



Highlands Songbook

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

Version 2 – March 21, 2021

38 Songs – 73 Pages

Contents

Title	Page
A Jug of Punch (Traditional) (The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem) (G & C)	3
A Scottish Soldier (Andy Stewart, 1960; tune: "The Green Hills of Tyrol") (G)	5
Black Velvet Band (Traditional) (The Dubliners) (C)	6
Black Velvet Band (Traditional) (The Irish Rovers) (C & G)	7
Danny Boy (Frederic Weatherly, 1913; "Londonderry Air" attrib. Rory Dall O’Cahan, 17 th Cent.) (C)	9
Dirty Old Town (Ewan MacColl, 1949) (C & G)	10
Down By The Glenside (Patrick Ryan & Peter Anthony Kearney, ca. 1916) (Am)	12
Drunken Sailor (What Do We Do With A) (Traditional) – TVUC Songbook, #213 (A & D)	13
Drunken Sailor (Traditional) (The Irish Rovers) (Am & Em)	15
Finnegan’s Wake (Traditional, 1864) (C)	17
Flower of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid-1960s) (C, F# & G)	18
Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, ca. 1927) (C & G)	21
Galway Girl (Steve Earle, 2000) (C & G)	23
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf, 1875) (C & G)	25
I'll Tell Me Ma (aka “Belle of Belfast City”) (Traditional) (D & G)	27
Loch Lomond (Traditional) (C, F & G)	29
Maid of Fife-E-O (Traditional) (G)	32
Mary Mac (Traditional) (Dm)	33
Men of Harlech (English lyrics by John Guard; Welsh Tune: Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech) (G)	34
Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels) (Traditional) (C)	35
My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Version 1 (C & G)	36
My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott, 1899) Version 2 (C & G)	38
Nancy Mulligan (Ed Sheeran, 2017) (G & C)	40
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) (G & C)	42
Scotland the Brave (Cliff Hanley, 1950; Anonymous tune, early 20th century) (C)	44
The Ferryman (Pete St. John, 1985) (C & G)	45
The Green Fields of France “No Man’s Land”) (Eric Bogle, 1976) (G)	47
The Gypsy Rover (Leo Maguire, 1951) - Version 1 (The Clancy Brothers) (C)	48
The Gypsy Rover aka “The Whistling Gypsy” - Version 2 (The Irish Rovers) (C & G)	49
The Leprechan (Robert Dwyer Joyce, ca. 1853) (Dm)	51
The Orange and the Green (Anthony Murphy, ca. 1965; tune: “The Wearing of the Green”) (C)	52
The Spanish Lady (Traditional) (3 Versions in C & G)	53
The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962) – Version 1 (C)	59
The Unicorn – Version 2 (The Irish Rovers) (C & G)	60
The Wearing of the Green (Dion Boucicault, 1864; anonymous ballad, 1841) (C & G)	62
The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional) (C)	64
The Wild Rover (Traditional) (C)	65
There's No One As Irish As Barack O'Bama (Hardy Drew And The Nancy Boys / The Corrigan Brothers) (D & G)	66
Torra Loora Lorrall (James Royce Shannon, 1913) (C)	68
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (Chauncey Olcott, George Graff, Jr., Ernest Ball, ca. 1912) (C)	69
Whiskey In The Jar (Traditional) (C)	70
Who Threw The Overalls In Mrs. Murphy's Chowder (George L. Giefer, 1898) (C, G & D)	71

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

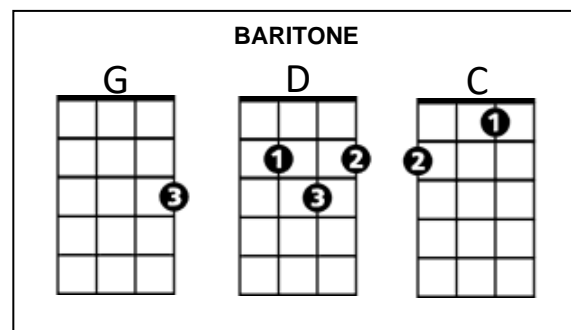
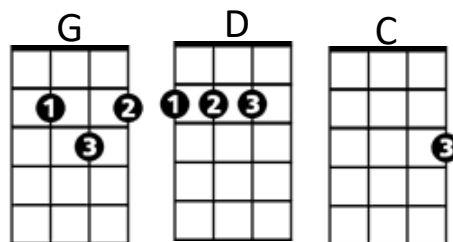
G
One pleasant evening in the month of June
D **G**
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7 **G**
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G **D**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7 **G**
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
A small bird sat on an ivy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

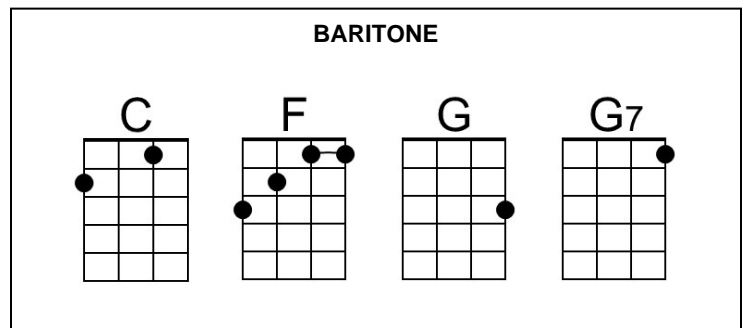
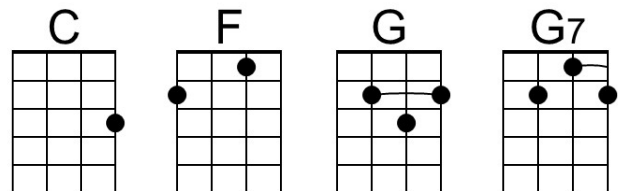
C
One pleasant evening in the month of June
G C
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
F
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
C G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
G7 C
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
F
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
G7 C
And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

C
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



A Scottish Soldier (Andy Stewart, 1960; Tune "Green Hills of Tyrol")

G
 There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
G
 There was none bolder, with good broad
 shoulders
D **D7** **G**
 He fought in many a fray, and fought and won

G
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story
D **G**
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
G
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
D **D7** **G**
 To leave these green hills of Tyrol

Chorus:

C **G**
 Because those green hills are not Highland Hills
D **G**
 Or the Island Hills, they're not my land's hills
C **G**
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
D **D7** **G**
 They are not the hills of home

G
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
G
 Sees leaves are falling, and Death is calling
D **D7** **G**
 And he will fade away in that far land

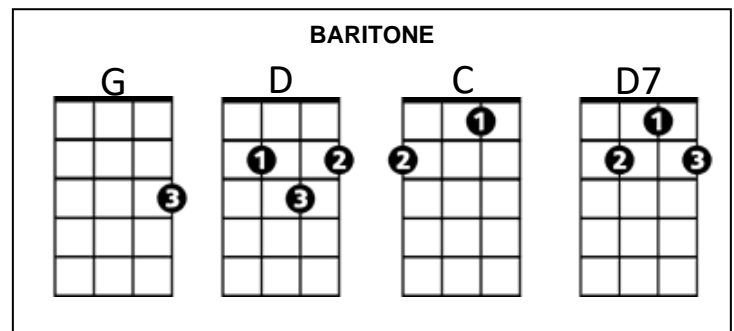
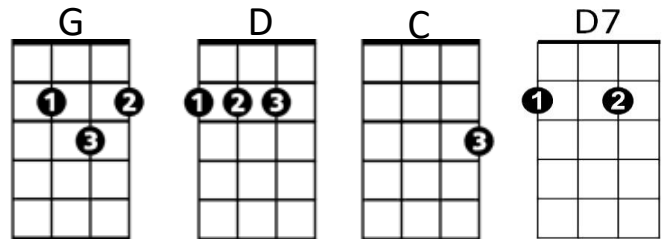
G
 He called his piper, his trusty piper
D **G**
 And bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play
G
 Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
D **D7** **G**
 Not on these green hills of Tyrol

(Chorus)

G
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
D **G**
 Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
G
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
D **D7** **G**
 You'll see a piper play his soldier home

G
 He's seen the glory, he's told the story
D **G**
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
G
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
D **D7** **G**
 Far from those green hills of Tyrol

(Chorus)



Black Velvet Band (Ronnie Drew, Luke Kelly, Barney Mac Kenna, Ciaran Bourke, John Sheehan)
As performed by The Dubliners

C
 In a neat little town they call Belfast
F **G**
 Apprenticed 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

But a sad misfortune's come over me
 Which caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from me friends and companions
 Betrayed 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)

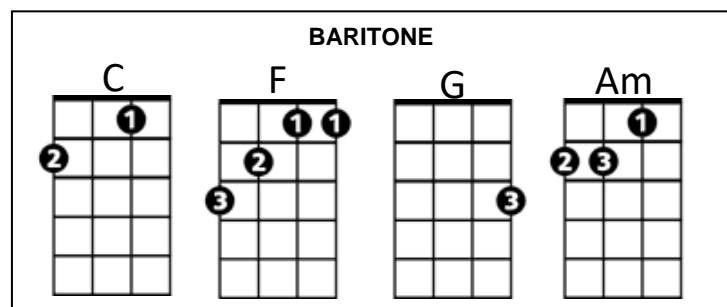
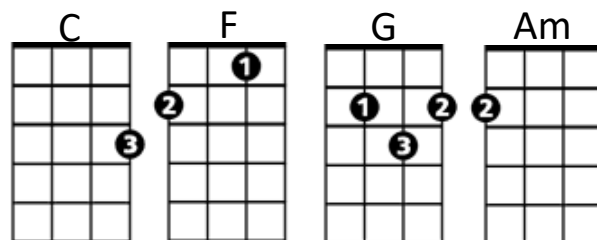
But before the Judge and the Jury
 Next morning I had to appear
 And the judge he says to me "Young man,
 Your case it is proven and clear
 I'll give you seven years penal servitude
 To be spent far away from the land
 Far away from your friends and companions"
 Betrayed by the black velvet band

(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 Colleen's

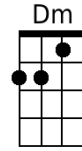
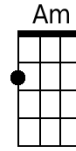
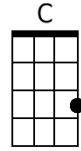
They'll feed you with strong drink, my lads,
 'Til you are unable to stand
 And the very first thing that you'll know is
 You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

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 companions
F **G** **C**
 Betrayed by the black velvet band.



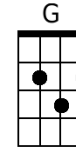
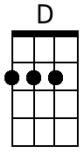
Black Velvet Band (Traditional, Adapted by Will Millar)
Key of C; 12/8 Time, a quick-time variant of 3/4 time.
Black Velvet Band, The Irish Rovers (45 rpm version, 1967)

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.



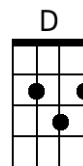
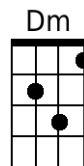
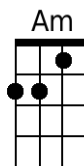
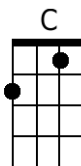
C
 1. In a neat little town they call Belfast,
 C Dm G
 Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound.
 C Am
 And many's an hour sweet happiness,
 Dm G C
 I spent in that neat little town.
 C
 Till bad misfortune came o'er me
 C Dm G
 That caused me to stray from the land.
 C Am
 Far a-way from me friends and re-lations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

C
 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
 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
 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)**

Bari:

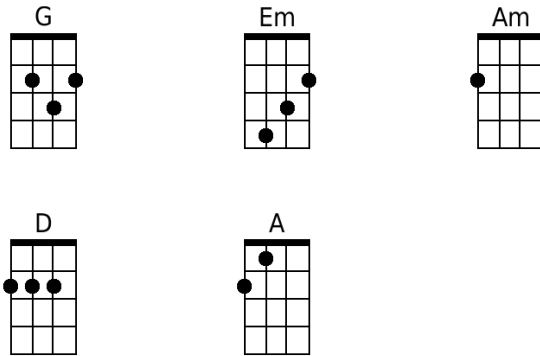


Black Velvet Band (Traditional, Adapted by Will Millar)
Key of G; 12/8 Time, a quick-time variant of 3/4 time.
Black Velvet Band, The Irish Rovers (45 rpm version, 1967)

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.



