the daddy O, (**One Clap**)

G **D** **G** | **G**
 There's whiskey in the jar.



G **Em**
 I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
C **G** **Em**
 I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
G **Em**
 She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
C **G** **Em**
 But the devil take the women for they never can be easy. **Chorus**

G **Em**
 I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber
C **G** **Em**
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
G **Em**
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C **G** **Em**
 Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter. **Chorus**



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 'twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
C **G** **Em**
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
G **Em**
 I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
C **G** **Em**
 I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken. **Chorus**

G **Em**
 Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling
C **G** **Em**
 And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
G **Em**
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley
C **G** **Em**
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early. **Chorus**

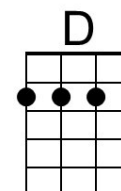
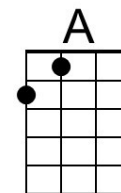
G **Em**
 If anyone can aid me 't'is me brother in the army
C **G** **Em**
 If I can find his station in Cork or in Kil-larney
G **Em**
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
C **G** **Em**
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own a-sporting Jenny. **Chorus (2x)**

Come Back, St. Pat (Marion Rose Horgan, March 2021) (A)

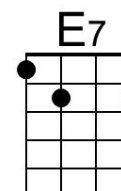
Come Back, St. Pat by Marion Rose Horgan

Intro A (DD uudu du D/D/ – DD uudu du D/D/) repeats between verses

A D A E7
Hail glorious, St. Patrick, our hero there's no doubt
A D A E7
Our patron, our protector, you've always helped us out
A D A E7
Now we've a situation that's way beyond our ken,
A D A E7 A
I wonder, could you visit us and lend a hand again?

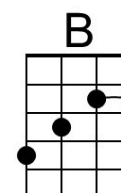


A D A E7
You drove the snakes from Ireland, well, -- most of them are gone
A D A E7
We know that you are someone we can depend upon
A D A E7
We seek your intervention, there is no other way
A D A E7 A
I know the vaccine's coming, but so's Christmas, as they say.

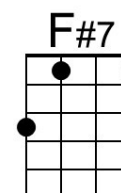
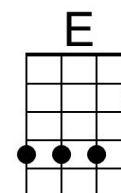


Chorus

A D A E7
Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
A D A E7
Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
A D A E7
Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*) [*delighted*]
A D A E7 A
If you'd agree to heed our plea and chase away the virus.



A D A E7
We're weary of these lockdowns, **Fan sa bhaile le do thoil** * *fawn so wall le yet do hall*
A D A E7
We're crawling up the walls now, life has gotten very dull
A D A E7
'Tis getting mighty serious when Paddy's lost the **craic** (*"crack"*) [*sense of humor*]
A D A E7 A
And we're losing all our marbles; we may never get them back! **Chorus**



Bari	A 	D 	E7 	B 	E 	F#7
------	-------	-------	--------	-------	-------	---------

Chorus

A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
 A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
 A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*)
 A D A E7 A A#dim7 B
 If you'd agree to heed our plea and chase away the virus.

Key change to B

B E B F#
Dochas linn Naomh Padraig**, please save us from our fate (*Doe cas ling nave Paw'dreeg*)
 B E B F#7
 We're full of hope that you'll oblige, you'll step up to the plate
 B E B F#7
 There's no escaping Covid, 'tis global, 'tis a curse!
 B E B F#7 B
 And you'll need all your tips and tricks to sort the uni - verse!

Chorus 2

B E B F#7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
 B E B F#7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
 B E B F#7
 Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*)
 B E B F#7 B
 If you'd agree to heed our plea and chaaaase away the virus

Notes

1. Paddy's lost the **craic** – means Ireland has lost its sense of fun, sense of humor, or it's been taken away from them.
2. **Delira** - from the root word for delirious, delight
3. From Urban Dictionary, 2011: **delira and excira** – Irish exclamation of happiness, popularised by chat show host [Gay Byrne](#). Probable abbreviation of [delirious](#) and excited. "*I was delira and excira when I heard Gay [Gay Byrne](#) is retiring from [the Late Late show](#)".*
4. 'Fan sa bhaile le do thoil' means 'stay at home please!'
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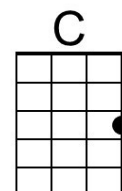
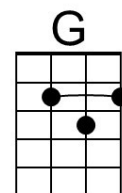
The songwriter says she played it in G with a capo on the second fret (G, C, D7). This might be good for those who have a hard time playing B, E, and F#7

Come Back, St. Pat (Marion Rose Horgan, March 2021) (G)

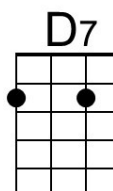
Come Back, St. Pat by Marion Rose Horgan

Intro G (DD uudu du D/D/ – DD uudu du D/D/) repeats between verses

G C G D7
Hail glorious, St. Patrick, our hero there's no doubt
G C G D7
Our patron, our protector, you've always helped us out
G C G D7
Now we've a situation that's way beyond our ken,
G C G D7 G
I wonder, could you visit us and lend a hand again?

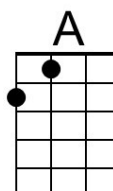


G C G D7
You drove the snakes from Ireland, well, -- most of them are gone
G C G D7
We know that you are someone we can depend upon
G C G D7
We seek your intervention, there is no other way
G C G D7 G
I know the vaccine's coming, but so's Christmas, as they say.

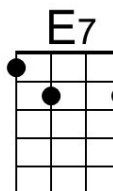
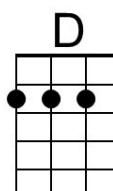


Chorus

G C G D7
Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
G C G D7
Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
G C G D7
Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*) [*delighted*]
G C G D7 G
If you'd agree to heed our plea and chase away the virus.



G C G D7
We're weary of these lockdowns, **Fan sa bhaile le do thoil** * *fawn so wall le yet do hall*
G C G D7
We're crawling up the walls now, life has gotten very dull
G C G D7
'Tis getting mighty serious when Paddy's lost the **craic** (*"crack"*) [*sense of humor*]
G C G D7 G
And we're losing all our marbles; we may never get them back! **Chorus**



Bari	G 	C 	D7 	A 	D 	E7
------	-------	-------	--------	-------	-------	--------

Chorus

G C G D7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
G C G D7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
G C G D7
 Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira (dee lie' rah)**
G C G D7 G G#dim7 A
 If you'd agree to heed our plea and chase away the virus.

Key change to B

A D A E
Dochas linn Naomh Padraig**, please save us from our fate (*Doe cas ling nave Paw'dreeg*)
A D A E7
 We're full of hope that you'll oblige, you'll step up to the plate
A D A E7
 There's no escaping Covid, 'tis global, 'tis a curse!
A D A E7 A
 And you'll need all your tips and tricks to sort the uni - verse!

Chorus 2

A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
A D A E7
 Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira (dee lie' rah)**
A D A E7 A
 If you'd agree to heed our plea and chaaaase away the virus

Notes

- Paddy's lost the **craic** – means Ireland has lost its sense of fun, sense of humor, or it's been taken away from them.
- **Delira** - from the root word for delirious, delight
- From Urban Dictionary, 2011: **delira and excira** – Irish exclamation of happiness, popularised by chat show host [Gay Byrne](#). Probable abbreviation of [delirious](#) and excited. "*I was delira and excira when I heard Gay [Gay Byrne](#) is retiring from [the Late Late show](#)".*
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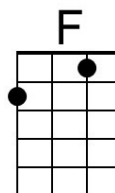
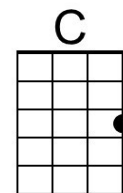
The songwriter says she played it in G with a capo on the second fret (G, C, D7). This might be good for those who have a hard time playing B, E, and F#7

Come Back, St. Pat (Marion Rose Horgan, March 2021) (C)

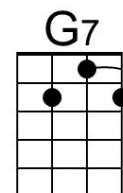
Come Back, St. Pat by Marion Rose Horgan

Intro C (DD uudu du D/D/ – DD uudu du D/D/) repeats between verses

C F C G7
Hail glorious, St. Patrick, our hero there's no doubt
C F C G7
Our patron, our protector, you've always helped us out
C F C G7
Now we've a situation that's way beyond our ken,
C F C G7 C
I wonder, could you visit us and lend a hand again?

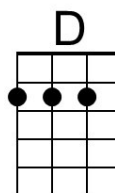


C F C G7
You drove the snakes from Ireland, well, -- most of them are gone
C F C G7
We know that you are someone we can depend upon
C F C G7
We seek your intervention, there is no other way
C F C G7 C
I know the vaccine's coming, but so's Christmas, as they say.

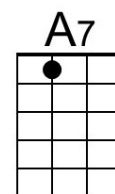
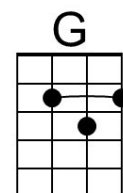


Chorus

C F C G7
Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
C F C G7
Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
C F C G7
Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*) [*delighted*]
C F C G7 C
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C F C G7
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'Tis getting mighty serious when Paddy's lost the **craic** (*"crack"*) [*sense of humor*]
C F C G7 C
And we're losing all our marbles; we may never get them back! **Chorus**



	C	F	G7	D	G	A7
Bari						

Chorus

C F C G7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
 C F C G7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
 C F C G7
 Come back, St. Pat, we'd really be **delira** (*dee lie' rah*)
 C F C G7 C#dim7 D
 If you'd agree to heed our plea and chase away the virus.

