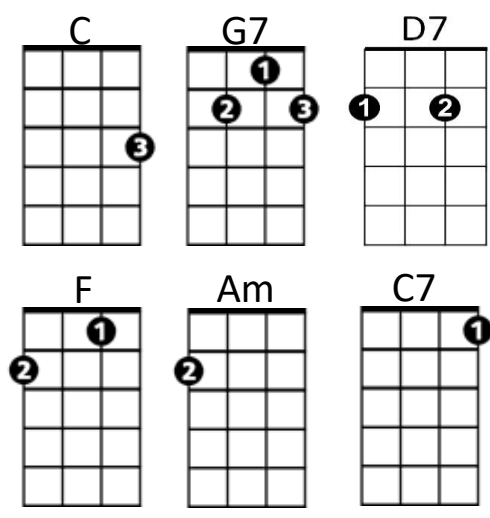


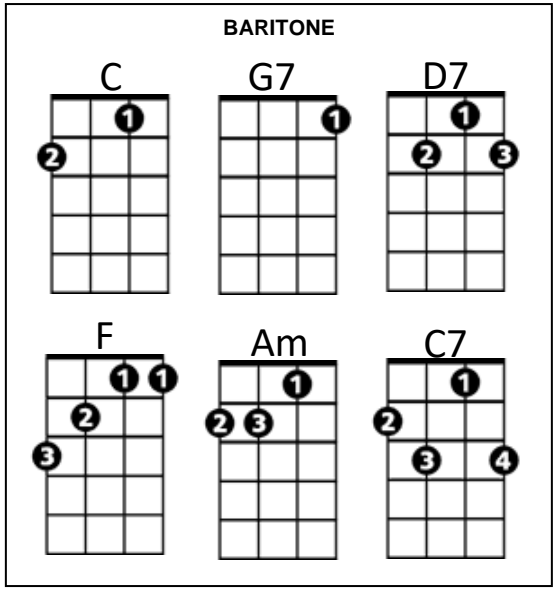
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Thomas P. Westendorf)

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 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



My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott) Key C

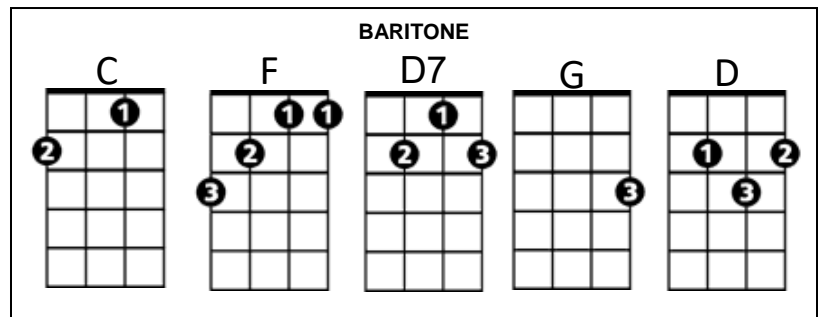
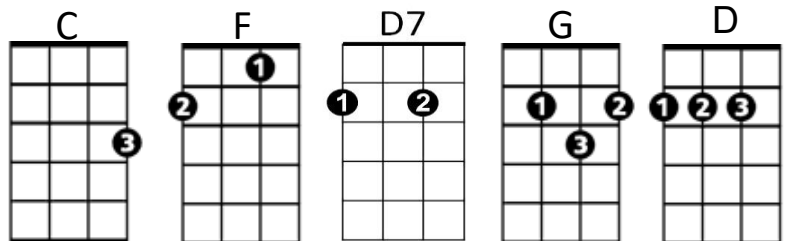
C **F** **C**
 If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
D7 **G**
 Of a flower that's now droped and dead,
C **F** **C**
 Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
G **C**
 Though each holds aloft its proud head.
F **C**
 T'was given to me by a girl that I know,
D7 **G**
 Since we've met, faith I've known no repose.
C
 She is dearer by far
F **C**
 Than the world's brightest star,
G **C**
 And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