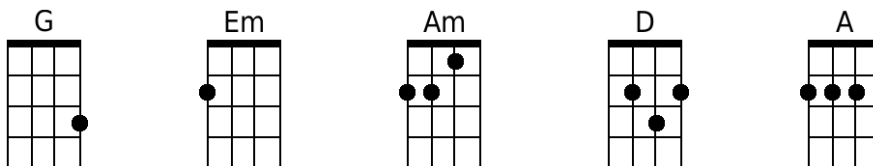
G
 1. In a neat little town they call Belfast,
G Am D
 Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound.
G Em
 And many's an hour sweet happiness,
Am D G
 I spent in that neat little town.
G
 Till bad misfortune came o'er me
G Am D
 That caused me to stray from the land.
G Em
 Far a-way from me friends and re-lations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

G
 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
 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
 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)**

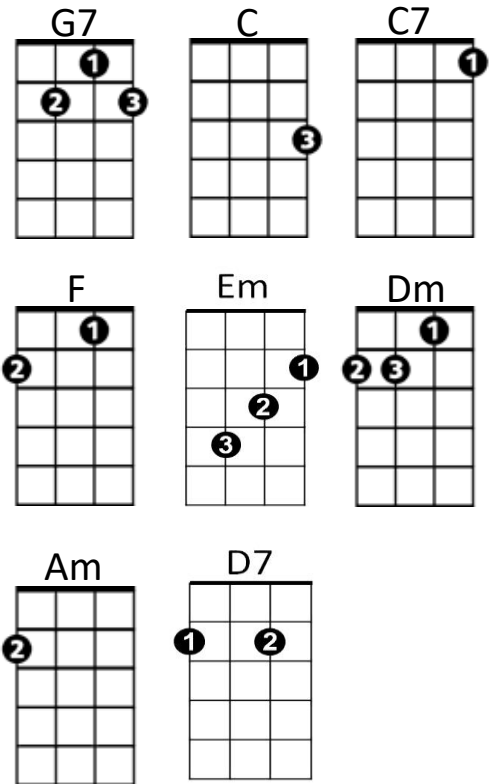
Bari



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

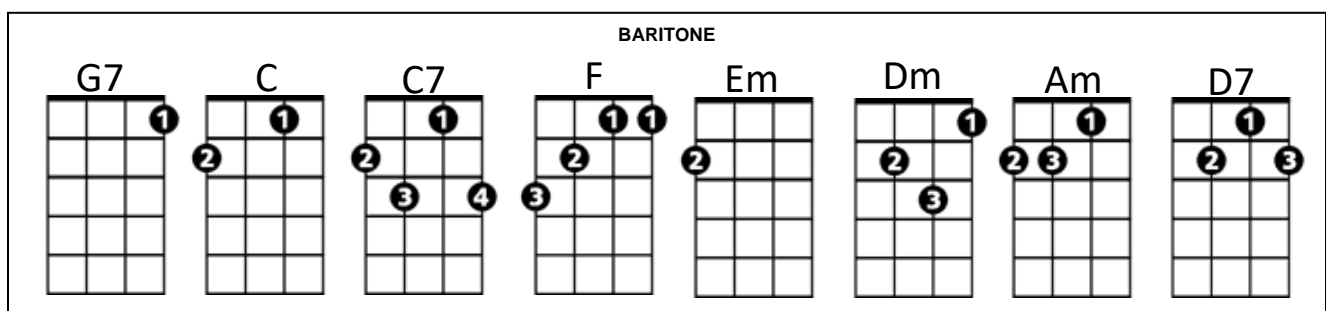
G7 **C** **C7** **F**
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
 C **Em** **F** **G7**
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
 C **C7** **F**
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
 C **Dm** **G7** **C** **G7**
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

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



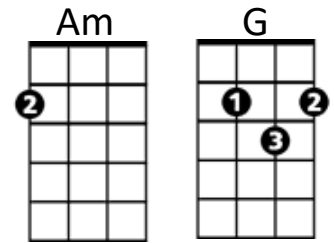
G7 **C** **C7** **F**
And if you come and all the flowers are dying
 C **Em** **F** **G7**
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
G7 **C** **C7** **F**
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
 C **Dm** **G7** **C** **G7**
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

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**
I'll sleep in peace until you come to me

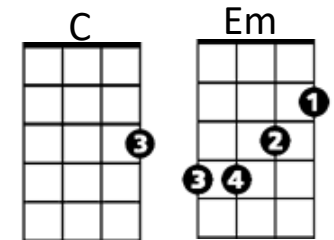


Down by the Glenside (Patrick Ryan / Peter Anthony Kearney)

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



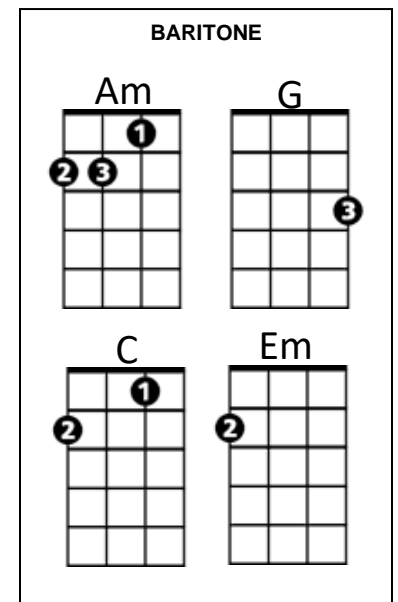
G **C** **Em**
 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
Am **G** **C** **Em**
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
Am **C** **G**
 I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
C **G** **Am** **G** **Am**
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



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



What Will We Do With a Drunken Sailor? (Traditional) Key A

213A

Intro: Am

Am

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

G

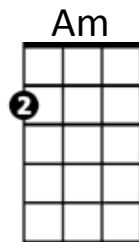
What will we do with a drunken sailor?

Am

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning



Am

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

G

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

Am

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

Chorus:

Am

Way hey and up she rises

G

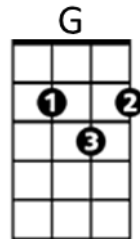
Way hey and up she rises

Am

Way hey and up she rises

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning



(Chorus)

Am

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

G

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

Am

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

Am

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

G

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Am

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Am

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

G

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

Am

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Am

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

G

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

Am

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Am

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

G

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

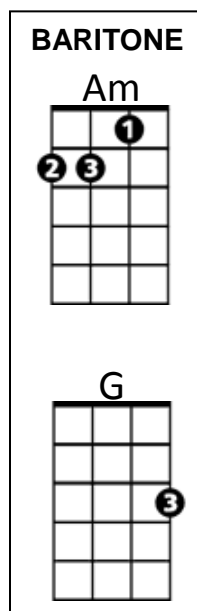
Am

That's what we do with a drunken sailor ~

G Am

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)



(Chorus)

What Will We Do With a Drunken Sailor? (Traditional) Key D

213D

Intro: Dm

Dm

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

C

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

Dm

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus):

Dm

Way hey and up she rises

C

Way hey and up she rises

Dm

Way hey and up she rises

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

Dm

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

C

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Dm

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Dm

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

C

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

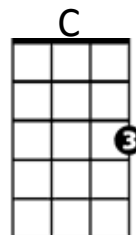
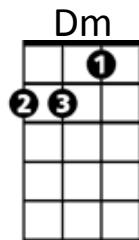
Dm

Put him in the longboat until he's sober

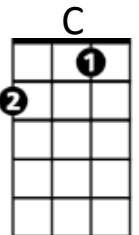
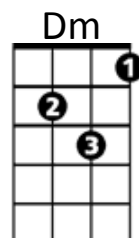
C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)



BARITONE



Dm

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

C

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

Dm

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Dm

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

C

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

Dm

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Dm

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

C

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

Dm

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Dm

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

C

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

Dm

That's what we do with a drunken sailor ~

C Dm

Ear-ly in the morning

(Chorus)

Drunken Sailor (Traditional, Adapted by G. Millar & W. McDonald)Drunken Sailor by The Irish Rovers (2012) – Key of Am**Intro (2 measures) Am**

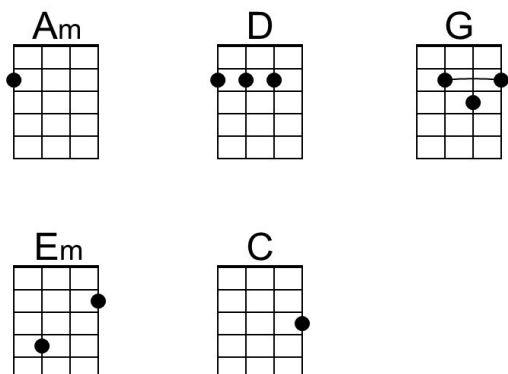
Am **D**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G **Em**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Am **D**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning?

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**

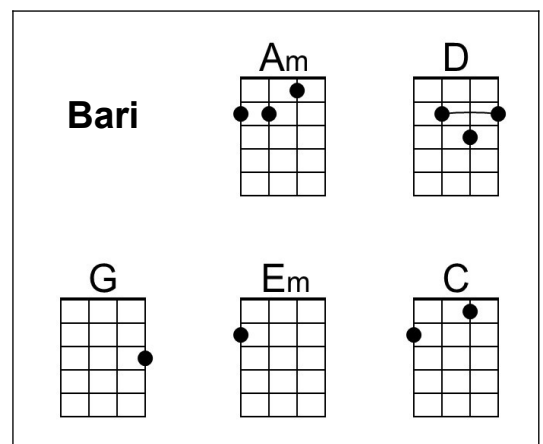
Am **D**
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
G **Em**
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
Am **D**
Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
C G Am
Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

**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

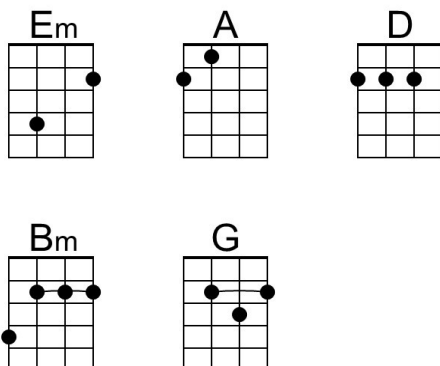
Em **A**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
D **Bm**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Em **A**
What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G D Em
Earl-ie in the morning?

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**



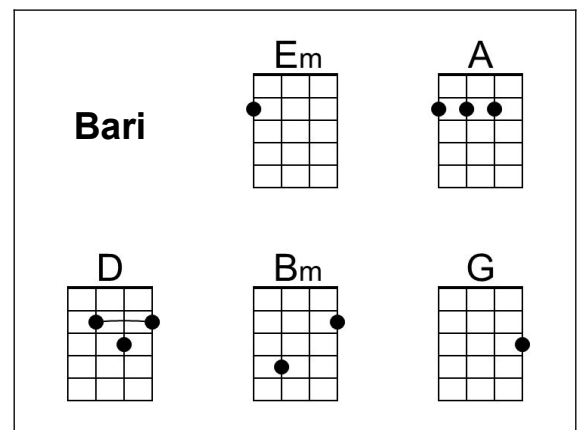
Instrumental Em D Em A D (2x)

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)



Finnegan's Wake (Traditional. 1864)

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?"

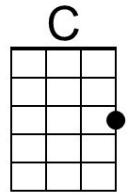
(Refrain) (2x)

Flower Of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid 1960s)

Flower Of Scotland by The Corries (in F#) - Key of C

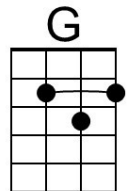
Intro (4 Measures) C

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

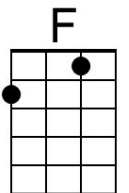


Chorus

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

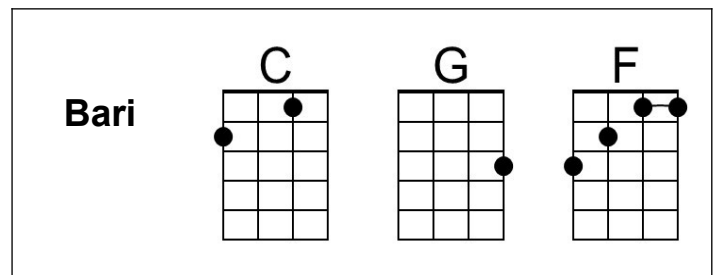


C G C
 The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still.
 F C G C
 O'er land that is lost now, which those so dearly held. **Chorus**



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

Repeat 1st Verse

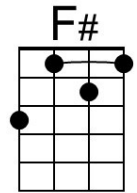


Flower Of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid 1960s)

Flower Of Scotland by The Corries (in F#) - Key of F#

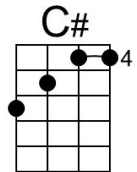
Intro (4 Measures) F#

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

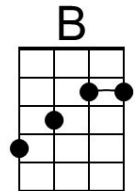


Chorus

C# F# B F#
 And stood a-gainst him, proud Edward's army.
 B F# B F# | F#
 And sent him homeward, tae think a-gain.

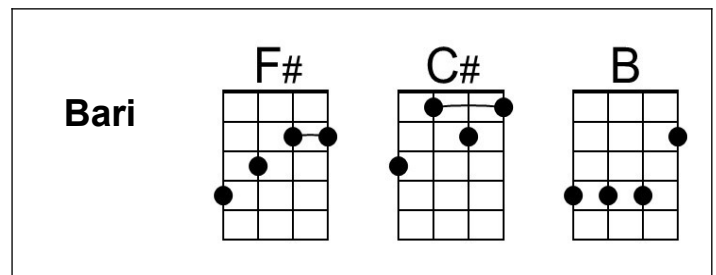


F# C# F#
 The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still.
 B F# C# F#
 O'er land that is lost now, which those so dearly held. **Chorus**



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

Repeat 1st Verse

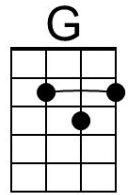


Flower Of Scotland (Roy Williamson, mid 1960s)

Flower Of Scotland by The Corries (in F#) - Key of G

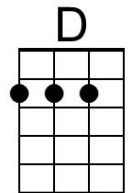
Intro (4 Measures) G

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

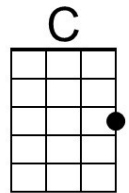


Chorus

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

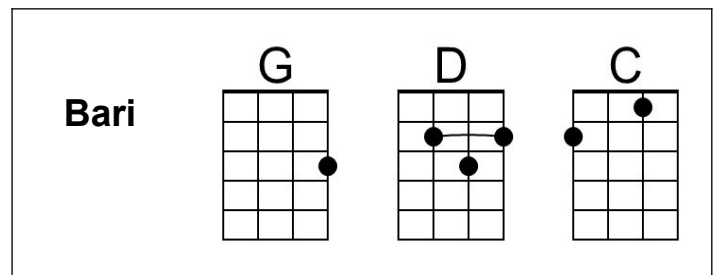


G D G
 The hills are bare now, and autumn leaves lie thick and still.
 C G D G
 O'er land that is lost now, which those so dearly held. **Chorus**



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

Repeat 1st Verse

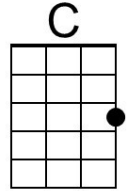


Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (C)

Intro (first line) C G G7 C G7

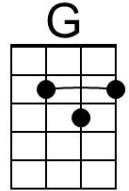
C G G7 C
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

C C7 F Cdim7
You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*, *(area where the River Corrib meets Galway Bay)*
G G7 F D7
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

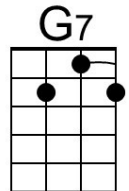


C G
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,

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



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

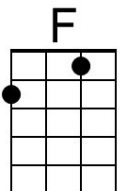


C G
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

G7 C
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

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

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

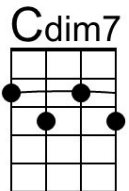


C G
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

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

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

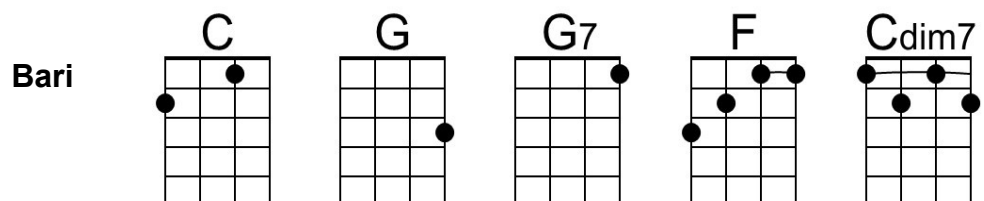
G G7 C G7
Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*