Key change to D

D G D A
Dochas linn Naomh Padraig**, please save us from our fate (*Doe cas ling nave Paw'dreeg*)
 D G D A7
 We're full of hope that you'll oblige, you'll step up to the plate
 D G D A7
 There's no escaping Covid, 'tis global, 'tis a curse!
 D G D A7 D
 And you'll need all your tips and tricks to sort the uni - verse!

Chorus 2

D G D A7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're in an awful stew
 D G D A7
 Come back, St. Pat, we're counting on you
 D G D A7
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 D G D A7 D
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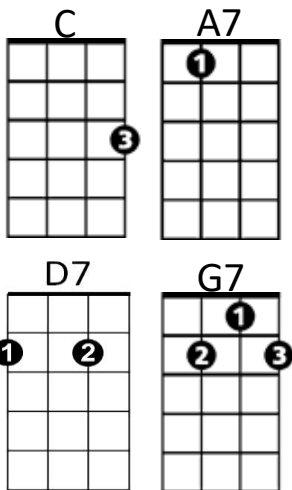
Notes

- Paddy's lost the **craic** – means Ireland has lost its sense of fun, sense of humor, or it's been taken away from them.
- **Delira** - from the root word for delirious, delight
- From Urban Dictionary, 2011: [delira and excira](#) – Irish exclamation of happiness, popularised by chat show host [Gay Byrne](#). Probable abbreviation of [delirious](#) and excited. "*I was delira and excira when I heard Gay [Gay Byrne](#) is retiring from [the Late Late show](#)*".
- 'Fan sa bhaile le do thoil' means 'stay at home please!'
- 'Dochas linn Naomh Padraig' means 'give us hope St Patrick'

The songwriter says she played it in G with a capo on the second fret (G, C, D7). This might be good for those who have a hard time playing B, E, and F#7

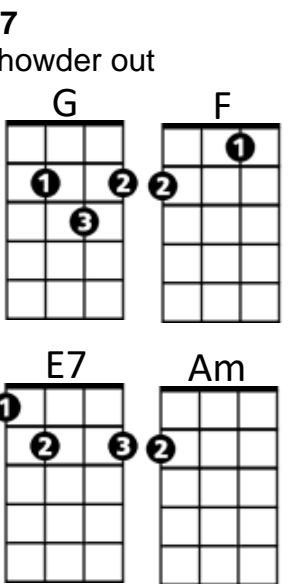
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key C

C
 The Murphy's gave a party
 Just about a week ago
Am
 Everything was plentiful,
D7 **G7**
 The Murphy's they're not slow
C
 They treated us like gentlemen
 We tried to act the same
D7
 But only for what happened,
G **D7** **G**
 Well, it was an awful shame



C
 We dragged the pants from out the soup
 And laid them on the floor
Am
 Each man swore upon his life
D7 **G7**
 He'd ne'er seen them before
C
 They were plastered up with mortar
 And were worn out at the knee
D7
 They'd had their many ups and downs
G **D7** **G**
 As we could plainly see

F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out
C
 She fainted on the spot
F **G7**
 She found a pair of overalls
C
 In the bottom of the pot
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes were bulgin' out
D7
 He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
G **D7** **G**
 And loudly he did shout -

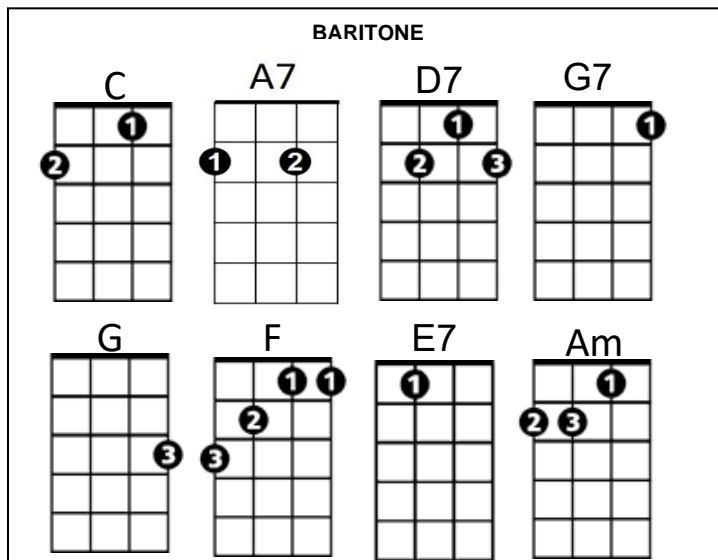


F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy she came to
C
 She began to cry and pout
F **G7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
C
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
D7
 So we put music to the words
G **D7** **G**
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

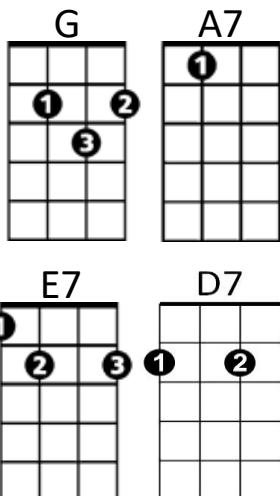
C
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
D7 **G7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
C **E7** **Am**
 It's an Irish trick that's true
F **C**
 I can lick the cur that threw
D7 **G7** **C**
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



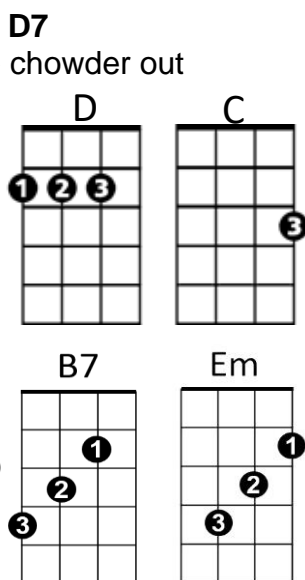
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key G

G
 The Murphy's gave a party
 Just about a week ago
 Everything was plentiful,
A7 **D7**
 The Murphy's they're not slow
G
 They treated us like gentlemen,
 We tried to act the same
A7
 But only for what happened,
D **A7** **D**
 Well, it was an awful shame



G
 We dragged the pants from out the soup
 And laid them on the floor
 Each man swore upon his life
A7 **D7**
 He'd ne'er seen them before
G
 They were plastered up with mortar
 And were worn out at the knee
A7
 They'd had their many ups and downs
D **A7** **D**
 As we could plainly see

C **D7**
 When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out
G
 She fainted on the spot
C **D7**
 She found a pair of overalls
G
 In the bottom of the pot
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes were bulgin' out
A7
 He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
D **A7** **D**
 And loudly he did shout -

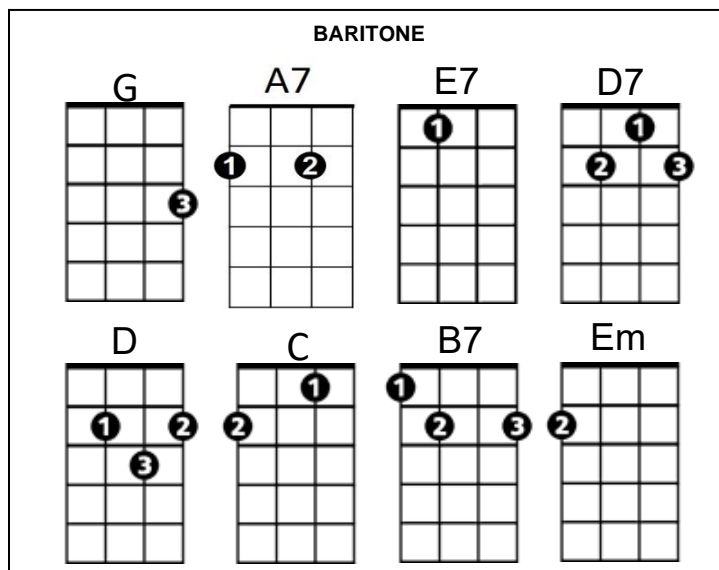


C **D7**
 When Mrs Murphy she came to
G
 She began to cry and pout
C **D7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
G
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
A7
 So we put music to the words
D **A7** **D**
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

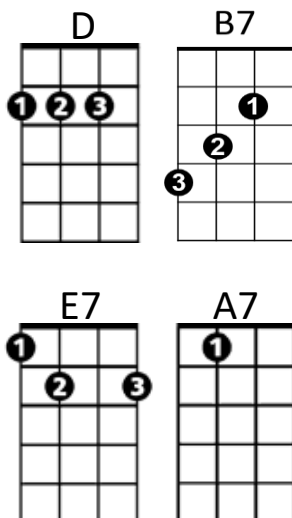
G
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs Murphy's chowder?
A7 **D7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
G **B7** **Em**
 It's an Irish trick that's true
C **G**
 I can lick the cur that threw
A7 **D7** **G**
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