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

Chorus:

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

(Chorus)



My Wild Irish Rose (Chauncey Olcott) Key G

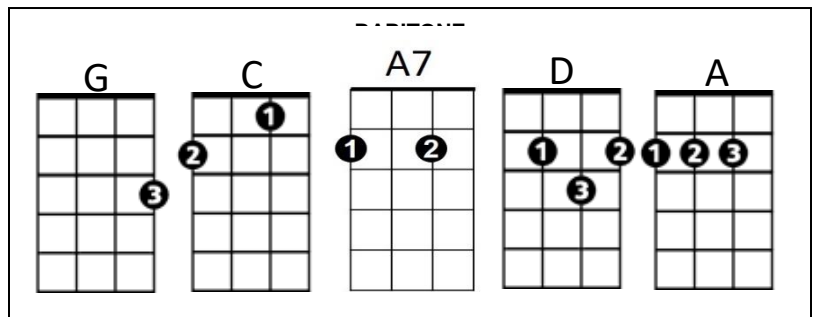
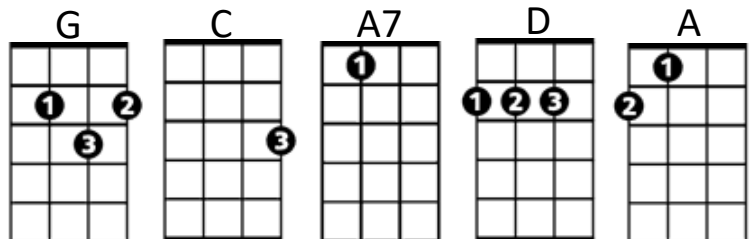
G **C** **G**
 If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
A7 **D**
 Of a flower that's now dropped and dead,
G **C** **G**
 Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
D **G**
 Though each holds aloft its proud head.
C **G**
 T'was given to me by a girl that I know,
A7 **D**
 Since we've met, faith I've known no repose.
G
 She is dearer by far
C **G**
 Than the world's brightest star,
D **G**
 And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

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

Chorus:

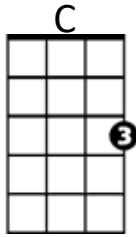
G **D** **G**
 My wild Irish Rose,
C **D** **G**
 The sweetest flower that grows.
C **G**
 You may search everywhere,
C **G**
 But none can compare
A **A7** **D**
 With my wild Irish Rose.
G **D** **G**
 My wild Irish Rose,
C **D** **G**
 The dearest flower that grows,
C **G**
 And some day for my sake,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

(Chorus)

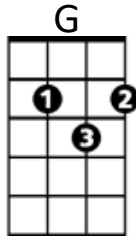


The Gypsy Rover (Traditional)

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

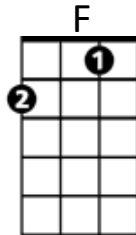


C G C G
 Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
C G C G
 With silken sheets for co - ver
C G C F
 Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
C G C F G
 Beside her gypsy lo - ver
C G C G
 Her father saddled up his fastest steed
C G C G
 And roamed the valley all o - ver.
C G C F
 Sought his daughter at great speed
C G C F G
 And the whistlin' gypsy ro - ver.



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



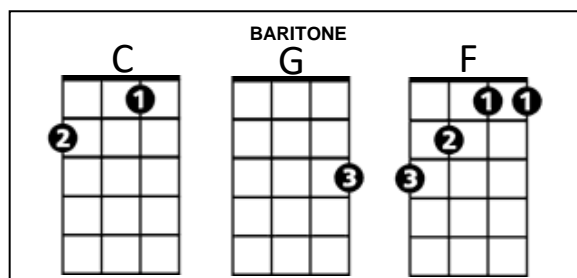
C G C G
 She left her father's castle gate.
C G C G
 She left her own fine lo - ver.
C G C F
 She left her servants and her state
C G C F G
 To follow her gypsy ro - ver.