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

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

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

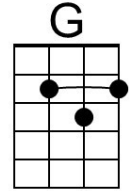


Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (G)

Intro (first line) G D D7 G D7

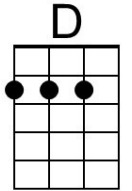
G D D7 G
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

G G7 C Gdim7
You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*, *(area where the River Corrib meets Galway Bay)*
A A7 D A7
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

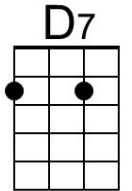


G D
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,

D7 G
The women in the meadow making hay,
G G7 C Gdim7
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,



D D7 G D7
And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*

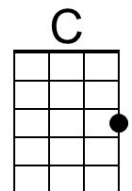


G D
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

D7 G
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

G G7 C Gdim7
And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*

D D7 G D7
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

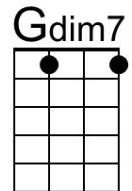


G D
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

D7 G
And they scorned us just for being what we are

G G7 C Gdim7
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

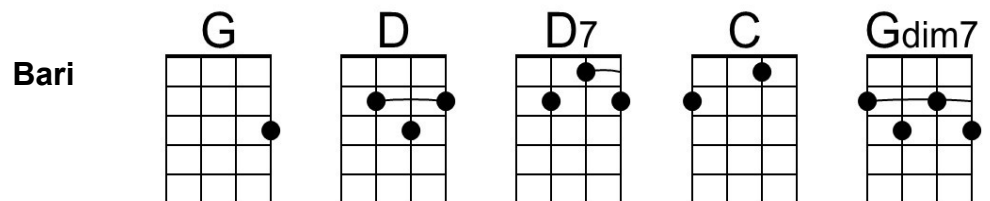
D D7 G D7
Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*



G D D7 G
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

G C Gdim7 D D7 G
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.

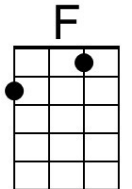
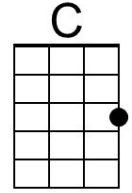
G C Gdim7 D D7 G
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.



Galway Girl (Steve Earle, 2000) (C)

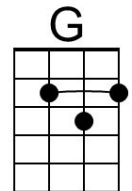
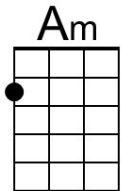
Galway Girl by Steve Earle

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



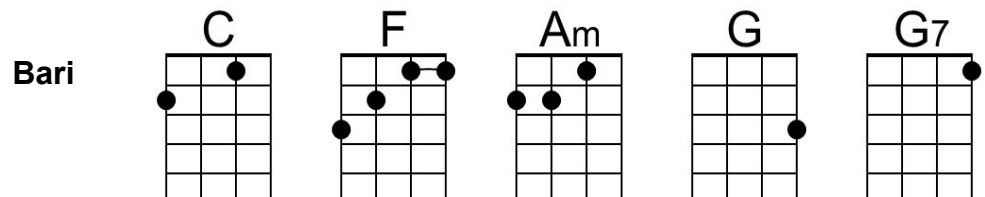
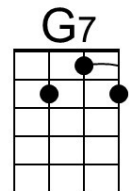
Instrumental C F C Am G F C G G7 C

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



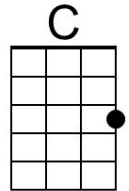
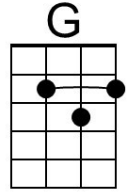
Instrumental C F C Am G F C G G7 C

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.



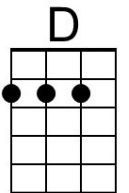
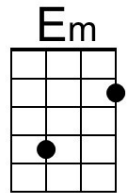
Galway Girl (Steve Earle, 2000) (G)

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



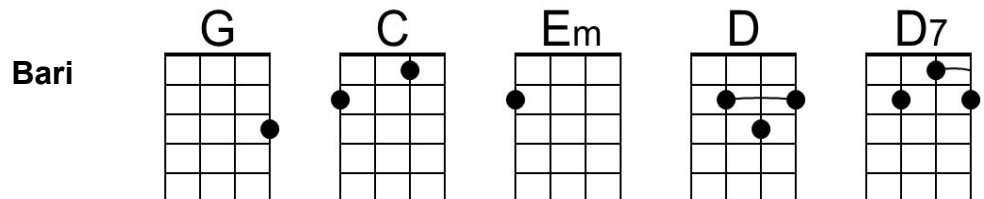
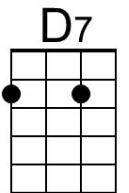
Instrumental G C G Em D C G D D7 G

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



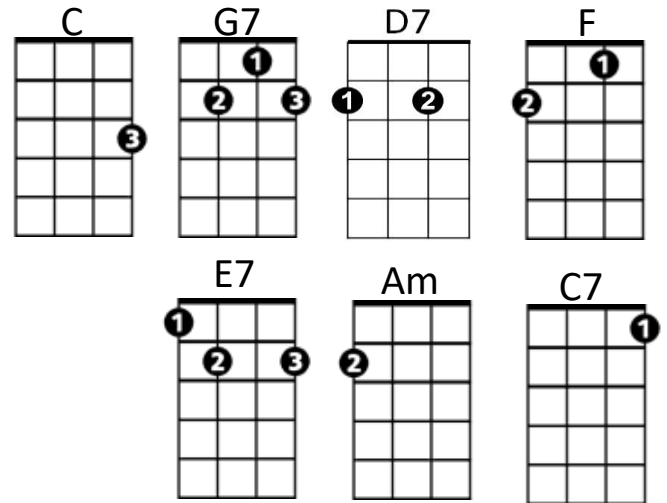
Instrumental G C G Em D C G D D7 G

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.



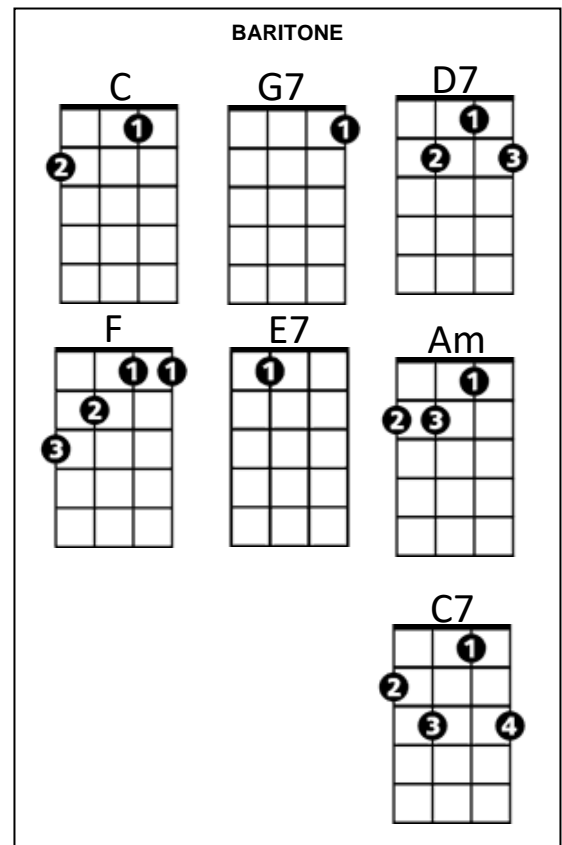
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf) Key C

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



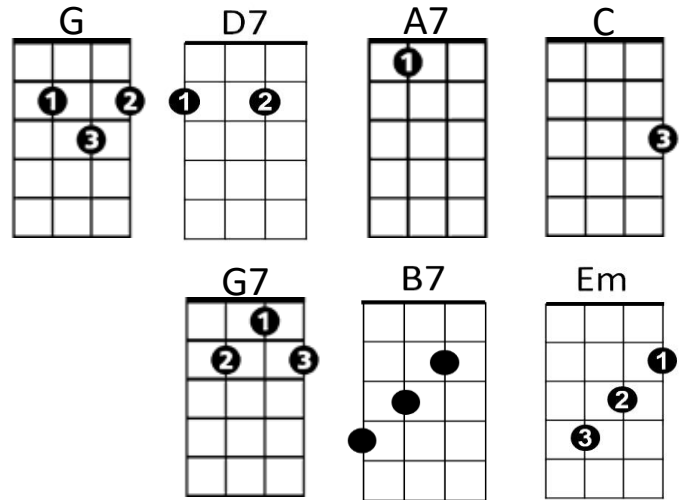
F **G7** **C**
 The roses all have left your cheek
G7 **C**
 I've watched them fade away and die
 E7 **Am** **C**
 Your voice is sad when 'ere you speak
 D7 **G7**
 And tears bedim your loving eyes

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



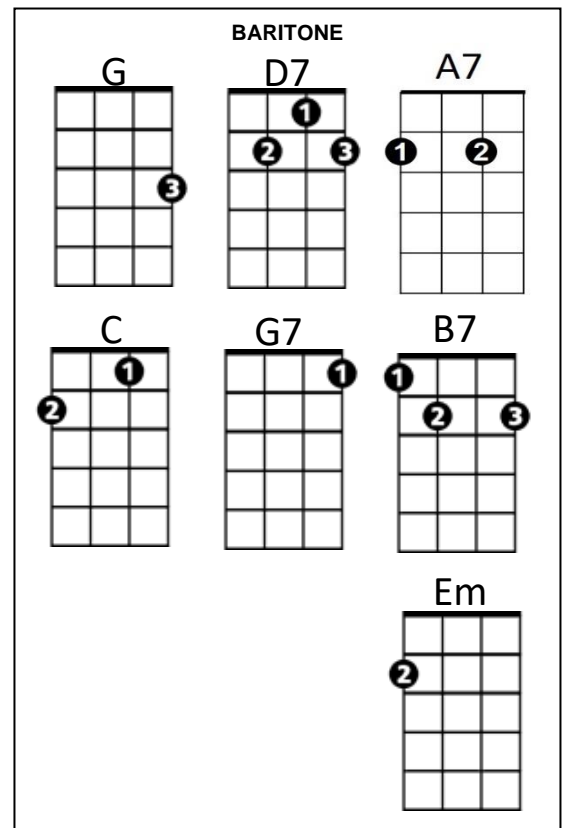
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf) Key G

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.

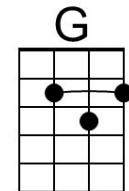
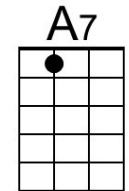
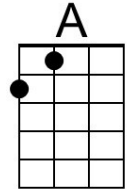
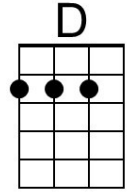
D A
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

A7 D
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.

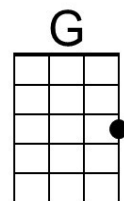
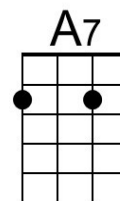
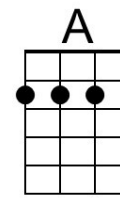
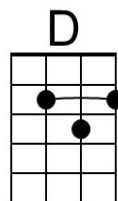
D A7 A D
She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by!

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

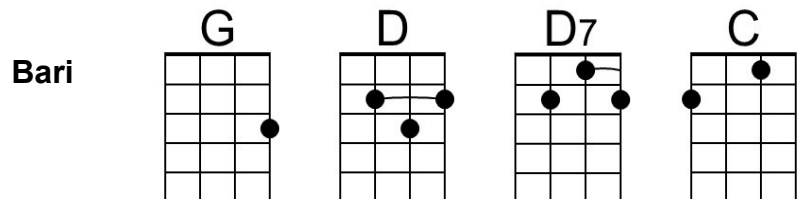
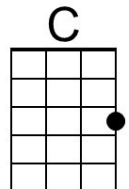
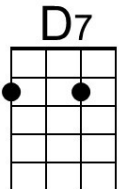
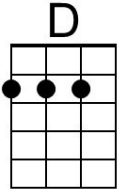
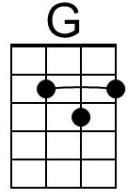
G D
Let the wind and the rain and the hail come high,

D7 G
And the snow come shoveling from the sky.

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

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



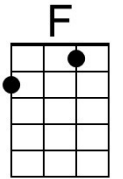
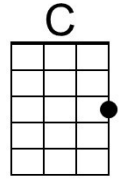
Loch Lomond (Traditional) (C)

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.

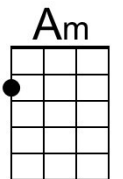
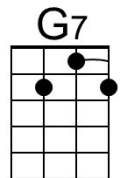
**Chorus**

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.

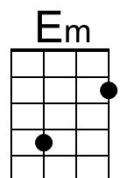


C F
'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,

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**

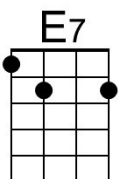
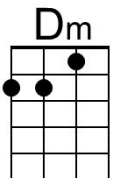


C F
The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,

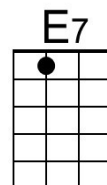
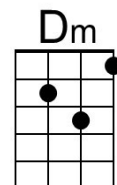
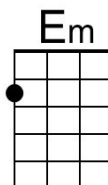
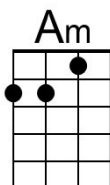
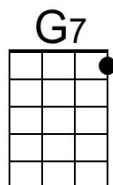
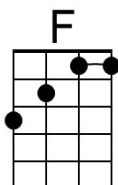
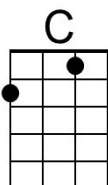
G7 C F C
And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing.