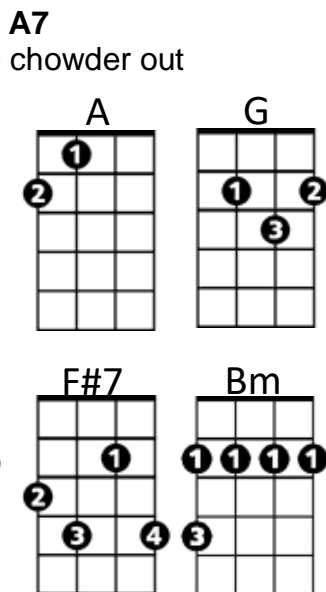
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key D

D
 The Murphy's gave a party j
 Just about a week ago
 Everything was plentiful,
E7 **A7**
 The Murphy's they're not slow
D
 They treated us like gentlemen,
 We tried to act the same
E7
 But only for what happened,
A E7 A
 Well, it was an awful shame



D
 We dragged the pants from out the soup
 And laid them on the floor
 Each man swore upon his life
E7 **A7**
 He'd ne'er seen them before
D
 They were plastered up with mortar
 And were worn out at the knee
E7
 They'd had their many ups and downs
A E7 A
 As we could plainly see

G **A7**
 When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out
D
 She fainted on the spot
G **A7**
 She found a pair of overalls
D
 In the bottom of the pot
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes were bulgin' out
E7
 He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
A E7 A
 And loudly he did shout -

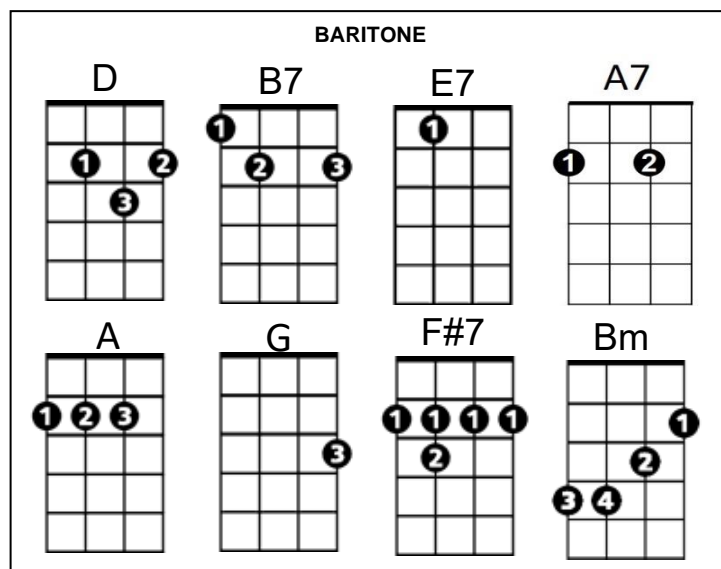


G **A7**
 When Mrs Murphy she came to
D
 She began to cry and pout
G **A7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
D
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
E7
 So we put music to the words
A E7 A
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

D
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs Murphy's chowder?
E7 **A7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
D F#7 Bm
 It's an Irish trick that's true
G **D**
 I can lick the mick that threw
E7 A7 D
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



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A Scottish Soldier (Andy Stewart, 1960) (C)

Tune: "Green Hills of Tyrol" - [A Scottish Soldier](#) by Andy Stewart (1960) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

Intro (Last 2 lines of Chorus) F C G G7 C

C
G
C
 There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier, who wandered far away and soldiered far away
C
 There was none bolder, with good broad shoulders,
G
G7
C
 He fought in many a fray, and fought and won
C
G
C
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story of battles glorious and deeds victorious
C
G
G7
C
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying, to leave these green hills of Tyrol.

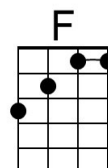
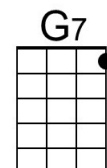
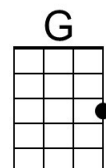
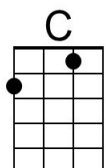
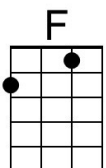
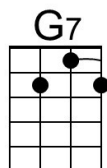
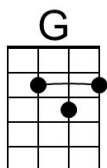
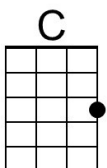
Chorus

F
C
 Because those green hills are not Highland Hills
G
C
 Or the Island Hills, they're not my land's hills
F
C
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
G
G7
C
 They are not the hills of home

C
G
C
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier, who wandered far away and soldiered far away
C
G
G7
C
 Sees leaves are falling, and Death is calling, and he will fade away in that far land.
C
G
C
 He called his piper, his trusty piper, and bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play
C
G
G7
C
 Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside, not on these green hills of Tyrol. **Chorus**

pibroch = dirge

C
G
C
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier, will wander far no more and soldier far no more
C
G
G7
C
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside, you'll see a piper play his soldier home.
C
G
C
 He's seen the glory, he's told the story, of battles glorious and deeds vic-torious
C
G
G7
C
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now, far from those green hills of Tyrol. **Chorus**



Danny Boy (Lyrics by Frederic Weatherly, 1913) (C)

Tune: "Londonderry Air" attributed to Rory Dall O'Cahan, 17th Century

Danny Boy by Dennis Day

Intro (Last line of Bridge) C | F G7 | C G7

C C7 F
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

C Em F G7
From glen to glen and down the mountain side

C C7 F
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying

C Dm G7 C G7
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

Am F G7 C
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

Am F Em D7 G7
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

C F C Am
And I'll be here in sunshine or in sha-dow

C F G7 C G7
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

G7 C C7 F
And if you come and all the flowers are dying

C Em F G7
And I am dead, as dead I well may be

G7 C C7 F
You'll come and find the place where I am lying

C Dm G7 C G7
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

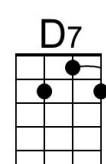
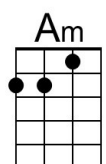
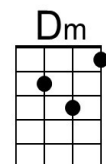
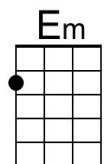
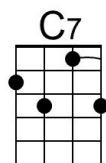
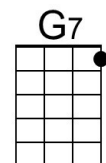
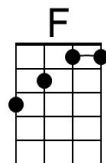
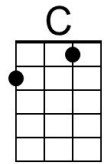
Am F G7 C
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me

Am F Em D7 G7
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be

C F C Am
For you'll not fail to tell me that you love me

C F G7 C G7
1. I'll sleep in peace un-til you come to me. **Repeat Verse 2**

C F G7 C | G7 | C
2. I'll sleep in peace un-til you come to me.

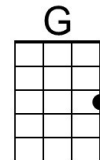


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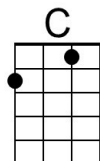
Danny Boy (Lyrics by Frederic Weatherly, 1913) (G)
 Tune: "Londonderry Air" attributed to Rory Dall O'Cahan, 17th Century
Danny Boy by Dennis Day

Intro (Last line of Bridge) G | C D7 | G D7

D7 G G7 C
 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling



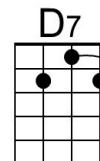
G Bm C D7
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side



G G7 C
 The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying

G Am D7 G D7
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

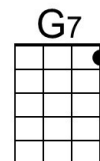
Em C D7 G
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow



Em C Bm A7 D7
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

G C G Em
 And I'll be here in sunshine or in sha-dow

G C D7 G | D7
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so



D7 G G7 C
 And if you come and all the flowers are dying

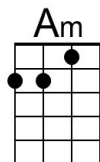
G Bm C D7
 And I am dead, as dead I well may be



D7 G G7 C
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying

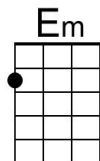
G Am D7 G D7
 And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

Em C D7 G
 And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me



Em C Bm A7 D7
 And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be

G C G Em
 For you'll not fail to tell me that you love me



G C D7 G D7
 1. I'll sleep in peace un-til you come to me. **Repeat Verse 2**

G C D7 G | D7 | G
 2. I'll sleep in peace un-til you come to me

G	C	D7	G7	Bm	Am	Em	A7

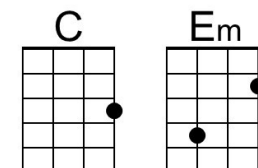
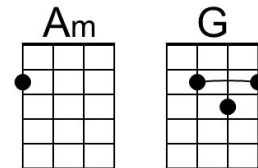
Down by the Glenside (Peador Kearney, ca. 1916) (Am)

(aka *The Bold Fenian Men*)

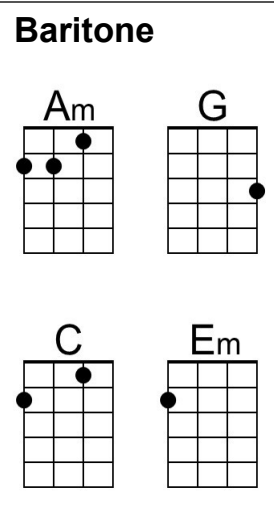
Down by the Glenside by the Dubliners – Down by the Glenside by the Clancy Brothers