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 G
 For the gypsy and his la - dy.

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 G
 As they rode off toge - ther

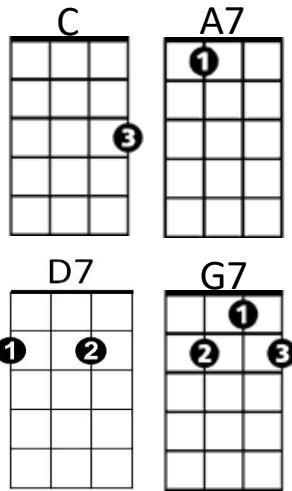
C G C G
 "Have you forsaken your house and home?
C G C G
 Have you forsaken your ba - by?
C G C F
 Have you forsaken your husband dear
C G C F G
 For a whistling gypsy ro - ver?"

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 G
 With my whistlin' gypsy ro - ver."



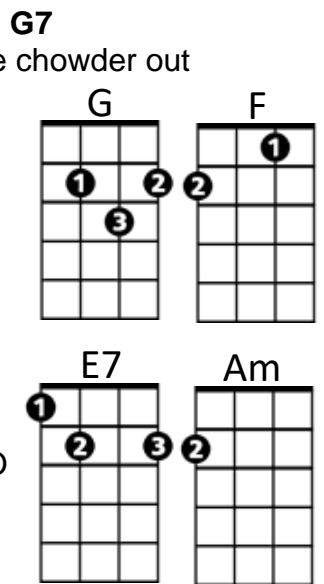
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key C

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 -

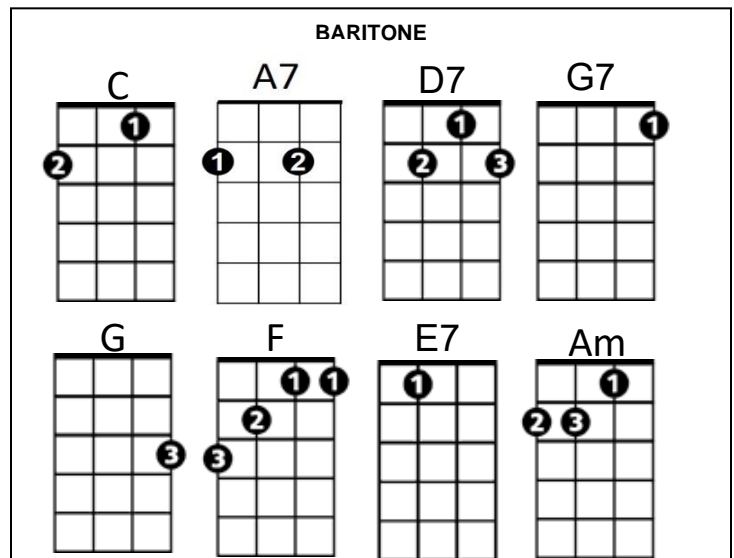


F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy she came to
C
 She began to cry and pout
F **G7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
C
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
D7
 So we put music to the words
G **D7** **G**
 And sang with all our might

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

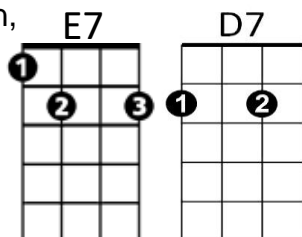
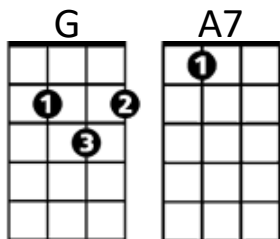
G