Am Em Dm F
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring a-gain,

G7 C F C G7 C
Though the waeful may cease frae their griev-ing. **Chorus**



Bari



Loch Lomond (Traditional) (F)

F **Bb**
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,

C7 **F** **Bb** **F**
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond,

Dm **Am** **Gm** **Bb**
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,

C7 **F** **Bb** **F** **C7** **F**
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

Chorus

F **Bb**
O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,

F **Bb** **F**
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,

Dm **Am** **Gm** **A7** **Bb**
But me and my true love will never meet a-gain,

C7 **F** **Bb** **F** **C7** **F**
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

F **Bb**
'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,

C7 **F** **Bb** **F**
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond,

Dm **Am** **Gm** **Bb**
Where in soft purple hue, the highland hills we view,

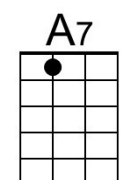
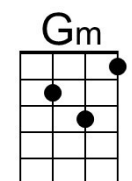
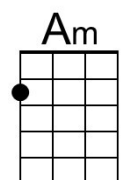
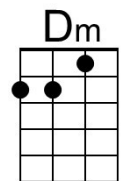
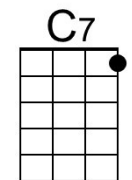
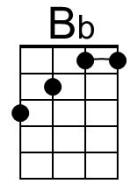
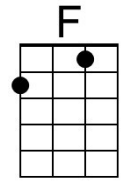
C7 **F** **Bb** **F** **C7** **F**
And the moon coming out in the gloam-ing. **Chorus**

F **Bb**
The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,

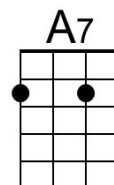
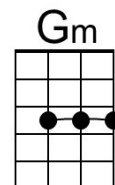
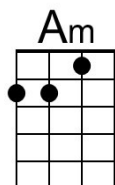
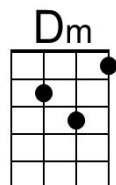
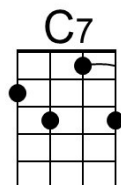
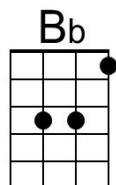
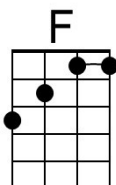
C7 **F** **Bb** **F**
And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing.

Dm **Am** **Gm** **Bb**
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring a-gain,

C7 **F** **Bb** **F** **C7** **F**
Though the waeful may cease frae their griev-ing. **Chorus**



Bari



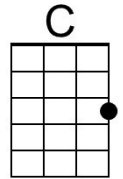
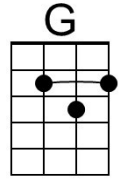
Loch Lomond (Traditional) (G)

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.

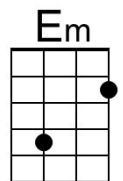
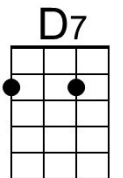
**Chorus**

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.

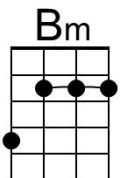


G **C**
'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,

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**

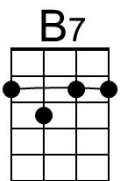
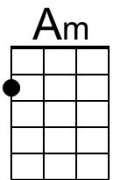


G **C**
The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,

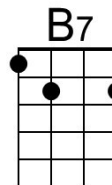
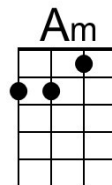
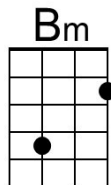
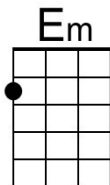
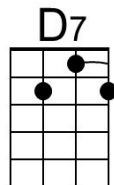
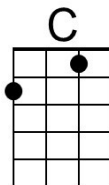
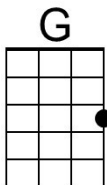
D7 **G** **C** **G**
And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing.

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



Mary Mac (Traditional)

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

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

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

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

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

For marriage is an awful undertaking

(Chorus)

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

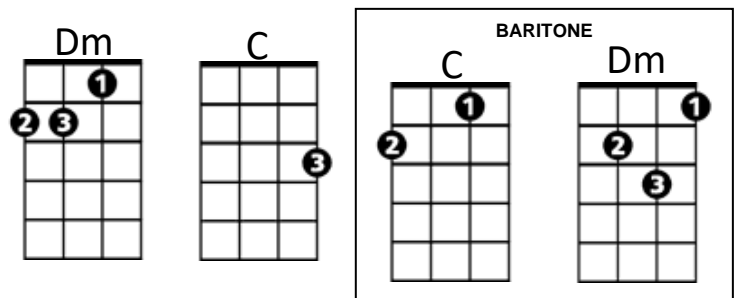
If I don't I'll be very much mistaken

(Chorus)

Repeat Verse 1:

(Chorus)

(Optional: 2 or 3 times, getting faster)



Men of Harlech (Lyrics: John Guard (c. 1800-1857);

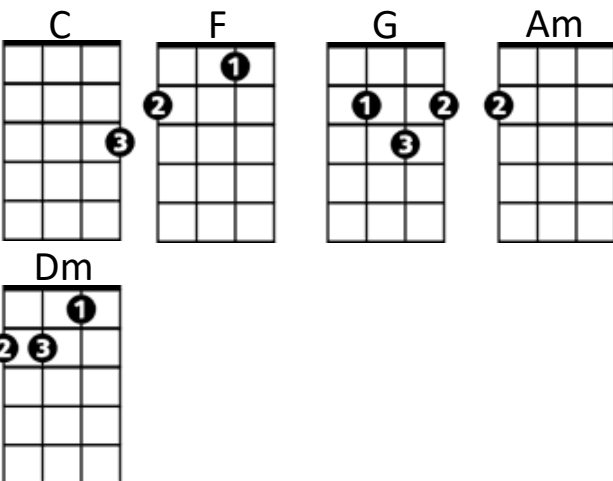
Version by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band)

G C G D G
Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring
C Am D
News of foe-men near declaring
G C G D G C
To heroic deeds of da-ring
G D G
Call you Harlech men!

G C G D G
Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing
C Am D
Wails of wives and children flying
G C G D G C
For the distant succor crying
G D G
Call you Harlech men!

D
Shall the voice of wailing
G
Now be unavailing
You to rise who never yet

In battle's hour were failing
C G Am G
This our answer crowds down pouring
Am D
Swift as winter torrents roaring
G C G D G C
Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing
G D G
Calls on Harlech men

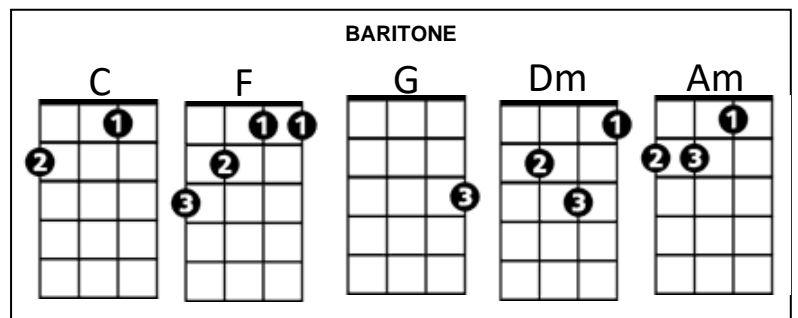


G C G D G
Loud the martial pipes are sounding
C Am D
Every manly heart is bounding
G C G D G C
As our trusted chief sur-round-ing
G D G
March we Harlech men

G C G D G
Short the sleep the foe is taking
C Am D
Ere the morrow's morn is breaking
G C G D G C
They shall have a rude a-wake-ning
G D G
Roused by Harlech men

D
Mothers cease your weeping
G
Calm may be your sleeping
You and yours in safety now

The Har-lech men are keeping
C G Am G
Ere the sun is high in heaven
Am D
They you fear, by panic riven
G C G D G C
Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven
G D G
Far by Harlech men



Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels) (Traditional) (The Dubliners)

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, alive, alive, oh".

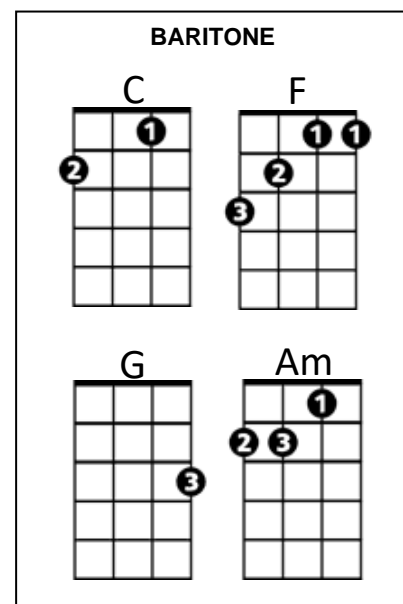
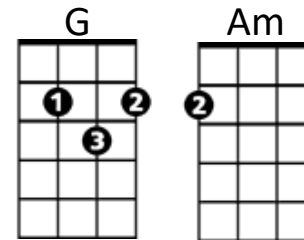
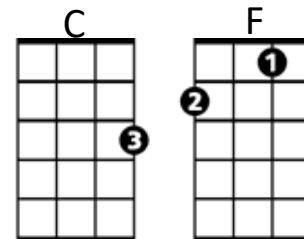
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,
C **Em** **Dm** **G**
 For so were her father and mother before,
C **Am**
 And they each wheeled their barrow,
Dm **G**
 Through streets broad and narrow,
C **Em** **G** **C**
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

(Chorus)

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!"

(Chorus)

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



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

Version 1

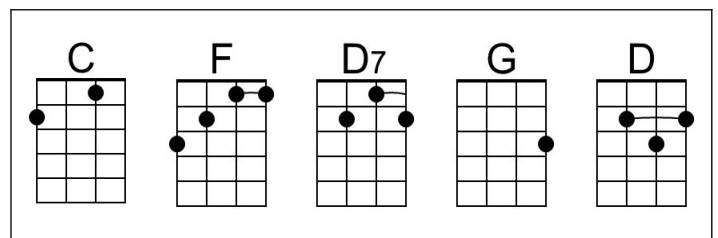
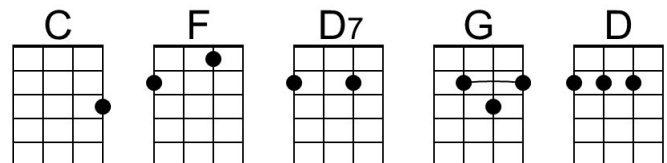
If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
 Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
 Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
 Though each holds a-loft its proud head.
 T'was given to me by a girl that I know,

Since we've met,
 Faith I've known no re-pose.
 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 every-where,
 But none can com-pare
 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 con-sent
 To have that sweet name taken a-way.
 Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
 The bower where my true love grows,
 And my one wish has been
 That some-day I may win
 The heart of my wild Irish Rose.



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

Version 1

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 a-loft its proud head.

T'was given to me by a girl that I know,

Since we've met,

Faith, I've known no re-pose.

She is dearer by far

Than the world's brightest star,

And I call her 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 con-sent

To have that sweet name taken a-way.

Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by

The bower where my true love grows,

And my one wish has been

That some-day I may win

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

Chorus

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.

You may search every-where,

But none can com-pare

With my wild Irish Rose.

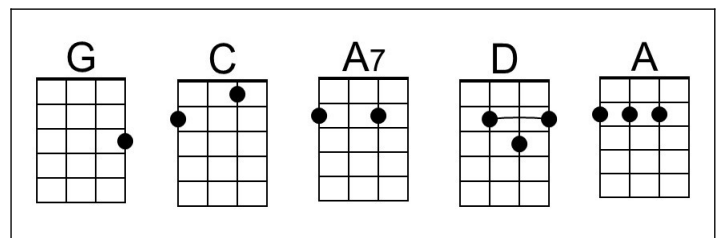
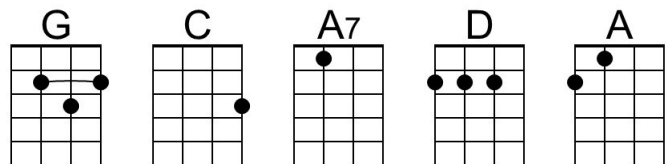
My wild Irish Rose,

The dearest flower that grows,

And some day for my sake,

She may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.



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

Version 2

Intro C Caug F C D7 G7 C G7

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

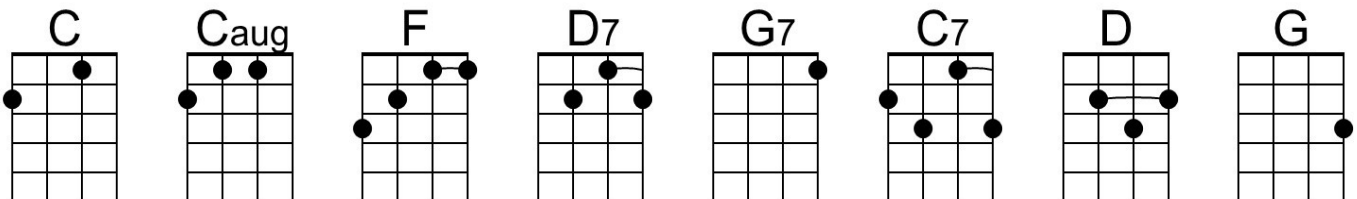
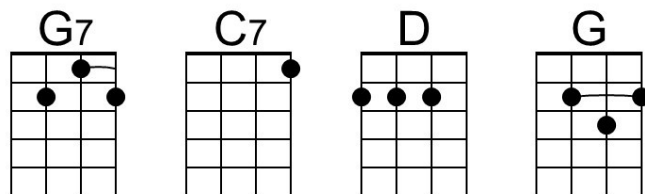
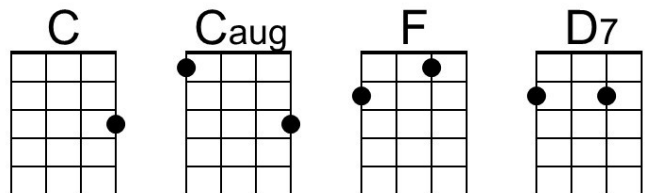
Chorus:

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

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

Outro

D7 G7 C
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose



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

Version 2

Intro

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

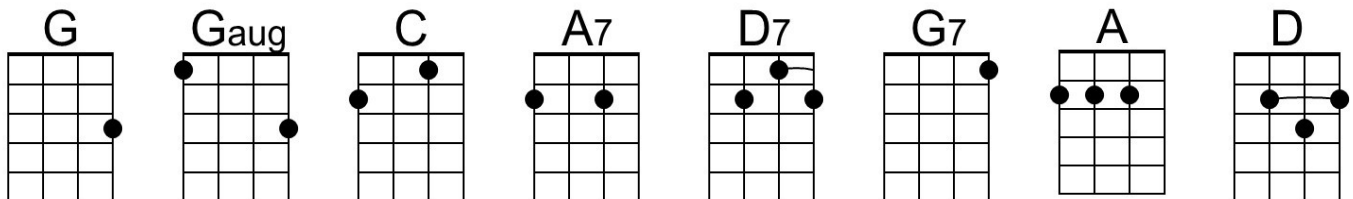
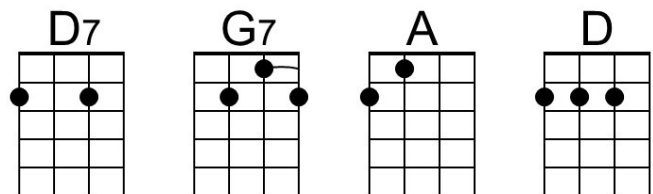
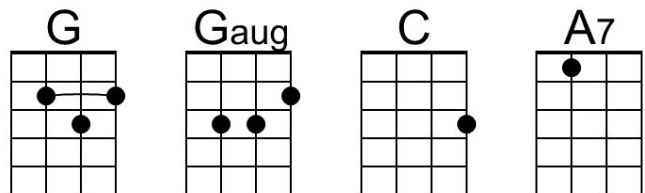
Chorus

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

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

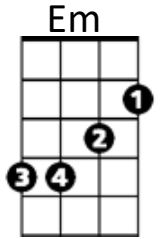
Outro

A7 **D7** **G**
 The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose

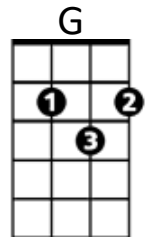
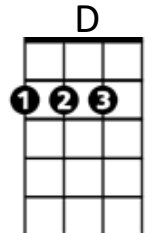
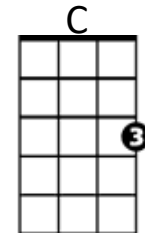


Nancy Mulligan (Ed Sheeran) Key G

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

**Chorus:**

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

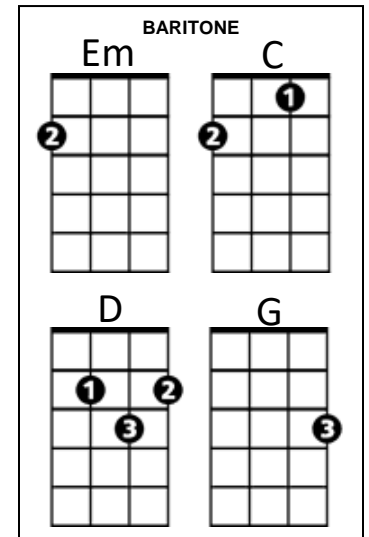


Em C D Em / Em C G C D Em

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

(Chorus)**Interlude: 2X**

G C D
 Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, da da
 G C D G
 Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di

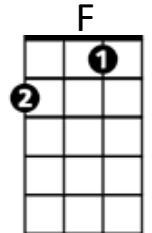
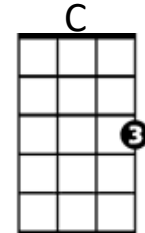
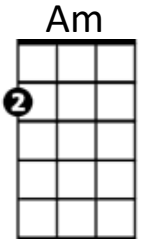


Em C D Em
 From her snow white streak in her jet black hair, over sixty years I've been loving her
 Em C G C D Em
 Now we're sat by the fire in our old armchairs, you know Nancy I a-dore ya
 Em C D Em
 From a farm boy born near Belfast town, I never worried about the King and Crown
 Em C G C D Em
 'Cause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

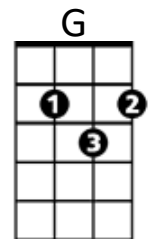
(Chorus) (Interlude)

Nancy Mulligan (Ed Sheeran) Key C

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

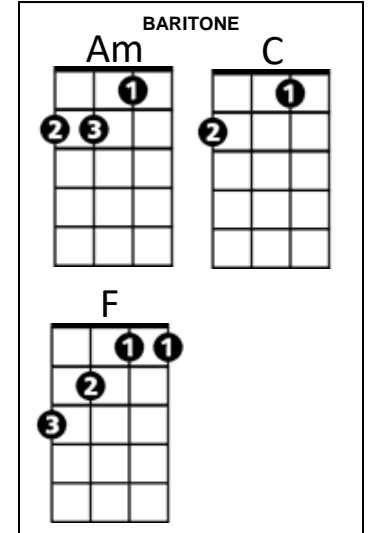
**Chorus:**

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**

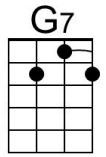
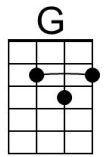
C F G
Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, da da
C F G C
Di da-da-da-da-da di-da-di, di da-da-da-da-da di

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) (Interlude)

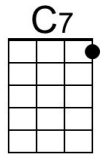
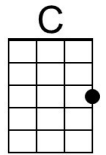
Pretty Irish Girl (Lawrence Edward Watkin & Oliver Wallace, 1959) - Key G

G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 Have you ever seen the seagulls, a-flyin' o'er the heather?
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 Or the crimson sails on Galway Bay the fishermen un-furl?
G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 Oh, the earth is filled with beauty, and it's gathered all together
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 In the form and face and dainty grace of a pretty Irish girl

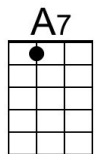
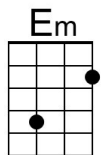


Chorus

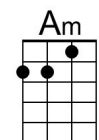
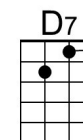
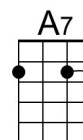
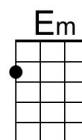
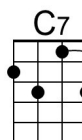
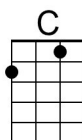
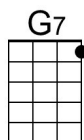
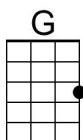
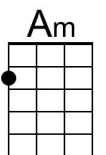
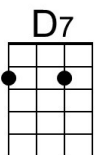
G **D7** **C** **G**
 Oh, she's my dear, my darlin' one, her eyes so sparklin' full of fun
C **G** **A7** **D7**
 No other, no other, can match the likes of her
G **D7** **C** **G**
 She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and beguillin' one
Am **C** **A7** **G** (**A7**) **D7** **G**
 I love the ground she walks upon - my pretty I - r i s h girl



G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 Have you ever seen the morning, in Kerry and Killarney?
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 When the dew is on the hayrick, and ev'ry drop a pearl ?
G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 And standing in the doorway is a pretty Irish Girl? **Chorus**

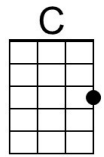


G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 When I'm parted from my darlin', my sighs would sail a schooner
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 And when I cannot reach her, sure my tears would turn a mill
G **G7** **C** - **C7**
 Since she cannot be un-kind, to any helpless creature
G **Em** **A7** **D7**
 I think that I will marry me a pretty Irish girl!



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

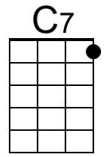
C **C7** **F** **- F7**
Have you ever seen the seagulls, a-flyin' o'er the heather?



C **Am** **D7** **G7**
Or the crimson sails on Galway Bay the fishermen un-furl?

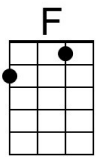
C **C7** **F** **- F7**
Oh, the earth is filled with beauty, and it's gathered all together

C **Am** **D7** **G7**
In the form and face and dainty grace of a pretty Irish girl.



Chorus

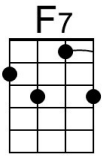
C **G7** **F** **C**
Oh, she's my dear, my darlin' one, her eyes so sparklin' full of fun



F **C** **D7** **G7**
No other, no other, can match the likes of her

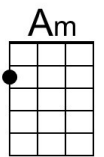
C **G7** **F** **C**
She's my dear, my darlin' one, my smilin' and beguilin' one

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



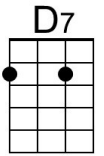
C **C7** **F** **- F7**
Have you ever seen the morning in Kerry and Killarney?

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



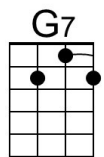
C **C7** **F** **- F7**
When the geese are full of blarney, and the thrush is singing Gaelic

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



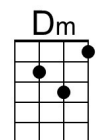
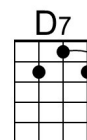
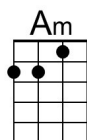
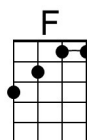
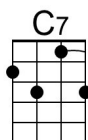
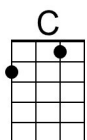
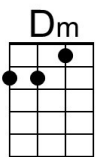
C **C7** **F** **- F7**
When I'm parted from my darlin', my sighs would sail a schooner

C **Am** **D7** **G7**
And when I cannot reach her, sure my tears would turn a mill



C **C7** **F** **- F7**
Since she cannot be un-kind, to any helpless creature

C **Am** **D7** **G7**
I think that I will marry me a pretty Irish girl! **Chorus**



Scotland the Brave (Cliff Hanley, 1950. Arr. Marion McClurg)

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 wa ve!
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.

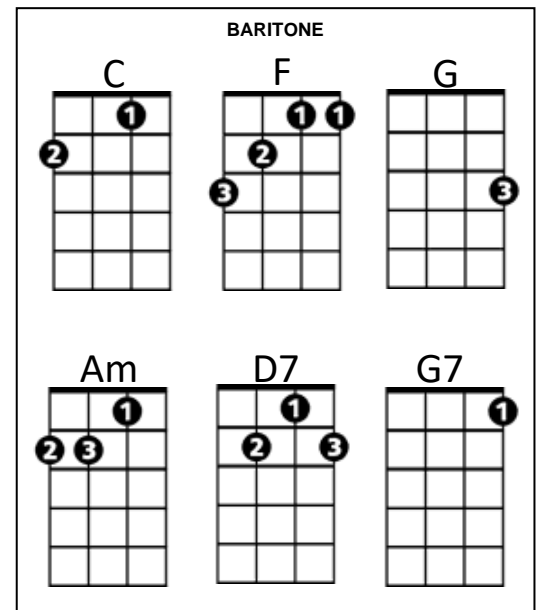
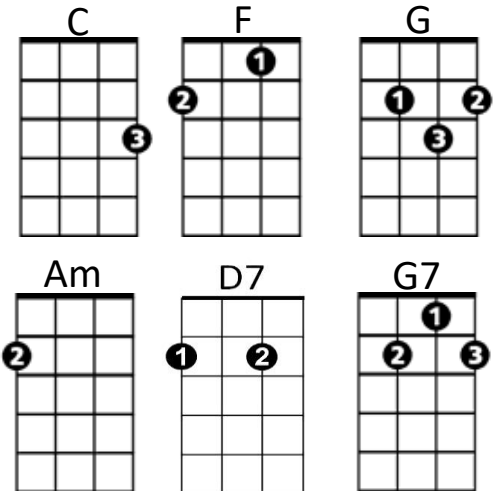
C
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,
F C G C
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens' eyes.

(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!



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

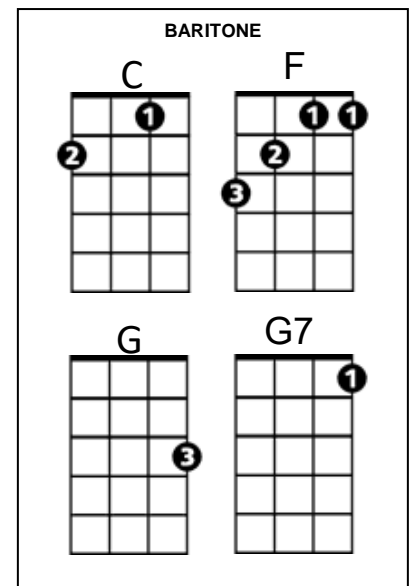
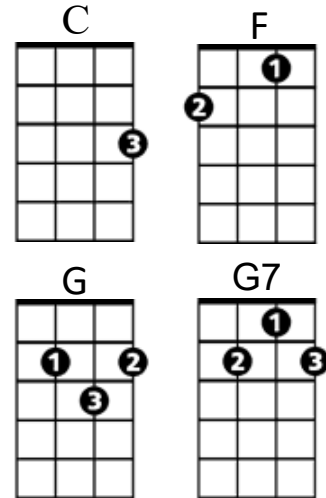
(Chorus)

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

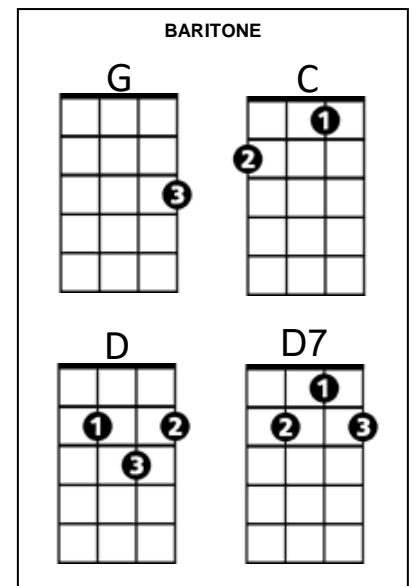
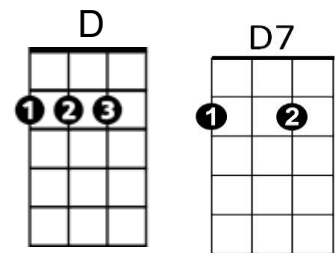
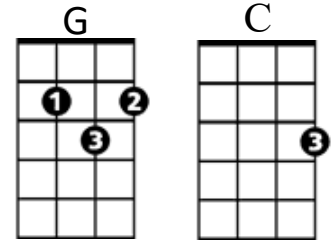
(Chorus)

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)

Green Fields of France (John McDermott / Bobby Edwards / Eric Bogle)

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**
 Did they beat the drum slowly,
C **G**
 Did they play the fife lowly,
D **D7**
 Did they sound the death march,
C **D**
 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**
 The sun's shining down on these green fields of
Am
 France,
D **D7** **C**
 The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies
G
 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**
 And a whole generation that were butchered and
G
 damned.