Intro (Last line of Verse) C | G | Am | G | Am

Am G C Em
 'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
 Am G C Em
 A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
 Am C G
 I listened a while to the song she was humming
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



G C Em
 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
 Am G C Em
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
 Am C G
 I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



G C Em
 When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
 Am G C Em
 Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling
 Am C G
 They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

G C Em
 Some died by the hillside, some died near a stranger
 Am G C Em
 And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
 Am C G
 But they fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
 C G Am G Am Em Am Em Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

G C Em
 I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
 Am G C Em
 Be life long or short, sure I will never forget her
 Am C G
 We may have brave men but we'll never have better
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

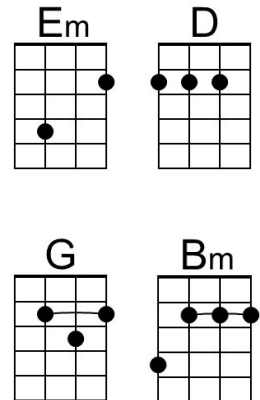
Down by the Glenside (Peadar Kearney, ca. 1916) (Em)

(aka *The Bold Fenian Men*)

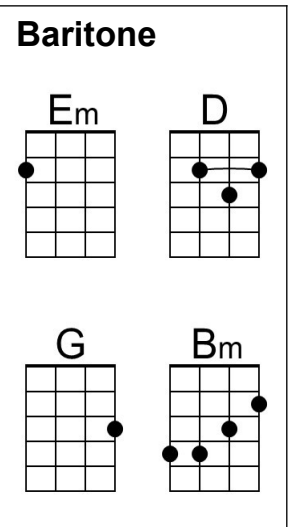
Down by the Glenside by the Dubliners – Down by the Glenside by the Clancy Brothers

Intro (Last line of Verse) G | D | Em | D | Em

Em D G Bm
 'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
 Em D G Bm
 A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
 Em G D
 I listened a while to the song she was humming
 G D Em D Em
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



 D G Bm
 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
 Em D G Bm
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
 Em G D
 I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
 G D Em D Em
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



 D G Bm
 When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
 Em D G Bm
 Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling
 Em G D
 They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing
 G D Em D Em
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

 D G Bm
 Some died by the hillside, some died near a stranger
 Em D G Bm
 And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
 Em G D
 But they fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
 G D Em D Em Bm Em Bm Em
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

 D G Bm
 I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
 Em D G Bm
 Be life long or short, sure I will never forget her
 Em G D
 We may have brave men but we'll never have better
 G D Em D Em
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Finnegan's Wake (Traditional, before 1861) (C)

Finnegan's Wake by the Dubliners– Finnegan's Wake by the Irish Rovers

Finnegan's Wake by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

C **Am**
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
F **G**
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
C **Am**
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,
F **G** **C**
To rise in the world he carried a hod
C **Am**
You see he'd a sort of a tippler's way
C **Am**
With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
C **Am**
To help him on his work each day,
F **G** **C**
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Refrain

C **Am**
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
F **G**
Welt the floor yer trotters shake
C **Am**
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
F **G** **C**
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

C **Am**
One morning Tim got rather full,
F **G**
His head felt heavy which made him shake
C **Am**
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull,
F **G** **C**
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
C **Am**
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
C **Am**
And laid him out upon the bed
C **Am**
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
F **G** **C**
And a barrel of porter at his head. **Refrain**

C **Am**
His friends assembled at the wake,
F **G**
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch

C **Am**
First they brought in tay and cake,
F **G** **C**
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
C **Am**
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
C **Am**
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
C **Am**
Tim avourneen, why did you die?",
F **G** **C**
"Arrah hold your gob!" said Paddy McGee.

Refrain

C **Am**
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
F **G**
"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
C **Am**
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
F **G** **C**
And left her sprawling on the floor
C **Am**
Then the war did soon engage,
C **Am**
T'was woman to woman and man to man
C **Am**
Shillelagh law was all the rage
F **G** **C**
And a row and a ruction soon began. **Refrain**

C **Am**
Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
F **G**
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
C **Am**
It missed, and falling on the bed,
F **G** **C**
The liquor scattered over Tim
C **Am**
Tim revives, see how he rises,
C **Am**
Timothy rising from the bed
C **Am**
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
F **G** **C**
Thanum an Dhul, do ye think I'm dead?"

Refrain (2x)

Finnegan's Wake (Traditional, before 1861) (G)

Finnegan's Wake by the Dubliners– Finnegan's Wake by the Irish Rovers

Finnegan's Wake by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

G Em
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
C D
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
G Em
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,
C D G
To rise in the world he carried a hod
G Em
You see he'd a sort of a tippler's way
G Em
With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
G Em
To help him on his work each day,
C D G
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Refrain

G Em
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
C D
Welt the floor yer trotters shake
G Em
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
C D G
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

G Em
One morning Tim got rather full,
C D
His head felt heavy which made him shake
G Em
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull,
C D G
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
G Em
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
G Em
And laid him out upon the bed
G Em
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
C D G
And a barrel of porter at his head. **Refrain**

G Em
His friends assembled at the wake,
C D
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch

G Em
First they brought in tay and cake,
C D G
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
G Em
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
G Em
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
G Em
Tim avourneen, why did you die?",
C D G
"Arrah hold your gob!" said Paddy McGee.

Refrain

G Em
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
C D
"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
G Em
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
C D G
And left her sprawling on the floor
G Em
Then the war did soon engage,
G Em
T'was woman to woman and man to man
G Em
Shillelagh law was all the rage
C D G
And a row and a ruction soon began. **Refrain**

G Em
Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
C D
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
G Em
It missed, and falling on the bed,
C D G
The liquor scattered over Tim
G Em
Tim revives, see how he rises,
G Em
Timothy rising from the bed
G Em
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
C D G
Thanum an Dhul, do ye think I'm dead?"

Refrain (2x)

Mary Mac (Traditional by 1846) (Am)

Mary Mac by Shamus Kennedy – Mary Mac by Makem and Clancy

Am

There's a little lass and her name is Mary Mac

G

Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track

Am

Lots of other fellows, wanna get up on her back

G

Am | Am

But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

Chorus

Am

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

G

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

Am

Well, I'm gonna marry Mary For my Mary to take care of me

G

Am

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

G

Am | Am

Rumple umpty dumpty dumty dumty dumty ay

Am

Well, this little lass, she has a lot of class

G

Got a lot of brass And her father thinks I'm gas

Am

So I'd be a silly ass for to let the matter pass

G

Am | Am

My father says she suits me really fairly. **Chorus**

Am

Mary and her mother go an awful lot together

G

In fact you'd hardly ever see The one without the other

Am

And all the people wonder if it's Mary or her mother

G

Am | Am

Or the both of them together that I'm courting. **Chorus**

Am

The Wedding's on a Wednesday And everything's arranged

G

Soon her name will change to mine Unless her mind is changed

Am

We're making the arrangements And I'm just about deranged

G**Am | Am**

For marriage is an awful undertaking.

Chorus**Am**

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

G

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

Am

Well, I'm gonna marry Mary For my Mary to take care of me

G**Am**

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

G**Am | Am**

Rumply umpty dumpty dumty dumty ay

Am

Sure to be a grand affair And grander than a fair

G

There's goin' to be a coach and pair For every pair that's there

Am

We'll dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure to get me share

G**Am | Am**If I don't I'll be very much mistaken. **Chorus****Repeat Verse 1****Chorus****Optional - Repeat 2 or 3 times, getting faster**



Mary Mac (Traditional by 1846) (Dm)

Mary Mac by Shamus Kennedy – Mary Mac by Makem and Clancy

Dm

There's a little lass and her name is Mary Mac

C

Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track

Dm

Lots of other fellows, wanna get up on her back

C

Dm | Dm

But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

Chorus

Dm

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

C

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

Dm

Well, I'm gonna marry Mary For my Mary to take care of me

C

Dm

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

C

Dm | Dm

Rumple umpty dumpty dumty dumty dumty ay

Dm

Well, this little lass, she has a lot of class

C

Got a lot of brass And her father thinks I'm gas

Dm

So I'd be a silly ass for to let the matter pass

C

Dm | Dm

My father says she suits me really fairly. Chorus

Dm

Mary and her mother go an awful lot together

C

In fact you'd hardly ever see The one without the other

Dm

And all the people wonder if it's Mary or her mother

C

Dm | Dm

Or the both of them together that I'm courting. Chorus

Dm

The Wedding's on a Wednesday And everything's arranged

C

Soon her name will change to mine Unless her mind is changed

Dm

We're making the arrangements And I'm just about deranged

C**Dm | Dm**

For marriage is an awful undertaking.