The Murphy's gave a party
Just about a week ago

Everything was plentiful,
A7 The Murphy's they're not slow **D7**

G
They treated us like gentlemen,
We tried to act the same

A7
But only for what happened,
D Well, it was an awful shame **A7 D**



G

We dragged the pants from out the soup
And laid them on the floor

Each man swore upon his life
A7 He'd ne'er seen them before **D7**

G
They were plastered up with mortar
And were worn out at the knee

A7
They'd had their many ups and downs
D As we could plainly see **A7 D**

C

When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out

G
She fainted on the spot

C She found a pair of overalls **D7**

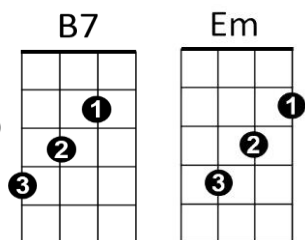
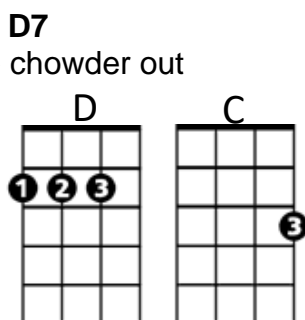
G
In the bottom of the pot

Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad

His eyes were bulgin' out

A7
He jumped up on the PI-A-NO

D And loudly he did shout - **A7 D**



C

When Mrs Murphy she came to

G
She began to cry and pout

C She'd had them in the wash that day **D7**

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 And sang with all our might **A7 D**

Chorus:

G

Oh, who threw the overalls

In Mrs Murphy's chowder?

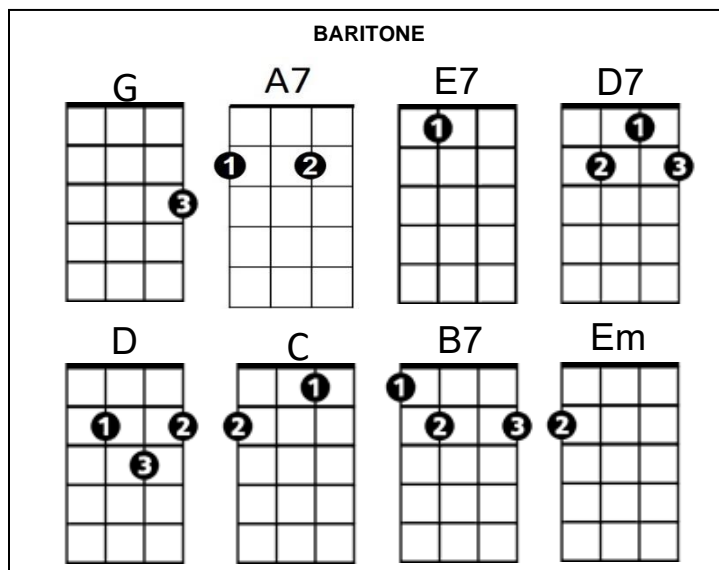
A7 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder **D7**

G It's an Irish trick that's true **B7** **Em**

C I can lick the cur that threw **G**

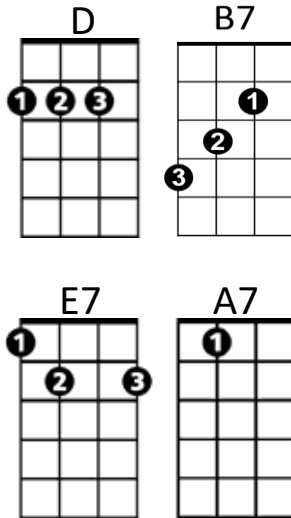
A7 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der **D7** **G**

(Chorus)



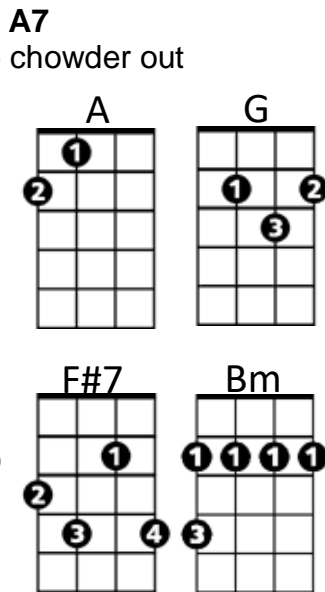
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key D

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)