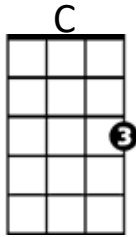
(Chorus)

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**
 Did you really believe them when they told you
Am
 the cause
D **D7** **C**
 Did you really believe that this war would end
G
 wars.
G **Em** **C**
 Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the
Am
 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 Gypsy Rover (Traditional) (The Clancy Brothers)

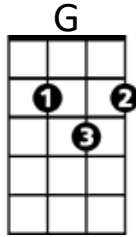
C G C G
A gypsy rover came over the hill
C G C G
Down through the valley so sha-dy.
C G
He whistled and he sang
C F
'til the green woods rang
C G C F C F
And he won the heart of a l - a - dy.



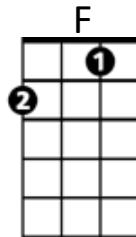
C G C G
Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
C G C G
With silken sheets for co - ver
C G C F
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
C G C F C F
Beside her gypsy lo - ver
C G C G
Her father saddled up his fastest steed

Chorus: (Play after every verse)

C G C G
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
C G C G
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
C G
He whistled and he sang
C F
'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
And roamed the valley all o - ver.
C G C F
Sought his daughter at great speed
C G C F C F
And the whistlin' gypsy ro - ver.



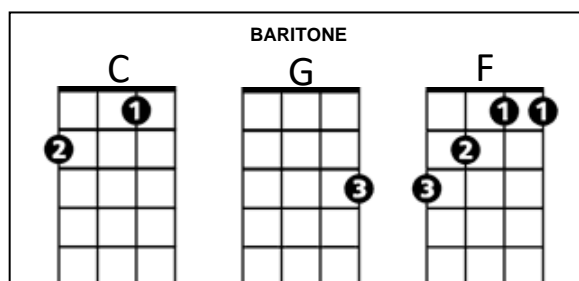
C G C G
He came at last to a mansion fine
C G C G
Down by the river Clay - dee.
C G C F
And there was music and there was wine
C G C F C F
For the gypsy and his la - dy.

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

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

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

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



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

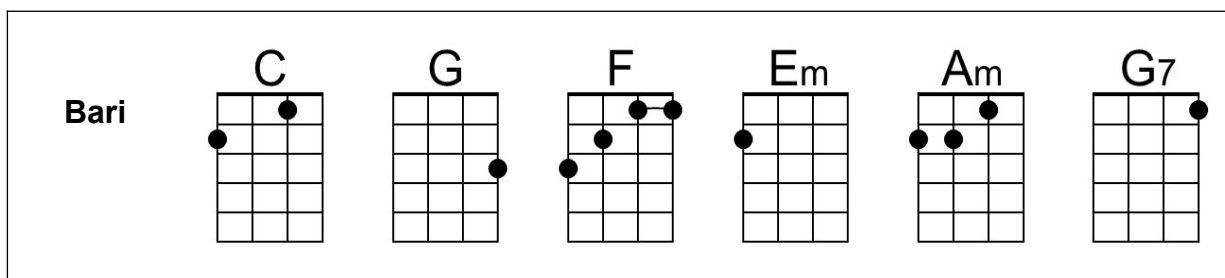
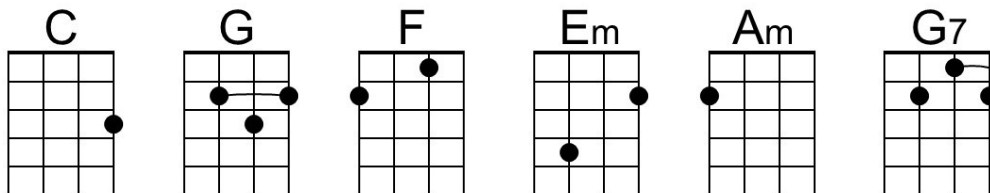
C G C G7
Ah di doo ah di doo dah day,
C F C G
Ah di doo ah de day-dee.
C G
He whistled and he sang,
Em Am
Till the green woods rang,
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la - a - dy.

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.

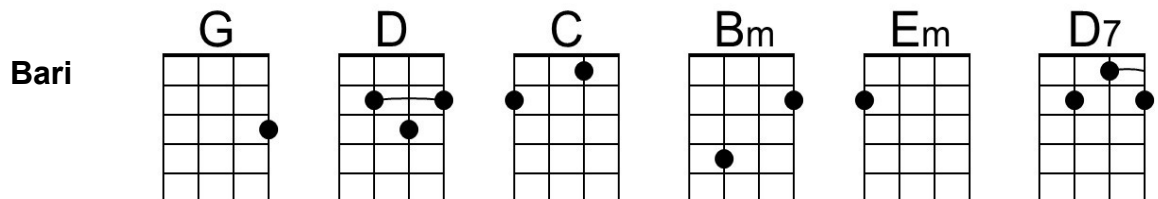
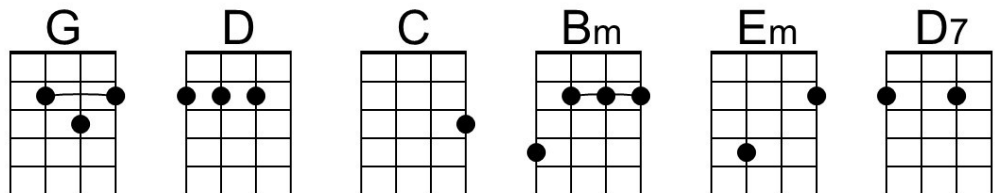
G D G D7
 She left her father's castle gate;
 G C G D
 She left her own fond lo – ver,
 G D Bm Em
 She left her servants and her es - tate,
 G C G C G D7
 To follow the gypsy ro – o – er. **Chorus**

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.

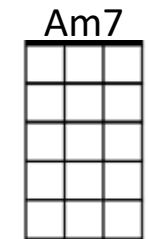
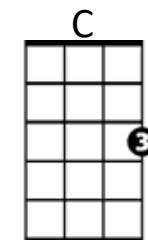
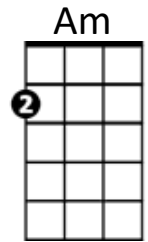
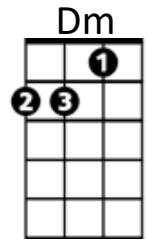
Chorus (2x) End on G



The Leprechaun (Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883) circa 1853)

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** **Am**
 'Twas tick, tack, tick, his hammer went, upon a weeny shoe,
Dm **Am7** **Dm**
 Oh, I laughed to think of his purse of gold,
 But the fairy was laughing too!



Am **Dm** **Am7** **Dm**
 The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laughin' too!

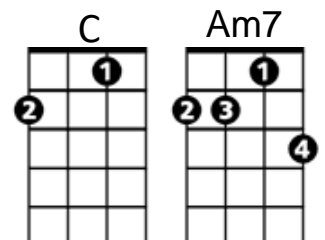
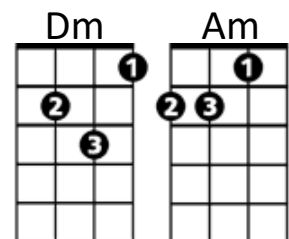
Dm **Am** **Dm**
 With tip-toe step and beating heart, quite softly I drew nigh
Am **C** **Dm**
 There was mischief in his merry face, a twinkle in his eye;
Dm **C** **Dm**
 He hammered and sang with a tiny voice, and drank his mountain dew;
C **Dm** **Am**
 Oh, I laughed to think he was caught at last,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

Am **Dm** **Am7** **Dm**
 The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laughin' too!

Dm **Am** **Dm**
 As quick as thought I seized the elf, "Your fairy purse," I cried,
Dm **Am** **C** **Dm**
 "The purse?" said he, "tis in her hand, that lady by your side."
Dm **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!

Am **Dm** **Am7** **Dm**
 The fairy was laughin', laughin', laughin, the fairy was laughin' too!

BARITONE



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

Chorus:

C **Am**
Oh, it is the biggest mixup

G
That you have ever seen

F **C**
Me father was an Orangemen,

G **C**
Me mother she was green.

C **Am**
Oh, me father was an Ulsterman,

G
Proud Protestant was he

F **C**
Me mother was a Catholic girl

G **C**
From County Cork was she.

Am
They were married in two churches

G
And lived happily enough

F **C**
Until the day that I was born

G **C**
And things got rather tough.

(Chorus)

Baptized by father Reilly
I was rushed away by car
To be made a little Orangeman,
Me father's shining star.
I was christened David Anthony
But still in spite of that
To me father I was Billy
While me mother called me Pat.

(Chorus)

With mother every Sunday
To Mass I'd proudly stroll
And after that the orange Lord
Would try to save me soul.

And both sides tried to claim me,
But I was smart because
I'd play the flute, I'd play the harp
Depending were I was

(Chorus)

And when I'd sing those rebel songs
Much to me mother's joy
Me father would jump up and say
"Look here, now Bill me boy!
That's quite enough of that lot.",
He'd toss me o'er a coin
He'd have me sing The Orange Flute
Or the Heroes of The Boyne.

(Chorus)

One day me Ma's relations
Came round to visit me.
Just as my father's kinfolk were
Sitting down to tea.
We tried to smooth things over,
But they all began to fight.
And me, being strictly neutral,
I kicked everyone in sight.

(Chorus)

My parents never could agree
About my type of school.
My learning was all done at home,
That's why I'm such a fool.
They've both passed on, God rest 'em,
But I was left between
That awful color problem
Of the Orange and the Green.

(Chorus)

The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 1 – Key C

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

Chorus

C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddie
Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay
C **Am**
Whack for the toora loora laddie
Dm **G7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

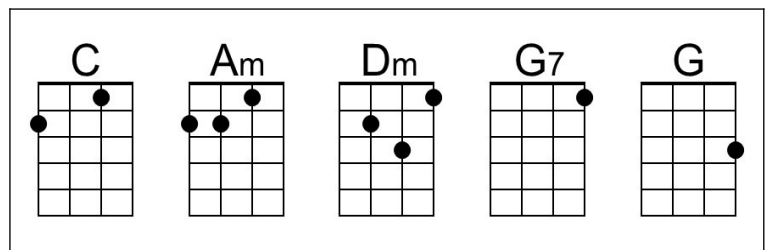
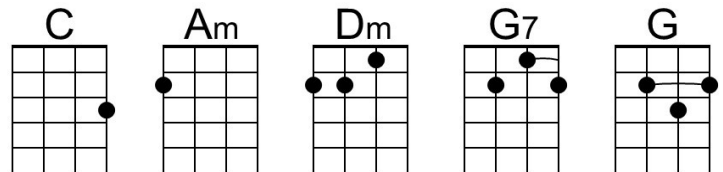
As I came back through Dublin City
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam (Chorus)

As I returned to Dublin City
As the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth, in a golden net
First she saw me, then she fled me
Lifted her petticoats o'er her knee
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair as the Spanish lady
(Chorus)

I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Says he, "Young fella, now the night is late"
Along with ye now or I will wrestle ya
Straight way through the Bridewell Gate
I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of angry coal
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul
(Chorus)

As I went out through Dublin City
As the hour of dawn was 'oer
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
I was lonely and footsore
First she coaxed me, then she chid me
Then she laughed at my sad plight
In all me time I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as on that night
(Chorus)

I've wandered north and I have wandered south
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandys' house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But there is the love of me Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soul
(Chorus) 2x



The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 1 – Key G

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

Chorus

G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddie
Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay
G **Em**
Whack for the toora loora laddie
Am **D7**
Whack for the toora loora lay

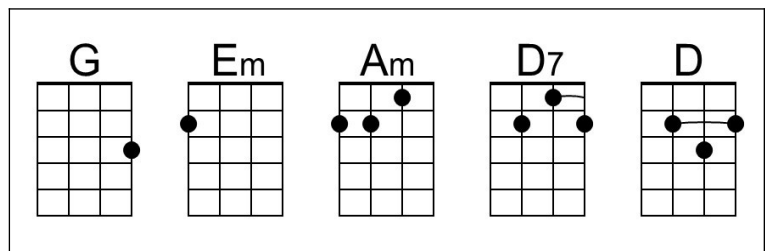
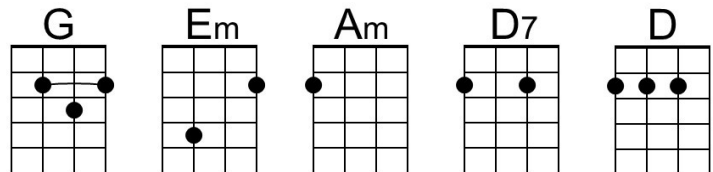
As I came back through Dublin City
At the hour of half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in the broad daylight
First she brushed it, then she tossed it
On her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair since I did roam (Chorus)

As I returned to Dublin City
As the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth, in a golden net
First she saw me, then she fled me
Lifted her petticoats o'er her knee
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so fair as the Spanish lady
(Chorus)

I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Says he, "Young fella, now the night is late"
Along with ye now or I will wrestle ya
Straight way through the Bridewell Gate
I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
Hot as a fire of angry coal
In all me life I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet about the soul
(Chorus)

As I went out through Dublin City
As the hour of dawn was 'oer
Who should I see but the Spanish lady
I was lonely and footsore
First she coaxed me, then she chid me
Then she laughed at my sad plight
In all me time I ne'er did see
A maid so sweet as on that night
(Chorus)

I've wandered north and I have wandered south
Through Stoney Barter and Patrick's close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
And back by Napper Tandys' house
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals
But there is the love of me Spanish lady
Neat and sweet about the soul
(Chorus) 2x



The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 2 – Key C

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**
 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 outside the gate
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**
 I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Dm **G7**
 He said "Young fellah, now the night is late
C **Am**
 Along with ye home or I will wrestle you
Dm **G7**
 Straight back through the Bridewell gate"
C **Am**
 I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
C **G**
 Hot as a fire of angry coal
C **Am**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Dm **G7**
 A maid so sweet about the soul