Chorus**Dm**

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

C

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

Dm

Well, I'm gonna marry Mary For my Mary to take care of me

C**Dm**

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

C**Dm | Dm**

Rumply umpty dumpty dumty dumty ay

Dm

Sure to be a grand affair And grander than a fair

C

There's goin' to be a coach and pair For every pair that's there

Dm

We'll dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure to get me share

C**Dm | Dm**If I don't I'll be very much mistaken. **Chorus****Repeat Verse 1****Chorus****Optional - Repeat 2 or 3 times, getting faster**

Men of Harlech (Lyrics by John Guard, ca. 1800-1857) (C)

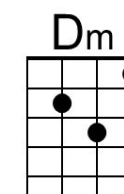
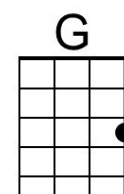
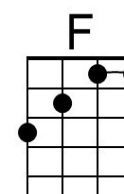
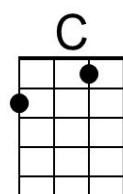
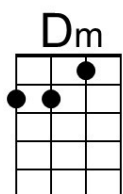
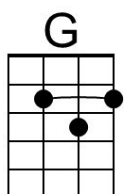
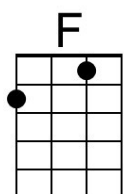
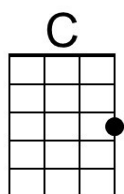
Men of Harlech by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band

C F C G C F Dm G
 Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring, News of foe-men near declaring
C F C G C F C G C
 To heroic deeds of da-ring, Call you Harlech men!
C F C G C F Dm G
 Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing, Wails of wives and children flying
C F C G C F C G C
 For the distant succor crying, Call you Harlech men!

G C
 Shall the voice of wailing, Now be unavailing
C
 You to rise who never yet, In battle's hour were failing
F C Dm C Dm G
 This our answer crowds down pouring, Swift as winter torrents roaring
C F C G C F C G C
 Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing, Calls on Harlech men

C F C G C F Dm G
 Loud the martial pipes are sounding, Every manly heart is bounding
C F C G C F C G C
 As our trusted chief sur-round-ing, March we Harlech men
C F C G C F Dm G
 Short the sleep the foe is taking, Ere the morrow's morn is breaking
C F C G C F C G C
 They shall have a rude a-wake-ning, Roused by Harlech men

G C
 Mothers cease your weeping, Calm may be your sleeping
C
 You and yours in safety now, The Har-lech men are keeping
F C Dm C Dm G
 Ere the sun is high in heaven, They you fear, by panic riven
C F C G C F C G C
 Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven, Far by Harlech men!



Men of Harlech (Lyrics by John Guard, ca. 1800-1857) (G)

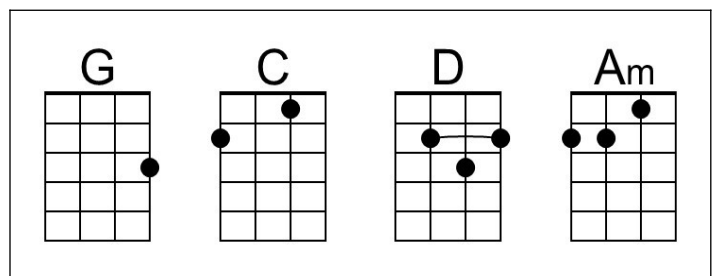
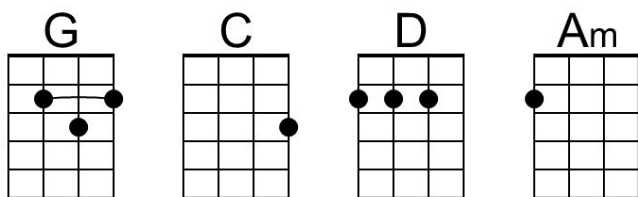
Men of Harlech by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band

G C G D G C Am D
 Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring, News of foe-men near declaring
G C G D G C G D G
 To heroic deeds of da-ring, Call you Harlech men!
G C G D G C Am D
 Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing, Wails of wives and children flying
G C G D G C G D G
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Molly Malone ("Cockles and Mussels") (Traditional) (C)

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

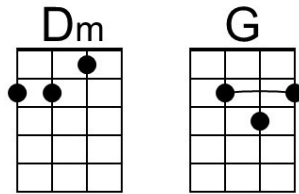
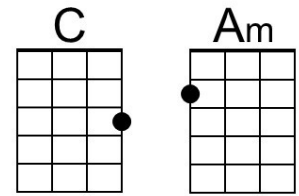
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

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,

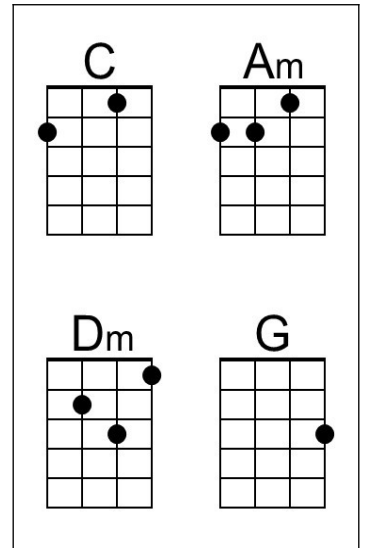
C **Em** **Dm** **G**
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

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

Molly Malone ("Cockles and Mussels") (Traditional) (G)

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

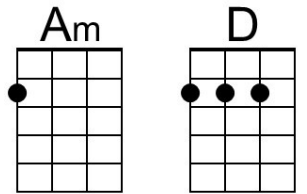
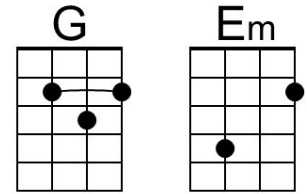
G **Em** **Am** **D**
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

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I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

G **Em**
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,

Am **D**
Through streets broad and narrow,

G **Bm** **D** **G**
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



Chorus

G **Em** **Am** **D**
"Alive, alive, oh, a-live, alive, oh",

G **Bm** **D** **G**
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

G **Em** **Am** **D**
She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,

G **Bm** **Am** **D**
For so were her father and mother before,

G **Em**
And they each wheeled their barrow,

Am **D**
Through streets broad and narrow,

G **Bm** **D** **G**
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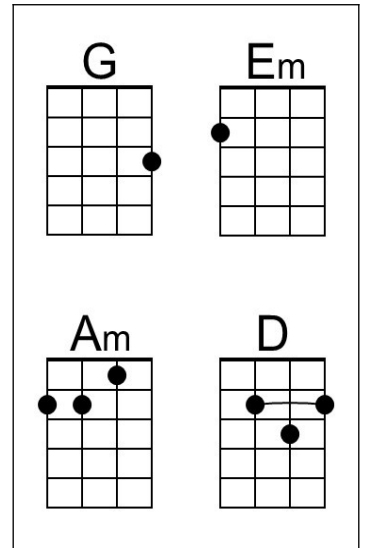
G **Bm** **Am** **D**
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G **Em**
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,

Am **D**
Through streets broad and narrow,

G **Bm** **D** **G**
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

G **Bm** **D** **G**
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



Chorus

Chorus

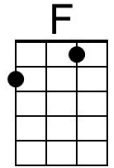
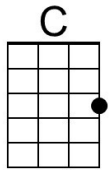


Scotland the Brave (Cliff Hanley, 1950) (C)

Scotland The Brave by Robert Wilson

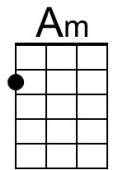
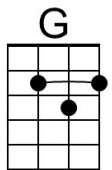
Intro Last two lines of Chorus

C
Hark when the night is falling, Hear! Hear! The pipes are calling,
F C G
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
C
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping,
F C G C
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.



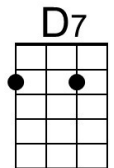
Chorus

G C
Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
Am D7 G G7
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
C
Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
F C G C
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave.



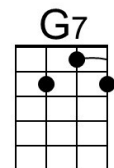
C
High in the misty Highlands out by the purple islands,
F C G G7
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.

C
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,
F C G C
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens' eyes. **Chorus**



C
Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,
F C G
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.

C
Where are the tropics beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming,
F C G C
Longing and dreaming for the hameland again. **Chorus**



F C G C
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave!

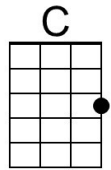
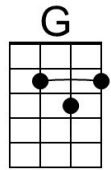
Baritone

Scotland the Brave (Cliff Hanley, 1950) (G)

Scotland The Brave by Robert Wilson

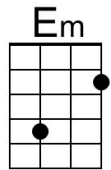
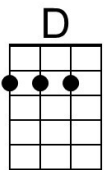
Intro Last two lines of Chorus

G
Hark when the night is falling, Hear! Hear! The pipes are calling,
C G D
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
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C G D G
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

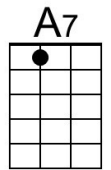


Chorus

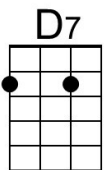
D G
Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
Em A7 D D7
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
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Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
C G D G
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave.



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Longing and dreaming for the hameland again. **Chorus**



C G D G
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave!

Baritone	G 	C 	D 	Em 	A7 	D7
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C **Am** **F** **Dm**
 The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,
G **G7** **F** **C**
 The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,
 Am **F** **Dm**
 The trenches have vanished long under the plow
G **G7** **F** **C**
 No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
 But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
G **F** **C** **G7**
 The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
C **Am** **Dm**
 To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
G **G7** **F** **C**
 And a whole generation that were butchered and damned. **Chorus**

C **Am** **F** **Dm**
 And I can't help but wonder, oh Willie McBride
G **G7** **F** **C**
 Do all those who lie here know why they died,
 Am **F** **Dm**
 Did you really believe them when they told you the cause
G **G7** **F** **C**
 Did you really believe that this war would end wars.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
 Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
G **F** **C** **G7**
 The killing and dying it was all done in vain,
C **Am** **Dm**
 Oh Willie McBride it all happened again,
G **G7** **F** **C**
 And again, and again, and again, and again. **Chorus (2x)**

The Green Fields of France (Eric Bogle, 1976) (G)
 Originally "No Man's Land" – [The Green Fields of France](#) by John McDermott

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
Em **C** **Am**
 And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 I see by your gravestone you were only 19,
D **C** **G D7**
 When you joined the great fallen in 1916,
G **Em** **Am**
 Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

Chorus

G **D** **D7** **C** **G**
 Did they beat the drum slowly? Did they play the fife lowly?
D **D7** **C** **D**
 Did they sound the death march? As they lowered you down?
Am **G** **Em**
 Did the band play the Last Post and Chorus?
G **C** **D7** **G**
 Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Fo - rest?

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined,
Em **C** **Am**
 And though you died back in 1916,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 To that loyal heart you're forever 19.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 Or are you a stranger without even a name,
D **C** **G** **D7**
 Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,
G **Em** **Am**
 In an old photograph all torn tattered and stained,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame. **Chorus**

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,
 Em **C** **Am**
 The trenches have vanished long under the plow
D **D7** **C** **G**
 No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
D **C** **G** **D7**
 The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
G **Em** **Am**
 To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 And a whole generation that were butchered and damned. **Chorus**

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 And I can't help but wonder, oh Willie McBride
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Do all those who lie here know why they died,
 Em **C** **Am**
 Did you really believe them when they told you the cause
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Did you really believe that this war would end wars.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
D **C** **G** **D7**
 The killing and dying it was all done in vain,
G **Em** **Am**
 Oh Willie McBride it all happened again,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 And again, and again, and again, and again. **Chorus (2x)**



The Orange and the Green (Anthony Murphy, ca. 1965) (C)

Tune: The Wearing of the Green – The Orange and the Green by The Irish Rovers (1967)

Intro (Chords for Chorus)

Chorus

C Am G
 Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
 F C G C | C
 Me father, he was Orange, and me mother, she was green.

C Am G
 Oh, my father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he
 F C G C
 My mother was a Catholic girl, from County Cork was she.
 Am G
 They were married in two churches and lived happily enough
 F C G C
 Un-til the day that I was born, and things got rather tough. **Chorus**

C Am G
 Baptized by Father Reilly, I was rushed away by car
 F C G C
 To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
 Am G
 I was christened David Anthony but still in spite of that
 F C G C
 To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat. **Chorus**

C Am G
 With mother every Sunday to Mass I'd proudly stroll
 F C G C
 Then after that the Orange Lodge would try to save me soul.
 Am G
 For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart be-cause
 F C G C
 I'd play the flute, I'd play the harp, de-pending were I was. **Chorus**

C Am G
 And when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy **[Optional]**
 F C G C
 Me father would jump up and say, "Look here, now Bill me boy!
 Am G
 That's quite enough of that lot.", he'd toss me o'er a coin
 F C G C
 He'd have me sing *The Orange Flute* or the *Heroes of The Boyne*. **Chorus**

The Orange and the Green (C) – Page 2

C **Am** **G**
 One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.

F **C** **G** **C**
 Just as my father's kinfolk were sitting down to tea.

Am **G**
 We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.

F **C** **G** **C**
 And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

Chorus

C **Am** **G**
 Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen

F **C** **G** **C | C**
 Me father was an Orangemen, me mother she was green.

C **Am** **G**
 Now, my parents never could a-gree about my type of school.

F **C** **G** **C**
 My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.

Am **G**
 They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught be-tween

F **C** **G** **C**
 That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green. **Chorus (2x)**

The Orange and the Green (Anthony Murphy, ca. 1965) (G)

Tune: [The Wearing of the Green](#) – [The Orange and the Green](#) by The Irish Rovers (1967)

Intro (Chords for Chorus)

Chorus

G Em D
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
C G D G | G
Me father, he was Orange, and me mother, she was green.

G Em D
Oh, my father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he
C G D G
My mother was a Catholic girl, from County Cork was she.
Em D
They were married in two churches and lived happily enough
C G D G
Un-til the day that I was born, and things got rather tough. **Chorus**

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Baptized by Father Reilly, I was rushed away by car
C G D G
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
Em D
I was christened David Anthony but still in spite of that
C G D G
To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat. **Chorus**

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C G D G
Then after that the Orange Lodge would try to save me soul.
Em D
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart be-cause
C G D G
I'd play the flute, I'd play the harp, de-pending were I was. **Chorus**

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C G D G
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He'd have me sing *The Orange Flute* or the *Heroes of The Boyne*. **Chorus**

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C **G** **D** **G**
 Just as my father's kinfolk were sitting down to tea.

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C **G** **D** **G**
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Chorus

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C **G** **D** **G | G**
 Me father was an Orangemen, me mother she was green.

G **Em** **D**
 Now, my parents never could a-gree about my type of school.

C **G** **D** **G**
 My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.

Em **D**
 They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught be-tween

C **G** **D** **G**
 That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green. **Chorus (2x)**



Toora Loora Looal (That's An Irish Lullaby)

(James Royce Shannon, 1913) (C)

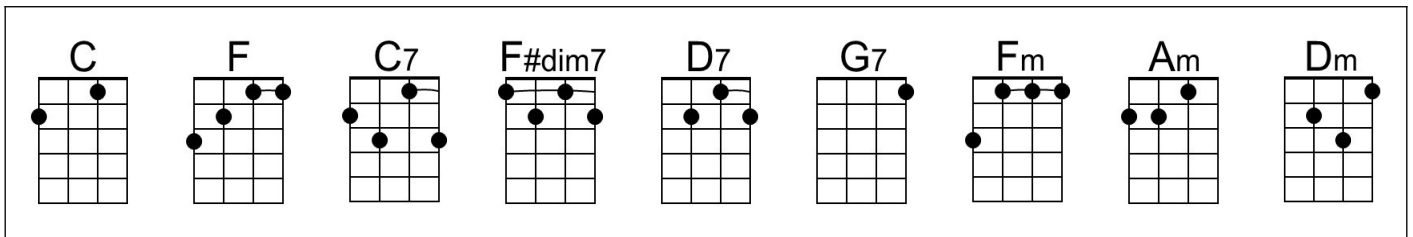
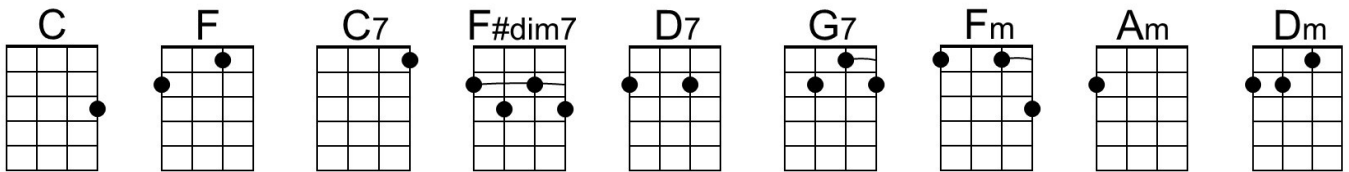
Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral by The Irish Tenors (1998) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

Chorus

C F C C7 F F#dim7
 Too ra loo ra loo ral Too ra loo ra ly
C F C D7 G - G7
 Too ra loo ra loo ral. Hush now don't you cry.
C F C C7 F F#dim7
 Too ra loo ra loo ral Too ra loo ra ly
C F C D7 Fm C
 Too ra loo ra loo ral. That's an Irish lul - la - by.