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

The Spanish Lady (Traditional) – Version 2 – Key G

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**
 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 outside the gate
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**
 I stopped to look but the Watchman passed
Am **D7**
 He said "Young fellah, now the night is late
G **Em**
 Along with ye home or I will wrestle you
Am **D7**
 Straight back through the Bridewell gate"
G **Em**
 I threw a kiss to the Spanish lady
G **D**
 Hot as a fire of angry coal
G **Em**
 In all my life I ne'er did see
Am **D7**
 A maid so sweet about the soul

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**
 A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady
(Chorus)
G **Em**
 I've wandered north and south through
Am **D7**
 Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
G **Em**
 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

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

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**
 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

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

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**
 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**
 A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady

(Chorus)

G **Em**
 I've wandered north and south through
Am **D7**
 Stoneybatter and Patrick's Close
G **Em**
 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

The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962)

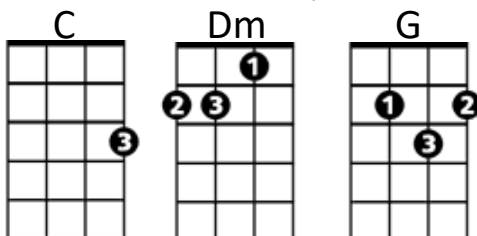
C **Dm**
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
G **C**
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever
seen
C **Dm**
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
C **Dm G C**
And the loveliest of all was the un - i - corn

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"

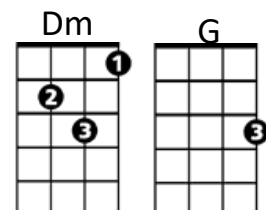
C **Dm**
And Noah looked out through the driving rain
G **C**
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
C **Dm**
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
C **Dm G C**
Oh, them silly un - i - corns

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"

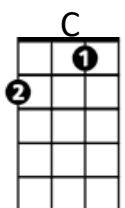
C **Dm**
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
G **C**
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
C
And the waters came down
Dm
And sort of floated them away
TACET
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

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)



BARITONE



The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962)

The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968) – Key of C

Intro (last line of chorus) C Dm G C

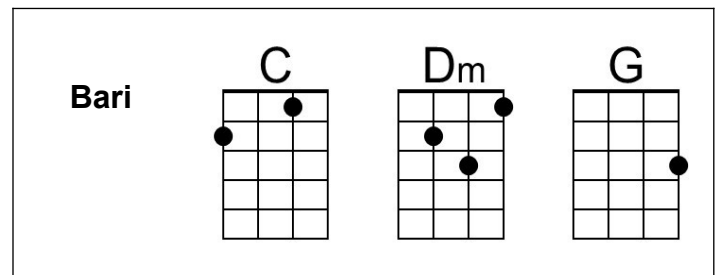
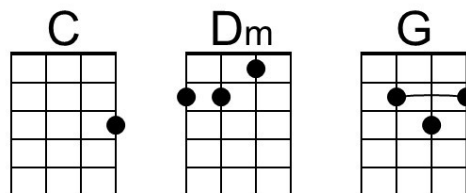
C Dm
A long time ago when the earth was green,
G C
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
C Dm
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
C Dm G C
But the loveliest of them all was the un - i - corn.
There was . . .
C Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
G C
Some humpty 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. born,

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

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

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



The Unicorn (Shel Silverstein, 1962)

The Unicorn by The Irish Rovers (1968) – Key of G

Intro (last line of chorus) G Am D G

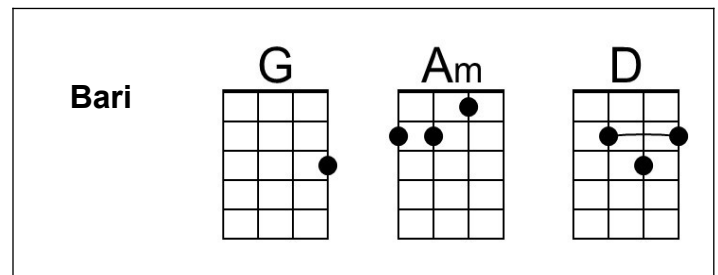
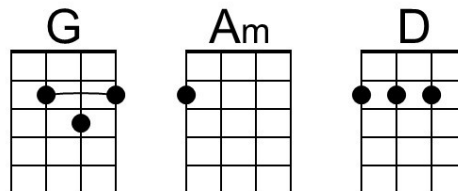
G Am
A long time ago when the earth was green,
D G
There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.
G Am
They'd run around free while the earth was being born,
G Am D G
But the loveliest of them all was the un - i - corn.
There was . . .
G Am
Green alligators and long-necked geese.
D G
Some humpty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

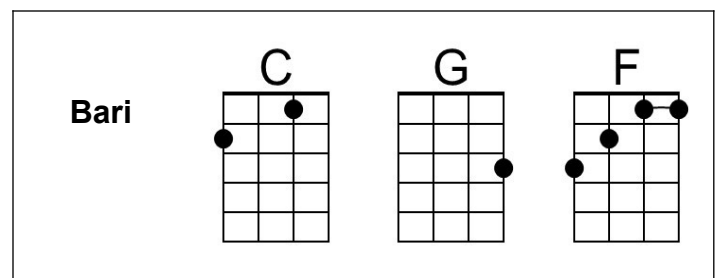
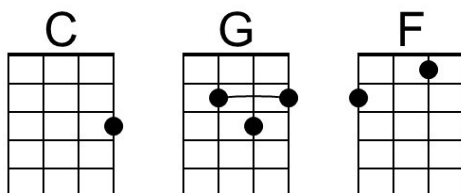
F **C** **G** **C**
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

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,

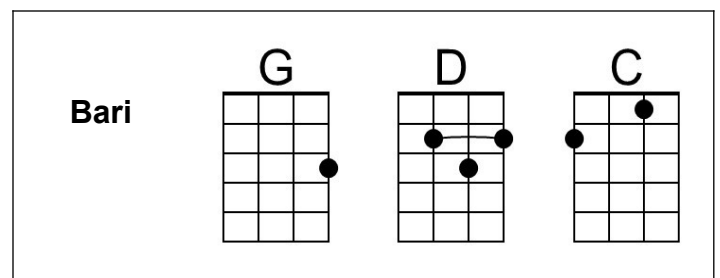
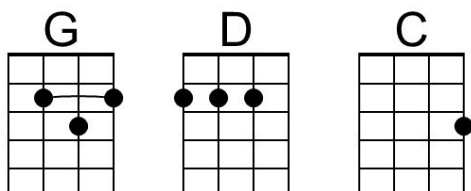
C **G** **D** **G**
But 'twill take root and flourish, still tho' under foot 'tis trod,

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 Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional)

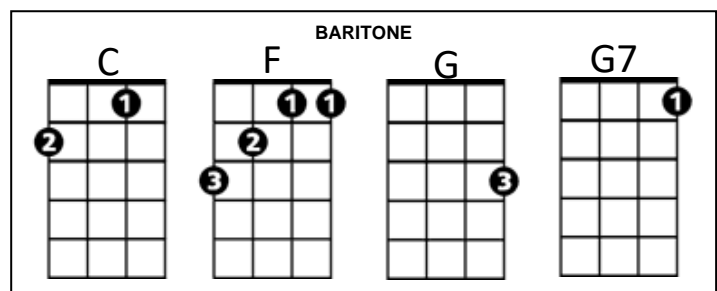
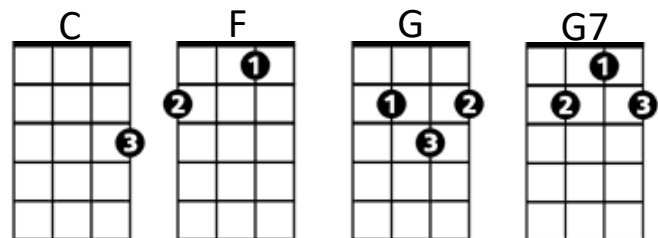
C **F** **G7**
 There was a wild colonial boy,
 C
 Jack Duggan was his name
 G
 He was born and raised in Ireland,
 G7 **C**
 In a place called Castlemaine
 F
 He was his father's only son,
 G7 **C**
 His mother's pride and joy
 F **G**
 And dearly did his parents love
 G7 **C**
 The wild colonial boy

C **F** **G7**
 At the early age of sixteen years,
 C
 He left his native home
 G
 And to Australia's sunny shore,
 G7 **C**
 He was inclined to roam
 F
 He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,
 G7 **C**
 He shot James MacEvoy
 F **G** **G7** **C**
 A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

C **F** **G7**
 One morning on the pra - irie,
 C
 As Jack he rode along
 G
 A-listening to the mocking bird,
 G7 **C**
 A-singing a cheerful song
 F
 Up stepped a band of troopers:
 G7 **C**
 Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
 F **G**
 They all set out to capture him,
 G7 **C**
 The wild colonial boy

C **F** **G7**
 Surrender now, Jack Dug-gan,
 C
 For you see we're three to one.
 G
 Surrender in the Queen's high name,
 G7 **C**
 You are a plundering son
 F
 Jack drew two pistols from his belt,
 G7 **C**
 He proudly waved them high.
 F **G**
 "I'll fight, but not surrender,"
 G7 **C**
 Said the wild colonial boy

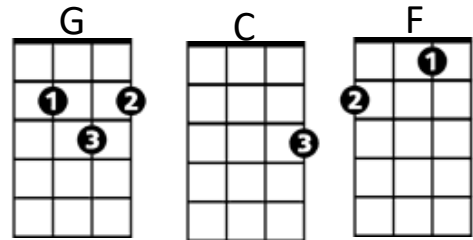
C **F** **G7**
 He fired a shot at Kel-ly,
 C
 Which brought him to the ground
 G
 And turning round to Da - vis,
 G7 **C**
 He received a fatal wound
 F
 A bullet pierced his proud young heart,
 G7 **C**
 From the pistol of Fitzroy
 F **G**
 And that was how they captured him,
 G7 **C**
 The wild colonial boy



The Wild Rover (Traditional) (The Dubliners)

Chorus:

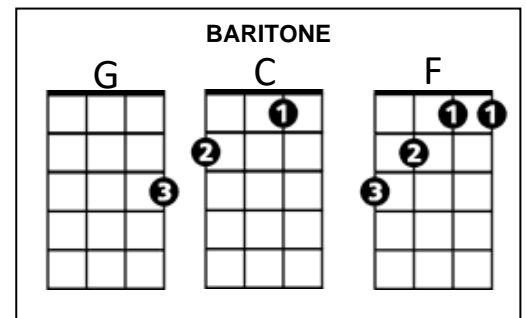
G
 And it's no, nay, never, **(THREE CLAPS)**
C **F**
 No nay never no more, **(TWO CLAPS)**
C **F**
 Will I play the wild rover **(ONE CLAP)**
G **C**
 No never no more.



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

C **F**
 I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
C **G**
 And I told the landlady my money was spent.
C **F**
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay
C **G** **C** **(Chorus)**
 Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

C **F**
 I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
C **G**
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
C **F**
 She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
C **G** **C** **(Chorus)**
 And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."



C **F**
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
C **G**
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
C **F**
 And if they forgive me as oft times before
C **G** **C** **(Chorus) 2x**
 Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

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

Written by Hardy Drew And The Nancy Boys / The Corrigan Brothers.

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

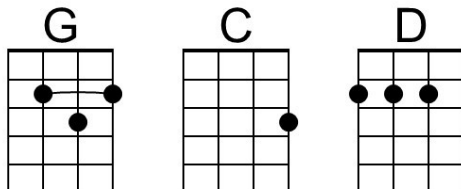
G D G
You don't believe me, I hear you say
D
But Barack's as Irish, as was JFK
G C G
His granddaddy's daddy came from Money-gall
D G
A small Irish village, well known to you all

Chorus

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**

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**



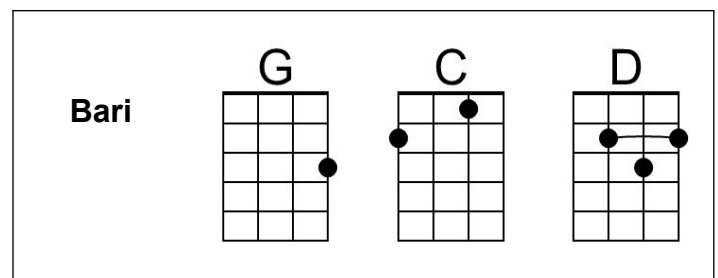
G C G
From the old blarney stone to the great hill of Tara
D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama.

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**

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,
D G
For our famous president Barack O'Bama. **Chorus**

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.