C F C Am C G7
 Over in Killarney, many years a-go
C F C D7 Dm G7
 My mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low
C F C Am C
 Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way
F C Am D7 Dm G7
 And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me today . **Chorus**

C F C Am C G7
 Off' in dreams I wander to that cot again
C F C D7 Dm G7
 I feel her arms a-huggin' me as when she did back then
C F C Am C
 I hear her softly hummin' to me as in days of yore
F C Am D7 Dm G7
 When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side that cottage door. **Chorus**



Toora Loora Looral (That's An Irish Lullaby)

(James Royce Shannon, 1913) (G)

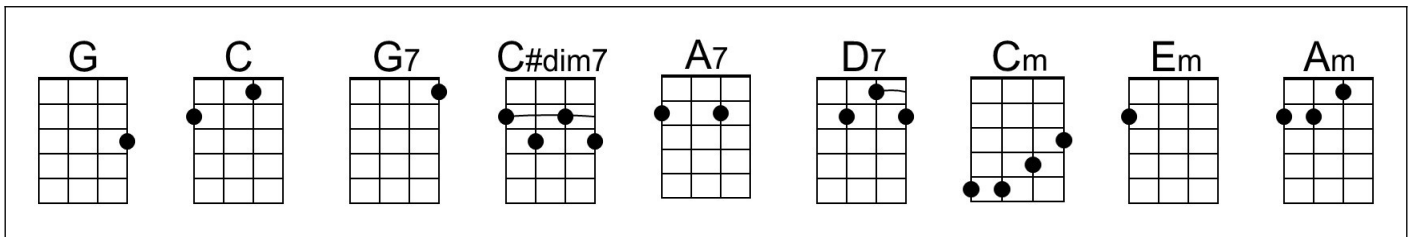
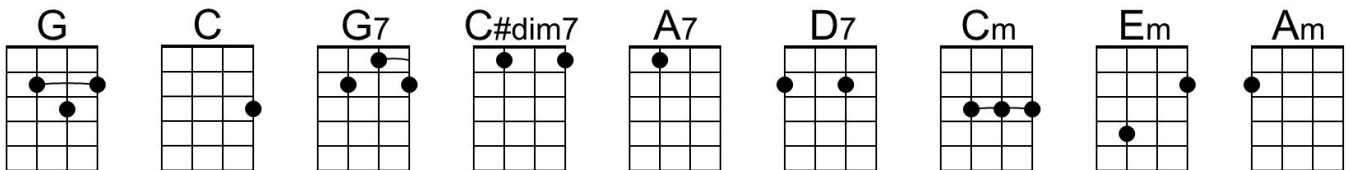
Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral by The Irish Tenors (1998) ($\frac{3}{4}$ Time)

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**



I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover (C)

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 C

Intro

D7 G7 C G7

Last line: that I over-looked be-fore

C D7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

G7 Am
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

D7 G7
The third is the roses, that grow in the lane.

C D7
No need explaining, the one remaining, is somebody I adore

F Dm7 Em A7 D7 G7 C G7
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked be-fore

C D7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

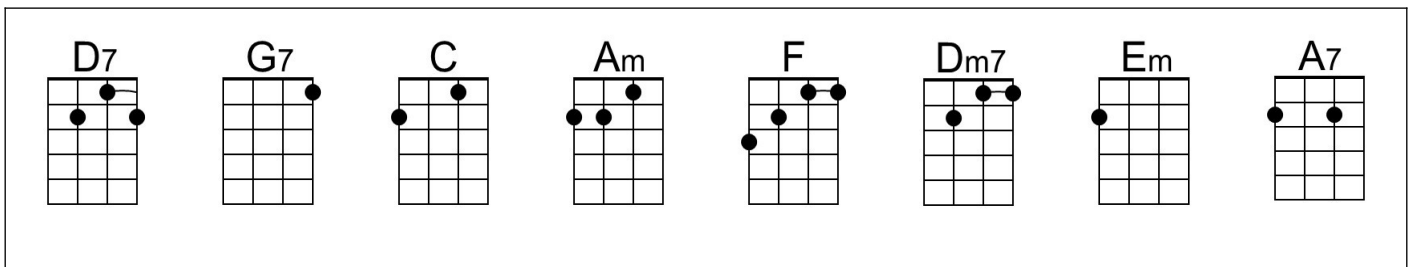
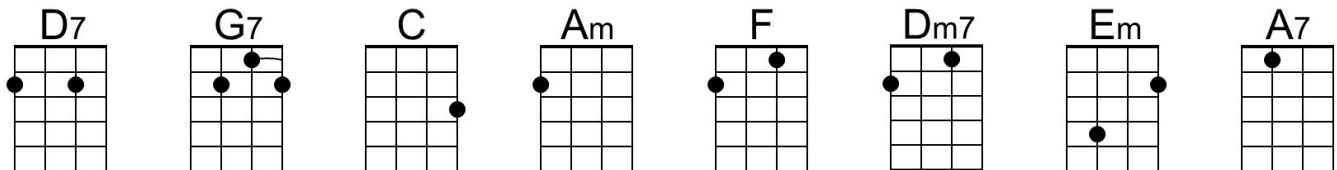
G7 Am
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

D7 G7
The third is the roses, that grow in the lane.

C D7
No need explaining, the one remaining, is somebody I adore

F Dm7 Em A7 D7 G7
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked,

D7 G7 D7 G7 C G7 C
that I over-looked, that I over-looked be-fore. ↑↓ ↓ (up down DOWN)





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

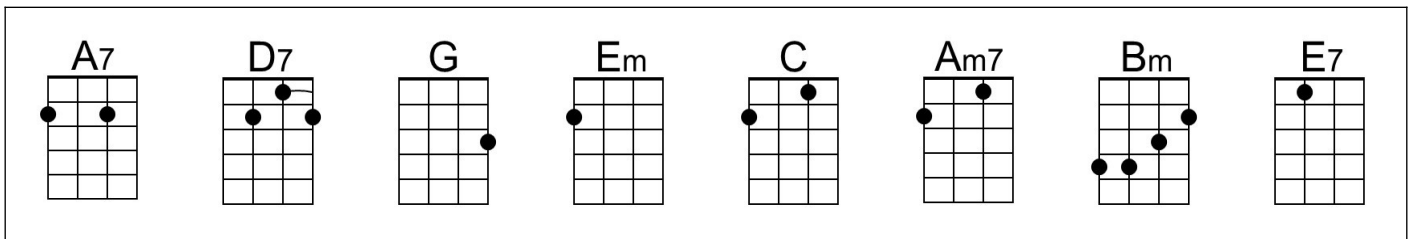
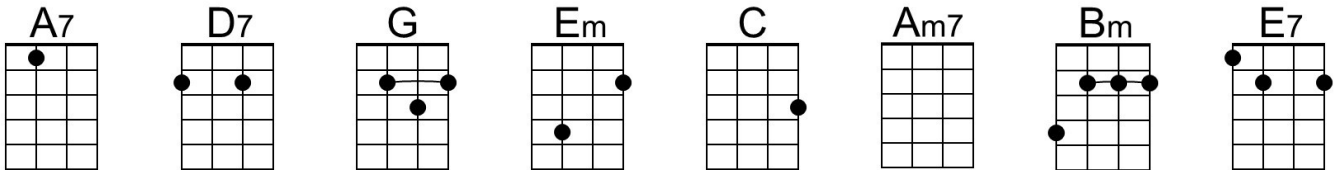
D7 **Em**
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

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 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)

[The Parting Glass](#) by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem from "Come Fill Your Glass With Us" (1959)

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.

The Parting Glass (G)

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)

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G Em G D7 G C G D7 Em
 And all the harm that e'er I've done, a-las, it was to none but me.
G C D7 Em D7
 And all I've done for want of wit to mem'ry, now, I can't re-call.
G Em G D7 G C G D7 Em
 So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy be with you all.

G Em G D7 G D7
 O, all the comrades that e'er I had, They're sorry for my going a-way,
G Em G D7 G C G D7 Em
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G C D7 Em D7
 But since it falls unto my lot, that I should rise and you should not
G Em G D7 G C G D7 Em
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I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover (C)

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 C

Intro

D7 G7 C G7

Last line: that I over-looked be-fore

C D7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

G7 Am
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

D7 G7
The third is the roses, that grow in the lane.

C D7
No need explaining, the one remaining, is somebody I adore

F Dm7 Em A7 D7 G7 C G7
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked be-fore

C D7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover that I overlooked before

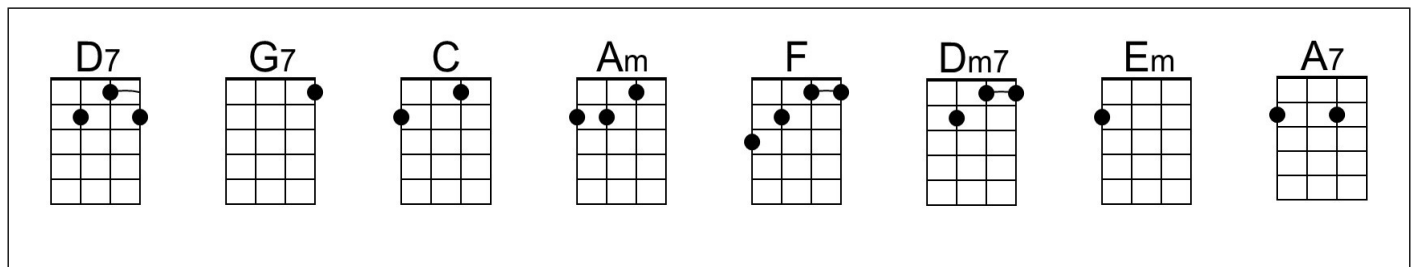
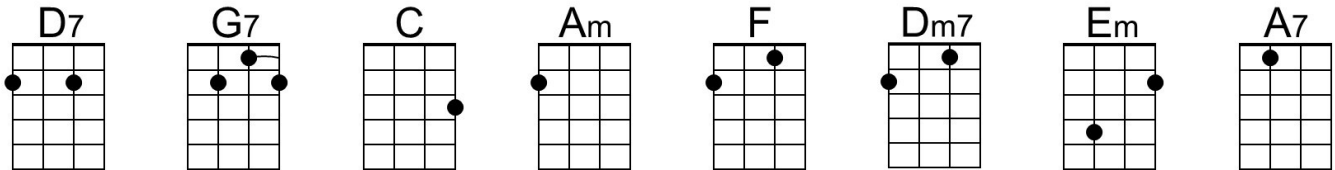
G7 Am
One leaf is sweetheart, the second is Dad,

D7 G7
Third is the best pal that I ever had.