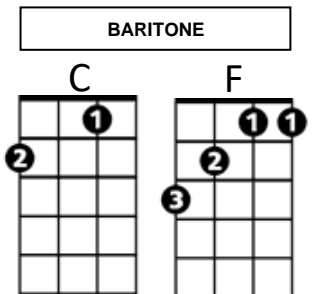
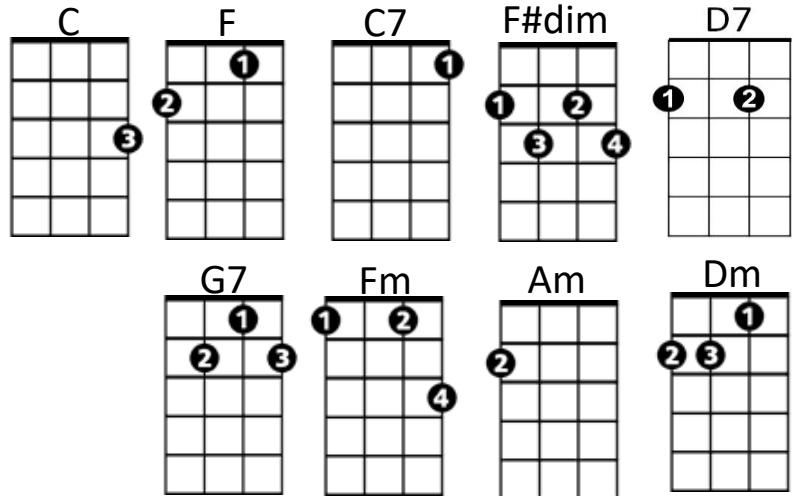
G C G
O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara
D G
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama



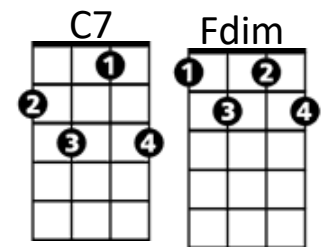
Toora Loora Looral (Irish Lullaby) (James Royce Shannon)

CHORUS:

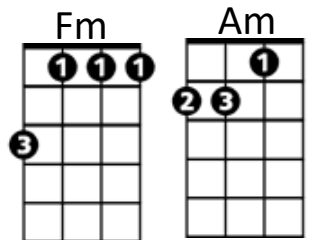
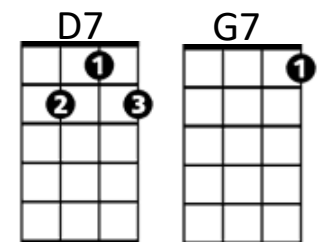
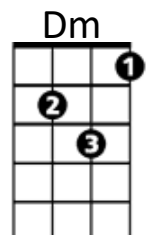
C F C C7
 Too ra loo ra loo ral
F F#dim
 Too ra loo ra ly
C F C
 Too ra loo ra loo ral
D7 G7
 Hush now don't you cry
C F C C7
 Too ra loo ra loo ral
F F#dim
 Too ra loo ra ly
C F C
 Too ra loo ra loo ral
D7 Fm C
 That's an Irish lul - la - by



C F C Am C G7
 Over in Killarney, many years ago
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 outside that cottage door

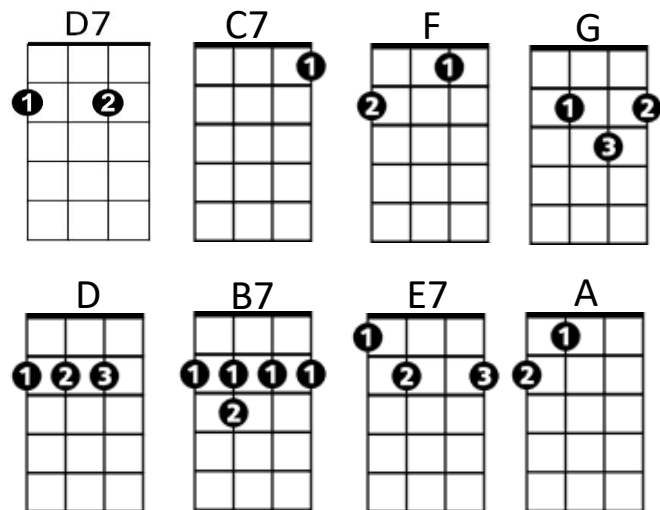
**(CHORUS)**

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr., Ernest Ball, 1912)

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

Chorus:

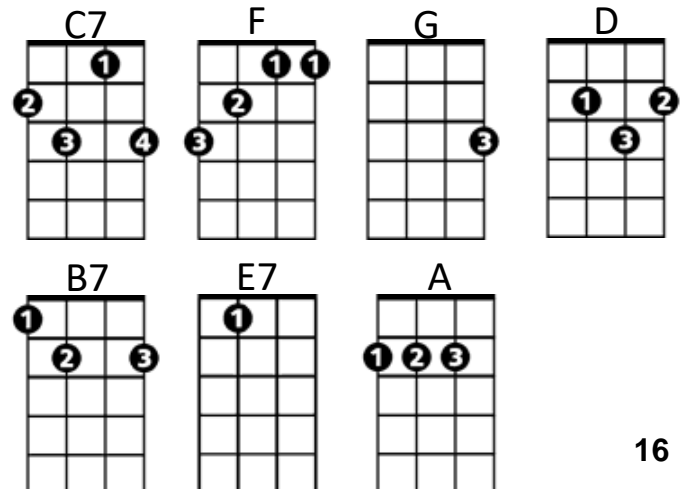
C
 When Irish eyes are smiling,
F C
 Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
F C A7
 In the lilt of Irish laughter
D7 G
 You can hear the angels sing
C C7
 When Irish hearts are happy
F C
 All the world seems bright and gay
F C A7
 And when Irish eyes are smiling
D7 G7 C
 Sure they steal your heart away



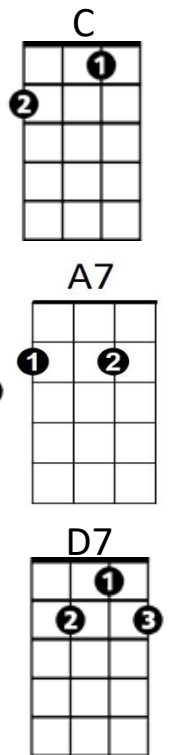
C
 For your smile is a part, of the love in your heart
G7 C
 And it makes even sunshine more bright
G7
 Like the linnet's sweet song
C A7
 Crooning all the day long
D7 G7
 Comes your laughter and light
C
 For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all
G7 C
 And there is ne'er a real care or regret
G7
 And while springtime is ours
C A7
 Throughout all of youth's hours
D7 G
 Let us smile each chance we get

[Chorus]

A7 D
 When Irish eyes are smiling,
G D
 Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
G D B7
 In the lilt of Irish laughter
E7 A
 You can hear the angels sing
D D7
 When Irish hearts are happy
G D
 All the world seems bright and gay
G D B7
 And when Irish eyes are smiling
E7 A7 D
 Sure they steal your heart away



BARITONE



Whiskey in the Jar (Traditional) (The Dubliners)

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

(Chorus)

G
Musha ring ruma du ruma da
C
Whack fol the daddy O,
F
Whack fol the daddy O,
C **G** **C**
There's whiskey in the jar.

C **Am**
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
F **C**
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**
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**
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**
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**
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**
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

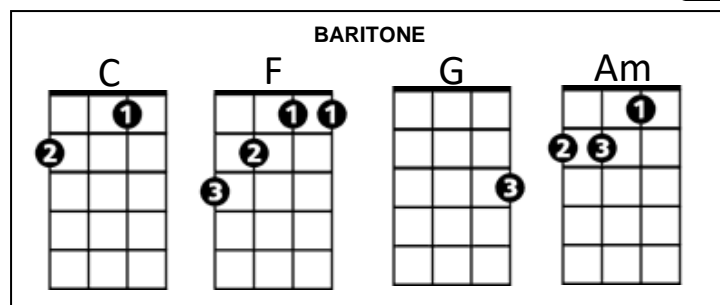
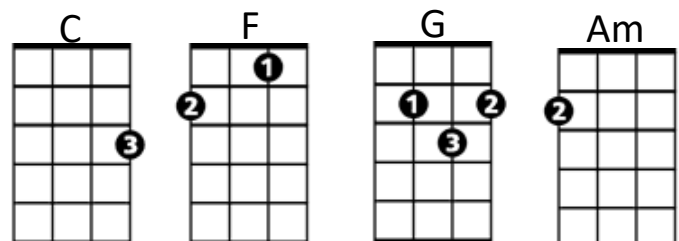
(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

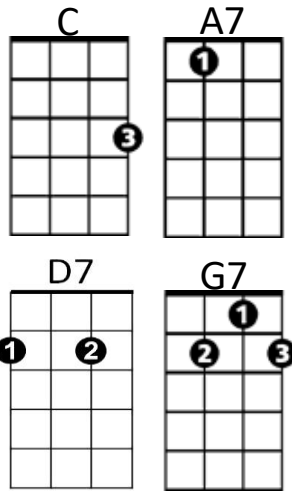
C **Am**
If anyone can aid me 't'is me brother in the army
F **C**
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
C **Am**
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through
Killkenny
F **C**
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own a-
sporting Jenny

(Chorus) 2x



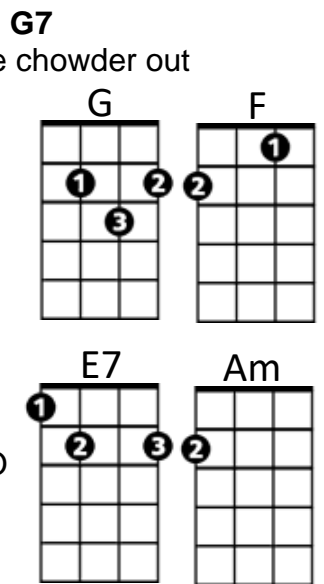
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key C

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 -

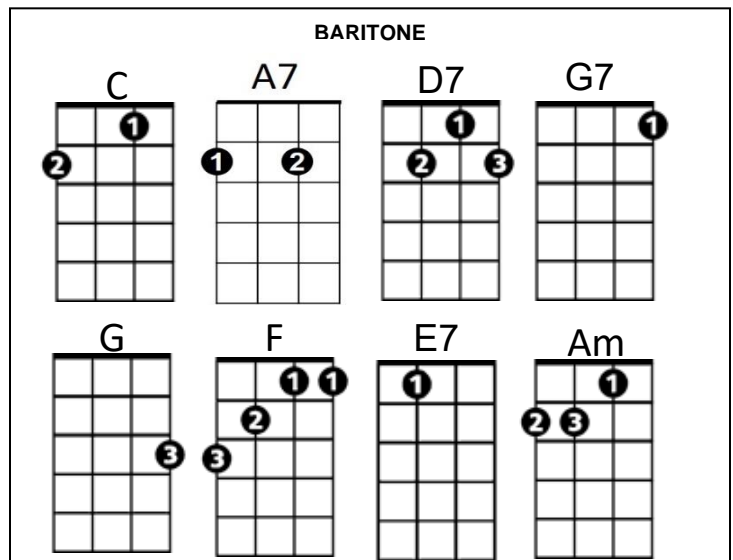


F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy she came to
 C
 She began to cry and pout
 F **G7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
 C
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
 D7
 So we put music to the words
 G **D7** **G**
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

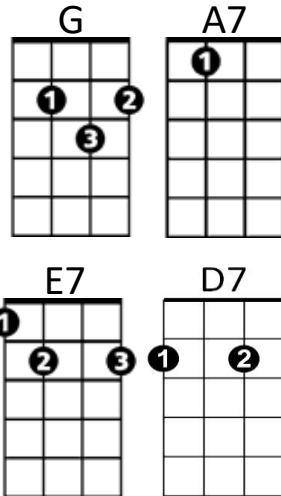
C
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
 D7 **G7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
 C **E7** **Am**
 It's an Irish trick that's true
 F **C**
 I can lick the cur that threw
 D7 **G7** **C**
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



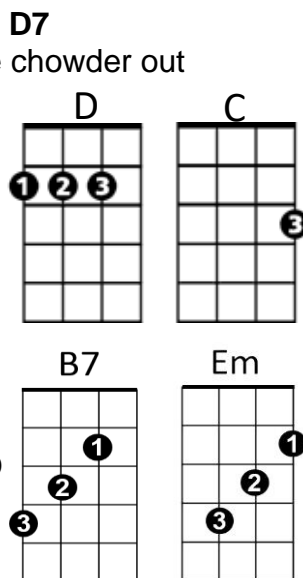
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key G

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 -

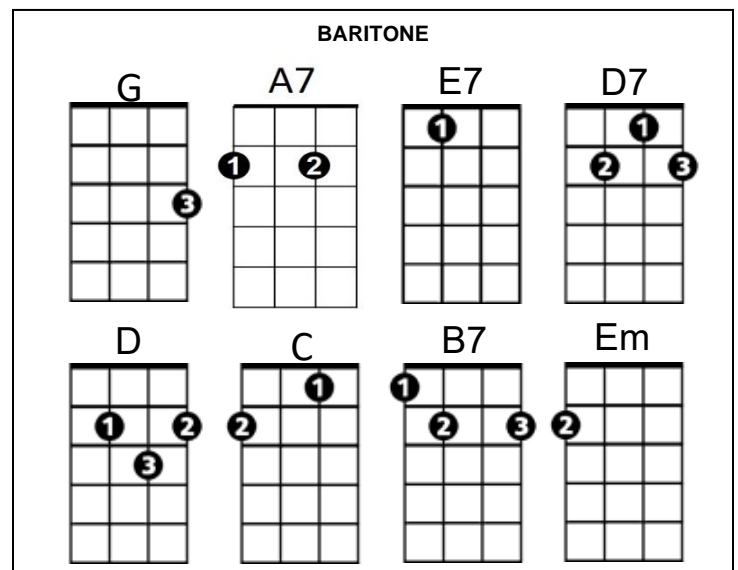


C **D7**
 When Mrs Murphy she came to
G
 She began to cry and pout
C **D7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
G
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
A7
 So we put music to the words
D **A7** **D**
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

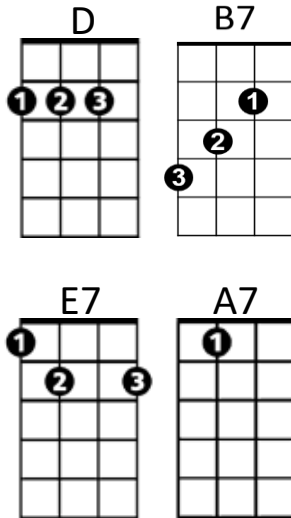
G
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs Murphy's chowder?
A7 **D7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
G **B7** **Em**
 It's an Irish trick that's true
C **G**
 I can lick the cur that threw
A7 **D7** **G**
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



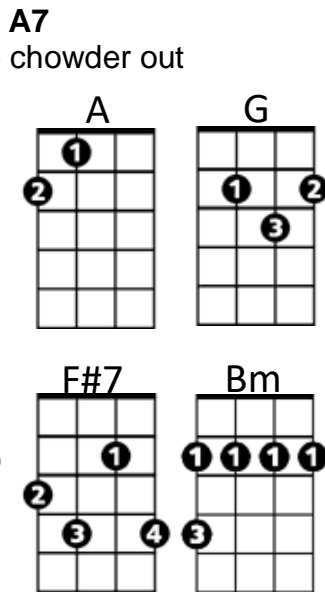
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key D

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)