C D7
No need explaining, the one remaining, is home where I'll weep no more.

F Dm7 Em A7 D7 G7
I'm looking over a four- leaf clover that I over-looked,

D7 G7 D7 G7 C G7 C
that I over-looked, that I over-looked be-fore. ↑↓ ↓ (up down DOWN)





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

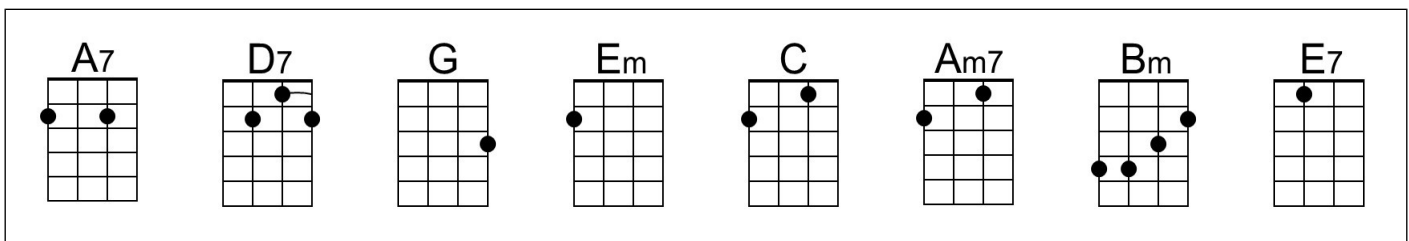
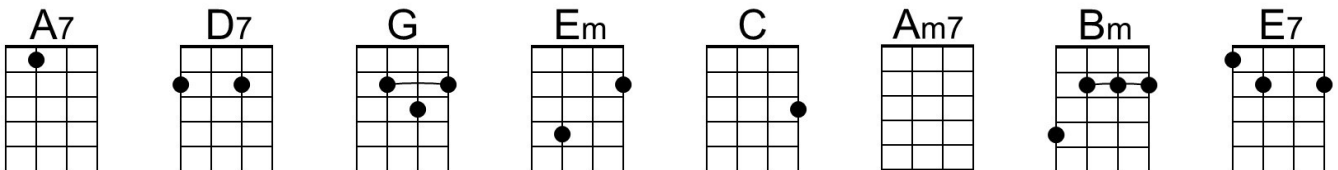
D7 **Em**
One leaf is sweetheart, the second is Dad,

A7 **D7**
Third is the best pal that I ever had.

G **A7**
No need explaining, the one remaining, is home where I'll weep no more.

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)



It's A Shamrock (C)

C5

GCEA: 0033

DGBE: x013

C5 **C5** **G7 C**
It's a shamrock; It's a shamrock; It's a shamrock for good luck!

C5 **C5** **G7 C**
It's a shamrock; It's a shamrock; It's a shamrock for good luck!

C **Am**
It's a pretty little clover, and it's painted green all over

C **C - G7 C**
And you wear it on St. Pat-rick's Day

G7 C **G7 C**
All day for good luck.

C5 **C5** **G7 C**
It's a shamrock, it's a shamrock, it's a shamrock for good luck

The Leprechauns Are Marching (C)

C
The leprechauns are marching

D
They're marching down the hall

G7
They're marching on the ceiling

C
They're marching on the wall

C
They're marching two by two

D
They're marching four by four

G7
They say you cannot see them

F **C**
Look out! Here come some more!

O'Leary is Dead (The Story O'Leary and Story O'Reilly) (G)

Author: First verse unknown. Second and third: Annie Huggins from GoChords.com
Traditional Irish Tune

Intro (Drone)

G G G G

G
O'Leary is dead but O'Reilly don't know it
D D7
O'Reilly is dead but O'Leary don't know it
G
They both came to lie in the very same bed
D7 G
And neither one knows that the other one's dead

Instrumental (Drone)

G G G G

G
The ghost of O'Leary was walking the street.
D D7
And while he was walking, well who did he meet?
G
The ghost of O'Reilly who jumped to his feet.
D7 G
Who said, "Oh, the devil! You are my friend Pete!"

Instrumental (Drone)

G G G G

G
The ghost of O'Leary and ghost of O'Reilly,
D D7
They looked at each other and then became smiley.
G
But realized they'd died and started a-crying.
D7 G
The story O'Leary and story O'Reilly.

Tabs : line for line: sung to a traditional Irish tune

A ---0--2--0--2---0--2--2--0--2--5--3
E -----3-----

A-- 2--3---2--3--0--2--3--3--2--3--7--5
E -----

A--3--2--0--2---0--2--2--0--2--5
E-----3-----

A--2--3--2--3--0--5--3--0-----
E-----3--3--3

O'Leary is Dead (The Story O'Leary and Story O'Reilly) (C)

Author: First verse unknown. Second and third: Annie Huggins from GoChords.com
Traditional Irish Tune

Intro (Drone)

C C C C

C

O'Leary is dead but O'Reilly don't know it

G

G7

O'Reilly is dead but O'Leary don't know it

C

They both came to lie in the very same bed

G7

C

And neither one knows that the other one's dead

Instrumental (Drone)

C C C C

C

The ghost of O'Leary was walking the street.

G

G7

And while he was walking, well who did he meet?

C

The ghost of O'Reilly who jumped to his feet.

G7

C

Who said, "Oh, the devil! You are my friend Pete!"

Instrumental (Drone)

C C C C

C

The ghost of O'Leary and ghost of O'Reilly,

G

G7

They looked at each other and then became smiley.

C

But realized they'd died and started a-crying.

G7

C

The story O'Leary and story O'Reilly.

Paddy Works on the Railway (Am)

Paddy Works on the Railway by Pete Seeger from "Pete Seeger Concert" (1953)
Paddy on the Railway by The Dubliners — Paddy on the Railway by The Clancy Brothers
Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Ay by The Weavers

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-one, my cor-duroy breeches I put on
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 My corduroy breeches I put on to work u-pon the railway.

Chorus

Am **C** **Em**
 Filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay, filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 Filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay, to work u-pon the railway

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-two, I left the Old World for the new,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 Bad cess to the luck that brought me through, to work u-pon the railway.

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-three, 'twas then I met sweet Bidy McGee,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 An elegant wife she's been to me, while workin' on the railway. **Chorus**

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-four, I landed on Columbia's shore,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 I landed on Columbia's shore, to work u-pon the railway.

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-five, I thought myself more dead than alive,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 I thought myself more dead than alive, from working on the railway. **Chorus**

Am **C** **Em**
 It's "Pat do this", and "Pat do that" with-out a stocking or cravat
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 And nothing but an old straw hat ,while Pat worked on the railway

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-six, they pelted me with stones and sticks
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 Oh, I was in a terrible fix, while working on the railway. **Chorus**

Paddy Works on the Railway (Am) – Page 2

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty-seven Sweet Biddy McGee, she went to heaven,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 If she left one child, she left eleven, to work u-pon the railway.

Am **C** **Em**
 In eighteen hundred and forty eight, I learned to take me whiskey straight
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 'Tis an elegant drink and can't be bate, for working on the railway

Chorus

Am **C** **Em**
 Filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay, filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay,
Am **C** **G** **Am** **Am** **Am** **G** ↓
 Filli- me oo-ree aye-ree ay, to work u-pon the railway.

Wild Mountain Thyme (Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go) (G)

The 1957 adaptation by Francis McPeake of "The Braes of Balquhither" by Robert Tannahill and Robert Archibald Smith.

Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go (Wild Mountain Thyme) by The Corries (Eb)

Intro G C G

O, the summer time is comin' And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
 Where the wild mountain thyme Grows a-round the bloomin' heather
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

Chorus

And we'll all go to-gether, where the wild mountain thyme
 Grows a-round the bloomin' heather Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will give my love a rose Free of any twining bramble
 And the scent, it will mingle and together we will ramble
 Will ye go, lassie, go? **Chorus**

And I will build my love a bower By yon cool crystal fountain
 A-round it I will place, all the flowers o' the mountain.
 Will ye go, lassie, go? **Chorus**

I will range through the wilds And the deep glen sae dreamy
 And re-turn wi' their spoils Tae the bower o' my dearie
 Will ye go, lassie, go? **Chorus**

If my true love she'll not have me, then I'll surely find a-nother
 And to her I will sing things that make her know I want her
 Will ye go, lassie, go? **Chorus**

Outro: (arpeggio)

Will ye go, lassie, go?